

for the James Arthur Baldwin
University of Massachusetts/
a member of The Dramatist's
and the Wordcraft Circle of Native
His poem, "The Last Round
in Wordcraft Circle's newsletter.
the Northwest Playwrights' Guild.
the board of advisors for Red Eagle
of Seattle, Washington.
Jr. currently devotes his ener-
ter Company (Wakiknabe means
siniboine language), and a student
ersity of New Mexico campus,
and Wakiknabe II produced three

Indian Radio Days



An Evolving
Bingo Experience

leanne howe
and roxy gordon

With contributions by the WagonBurner Theater Troop:
Jodi Byrd, Claire Cardwell, Joe Coulter, Justin Data,
Maria Hernandez, Debbie Hicks, Brenda Lynch, Ken McCullough,
Steve Thunder McGuire, Judy Morrison and Scott Morrison;
and original music by Jarryd Lowder.



Roxy Gordon (left) and LeAnne Howe

author's statement

LEANNE HOWE

Roxy Gordon and I wrote *Indian Radio Days* on the front porch of his Dallas home in the summer of 1988. I would drive over after working all day for a Wall Street brokerage firm whose regional office was in Dallas, Texas. We would write the scenes from the play and talk with friends who came by to listen to the script progress.

The year before (1987) our play *Big PowWow* was produced by Sojourner Theater Company in Fort Worth, Texas. *Big PowWow* was the first collaboration between an all-black theatre company, an all-Indian cast and Indian playwrights. From that experience we decided to write a radio play.

Out of the experience of Indian artists and activists coming together to work on *Indian Radio Days*, WagonBurner Theater Troop (WTT) was born. WTT is a community of


Indian artists and Indian activists who enjoy working together, who mentor younger Indians and who merge art and activism as a teaching tool for Indians and non-Indians. In 1993, WTT really created *Indian Radio Days* for the stage. WTT members grew into those characters in the script, created new music and sometimes developed new characters for each performance. As an American Indian this is how I believe our stories are supposed to be created. From the collective.

American Indian playwrights and writers tend to create stories from the experiences of our people. In turn, our work belongs to our ancestors, and the next seven generations of American Indians. I call this Indian process "Tribalography."

In other words, our stories, our plays, our art, will one day become part of the intellectual assets of our tribe's culture.

My great-grandmother was named *Anolitubby*, which in Choctaw means *Tells and Kills*. I believe this play incorporates aspects of Native storytelling. Future performances should strive to perform this "never-ending story."

There are many people to thank concerning *Indian Radio Days*. They are Jodi Byrd, Claire Cardwell, Joe Coulter, Justin Data, Eric Goekel, Judy Gordon, Maria Hernandez, Debbie Hicks, Jon Kerstetter, Jarryd Lowder, Brenda Lynch, Corey Beth Madden, Oliver Mayer III, Ken McCullough, Steve Thunder McGuire, Judy Morrison, Scott Morrison, and Paul Rathbun. Finally our families and tribes. Without them *Indian Radio Days* would not exist.



Fade-up "Radio Noise" and "Indian Radio Days Theme."

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Soft, droning, FM voice; she strikes bell*):
You are listening to AIR/American Indian Radio's pro-
duction of *Indian Radio Days*. The time is now twenty-
nine minutes past the hour.

*(Narrator walks to microphone. He changes accents and
mood for each change in scene.)*

NARRATOR: I am talking with the first American Indian. He
is naked and dirty. He is burned dark brown by the sun.
He carries a flint-tipped spear. He is the first American
Indian.

(Fade-out "Radio Noise" and "Indian Radio Days Theme.")

FIRST CHARACTER (*Matter-of-factly*): I'm not an American
Indian. I am not Mongolian. I'm from inner space. I
am the First Character.

(Audience is directed to applaud the First Character.)

NARRATOR: Please, for the listening audience, tell us, if you will, what you mean by that?

FIRST CHARACTER: I'm the FORE American. Indians came later.

NARRATOR: That's very interesting. Where are you from?

FIRST CHARACTER: According to my somewhat crude, but accurate, rock and sun calendar, this is the Pleistocene epoch, man.

NARRATOR: And you state, you are not an American Indian?

FIRST CHARACTER: Nope. White people made American Indians.

NARRATOR: What did you say?

FIRST CHARACTER (*Exasperated*): Listen, man. (*Drops the accent*) We were all just people. And, in fact, people before people that you define.

(*Fade-up and then out "People."*)

NARRATOR: If you aren't an Indian, who are you? Can you tell us the name of your tribe?

FIRST CHARACTER: PEOPLE!

(*Fade-up "West Africa."*)

First, we were all together on the central plains of Africa. One of your ancestors was over there, too. (*Exasperated*) Then, before we knew what happened, there was continental drift. (*Shocked*) I mean, there was an ocean in between us. So, we grew up over here, and you grew up over there. We couldn't even talk to each other anymore. So, we took a trip. My ol' lady didn't think I ought to go to France, but I had this gallery opening in a cave over there. (*Excited*) And, then, I run into these ol' boys that had heavy eyebrows. So, I taught 'em how to paint. Didn't make any money, though. But I taught 'em medicine, too.

indian radio days

NARRATOR: Let me interrupt, here. Ah (*Short pause*) could you clarify some of those statements for us, please?

FIRST CHARACTER: No.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Strikes bell*): You are listening to AIR/American Indian Radio's production of Indian Radio Days. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

(*A cast member demonstrates the effectiveness with roll of toilet paper for audience as the Female Announcer reads the commercial.*)

This portion of AIR is brought to you by White Cloud Indian Toilet Paper. Squeezeably soft to the touch. Biodegradable. It won't rub you the wrong way!

(*Fade-out "West Africa."*)

INDIAN BINGO LADY: AD-LIB BINGO ROUTINE (*Fade-up and then out "Bingo"*)

(*Audience is directed to applaud after bingo routine. Fade-up "Indian Ocean."*)

NARRATOR: We've had a change of ethnicity. Our last guest said he wasn't an American Indian. You say you are?

INDIAN WOMAN (*She has a very matter-of-fact persona*): I'm the Indian.

NARRATOR: Can you elaborate on that?

INDIAN WOMAN: I'm THE Indian.

NARRATOR: Well, who was he then?

INDIAN WOMAN (*Emphatic*): He never existed. We've been here from the beginning of time. This is Turtle Island, after all!

NARRATOR: Clarify that for me, if you will, and tell our listening audience, if you can, who are "we"?

INDIAN WOMAN: Mister, what's wrong with you? We are The People. We have always been here. That white man was some kind of Impostor. He was WHITE after all.

NARRATOR: How did Indians get here if, as you say, you are The Indian?

INDIAN WOMAN: Well, obviously, we've always been here.

NARRATOR: You don't think you came from Africa?

INDIAN WOMAN (*Exasperated*): Africa? Are you kidding? I guess you believe that Bering Strait Theory, too!

(*Audience is directed to boo and hiss.*)

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Hits bell*): You're listening to AIR's production of *Indian Radio Days*. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour. Coming up next hour is the invasion of the English, French and the Germans.

(*Fade-out "Indian Ocean."*)

NARRATOR: I'm now standing on a rock. I dare say, *the* Plymouth Rock, from all appearances. Who are you, sir?

INDIAN CHIEF WHO MET THE MAYFLOWER (*Cups hands together as if he is hollering at a boat way in the distance*): No! No! NO! NO! We've got to send you back! It would only encourage others like yourself to attempt this dangerous and foolhardy trip across the ocean in those flimsy boats. Besides, we don't have the room. And who knows what will happen next? You may try and take our jobs and drive the price of corn to an all-time low. No, No, No, NO! You must go back!

NARRATOR: Who are you people?

INDIAN CHIEF WHO MET THE MAYFLOWER: I'm one of the Indians who met the *Mayflower*.

(*Audience is directed to boo and hiss.*)

NARRATOR: So it's untrue that you welcomed these poor English prisoners and debtors with open arms to the New World for an American Thanksgiving dinner?

INDIAN CHIEF WHO MET THE MAYFLOWER: What do you think, fellow?

NARRATOR: Well, this is not what we're taught in the history books, so I didn't know.

INDIAN CHIEF WHO MET THE MAYFLOWER: Fellow, do you mean history books or dime novels? (*Turns to the audience and hollers*) No. No. No. NO! Go back. That's right. I'm afraid you cannot stay. I'm sure captains Pete Wilson, Rush Limbaugh and Newt Gingrich will understand.

(*Fade-up "Radio Noise" and "Indian Radio Days Theme."*)

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Strikes bell*): You're listening to American Indian Radio's production of *Indian Radio Days*. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

(*Fade-out "Indian Radio Days Theme."*)

NARRATOR: I'm on location on the Gulf Coast at the mouth of the mighty Mississippi River with two early adversaries in January 1704—a Choctaw Indian and a Frenchman. The Choctaw is dirty. He is forty years old. He is mostly naked. Bird feathers stick out of his hair. He is carrying some skins. Written on his chest in big block letters is: "LIFE'S A BEACH." Tell me, gentlemen, can you explain to our listening audience what you think of each other?

(*Fade-up "Frenchie." Frenchman, very scared, staccato voiced, curses in French, a long string of nonsuperlatives.*)

In English, please.

FRENCHMAN (*French accent*): Monsieur. I don't know what will happen to me. I am zhousands of miles from my home. And, I am standing in zee breast of zee savage. What do you zhink I zhould be feeling?

CHOCTAW INDIAN (*Laid back. Makes the sound of smoking. Lights a match, inhales, pauses and exhales into microphone. Mocks the French accent*): I've got these skins, man. Ver-ry nice. Ver-ry thick. Good for hats.

FRENCHMAN: Monsieur Savage. Hum. Let us discuss zee bezinezz.

(The two walk away from the microphone arm in arm. Narrator shrugs his shoulders. Fade-out "Radio Noise" and "Frenchie.")

INDIAN BINGO LADY: AD-LIB BINGO ROUTINE (*Fade-up and then out "Bingo"*)

(Audience is directed to whoop and holler. Fade-up "Hasbi Mi Mali.")

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Strikes bell*): You're listening to *Indian Radio Days*. This is AIR/American Indian Radio. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

(Cross-fade "Hasbi Mi Mali" and "Gunfight.")

NARRATOR: It's October 12, 1892. A posse of thirty U.S. marshals have so far failed to remove Ned Christi, dead or alive, from his Ozark Mountain home outside of Tallequah, Oklahoma. A full twelve hours of battle, some thirty-eight rounds from a cannon, two thousand rounds of rifle ammo, have brought these marshals no closer to capturing Mr. Christi. And with me here is Ned's beautiful daughter, Eugenia, to tell us what is going on. Say something to the audience, Eugenia!

EUGENIA: Hey, everyone!

NARRATOR: Eugenia—I can call you that, can't I, darlin'?

EUGENIA: Yes. But don't call me darlin'.

NARRATOR: Eugenia, this battle seems to be taking on ominous proportions, what with the talk that your father is the last Cherokee warrior and all. And, of course that bundle of dynamite those marshals are wrapping might finally finish your father off. Would you say now, after all this, that war is in your father's veins?

EUGENIA: Well, I guess you could say that.

NARRATOR: Can you elaborate on that?

(Fade-out "Gunfight.")

EUGENIA: Well, after breakfast yesterdee, my dad said, "Girl, we've been unearthed, underrepresented, considered uncivilized, and still they are unconvinced that I have a reason to be fed up. We've been distilled, dissuaded, disbanded, dug up, and now, because I won't surrender, I've been lied to, lied about, worked over, robbed, and damn near ruined. The only reason I'm sticking around is to complete the war they began." So there, darlin'!

(Eugenia slugs Narrator in the belly and stomps away from the microphone. Audience is directed to whoop and holler. Fade-up "Indian Radio Days Theme.")

FEMALE ANNOUNCER *(Strikes bell)*: You're listening to AIR/American Indian Radio's production of *Indian Radio Days*. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

(Fade-out "Indian Radio Days Theme.")

NARRATOR: I am on the San Saba river bank in central Texas on March 2, 1847. I am about to witness a historic

event. The wild Comanche Indians have just agreed to sign a no-fault treaty with John Muesebach of the German Colonial Society of Frankfurt. We will see firsthand how that peace treaty came about. Here, coming towards me is a Comanche Indian. He looks very much the same as the Choctaw Indian, dirty. Sir, any comments on this unfolding situation?

COMANCHE INDIAN (*Loudly, with terror*): I eat white people for breakfast! I am KO-MAN-CHE!

NARRATOR (*After a pause*): Hmmm. Well, ah, ah, ah-h-h. Okay, let's move on. John Muesebach is dressed in a black German-style coat. He wears horn-rimmed glasses and is smoking a white clay pipe. I believe he is shy. He seems very confused.

(*Fade-up and then out "Roll Out the Barrel."*)

JOHN M. (*Loudly, with passion*): Sieg Heil! (*Salutes like a Nazi soldier*) Sieg Heil! I am very pleasing to meet you, Mr. Indian.

COMANCHE INDIAN (*Imitates the salute*): Friedrich Nietzsche—God, what an idiot!

JOHN M.: I have come from de Fadderland to make allies with me Comanche brodders.

COMANCHE INDIAN (*Growling*): What for?

JOHN M.: So we can settle our families here. Grow cabbage. Make sour Krauts. Make beer.

COMANCHE INDIAN: I don't know about you sour Krauts. But a beer sounds pretty good to me. Maybe this free trade can be all it's cracked up to be. Will you stop around the tribe's bingo hall, say around midnight, and we can discuss this proposition?

(*Fade-up and then out "Radio Noise" and "Hashi Mi Mali."*)

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Strikes bell*): You're listening to *Indian Radio Days*. This is AIR/American Indian Radio. This portion of AIR is sponsored by Red Woman Chewing Tobacco. The tobacco of the New World! Just a pinch of Red Woman Chewing Tobacco between the cheek and gum gives you all the flavor of a full-blooded, red woman. AIR is also sponsored by Cheap Cherokee. Nothing runs farther and faster on the road, *and* it won't die on the trail. . . . If you're interested in test-driving a Cheap Cherokee, contact your local dealer. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

(*Fade-up "The Bone Picker."*)

NARRATOR: I am here in Jackson, Mississippi, with Chief Greenwood LeFlore in 1850. He is fat and wearing a dusty, black waistcoat. Under his waistcoat he wears a T-shirt that plainly says: "WHERE'S THE BEACH?" He wears a bow tie. He is a man without a country. He is staggering. Excuse me, sir. I'm told you are an Indian.

CHIEF LEFLORE: I'm an Indian.

(*Fade-out "The Bone Picker."*)

NARRATOR: You don't look like an Indian.

CHIEF LEFLORE: I don't know what an Indian is supposed to look like.

NARRATOR: We tend to think of Indians looking like Sitting Bull or Chief Joseph. You look like a United States senator, or maybe a Presbyterian minister.

CHIEF LEFLORE: I quit trying.

NARRATOR: Quit trying what?

CHIEF LEFLORE: Quit trying to look Choctaw.

NARRATOR: Was it hard to look Choctaw?

(*Fade-up "Ocean Solo."*)

CHIEF LEFLORE: It became increasingly so for me. Especially after Andy Jackson betrayed me and my family. (*Small bitter laugh*) You know, I fought for him in the War of 1812. I made speeches to my people about how good this one white man was. But I was wrong. I thought Andy had seen enough dyin' to last him a lifetime, but I was wrong. I think on the walk to Oklahoma, the Trail of Tears, the Choctaws lost four thousand, maybe more. . . . (*Voice trails off*) I watched 'em fall down from exhaustion day after day in the rain, snow. I listened to the babies cry. Have you ever tried to carry a little baby for ninety days straight? Their little bodies become bruised from being handled, day in and day out, and it was all my fault. Some of us got cholera. Do you know what cholera did to Nahotina? (*Coughs and stops*)

NARRATOR: Mr. LeFlore, what are you talking about?

CHIEF LEFLORE: I'm talkin' about life, boy. I'm talking about being, at one time, anyway, the Southern District Chief of the Choctaw Nation. I'm talkin' about the forced relocation on the Trail of Tears of people out of Florida, Tennessee, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana and even Maine, and to hell and back. Everywhere. I'm talking about the Indian ethnic cleansing. Boy!

NARRATOR: Then, for Christ's Christmas, sir, why don't you want to look like a Choctaw?

(*Fade-out "Ocean Solo."*)

CHIEF LEFLORE: Because being Indian is a very complicated matter, and I have not always been accepted. You see, my father was a French Canadian. My mother was Choctaw: *n'est-ce pas*. I once believed what the father said. Now I am a full-blooded Choctaw: *Tchutaa sia hoke!* Okay. That is final. Even if you can't recognize me here in this great city.

(Fade-up "The Bone Picker.")

NARRATOR: Mr. LeFlore just pulled a bottle of liquor out of his pocket and drank it all down to the last drop. He has just fallen over. (*Walks up to the body, pulls out handkerchief, and touches it to him to see if he's dead*) He appears to be dead.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Strikes bell*): You are listening to AIR/American Indian Radio's production of *Indian Radio Days*. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

(Fade-out "The Bone Picker" and fade-up "Red Wing.")

NARRATOR (*With force*): The Civil War has just ended. We are here with Pretty Red Wing on the western plains of Nebraska in 1864. She is awaiting the return of her husband. He has been out in Colorado hunting antelope with Black Kettle's band of Cheyenne. It has been reported that a Colorado militia officer named Chivington has attacked Black Kettle's band and has left many casualties. Red Wing is anxiously awaiting word of her husband. Red Wing, can you come to the microphone? Before we get into details, how is it to work with Black Kettle?

RED WING (*Breathy, like Marilyn Monroe*): Well, he was wearing a very modest pant-coat. I think it was gray. No, no, it was buckskin, and he had a designer vest and silver earrings to complete the outfit. He looked divine.

NARRATOR: Aside from his attire, can you tell us how it was to work with Black Kettle?

RED WING: Well, you see, Black Kettle is a good American. He flies the American flag on his . . . lodgepole.

(*The Extra holds a flag in front of his pelvic area as a sight gag.*)

—leanne howe and roxy gordon—

NARRATOR: Why would an American Indian fly the American flag?

RED WING (*Breathy, like Marilyn Monroe*): I don't know, I don't know.

(*Fade-up and then out "Galloping Horse." The Extra runs to microphone and gives Narrator a message.*)

NARRATOR: This news from Indian Country just in via Pony Express. The Colorado Militia under the direction of Pastor Chivington has just attacked Black Kettle's company. War! Good God, y'all! Pretty, little Red Wing, aren't you worried about the death of your lover?

RED WING: I think, if it is true, it has interrupted the antelope hunting.

NARRATOR: Don't you have any feelings for Black Kettle?

(*Fade-up and then out "Radio Noise" and "War."*)

RED WING: I'm worried about the hunt. We worry about the people's survival. That's the Indian way.

(*Audience is directed to applaud. Fade-out "Red Wing."*)

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Strikes bell*): This concludes Part One of *Indian Radio Days*. You are listening to AIR/American Indian Radio. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour. Coming up next is Black Hawk's Skeleton and Martha Bull Coming. But first a word from our sponsors.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER #1: Coming up this Saturday on RSN/Racist Sports Network is a classic rivalry that's guaranteed to give you testosterone fits! The 'Skins will try to fend off the Immigrants, live from RFK Stadium, featuring Senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell on the play-by-play. BE THERE!

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER #2 (*Sexy female voice*): Receive the goodness of what nature has to offer. Land of Flakes Butter. Mmm . . . Pure. Simple. Sweet and true. Land of Flakes butter in the dairy aisle of a supermarket near you.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER #3 (*Pitiful Indian child's voice*): Do you live in fear of the unknown, but feel powerless to make changes? Call the live, one-on-one Indian Psychic Association. Get your personal information on success, love and lucky bingo numbers. Call now and receive an authentic Native American drum from Taiwan. Call 1-800-INDIANS.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER #4 (*Concerned Sally Struthers voice*): Every child needs food, clothing, shelter and the almighty, everlasting, loving hand of God. You can sponsor a needy child through the Indians for Christ Program. Only fifty cents a day will provide a child with the physical and spiritual nourishment that he or she needs so desperately. Or several thousand dollars a day can provide us with a multimillion-dollar combination cathedral and luxurious vacation complex. Please give generously to the Indians for Christ Program. Call 1-800-4-CHRIST.

(*Fade-up "Stranded in Iowa." Audience is directed to whoop and holler.*)

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Strikes bell*): You are listening to Part Two of *Indian Radio Days* on AIR/American Indian Radio. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

(*Fade-out "Stranded in Iowa."*)

NARRATOR: We're in the newly created territory of Iowa, in the Office of the First Governor, Robert Lucas. Chief Black Hawk's skeleton is here in the room. Let's have

a word with Black Hawk if we can. Chief, sir, how is it that you ended up here?

(Fade-up and then out "Black Hawk 1.")

How do you like hanging with the governor here in Iowa territory?

(Fade-up and then out "Black Hawk 2.")

Is it true that your bones were stolen from your burial scaffold by a greedy doctor and later confiscated by Governor Lucas?

(Fade-up and then out "Black Hawk 3.")

Well, Chief Black Hawk does not seem at liberty to answer any questions at this time. Perhaps he needs to confer with his lawyer. Thank you Chief Black Hawk.

(Cross-fade-up and then out "Black Hawk 4" with "WW2.")

INDIAN BINGO LADY: AD-LIB BINGO ROUTINE *(Fade-up and then out "Bingo")*

NARRATOR: I am in the final battle of the Mousse-Argonne French Campaign, 1918, during World War I. I am talking with Simon Anolitubby, another Choctaw from Oklahoma. He is a soldier in the United States Army. How did you get here, soldier?

ANOLITUBBY: I enlisted, SIR.

NARRATOR: What's an Indian doing here?

ANOLITUBBY: I am a good American. I fly the American flag. I am a code talker, SIR.

NARRATOR: A code talker? What is a code talker?

ANOLITUBBY: One day, a Captain John Smith, our commander happened to overhear us conversing in our lan-

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guage. He said, "Corporal, how many of you Choctaw do we have in this battalion?" I said, "We have eight who can speak Choctaw fluently, SIR." So he said, "Round 'em up on the double. We're gonna get these Krauts off our backs."

NARRATOR: What happened?

ANOLITUBBY: We translated messages and handled telephone calls from the field. The German code experts were flippin' their wigs tryin' to break the new American code. Within twenty-four hours after our language was pressed into service, the tide of battle had turned. The Allies were on full attack. We were praised by our company commanders and told we'd all get medals.

NARRATOR: When did you boys receive them?

(Fade-out "WW2.")

ANOLITUBBY: We never did. Turns out the government didn't think we were U.S. citizens 'cause we are Indians. The Navajo or the Hopi boys didn't receive any medals for code talking either.

(Simon Anolitubby salutes the audience after his soliloquy. Fade-up and then out "Winnebago.")

NARRATOR: I'm am standing in the remains of Cloquet, Minnesota. It is the day after Columbus Day, October 1918: The town and approximately one million acres of the surrounding area have been burned to ash. Sitting on a stump in front of me is an Ojibwa man smoking a cigarette. Sir, can you tell us what has happened here?

OJIBWA INDIAN: We had a BIG cookout to celebrate Columbus Day.

NARRATOR *(Shocked)*: You call this a cookout?

OJIBWA INDIAN: Just kidding. *(Takes a drag, exhales)* Naw, what really happened is a spark from the paper-mill logging train started it. You see, before trees turned a profit, us Indians used to burn the undergrowth every year. In some places it made it easier to hunt. Other places it got rid of the bad brush. . . . Let the tall stuff grow better. But seeing as how we got pushed off the land, and no one's been taking care of it . . . and kaboom!

(Audience is directed to whoop and holler. Fade-up "Radio Noise" and "Indian Radio Days Theme.")

FEMALE ANNOUNCER *(Strikes bell)*: You are listening to AIR/American Indian Radio. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

NARRATOR: I'm still somewhere in the U.S.A. The year is 1924. Indians have just become citizens. The federal government has declared that Indians are Americans, too. I am standing here in Watsonville, California, with Fred Seedbox. He is a Hupa Indian and a hand on an artichoke ranch. Mr. Seedbox, can you describe how this law affects you?

(Fade-out "Radio Noise" and "Indian Radio Days Theme.")

FRED S.: I don't know. Can it make me any money?

NARRATOR: Mr. Seedbox, being an American citizen doesn't mean you're going to make more money, it means you can be a participant in the American political process.

(Audience is directed to boo and hiss.)

FRED S. *(Dryly)*: Oh.

NARRATOR: How will that affect you?

FRED S.: Mister, I don't have the slightest idea what you're talking about. All I know is that I harvest the food for lovers. That's all.

NARRATOR: "The food for lovers!?" (Sings "*Indian Love Call*" *a cappella*)

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (Strikes bell): You are listening to AIR's *Indian Radio Days*. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

INDIAN BINGO LADY: AD-LIB BINGO ROUTINE (Fade-up and then out "*Bingo*")

NARRATOR: I am here in New York City with Martha Bull Coming, an Abenaki Indian also of New York. We're at the famous Wall Street bar, Harry's at Hanover. It's 1935. Martha, can you tell us why you've called this press conference?

(Fade-up "*Champagne Bottle Pop*.")

MARTHA B.C.: 'Cause Indians can't drink, damn it!

NARRATOR: Are you referring to the issue that Indians cannot handle alcohol?

MARTHA B.C.: Sure we can handle it. See, I just picked up this glass. I'm handling it okay.

NARRATOR: No, no, no, no. Alcoholism among the Indian population is the highest of all the ethnic groups in this country due to the fact that Indians are allergic to liquor. Now, true Caucasians, Asians, Africans, well, people all over the world are alcoholics, but scientists say they might be on the verge of a breakthrough, establishing that Indians are the most vulnerable to alcohol in this country.

MARTHA B.C.: I'm drinking a Shirley Temple. So there. What are you going to do about it?

NARRATOR: Is that why you called us here? To drink a Shirley Temple?

MARTHA B.C.: I'm testing the law.

NARRATOR: The law that prohibits Indians from consuming alcoholic beverages, I presume?

MARTHA B.C.: That's the one. Look at me! I'm downing the whole drink in one swallow.

(Fade-up and then out "Gulp Sounds.")

NARRATOR: Martha, that was a Shirley Temple.

MARTHA B.C.: OK, arrest me! I know my rights.

(Audience is directed to applaud.)

I said: Arrest me! Get your handcuffs and nightsticks! I know what I'm doin'!

(Audience is directed to applaud.)

BARTENDER *(New York accent)*: One more Shirley Temple, madame?

MARTHA B.C.: Hell, yes! Drinks for the house and fresh hors-
es for my men. *(Fade-up and then out "Burp")* Excuse
me. Here, give it here. I'm downing this one, too.
(Fade-up and then out "Gulp Sounds." Pause. Shurs words)

Damn, I'm getting fucked, or drunk, or something.
BARTENDER: Lady, there ain't no alcohol in a Shirley
Temple.

MARTHA B.C. *(Soberly)*: Oh.

(Fade-up "Indian Radio Days Theme.")

FEMALE ANNOUNCER *(Strikes bell)*: You are listening to AIR's
Indian Radio Days. The time is now twenty-nine min-
utes past the hour.

(Fade-out "Indian Radio Days Theme.")

INDIAN BINGO LADY: AD-LIB BINGO ROUTINE (*Fade-up "Bingo"*)

(Audience is directed to applaud. Fade-up and then out "Kazoo Playing Lone Ranger Theme with Galloping Sounds.")

NARRATOR: We've had a change of ethnicity again. This afternoon I'm meeting with the Masked Man himself. Do you have any words of wisdom after working with Tonto all these years on radio and films?

LONE RANGER: Never trust a damn Indian.

NARRATOR: Why is that?

LONE RANGER: Because I just found out what *Kemosabe* really means! . . . Horse's ass!

(Fade-up "Israeli Music.")

NARRATOR: I'm here at the formation of the State of Israel. It's 1949, and I'm in the capital of the newly formed state of Israel. Jim Montgomery, a Lakota Indian from America, is here with us today. Can you tell us how you came to be here?

JIM M.: Well, man, I came home from the war, and the Rez was pretty damn boring. I mean, man, I'd been sleeping with those French chicks, and them squaws weren't cuttin' it. In fact, they were cuttin' me, so I split.

NARRATOR: But why Israel?

JIM M.: I heard Golda say we Indians was Jews.

NARRATOR: What? You're kidding.

JIM M.: No, man. We're the ten lost tribes. Just ask the Mormons. You could have knocked me over with a feather when I heard that.

NARRATOR: So then, Jim, you came to Israel to establish communication between the ancient tribes of Israel and the Lakota Tribe?

JIM M.: Yeah! That ain't bad! And the woman promised she'd lay some farmland on us. Except I'm not a farmer, I'm a WARRIOR LOVER.

(Fade-out "Israeli Music.")

NARRATOR: Do you mean that Mrs. Meir said she'd give land to American Indians?

JIM M.: No, man, she said she'd give it to Jews.

NARRATOR: Mr. Montgomery, do you mean you consider yourself to be Jewish?

JIM M.: Not anymore. I came because of this ten-lost-tribes thing, and they made me a Palestinian. It was my nose that did it. I guess the joke's on me. *(Big laugh)*

(Audience is directed to trill. Fade-up "Radio Noise" and "The Bone Picker.")

FEMALE ANNOUNCER *(Strikes bell)*: You are listening to *Indian Radio Days* on AIR/American Indian Radio. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

NARRATOR: I'm in Minneapolis, Minnesota. It's 1952, and I'm speaking with Lowake Harris, who is a member of the Menominee Nation. The U.S. government has recently announced the termination of her tribe, saying they are no longer Indians under current government law. Lowake Harris, can you tell me what this means to you?

(Fade-out "Radio Noise" and "The Bone Picker.")

LOWAKE H.: It don't mean a goddamn flippin' fuck to me.

NARRATOR: But isn't it wonderful to no longer have the federal government telling you what to do?

(Audience is directed to trill.)

LOWAKE H.: Nobody on this planet, on two legs, EVER told me what to do.

NARRATOR: But what about the Bureau of Indian Affairs? The BIA?

(Audience is directed to boo and hiss.)

LOWAKE H.: Those goddamn wimps? They never told me squat.

(Audience is directed to laugh.)

NARRATOR: Do you mean your life hasn't been administered by the BIA? Where did you get your education? Didn't you go to BIA schools?

LOWAKE H.: I went to Haskell. But I got my education in the dorms doing deals and sneakin' out the window.

NARRATOR: I'm sure that didn't benefit you?

LOWAKE H.: It benefited the hell out of me.

NARRATOR: Then in your opinion does the American government no longer owe you anything?

LOWAKE H.: Screw you and the white boys! They ain't paid their debts, and from now on you can call me MS. HARRIS, Indian attorney-at-law.

(Audience is directed to applaud. Fade-up "Hashi Mi Mali.")

FEMALE ANNOUNCER *(Strikes bell)*: This ends Part Two of *Indian Radio Days*. You've been listening to AIR. Coming up next is Princess Wanna Buck, Joseph Flaming Attire and Wayne Newton. But first a word from our sponsors.

(Audience is directed to applaud. Fade-out "Hashi Mi Mali.")

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER #1 (*Confident male voice*): Try new Straight Arrow Brand Condoms for the utmost in prophylactic protection. Straight Arrow Brand Condoms are made from the intestines of buffalo and are naturally lubricated. They come in three sizes: Big Chief . . . Bad Warrior . . . and Little Brave. You're always prepared to defend yourself and your partner with Straight Arrow Brand Condoms.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER #2 (*Child's voice*): Mom, do you ever get that not-so-fresh feeling?

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER #3 (*Confident Indian woman voice*): Why, yes, daughter, and when I do, I reach for new Moontime Organic Tampons. They're made from the cattails that grow by rivers and ponds and were used by Native American women when they were also feeling not so fresh. Here, try Moontime Organic Tampons.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER #2 (*Child's voice*): Thanks, Mom.

(*Fade-up "Indian Radio Days Theme."*)

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Strikes bell*): You are listening to Part Three of *Indian Radio Days* on AIR/American Indian Radio. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

NARRATOR: Pine Ridge, yes or no?

(*Audience is directed to shout "YES!" Cross-fade "Indian Radio Days Theme" and "Gunfight."*)

We are now here in Pine Ridge, South Dakota. The year is 1973. There is a constant exchange of gunfire between the militant members of the American Indian Movement (AIM) and the FBI. Nighttime is upon us, ladies and gentleman. However, a member of the American Indian Movement has stepped into my line of vision.

(Fade-out "Gunfight.")

He appears to be a security guard. He is wearing an American army field jacket. He holds at his ear a radio. I suppose he is in contact with the insurgents. *(Whisper)* I am going to try and overhear what he is listening to . . .

(Cast member walks close to Narrator. They carry a small radio at his ear.)

I believe it's music. He's coming toward me. I'll aim the microphone at his radio . . .

(Fade-up "You're So Vain.")

FEMALE ANNOUNCER *(Strikes bell)*: You are listening to AIR/American Indian Radio. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

(Cross-fade-out "Radio Noise" and "You're So Vain.")

INDIAN BINGO LADY: AD-LIB BINGO ROUTINE *(Fade-up and then out "Bingo")*

(Fade-up "Don't Rain on My Parade." Audience is directed to whoop and holler.)

NARRATOR: It is July 16, 1992, and we are here on the Cattaraugus Indian Reservation in western New York State. A conflict between the Seneca and the state of New York has become very tense as Indian protesters drop burning tires off a highway overpass and clash with state police. I have with me here one of the Seneca protesters, Mr. Joseph Flaming Attire, not his real name. Mr. Flaming Attire, what is this protest all about?

FLAMING ATTIRE (*Effeminate voice*): I bet you thought no Indians lived in New York, did you?

NARRATOR: Mr. Flaming Attire, that's not the point. Two hundred New York State troopers have been sent to the reservation. A thirty-mile strip of the New York Thruway is shut down. That, sir, is the point.

FLAMING ATTIRE: We're doing this because first of all our lands were condemned. Our sacred land was dug up, dug over, dug away, and we don't dig it!!!

(*Fade-out "Don't Rain on My Parade."*)

It was desecrated while we were caged up like farm animals. Then the state of New York felt it had the authority to build an interstate through what little land we had left. So we showed them what sovereignty is all about and fought them like mad in court and got the title to the land they built the damn interstate on. And seeing as how this is our land, we're shutting this sucker down.

NARRATOR: Doesn't this protest seem a bit extreme?

FLAMING ATTIRE: Well, we were reading this little book about a Boston Tea Party . . .

(*Fade-up "Indian Ocean."*)

INDIAN BINGO LADY: AD-LIB BINGO ROUTINE (*Fade-up and then out "Bingo"*)

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Strikes bell*): You are listening to AIR/American Indian Radio. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour.

NARRATOR: We're now at the Newest Age Flora, Fauna and Native American Shop in College City, Iowa, where I've just surprised the fabulously popular Princess Wanna Buck serenely shopping the crystal discount aisle. She's well known by new pagans, old hippies and self-aware non-Indian advocates. She's returned to the

Midwest to offer her intensive workshop: "Know Your Indian Inner Child." Pardon me, Princess Wanna Buck.

(Fade-out "*Indian Ocean*.")

PRINCESS WANNA BUCK: I'm sorry, I only give autographs at my book signings or for my workshop participants.

NARRATOR: Could you share a few thoughts with our radio audience, please?

PRINCESS WANNA BUCK: A media moment . . . My spirit guides anticipated this opportunity . . . to bring more yearning souls of the warm embrace of the "FORE REAL" PEOPLE TRIBE.

NARRATOR: There are questions as to your legitimacy as an Indian teacher, prophet and tribal leader.

PRINCESS WANNA BUCK: Well, there was an unfortunate confusion between myself and that greedy fraud, Chief Wendy Wanna-Be. She can't even open an American Indian Express account after that ghastly lawsuit.

NARRATOR: How do we distinguish a fake from a legitimate Indian teacher—

PRINCESS WANNA BUCK: —some say prophet.

NARRATOR: —with authentic—

PRINCESS WANNA BUCK: —spiritual—

NARRATOR: —authentic, spiritual wisdom to sell?

PRINCESS WANNA BUCK: O-o-oh, the desperation and insight in that question! Inquiring minds recognize that tribal identity is more than bloodlines, earth tones and stuff like that. *Indian* is not an identity that can be purchased cheaply with mere money. The *Fore Real* People Tribe is from the depths of primeval time. We were Native Americans in a prehistoric life, reunited in this astral plane. Your native prebirth self can be found and embraced on a guided, intense weekend for only seven hundred and eighty dollars plastic—or discount for

cash and family groups. But you must excuse me now, I have to restock my crystals.

(Fade-up and then out "Indian Radio Days Theme.")

FEMALE ANNOUNCER *(Strikes bell)*: You are listening to AIR/American Indian Radio. The time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour. Coming up next is Ronald Reagan and *Indians in Space*, but first this.

NARRATOR: It's 1995, and we're at the premiere of *Son of Dances with Wolves*. In this sequel film, Kevin Costner's character is saved from a military execution by his eldest son and a bunch of wacky Sioux warriors. Maybe we'll get a chance to talk with him. Oh, here he is now. Kevin, excuse me. How are you?

KEVIN: Fine, thanks.

(Women in the audience are directed to applaud and tear clothes off.)

NARRATOR: What statement do you wish to make with the *Son of Dances with Wolves* film?

KEVIN: Well, let's see. I guess first of all, I'd like to thank the producers, the entire cast and my family.

(Women in the audience are directed to applaud and tear clothes off.)

Oh yes, and you all, too. Brad Pitt, eat your heart out!

NARRATOR: Perhaps, you misunderstood me. But, you seem confident that you'll do better with the sequel at the Academy Awards than you did with *Dances with Wolves*.

KEVIN: Yeah, man. I thought the first one was an important film. I pushed real hard for having Indian actors speaking their own language, you know. But it's hard to

score with any sequel nowadays, but I hope this one will get the recognition it deserves.

NARRATOR: Please tell us if you can, how did you arrive at the title: *Son of Dances with Wolves*?

KEVIN: Well, that's easy. I went out to Sedona. I took off my clothes. I rubbed my left cheek and then my right cheek. Built up a little friction. All of a sudden it went into my head. Shu manni tu tanka-o-wa-she-chew. Shu manni tu tanka-o-wa-she-chew. Shu manni tu tanka-o-wa-she-chew.

(*Fade-up "Dances with Wolves Movie Theme."*)

NARRATOR: What does it mean?

KEVIN: Ah, well . . . Dances Bad White Boy.

(*Fade-out "Dances with Wolves Movie Theme."*)

NARRATOR: We're here in South Dakota again at the Indian massacre site of Wounded Knee, where the filming of a made-for-television movie, *Lakota Woman*, has just been completed. Actress and producer, Jane Fonda, just walked by. Jane, oh my God, what luck. Jane, could you tell us why you have gone to such efforts to bring this historical event to the American viewing audiences?

JANE: Well, you know my dad always taught me to work for the rights of those who are oppressed. You know that I helped raise money for the Vietnamese people during the sixties. It wasn't a popular stand, but it was right.

NARRATOR: And now here you are making an Indian movie in South Dakota. I understand you have many Indians working on the movie.

JANE: Yes, it was important to me to have the Indian people telling their own story. My husband, Ted Turner, and I feel so strongly about doing the right thing with Indian people. You know, we work so hard to . . .

Go Braves!!!! Scalp those suckers! I mean . . . we worked hard to see that Indian issues came to the public's attention . . . Get those tomahawks chopping! We need a home run, boys! Excuse me, I mean, you know, Indian people have been so misunderstood!!!! Go Braves! Go Braves! Go Braves! Go Braves!

NARRATOR: Jane, are you all right?

JANE: Oh, yes! *Go, Ted, my brave warrior! I mean . . . the Indian people have been so mistreated . . . and yet no one seems to listen. Go Braves, another RBI for everyone! I mean . . . (She is dragged offstage kicking and screaming by a man wearing a white doctor's coat)*

JANE FONDA COMMERCIAL: Fat, fat go away, go and land on Doris Day. Just kidding folks. All you Fonda fans out there . . .

(Fade-up "Indian Radio Days Theme.")

Get off your butts and work off white guilt as well as build muscles with Jane Fonda's Indian workout special. That's right, for \$39.95 you will be able to lose inches and stop overeating on the Rez. Also a small portion of your money will go towards funding a Native Weight Loss Program. With that initial payment of \$39.95, you'll receive a workout tape featuring traditional dances and you'll *FEEL BETTER FAST*. Raising your self-esteem is ninety percent of the program and, just think, you'll know you've helped send a plane full of fat-free food to one of a dozen or more reservations in America, easing Natives' overeating blues, too. Act now, and you'll also receive Robert Redford's "Sun Dance Workout" tape. Get rid of that unwanted flesh, the Indian way. Call 1-800-INDIANS.

(Fade-out "Indian Radio Days Theme.")

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER #1 (*Southern preacher's voice*): All you Midwest farmers, this is your lucky day! We know farmland isn't the cash cow it used to be. So if you'd like to turn your tired, your poor, your huddled barns into something worthwhile . . . Indian Bingo Make-Over Barn Kit could be the answer to your prayers. Here's how to apply. Just pick up the phone and dial 1-800-INDIANS, and we'll work out all the details. Also, each of you will receive a free bow and arrow for just trying out our thirty-day Indian Bingo Make-Over Barn Kit! Just sign on the dotted line, and an Indian representative will be on his or her way to help you get relocated—I mean, rebuilt—soon!

(*Fade-up* "Brandenburg Concertos.")

NARRATOR: Tonight, we have with us as our guest on *Firing Blanks*, the renowned ethnocentric—

CLAUDENE LEVI-ECHOFEMME: —ethnocritic, ethnocritic . . .

(*Fade-out* "Brandenburg Concertos.")

NARRATOR: —ethnocritic, Claudene Levi-Echofemme. Dr. Echofemme has ventured into Euro-tribal reservations *sine qua non* and made a most startling and axiomatic discovery. She will reveal to us an aspect of this culture that has so fascinated Indians all over this continent. Dr. Levi-Echofemme, share with us, if you will, *ad hominem*, some of this groundbreaking analysis of European and Euro-American culture.

CLAUDENE LEVI-ECHOFEMME: In my newest book, I build on the theory I introduced in *Consumer Culture*. I'm sure all you OTHERS out there are familiar with the cannibalistic tendencies of Judeo-Christian traditions.

NARRATOR: I gather, then, that you can tell us, *ex cathedra*, why Europeans prefer meat characterized by a lack of pigmentation.

CLAUDENE LEVI-ECHOFEMME: My newest book, *Professional Cannibalism*, examines this cultural phenomenon and makes connections between the pagan tradition of transubstantiation and the Europeans' phallogocentric fascination with white meat, dark meat, etc. In addition, I looked at the European anal tradition, which we all know is inferior to our own oral traditions, and found many instances of these cannibalistic ideological productions.

NARRATOR: Yes, doctor, all orality aside, can you explain this moon of the misbegotten interpretation of Eurocentric tribalism to our *pluperfect* mother-loving studio audience.

CLAUDENE LEVI-ECHOFEMME: From Jonathan Swift to Hitler to Jeffrey Dahmer, it can be assumed that whites are cannibals. Moreover, the history of colonization on this continent is already littered with examples of European cannibalism that constructed the body of the native OTHER as edible.

NARRATOR: Claudene, we all know, of course, that Hitler was a vegetarian, and I suspect, *in absentia*, that you intend to implicate the Donner party here? And by extension, *pro patria mori*, you go so far as to say, on page 232 of your new book, that Eurocentric tribal productions center on this cannibal figure culminating in its most recent incarnation—Hannibal the Cannibal Lecter.

CLAUDENE LEVI-ECHOFEMME: Indeed, Bill, unlike the Trickster in our own cultures, the European culture has constructed its own trope of the flesh eater, whatever. This anal history, as I fondly call it, began with Chris "Cannibal" Columbus, who ventured into Indian Country with his famous shopping carts: the *Pinta*, the *Nina*, the *Santa Maria*. In other words, the semiotic tracing of their postgastric condition delineates Columbus's desire for the OTHER as food source.

NARRATOR: And speaking of entrees, Ms. Doctor, you isolate, *in utero*, *in vitro*, *in victus*, the three main culinary

treats that Europeans found most alluring, which they thought were *worth dying for*.

CLAUDENE LEVI-ECHOFEMME: Bill, according to Anglopologists, Indians ate corn, beans and squash. Thus, while we were cultivating a civilized form of food production, Europeans were dining weekly on consecrated flesh.

NARRATOR: Excuse me, Claudene, but haven't you ever considered your research reductive and just plain preposterous? We all know that Europeans were the ones who noticed Indian cannibalism, and they were the ones who brought, among other things—

(Audience is directed to shout "Smallpox, gonorrhea, syphilis.")

Ah . . . civilization to the wilds of this continent. Whites taught the savages the error of their ways, and even gave the Indian the wheel, *nolo contendere*, and, as Adams points out, *a propos* of this subject, puree of Park Avenue matrons was served at Gloria Steinem's fiftieth birthday party, and French feminazi Hélène Cixious lectured in a coat made from the skins of Algerian street boys. This is the literal distortion *ad nauseam* of the vegetarian body.

(Audience is directed to boo and hiss.)

CLAUDENE LEVI-ECHOFEMME: Bill, dear, be honest, lots of whites are quick to challenge my reading of this culture and its habits, and you're no different; apparently what you really don't like about my research is that I'm an outsider, an Indian with an attitude. And Bill, I'd like to point out that I recently discovered that one of my ancestors was an eighteenth-century English princess who was on a boat to America at the time of her death, so you see, the argument that I am an out-

sider is misinformed. Bill, really, whites are just too damn close to their own practices, literature and histories to teach, study or write about them. Their problem is that they refuse to bend and accept that Indians might have something to teach them. Only those with a history should study the history of others.

(Audience is directed to applaud. Fade-up "Brandenburg Concertos.")

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (*Strikes bell*): Whoa, are you listening to HOT AIR or what? Yes, you are! And the time is now twenty-nine minutes past the hour. Coming up next is *Indians in Space*. But first this:

INDIAN BINGO LADY: AD-LIB BINGO ROUTINE (*Fade-up and then out "Bingo"*)

(Fade-up and then out "Radio Noise" and "Hashi Mi Mali.")

NARRATOR: I'm standing outside the Hollywood Bowl. The year is 2000. I have been tipped that a famous Indian will announce, today, his decision to run for the presidency of these United States. He's approaching me now. He's wearing a cowboy hat, boots and white, Western suit. I'm going to try and speak with him. Can you tell me your name, sir—excuse me, madame?

CHIEF JUANITA JACKSON: I am Chief Juanita Jackson. I decided to announce my candidacy for the president of the United States. I thought, if Wayne Newton could come out of the closet, I could, too. He made me proud. And Wayne's just the tip of the iceberg.

(Fade-up "Danke Schoën." Men in the audience are directed to applaud and tear their clothes off.)

NARRATOR: What are you talking about? What do you mean Wayne Newton's coming out of the closet? What iceberg?

CHIEF JUANITA JACKSON: It's time for Indians to unite, rise up, put on their beads and take control.

(Fade-out "Danke Schoën." Cross-fade up "Winnebago." Men in the audience are directed to applaud and tear their clothes off again.)

NARRATOR: But what has Wayne Newton got to do with this?

CHIEF JUANITA JACKSON: Well, he's a good-looking guy. He's rich, and he's got a cute little . . . *(Pause)* mustache. He likes horses, and he's an Indian probably . . . *(Pause)* the most successful Indian in North America. Now, finally, it comes out in the newspapers, he's an Indian. So, I thought, if he could do anything, after "Danke Schoën," I could run for president!

NARRATOR: I didn't know he was an Indian!

CHIEF JUANITA JACKSON: Hell, yes! He's a Cherokee. It's been twenty years since I met a human being who wasn't a Cherokee. Now I find out that Cher says she's a half-breed, too.

(Fade-out "Winnebago." Fade-up and then out "Half-Breed.")

NARRATOR: So what's the point to all this rhetoric? Being a Las Vegas nightclub singer hardly makes you capable of running this country. What makes you think that an unknown woman, much less an Indian woman, could run for president? And win?

CHIEF JUANITA JACKSON: What about Ronald Reagan? He was a woman—I mean a movie-star president.

NARRATOR: Yeah, well, look what happened. I mean now we've got Ronald Reagan and *Death Valley Days* run-

ning nightly on TV. Don't tell us that is good for the country.

CHIEF JUANITA JACKSON: I didn't say I could win. Indians don't necessarily show up and do what they *could* do. You see, it's just that there are Indians everywhere. You just don't know it.

(Audience is directed to applaud. Fade-up "Indian Ocean.")

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER #1 (Star Trek imitation): From the people who brought you *Star Track: The Trail of Tears* and *Star Track II: The Wrath of Andrew Jackson*, we proudly present the new, syndicated TV series *Star Track: Caravan*. Although Graham Greene was unavailable, we have found a cast of actors who look Indian with enough makeup on to fool even the Sioux. Join Captain Pick Hard, a descendant of French fur traders; Elijah, the animated wooden Indian who longs to be human; and First Officer Number 11143, the only DIB-ed Indian onboard. Watch them travel through space and time to fight the Indian Confederacy's enemies and seek out new lands, new reservations and bravely go where no Indians have gone before.

NARRATOR: Ah, I'm standing here on Mars, the so-called Red Planet, with Harvey Little Green Man. Harvey is a biotechnician for the *Indians in Space* Project. Tell me, Harvey, how could you Indians, who were once the poorest people in the United States, finance this off-world operation?

HARVEY: BINGO.

NARRATOR: What did you say?

HARVEY: Gaming facilities, man. Lots and lots of VERY successful gaming facilities.

NARRATOR: I guess you know that there is a ship filled with pioneers from Earth on its way here as we speak. How will you and the other native peoples deal with that?

HARVEY: Damn! We came up here to establish new homelands. We kept telling the OTHERS to stop their polluting ways or Mother Earth would be uninhabitable. Now, looks like we're just gonna have to build another chain of high-stakes bingo palaces and casinos so we can get away from those folks again.

(Fade-out "Indian Ocean.")

INDIAN BINGO LADY: AD-LIB FINAL BINGO ROUTINE
(Fade-up and then out "Final Bingo")

(Fade-up and then out "End of Indian Radio Days Theme.")

NARRATOR: There you have it. You've been listening to AIR/American Indian Radio's production of *Indian Radio Days*. The clock is now running. According to the 1990 Commerce Department's Census Bureau, there are thirty-eight-percent more people who chose to be recognized as American Indians today, as compared with the 1980 census. Oh yes, I'd like to add that my great-grandmother was an Indian, too.

END OF PLAY