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LANDSCAPES EVOLVE SEQUENTIALLY

except under extraordinary provocation, or in circumstances not at all  
to be apprehended, it is not probable that as many as five hundred  
Indian warriors will ever again be mustered at one point for a fight;  
and with the conflicting interests of the different tribes, and the occupa-  
tion of the intervening country by advancing settlements, such an event  
as a general Indian war can never occur in the United States. (Edward  
Parmelee Smith, 1873)

. . .

My blood is my own and my name is Robert Hawks. I am sitting  
on a painted green wooden bench in a small Episcopal church on  
the northern edge of the Plata Indian Reservation, holding in my  
hands a Vietnam-era M-16, the butt of the weapon flat against the  
plank floor between my feet. There are seven other armed people  
sitting on the floor, backs against the paneled walls, or pacing and  
peering out the windows—stained and clear—at the armored per-  
sonnel carrier some hundred yards away across the dirt and gravel  
parking lot, and at the pasture where two sad-looking bulls stand,  
their sides, black and gray, flat against the sky behind them. Out  
there, there are two hundred and fifty police—FBI, all clad in blue  
windbreakers with large gold letters, and National Guardsmen,  
looking like the soldiers they want to be. There is an FBI agent sit-  
ting in a chair opposite me; his hands are bound with yellow  
nylon cord; his mouth is ungagged; his feet are bare and rubbing