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Author
Berner, Robert L.

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revived through a dream sometime in the 1950s. Thus the text in this volume, although minimal, adds to the unveiling of a complex culture. The recording of a number of Hopi views about a particular katsina appears to be profitable, and it would be rewarding if further studies were to pursue outlooks at one mesa or within one community.

In the fairly recent tradition of showcasing individual Pueblo artists, David here gets primary authorship—the first time that a Puebloan is given this status in a major publication of Hopi-illustrated katsinas. (Fewkes acknowledged the Native American artists in his introduction, and Colton and Bahnimptewa shared authorship.) However, this is still a Euro-American-driven product fostered by the Euro-American urge to record history. It was a Euro-American (Bromberg) who first asked David to take on these paintings. And it was Euro-Americans who decided, in the words of Ricks and Anthony, that "[f]ew Kachina dolls were appearing either with a new interpretation or with an entirely new Kachina figure" (p. 11). Indeed Ricks and Anthony underscore this Euro-American direction by stating that the Hopi had a "great amount of input into this book" (p. 7). Ricks and Anthony, as well, selected the reference sources and oversaw the production.

Regardless of who had control of the major portion of this production, the final result is both handsome and informative. It increases our knowledge of both the Hopi and katsinas while, at the same time, underlining the nebulosity of any search for Hopi "truth."

Zena Pearlstone
University of California, Los Angeles

Killing Custer. By James Welch, with Paul Stekler. New York: W.W. Norton and Company, 1994. 320 pages. $25.00 cloth.

James Welch wrote the script for Paul Stekler's documentary film *Last Stand at Little Big Horn* (1992), and his scholarly interest in the battle began with his research for that script. *Killing Custer,* though written "with Stekler," is largely Welch's book; his colleague's contribution is only a final ten pages on the making of the film.

Some may assume that enough has been written about Little Bighorn to make another book unnecessary. We have major

biographies of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse (by Robert Utley and Mari Sandoz), as well as Evan Connell's *Son of the Morning Star* (1984), in my view the best book on Custer. Almost miraculously, we also have Robert Hunt's *I Fought with Custer* (1987), based on the memories of Private Charles Windolph, the last white survivor, who won a Medal of Honor fighting in Reno's detachment and survived Custer by seventy-four years. And perhaps more important than any others, we have Richard Allan Fox's two books on the archaeology of the battlefield—*Archaeological Insights into the Custer Battle* (1987) and *Archaeology, History and Custer's Last Battle* (1993)—and John S. Gray's *Custer's Last Campaign* (1991). In determining from recovered shell casings and other artifacts precisely where weapons were fired, Fox probably has given us everything that we can know about where combatants stood and died on that day; Gray's time-motion studies, determining exactly how long it took for the events of the battle to occur, provide the most nearly complete definition of this matter that we can hope for.

But Welch has written both less and more than another book on Little Bighorn. At its first level, it is an account of the making of the film, and it provides a synthesis of the scholarship, but it also is a deeply personal book about Welch's perception of Little Bighorn from an American Indian's point of view. For this reason, it is a significant event not only in Welch's distinguished career but in the development of the canon of American Indian literature itself.

Of course, *Killing Custer* is not the first indication we have had of how the battle has appeared to American Indians. David Miller's *Custer's Fall* (1957), for example, was based on interviews with Indian participants, although it was easily dismissed by "serious" historians who patronized the allegedly cloudy memories of Miller's informants and their supposedly inadequate grasp of "the larger implications." And we have had other narratives by white writers who were sensitive to Indian perspectives. But Welch's effort is the first attempt by an Indian writer, possessing both literary skill and a command of the historical literature, to define the battle as a major event in Indian history with implications accessible to white Americans only through such a writer's imagination.

Not that Welch's account is free of errors of interpretation. For example, his implication that Manifest Destiny was invented by the United States government (p. 147) when the Plains Indians became an impediment to westward expansion ignores the more

disturbing fact about that nineteenth-century myth—that it originated in a journalistic gimmick seized upon both by politicians and the public as an easy cliché to justify the apparently inevitable triumph of American democracy. The tragedy of the war on the Plains was that it became a matter of government policy only because it was first a broadly political struggle—with racial overtones.

But we are more than compensated for his few errors by frequent flashes of self-deprecating humor and a determined realism. The first informant he and Stekler approached, for example, was an "elder" who claimed to have received real information from his forbears on what really happened in the battle; he finally proved less interested in imparting inside information than in separating Stekler from his money while pontificating about white exploitation of Indians. Welch's description of his and Stekler's encounter with Russell Means—all dignity, indignation, beadwork, and "presence"—gives proof, as if we needed it, that, as creators of "image" in an electronic age, Indian poseurs are as clever as others.

The deeply personal quality of Welch's approach to the battle is apparent in his first chapter, which puts Little Bighorn in perspective. It is a remarkable fact about the war fought by the U.S. Army on the Great Plains that its most famous event, defined for most of a century both by historians and by manufacturers of our popular culture as a "massacre" and a "last stand," was, in fact, almost the only defeat that army suffered. With that exception and the related defeat of Crook on the Rosebud and the Fetterman fiasco—which resembles Custer's—armed encounters between soldiers and Indians were one-sided affairs that Indians lost—to Chivington at Sand Creek, to Custer on the Washita, to Mackenzie against Dull Knife on the Red Fork of the Powder, among others. One of these encounters, and a "massacre" in the real sense, resembling the Sand Creek disaster more than any other, was Baker's destruction of Heavy Runner's band of Pikunis on the Marias in 1870. One of the values of Welch's book is his account of how he located the exact site of that massacre, which is not only a major episode in his historical novel *Fools Crow* but a matter of deep personal interest to him: Welch is the son of a Pikuni man whose great-grandmother was a member of Heavy Runner's band, was wounded in the assault, and only barely survived it. Welch has lived all his life with a profound sense of the defeat and destruction of his ancestors, a knowledge that contrib-

utes to a certain sardonic sense in his perception of the "massacre" of a small percentage of the overwhelming white population involved in the conquest of the American West.

The destruction of Heavy Runner's band is a particularly appalling episode. White tempers in western Montana in the late 1860s were frayed by the depradations of the renegade Owl Child, who actually had been ostracized by the Pikuni for his misbehavior. White fears had not been allayed by the treaty that General Sully had obtained with the chiefs of most of the Pikuni bands, one of them Heavy Runner. When Owl Child continued his rampage, the army's only solution to the problem, enunciated precisely by General Philip Sheridan, was to find the Pikuni and "hit them hard." In the worst cold of a bad winter, Colonel Eugene Baker went looking for a camp of "hostiles," found instead the camp of the peaceable Heavy Runner, and ordered the assault. Heavy Runner died waving his copy of the Sully treaty. Baker's orders, however, were to attack a Pikuni camp; from an official point of view—to say nothing of public opinion as local editorials reflected it—one camp was as good as another. That is, the aim was pure terrorism, and it must be admitted that, as a policy, it succeeded: The Pikuni never again engaged in hostilities.

It is a sorry commentary on the state of our scholarship that, except by "local" historians and by Welch, little attention has been paid to the massacre of Heavy Runner's band. Welch makes clear that it cannot be ignored if we are to understand what really happened on the Little Bighorn six years later. The line that runs from the Baker massacre to the defeat of Custer is straight and clear. Custer intended to do to the Sioux and their Cheyenne allies what Baker had done to Heavy Runner's Pikuni or, for that matter, what he himself had done so easily to Black Kettle's Cheyenne people on the Washita in 1868. He intended to kill as many Indians as he could—warriors if possible and women and children if necessary—destroy the camp and its huge horse herd, and drive the survivors back to their reservations. He failed because he was not attacking in the middle of winter when surprise might have been possible, because he foolishly underestimated the extent of the camp and overestimated the superiority of his firepower and the esprit of his troopers, and because the military virtues and skills of his opponents were as great as, if not greater than, his own.

What Welch has accomplished in *Killing Custer* is a redefinition of a great event in our history from an Indian point of view and the

full expression of the essentially tragic nature of that event. As Black Elk said when he described his great vision to Neihardt, the West is the direction of autumn, and, as Northrop Frye has said, autumn symbolizes tragedy. The American West, in spite of its pull on the American imagination and in spite of the many successes achieved there by so many, is a tragic scene in our country's historical drama. Welch's book is a contribution to what we must hope will be an increased awareness of this fact in the American consciousness.

Robert L. Berner

Language, History, and Identity: Ethnolinguistic Studies of the Arizona Tewa. By Paul V. Kroskrity. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1993. 289 pages. $50.00 cloth.

This book is essential reading for scholars who are interested in the languages of Native America. Based on an unusually long period of fieldwork (three-and-one-half years in the field over a fifteen-year period) among Tewa speakers living on and near First Mesa on the Hopi Reservation of northeastern Arizona, the volume is an exemplary treatment of the many ways in which people live through language. It is one of the very few such broad treatments for any speech community, and the only one for the important Pueblo Indian communities of the U.S. Southwest. Furthermore, it is an important demonstration of the ways that linguistic data can shed light on questions of broad historical and ethnological interest.

The Arizona Tewa constitute the westernmost community to speak a Kiowa-Tanoan language. They left their home communities near Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1696—either to escape Spanish retribution for their role in the Pueblo uprising of that year (the story preferred by Anglo historians) or to give military assistance to the Hopi against the Ute (the story preferred by the Tewa themselves). During the succeeding three hundred years of residence among the Hopi, the Tewa have remained a distinctive ethnic enclave, preserving their own language and ceremonial traditions in spite of extensive interaction in every dimension of their lives with both Hopi and Navajo. Kroskrity's principal consultant, the late Dewey Healing, spoke both these languages as well as English, and nearly all Tewa are at least trilingual.