

UCLA

American Indian Culture and Research Journal

Title

Stolen Horses. By Dan O'Brien.

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/1z43g1t1>

Journal

American Indian Culture and Research Journal , 36(1)

ISSN

0161-6463

Author

Schweninger, Lee

Publication Date

2012

DOI

10.17953

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Nevada by adherence to the canon of monogenesis, despite a growing body of knowledge to the contrary. This adherence denies the richness, diversity, and texture that inform our sense of place, which is regrettable. For until we all come to a more profound sense of place, our shared tenancy of this continent will not mature.

Holly YoungBear-Tibbetts
College of Menominee Nation

Stolen Horses. By Dan O'Brien. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2010. 328 pages. \$19.95 paper.

In mainstream westerns, both fiction and film, American Indians have long been plagued with unfortunate and delimiting stereotypes. Some of the most common are depictions of Indians as downtrodden, nineteenth-century warriors, victims of white aggression and land mongering, and drunks and noble savages unable to adapt to "civilization." Compounding the indignities of these stereotypes, writers and filmmakers have too often used the Indian characters merely as foils to heroic attempts at taming the West or as the sidekicks of white heroes. Since the late 1960s, in contrast, American Indian fiction writers, and more recently Indian filmmakers, have done much to challenge and refute many such stereotypes. N. Scott Momaday, Leslie Marmon Silko, James Welch, Louise Erdrich, Gerald Vizenor, Sherman Alexie, Chris Eyre, Valerie Red-Horse, and Sterlin Harjo, among many others, offer contemporary settings and introduce American Indian protagonists who are fully human, complex beings.

Despite whatever progress that novels and films by these and other Indian artists might portend, however, recent non-Indian writers, as well as many non-Indian filmmakers, have done little to reverse the age-old stereotypical depictions and characterizations while they continue to co-opt American Indian stories and histories. For contemporary mainstream writers, as it were, American Indians still often remain imprisoned in a nineteenth-century past or serve as props, helping to move the plot but having little if any place or individuality of their own. In two fairly recent historical novels, *The Contract Surgeon* (1999) and *The Indian Agent* (2004), for example, Dan O'Brien—recipient of the Western Heritage Award for Fiction in 2000—reinscribes just such stereotypes. From the point of view of non-Indians in these books, he traces the career of Valentine McGillycuddy (1849–1939). The former volume, narrated in the first person, ends as McGillycuddy relates his having attended the dying of Crazy Horse in 1877; the latter traces McGillycuddy's career as

Indian agent at Pine Ridge Reservation and ends with his witnessing the 1890 massacre at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. Although arguably “sympathetic” to American Indians of the nineteenth century, these two historical novels are true to form in that the perspective remains non-Indian and they often portray their Indian subjects primarily as noble but savage hostiles who refuse to abide by treaty agreements or as exhausted warriors. Certainly, throughout these fictions set in the nineteenth century, the fate of American Indians is sealed.

With his new novel, *Stolen Horses*, this award-winning chronicler of the West moves into the twentieth, or even into the twenty-first century, but the Native American presence remains stereotyped and essentially locked in the past. Although the novel is primarily concerned with the interweaving of the stories of several different non-Indian characters who live in the small (fictional) town of McDermot in western Nebraska, a major plotline is motivated by the death of a young Lakota man, Tad Bordeaux, who is killed off early on in the novel. By the end of the second chapter, he has received potentially fatal injuries in a car crash, but before the crash, he is drinking and gets drunk enough to steal a car and drive dangerously fast and remains drunk enough to try to outrun the state patrolman who gives chase. Tad hits a deer and crashes, but he dies only because of a local doctor’s refusal to treat him. Gretchen Harris, a reporter for the local newspaper, gets the news that the doctor refuses treatment because Tad has no insurance and thus no way to pay, and she determines to write an exposé. She ultimately loses nerve, however, and with her loss of nerve, Tad essentially disappears from the plot.

From Gretchen’s point of view, the reader also learns what the “bad” part of town is like: “It was where the disenfranchised people of McDermot lived, where the broken families, the drifters, and the Lakota people lived” (74). She has been schooled to stay away from that part of town, and she and the novel do stay away. Much more interesting to the novel than Tad, that is, are the fates of the non-Indian characters who live in McDermot. Although her newspaper article fizzles, Gretchen’s social life ultimately burns bright, and another plot involves the relationship between the characters Carl Lindquist and Eleanor Steiner. Much like the narrator in O’Brien’s memoir, *Buffalo for the Broken Heart: Restoring Life to a Black Hills Ranch* (2001), Carl returns to western Nebraska after a long hiatus, repairs his old homestead, and settles into western living. Whereas the memoir’s narrator recounts the trials and tribulations of his establishing a buffalo ranch, the fictional Carl pleases himself with fine dinners and grouse hunting. Just before he gets back to his home town, however, Eleanor, the new director of the McDermot Area Arts Council has discovered and fallen in love with his house. Carl takes a shine to her, they hit it off, and it seems the house may well be in her future.

Although with his death Tad thus disappears, American Indians do not disappear entirely from the novel. A few nineteenth-century Lakotas manage to make cameo appearances by peopling the visions of Steve Thurston. The son of Arvid, a white rancher who lost his ranch, Steve works as a carpenter and goes out with Gretchen (until they break up and she takes up with the rich young lawyer who defends the doctor whose unethical practices she initially wants to expose, a lawyer who, by the by, has bought Steve's father's land; so Gretchen too may have a house and ranch in her future). Steve's visions are of some of the people who lived on the land now farmed and ranched exclusively by non-Indians, as far as the novel is concerned. Through one of the visions, the reader discovers the origin of the the novel's title. Steve rides his favorite horse, Blacky, to his favorite spot on what used to be his father's ranch and looks out over the land. From this lookout, he imagines the horses that the area's first white settlers stole: "It was said that the Lakota had stolen them from the Pawnee, who likely got them from the Apaches, who got them from the Spaniards" (90). According to the narrator, as a boy Steve "had actually seen the colored horses blotching the green flat above the cottonwoods. A few Lakota boys had been sitting on wise old horses at the periphery of the herd. The boys took their job seriously and scanned the surrounding hillsides for Crow raiders. But they did not expect the white men because none of them had ever seen a white man. . . . They had no idea that such a small group would ever try to steal their horses in broad daylight" (91). In this context, Steve goes on to envision a battle in which Texas cattlemen steal the horses and take the land: "Within days the longhorns grazed the river bottom, and McDermot's men have never really left" (91).

The vision can certainly be said to implicate the men of McDermot, many of whom still live on and profit from the stolen land, and with this depiction O'Brien perhaps asks the reader to sympathize with Steve. Later in the novel, Steve takes a late-night drive, gets a bit lost, and has another vision. He again sees Lakota people and their horses: "A long line of burdened women moved along the road ditch. The few remaining horses of the warriors did not see the pickup. Their heads were low; the war paint on their rumps and shoulders was smudged and faint. . . . He tried to look into the eyes of the people, but their faces were blank" (289). That is where the novel leaves them, wandering through the burdened, white man's mind.

With its vivid and detailed descriptions of the landscape and grouse hunting, with its roundups and love plots, and despite its contemporary setting, O'Brien's novel fills the longstanding bill of the typical western. The white men are rugged hunters and ranchers who live and die on the land, or they are lawyers and doctors who are corrupt or resigned to the status quo to varying degrees. The white women are like "the grouse . . . really quite beautiful," and

with the acquisition of the right man, they believe that they can “become rich and full” (172, 183). The Indians? The Indians are dead. At one point, when Steve is drunk and vomiting, in perhaps another instance of garnering sympathy for this character, O’Brien describes the pain he feels at the loss of his dad’s ranch: “It was the feeling the Lakota must have had as they felt the burn of the bullets in their flesh and slipped from their horses” (101). Walking with blank faces or slipping from those horses in the distant past, they are dead but, at least in Steve’s visions, not forgotten.

Lee Schweninger

University of North Carolina–Wilmington

Traces of Fremont: Society and Rock Art in Ancient Utah. By Steven R. Simms. Photographs by François Gohier. Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, and Price: College of Eastern Utah Prehistoric Museum. 144 pages. \$24.95 paper.

Traces of Fremont, collaboration between a professional photographer and a leading archaeologist, is a significant contribution to the study of the prehistoric Fremont culture that was centered in the state of Utah. Archaeologists often neglect the aesthetic aspects of prehistoric cultures, because we are most often focused on the scientific recovery of cultural information. The outstanding photographs of professional photographer François Gohier presented in this volume remind us of what is missed when accounts of prehistoric peoples are limited to words, line drawings, and black-and-white snapshots. A world of difference exists between the simple recording or documentation of prehistoric cultures undertaken by archaeologists and the work of a professional photographer like Gohier whose photographs of landscapes, artifacts, and rock art convey a sense of place and time that brings the reader immeasurably closer to the essence of Fremont culture.

The book’s preface notes that Gohier came to Utah in 1991 to photograph dinosaur bones but, inspired by Fremont figurines at the Prehistoric Museum in Price, switched subjects to focus on the everyday material culture that represents “traces” of the prehistoric Fremont. This book thus originated with Gohier’s photographs, and it is the photographs, especially those of Fremont rock art, that form the centerpiece of the volume. Gohier’s photography is of the highest caliber, and his images have great clarity, conveying texture and color in impressive detail. Although Gohier’s photographs are two dimensional, viewing rock art approaches being a tactile experience, with the viewer almost feeling the grit of the sandstone rock face and the depth and smoothness of