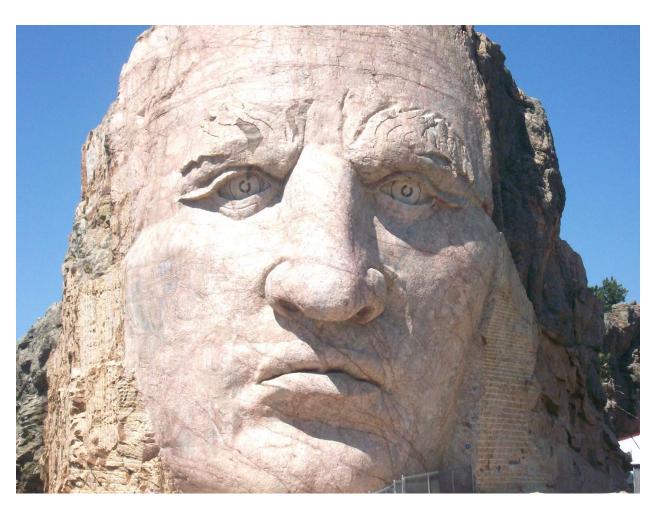


The Rondout Reader



THE FACE OF CRAZY HORSE

by Kevin Ahearn

I AM THE MOUNTAIN







"Everyone who's born in the Western Hemisphere is a Native American. We are all Native Americans."



"Illegal aliens have always been a problem in the United States. Ask any Indian."

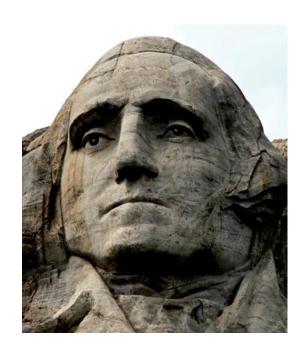


"The pilgrims were not pioneers, they were terrorists."



Mine is the biggest face on the face of the earth. Higher than ten tall trees and wider than any trail cut through Lakota lands.

Far larger than any 'Great White Father' and the symbol of Liberty herself.





Bigger even than hings of faraway lands.





No 'King' or 'Founding Father,' J am an Oglala!

And you will see who J will always be forever.

In the time of flying machines saving a starving city, the last of my tribe performed a sacred ceremony before the chosen site.







"You must work on the mountain -- but go slowly so you do it right."

Little by little, a vision began its birth.







Not everyone was happy.







"The whole idea of making a beautiful wild mountain into a statue of him is a pollution of the landscape."

"The more I think about it, the more it's a desecration of our Indian culture."

Year after year after year after year, the blasting and the carving and the carrying away went on and on. And one day, a dawn bright with the power of the Great Spirit, the most ambitious dream ever dreamt will come true and the sight of my face from horizon to horizon will ignite the Lakota spirit in every man.

But...





...That's not me!

No one who knows what I looked like has been alive for a herd of winters. My 'likeness' was never captured in a box. No artist, no painter or sketcher or sculptor ever saw me with his own eyes.

To make money, the White Man has shown me to all the world.

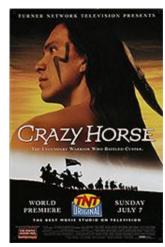




Who you see depends on who you are.







J am an illusion crafted by thousands of eyes and hands; none can see to touch me, to feel as J.







A symbol, a myth, a legend, an ideal - the Lakota spirit carved in stone for all America.









Ah, the cleverest of Lakota tricksters...history!







"How smooth must be the language of the whites, when they can make right look like wrong, and wrong like right."







"Since the Great Father promised that we should never be removed we have moved five times. I think you had better put the Indians on wheels so that you can run them about as you wish."







"if we are constrained to lift the hatchet against any tribe, we will never lay it down until that tribe is exterminated, or driven beyond the Mississippi."







"I was born on the prairies where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures."

From the very beginning, I was different, special. My skin was lighter than all the others and my hair was brown and curly and my eyes as dark as the deepest cave.

My father was a warrior who had been humiliated at the hands of our fiercest enemies, the Crow.

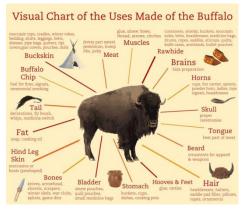




In disgrace, my mother hanged herself and I would spend many moons with other people of my family.

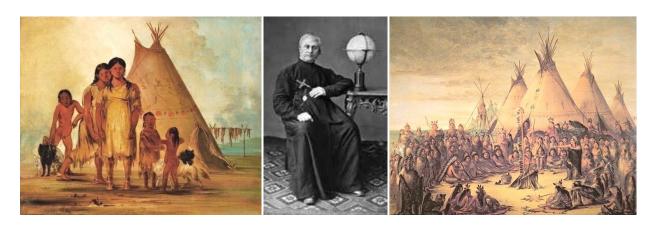


J went on my first hunt before my eleventh winter and killed a calf. My family and friends feasted.





The first white I ever saw was a Holy Man sent by the Great White Father.



"The tribes should be isolated for a minimum of twenty years while missionaries apply elements of 'practical civilization.'"



"They came with a Bible and their religion, stole our land, crushed our spirit, and now tell us we should be thankful to the Lord for being saved."





J went to the treaty signing at Fort Laramie, but did not put my hand to the pen.







"They made us many promises, more than I can remember, but they never kept but one; they promised to take our land, and they took it."

I did not hate the White Man or Woman or Child. I saw them not as a people, but as a Great Flood, growing and growing, coming closer and closer until their uncountable numbers overwhelmed and swept away the Lahota.





"You speak of another country...If it is such a good country, you ought to send the white men now in our country there and let us alone...."

A very great vision was needed, and the man who has it must follow it as the eagle seeks the deepest blue of the sky.

The ceremony was pure. I did not eat or drink for four days.



Endowed with the power of a Thunder Being, I would protect my people and their lands. My Lakota destiny!







"Everything on the earth has a purpose, every disease an herb to cure it, and every person a mission."







"You are on Indian land!"
The whites became a sea of dusty blue.







"To utterly exterminate the Sioux...
They are to be treated as maniacs and wild beasts."

"The only good Indians I ever saw were dead."

Their strength was rivaled by their arrogance.







"With eighty men I could ride through the entire Sioux nation."

I led the small party, yelling and whooping, drawing the eighty long knives into our trap. Not one escaped.







"What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath of a buffalo in the wintertime. It is the little shadow which runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset."

A new treaty was signed.





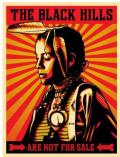


"Kowabonga, Buffalo Bob!" "Hekawi afraid of dark." "Um, that right, Kemosabe."

Whites soon broke the peace. And when they discovered gold...

The Federal Government demanded to buy our sacred land - sell or starve.

















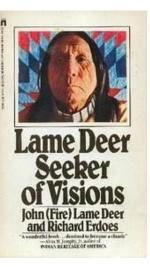
"Our land is more valuable than your money. It will last forever. It will not even perish by the flames of fire. As long as the sun shines and the waters flow, this land will be here to give life to men and animals."











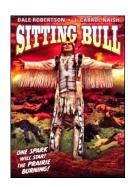
"The ground on which we stand is sacred ground.

It is the blood of our ancestors."

The Lakota would unite with other tribes and fight! I joined the wisest and strongest Lakota of all.







"Let us put our minds together and see what life we can make for our children."

The whites gathered their forces...



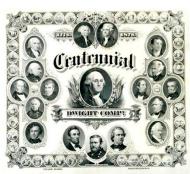




"There are not enough Indians in the world to defeat the Seventh Cavalry."

One hundred years a country – the Lakota have been a tribe for a million moons!







At the Little Bighorn...













"Hail to the Redskins!"

Our victory was but a pebble thrown before a conquering wave.







"America will never be destroyed from the outside. If we falter and lose our freedoms, it will be because we destroyed ourselves."







"I have heard you intend to settle us on a reservation near the mountains. I don't want to settle. I love to roam over the prairies. There I feel free and happy, but when we settle down we grow pale and die."

We had to flee for our lives.

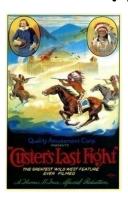






"When God made the world he gave one part to the white man and another to the Apache. Why was it? Why did they come together?... The white people have looked for me long. I am here! What do they want? They have looked for me long; why am I worth so much?"

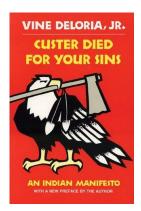
On orders from Washington, Sitting Bull and I died with our moccasins on. What's become of you, 'Long Hair'?



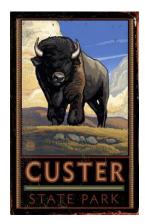




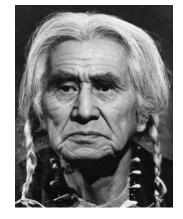
You call that a statue?













made us both."

"I am a Man. The same God "If the legends fall silent, who will teach our ways?"

"Sometimes dreams are wiser than waking"

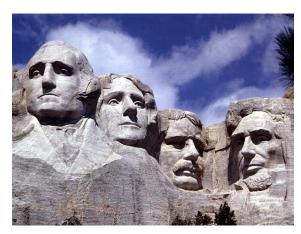






"The land is sacred. These words are at the core of your being. The land is our mother."

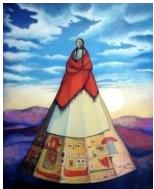
Whites branded the Black Hills.





Bigger and higher. I see far beyond them all.







"Then I see but shadows and hear only the roar of the river, and tears come into my eyes. Our Indian life, I know, is gone forever."







"This continent had to be won. We need not waste our time in dealing with any sentimentalist who believes that, on account of any abstract principle, it would have been right to leave this continent to the domain, the hunting ground of squalid savages. It had to be taken by the white race."













"You have to look deeper, way below the anger, the hurt, the hate, the jealousy, the self-pity, way down deeper where the dreams lie, son. Find your dream. It's the pursuit of the dream that heals you."





"There is no death. Only a change of worlds."







"When your time comes to die, be not like those whose hearts are filled with fear of death, so that when their time comes they weep and pray for a little more time to live their lives over again in a different way.

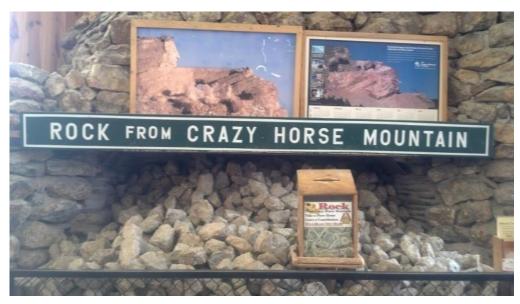
"Sing your death song, and die like a hero going home."

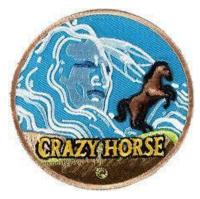
J am home!







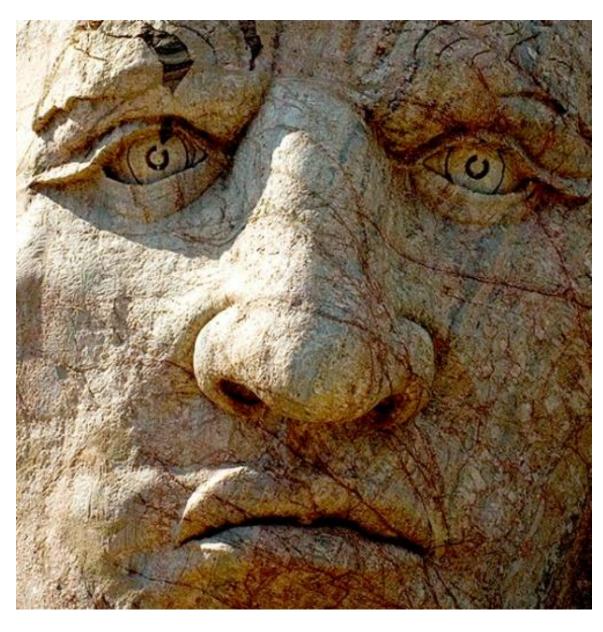








Hoka key, America, in spirit and in stone, I am your story!



And always will be forever.



"It's your New York!"

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