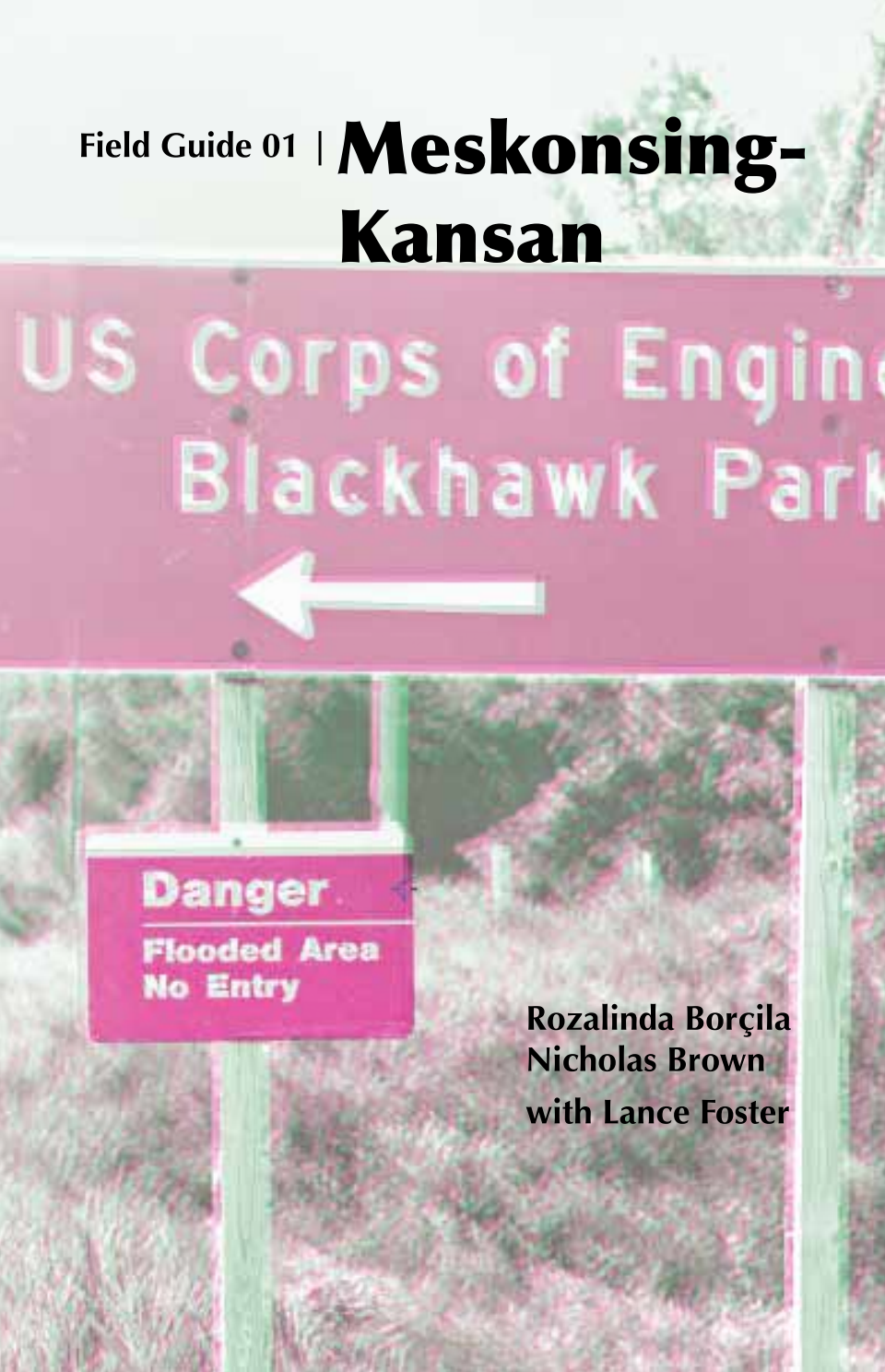
Field Guide 01 |

Meskonsing-Kansan



Rozalinda Borçila
Nicholas Brown
with Lance Foster

MESKONSING-KANSAN

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2019

A sign from Sydney Jane Brooke Campbell Maybrier Pursel's Baxoje Language Community Arts Project.

THIS IS NATIVE LAND

a preface

We begin with a statement that we encounter in written, oral, embodied, and material forms. It is expressed in the scholarship we read, the podcasts we listen to, in conversations with friends, and in the everyday spaces of political struggles we are part of and accountable to. It is not a metaphor, a figure of speech, or a conceptual abstraction. It expresses the ongoing vitality and aliveness of complex material, social and ecological relations, of legal and political orders inscribed in land and alive in land, in protocols that have been understood and practiced by Indigenous peoples since time immemorial. It does not emerge from, center or even articulate for non-Indigenous communities. But it does implicate us.

This booklet is part of an effort to struggle with the ongoing refusal of white settlers to engage with the reality of this claim, with its aliveness. It is a refusal that emerges from, and obscures, the violent assertion of political authority of non-Indigenous people over Indigenous peoples, places and polities. How does land come to be rendered as emptied of Indigenous peoples, relations and political life? How does this take form—material and institutional form—how does it coalesce around stories and structures, around calculations and modes of feeling, around everyday experiences of being in place?

MESKONSING-KANSAN

an introduction

Meskonsing-Kansan is about place, or at least a way of thinking about places, regions, and counterterritories.

Meskonsing-Kansan is delineated by glacial limits—the limits of the so-called Kansan and late Wisconsinan glaciations—separated by more than 500 miles and 500,000 years.

Meskonsing-Kansan is articulated through a series of treaties, broken and unhonored except for the land cessions. In the wake of the 1832 Black Hawk War, the Ho-Chunk, for example, suffered multiple removals—from Wisconsin to Iowa, to Minnesota, to Dakota Territory, and then to Nebraska. If it can be defined by tracing Indigenous removals and land cessions, Meskonsing-Kansan can also be understood in terms of refusals and returns, particularly among the Ho-Chunk, Meskwaki, Iowa, and Kickapoo Nations. The effects of removals are felt today and everyday, and shape what Nick Estes calls "the Indigenous political practice of return, restoration, and reclamation of belonging and place."[1]

Meskonsing-Kansan is composed of hundreds of watersheds above the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers near present-day St. Louis and historic Cahokia. It can be traversed by following these ribbons of water not from source to sea, but from source to source—from the headwaters of the Delaware River, for example, to the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, and then up the Mississippi River to the Wisconsin River, and finally to the headwaters of the Kickapoo River.

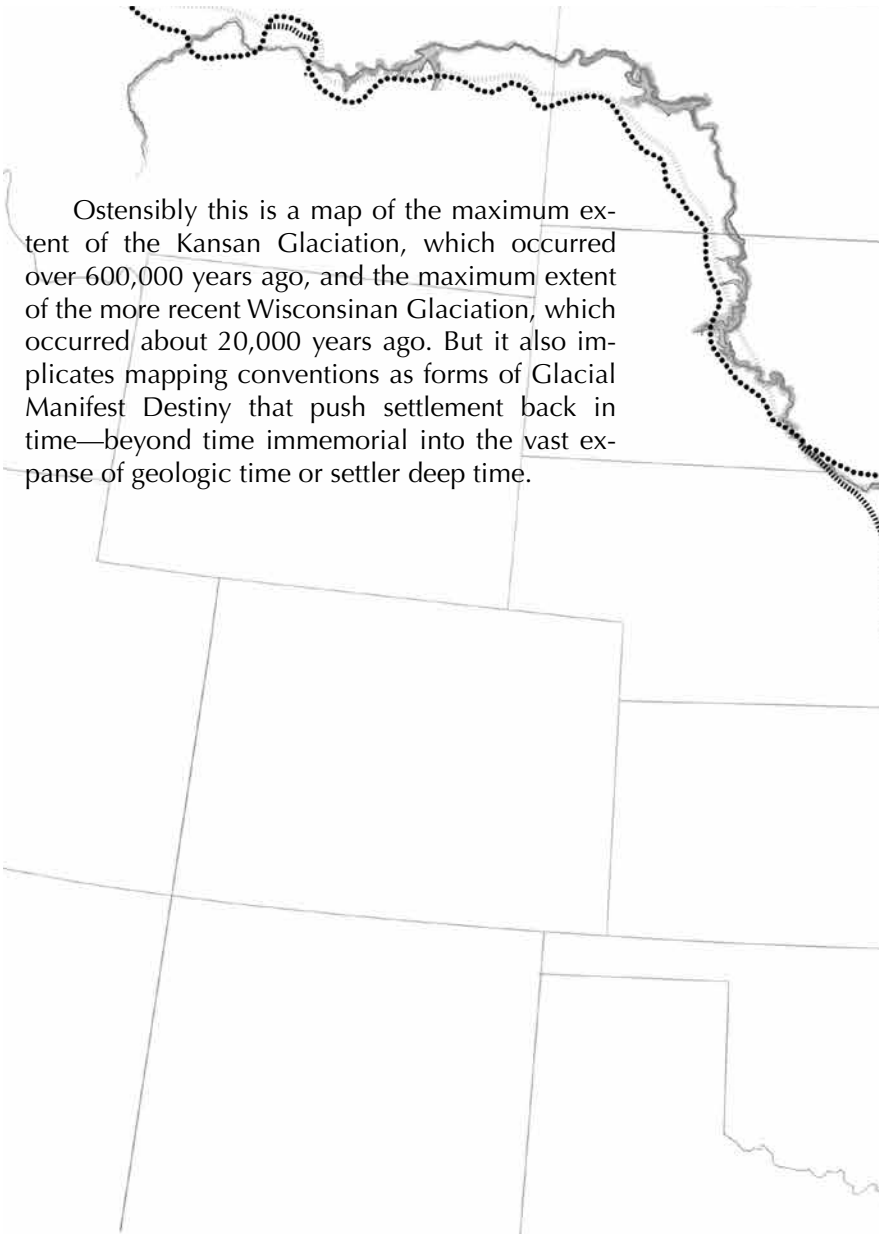
Glacial narratives, like glacial erratics, dot the contemporary landscape. Meskonsing-Kansan is shaped and storied by a Glacial Manifest Destiny that pushes preordination, like a stone, back in time—beyond time immemorial into the vast expanse of geologic time or settler deep time. Despite the physical and symbolic violence enacted by these glacial narratives, they are precarious. They have failed to erase other stories—other ways of thinking with the

land—and failed to persuade us of their own inevitability. Meskonsing-Kansan makes visible the (colonial) Anthropocene, which is to say it reveals how ongoing processes of colonization are transforming the earth. The (colonial) Anthropocene is everywhere, of course, but it is palpable in places like Iowa Point, Kansas, and Indian Lake, Wisconsin.

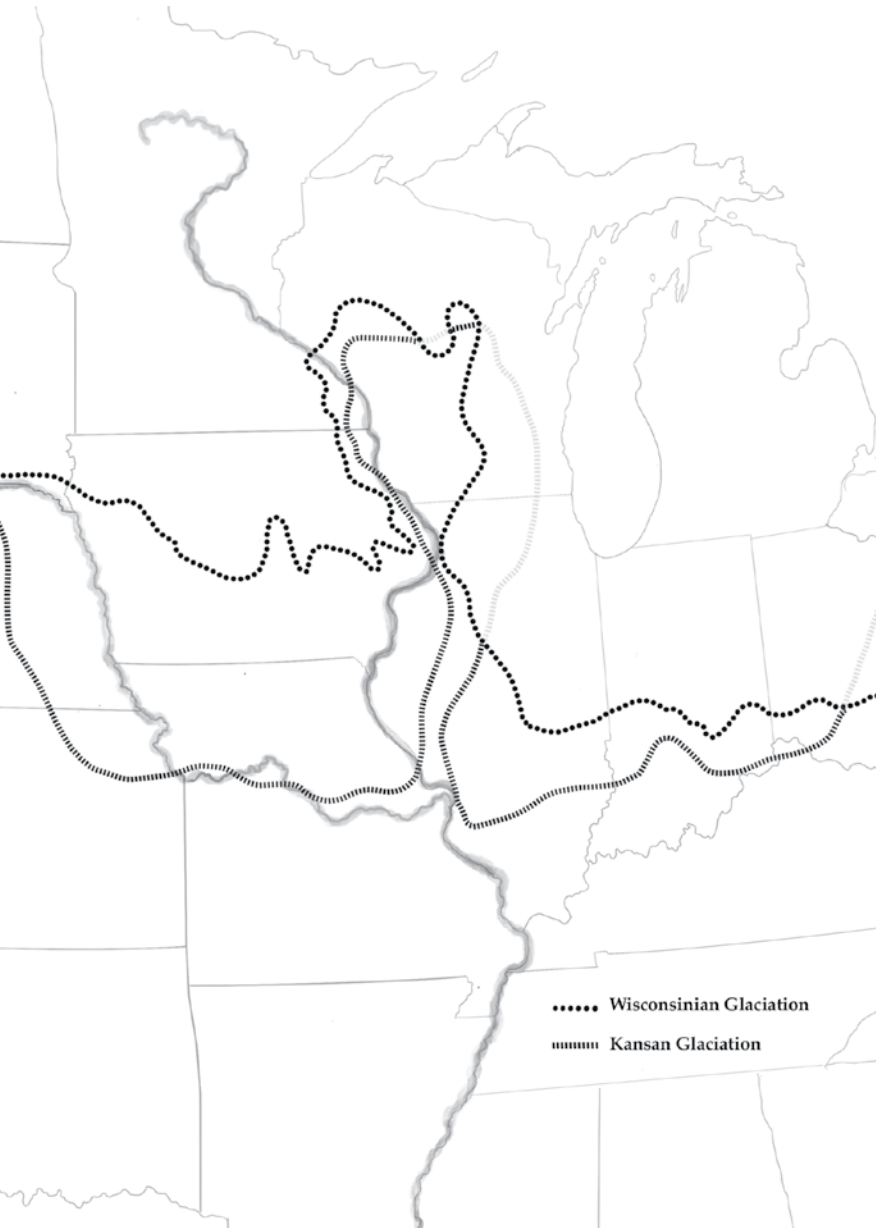
If Meskonsing-Kansan is an attempt to reckon with settler colonization in place, it is marked by our own "good intentions," which "present a set of deep colonizing (unintended) consequences that obscure ongoing relations of inequity and conquest."[2] Meskonsing-Kansan is also "an epistemological counter-formation, which takes shape in reaction to the lived relations and incommensurable knowledges it seeks to render impossible and inconceivable."[3]

Manu Karuka argues that settler sovereignty is more properly understood as countersovereignty, "a position of reaction to distinct Indigenous protocols governing life in the spaces the United States claims as its national interior."[4] Like the "Middle Ground," "Heartland," "Driftless," and other regional imaginaries, Meskonsing-Kansan is perhaps then a counterterritory or counterregion, a response to Indigenous land, to what Karuka describes as dynamic "modes of relationship," and what Kyle Powys Whyte calls "collective continuance."[5]

"If the Anthropocene is already here," write Heather Davis and Zoe Todd, "the question then becomes, what can we do with it as a conceptual apparatus that may serve to undermine the conditions that it names?"[6] Following this provocation, we ask what, if anything, does Meskonsing-Kansan allow "us" to see, hear, feel, and do? And, who is the "us" interpellated here? If Meskonsing-Kansan, as an imaginative geography, "orients itself toward delegitimizing Indigenous modes of relationship and solidifying a colonial sovereignty unmoored from them," what must we do then to undermine the conditions this "prose of countersovereignty" or "settler-colonial grammar of place" names?[7]



Ostensibly this is a map of the maximum extent of the Kansan Glaciation, which occurred over 600,000 years ago, and the maximum extent of the more recent Wisconsinan Glaciation, which occurred about 20,000 years ago. But it also implicates mapping conventions as forms of Glacial Manifest Destiny that push settlement back in time—beyond time immemorial into the vast expanse of geologic time or settler deep time.



Map of the limits of Kansan and Wisconsinan glaciations, after Aber (1991).

KANSAN

View From Iowa Point #1: Glacial

"Indeed, stories themselves like glaciers/ice/rivers/water are deemed to have social lives and particular agencies. They circulate, they are transformative, and they are living."

—Eleanor Hayman[1]

…"Objects" and "forces" such as stones, thunder, or stars are known within our ontologies to be sentient and knowing persons. This…helps us to see that violence against nonhumans—water, earth, plant, animal—is linked to violence against particular humans who have historically been de-animated, made "less-than-human," made "animal."

—Kim Tallbear[2]

Even in -8ºF degree weather, we are not the only travelers on the Glacial Hills Scenic Byway. Elaborate markers, smooth paving and an array of heritage tourism amenities betray a flush of recent investment in this 63 mile stretch of road running south to north between the towns of Leavenworth and White Cloud, following the west bank of the Missouri River on the Kansas side. The brochure for the byway notes that "the Glacial Hills Scenic Byway gets its name from the rolling hills and rock-strewn valleys of Northeast Kansas carved by ancient glaciers," and it also narrates "the earliest days of pioneer settlement of Kansas along the Missouri River."

We stop at Iowa Point in front of three signs staged in a concave arrangement. Our view from here is meant to echo the panoramic image that stretches across the bottom of the signs: a view across the Missouri floodplain to the river and bluff of the opposite bank. It's a clunky and somewhat anxious device designed to situate us spatially within what experience designers like to call a viewshed—a structured field of attention meant to enable particular readings of landscape and waterscape. But at Iowa Point the channel of the Mis-

souri river curves 400 or 500 feet away from the Scenic Byway, and the bluffs are barely visible above the elevated roadway between us and the water. Instead of the river we are facing a levee.

The first panel is titled: "Ancient ice sheets shaped northeast Kansas' landscape." Northeast Kansas is defined here as a region by glaciation and it's (residual) matter—glaciers ("some of the earth's largest moving objects"), erratics ("rocks carried by advancing glaciers from South Dakota, Iowa and Minnesota and left here after their retreat"), loess ("a windblown silt created by the movement of glaciers" which is "especially fertile" and "ideal for agriculture"), and a series of agricultural commodities that are "as a result" of the loess soils (corn, soybeans, wheat, hay, sorghum, dairy milk and cattle). This is the "you are here" part of the trilogy, an orientation that is as much about space as it is about time. And this "here" is carved by glacial westward advances beginning over 600,000 years ago during the Independence Ice Age—named after Independence Creek, located a few miles south, which itself was named by Lewis & Clark on July 4, 1804 when they paused to formally mark what is famously known as "the first Independence Day in the West".

Before it was called the Independence, the glaciation was called the Kansan, named after the state which itself was named after a French and then English phonetic mistranslation of the name of a people forcefully displaced from here by the United States beginning in 1825. Scientific models developed in Wisconsin, where glacial deposits are younger and better preserved, were subsequently applied to construct a theoretical model for the Kansan, where extensive post-glacial erosion made stratigraphic study and periodization more difficult. But in the 1980s, the Kansan model was invalidated by new dating technologies, leaving what geologist James Aber described as "a void in the scientific knowledge," which of course called for a new map and theory. "The Independence formation is herein proposed as a lithostratigraphic unit…," a model of stratigraphic relations (layer sequence) of different lithologies (inventories of mineral properties) dating the glaciation at 1,000,000-9,000,000 years ago. "The Independence Formation contains fragments of granite, rhyolite, gneiss, greenstone, gabbro, iron formation, amphibole, tourmaline, garnet, and other erratics derived from the Canadi-

an Shield. This is the key criterion for recognizing the Independence Formation. The presence of Sioux Quartzite cobbles and boulders as well as other erratics of northern origin is also a diagnostic."[3] The name Independence was itself formally abandoned by the Kansas Geological Survey in 2006 when the lower deposits were found to have reverse polarity and dated at more than 2 million years old—stratigraphic time and geologic age could not be reconciled by the model. But the name Independence stuck and gained prominence in vernacular use, and was formally adopted by the Kansas Scenic Byways Program as part of a regional economic development plan based on automobile tourism.

From left to right the signs read: 1. "Ancient ice sheets shaped northeast Kansas' landscape;" 2. "Glaciers create lakes, rivers and fertile soil for Kansas settlers;" 3."The Barns of Doniphan County: an all-purpose barn for the Kansas farmer"

The second panel at Iowa Point is titled "Landscape of the Glacial Hills: Glaciers create lakes, rivers and fertile soil for Kansas settlers." Glaciers explicitly beckon settlement and industrial agriculture; the land comes into being as settler property claims to be actualized in the future, awaiting valorization through the mastery of white men. The panel also includes schematic drawings of the Independence lithostratigraphy and in-depth descriptions of the "most notable Kansas bluff overlooking the Missouri, and one of the 8 Wonders of Kansas Geography": the Four-State lookout just south of Iowa Point. From here, the visitor can behold the view that confirms the interlinked settler geology: "four states, the river, the farmland and the

rolling hills." The third panel, "The Barns of Doniphan County: an all-purpose barn for the Kansas farmer" redefines the region through the byre and bluff barn, a place-making technology through which "people who settled this scenic part of our state" adapted the glacial hills topography to the imperatives and logistics of industrialized agriculture. A scenic drive provides material evidence and affective anchoring for this narrative arc.

Relations

> *The racial categorization of Blackness shares its natality with mining in the New World, as does the material impetus for colonialism in the first instance. This means that the idea of Blackness and the displacement and eradication of Indigenous peoples get caught and defined in the ontological wake of geology. The human and its subcategory, the inhuman, are historically relational to a discourse of settler-colonial rights and the material practices of extraction, which is to say that the categorization of matter is a spatial execution of place, land and person cut from relation through geographic displacement.*
>
> —Kathryn Yusoff[4]

In the quiet of a deep winter freeze, geology's colonial thirst reverberates as it fractures Indigenous place, making erratic and making "Indian" in its wake. Sioux, after an English version of a French version of a Native name, both Indian and rock, made a diagnostic of geology's "geopolitical mattering," of racialized dismemberment of and from place. The Kansan and Independence stabilize and cohere settlement as the "natural" logic of geologic progression. Kansan glaciers and Kansa Indians resonate as what Jodi Byrd names "cultural and political modes of 'Indianness' regulated and produced by US settler imperialism."[5] Glaciers and Indians are animate but not human, not alive or agentic, but thing-like, productive only in their retreat. Glacial progeny—soil, rocks, minerals, waterways, commodity crops—are left neither knowing nor remembering, neither alive nor dead, an inventory of properties to be animated as settler property.[6]

But settler property in land, settler political authority and market-oriented agriculture required—and continue to require—the violent disruption of Indigenous modes of relation to land and Indigenous sovereignties. "Northeast Kansas" names a territorial counter-formation, a set of counter-relations, produced against Indigenous sovereignties and modes of relation which are continuously disrupted and denied. This ongoing violence involves vacating glaciers, land, water, rocks, animals, plants, and Indians of liveness, agency and memory, and the ongoing denial of these realities by settler society. To arrive at these signs, to be addressed by them, is to be drawn into a violent, extractive mode of relation which is both organized, and effaced, as glacial—regulating the relationship between life and nonlife, between agentic and inert, between human and subhuman and nonhuman, through conquest, property and possession.

At Iowa Point, the making of settler property claims, of modes of relation centered on capitalized land, "provides the baseline for the unfolding of time itself."[7] Like the glaciers, like settlement and industrial agriculture, time advances implacably westward. The experience of time, of the present moment, of transformation and motion, of being in place, of the making of the earth and its possible futures, become regulated by the calculations of settlement—capitalization, property, allotment, inheritance, development, logistics. Capital claims of the past claim us as kin through succession and inheritance, a claim and inheritance that is both ahistorical and timeless, that can extend in perpetuity.

This countertemporality is settler deep time. It pushes beyond time immemorial, gaining coherence over and against Indigenous temporalities. It asserts itself not as a temporal framework, but as the only temporal framework. Through glaciation, US settler-colonial countertemporality validates and normalizes itself, legitimating and rendering timeless settler claims to territory and political authority, and foreclosing upon not only other histories but other temporalities and other futurities.

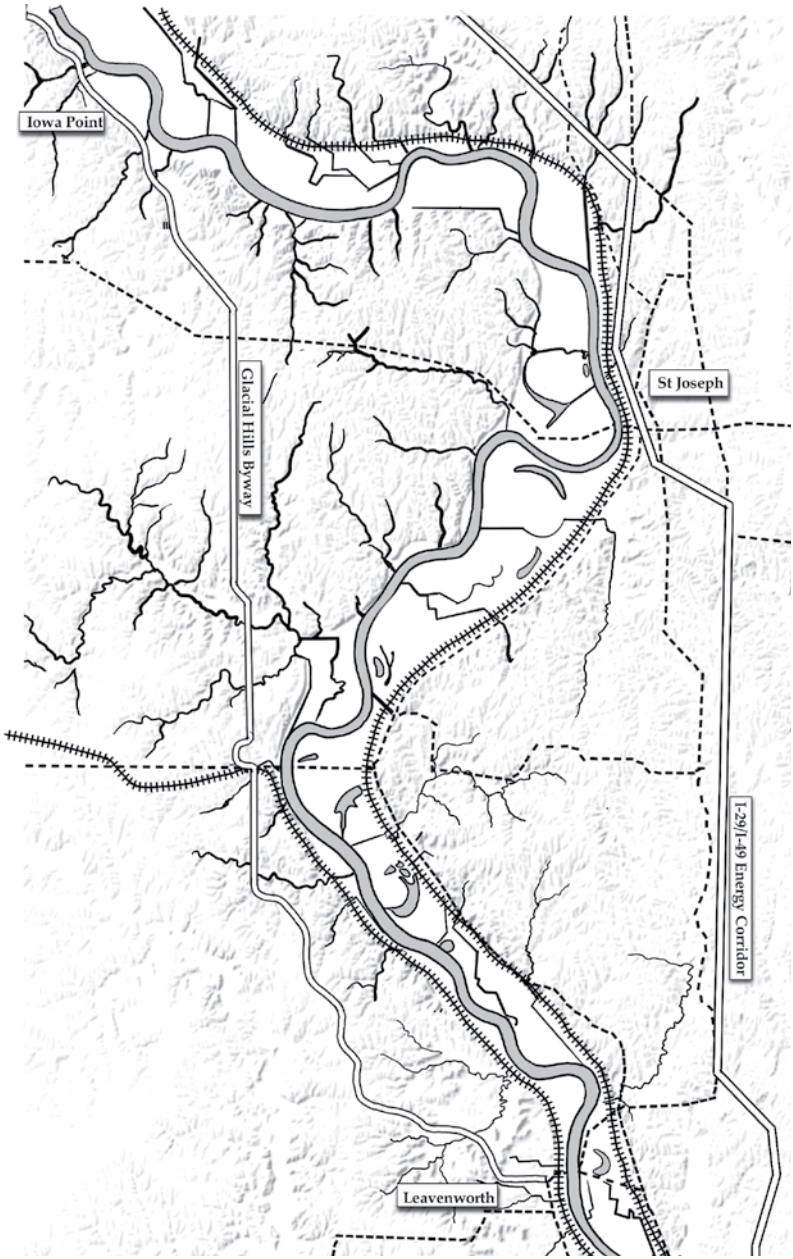
View from Iowa Point #2: Corridor

Driving is Americans' second favorite pastime.
—The Surface Transportation Policy Project (STPP)[8]

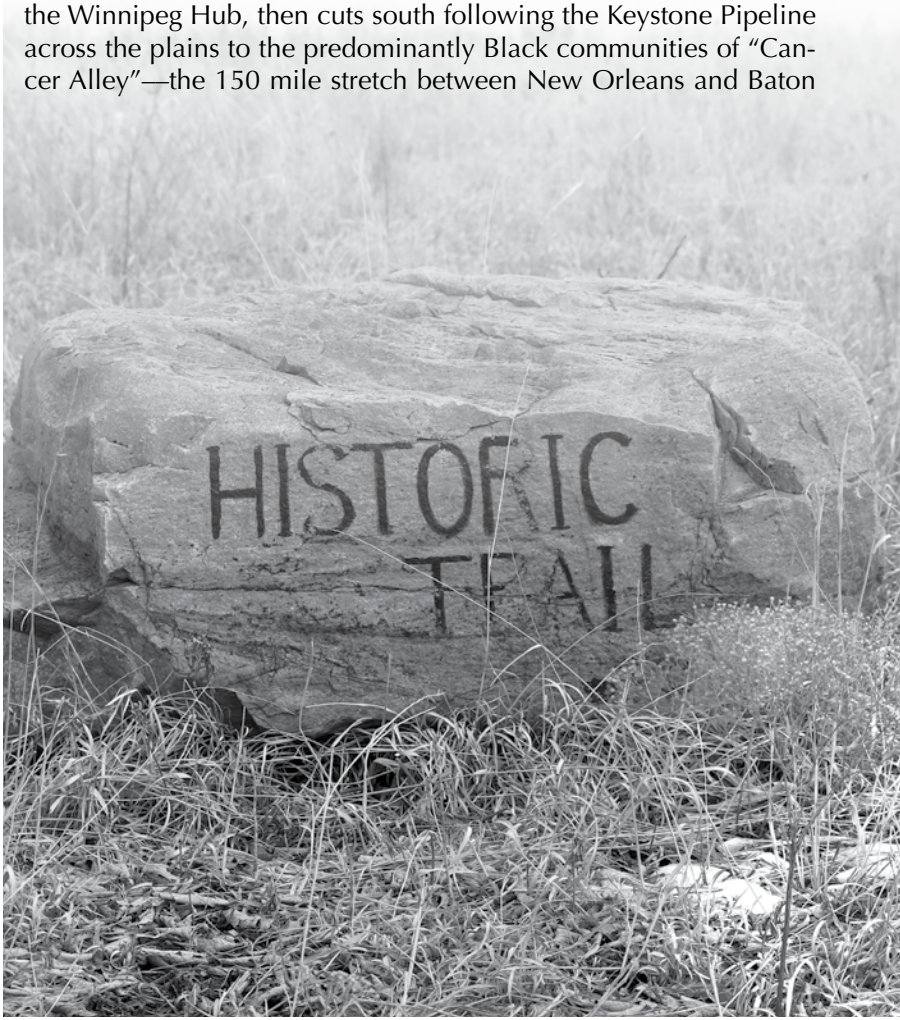
Imagine taking the Glacial Hills Scenic Byway from Iowa Point to Atchinson, through the township of Kickapoo and Fort Leavenworth, then across the Missouri River and back north on I-29/I-49, along "Americas Energy Corridor," through Platte City and St Joseph. This is an imaginative, speculative loop—let's call it the Glacial Energy Loop—that brings together two roads and two narrative pathways. The loop encircles farmlands, power plants, wastewater treatment plants, rail lines, supply roads, storage and stockyards, chemical and fertilizer plants, steelyards, industrial supply warehouses, residential areas, a military base, an army airfield, and five prisons, all developed within the Missouri River's floodplain. The outer limits of the loop—the Glacial Hills Byway to the west and I-49 Energy Corridor to the east—delineate a layered apparatus that constrains river and floodplain to protect this development. Dikes, diversion channels, levees, spillways, culverts, retention ponds, terraces and deep drainage structures slow down, hem in or redirect river flows and stormwater runoff. Along the banks or submerged in the Missouri's waters are revetments, dikes, edges, weirs and fill that constrict the river into a channel, regulated through a vast network of dams, gates and locks linking settler-owned real estate here with drowned Indigenous lands upriver. Instead of shifting across miles of floodplain, the Missouri is forced into a narrow and uniform channel, enclosed within a stratified corridor that works to contain the flows of the river while facilitating the flows of capital.

Both the Glacial Hills Scenic Byway and I-49 emerged from a corridorical planning paradigm framed in the Intermodal Surface Transportation Efficiency Act (ISTEA), which inaugurated "the democratization of transportation planning" and the imperative of intermodal integration. "Integration" refers to forms of governance corresponding to economies of circulation. ISTEA operationalized integration through the designation of transnational priority freight

The "Glacial Energy Corridor," a speculative route that brings together the Glacial Hills Scenic Byway and I-29/I-49 Energy Corridor


Iowa Point
Glacial Hills Byway
St Joseph
I-29/I-49 Energy Corridor
Leavenworth

corridors, one of which is the I-29/I-49, dubbed by boosters as "America's Energy Corridor," a 1,700 mile multi-modal freight corridor linking Winnipeg, Manitoba to the ports of Louisiana and from there to Central America and the Panama Canal. This corridor also follows a major north-south petroleum and natural gas distribution network. It links Indigenous lands in Alberta's tar sands region and natural gas extraction in the Western Canada Sedimentary Basin to the Winnipeg Hub, then cuts south following the Keystone Pipeline across the plains to the predominantly Black communities of "Cancer Alley"—the 150 mile stretch between New Orleans and Baton



Rouge where a quarter of US petrochemicals are produced—and the ports of Louisiana. Across the Missouri River from Iowa Point, BNSF trains carry coal and heavy tar sands crude to refineries and power plants along the river.

ISTEA also operationalized integration by establishing the Scenic Byway Program, creating a framework for public-private partnerships and a regional planning process for the development of scenic routes. "Scenic" refers to "authentic road-based experiences" that can be valorized through automobile tourism benefiting

Sioux Quartzite boulder on the Native Stone Byway. This byway narrates early Kansas history by weaving together the fight for emancipation and the government-subsidized enclosure of the open range using fencing made of native limestone. In the narrative unfolding of the antagonisms between slavers and free-staters over the status of Black life as property, and between open-range ranchers and "fence-in" farmers over competing regimes of land as property, the foundational antagonism slips from view. Indians appear as erratics marking historical paths, and native stone marking property lines.

rural areas and small towns. The Kansas Scenic Byways Program was established under ISTEA and tasked with developing and maintaining roadways and a unified interpretive plan that can integrate the stories of places along the byway routes. Integration in this case means a form of participation and cooperation between different communities as stakeholders in shared spatial/temporal narratives and economic benefits. The Kansas Scenic Byways establish a set of narrative storylines in which Native peoples are either cast out of time or folded into settler countertemporalities. "Immigrants All is the storyline about the people who came and settled in Kansas. This storyline includes the stories of not only Euro-American pioneers but of those Indian tribes that were forced to come here and may (such as the Sac & Fox) or may not (such as the Quapaw) have settled. There is no native Kansan. All are immigrants, even the Indians who came to this land over 11,000 years ago." Geology and nation are interlinked as "natural" frameworks, providing "both the direction and sharedness of unfolding events."[9] Native peoples are thus folded into the "nation of immigrants," without sovereign claims to land. Integration emerges from, and organizes, settler relations of mutuality that are predicated on the deferral of their own foundational antagonisms.

Relations

> *Countersovereignty [is] a position of reaction to distinct Indigenous protocols governing life in the spaces the United States claims as its national interior. Recognition of prior and ongoing Indigenous collective life provides a substructure to stabilize U.S. property claims. The United States declares its existence in reaction to complex networks of relationship between humans, nonhuman life forms, and inanimate processes that together constitute a distinct place in the world. Countersovereignty, as a mode of political authority, is closely linked to counterintelligence, counterinsurgency, and counterrevolution, all modes of reactive anxiety, fragile modes of power that can take overwhelmingly violent form. These are core modes of U.S. authority.*
>
> —Manu Karuka[10]

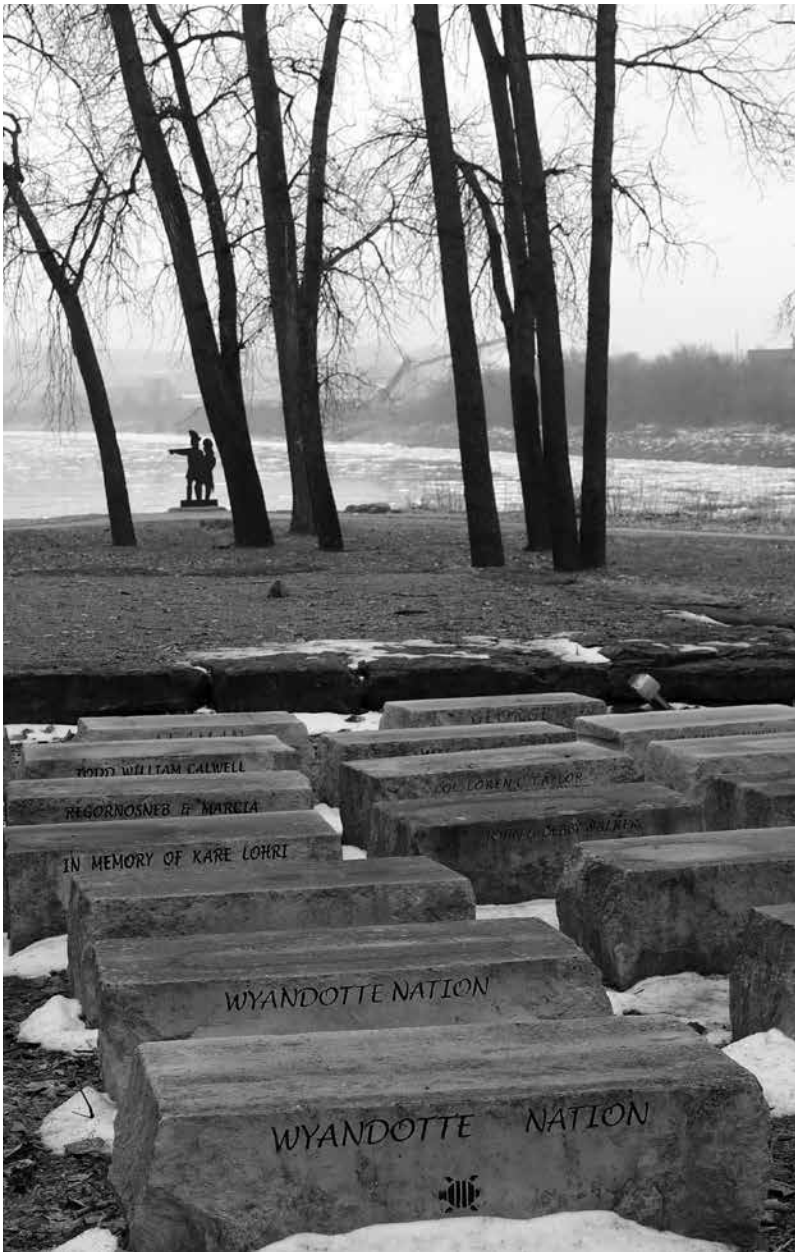
In the plains, colonial corridors historically emerge at what Manu Karuka names the "war-finance nexus." The continental railroad is the vehicle of both militarized slaughter and the emergence of the modern colonial corporation as a form of capital accumulation that sells shares in future profits—a form of perpetual succession in colonial property claims based in capturing a claim on the future. Corridors are assemblages; they are material as well as social, juridical, technical and calculative. Railroads, roadways, levees, canals, pipelines, informational networks, have to be built—so, too, do the protocols that secure and securitize them, the techniques of differential valuation that underlie them, and the corporate arrangements known in business lingo as "business ecosystems" that naturalize them. Corridors are how material, logistical and narrative pathways interlock, layer, sediment and endure, exerting a self-reproducing logic across space and time, a dynamic known as path-dependency. Brian Holmes describes how the algorithmic feedback loops of just-in-time distribution create a system that is self-shaping, integrating "hundreds of millions of individuals and billions of discrete objects and desires into a single mobility-system, where every movement is coordinated with every other in real time. The integrative capacity of this kind of autopoetic system is what defines the boundary of each corporate entity, struggling against all others to increase the market-share that it controls."[11] Supply chains born of supply chains organize corridorical relations that are aspirational, expansionist and autopoetic.

Our speculative loop allows us to look for the ways settler colonialism coalesces across apparently incompatible scales and moments of corridorical planning—to the west, the scale of rural economic development; to the east, the scale of transnational commodity, capital and energy flows. If the I-49 Intermodal Energy Corridor is defined by the continental scale of circulation, it also makes visible processes described by Tia Dafnos and Shiri Pasternak in which settler states recast indigenous bodies, modes of relation and grounded political authority as an insecurity, as a risk to capital flows in search of shareholder return.[12] Indigenous resurgence and resistance to extractive infrastructures from Alberta and Saskatchewan to Standing Rock to the bayous of Louisiana has been met with

The spirit of the bicentennial celebration grips a class of elementary schoolchildren who rename an engineered stormwater diversion area providing flood protection for the Ionia Power Plant. The sign reads: "LEWIS AND CLARK WETLANDS. Named by West Platte's Mrs. Bunge's Third Glade Class, April 18 2008."

new state/corporate/informational configurations of exclusionary violence, whose agent and beneficiary is the citizen shareholder. If the Glacial Hills Scenic Byway is defined by the regional scale of stakeholder cooperation, it is also defined by liberal modes of inclusion, multiculturalism and participation that seek to manage the threat posed by Indigenous political authority and relations to the stability and givenness of settler experiences of the everyday. Its figure is the citizen stakeholder, whose sense of place is both secured by and effaces ongoing processes of Indigenous dispossession.

Shareholding and stakeholding are powerful modes of settler kinship. They structure forms of reciprocity both deeply binding and exclusionary. They are produced, systematized and coordinated with one another across corridorical landscapes.


IN MEMORY OF KARE LOHRI
WYANDOTTE NATION
WYANDOTTE NATION

Into the Future

> *The Oceti Sakowin's struggle for its land is not about getting reparations, apologies, or reconciliation. It is about justice and ending the settler-colonial system. Still, many settlers cannot imagine the return of lands—or, for that matter, future peaceful coexistence of the more than 500 distinct Indigenous nations. While many will agree that colonialism is wrong, they cannot imagine a future without it.*
>
> —Nick Estes[13]

The Lewis and Clark National Historic Trail meanders across the Glacial Energy Loop like a powerful undercurrent. It spills across the loop's strata in elaborate interpretive displays, museums and parks, and seeps into streets and dry cleaners, gas stations and restaurants. It orients economic development shaping northeastern Kansas as the "state's most historic region," with yearly revenues from tourism comparable to all other areas of the state combined. Though not mentioned at Iowa Point, the Glacial Hills Scenic Byway was incentivized and developed as the official route of the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial celebration, channeling liquidity from the Bicentennial's estimated $113 million in public-private partnership agreements over the course of four years.[14] From here, Iowa Point appears as a node where narrative pathways and capital flows converge, where far-flung colonial infrastructures and expansionist colonial relations coalesce.

The Lewis and Clark Bicentennial involved a ten-year planning process that injected capital into roadways, markers and facilities along its path, and facilitated the development of an integrated interpretive plan. The main vehicle for the Bicentennial Celebration was the "Corps of Discovery II—200 years into the future," conceptualized as a multi-year traveling exhibit, museum and classroom.

"In part out of fear that tribes would pull out or protest bicentennial plans as they had done for the Columbus Quincentennial,"

At the confluence of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, the Lewis and Clark Trail features an elaborate display of recognition for the "diversity of Native American cultures" on the Plains.

the Corps of Discovery II adopted an "inclusive" planning model, according to the US Park Service's official administrative history of the Lewis and Clark Trail, entitled "Commemoration and Collaboration." The planning process envisioned that tribes would be invited to participate and express their concerns, to "address the public, without taking away from the goals of Lewis and Clark enthusiasts." Some tribal communities staged critical interventions within the framework of the bicentennial, detourning a small fraction of the revenue into language programs or infrastructure improvements that provide ongoing benefits—although they also reported that entering into the multi-agency partnerships was "taxing on the tribes." Other native and tribal communities withheld participation, developed their own critical positions and projects or protested the events. Left in the wake of this complex political negotiation are dozens of monuments to a liberal mode of inclusion that alternately casts Native peoples into a simulacrum of pastness, or represents "Indians" within the framework of the multicultural nation state, while pushing Indigenous sovereignty to the vanishing point. Following the trail to the confluence of the Missouri and Kansas rivers, an extravagant memorial complex elaborating on the "diversity of Native American cultures" is arranged sequentially across a ten acre park, leading up to a silhouette of Lewis and Clark pointing Westward. This is inclusion as annihilation, casting Native cultures into the past, and Indigenous nationhood as a sovereignty that never was.

View from Iowa Point #3 - Flood

These dams dislocated and forcefully removed about a third of our river reservation populations, including my own community. In places like Fort Berthold, about 80 percent of the tribal population was removed. And so, what we're experiencing right now is a continuation of the legacy of the Pick-Sloan dams that were built to prevent this kind of disaster…We have to remember that while it is related to climate change in the present, it's also related to the altering of the environment, and specifically the annihilation of the river ecosystem to provide flood control in the first place.

—Nick Estes[15]

We arrive at Iowa Point seventeen days before the flooding begins. Eighteen days before the Santee Sioux, Omaha, Winnebago, and Ponca tribes upriver are overcome by the rising waters. Nineteen days before thousands of mostly Black inmates are put to work filling miles of sandbags to shore up the levees at Leavenworth. Twenty days before the Missouri tops the levee at Iowa Point, taking the road with it. Twenty days before Pine Ridge, Cheyenne River, and Rosebud reservations enter a state of emergency that continues for months as roads are washed away, creeks are contaminated by sewage run-off, and thousands are left without water. Thirty days before federal authorities determine that Pine Ridge property values are so low the catastrophic damage from the floods isn't sufficiently high to warrant federal disaster relief aid. Thirty five days before Trump issues a new presidential permit for the Keystone XL pipeline. Thirty six days before drinking water is restored on Pine Ridge. Thirty eight days before a new flood hits the same nations already drowned in the name of flood control for settler agriculture in places like Kansas.

Iowa Point used to be called Ioway Point. It was named after the Ioway and Sac and Fox (Sauk and Meskwaki nations) who were forcibly relocated here after signing treaties in 1836 and 1837. By 1854 the Ioway had lost most of this new reservation. And by then Ioway Point had been seized by the US government and given to white settlers as payment for missionary services at the nearby Iowa Sac and Fox Mission, which itself was built with money stolen from tribal annuities. Driving towards the Mission, today a state historic site, an image of Black Hawk reframes indigenous nationhood as part of an enduring "Immigrants All" storyline. This sign echoes others scattered throughout the Upper Midwest, including a handful of other Black Hawk Trails. Although Black Hawk was killed five years before the relocation of the Ioway and Sac and Fox to Kansas, his image is appropriated as a meme that proliferates here in local trails, apartment complexes, cafes, and parks.

Over the next two decades, 171 million acres of land grants to railroads were the vehicle for the near extermination of the buffalo and the subordination of Indigenous lifeways through the imposition of dependency to settler agriculture. "Railroads extended US jurisdiction on a continental scale through military occupation,"

writes Winona LaDuke, "remaking indigenous prairielands through an economy revolving around meat and grain exports, providing the caloric base for imperialism."[16] Meanwhile, within a decade, the Atchison and Nebraska Railroad, which later became the Glacial Hills Scenic Byway, helped make the settlement of Iowa Point a major shipping point for agricultural commodities and the second largest town on the Missouri River. Maintaining settler industrial agriculture in these floodplains provided the justification for the targeted drowning of Indigenous homelands upriver beginning in the 1940's.

We arrive at Iowa Point on our way to visit with Lance Foster, an artist, writer, and the Tribal Historic Preservation Officer for the Iowa Tribe of Kansas and Nebraska. We meet Lance at the Baxoje Wosgąci: Iowa Tribe Culture Center/Museum, about 10 miles from Iowa Point, to begin a conversation about Ioway relations to place across and between glaciations, rivers and what today are called Kansas and Wisconsin. We speak about Ioway histories and futures, about research and art and debt and climate change, about the extermination of the buffalo, the contamination of the Missouri River and the over-extraction of aquifers in northeastern Kansas. We also talk about "Baxoje Ukich'e: The Ioway Nation," a grassroots project Lance initiated that became a collaborative effort by over 30 tribal members to research and renew tribal collective memory and relations to place.

Lance encourages us to return to Iowa Point, but this time by way of the mouth of the Nemaha River, where spiritual beings and Ioway ancestors reside upon the bluffs, and the Leary Site which he describes as a living and sacred place. He draws our attention to the significance of pipestone, a rock found in northern deposits geologists call Sioux Quartzite. He speaks about relations of kinship embedded in pipestone, the ways it connects peoples and sacred landscapes along and between the Missouri and Mississippi—from the Leary Site up the Missouri into the Dakotas and Minnesota, Blood Run (now Good Earth State Park in Iowa and South Dakota), the Utz Site in Missouri (now Van Meter State Park) and over to Cahokia on the Mississippi River. What colonial geology de-animates and names erratic, Kim Tallbear speaks of as "an agent" in indigenous lives:

I want to talk about stone, the life that inheres in a stone, the social relations that proliferate as that stone emerges from the earth, is carved into pipe, is passed from hand to hand…I speak of Pipestone…There is a story that tells us about the blood in that stone, that along with our loving attention to its materiality enables us to apprehend its vibrancy, its fundamental role in our peoplehood. Here is that story:

"It rained for many days, non-stop. A young girl saw a high hill and ran up there. Many of her people had already drowned. Alone, she began to pray. The rain suddenly stopped. She stood there, seeing nothing around her but water. Above in the sky she heard and saw a giant bird. He opened his wings. A man emerged. The man told her not to be afraid. He had come to rescue her. All of her people were killed in the flood, he told her. He wanted to marry her. Through their marriage together the humans would begin anew. When the water receded it all drained into one place. There in that place was the blood of all the people who had drowned. That place became the cannupa ok'e. The blood of the people, the red stone."

Red is a sacred color for the Dakota, and so this place is taken to be sacred. The cannupa ok'e, the quarry, is also special to many other peoples whose members dig there today. The stone there is sometimes spoken of as a relative.[17]

We return to Iowa Point by way of the Iowa Reservation and the Leary Site. "The Iowa Tribe of Kansas and Nebraska Loop," an interpretive app Lance developed for visitors to the nation, describes the Glacial Hills Scenic Byway leading to Iowa Point:

You are following a scenic road with the bluffs on one side, and the Missouri River bottoms on the other. The road was built along a route first created for the railroad that ran along the river, through White Cloud and Rulo… The name for the Missouri River in Ioway is Nyisoje (nyee-SHOW-jay), the "Smokey-River," the "Roiling-like-Smoke-River,"

> *the "smoke" in this case referring to the lack of clarity of the water, full of sediment, and its churning dangerous nature, full of snags in the old days. It was also the home of the Iscexi (ees-CHEkh-ee), the Underwater Panther, the River Spirit that took people as its servants by drowning them. The Missouri River used to flow right along the bluffs, up until the 1940s. Floods were common until then, when levees and channels were dug to force the meandering river into submission…Ancient burials have also been uncovered at times during road construction, and up on the bluff tops were favorite places for our people to bury their dead.*[18]

Lance describes a landscape of relations and protocols practiced by Indigenous peoples since time before time and into the present. Kyle Powys Whyte explains that settler colonialism "has always involved a terraforming that tears apart…the 'flesh' of human-nonhuman ecological relationships."[19] Ecological violence, earth-violence, is epistemic, physical, political and spiritual. The making of Iowa Point, and of ourselves as interlocutors, is enabled and maintained by specific colonial technologies of dispossession and desecration: channelization and destruction of the river ecosystem, the expansion of rail and roadways across the Great Plains, forced removal and the expropriation of Indigenous relations in and with land.

Futures

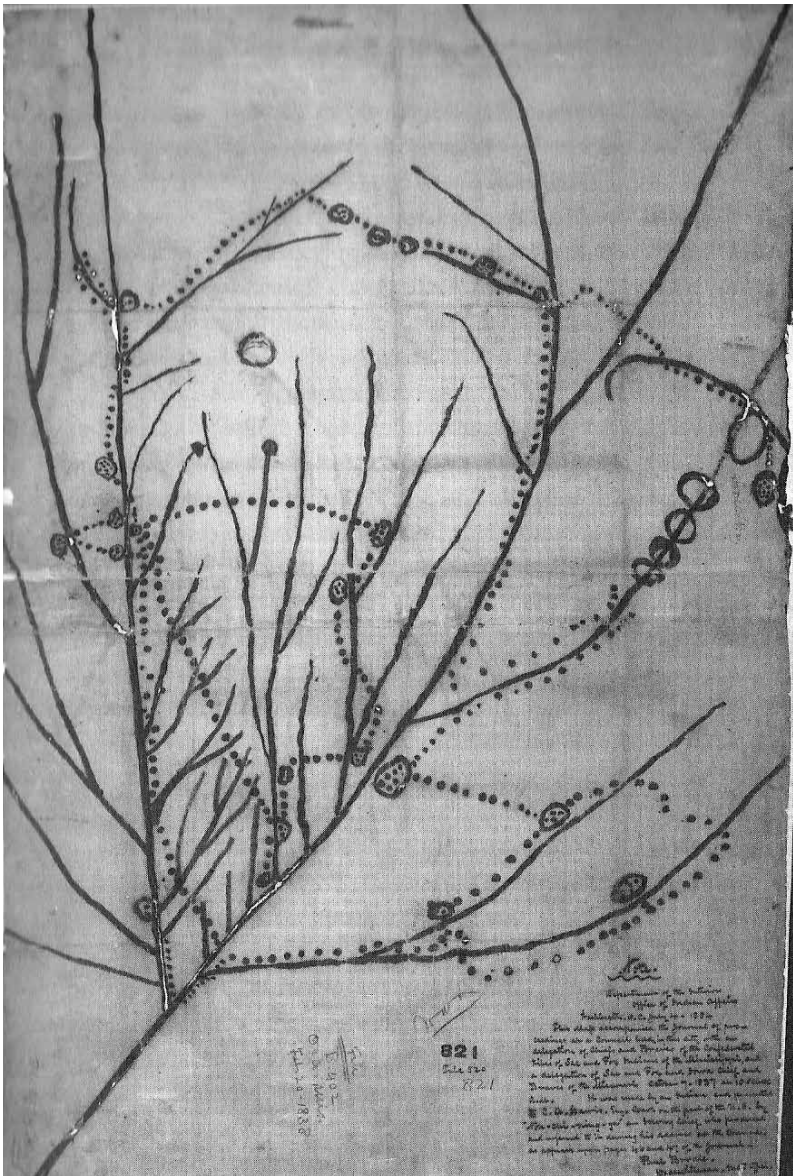
> *Sometimes I see settler environmental movements as seeking to avoid some dystopian environmental future or planetary apocalypse. These visions are replete with species extinctions, irreversible loss of ecosystems, and severe rationing. They can include abusive corporations and governments that engage in violent brainwashing, quarantining, and territorial dispossession of people who stand in their way.*
>
> *Yet for many Indigenous peoples in North America, we are already living in what our ancestors would have under-*

> *stood as dystopian or post-apocalyptic times. In a cataclysmically short period, the capitalist–colonialist partnership has destroyed our relationships with thousands of species and ecosystems…Decolonizing allyship requires allies to be critical about their environmental realities—and about the purpose of their environmentalism. To do this, allies must realize they are living in the environmental fantasies of their settler ancestors. Settler ancestors wanted today's world. They would have relished the possibility that some of their descendants could freely commit extractive violence on Indigenous lands and then feel, with no doubts, that they are ethical people…One can't claim to be an ally if one's agenda is to prevent his or her own future dystopias through actions that also preserve today's Indigenous dystopias.*
>
> —Kyle Powys Whyte[20]

Glacial and geologic narratives proliferate. We sense in this anxious settler preoccupation with origins an effort to defer an impending apocalypse that has long been extinguishing worlds. Settler countertemporalities can only cast the unbecoming of the settler worlds in terms of biological extinction, rendering unintelligible the countless expressions of actually existing decolonial struggles and Indigenous resurgence all around us.

Our journey began out of a shared frustration with academic and activist contexts in which decolonial struggles are alternately mystified, appropriated and mitigated against, and where the call for greater engagement with place often works to bracket questions of jurisdiction, opening instead to a horizon of possibility for self-actualization as stakeholders in a shared predicament—so as to respond to the urgencies of climate change "facing us all."

Our return to Iowa Point demands a different kind of engagement that begins by looking outside of the signs to confront, instead, the problem of how we come to encounter them—to denaturalize an artistic/intellectual practice of thinking about place, a practice that does not require of us a confrontation with the encompassing sovereignty licensing our access to place to begin with.



No Heart's Map, 1837.[3]

IOWAY

"This is the Mississippi. This is the Missouri. This is Indian Land"

This is how Christine Nobiss, founder of Seeding Sovereignty, introduced Lance Foster at the 2019 Indigenous Political Engagement Summit in Boone, Iowa. Foster, a citizen of the Iowa Tribe of Kansas and Nebraska and the current Tribal Historic Preservation Officer, delivered a land acknowledgement at the beginning of the summit that included a story about the river-naming practices of the Ioway.

Lance locates himself today in the "Nemaha borderlands," or in relationship to a river, the Great Nemaha, and an unspecified constellation of territorial borders. Online he introduces himself as "an old guy who was born in California and raised in Helena, Montana. I'm into nature, I am an artist and I'm also an observer of life. I belong to the Iowa Tribe of Kansas and Nebraska, and live here in Kansas now."[1]

We visited Lance at the Baxoje Wosgąci: Iowa Tribal Museum and Culture Center near White Cloud, Kansas in early March 2019, for the first in a series of conversations that unfolded over the next six months.

This chapter, "Ioway," features excerpts from our conversations and also selections from Lance's published work. Lance is the author of *The Indians of Iowa* and numerous articles, book chapters, and reports, some of which can be found on the Iowa Tribal Museum and Culture Center website.[2]

Over the course of several months, we have come to understand the territory between the rivers and glacial edges as Iowa homelands. Meskonsing-Kansan, our imaginative geography, is troubled by Notchininga's Map, or No Heart's Map, created in 1837 by the second Iowa chief under White Cloud. Foster explains: "When they were negotiating the treaties and the Dakota and the Sac and Fox were competing over their claims in eastern Iowa, one of our chiefs,

No Heart, one of my direct ancestors, drew a map from the fork of the Mississippi and Missouri going up, where our villages and places were. In response to the maps that the United States was making, they used a European convention to try to say this is our land, this is where our ancestors were, this is where the burials were, this is how we claim it." In other words, Notchininga's map was an assertion of Iowa jurisdiction—articulated in the colonizers' own visual language. "This is the route of my forefathers," Notchininga stated, pointing to a series of dotted lines; "it is the land we have always claimed from old times—we have always owned this land it is ours—it bears our name."[4]

Conversations with Lance Foster

Can you speak about your work as a Tribal Historic Preservation Officer (THPO) for the Iowa Nation?

The THPO is a granted position to do compliance reviews of projects that are scattered throughout our homelands. So if you put up a structure like a water tower, I have to do the research and the studies to make sure it's not going to disturb ancestral burials or ancestral sites. And I do that work for all nine states, roughly, that we've been in before our removal to this place, since the beginning: Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri. All those states, or portions thereof, have sites that are associated with our people, but we also have other sites as far as Manitoba. My tribe doesn't have a cultural division, and it doesn't fund one, so all the culture-related things, whether it's language or NAGPRA, comes down to me to do or not do. That's why my schedule is pretty tight sometimes.

How does this work differ from the reclamation work or memory work you do in your artmaking?

Well, I've always done this kind of work. When I went back to Montana, I recovered probably close to a dozen boxes of material on the Ioway and our landscape, our language and culture, and my art, material gathered since my teens, and I'm almost 60 now. The biggest part of my life has been about trying to gather this information from different sources and work with it creatively, and portray it.

According to tribal tradition, the ancestors of the Ioway Indians united as a people ages ago. The Clans had come together and agreed to become a People, the Honga, the Great Nation. Some clans had come from the Great Lakes. Others had come from the north, from a land remembered as very cold. Others had come from the western prairies or the eastern woodlands. Some of the ancestors had made great mounds in the shapes of animals and birds along the bluffs of the Great River. Others had traded down the River to the great southern mound cities, and came back with new ceremonies, new beliefs to add to the older ones.

This development of the Clans into one Nation is traced in the ancient stories and traditions of the Ioway and their brothers, the Otoe, the Ho-Chunk (Winnebago), and Missouria. Other relatives of these peoples also seem to have been a part of this Nation, including the Omaha, Ponca, Kansa, Quapaw, and Osage. These stories recall a time when they were all one people. A time when all the land of this Middle Place was theirs.

—Lance M. Foster, "Tanji na Che"[5]

I began to try and understand more about our presence in southwestern Wisconsin and in southeastern Minnesota too, around Red Wing, Lake Pepin, where our strongest identity picks up I would say, once we crossed. There's an account, I think it was Mahaska or White Cloud's account, about when we crossed over Lake Pepin, before that there's only a dim memory of what happened. In our oral tradition we have a pretty good record from the 1800s onwards, before that time there's bits and pieces, and I'd say right around the 1600s it almost goes right into mythological time. It's hard; you've got time working against you, you've got the fact that we've suffered catastrophic population loss, with all the loss of memory that goes along with that, and also I would say there's another factor in that in our warrior tradition, you remember when you win battles, more than when you lose them. For example the story of how the Ioway

left southern Minnesota is recorded more in Dakota sources. That's why I often go to the Dakotas or the Ho-Chunk to ask "what's your memory, what are your traditions on that?" It's interesting stuff.

For example, for Pipestone, all we know is that people weren't supposed to fight there, that it was part of our area, and then we got pressed south after the 1700's, when the Yankton were expanding, and they became the guardians of the pipestone after us. But we and the Otoe remember that we were up there and that we were the big traders of pipestone for hundreds of years.

There's the Apache saying, "wisdom sits in places," where you talk about place as memory. Well, when you take a group of people and remove them from where their memory house was… their places remind them of these stories, and our stories now since 1836 are mostly here. And I'm shocked at how even many of those stories have faded, with changes in culture.

Can you tell us more about the Leary Site? And can you also talk more generally about what constitutes a sacred landscape?

The Leary site is near the mouth of the Nemaha River. It was occupied from about 1200 to 1400, and even in the 1850s and 1860s, but above it are some mounds from the Hopewell, about 3,000 years ago. It was part of a sacred landscape. The bluff by the Nemaha was likely an animal lodge where the animal spirits lived. If you go up to Indian Caves State Park, there is a cave that was probably where the Buffalo spirits lived along the river. The Pawnee are the ones who have the fullest developed memory of that in this area, they call them rahurahwa:ruksti: 'u, ["(being) holy ground."], it is the animal councils who would gather. So the Leary Site was a place where the ancestral Ioway and Otoe along with the ancestral Arikara and Skiri Pawnee lived and traded with each other for probably 200 to 300 years. It was a really important site. If you think of Cahokia as New York and you think Blood Run would be say Chicago, this is like Kansas City. There were probably 3,000 people who lived there at the height. We have done some remote sensing there with LiDAR and found both square earth lodges and burials all over the place.

Marker at the Leary Site/Nimaha Cina Rexige, Iowa Tribe of Kansas and Nebraska

They traded pipestone and buffalo hides; we're going to have a little exhibit here about it. It's just an amazing place. Alan Kelley, Tribal Vice Chairman and first THPO said he had a medicine man come to the Leary Site and he said the ancient ones came around him and asked who he was and what he was doing there, and he explained things to them. Even as late as a couple of years ago, we had one of our tribal folks go up there in the winter time and they smelled of cooking food, you know? So it is a living place, for sure.

> *It is said that at one time, the Ioway had such power that a person of another tribe could not make a footprint anywhere in our territory without the Ioway knowing about it immediately, and that none could be here without our permission.*
>
> *This was not because the Ioway were a particularly large tribe, but because we had been, according to our traditions, the first keepers of the Pipestone Quarries in southwest Minnesota, and because we had established a sacred covenant with the many natural forces and spirits who were the First Beings of the Land Between Two Rivers. These forces and spirits were our relatives, and would let us know about anything that was going on in our lands as soon as it happened. …In 1837, Grandfather No Heart defended our ancestral rights to these lands by producing a hand-drawn map showing our many villages and routes of travel.*
>
> *—Lance M. Foster, "A Closing Circle"*[6]

How is the process of restoring the sacred connection with places related to the process of restoring the connection with peoples? Can you talk more about the kinship between Ioway and Ho-Chunk?

I've talked to Ioways in Oklahoma whose family members married into the Ho-Chunk Winnebago in Wisconsin. So there's been intermarriages sporadically that continue that kind of tie. I know that

the Otoe Missouria have taken a bus load of their seniors to visit the Ho-Chunk up there. There have been a lot of parallel efforts like this.

And, of course, in my work as THPO with Bill Quackenbush from Ho-Chunk and Randy Teboe of the Winnebago Tribe of Nebraska and others, we're coming at this from a lot of different directions. There's not a unified or single program. It may come to that, though, because we're also trying to reaffirm our ancient trading networks in relationships. So it's, again, a developing thing. It took hundreds of years to be fissioned apart. It's going to take a while to get it back, but it's there. And it's always amazing to me when I hear somebody else's independent stories about how they're doing things too.

A few days ago, I returned from a celebration held at Effigy Mounds National Monument in northeast Iowa. At the speakers' table, members of the Ioway, Otoe-Missouria, and Ho-Chunk once more gathered as one people, something that had not happened at this locality for at least 170 years. It was in 1830 that our ancestors gathered across the Nyitanga at Prairie du Chien, to sign one of the treaties that would be used to remove us from these lands where our grandfathers and grandmothers sleep in the graves in the bluffs high above, where the mounds shaped like our Bear and Thunder ancestors cluster and march.

We talk about this. We will see. The S'ageh, the Old People, our grandmothers and grandfathers sleeping out there on the bluffs, made that covenant. Even now, perhaps they are guiding their wayward grandchildren to fulfill it once more.

Our oldest traditions indicate that many of our clans, such as the Bear, split off from our relatives the Hochungara (Ho-Chunk or Winnebago), whom we also called our fathers or grandfathers, and whom we left behind near Makashuje, Red Banks, on the shores of Lake Michigan in Wisconsin. We left with our sister tribes the

> *Otoe and Missouria, who continued on to search for new lands.*
>
> *This fissioning process appears to have begun very early, perhaps as early as A.D. 700, but was finalized by the 1500s. No one is sure. However, the Ioway continued to visit their relatives the Winnebago, or Ho-Chunk, into historic times. We have always recognized each other as kin.*
>
> *—Lance M. Foster, "A Closing Circle"*[7]

We were noticing the stop signs and the street signs in the Ioway language on the reservation, how long have those been up?

Those have been up for three or four years. We have had waves of interest in the language, and at one of those times, one of the students, Sydney Campbell Pursel started to come to classes. She is Emil Campbell's great granddaughter, and she was going to art school in Lawrence, and she did the signs as a project. She created bumper stickers and signs, and if you drive along the river, there are certain hollows and creeks that have the Ioway names.

We saw some connections between the work that she is doing with those signs in asserting Ioway relationships to the land and what you're doing in your own artwork, and as the THPO for the nation.

It's been a group effort, and we all use our individual knowledge or talents. It's not any one of us at any time, necessarily, that does all these things. It's a group mind.

Can you speak more about the reservation?

Our population is at 400 just around here, we have 4,000 on our rolls, so we have a vast diaspora. During allotment, when the land was divided up, we lost most of our land, by the 1940's non-Natives owned 90% of the reservation. We bought some of it back. But a lot of tribal members, like my grandparents, had to move away for jobs during World War II. We were divided during the Civil War, the greater number of adult men fought on the side of the North in the

Civil War and when they came back the tribe kind of split. Some were tied to their places here, the burial sites, and they wanted to stay, and a lot of the other ones wanted to live more like Indian people did, to have a village and all that, so they moved down to Oklahoma in the 1870s, but by the 1880s they were allotted as well. So we have two groups of Ioway: the northern ones, we are a lot more mixed here, but the part that we have is probably more Ioway. Down south they mix more with the Otoes and the Creeks. So they look more Indian but the language is a little more blended with Otoe. In the tribe there are all these social systems and circles and relationships, and people know who the family gets along with and who they don't, and all of these generations of memory…It's entangled.

How does that play out across or between tribes, because you are right next to the Sac and Fox, and also the Kickapoo?

There are some families that go to the Kickapoo School and have relationships there. Families were always visiting back-and-forth. And if it wasn't for the Potawatomi we would have been terminated in the 1940s. Minnie Evans out of the Prairie Band Potawatomi Nation led that fight to maintain the tribes.

Before, you mentioned perceptions of historical time, and settler society does a lot of work to inscribe its history in the landscape, and to remove the ways that places tell other stories. Up in Wisconsin, in the Kickapoo River Valley, Bill Quackenbush from Ho-Chunk took us and our children around and introduced us to place as story. The stories sounded like they were mythological time, but because they were connected to particular places, were very non-mythologizing.

Very vivid right? Very vivid and historical.

And material, and political, and there's lessons that are pertinent to the present and to the future, right?

Right. Did you see our lodge outside? Bill Quackenbush helped build it. I'm working on another project with Eric Zingler who is putting together traditions and thinking about the Ocooch Moun-

Bill Quackenbush, Historic Preservation Officer for the Ho-Chunk Nation of Wisconsin, came to Kansas to help build the Ioway Lodge

tains which, you know, is kind of that same region in Wisconsin, and the Kickapoo River Valley has a lot of sites with rock art, some of which are associated with the Oneota culture that we, the Otoe, the Missouria and Ho-Chunk, all branched off of. Those are sacred places to us.

> *We called ourselves Baxoje, Paxoje, Paxoce, etc. Pronounced Bakoche…The Winnebago variant of the name is Wakoche, although they tend to drop the final "e" in normal speech, so they can often say it as Wakoch. The P and W sounds are often said very softly. These names would have been heard by nonIndians and written either as Ocoche or Ocooch.*
>
> *The Oneota…were all over that [Driftless] area, and our earliest sites are as far north as Lake Pepin and Red Wing, over to Effigy Mounds and the Upper Iowa, and La Crosse has all kinds of our sites. We (Ioway, Otoe,*

Ho-Chunk Lodge at the Kickapoo Valley Reserve in Wisconsin, built by Bill Quackenbush.

> *Winnebago) lived in this area for centuries before the Sauk and Meskwaki or Kickapoo came there (in the late 1600s or the 1700s, as they left the lands scarred by Iroquois warfare during the Beaver Wars)…The Ocooch area would have been a place for hunting and fishing, but also rituals like vision questing, which is reflected in the rock art (petroglyphs and pictographs) in some of the rock shelters there that show Oneota art. That's the pattern from about AD 900 to 1670 or so, when the Ioway (wakoch/ococheche) left the area for good, probably due to disease, resource depletion, and increasing war.*
>
> *—Lance M. Foster, "Mountains of Snowy Lodges"*[8]

This is something we talked about in March and you've written about before, we are thinking about relationships to place between Kansas and a region in Wisconsin now known to most folks as the Driftless, but that was known to many as the Ocooch for a long

time. And just thinking about the origins of that word and what that means about relationships to that place in the past and present, I'd love to hear you reflect a little bit more on Ocooch.

It's interesting because there's a couple of things going on there. the opening vowel might be a derivation of ho. In Ioway and Ho-Chunk there is a distinguishing between vowels if you nasalize or don't nasalize them—ho^{n} vs ho. Ho I think means fish and ho^{n} means voice. So Ho^{n}-chungra, that's nasal, it means the big voice. Kuje means to shoot something, so ho-kuje means to shoot a fish with a bow and arrow. Ho-Chunk close their words with a consonant, so mú^{n}c is their word for bear, we say mú^{n}je. So Ho-kuc, vs Ho-kuje [Ocooch vs Ocoochay].

And then I came across, in a lexical list, that Ocooch was one of the terms for the Wisconsin River and some of the smaller rivers off it. They were traditionally places where our ancestors would spear for fish out of canoes. And then Eric showed me a source that said that this word, Ocooch, was after a people who lived there at one time.

So we explored how that would relate to Baxoje. Ci means a house and ba of course, is snowy. And so our word for baxoje means a lot of different things. Like xoje means ashy, it means gray. And then ba either can mean, if you say it ba with a solid B, it means snow. But if you say it with an unaspirated P, pa—unaspirated means there's no puff of air—it means nose or head. To an English ear it sounds like the same word. So, baxoje or paxoje either it could mean gray snow, ashy snow, gray nose. And then there's the chee part, like cakirutha, which means the part of the lodge, so "snow on the lodges."

So the question is which does it mean? And I think it's sort of like the name for ourselves. We don't know for sure because it was so long ago, and everybody has their apocryphal story that they favor… and we're all part of the story, there's not only one right answer, all of these are part of what makes a place name. So if one takes for a certainty that it relates to a people who where there, well, we know the Ho-Chunk were further to the east at that time, and the Ioway were west on that side. And that's why I was very interested in the Kickapoo Valley name, because the Kickapoo came in after all of us. So that's really interesting to me on that level.

It's really hard for people to understand. Like when they want to change back Loess Bluffs to Squaw Creek, and white people don't seem to understand that squaw is a derogatory term, it's a term that dehumanizes. So, an Indian baby isn't a baby, it's a papoose. An Indian woman isn't a woman, she's a squaw. An Indian man isn't a man, he's a buck. So we've got people who mythologize Indians into this kind of never, never land of papooses and squaws and bucks without seeing them as human beings. They either make them into savage devils who they had to wipe out to make room for the white people, or after that chapter is done, then they kind of mythologize them into Hiawatha and the land of Gitche Gumee and sailing on the waters…They never see us as people.

So the problem with place names is that people make up "Indian" names for places, and so Ocooch, the Snowy Mountains. What we were trying to do is find how could you come up with this weird settler interpretation of Snowy Mountains with a native term which really means fish spearing waters, a place where you spear fish? And so, we did a bunch of excavation with some of our names for ourselves and some alternatives. The difficulty with talking to non-Indians about this, or even to look at something and discuss things as possibilities, is that, next thing you know, it becomes like that's the way it is. That's the difficulty we face. And I don't know that we'll ever get out of that because people still see Indians as something separate in the sense of either not quite human or more than human.

Yeah, and this seems like a very different conversation between Indians and non-Indians than what you were alluding to earlier with the conversations that you are having with the Ho-Chunk over understandings of relationships to place, which are overlapping and complex. So the conversations you mentioned with Bill and other folks at Ho-Chunk about how they understand Ocooch feels like a very different kind of conversation and conversational space than what you're describing right now.

It is, and it's something that we hammer out with each other, because you got to remember our cultures were like a multi-thousand piece jigsaw puzzle that somebody came by and knocked off the table. And now we're scrambling for pieces, and I have this piece and

you have that piece, and we're trying to see how they fit together while somebody is saying, "No, that doesn't fit right. No, you got to do this. No, you got to find the edge piece." And we're like, "Wait a minute, we're working with what we've got."

We're also thinking about climate disruption and how relationships to place are shifting as places themselves are changing and moving. How do you account for these movements?

We are sitting in a space heated by propane, we are using the devices with rare earth minerals. If we wanted to go live in that lodge out there, that canvas is made from something. If we wanted to live the old ways there's no way you can, because you don't own the land, there's not enough deer to support everybody. So we are trapped. People call us hypocrites, because we are trying to address that. But on the other side, which is wind farms, all these alternatives, you've got the money machine under that. We have painted ourselves into a corner.

You know what a glissade is, when you are mountain climbing and it's icy, and you do a controlled fall with your ice ax? What we need is an eco-glissade, a controlled fall so that things don't totally get destroyed. A controlled descent, a controlled contraction. And nobody is talking about that. They are talking about alternate modes of growth. Or sustainability, which is ridiculous because this isn't sustainable.

How American Indians always lived here is population control and learning from our mistakes. The Cheyenne only had one kid traditionally every four years or so. It was imposed that way, the mother breast fed the kids until a certain point, so you kept your population down that way. When you had overkill sometimes a mammoth disappeared. You learned you can't do that anymore, you let the mothers live, all that stuff. Well, this society does not have the long view.

We had a shot in the 1970s with the NEPA and the Clean Air Act, we had a section of the population that tried to do something, but they got swamped. Then people forgot what it looked like when the rivers burn and you can see the air you breathe.


BÁXOJE
WÓSGĄČI
IOWA
TRIBAL
MUSEUM

People have a relationship to the land of there is me and it. No, it has to be me and you, and an answer to some extent is everything is alive, everything has its own life force. It doesn't mean that sometimes you don't have to kill it in order to eat, and it might kill you to eat too. When you are buried the plant comes out of you, you eat the plant, it's a cycle right? This building is alive, that tree is alive, you know, there are beings around us, seen and unseen, the invisible ecosystem. My belief is that the earth is alive, and has sentience and agency, that is my hope, that the Mother is going to see and say okay time for the next chapter. Some of our prophecies talk about that, let's start over again; because I really hope we don't turn into Venus.

If this is a hospice situation, how do you develop compassion, do what you can, and face death with whatever kind of strength you can find. I just feel terrible that we are taking everything else down with us. I think about our ancestors all over the world, like a woman who separated herself from her people, she is out there wondering, trying to find them, and it's been weeks since she ate anything, always thinking they might be over that hill, maybe that's the hill, if I can make it to that hill…They're not there, but there's a another hill, if I can get to that hill…That's maybe where we're at.

What does decolonization mean in the context of the kind of crisis that you are describing and that I think we are all perceiving?

We are all part of a superorganism, me, you, and everybody in the world is waking up on some level, the Mother is trying to find through her children some way forward. The thing you always have to watch out for, is the context in which we live everything is ultimately about money right? So you will find the people who are in your movements will betray you or will try to capitalize off them… Because we are colonized that way, severely colonized. They are trying to commodify everything now. Oh, we won't destroy that because it does a process for us in order to clean the water, or whatever.

"Ecosystems services."

Right. Everything is about freaking money. I hate money, I hate money. I am stuck in a debt I will never be able to get out from un-

der. My wife will never get out from under hers. I have to take care of her, she's not well. I have to take care of her. I am almost going to be 60 years old next year. I am never going to get out from that, there is no way. Other kinds of debt like Wall Street there is a way to get out from under it. But we have a huge generation that is lost. I told kids, rethink going to school, especially if you're going to have to take out debt, there are ways to learn through the Internet, and through support and mentorship. I think about what happened in 2008. Not only did they commodify, financialise all these housing loans, but they bet against the people...They're doing that with all the water now, they've already marked out in their little boardrooms who gets what aquifer and all that kind of crap. Nestlé is already doing it in a lot of ways.

We wanted to ask about the waters here. You are on the Missouri?

Nyishuje is what we call it. Nyishuje. It means a turbid or clouded river, it is clouded from the silt. Shuje means smokey, nyí is water. Nemaha up here means muddy river, so Missouri is not a muddy river, for us it is a turbid river.

> *The land itself was delineated by the rivers, especially the two great rivers, Nyitanga (the Mississippi) and Nyishuje (the Missouri), the life's blood of the Earth, and the domain of the Ischexi, the Water Monster. Ischexi was pictured as the Water Panther on woven bags, or on bluffs as pictographs, such as the famous Piasa pictograph. Between these two rivers lay the lands the Ioway claimed as their own, threaded with other rivers, and marked by glacial hills, marshes, tall grass prairies, and ancient woodlands.*
>
> — Lance M. Foster, "The Ioway and the Landscape of Southeast Iowa"[9]

We were thinking about why in English at the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers the resulting river is named the Mississippi? And how as a result we think of them as separate rivers, that only flow in one direction.

Yes, they say that when they flow together, the black part of the river was the Nyitanga which is the Mississippi and the light green part was the Nyishuje, the Missouri, and they flowed together for miles until they blended and mixed together.

> *Historically, the Ioways always located their villages on major rivers: the Iowa River and the Upper Iowa River (both appropriately named for their use as residences of the Ioway), the Mississippi River, and the Missouri River. Even today on their reservation lands, the Ioway maintain this riverine settlement pattern, with the Ioway of Kansas on the Nemaha and Missouri Rivers, and the Ioway of Oklahoma on the Cimarron River.*
>
> —Lance M. Foster, "Tanji na Che"[10]

We were looking at all the waterways in this part of Kansas, and all the small impoundments, thousands of them, everywhere.

Yes, and there's a drought going on, and this year on the reservation they've had five wells into the aquifer go dry that were never dry before. Some people get water from creekside, but mostly it's from pocket aquifers and wells. Along the river road there's a place where they had damned up some springs to make a little pond and they've dug deeper and deeper there about 15 feet down now and there's only a trickle of water going through it, and it was gushing before… Even here in a pretty moist environment, we used to grow corn without irrigation, but they make more corn if you irrigate more. The terracing was started in the '30s, now they put the tile through it so you don't need a waterway, you get more bushels of corn. And along the creeks there used to be a buffer, we had brush along the road and between roads, but with corporate farming it's all sprayed and mowed, and now they're just single trees along the

creek, there's no buffer strip anymore. And what happens as the trees fall in, there's no trees, they bulldoze that and put a pipe through it, so you get it rid of creeks that way too.

There is an extraordinary amount of pressure on the waters, and it's not one single thing, it is incremental...

And cumulative.

How do we visualize or describe this, when these points of extraction and contamination are so dispersed, and each one individually does not seem like much?

I think if you can help people understand, just like Bill Quackenbush did, take the kids out there, if you can stoke people's curiosity: why is it like this, why is it not like that, what happened, what kind of plant is that, is that a plant on a poison-edible spectrum? Because if you use too much of a medicine it becomes poison, a little bit of poison becomes medicine. So how do you encourage complexity and curiosity in people's thinking?

The elements of this land were the great Powers, the Day, the Night, the Winds, the Winter. Although the Big Male Winter, the time of glaciers, had been killed by Mischinye, the Great Hare, long ago, the land still bore the scars of that glacial age, and the Small Female Winter still returned every year with her bitter winds. The great rivers were connected by overland trails through the upland prairie. In marshy country, the glacial eskers and ridges provided relatively dry travel for people and buffalo.

One such trail that is recorded in historic French maps was the one which led from the Ioway village on the Mississippi, across the marshy glacial plain of northern Iowa, to their villages on Okoboji and Spirit Lakes, and thence through the loess hills to their village on the Missouri River (Mott Wedel 1986). Although a detailed

> *study has not been made of this route, I strongly suspect they used glacial landforms such as eskers on at leastparts of the trail where they provided drier passage across marshy terrain, as well as following the roads made by the buffalo herds.*[10]
>
> —Lance M. Foster, "Tanji na Che"[10]

Can you speak more about Ioway glacial stories?

We, also the Ho-Chunk and most other tribes, have a mythological time, which was ancient Madadanyida, some call it, the time before time. And this was a time when there were monsters on the earth. They were close to wiping out mankind. And we had a series of heroes that came to earth that fought them so mankind could survive without being threatened. Some of these monsters were like giants, for example, that ate human beings. Some were weird ancient animals that also ate human beings or killed them. And some of this seems to have happened during a time of great cold, during a glacial period. Different tribes have different stories. And that's part of the other recovery of our culture is to find these stories again and began telling them, not just in a book, but to have active storytelling.

These stories and this sort of knowledge seems very relevant. We talked about this a lot in March, this kind of long-term knowledge and memory of changing climates, I don't know if you think about it differently or value it differently given the climate disruption that we are experiencing today?

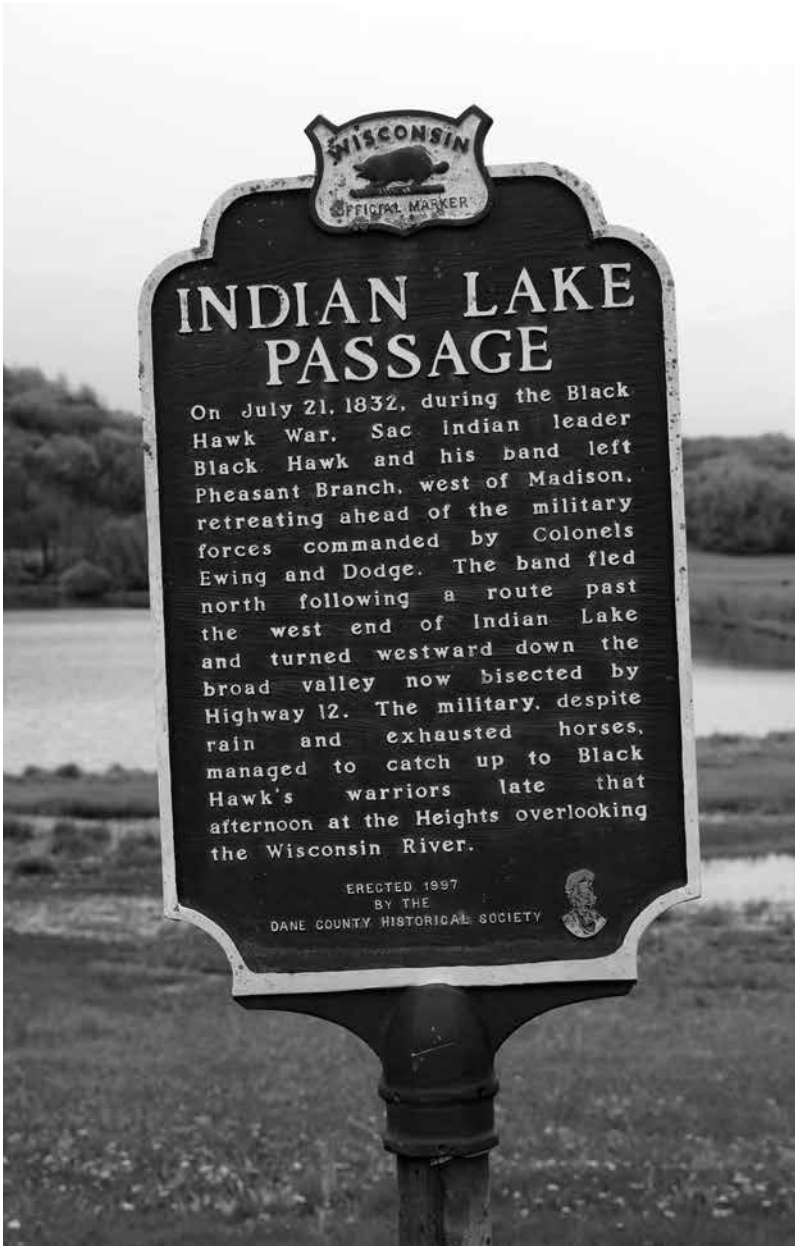
I do, and, in fact, I'm kind of engaging with some folks from New Zealand and Australia around that. You have Traditional Ecological Knowledge which was passed down in oral history and traditions in all of our communities. And we each have different aspects to it and each live in different places. But then we have parts of Western society, like conservation science, which is trying different avenues of preservation. Like Rewilding North America, which is the idea to bring back connections between wild places so that nature becomes nature through its own processes again. We don't try to impose our ways on nature, but recover itself.

So this Re-Wilding Iowa project I'm doing at Effigy Mounds with five other Ioway artists is referring to aspects of Western conservation about corridors, carnivores and cores, refuges, different places that you connect through river corridors. And then you bring that together with Traditional Ecological Knowledge about what animals and plants should be there, how they interact with each other throughout the year. That's one major direction I'm going in currently.

I'm also on a joint Indigenous Climate Task Force to try to see what we can bring to the table, because it's happening. I don't think you're going to stop it by putting in windmills and stuff at this time. I think people are going to change their behavior, but how can we survive? Just like in the ancient times of glaciers, only it's going the other way now. What can we learn from our traditions about how to survive the changes that are coming?

Your idea of eco-glissade, which we talked a lot about in March, was really fascinating. Then what you're describing too, these green river corridors in relation to rewilding seems like it's an understanding of the sort of land and territory that No Heart communicated in the map. That's significant there. As you were talking about the importance of telling these stories, I was curious about the significance of telling them in place, if that is something that you see as important, as a way of renewing relationships or establishing new relationships with places.

I think that's very important. I think that's a common thread that most cultures around the world have, that speaking is part of our creative power as human beings. It's the breath of life that we have that is shaped by our mouths and our intentions and our thinking into stories. And if you tell those stories in the places you're trying to help heal, it is like a creation myth that you're making right there in that place, and maybe correcting it and bringing it back to a form of life that it needs to have. And I think that's how we can help people reconnect with places, is to tell stories of those places that are compatible with what the place needs to become.


WISCONSIN
OFFICIAL MARKER
INDIAN LAKE PASSAGE
On July 21, 1832, during the Black Hawk War, Sac Indian leader Black Hawk and his band left Pheasant Branch, west of Madison, retreating ahead of the military forces commanded by Colonels Ewing and Dodge. The band fled north following a route past the west end of Indian Lake and turned westward down the broad valley now bisected by Highway 12. The military, despite rain and exhausted horses, managed to catch up to Black Hawk's warriors late that afternoon at the Heights overlooking the Wisconsin River.
ERECTED 1997
BY THE
DANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MESKONSING

Indian Lake / Convergence #1

Indian Lake was created by retreating glaciers, like many of the natural features in what is today southwestern Wisconsin. Sitting halfway between Lake Mendota in Madison and the Wisconsin River at Sauk City, the shallow 64-acre kettle lake is the centerpiece of Indian Lake County Park, which is one of Dane County's largest parks at 483 acres. Indian Lake also sits on the boundary between a glaciated and unglaciated landscape. If you are moving westward, the park serves as a gateway to the Driftless Area, a hilly region characterized by the absence of glacial drift. "The Driftless is an anomaly," writes conservation biologist Curt Meine. "Through the recurring episodes of Pleistocene glaciation—seventeen pulses of expansion and shrinkage over two and a half million years—ice hemmed in the Driftless on all sides at one time or another but left its interior ice-free."[1]

Indian Lake was created by retreating glaciers and named after Indians. According to Frederic Cassidy, whose book, *Dane County Place-Names*, was first published in 1947, the lake was named "for the Winnebago Indians, who frequented it for hunting and fishing before and for many years after the coming of the whites."[2] The name "Indian L" first appeared on a map in 1873. It was labeled Hororah Lake on a map created in 1838, two years after Wisconsin became a territory.

Today, a sign on the southeast shore provides a brief overview of Indian Lake's glacial origins. "The steep slopes of exposed rock indicate that this valley was never completely covered with ice," the sign reads. "Yet the large boulders found in the draws and on the valley floor could only have been brought here by a finger of ice, which fanned out from the main body of the glacier."

Shifting from a geologic to human time scale, the sign also notes, "For several hundred years Indians camped at the southwest

Indian Lake County Park, Dane County, WI

end of the lake. During that period, the slopes on this hills above you were quite open and covered with prairie grasses and wildflowers. Frequent fast-moving prairie fires helped keep these areas free of trees. When settlers stopped the fires, trees began to fill in open spaces. Today only a few small patches of prairie remain on the very dry southwest-facing slopes."

Erected in 1977, this sign is part of the Dane County Natural History Marker System. The sign differs, albeit subtly, from Dane County and Wisconsin Historical Markers, examples of which can also be found at the park. This particular sign contributes to a pattern among settlers of narrating Indian history within the context of natural history—associating Indigenous peoples with "nature"—that has a similar cumulative effect to other rhetorical strategies like "firsting" and "lasting," identified by Jean O'Brien, which assert "as a fact the claim that Indians can never be modern."[3]

Although it was named after a group of Winnebago Indians, the lake is associated with a particular Indian, Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak, a Sauk leader more commonly known as Black Hawk, who passed along the shores of Indian Lake one fateful afternoon in July of 1832.

Another sign near a boat landing on the northwest end of Indian Lake, explains the connection between Indian Lake and the Black Hawk War. "On July 21, 1832, during the Black Hawk War, Sac Indian leader Black Hawk and his band left Pheasant Branch, west of Madison, retreating ahead of the military forces commanded by Colonels Ewing and Dodge. The band fled north following a route past the west end of Indian Lake and turned westward down the broad valley now bisected by Highway 12. The military, despite rain and exhausted horses, managed to catch up to Black Hawk's warriors late that afternoon at the Heights overlooking the Wisconsin River."

This second sign was erected by the Dane County Historical Society in 1997 to commemorate the 165th anniversary of the so-called war. Apparently it was one of the first of nearly three dozen historical markers installed that summer along the "Black Hawk Trail" in Wisconsin. A newsletter from the organization notes that the "Indian Lake Passage" sign marks "a portion of the escape route

of Black Hawk."[4] Indian Lake was created by retreating glaciers and is now associated with retreating Indians. Positioned at opposite ends of the glacial lake, the two signs narrate stories of retreat that intersect in unexpected ways, and also resonate with more explicitly colonial place-names such as the tiny towns of Retreat and Victory, Wisconsin, situated near the Mississippi River where the Black Hawk War climaxed in a massacre.

The two signs also tell origin stories—geologic origins and settler origins—stories about deep time and modern time. How are we to make sense of the juxtaposition of these seemingly incommensurable time scales? What happens when a fleeting "passage" or temporary "encampment" is positioned next to an event—a glacial retreat, in this case—that unfolded over thousands of years? Or for that matter, how does it square with the "many years" (including up to the present-day) that Ho-Chunk have hunted and fished at Indian Lake? What is the relationship between these inexorable movements and transformative structures? The two signs seem to link deep time and modern time, while cutting out something in between, perhaps "time immemorial."

If "playing Indian" is a way for settlers to seize Indigeneity and claim Native land, as historians Phil Deloria and Jean O'Brien have argued, perhaps playing geologist—partly by listening to these common glacial origin stories—is a way of seizing deep time, undercutting 10,000+ years of grounded knowledge and political authority, and rendering Indigenous peoples as immigrants—one part of a "nation of immigrants"—without sovereign claims to the land.

These intersecting origin stories also stretch "manifest destiny" into the deep past, where glaciers become the original plows that broke the plains. In 1837, geologist Louis Agassiz wrote, "The glacier was God's great plough; and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman."[5] Writing in 1914 about the unfolding revolution in Mexico, B.F. Butterfield opined, "It seems to me that the greatest legacy the human race enjoys, next to the planet itself, is the work of the Great Glacier, which once covered northern Europe and America. It smoothed the plains for the plow, broke up the rocks, powdered the soil, and left navigable river and useful lakes."[6]

There are a number of places along the Black Hawk Trail where glacial and settler origin stories collide, including Boaz, Pier County Park, and Madison's Observatory Drive. This conjunction can be found, too, in many historical and geographical accounts of Wisconsin. In his essay, "The View from Man Mound," Curt Meine notes the abundance of effigy mounds in what is now Wisconsin—an estimated 15,000-20,000 mounds at the time of European contact. "They were as distinguishing an attribute of the Wisconsin landscape as its glacial features. No other part of North America had so rich a concentration of these ancient earthworks."[7] But this convergence of glacial and settler stories is not unique to the Black Hawk War, nor to Wisconsin. Indeed, these intersecting stories can be found throughout the Meskonsing-Kansan region, including at Iowa Point in Kansas.

View from the Ice Age Trail @ Indian Lake

The two signs—on opposite ends of Indian Lake—are linked by a three-mile segment of the nearly 1,200 mile Ice Age National Scenic Trail, which was established by Act of Congress in 1980. The winding footpath traces the maximum extent of the Wisconsinan Glaciation, which occurred about 20,000 years ago. For the most part, the trail follows end moraines through Wisconsin, a state that has arguably—at least if you ask a Cheesehead—been sculpted more than any other by the colossal ice sheets of the last Ice Age. The fact that the most recent of the great Ice Ages of the Pleistocene Epoch, which ended only about 10,000 years ago, is named the Wisconsin Glacial Episode or Wisconsinan Glaciation, attests to its profound effects on the landscape that would become in 1848 the State of Wisconsin.

It's significant, too, that the name of this glacial episode was derived from the name of a state that in turn was derived from the name of a river that was derived from an Indigenous place-name. According to the Wisconsin Historical Society, "Wisconsin (originally Meskonsing) is the English spelling of a French version of a Miami Indian name for a river that runs 430 miles through the center of our state, currently known as the Wisconsin River." The society also de-

clares with conviction, "Our state's name, supported by geological evidence, means 'river running through a red place.'"[8]

This is another example of projecting settlement backwards into deep time—another example of Glacial Manifest Destiny. And it is echoed by the obscure and twisting story, detailed in the first chapter, of glacial nomenclature as applied to the Kansan Glaciation, the Independence Glaciation, and the Pre-Illinoian Glaciations, as the Early and Middle Pleistocene Glaciations are now known to scientists.

The 3-mile Indian Lake Segment, according to the *Ice Age Trail Guidebook*, "highlights charming Indian Lake County Park and its wooded, hilly terrain." Perhaps to heighten the charm, the segment also features a "Poetry Trail." Snippets of nature poetry are sprinkled throughout the woods on small weathered signs, some of which are now partially covered with lichen. "The Path That Leads to Nowhere" by Corinne Rooseveit Robinson; "Leisure" by Welsh poet William Henry Davies; "May Day" by Sara Teasdale; "Far From the Madding Crowd" by Nixon Waterman; "A Vagabond Song" by Canadian poet Bliss Carman. And, of course, "The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost.

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

At a trail junction near the Frost sign, another sign—this one bright red—warns hikers that they are going the WRONG WAY. In fact, according to the sign, going in either direction from the junction is WRONG, which seems to foreclose the possibility of taking the one less traveled…Irony aside, the warning sign invites deeper reflection on the many divergences and convergences at Indian Lake County Park, where the Black Hawk Trail overlaps with the Ice Age Trail. There are of course many more layers of history at Indian Lake, including stories of German immigration and settler colonization, but the conjunction of glacial and settler origins stories is what immediately stands out.

Fabu Phillis Carter's short poem, "Macaja Revels Camped at a Stream of Water," is not featured on the "Poetry Trail." Published in

2013 by the former poet laureate of Madison, known professionally as Fabu, "Macaja Revels" is about a young black man, born on the Cherokee Reservation in North Carolina in 1800, who migrated to Dane County. The last verse reads:

> *Who remembers Macaja Revels, Black settler in the 1800's*
> *Who camped at a refreshing stream*
> *Eighteen miles north of the village of Madison*
> *but moved on, maybe knowing there would be no welcome in Madison.*
> *Who remembers that Black people came to Wisconsin to be free?*[9]

Indian Lake County Park is about eighteen miles north of the city of Madison. It's possible Revels camped at the same location—the southwest end of the lake—where Indians camped for several hundred years. The outlet of Indian Lake is still a refreshing stream. And the lake is also on the way to Cheyenne Valley, Wisconsin's largest rural African American settlement in the 19th century, which is the "elsewhere" referenced in the poem.

> *Macaja Revels, born in 1800 on the Cherokee reservation*
> *migrated to Dane county and camped at a stream of water*
> *eighteen miles north of the village of Madison.*
> *Macaja traveled on to buy land elsewhere.*[10]

Fabu's poem was inspired by a brief notation about Revels in *Black Settlers in Rural Wisconsin*, a booklet published by the Wisconsin Department of Public Instruction in 1983. Who remembers Macaja? Fabu asks. Who, indeed, remembers his brief "passage" and "encampment" at Indian Lake? And how does the meaning of that passage change when we recognize Macaja as a Black *and* Native man? Apparently Macaja, who learned about Bad Axe—now Vernon—County from land posters and by word of mouth, "pitched his tent near the center of Town 14 Range 1 West," eventually taking up 160 acres. How does the meaning shift when we consider the extent to which Macaja's own journey was entangled with processes of Indian removal in both the Southeast and what was then the

A historical marker on the Cheyenne Valley Heritage Trail in Hillsboro, WI

Northwest? And obviously entangled with slavery in the South, but also with bondage in the Illinois-Wisconsin lead district.[11]

How does the Ice Age Trail itself—as a spatial narrative—change if we insert Fabu's poem on the "Poetry Trail"? Might it be a way of connecting the Ice Age Trail and the Black Hawk Trail to the Cheyenne Valley Heritage Trail? Might it open up views of at least a few of the "Billion Black Anthropocenes," which, according to geographer Kathryn Yusoff, "names the all too many voidings of experiences that span multiple scales, manifestations, and ongoing extractive economies," and recognizes the "the proximity of black and brown bodies to harm."[12] Might it also reveal something about Black and Native visions of self-determination? Might it point to more concrete examples of restorative justice and land justice, such as the Black Family

Land Trust in North Carolina, the Native Land Conservancy in Massachusetts, and the Sogorea Te' Land Trust in the San Francisco Bay Area. At the very least, inserting Fabu's voice on the "Poetry Trail" should make clear Yusoff's claim that "no geology is neutral."[13]

Ice Age Trail / Convergence #2

The National Park Service brochure and map for the Ice Age Trail sets the scene: "Wisconsin's legacy from the glaciers and meltwater streams of the Ice Age is a landscape of great diversity and beauty. The State's many lakes and ponds, forested hills and ridges, and gently rolling farmlands remind us of the glacier's visit and beckon us to come, explore, and enjoy!"

At Indian Lake, the Ice Age Trail doesn't just follow the maximum extent of the Wisconsinan Glaciation and mark the boundary between a glaciated and unglaciated landscape. The trail isn't just backward-looking, highlighting only past events and processes. It's not simply about "the glacier's visit." The Ice Age Trail also maps the Anthropocene—perhaps unwittingly. In this way, it is forward-looking, highlighting ongoing and future events, processes, and possibilities.

The Ice Age Trail is still under construction, literally and metaphorically. Like many of the other National Scenic Trails, the IAT was (and still is being) cobbled together from an existing network of trails and roads. If we think of trails as spatial narratives, we can appreciate how the IAT was also (and still is being) cobbled together from existing narratives. These narratives, including settler origin stories, are part of the glaciated landscapes along with the kettle ponds and terminal moraines. They are all part of Wisconsin's legacy and part of our inheritance. And they beckon us to do more than just come, explore, and enjoy.

Over its 1,200 miles, the Ice Age Trail intersects numerous other trails, including the Military Ridge Trail, Badger State Trail, Glacial Drumlin Trail, Tuscobia Trail, and Gandy Dancer Trail. It also intersects other forms of visible and invisible infrastructure, including highways, transmission lines, and pipelines. For example, the IAT intersects four Enbridge oil pipelines (Lines 6A 13, 14, 61) near the towns of Gilman, Portage, and Whitewater.

A blaze along the Ice Age National Scenic Trail near Baraboo, WI

These points of intersection are "hot spots," a term geographer Shiloh Krupar uses to denote "an area where something resides unassimilated, unmetabolized, and thus remains productively troubling and politically open."[14] Of course, these hot spots involve not only physical infrastructure but also discursive infrastructure, including interpretive infrastructure like historical markers, monuments, and scenic byways. Reflecting on ubiquitous historical markers, historian Christine DeLucia writes, "These signs ought to be understood not as factual articulations of history but as environmental tools of colonial persuasion, memory devices intended to orient and direct the sight lines of English-speaking people to a very specific landscape. It is a landscape of ongoing Indigenous dispossession and settler colonial conquest that smooths over its ragged, violent edges

by encoding these contested processes within vistas designed for scenic enjoyment."[15] Places like Indian Lake and Iowa Point, where glacial and settler origin stories collide, are excellent examples of hot spots, in part because the historical markers there are not all that persuasive.

This is all to suggest that "we" participate—and can participate more intentionally and perhaps more forcefully—in the ongoing construction of the Ice Age Trail and Anthropocene Age Trail. "Hot spots" need to be activated—or productively troubled—in order to remain "politically open," and to counter myriad forces—settler colonial, anti-black, and white supremacist—that seek to contain them. By cobbling together different trails and highlighting other intersections, we can tell different stories. Or perhaps "we" can hear other stories, ones that have been told over and over for generations. What might we hear if we connect the Ice Age Trail to the Black Hawk Trail, the Cheyenne Valley Heritage Trail, and the Kickapoo River Canoe Trail? Or rather, what will be heard when "we" recognize that these trails are already connected?

(colonial) Anthropocene

The Ice Age Trail, at Indian Lake, Devil's Lake, and other places, doesn't just map the Anthropocene. It maps the (colonial) Anthropocene.

But of what use are these terms? Why quibble over the distinctions between them, let alone the differences between other terms such as the Capitalocene, Plantationocene, or the Chthulucene? The Anthropocene is inherently colonial and anti-black. It "began with widespread colonialism and slavery," as Simon Lewis and Mark Maslin argue.[16] To call it the (colonial) Anthropocene or (A Billion Black) Anthropocenes is therefore redundant. Yet it seems necessary. Heather Davis and Zoe Todd's question—"what can we do with [the Anthropocene] as a conceptual apparatus that may serve to undermine the conditions that it names?"—has been taken up in different and generative ways by Anna Spice, Kyle Powys Whyte, Macarena Gómez-Barris, Kathryn Yusoff, Anna Tsing, Donna Haraway, and many others.[17]

We [Indigenous feminists] start from the basic premise that the environmental disaster we now face has its roots in a prior and continuing apocalypse, in the attempted elimination of Indigenous worlds. The source of the toxicity, industrial capitalism, itself has roots in colonialism and imperialism.

Forget the "golden spike" or the other geological markers of the "anthropocene." Forget the technoscientific attempts to locate the tipping point for global pollution and climate change. The first steps toward environmental disaster were the first steps of colonizers on our lands. Colonization is the foundation of environmental decline. What is the state of our land, air, and water? Of our other-than-human relations? Before the chemical analysis and the radiation count and the environmental assessments and the soil samples and the EPA and the toxic burdens and the acceptable chemical thresholds. What is the state of our land, air, and water? Stolen. It was stolen. And it has not been returned.

—Anne Spice, "Processing Settler Toxicities: Part I"[18]

We argue that placing the golden spike at 1610, or from the beginning of the colonial period, names the problem of colonialism as responsible for contemporary environmental crisis. If the Anthropocene is already here, the question then becomes, what can we do with it as a conceptual apparatus that may serve to undermine the conditions that it names? One could object that by dating the Anthropocene to colonialism we are undoing the critical and creative work that has been done to name the problem of colonialism and its power differentials because the Anthropocene, as a term, erases these questions of power. Indeed, many people in the humanities have pointed out the failure of the Anthropocene, as a concept, to adequately account for power relations. Instead, all humans are equally implicated under the sign of the 'anthropos.' But rather than abandon the term because of these connections, we feel that the Anthropocene betrays itself in its name: in its

reassertion of universality, it implicitly aligns itself with the colonial era. By making the relations between the Anthropocene and colonialism explicit, we are then in a position to understand our current ecological crisis and to take the steps needed to move away from this ecocidal path.

—Heather Davis and Zoe Todd, "On the Importance of a Date, or Decolonizing the Anthropocene"[19]

Not all humans are equally implicated in the forces that created the disasters driving contemporary human-environmental crises, and I argue that not all humans are equally invited into the conceptual spaces where these disasters are theorized or responses to disaster formulated.

—Zoe Todd, "Indigenizing the Anthropocene"[20]

By using the term 'colonial Anthropocene' I attend to planetary climate change and environmental destruction as a spatial and temporal structure with accelerating consequences, one that spans more than five centuries of colonial domination. If we consider the non-degradable impact of its refuse, tracking coloniality allows us to not only dig into the Earth's archive of destruction, but also to make visible how the planet and local human and nonhuman communities are dramatically reshaped by it in the foreseeable future. In the era of climate science and species annihilation, we must continually make evident how industrial environmental damage was first organized by colonialism, its extractive project, and its desire to rapaciously rule over and decimate specific territories and peoples it constituted through difference.

The terminology of A Billion Black Anthropocenes *offers an explosion of the singular and names the racial logic that underpins planetary crises. Using the term colonial Anthropocene achieves something similar, namely to destabilize how knowledge about ecological crisis is tempo-*

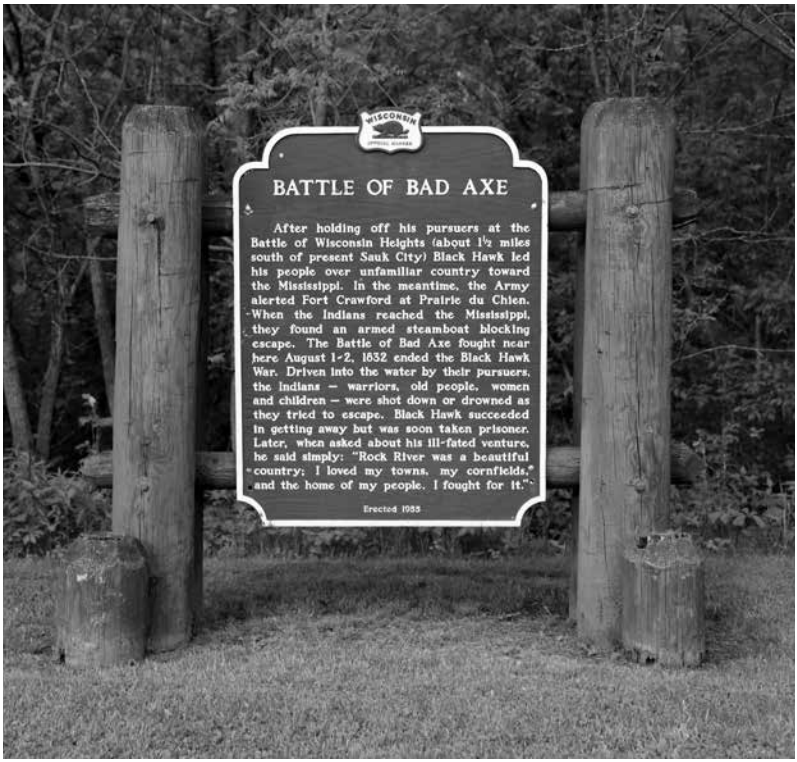
ralized, spatialized, and already locked within a regime of what Anibal Quijano first termed the coloniality of power.

—Macarena Gómez-Barris, "The Colonial Anthropocene: Damage, Remapping, and Resurgent Resources"[21]

If the Anthropocene proclaims a sudden concern with the exposures of environmental harm to white liberal communities, it does so in the wake of histories in which these harms have been knowingly exported to black and brown communities under the rubric of civilization, progress, modernization, and capitalism. The Anthropocene might seem to offer a dystopic future that laments the end of the world, but imperialism and ongoing (settler) colonialisms have been ending worlds for as long as they have been in existence. The Anthropocene as a politically infused geology and scientific/popular discourse is just now noticing the extinction it has chosen to continually overlook in the making of its modernity and freedom.

—Kathryn Yusoff, A Billion Black Anthropocenes or None[22]

Debates about the start of the Anthropocene are often framed in temporal rather than spatial terms. *When* did it begin, we ask, not *where*? Dates, when put forth, are typically singular rather than plural. The Anthropocene started in either 1492, 1610, 1619, or 1950. It didn't start in all these, plus a million other times and places. Reflecting on what is at stake in these debates, Heather Davis and Zoe Todd argue "that placing the golden spike at 1610, or from the beginning of the colonial period, names the problem of colonialism as responsible for contemporary environmental crisis."[23] They also acknowledge, "Our interest in the 'golden spike' is a pragmatic one, in so far as it ties the Anthropocene to colonialism."[24] The Anthropocene Age Trail asks not when did the (colonial) Anthropocene begin, but, instead, where is it most visible? And where, how, and by whom is it felt most intensely? Part of our interest in the AAT as a conceptual apparatus is pragmatic, in so far as it ties the Anthropocene to colonialism *in place(s)*.



A historical marker near Blackhawk Park and the town of Victory, WI

Black Hawk War of 1832

It's a bit odd, and perhaps ironic, to think about the Anthropocene in terms of golden spikes. As Manu Karuka notes, "The golden spike did not suture the Union after the Civil War; it symbolically finalized the industrial infrastructure of a continental empire where none had existed before."[25] But if you wanted to place a golden spike to mark the start of the Anthropocene in the Upper Midwest—or, from 1787–1803, the Old Northwest Territory—the confluence of the Bad Axe and Mississippi Rivers would be an ideal location.

The Bad Axe Massacre, which took place near the confluence on August 1-2, 1832, ended what quickly became known as the "last Indian war east of the Mississippi River," and inaugurated an

era of massive change to physical, cultural, and political landscapes. A newsletter from the Dane County Historical Society summed it up: "Without an Indian war threat, Wisconsin Territory was created just four years later and rapid settlement produced statehood in 1848."[26]

The genocidal war unleashed a new phase of regional settler colonization, and justified an aggressive campaign of removal of the northern Indian Nations, including the Ho-Chunk, Meskwaki, Iowa, and Kickapoo Nations. Historian Jeffrey Ostler argues, "After the Bad Axe Massacre, federal officials seized the moment to separate Indians from their lands. Whether they had supported Black Hawk, remained neutral, or assisted the United States government made no difference."[27] Beginning in 1832, the Ho-Chunk suffered multiple removals—from Wisconsin to Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota Territory, and Nebraska. Of course, some Ho-Chunk refused to be removed, and remained in or returned to each of these places.

The Black Hawk War is often described by settlers as "a brief conflict" since it technically lasted only four months. But others, including Black Hawk himself, insist that the war began much earlier, and also lasted much longer. Ostler, for example, connects the war to the "just and lawful wars" clause in the Northwest Ordinance of 1787. "When they stated a capacity to crush Black Hawk's people like a piece of dirt and cause them to cease to exist or when they called for their extermination, government and military officials did not cite the 1787 Northwest Ordinance's authorization of 'just and lawful wars.' Nonetheless, officials were clearly operating on the assumption, embedded in that foundational legislation, that it was legal and just to prosecute genocidal war against 'savages' who resisted 'civilization's' demands."[28]

According to Black Hawk, the 1832 war was precipitated by the 1804 Treaty of St. Louis, which ceded more than 50 million acres of Indigenous land. In his autobiography, published a year after the war, Ma-Ka-Tai-Me-She-Kia-Kiak, or Black Hawk reflected on the ramifications of the treaty and the dubious circumstances surrounding its signing: "This was all myself and nation knew of the treaty of 1804. It has since been explained to me. I found by that treaty, that all of the country east of the Mississippi, and south of Jeffreon was ceded to the United States for one thousand dollars a year. I will

leave it to the people of the United States to say whether our nation was properly represented in this treaty? Or whether we received a fair compensation for the extent of country ceded by these four individuals? I could say much more respecting this treaty, but I will not at this time. It has been the origin of all our serious difficulties with the whites."[29] Today, visitors to Black Hawk State Historic Site in present-day Rock Island are confronted by a small boulder inscribed with a simple message from the Sac & Fox Nation: "In memory of the Fraudulent Treaty of 1804." In the early 1800s, this place was known as Saukenuk and it was home to as many as 6,000 Indigenous people.

This boulder is a physical manifestation of what Nick Estes calls the "political practice of return, restoration, and reclamation of belonging and place," which, invoking Audra Simpson, is structured by a "refusal to accept the impossible condition of banishment and disappearance from one's homelands, and outright dispossession."[30] We might also interpret this boulder as erratic from the colonial Anthropocene.

Views from the Black Hawk Trail

Wisconsin's Black Hawk Trail—stretching from Beloit to Bad Axe—was established in 1997-98 to mark the 165th anniversary of the Black Hawk War and also the 150th anniversary of the statehood that war enabled. At that time the War Trail Coalition, based in Mazomanie, published a brochure and map of the new Black Hawk Auto Touring Route. Funded by the Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Commission, along with corporate sponsors including AT&T, SC Johnson Wax, and The Credit Union of Wisconsin, fifteen new historical markers, "which describe tragic events for native peoples and the war's pivotal significance in Wisconsin history," were installed along the route, bringing the total to thirty five.[31] The Auto Touring Route was broken into three convenient segments, the East Segment (163 miles; 4 hours), West Segment (271 miles; 7 hour), and South Segment (91 miles; 3 hours). In addition to detailed itineraries for each of the three segments, the brochure included an inset reminding travelers to "Plan Your Trip" "Although the actual war trail is about 250 miles long, the auto tour route covers over 500 miles,

A handmade sign at Monument Rock near Liberty Pole, WI

so it's important to plan your journey to avoid doing too much in one day. The map will guide your way. Imagine many of Black Hawk's tribe walked most of the way!"[32]

The Auto Touring Route in Wisconsin is just one of a handful of Black Hawk trails, including a second one in Wisconsin that was created in 1930 by Charles Porter, a doctor, dairyman, and local historian. Actually the trail in Vernon County is called "The End of the Trail," and it describes Black Hawk as "a prominent war leader who led his followers to disaster in 1832."[33] There is also a Black Hawk Trail in eastern Iowa, near Saukenuk. Sponsored by the Davenport Auto Club and established in 1916, the trail was a 35-mile route that started and ended in Davenport. According to the Iowa Department of Transportation, "It is assumed that the auto trail was

named in honor of the area's connection to Chief Black Hawk and the Black Hawk War of 1832. In fact, the auto route may have been part of the trail the Sauk and Fox Indians traveled by foot between Iowa and Illinois."[33]

There's even a Black Hawk Horse Trail in northeastern Kansas that follows the shoreline of Pomona Reservoir. And Black Hawk appears elsewhere in Kansas, too. A cluster of historical markers can be found in Highland, Kansas, a small town just south of Iowa Point. In addition to ones about the Oregon-California Trail, the Missionary Movement, and the Iowa, Sac and Fox Mission, which operated from 1837-1868, one marker, entitled "Emigrant Indians in Kansas," describes the forced removal of thousands of Native Americans to what is now the State of Kansas. "As the nation pushed west, Indian tribes were removed from their lands," it explains.[34] As noted in the "Kansan" chapter, this particular marker also features an image of Black Hawk along with a caption indicating that the leader "died in Iowa prior to the Sac & Fox relocation to Kansas." The specific relocation referenced on the sign occurred five years after the Black Hawk War officially ended. Today, the Sac and Fox Nation of Missouri in Kansas and Nebraska, one of three federally recognized tribes of Sauk and Fox people, is based in northeastern Kansas near the Great Nemaha River, where they were relocated after signing the Treaty of 1837.

Forced removal via federal policy is one example of how the land has been shaped, scoured, and scarred by settler colonization, including narratives of settlement. It has also been physically transformed by glaciers and narratives of glaciation. According to the Kansas Historical Society, "People have lived on this land for thousands of years. The earliest evidence is people who migrated from the north when glaciers pushed them to the south."[35] This is an example of forced removal via the Ice Age.

The 2014 Kansas Byways Interpretive Plan, discussed in the "Kansan" chapter, outlines a series of storylines or themes for interpretive materials and signage. One of the themes, "First People, First Nations," offers a twist on the now familiar conjunction of glacial and settler origin stories: "People have inhabited Kansas since the end of the Ice Age, over 11,000 years ago." This move, which

uses glaciers to transform First People into First Settlers, sets up the next move, which operates through the "Immigrants All" theme. This insidious storyline is "about the people who came and settled in Kansas. This storyline includes the stories of not only Euro-American pioneers but of those Indian tribes that were forced to come here and may (such as the Sac & Fox) or may not (such as the Quapaw) have settled. There is no native Kansan. All are immigrants, even the Indians who came to this land over 11,000 years ago."[36] This is Glacial Manifest Destiny. And this is an all too common strategy for seizing Indigeneity and Indigenous land. A headline in the *La Crosse Tribune* on July 4, 1976—the bicentennial of the United States—read: "They Were The First: Even the Winnebago Were Immigrants!"

From the Black Hawk trails we can see examples of forced removal via federal policy, forced removal via glaciers, and also forced removal via contemporary climate chaos. Kyle Powys Whyte argues that Indigenous peoples in North America "are already living in what our ancestors would have understood as dystopian or post-apocalyptic times."[37] "Climate injustice, for Indigenous peoples," he suggests, "is less about the specter of a new future and more like the experience of déjà vu," specifically "colonial déjà vu."[38] Whyte also points to future climate projections that show Oklahoma, as defined by average summer temperature, will migrate to Michigan by the end of the century, if not before. The irony of migrating climates is not lost on Whyte, an enrolled member of the Citizen Potawatomi Nation, whose people were forcibly removed from Indiana and Michigan to Kansas and Oklahoma in 1838, in what became known as the Potawatomi Trail of Death. Whyte jokes, "It's almost as if the United States is trying to put every Native Nation into Oklahoma, or at least Anishinaabe people, by bringing Oklahoma to the Great Lakes."[39]

Ocooch Mountains / Convergence #2

The town of Boaz, population 156, is about 55 miles west of Indian Lake County Park by car, and it is another place where glacial and settler origin stories collide. But here the intersection is more oblique. Just outside of town, on the shoulder of Highway 14, a historical marker commemorates the discovery of an American Mastodon skeleton in 1897. The "Boaz Mastodon," as it has come to be

known, was found by farmers "sticking out of an eroded bank on a tributary of Mill Creek" after a severe rainstorm. It was the first recorded discovery of mastodon bones in Wisconsin. Mastodons, the marker explains, "had moved into Wisconsin after the last glacial retreat about 13,000 years ago and lived here for the next 4,000 years, when they became extinct. A fluted quartzite spear point found near the bones suggests that humans also arrived in Wisconsin shortly after the glacial retreat and may have hunted these animals for food." Since 1915, the skeleton has been prominently displayed at the University of Wisconsin Geology Museum. "Our mastodon is our museum's most iconic fossil and it's arguably one of the most famous fossils in Wisconsin," said museum curator Carrie Eaton. "It is the centerpiece of our skeleton room."[40] It's unclear what has become of the fluted quartzite spear point, but the passing reference to it—along with a second, slightly less thrilling historical marker in Boaz Community Park—connects glacial and settler origin stories.

Erected by the Wisconsin Historical Society in 1998, this Black Hawk War marker is simply entitled, "Ocooch Mountains." The sign doesn't mark a specific encampment but rather describes the rugged terrain in which the Black Hawk War unfolded—rugged terrain that produced rugged individuals. "During the Black Hawk War of 1832," the sign reads, "Black Hawk's band and the pursuing military ventured into this unknown terrain of steep ridges and valleys. Following nearby Mill Creek, some of the band headed over these rugged hills known as the Ocooch Mountains. Along the way, many Indians died from exhaustion, starvation and battle wounds."

The Ocooch Mountains are not familiar landmarks today. According to the Wisconsin Historical Society, "Ocooch is an obsolete name for the highlands in south-western Wisconsin."[41] More widespread in the 1970s, Ocooch was the predecessor to the Driftless Area as the name for the Western Uplands or unglaciated landscape. *The Ocooch Mountain News*, for instance, was published in the tiny town of Gillingham, Wisconsin from 1974 to 1981.

In *The Driftless Reader*, editors Curt Meine and Keefe Keeley describe the Driftless as "a geological term that is coming to define an emerging bioregional identity."[42] In contrast, Ocooch is assumed to

A historical marker in Boaz, WI


WISCONSIN
HISTORICAL MARKER
OCOOCH MOUNTAINS
During the Black Hawk War of 1832, Black Hawk's band and the pursuing military ventured into this unknown terrain of steep ridges and valleys. Following nearby Mill Creek, some of the band headed over these rugged hills known as the Ocooch Mountains. Along the way, many Indians died from exhaustion, starvation and battle wounds.
ERECTED 1998

be an "Indian word" by most settlers. Its meanings and origins, however, are unclear. Or rather there are conflicting interpretations. In many settler accounts, the Ocooch Mountains refer to "a small band of Indians called the Ocoche who once made these hills [between Spring Green and Viroqua] home." In these accounts, the word is often translated as "waters with many fish."[43]

As you know from the "Ioway" chapter, Lance Foster has a different interpretation: "The word Ocooch is Siouan, either Winnebago or Ioway. It is not Algonquian, not Kickapoo." Although he translates Ocooch to "The Mountains of the Snowy Lodges" or "directly in Ioway as Snowy-Lodge Mountains, Pahkochee Ahaymahshee," Foster also indicates that there is not a direct translation, and that there are multiple meanings of the word.[44] The Wisconsin Historical Society counters: "Although the Ho-Chunk and Iowa languages contain phonetic equivalents for the sound 'Ocooch,' there is no clear evidence that the name entered English from either of those indigenous languages."[45] What constitutes *clear evidence* in this case? And how is geology mobilized to authorize certain ways of knowing? Turning to the origins of Meskonsing and marshaling geology, the Historical Society confidently declares, "Our state's name, supported by geological evidence, means 'river running through a red place.'"[46]

Ocooch is another (bio)regional imaginary, similar in some ways to the "Middle Ground," "Heartland," and "Driftless." But Ocooch differs significantly in its groundings, orientations, and meanings. As another conceptual apparatus, Ocooch reveals something important about how the Driftless has been produced as a counterregion—a response to Indigenous land, dynamic "modes of relationship," and "collective continuance"—partly through converging stories of glaciation and settlement. In this way, Ocooch undermines the conditions that it names more vigorously than Meskonsing-Kansan. Ocooch also keeps space "politically open," and avoids "a false antagonism that centers and further entrenches the settler imaginary by deflecting attention from foundational tensions between Indigenous peoples and settlers."[47]

In a conciliatory essay, "The View from Man Mound," Curt Meine suggests that from the man-shaped effigy mound in Sauk County, "we can look out and see that the history of Wisconsin's

natural and human communities is woven together on Wisconsin's landscape." "From Man Mound," he continues, "we can see ecological change over not just one but multiple temporal thresholds." Meine concludes by reflecting on contemporary Indigenous/settler relationships to each other and the land. "At Man Mound," he writes, "the geographies of the ancient Native Americans and recently arrived Euro-Americans intersected. At their point of intersection, damage was done. At that same point of intersection, a healing was also begun."[48] The views from the Ocooch Mountains are different. Fresh wounds from ongoing violence are visible. The possibility that healing is not the same as reconciling can also be discerned. And the healing work that is happening, which isn't always perceptible, is not just or even primarily between Native Americans and Euro-Americans, but between Indigenous peoples like the Ho-Chunk, Iowa, and Kickapoo, who are reclaiming Indigenous spaces and modes of relationship in spite of "us."


In Memory Of
THE FRAUDUL
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Saukenuk (Black Hawk State Historic Site in Rock Island, Illinois)

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