# **ANTHROPOLOGY**

## HERE COME THE ANTHROS (AGAIN): The Strange Marriage of Anthropology and Native America

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In early 2010, the smash hit Avatar broke Titanic's (1997) previous record box office mark of \$1.24 billion, giving director James Cameron the two biggest grossing movies of all time. Here's how my teenage daughter describes Cameron's latest blockbuster: "it's like Romeo and Juliet hooked up with Jurassic Park, and their kid hooked up with Lord of the Rings, and their kid hung out with Star Wars and that kid got together with Alien and their kid had a kid with Dances with Wolves, and then that's Avatar." As its promiscuous intertextuality suggests, Avatar gives much to discuss about questions of technoscience and transspeciation; fragmented 21st-century configurations of space and time; gender and body politics; apocalyptic millennial imaginaries; and the struggles of tribal peoples against mining and other destructive development ventures. Throughout Cameron deploys dazzling new digital imaging technology to bring to life an imaginary planet and its people.

As innovative as Avatar may be in some ways, it proves altogether predictable in others. Many commentators have noted how the film recycles a set of shopworn tropes about indigeneity in general, and American Indians in particular. Here we have the usual presumed radical divide between us and them, with whites, the Sky People, linked to technology, individualism, and reason and the indigenous Navi—Plains Indians in sci-fi drag with a dash of World Beat spice—tied to community, spirituality, connection to the ancestors, and, needless to say, harmony with nature. In the old westerns, the Indians were the predatory savages, and Anglos wore the white hats; but, as expected in these would-be enlightened multicultural times, Avatar flips the signs. It's the Sky People, creepily corporate and militarized in their

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designs on a precious fictitious mineral, unobtainium, who are the villains of the piece.

Everything sticks to exoticizing script when it comes to gender and sexuality as well. The female lead, Neytiri, is a modern Pocahontas with a Barbie Doll figure and a postcolonial London supermodel accent. Although endowed with the requisite spunky independence of a postfeminist Disney heroine, Neytiri is also very much in the iconographic tradition of those putatively scientific early-20th-century National Geographic stills of bare-breasted native women: the "primitive" woman as object of mainstream desire even as she leaps onto dragons and swings through the treetops. And, as still so often in Hollywood, a white man anchors the plot: Jake, the gritty paraplegic former Marine who goes native and, true to the White Messiah formula, leads the heroic Navi defense against Sky People conquest. People conquest.

If Avatar underscores the continuing power of very familiar images of indigeneity, it also indexes anthropology's changing relation to these go-to essentialisms and narrative structures. In an earlier day, of course, our disciplinary ancestors helped to manufacture the fiction of Timeless Native Otherness, and Avatar creator Cameron read up in old school ethnography in creating the Navi; for several decades now, by contrast, anthropologists have been busy disavowing those very same fantasies of alterity and allochronism, with power, history, and antiessentialist epistemologies the new order of the day. In my own work both as a historian of anthropology and in Andean Peru and Native California, I've had much occasion to think about the discipline's long, strange involvement with indigenous culture and politics. This article attempts to chart and reckon with the relationship between anthropology and Native America. At the start, most U.S. anthropologists made their living studying Indians, this almost parasitic disciplinary dependence lasting well into the 20th century. Then came the turmoil of the 1960s and 1970s, the Red Power Movement, and a period of estrangement between anthropologists and Native America. And now, quite unexpectedly, a tentative rapprochement has been taking place, albeit on very different terms with native anthropologists often at the forefront. Although what I have to say connects to the anthropology of indigeneity across the Americas and globally, I focus on the United States, and mostly on the story of cultural anthropology, that of archaeology being an intersecting yet also partly distinctive tale.3

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Let me begin with Franz Boas and the early 20th century. It can be easy to forget just how central Native Americans once were to U.S. anthropology; Papa

Franz and virtually all his students fanned out into Indian country like a second invading army, this time armed with notebooks and seizing not territory but instead information about myths, rituals, and kinship systems. Even those better known for work in other places, like Margaret Mead in Samoa, also did research and published about Native Americans, the Omaha in Mead's case (and to his credit, Boas was among the era's few scientists to encourage women to pursue academic careers). When I worked on the Navajo reservation back in the late 1970s, you still heard a bad joke that indexed the reservation ubiquity of anthropologists; "How many people are there in a Navajo family?" "Five—mother, father, two children . . . and anthropologist."

I know Boasian anthropology best through its engagement with native peoples in California, my own home state, and the figure of Alfred Kroeber, Boas's first and favorite student and the founder of the University of California, Berkeley, anthropology department. Kroeber was slim, bearded, handsome, full of energy—a lover of opera and, later in life, father of the science fiction writer Ursula K. LeGuin (the K stands for Kroeber); in the early 1900s, he made dozens of trips across California's back country from the Mojave cactus scrub-brush to the Klamath redwood mountains to track down men and sometimes women who could tell him about the language and customs of their tribes—the Yurok, the Yokut, the Hupa, the Wintu, and many more.

Kroeber's work exemplified the salvage ethnography that defined U.S. anthropology a century ago, namely the attempt to learn as much as possible about native cultures and customs as they'd been before conquest's devastation. Theodora Kroeber (1970:51), Ursula's mother and the faculty wife who'd become the best-selling author of *Ishi in Two Worlds* (1961) about the legendary last surviving Yahi Indian, would later play on the University of California anthropology museum's old location on San Francisco's Parnassus Heights to rhapsodize about salvage anthropology—and Alfred's filial descent from Franz Boas: "Kroeber stood on Parnassus with Boas, who pointed out to him the land below, its shadowed parts and its sunny places alike virgin to the ethnologist. . . . The time was late; the dark forces of invasion had almost done their ignorant work of annihilation. To the field then! With notebook and pencil, record, record, record. Rescue from historylessness all languages, all cultures still living."

Theodora Kroeber's language was certainly prefeminist with its imagery of anthropology's male hero-scientists taking possession of virgin cultures. And the final decades of the 20th century would bring the critiques of early U.S. anthropology with which we are all now familiar—the arrogant assumption of the prerogative to

snoop uninvited into other people's business; the fact that white conquest made it possible for white anthropologists to study Indians in the first place; what Fatimah Tobing Rony (1996) calls the "ethnographic taxidermy" that froze native cultures in place as anthropologists sought to reconstruct them as they had once been and excused themselves from documenting either the bloody story of conquest or the trauma, poverty, upheaval, and disjunctures of native experience as it actually was. When asked once why he had not written about the sufferings of the Yurok, the people among whom he worked most, Kroeber replied that he "could not stand all of the tears."

Consider, as an example of ethnographic taxidermy, Kroeber's photographs of Ishi, the last Yahi survivor. After his capture in 1911, Ishi had been taken to live in the San Francisco anthropology museum: a janitor, celebrity, and living exhibit there. Kroeber and several of Ishi's white friends persuaded him to guide them back to his native Deer Creek canyon in 1914 so they could learn more in situ about Yahi life. In reality, the Yahi, confined to a brushy canyon, had improvised survival. They made arrowheads from broken bottle glass from settler garbage dumps; cooked in scavenged tin cans; and thatched their traditional round huts with old flour sacks and other recovered materials. Yet Kroeber's photographslike so much Boasian anthropology-disclosed none of this mixture, impurity, and change. For example, the Yahi had often tipped salmon harpoons with scavenged nails, but in an iconic photograph Kroeber posed Ishi making one with the more traditional wood prongs, dressed in a faux primitive loincloth for which there is no evidence that the Yahi actually wore. Another photograph showed Ishi pulling an arrow from a deer as if he'd slain it with his Yahi bow; the animal had actually been gunned down by one of Ishi's white companions. Re-creating a preconquest Yahi culture—long gone by that time—was the object of it all. Kroeber and his Berkeley anthropologists wrote almost nothing about the actual 20th century lives of surviving Native Californians. This contributed to the widespread misconception that the last Indians had ridden off into history's sunset—that they were indeed Longfellow's proverbial "red sun descending."

I should add that I'm no fan of easy dismissals of that old school anthropology as nothing more than imperialism's handmaiden. Kamala Visweswaran has argued that the Boasians did not press far enough in problematizing the concept of race, and, in particular, "how racism produces the objective reality of race in any historical moment." The concepts of cultural relativism and the underlying commonality of humankind were nonetheless revolutionary for the time Boas advanced them, the late 19th and early 20th centuries, when the ideology of white supremacy and

Social Darwinism held such sway. Native Californians, in particular, had always been dismissed as "diggers" at the bottom of human evolution's putative totem pole. Alfred Kroeber and his Berkeley colleagues challenged this pernicious orthodoxy by seeing beauty and mystery in the old ways of people like the Yahi, as taxidermically problematic as the project may have been. It's worth recalling, too, the brilliance of the likes of Edward Sapir who—besides trading poetry with Ruth Benedict and prefiguring postmodern interrogations of ethnography's core conventions—did such astonishing linguistic detective work as using a few key vocabulary words to suggest that Navajo roots could be traced back to British Columbia and the Pacific Northwest. And then there's the sheer energy and erudition, to use an old-fashioned word, that went into compiling such salvage anthropology classics as Kroeber's thousand-page magnum opus, the Handbook of the Indians of California (1925), which many tribes have consulted in revitalization efforts.

What those early anthropologists certainly did not lack for—call it confidence or hubris—was a sense of certainty and entitlement. Kroeber ruled the Berkeley department for almost sixty years and the new anthropology building on Bancroft Way would be named after him. Theodora Kroeber thought Alfred so important that, following the amazing success of her *Ishi in Two Worlds* (1961), she made her next book a biography of her deceased husband. There and in her correspondence she referred to him simply as "Kroeber," as if he were a rock star or a Brazilian soccer player, destined always to glory or at least respect for his life's work.

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But the tumultuous sixties and seventies changed everything, and inaugurated, in James Clifford's terms, the breakup of the old anthropology of Native America, the end of the discipline's self-appointed proprietorship over things Indian. <sup>7</sup> Consider this, an arrival story, 1979: me driving my beat-up VW bug into the blasted out Navajo reservation town of Shiprock for the first time. I wasn't an anthropologist yet, just a college student beginning a year as a volunteer janitor, van driver, and emergency replacement center on the basketball team at Shiprock Alternative High, a school for Navajo kids who'd dropped out of the regular system. Yet Ervin Begay, then 19 like me and a tough kid with a knife-scarred face and passion for ACDC and Black Sabbath, seemed to smell out my career trajectory and it gave him no cause for pleasure: "What the fuck are you here for?" he inquired after one pickup basketball game. "Coming to study the fucking savages? Like me? "Fuck you, then," the young me too taken aback to muster any reply.

Ervin and I later became friends enough to while away many hours at a local pool hall, but his views marked a new Indian unwillingness to play the passive object of study any longer. By the late 1960 and 1970s, the Red Power movement had gained national prominence with its rhetoric of Indian pride, activism, and resistance to white domination and dramatic actions like the occupation of Alcatraz Island. Anthropologists came under fire as just another face of white exploitation, most famously in Vine Deloria Jr.'s 1969 Custer Died for Your Sins. Deloria lampooned anthropologists as obnoxious, pith helmet and khaki shorts busybodies interested in Indians only for career advancement; his book inspired the country singer, native activist, and movie actor Floyd "Red Crow" Westerman to pen his unflattering ballad "Here Come the Anthros," which opened "Oh, the anthros keep on coming like death and taxes to our land." Although the Red Power movement was a minority made up of mostly young urban Indians, it contributed to an increased native suspicion and even hostility toward anthropologists. Most tribes would begin requiring anyone wanting to do reservation research to get through their sometimes very demanding review boards, the time long gone when anthropologists could take and record what they wanted.

A new generation of anthropologists was itself then demanding the reinvention, if not abolition, of the field amid Vietnam War-era turmoil. Their chagrined view of discipline's past fostered a growing spirit of what David Chioni Moore calls "anthro(a)pology" where white anthropologists sought to distance themselves from the real and imagined crimes of their predecessors. 9 And anthropology was then metamorphosing anyway from the science of the primitive and the far off to the study of just about anything, anywhere, anytime, be it Peruvian street kids, Silicon Valley yoga studios, American aid workers in Africa, or genocide and the invention of ethnicity in the late Ottoman empire, to name a few dissertation topics of students I work with at Duke. If Native America no longer seemed much to want anthropology, if it ever had, anthropologists now no longer needed Indians either. By this last century's end, studying Native America had gone from the discipline's center to its margins. Many departments didn't even have a Native America specialist. The union between anthropology and Native America was an arranged marriage, one that Indians had never asked for in the first place, and now it was on the rocks.

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But in the last decade or so, the anthropology of Native America has seen something of a rebirth, albeit in ways almost unrecognizable from the days of Boas and Kroeber. Perhaps the most obvious change has come in the demographics of who studies Native America. Along with other transformations, recent decades have witnessed anthropology's regendering from a mostly male to a mainly female

profession (even if women still face special challenges). More people of color and from the Third World have also entered into the profession's ranks, partly unsettling the old colonial calculus where white people always did the studying and brown people were always the studied. In line with these disciplinary developments, a predominantly female new generation of Native American scholars is increasingly shaping the anthropology of Native America—Valerie Lambert, Renya Ramirez, Audra Simpson, Jean Dennison, and others. These scholars have focused mostly on their own tribes and, as evidenced by the pronoun switching in their ethnography between the "we" of the native and the "they" of the traditional anthropologist, they navigate the dilemmas of allegiance and analysis, insiderness and outsiderness, and secrecy and disclosure in ways that both overlap and differ from their non-native colleagues. Audra Simpson, for example, speaks of her "ethnographic refusal" to divulge sensitive information. <sup>10</sup>

Another obvious change has to do with a more explicitly politicized, activist flavor to much new work. As George Marcus has noted, the critique of traditional white lab coat anthropology that began in the Vietnam war era has led into a disciplinary ethos tending to a self-avowed commitment to siding with the subaltern, fighting power, and the desire for a more just world. 11 Whether a truly "barefoot" or "militant" anthropology is really possible remains an open question, and, in any event, Boas and his generation, despite the later criticism, probably did more to shape opinion in progressive directions than we ever will in this age where few beyond our narrow little academic world seem to much care what anthropologists have to say. 12 But all the more so given both native demands for relevance and a sense of special guilt or at least debt to Native America among anthropologists, some sort of engaged, activist positioning has become a virtual prerequisite for any anthropologist studying Native America now. The new orientation toward a more engaged, morally and politically accountable Native American anthropology is evident both in recent experiments with collaborative ethnography and anthropological involvement in repatriating bones and sacred objects; tribal struggles for federal recognition; and language preservation and recovery. 13 Some of the work I find most inspiring does not announce itself as "activist" or "public" anthropology at all so much as grow from an unshowy yet deeply felt sense of obligation and concern. To name one example, I think of Kristina Jacobsen, a young anthropologist who plays lap steel guitar with a band out of Many Farms in researching Navajo country music bands, and has done everything from teaching in a tribal college and advocating for a new local health clinic to helping an elderly couple water their sheep along the way.

As to the contours of inquiry and debate in the new scholarship, a starting point has been to rethink what it means to be native in the first place. Instead of treating "Native American" or for that matter "Indian" and "indigenous" as fixed or preexisting identities, the new poststructuralist-inflected orthodoxy presumes them to be relational, mutable, and historically contingent. <sup>14</sup> It takes the settler to make the native, after all, and it can and has been argued that indigeneity is a twin traveler with capitalism and the ideas of civilization and the West, their necessary Derridean supplement, a concept that, to invert Latour, has always been modern. <sup>15</sup> Western conceptions of blood and nationhood—however much reworked—have shaped the terms through which Native Americans have imagined themselves. The very borderline between Indian and non-Indian is unstable and permeable no matter how clear and even biologically determined it may appear in lived experience.

Consider the tricky politics of Indianness today. The last few decades have brought what has been called "a migration from whiteness to redness" where, now that it can seem cool and sometimes even advantageous to be native, whites with some Indian ancestry are more likely than ever before to check the Native American box on the census or college application, go to powwows, or otherwise embrace native heritage politics. In response, some tribal activists have recently challenged tenuous claims to Indianness, among them those of two prominent figures in Native American studies, who had always passed as Indian, Ward Churchill and Andrea Smith. The gold standard for Indianness has become belonging to a federally recognized tribe. Only these groups, which the United States acknowledges at least in principle to be semiautonomous sovereign entities, can build casinos among other rights. Recognized tribes also set their own membership criteria; many periodically change those requirements, redrawing the boundaries of who will be in and out, native or not in the eyes of the law and the tribe itself. By contrast, unrecognized groups have complained about their disenfranchisement by a system where the federal government—the U.S. Congress and the Bureau of Indian Affairs—still makes the ultimate decisions about which tribes will receive the powerful stamp of Indianness and rights to self-government that recognition confers. The question of who counts as Indian is always subject to debate, doubt, and revision; a labyrinthine and ever-shifting geography of belonging and exclusion.

Here an exemplary ethnography is Circe Sturm's *Blood Politics* (2002). Sturm, a University of Texas professor, was trained in Latin Americanist anthropology. This field has long focused on the construction of ethnic and racial identity in Latin America with its ostensibly more fluid, mixed, and multiple configurations of hierarchy, color, and personhood. Sturm imported this interest in identity

boundaries to the ethnography of the Western Band of the Cherokee Indians; it enabled her to probe questions of blood and belonging ignored or overlooked in earlier Native American studies scholarship that simply took the categories of white and Indian for granted. Unlike some tribes with more restrictive criterion, the Western Band has kept qualifications for membership quite loose, namely any descendant of those listed as Cherokee on the federal Dawes Rolls census of the late 19th century. This means that you can enroll with as little as 1,048th Indian blood and it has allowed the Western Band to grow into the second largest tribe in the United States with the clout of big numbers. Sturm does not shy away from the paradoxes and ugly side of blood politics, including efforts to disenfranchise black Cherokees, the so-called "freedmen." And yet, she manages to do so in a sensitive, compelling way informed by her extensive research. Her book may be the single most influential recent ethnography of Native America.

If indigeneity is constituted in relation to whiteness (and always also to blackness and other racialized identity formations), then the reverse is just as true. Some of my favorite new work—often interdisciplinary—turns the lens back onto whites and, among other things, scrutinizes the schizophrenic U.S. feelings toward Indians that juxtapose horror and enchantment, repulsion and desire, the wish to assimilate or even exterminate native peoples or to be just like them. Playing Indian, the brilliant book by historian Philip Deloria—son of Vine and grandnephew of the pioneering Lakota anthropologist Ella Deloria—charts the tradition of white mimicry that once led me as a boy to try to make smoke signals in the backyard and today gets New Agers to beating drums in sweatlodges on weekends. Whiteness, as Deloria and others demonstrate, materializes both in opposition to and identification with Indians, albeit nowadays more often with the simulated Indianness of Hollywood and mass culture than any actual encounter with native people.

It strikes me that attitudes about Native Americans tend to migrate between what might be termed the poles of debt and threat: the idea of owing something to Indians for the crimes committed against them; and the reverse conviction that they endanger or threaten "our" values and welfare. <sup>16</sup> At first on the frontier, the feeling of threat predominated with its desire to make the West safe for white conquest. Then, once Indians had been militarily defeated, a wistful imperial nostalgia took over with many Americans beginning to feel sympathy and pity for the continent's First Peoples. The growing radicalism of the Vietnam war years—and books like Dee Brown's best-selling Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee (1970)—sharpened a sense of white guilt for the conquest's brutal savagery and an incalculable debt to the survivors. But now that some tribes have gained greater power by way of

casinos and sometimes mineral rights, the sensation of threat has again jumped back into more prominent visibility. Thus, we see fear, resentment, and occasional hostility connected to real and imagined worries about tribes pushing their weight around with big campaign contributions; expanding casino resorts at the expense of the environment and local homeowners; and otherwise bursting out of the slot that fixed Indians as pitiable, powerless survivors on remote reservations. In Latin American countries like Guatemala, Peru, and Bolivia, a view of Indians as a menace and drag on progress has never much weakened, perhaps partly because the danger of a successful indigenous insurgency has always remained a real possibility given the native majorities in these places. Nostalgia for the Inca empire was an early building block of Peruvian nationalist ideology, and yet elites never saw any connection between Cuzco's lords and present-day Andeans, who were viewed instead as a sadly "sub-human" and "degenerated" race. "Incas yes," as historian Cecilia Méndez (1996) paraphrases the dominant view, "Indians no."

The political valences of indigeneity—in the United States and beyond—are also at the center of debate now. One trend has been to a grumpy revisionism. Here we have a spate of books that style themselves as telling the hard truths they imagine to have been concealed by left-wing political correctness and its romance with things Indian. Among many others, there's archaeologist Christy Turner's Man Corn ([1998] contending that the Anasazi, the southwestern cliff-dwellers of Mesa Verde and Chaco Canyon fame, were actually cruel cannibals; journalist Jeff Benedict's Without Reservation ([2001] charging the Mashantucket Pequot with being pretend Indians who only claimed tribal identity as a get-rich scheme to a start a casino; and several studies finding so-called "blitzkrieg" Indians and not whites guilty for killing off the buffalo. As much as orthodoxies should always be questioned, the urge in these books to unmask the myth of the Noble Indian too often simply updates the inverse old fable of the Evil Indian, now imagined not only as a cannibal and destroyer of nature but also a greedy casino tycoon. 17

Only rarely have cultural anthropologists seemed to join the revisionist camp. An example is John and Jean Comaroff's latest book, *Ethnicity, Inc.* (2008). Their analysis turns conventional white liberal thinking upside-down—this time from the Left and not the Right—by treating indigeneity not as a subaltern insurgent force, but instead a product of the "the occult power of capital to manufacture identity," in other words of heritage and descent commodified with the exploding growth of what the Comaroffs label the "identity economy," "ethnobusiness," and "ethnocommerce." Although the astute, prolific Comaroffs are certainly right

to underline the role of capitalism, money, and marketing in identity politics everywhere, the example of Native California, the subject of a chapter in *Ethnicity Inc.* (2008), does not serve them well. They depict California's tribes largely as an epiphenomenon of the "corporate ethnoeconomy," and especially the race for casino cash. <sup>19</sup> This view fails to grapple with the far more multiplex tribal histories and realities of Native Californians that include struggles for survival and recognition dating back far before anyone dreamed of Indian-run blackjack tables and video poker. The Comaroffs end up sounding like Jeff Benedict and other conservative critics in their hasty, one-sided portrait of latter-day California tribes as little more than fake casino Indians. <sup>20</sup>

Most cultural anthropology nowadays tilts very much to the opposite direction, namely toward a more redemptive view of indigeneity. We have many recent ethnographies about Native American battles for justice and opportunity across the continent. Consider, for example, Valerie Lambert's (2007) chronicle of the Choctaw fight for sovereignty; Sara-larus Tolley's (2006) account of the quest for federal recognition of California's Honey Lake Maidu; or several different books about modern-day tribal struggles to reclaim sacred objects and human remains collected in museums around the country and abroad.<sup>21</sup> Much scholarship by anthropologists now also exists about the Mayan movement and the Zapatistas and, more recently, the resurgence of indigenous organizing yet farther south in Ecuador and Bolivia.<sup>22</sup> This interest in insurgency extends, most recently, into high-tech theorizing about what Mark Goodale (2008:646) calls an "indigenous cosmopolitanism" that disrupts the old ontologies that would incarcerate indigeneity in the jailhouse of tradition and the local, and puts forward an "alternative moral universe in which indigenousness represents a set of principles that are both cosmopolitan and uniquely Bolivian." For example, Marisol de la Cadena (2010), who draws inspiration from the French philosopher of science Isabel Stengers, argues that some native ways of thinking in Peru's highlands challenge or at least "slow down" the orthodox Western worldview that divides between nature and culture, religion and politics, and magic and science. These and other modern-day anthropologists, native and non-native alike, assign themselves the task of showing how the complexity of native life and cosmology belies the stereotypes and, in particular, how native people exercise agency in their own diverse ways, and in the process sometimes redefine modernity's very meaning. We anthropologists seem once again to be running to the rescue of Indians, this time practicing a new "salvage anthropology" designed to save them from misunderstanding and ourselves from blindness to other ways of being in the world.

I mostly admire the new anthropology, and, in fact, I've made my own contribution with a first book on Andean village organizing and a second one about the tribal search to bring Ishi's body back for reburial in his ancestral Deer Creek homeland. Sometimes, however, I wonder whether we may be leaving too much intact or even propping up the romanticized brand of indigeneity that forms part of leftie, natural fiber-wearing, yoga-and-Whole Foods orthodoxy, namely that of by turns heroic and victimized Avatarish guardians of nature, community, and tradition in the mold of Rigoberta Menchú before her fall from grace. 23 Most recent scholarship is quick to point out contradiction and that indigenous peoples very much belong to a globalized world; yet the preponderance of anthropology about them waging the good fight gives a somewhat one-dimensional view of indigenous experience. The darker sides of native life—the old reservation problems of unemployment, alcoholism, tribal infighting, sexual and domestic violence, and now diabetes—tend to be ignored in anthropology of late, or at least the most widely read recent ethnographies.24 The same goes for instances of native mobilization around "bad" causes across the Americas; for all the books about the Zapatistas, for example, we have little good ethnography about the native peoples who for varying reasons have chosen to side with the government against the revolutionaries. We also lack for research that grapples with the gray areas of native life, namely the prosaic, sometimes banal dimensions of everyday experience that neither horrify nor inspire and yet are very much another face of a continent where the majority of people indigenous and not are not especially involved in political organizing or social movements of any kind. Instead the very word "indigenous" retains a shiny, solemn currency in many academic circles and sometimes in anthropology itself with words like "struggle," "resistance," and "movement" attached to it almost by default.

I do not mean to suggest that anthropologists should don their white lab coats again, or try to remain above the fray as if that were even possible. Insofar as indigenous peoples remain among the poorest and most powerless across the Americas (including the United States despite the windfall casino profits of a relatively few tribes), they deserve support. The new alignment of white anthropologists with native struggles, in fact, might be understood as our effort to pay down the debt incurred by the discipline's past failures and conquest's incalculable cost in death and suffering. And yet, the stereotype of the Noble Savage is just as dehumanizing as its inverse, and even some of the smartest postcolonial anthropology brushes uncomfortably close to tired old essentialisms in celebrating the "decolonizing" thrust of "indigenous epistemologies" without attending to the changing, mixed,

and varied dimensions of native culture and politics. <sup>25</sup> For their part, most Native Americans are neither crude essentialists nor simply want to be told what they want to hear, leaving more room for maneuver than many anthropologists sometime assume (and in any event I have always disliked the phrase "strategic essentialism" with its doubly mistaken implication that subaltern groups tend more to essentialism than anyone else or should be granted a free pass when they do so). <sup>26</sup> There is no touchier topic than blood and tribal membership, and Circe Sturm's *Blood Politics* (2002) addresses exactly this (including efforts to exclude those of African ancestry from this formerly slave-holding tribe). Yet Sturm has received an overwhelmingly positive response from Cherokee readers, even thanks for encouraging more frank discussion about these often-painful matters. <sup>27</sup>

The truth is that indigeneity, precisely because it has no fixed or necessary meaning or destination, comes with no guarantees. At one extreme, there's Rwanda, where the Hutu discourse of indigeneity, of Hutus as the real natives and view shaped by Belgian colonialism—helped to lead to the slaughter of Tutsi, who figured as foreigners and outsiders. 28 And then, to the other side, we have more encouraging, if not uncontradictory, stories like Evo Morales in Bolivia and the Zapatistas soldiering on in the Lancandon rainforest. The forces of political economy and 21st century globalization always very much figure into the equation—capitalism and commodity fetishism; ethnoscapes and traveling allegories and rhetorics about what indigenous politics can or should be; and the constraints of neoliberal multiculturalism. But there's also, to use another oldfashioned word, agency at work, and the self-fashioning of native peoples that results in the irreducibly multiple forms of indigenous politics in Native America and globally, be they a Navajo professional golfer, Notah Begay, campaigning for Indian education or the son of Aymaran migrant workers winning Bolivia's presidency.

Sometimes, too, those who could claim to be indigenous choose not to mobilize around the label at all. <sup>29</sup> Villagers in Peru, especially in the more southern regions, have brown skin, wear ponchos, speak Quechua, and otherwise seem to fit the stereotypical checklist for indigeneity. And yet, as I learned in my years there, these Andean peoples do not identify as "Indians," but instead as campesinos, peasants, or by their village, province, or sometimes just as Peruvians. This contrasts with neighboring Ecuador and Bolivia where many villagers have rallied around the banner of Indian power and pride. And then, as various recent studies document, there are unlikely indigenes such as the "white Indians," the reindeer-herding Sami of northern Scandinavia; they do not fit the phenotypical

expectations with their pale complexion and yet have suffered discrimination by mainstream society and very much see themselves as part of the imagined global community of indigenous peoples that has become evermore widespread in the last few decades. By now, most anthropologists would agree that the alchemy of history, economy, and politics varies from place to place; it may—or may not—lead people there to claim indigeneity at any particular point in time (and, of course, the very idea of being Indian everywhere in the Americas was a colonial creation in the first place). Indigeneity is a matter of becoming, not a fixed state of being, a historically contingent and sometimes very powerful form of cultural identification and political organizing.

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Let me turn, finally, to what we used to call "culture," the matter of Native American tradition and belief. As much as things have changed, the ghost of Boas still haunts the discipline, and, in particular, the old-fashioned brand of salvage anthropology where the ethnographer seeks to rescue a record of aboriginal native traditions for posterity. Here, for example, consider Keith Basso's Wisdom Sits in Places (1996). This most unusual of specimens—a genuinely readable, even lyrical ethnography—parses White Mountain Apache concepts of memory, land, and place. As befitting the new, less imperial relationship between anthropologists and Indians, Basso researched this project in consultation with tribal authorities, indeed at the chairman's behest. His chief informants, or "consultants" as he more collegially labels them, were a handful of wise old Apache cowboys who took him around to relate traditional place names and the stories of ancient doings that animate this topography of history and imagination. These seers had not long to live-indeed passed before Basso finished his book-and in this sense Basso's project is very much the Boasian one of taking down precious traditions about to vanish forever, a brand of neosalvage anthropology. Indeed, as if to mark the differences as well as similarities between that old work and his own, Basso concludes with the story of a younger Apache naming a new place for his run-in there with a bald eagle; it's a gesture toward recognizing, as Kroeber and the others did not, that native ways can and often have be reinvented and sometimes reinvigorated in today's world.

And yet, Wisdom Sits in Places (1996) is almost two decades old, and perhaps among the last of the salvage ethnographies of native North America. Only in the somewhat unique world of Amazonianist anthropology does the discipline still seem to be involved in documenting and debating tribal life as if it had remained virtually unchanged across the ages. To take just one example, the Brazilian anthropologist

Eduardo Viveiros de Castro (1998:46) has elaborated the influential idea of Amazonian "perspectivism," namely that native people there adhere to an ontology "where the point of view creates the subject" as opposed to the Saussureanism of Western conventions "where the point of view creates the object." This argument allows Viveiros de Castro to develop a contrast between the "multinaturalism" of native thought as opposed to the more familiar "multiculturalism" of Euro-American ways of thinking and has inspired other scholars eager to identify ways of thinking that escape the categories of Western modernity. Whether or not one finds his model of value, it's striking just how completely Viveiros de Castro and a number of other Amazonianists adhere to classical ethnographic conventions that have long been abandoned by most anthropologists.<sup>31</sup> Here we have the absence of any reflexive agonizing about positionality in favor of a conventional third person "scientific" style; the idea of discrete and bounded cultures (in this case of an "Amazonian" or even "Amerindian" cosmology that collapses hundreds of different tribes into one category); the treatment of "other" cultures as a kind of laboratory where the ethnographer-scientist seeks to decode their distinctive logics; and, perhaps most surprisingly, the complete absence of any reference to history or historical change in favor of a leveling ethnographic present. Viveiros de Castro leaves the impression Amazonian peoples live in a time warp outside of 21st-century life.

I must admit that I find such Amazonianist anthropology almost charming for its anachronism. To fault Viveiros de Castro's elegant, thought-provoking model of perspectivism for its strangely dehistoricized picture of the Amazon may be a "procedure too suggestive of breaking a butterfly on the wheel" (to borrow from Alfred Kroeber's complaint about those who dismissed Freud's psychoanalytic theory without acknowledging its originality and "fruitful suggestions"). 32 That anthropologists even now in the 21st century propagate what might be called "Amazonianism"—the assumption of a primordial "Amazonian cosmology" uncontaminated by modernity and the West—also reflects the realities of a region that has been the last in the Americas to feel colonization's full brunt.<sup>33</sup> It nonetheless feels quite disconcerting to find anthropologists debating the structures of Amazonian thought among themselves much as in the age of Radcliffe-Brown, Evans-Pritchard, or Lévi-Strauss (who was, of course, a founding figure of Amazonianist anthropology). I am all the more appreciative of scholarship like that of Shane Greene (2009), Peter Gow (2001), Steven Rubenstein (2002) and their combination of a meticulous attention to the lives and visions of particular Amazonian tribes with a keen appreciation for how the devastation of disease,

forced labor, and lost land have influenced the conditions of their existence and cosmology itself.

I myself find a useful baseline for thinking about Native America today in the work of the Comanche cultural critic and provocateur extraordinaire Paul Chaat Smith. It can be still be tempting to play the authenticity game, to strip away the impurities, creolizations, and commodifications to get at some imagined uncorrupted core of native culture. The smart, funny Smith calls out whites and sometimes Indians themselves who find inventions of Indians with their "cheap, played-out cliches" and "jukebox spiritualism" to be "preferable to the real thing" ("We dimly accept the role of spiritual masters and first environmentalists as we switch cable channels and videotape our marriages and ceremonies.... We secretly wish we were more like the Indians in the movies").34 Nor does Smith advocate for traditions "just because they are traditions," but, following Eduardo Galeano, for "the legacies that multiply human freedom."35 He wants us to understand that the Americas before Columbus were "a happening, cosmopolitan place" with a "riot of vastly different cultures, which occasionally fought each other, no doubt sometimes viciously and for stupid reasons"; the disaster and drama of the conquest ("the first truly modern moment: continents and worlds that had been separated for millions of years became just weeks, then days, and now only hours apart"); "the "outrageous story" of native survival and 21st-century life; and how whites and Indians remain "hopelessly fascinated with each other, locked in an endless embrace of love and hate and narcissism . . . condemned forever to disappoint, never to forget even as we can't remember."35 Anything short of appreciating that native experience is "an ocean of terrifying complexity" is to treat Indians as less than "fully human" all over again. 37

Obviously, it's no news flash nowadays that anthropologists should pay attention to cultural flux and hybridization, or, and I am too often guilty as charged, that words like "heterogeneous" and "complex" can sometimes be lazy substitutes for more precise, developed analysis. The best new ethnography of Native America goes beyond familiar postmodern pieties to show how "culture" may be fought over, claimed as intellectual property, sanitized and celebrated, given up for lost and then resurrected, museumified, and much more. For example, Kirk Dombrowski's Against Culture: Development, Politics, and Religion in Indian Alaska (2001) documents how the "traditionalists" in one Tlingit village are actually the Pentecostal Christians—and the "radicals" those who embrace an identity politics of native revivalism. In Choctaw Nation: A Story of American Indian Resurgence (2007), Valerie Lambert shows how cultural "retraditionalization" linked to the Choctaw struggle for sovereignty, following on the low point of the so-called federal

"termination" policy of the Eisenhower years that aimed to do away with reservations altogether. Jessica Cattelino's High Stakes: Florida Seminole Gaming and Sovereignty (2008) reveals how casino riches allowed Florida's Seminoles to revive and expand on old cultural practices in new ways. Most 21st-century anthropologists—weaned on the likes of Fanon, Gramsci, and Foucault—treat "culture" as something that can only be understood in tandem with other realms of society, and the scare quotes in this sense altogether merited. We now tend almost by second nature to regard myth and meaning as a matter of struggle and conflict always linked to power and politics and bringing into play multiple, overlapping fields and scales of geography and social life. 38

After completing his Handbook of the Indians of California in the early 1920s, Alfred Kroeber abandoned the study of Native California for other pursuits. That generation of anthropologists assumed that surviving native peoples would be absorbed into the mainstream and thus were no longer worthy of much interest. By contrast, the more recent anthropology of American Indians rejects the assumptions of assimilationism to insist on and explore the distinctiveness of 21st-century native ways of being. That distinctiveness does not derive from isolation or some primordial core of values or knowledge. To the contrary, it's one of contemporary ethnography's axioms that tradition and culture always bear the marks of violence and displacement; law and the state; color and class; memory and mass media, and the sometimes-unexpected visions and voices that make themselves heard in the crucible of changing circumstances. There can be no decolonization in the sense of turning back history's clock, and yet it's become clear enough that one can be distinctively native and yet also fully modern as against the mythology of Manifest Destiny with its expectation that Indians would have no place in 20th- much less 21st-century America.

But what, finally, about the future? I'd love to have Native American anthropologists studying white people after it being only the other way around for so long. As a discipline, we seem stuck more generally in a pattern where whites have the freedom to pick whatever topic they choose, but Third World anthropologists and anthropologists of color—whether African Americans, Asian Americans, Turks, or Taiwanese—end up studying mostly their own groups or countries (although these more endogamous research tendencies also very often measure a chosen sense of loyalty and obligation to home communities). Also excellent would be more anthropology of, as Philip Deloria's latest book has it, *Indians in Unexpected Places* (2004). It may be a residue of our old quest for Otherness that anthropologists still very often seek out the most exotic-seeming locales for researching native peoples

(as evidenced by the disproportionately large number of recent ethnographies about arctic and subarctic groups). We could use more work—as, for example, Renya Ramirez's *Native Hubs* (2007) about Indians in the Silicon Valley—that explores the many, often urban faces of native experience. We live in an age where more than two-thirds of Native Americans now live in cities, and native people are less likely to be harpooning salmon or gathering acorns for living than cashiering at Walmart or working as lawyers, doctors, or schoolteachers.

More broadly, the label of "anthropology of Native North America" (or for that matter "American Indians" or "North American Indians") now sounds a bit quaint, even misleading. After all, most new anthropology is very interdisciplinary, and in that sense may fit better under rubrics like "Native American studies," "Native studies," or, gesturing to common global experiences, "Indigenous studies." The concept of an "anthropology of Native North America" is also a relic of the area studies tradition; it implies that native culture is somehow a thing unto itself, and not as, in truth, something that can only be understood in the context of settler colonialism, nationalism and state formation, the political economy of global capitalism, and other forces near and far. Many of the best new ethnographies focus not on native people alone in any simple way, but, rather, on what might be called formations of indigeneity, namely the particular relationships of history, power, and meaning between native peoples and others that define what it means to be white, black, Indian or something else. 39 There may be reasons not to dispense altogether with labels like "the anthropology of American Indians" because disciplinarity still matters and we must draw boundaries somewhere. Even so, the directions of new ethnography have clearly destabilized the high ethnological nomenclature of the old order of things.

Whatever one wants to call it, I doubt that anthropology concerned with Native America will ever recover the central place in the discipline that it enjoyed a century ago. Indeed, as anthropology has grown and ramified with its crazy quilt of societies, sections, and debates, it has not had a single center for many decades anyway. Nor can anthropologists any longer pretend to any exclusive claim to studying Indians. Some of the most exciting Native studies scholarship comes out of history, literature, and English, like Michael Elliot's wonderful Custerology (2007) about white and Indian fascination with the saga of Custer and Little Bighorn. If you really want to understand something about native life today, the best place to go may be to fiction writers like Louise Erdrich and Sherman Alexie, who convey the exhilaration, banality, and sadness of everyday experience better than most anthropologists.

Meanwhile, the exoticizing old tropes about indigeneity will doubtless circulate with as much vigor as ever. As literary critic Stephen Greenblatt shows, Columbus himself first promoted the concept of the Americas as a "marvelous possession," a land of incredible astonishing natural wonders and wild, colorful native peoples.40 Now we have Avatar, the Sweat Lodge, the Dream Catcher, and the voyage to Chichen Itza to wonder at millennial native wisdom. What has become the boilerplate 21st-century juxtaposition of indigenous community, spirituality, and harmony with nature as against "our" individualism, reason, and alienation from the environment occludes the vast and not always so ennobling diversity of native ways of being in past and present. Just as problematically, of course, these assumptions pivot on what James Carrier (1995) calls "Occidentalism," namely a crudely monolithic view of the modern West itself. Consider the United States now: millions of Americans every day log on to Ancestor.com to trace family roots or join clubs, teams, and Facebook groups; according to a recent survey, 92 percent of Americans believe in God and the overlap between religion and politics goes back to the Founding Fathers; and many Americans treat their pets as a family member, down to Prozac for their depression and gourmet food treats for special occasions. If such a thing as "the West" actually exists any longer, it cannot so easily be thought of as the atomized, secular, and nature-hating culture of destruction that its common juxtaposition to "the indigenous" would suggest. It's true enough that global capitalism has brought untold suffering and misery, and yet the very nature of what "civilization" should stand for has been a matter of sometimes-ferocious debate and disagreement among those claiming to speak for it from the very beginning.

Any good postcolonial anthropologist could rant for pages in this fashion. But I suspect that will not diminish the allure of those classic Hollywood-manufactured images of the teepee, war paint, bow and arrow, eagle-feathered headdress, smoke signals, sweat lodge, peace-pipe, and the long-haired Indian warrior riding free and proud after the buffalo in the wavy grass. <sup>41</sup> The mythology erected around Indians has long proved too mesmerizing and sensual for many people to resist (and even the Coeur d'Alene character in the terrific native-produced film Smoke Signals [1998] confesses that Dances with Wolves is his favorite movie). Just a few weeks ago, I noticed the following headline while browsing the tabloids in the supermarket checkout line: WARNING: AVATAR CAN MAKE YOU SICK & SUICIDAL! According to the article, some viewers had been so mesmerized by Pandora—"a wonderland peopled by noble beings"—that they "indicate they'd rather DIE than return to Earth's gritty reality." Some exaggeration was doubtless involved, but

the movie's blockbuster success was a reminder of just how a certain idealized vision of indigenous peoples answers to the longing for Otherness, a space of freedom outside modernity and the West. The lucky one in *Avatar?* Those tabloid interviewees would say it's Jake, because he actually gets to become Navi by movie's end.

Finally, too, it can argued that anthropology itself still has far to go toward what Devon Mihesuah and Angela Wilson (2004) call "indigenizing the academy." I have explored the changes of recent decades, but Mihesuah and others see worrying continuities. They cite the relative paucity still of native anthropologists and Native studies programs; the familiar bugaboos of academic status-mongering and gatekeeping; "ethnic fraud" where scholars with dubious claims to being native pass themselves as such; the lack of responsiveness among scholars to tribal needs; and the very fact that universities sit on stolen tribal lands. <sup>43</sup> The Association of Indigenous Anthropologists, a section of the American Anthropological Association, seeks to address these and other problems. Many of its members believe that we have not gotten very far at all toward decolonizing anthropology.

Now a new generation of graduate students is coming up in the ranks, some native and some not. They are researching themes from mining's role in the Navajo nation and urban Indian life in Dallas to language recovery among the Eastern Band of the Cherokee. These younger anthropologists will surely develop their own views of the discipline's role, purpose, and obligations as well as how best to understand native experience.

I look forward to seeing how things work out.

#### **ABSTRACT**

This article charts and tries to reckon with the relationship between anthropology and Native America. In an older time, most American anthropologists made their living studying Indians, this almost parasitic disciplinary dependence lasting well into the 20th century. Then came the turmoil of the 1960s and 1970s, the Red Power movement, and a period of estrangement between anthropologists and Native America. And now, quite unexpectedly, a tentative rapprochement has been taking place, albeit on very different terms with native anthropologists often at the forefront. This article focuses mostly on the United States, although also reflecting on new work about native peoples Canada and Latin America. [anthropology, Native American studies, Indigenous studies]

#### NOTES

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indigeneity. All responsibility for this final version is my own. I presented versions of this article as papers in talks at the anthropology departments of Brown University, the University of California at Berkeley, and the University of North Carolina—Chapel Hill, and thank people there for their useful feedback.

- 1. See Lutz and Collins (1993).
- An astute piece by David Brooks (2010) sums up the familiar moves of the film, including the "white messiah" formula.
- See Finn-Dare and Rubenstein (2009) for more on the panhemispheric links in anthropology.
- See Buckley (1999:277). Tony Platt's Grave Matters (in press) gives a wonderful, sometimes horrifying view of the role of Kroeber's University of California anthropology department in collecting native bones and artifacts.
- 5. See Visweswaran (2010:60).
- See Sapir (1936).
- 7. See Clifford's classic essay "On Ethnographic Authority" in The Predicament of Culture (1988).
- 8. Smith and Warrior (1996) provide the best introduction to the Red Power movement and its paradoxes and accomplishments.
- 9. See Moore (1994).
- 10. See Simpson (2007).
- 11. See Marcus (2005).
- 12. See Scheper-Hughes (1995).
- 13. Field (2004) describes the work of anthropologists in recognition struggles, repatriation, and language recovery. Field's *Abalone Tales* (2008) is a fine recent example of collaborative ethnography, as is Powell and Long (2010). Lassiter (2005) discusses collaborative ethnography in the context of his work with the Kiowa. Daubenmier (2008) examines the history of "action anthropology," one precursor to more contemporary activist engagement.
- 14. See de la Cadena and Starn (2007) for more on these points.
- 15. I am indebted to Shane Greene on this point (2009:15).
- 16. See Pratt (2007) on the concept of debt.
- 17. An example of a book with a critical yet more balanced view is Shephard Krech's (2000) The Ecological Indian with its debunking of the myth that Indians have always and everywhere been jus noble protectors of the environment.
- 18. See Comaroff and Comaroff (2009:69). It should be noted that some Native American studies scholars object to Native Americans being labeled a "minority" or "ethnic group" in the first place on the grounds that they are actually the original owners of the lands we call the United States.
- 19. Comaroff and Comaroff (2009:71).
- A good starting point about the story of Native California's casinos is Jed Riffe's documentary California's "Lost" Tribes (2006).
- 21. See, for example, Ridington and Hastings (2000) and Starn (2004).
- Anthropologists who have written about the Mayan movement and reaction to it include Warren (1998), Hale (2006), and Nelson (2009); about the Zapatistas, Collier with Quaratiello (2005); about Ecuador (Sawyer 2004); and about Bolivia, Goodale (2008).
- 23. David Stoll (1998), who called attention to inconsistencies and more in Menchú's autobiography, is an anthropologist, and yet his book was such an outlier—and so uneasily received within the discipline—that it only confirms the point about the relative unwillingness of the discipline to explore Native American indigeneity's darker sides.
- 24. Some anthropologists—concentrated in medical or psychological anthropology—are indeed doing so, for example those involved in the National Aborginal Network for Mental Health Research (www.namhr.ca/mentors-coinvestigators.html) or the work of Erica Prussing on substance abuse among the Cheyenne and other groups. I thank Joe Gone for bring this work to my attention.
- 25. I am not a fan of the term decolonization; it suggests that history's clock can somehow be turned back, and the work of centuries of colonialism be undone. I agree with indigenous activists and

- scholars who seek to fight the colonial legacies of racism and exclusion, and yet recognize the realities of change, hybridization, and modernity's indelible imprint and thus do not imagine that the Americas will ever be able to return to some "pure" decolonized state.
- 26. Anthropologists, not just those working with Native Americans, always have to balance the demands of accountability, ethics, and accuracy in their decisions about what to leave out, leave in, and how to frame their arguments. I would argue that the answer to Jean Jackson's (1989) well-known question about whether anthropologists can "talk about making culture without making enemies?" is, when done with some judiciousness, yes.
- 27. Circe Sturm, personal communication, April 11, 2010.
- 28. See Mamdani (2002).
- 29. See García (2005) for more on this point.
- As Yeh (2007) shows, Tibetans are another example of an ostensibly indigenous people that for their own reasons do not claim the label.
- For example, Descola (1994), who does discuss colonization, and yet depicts Achuar culture
  as if it was static and self-contained, or, an earlier yet still much cited Amazonian classic,
  Reichel-Dolmatoff (1974).
- 32. See Kroeber (1970:110, 112).
- 33. I have suggested, controversially, the parallel concept of "Andeanism," an adaptation of Said's original conception of "Orientalism" to the representational politics that configure highland South America as an exotic mountain realm of timeless Otherness little changed since Incan times (Starn 1991, 1994).
- 34. Smith (2009:6).
- 35. Smith (2009:23).
- 36. Smith (2009:6).
- 37. Smith (2009:10, 23).
- 38. For an especially lucid exploration of the question of scale, see Biolsi (2008).
- 39. Marisol de la Cadena and I came up with this term in work for an earlier project. For a wonderful example of the intersections and divergences between the politics of Indianness and blackness, see French (2009).
- 40. Greenblatt (1992).
- As many observers have noted, these common stereotypes shrink the diversity of Native American culture into a romanticized stereotype of the 19th-century Plains tribes.
- 42. See Globe (2010:40).
- 43. See Mihesuah and Wilson (2004:13).

Editors' Note: Cultural Anthropology has published a number of essays on Native American indigeneity, including Jessica Cattelino's "The Double Bind of American Indian Need-Based Sovereignty" (2010); Andrea Muehlebach's "Making Place" at the United Nations: Indigenous Cultural Politics at the U.N. Working Group on Indigenous Populations" (2001); Pauline Turner Strong and Barrik Van Winkle's ""Indian Blood": Reflections on the Reckoning and Refiguring of Native North American Identity" (1996); and Theresa D. O'Nell's "Telling about Whites, Talking about Indians: Oppression, Resistance, and Contemporary American Indian Identity" (1994).

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#### **FILMOGRAPHY**

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2009 James Cameron, dir. 162 min. Twentieth Century Fox. Los Angeles.

California's "Lost" Tribes

2006 Jed Riffe, dir. 54 min. Beyond the Dream. Berkeley.

Dances with Wolves

1990 Kevin Costner, dir. 181 min. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Los Angeles.

Jurassic Park

1993 Stephen Spielberg, dir. 127 min. Universal Studios. Hollywood.

Lord of the Rings Trilogy

2001-03 Peter Jackson, dir. Warner Bros. Burbank.

Smoke Signals

1998 Chris Eyre, dir. 89 min. ShadowCatcher Entertainment with Welb Film Pursuits. Seattle.

Titanic

1997 James Cameron, dir. 194 min. Twentieth Century Fox. Los Angeles.