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*Power of Kiowa Song* [1998]; and Douglas Foley's *The Heartland Chronicles* [1995]). But this volume is undeniably rich, and perhaps more would be outside its scope. I think a second volume would be an excellent addition.

The collection itself does create an element of written dialogue through the end commentary section, which includes summary articles by Native scholars Clara Sue Kidwell, Cypress, and Haikey. Their comments are generally positive, raise questions, add new perspectives, and offer suggestions for future research.

Aside from the issue of federal recognition already discussed, the commentators add more facets to a number of topics, such as the practice of powwows in the Southeast (Lerch). Cypress, for example, questions the role of powwow traditions in tribal identity and in replacing southeastern lifeways, such as the stomp dance. Also Haikey recommends further analysis of the powwow in terms of its function in culture maintenance since it is not traditional to the Southeast.

Not only does this text offer contributions to the field of anthropology, but it will prove invaluable to any course about Native American culture, history, and contemporary issues. The text would work well as a teaching resource or reader for graduate and undergraduate students. The essays herein would aid an instructor in addressing the ethical issues involved not only in doing research with Native communities but also in representing Native American experiences, lives, and perspectives through teaching, reading, and writing in an educational setting.

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**The Bird Is Gone: A Manifesto.** By Stephen Graham Jones. Normal, IL: Fiction Collective Two, 2003. 179 pages. \$13.95 paper.

If *The Bird Is Gone: A Manifesto* is a novel, it is Jones's third. His first, *The Fast Red Road* (2000), was apparently written in allegiance to the thesis of Gerald Vizenor that the most appropriate mode for American Indian fiction is comic. His story, more or less, had to do with an Indian porno star on a journey to recover his father's corpse, which someone, for some reason, had stolen from its grave. The idea of an Indian porno star, whose masterpiece deals with history from 1492 to the now discredited "termination" scheme of 1953, is funny in itself; but in apparent homage to the dubious ideal of one of the great stereotypes of our time, the "postmodern" novel, Jones revealed a defiant unconcern for the difficulty that any reader would find in following the sudden and unmapped lurches in setting, time, and character that made reading the novel, even for sympathetic readers, a tedious exercise. Whatever the alleged inadequacies of traditionally understood narrative, it at least accorded the reader enough respect to present narrative shifts with a measure of clarity, but *The Fast Red Road* seemed to have been written to prove that maddening incoherence is a virtue.

Jones's second novel, *All the Beautiful Sinners* (2003), both was and was not a different piece of goods. A thriller that clearly revealed its author's understanding of the conventions of that genre, it dealt with the hunt for a psychopathic killer who, for reasons unclear, killed children and killed adults who could be mutilated to appear to be children and then reburied them in graves in various American communities, which, for some reason, were all named for biblical places. Generally a suspenseful read, the novel unfortunately led its readers down many blind alleys, and these exasperating misdirections spanned altogether too many pages for the story to get where it was going, particularly when the events of the plot were drenched in an almost sadistic quantity of blood.

Whether *The Bird Is Gone: A Manifesto* can be called a novel is probably an unanswerable question. Given the short pieces that seem to have been thrown in because they were thought too good to leave out, it may be more accurate to call this work a long story interrupted by short stories, if that's what they are. The long story derives its premise from a funny future event, which, we are told, originated in a legislative accident. Jones combines the traditional concern of reservation residents for their land with what has come to be called "the Popper thesis," the idea of Frank and Deborah Popper that because the settlement of the Great Plains for agriculture was a colossal environmental miscalculation, the region's most appropriate destiny is a return to what nature intended it to be, a largely uninhabited "buffalo commons." Fourteen years earlier, therefore, Congress, weary of environmentalist lobbying, enacted a law requiring the restoration of all indigenous flora and fauna to the Great Plains, only to discover that the reintroduced grass needed buffalo and the reintroduced buffalo for some reason needed Indians. As a consequence of all this the white inhabitants of the Plains have been obliged to move "back to America," and the whole area from the Texas Panhandle to the Canadian border has become "the Indian territories." Millions of Indians have rushed to live there, creating a certain amount of topsy-turviness and a number of odd problems. "[The traditionalists clung] to their microwaves and satellite dishes, while the progressives were out in the grassland with their travois and dogs and their Old Ones, refusing even the horses that followed them around" (32). Meanwhile, immigration into the Territories by non-Indian interlopers requires some test to determine who really is an Indian, so immigrants are admitted according to whether they suffer from a new strain of "pink eye" (conjunctivitis), which has been developed precisely because it can only afflict Indians. "Pink eye," we are told in the book's epigraph and in the first sentence in each of five sections, "was all the rage."

Clearly this situation is rich in comic possibilities, and the first section, "Ten Little Indians," is a collection of sketches about ten of the book's characters, most of whom are in one way or another funny cases indeed. We are told later in the book that this partial list of dramatis personae was written by one LP Deal, who took his name from a sign on a record store and now works as a janitor at a bowling alley called Fool's Hip, cleaning up after hours and clearing the lanes of debris, including on one occasion a prosthetic arm. A

sentence in the first paragraph gives us the section's flavor: "Fool's Hip gives mercy strikes if your arm falls off mid-bowl, but the limit is three per game; some of the veterans were taking advantage" (13). LP Deal is writing a book, but "Ten Little Indians" is apparently all of this work that survives; at any rate, except for this section the manuscript finally is seen burning in a trash can. His "manifesto," we are told, is written on the back of the surviving pages, but we are not given its text, and the subtitle of *The Bird Is Gone*, which suggests that the whole book is a manifesto, can only make the reader wonder.

Others among the "ten little Indians" are Courtney Peltdown, a young woman whose incredible beauty does not stand out among the five million equally beautiful Indian women in the Territories; Nickel Eye, an apparent serial killer who allegedly has killed thirty-nine "Anglo" tourists and either does or does not kill a couple more in the course of the story; the transvestite Back Iron, once a pretty good basketball player but now only a fashion plate; and Owen 82, Back Iron's basketball coach, who gets his name from his team's 0-82 win-loss record.

Unfortunately, once we get past these sketches, it is not easy to see where the story is going. Part of this problem has to do with an investigation by federal authorities of the disappearance of the victims of Nickel Eye, the alleged serial killer. The happy ending of his story is in the discovery that all of them are still alive (apparently, that is, but who can tell?). At least two of the sections are by a female government agent named Chassis Jones, blonde but able to enter the Territories because her contact lenses fake pink eye, but the unfortunate truth is that there is no real explanation for many of the book's sections. Some of them are printed in variant typographies to suggest, we must assume, other narrators than those actually identifiable, but no explanation is given for their inclusion, except that they are often funny. In "Make Him Dance," for example, we encounter Tonto, the Lone Ranger, and a young woman who, in her flight from a stagecoach holdup, comes into their camp and learns that the Lone Ranger is in fact an android.

The zany stuff in *The Bird Is Gone* is probably the best thing about it, and we can only wish that the book were better than it is because its evidence suggests that Jones is a gifted stylist with much more than his share of wit and an extraordinary sense of the ridiculous. But the plain truth of the matter is that in all three of his books he has had trouble with point of view, the old-fashioned notion that any narrative that actually can be followed must be told from an angle of vision that can be identified. Any reader who accepts this notion and therefore expects a story, any story at all, will have to wonder what is going on and probably will conclude that what is going on is just about everything—and thus, alas, not very much.

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