

# Mari Sandoz and Western Biography

by  
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In her long and prolific career, Mari Sandoz wrote short stories, novels, recollections, articles, essays, juvenile novellas, and histories, always set in the West. Her reputation rests most securely on her non-fiction. Of these, the best representations of her Western point of view are her three biographies, *Old Jules* (1935), *Crazy Horse* (1942), and *Cheyenne Autumn* (1953).

*Old Jules*, the first to be written, and her first published book, encompasses the period between the 1880s and the 1930s, during the settling of northwest Nebraska. The protagonist is, as the title indicates, Jules Sandoz, a young man of twenty-six at the beginning of the book, running as far away from his problems in his native Switzerland as his money will take him. His money takes him to the sandhills country on the Niobrara River in northwestern Nebraska, south of the present towns of Hay Springs and Rushville; he remains near this vicinity the rest of his life. The book carries us through his turbulent adventures as he becomes an important developer of this part of the country and promoter of the land, until the time of his death in 1928. But the author's purpose encompasses more than the life of her father, as she says in her foreword: "*Old Jules* is the biography of my father, Jules Ami Sandoz; I have also tried in a larger sense to make it the biography of a community, the upper Niobrara country in western Nebraska."<sup>1</sup>

*Crazy Horse: The Strange Man of the Oglalas* is the life of the man often considered to be the greatest war chief the Sioux ever produced, the young man who rose to leadership after the first encounter of his tribe with the U.S. Army over the Mormon cow killing (the Grattan affair) in 1854 to the end of the buffalo and his tribe's surrender in 1877.<sup>2</sup> Crazy Horse attracted the author's attention because of his leadership abilities, personal qualities, and tragic death, but she saw him as representing more than just himself. He lived in the nineteenth century, on the plains of the United States, and was an Indian war chief, but his life had in it all the archetypal elements of the classical hero: he was exceptional both in appearance and



Mari Sandoz

(Probably taken by Dwight Kirsch about 1935. Courtesy of the Nebraska State Historical Society.)



Lieutenant W. F. Clark and Little Wolf.

(Courtesy of the Nebraska State Historical Society.)

actions, he had dreams and visions, he was called upon for unusual sacrifice, he led his people well, and he was betrayed and killed. To this day, his people venerate him as someone set apart. In addition, one of the author's purposes was to show what happens when greed causes men to desire something a minority owns—she presents a concrete example of a smaller group who had something the majority wanted, in this case land, especially the Black Hills and their precious metals. The Indians, unprotected by anyone outside, suffered the lot of such minorities anywhere in the world. She called this book a part of her study of man's inhumanity to man.

*Cheyenne Autumn*, her third biography, traces the lives of Dull Knife and Little Wolf, two "old man" counselor chiefs of the Cheyenne Indian tribe who led their people on an incredible fifteen-hundred-mile journey from Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) back toward their old homeland in Montana, near the Yellowstone River, in the winter of 1878-79. The two chiefs led their little band of about two-hundred-eighty, including only eighty-three fighting men between the ages of thirteen and eighty, back to the North, pursued at times by as many as twelve thousand U.S. Army troops ordered to return the Cheyennes to the hated Oklahoma reservation, where they had been dying from malaria and starvation. The Indians eluded capture until they separated near Fort Robinson, Nebraska. One group followed Little Wolf to eventual safety in the North; the others, under Dull Knife, surrendered to the soldiers and were sent to Fort Robinson, to incarceration, and, for many, to death. Her book, while por-

traying the lives of the two Indian chiefs, also illustrates the epic heroism of a people whom the government persecuted and betrayed; she details through the lives of the chiefs and the members of their band what has happened to the Indians of the Plains, "the destruction of a whole way of life and the expropriation of a race from a region of 350,000,000 acres" by the whites.<sup>3</sup>

Although *Crazy Horse* was published seven years after *Old Jules*, and *Cheyenne Autumn* eleven years after that—a span of eighteen years—the three are remarkably consistent in demonstrating the author's aesthetic treatment of historical facts, indicating her moral values, and revealing her affinity to the Western myths.

Biography is related to history in that it uses historical facts for its base, but it is also literature in that the writer must use his imagination and art to create from these facts a believable world for his readers. The three necessary ingredients, as given in Sir Harold Nicolson's *The Development of English Biography*, are history, the individual, and literature. In addition, some insist that biography must do more than create a man and his time; the reader should be able to find a moral lesson by observing the success or failures in the lives of the great. If one accepts Paul Murray Kendall's definition of biography as "the delicate adjustment between evidence and interpretation," if one expects of it, as André Maurois does, "the scrupulosity of science and the enchantments of art," it is important to look at Sandoz's use of science—historic fact—as she fused science and imagination to fulfill the biographer's mission, to perpetuate a man as he was in the days he lived. Sandoz was by nature and training eminently qualified for this kind of writing: she was a meticulous researcher, with access to unique sources. As a teacher, an excellent one, she was a moralist. As are all good biographers, she was a gossip, willing to share with her audience the interesting details that made her subjects come alive. Her purpose in these three biographies is more than simply to present the lives of great men; she wishes to recreate the life of the past as these men knew it, and indicates her strong sympathy for those who are destroyed by the great forces of history.

Sandoz pursued the facts of history diligently through research and interviews. Because she believed no historian has an accurate memory she sought corroboration or authenticity from many sources. Even for *Old Jules* she spent years gathering information, though she herself had been present for many events. The quantity and quality of her research is a major factor in her work. Her material, indexed on thousands of 3x5 cards, came from hundreds of printed sources, from the vast stores of archival material in regional and

federal repositories, from scattered private accumulations, and from many personal interviews. In addition she had a large and original collection of maps. From the time she was a tiny child, looking at the maps her father kept for the homeseekers he located in northwest Nebraska, she had been fascinated with them. Many she drew herself, taking them with her on location when she explored the regions she wrote of. Whenever possible she included a map in her books. To her, place was important. She needed to understand it visually and physically.

Her sources went far beyond her written records. Certainly as important were the old storytellers she heard as a child. As she points out in the foreword to *Old Jules* (p. vii), the frontier was a land of storytellers, "and in this respect remains frontier in nature until the last original settler is gone." She spoke repeatedly of having heard such raconteurs as they swapped stories with her father in the smoky kitchen of their farm home, she a silent little listener: "I lived in a storyteller region—all the old traders, the old French trappers, all the old characters who had been around the Black Hills . . . told grand stories of their travels and experiences. . . . The Indians were wonderful storytellers. Many a night I sat in the wood box and listened." She heard her first version of the Plains historical events from them, from the Indians, the half-breeds, traders, government men, and from her father.

These oral tales, heard when she was young enough to absorb them unselfconsciously, gave her a unique insight into the views of those who stopped to "yarn" with her father, for she was thus "inside" their cultures, she understood their allusions, their points of reference. This gave her a sense of authority, for she could judge the accuracy of the various storytellers, could recognize why they told the tales they did in the manner they did for as Richard M. Dorson remarks in *American Folklore and the Historian*, "A knowledge of the folklore properties of oral tradition can enable the historian—especially the local historian—to separate fiction from fact." Crucially important to her sense of herself as a teller of tales was her belief in the spoken word, both as it was used by the tale spinners she heard as a child and by the Indians and others she interviewed as an adult. (It was also a determinative factor in her style, in the narrower sense of the term. It affected her use of dialogue and contributed to her use of metaphor and other figures of speech characteristic of the storyteller.)

Vital and exclusive information came from Sandoz's interviews "in the field" beginning with a 1930 trip to the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Reservations with her friend, Eleanor Hinman, visiting the

aged survivors of the Indian Wars. It was on this trip that the women learned important history not to be found in written records. They recognized that these ancient survivors, He Dog, Short Bull, Little Killer, Red Feather, and White Calf, so soon to be gone, were eye-witnesses to events of the past that whites were not even aware of. They learned a great deal first-hand about the lives of such leaders as Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, and Crazy Horse not known to historians; they learned what the Indians themselves thought about those responsible for events at Fort Robinson that caused the death of Crazy Horse. They also began the process of identifying the complex relationship of various Indian families, tracing the matrilinear lines, the name-giving of various individuals, and the aunt-sister-cousin relationships which eventually resulted in Sioux and Cheyenne genealogical charts Sandoz claimed to be more complete than any other in the world. It was this kinship-loyalty that accounted for several consequential actions of the time. Sandoz learned, for instance, of Crazy Horse's love for Black Buffalo Woman, a woman from Red Cloud's politically ambitious family, and its importance to later events—his injury, his loss of honors, his betrayal, and finally his defeat and death.

Another valuable source was the Ricker Collection at the Nebraska State Historical Society, where Sandoz worked for several years, containing over 200 interviews made by Judge Ricker, of Chadron, Nebraska, with survivors of the Indian Wars, the Ghost Dance, the Cheyenne Outbreak at Fort Robinson, Wounded Knee massacre, and similar events, notes sometimes so detailed she could later incorporate them into her books almost verbatim. *Crazy Horse*, she said, could not have been written without those pencil tablets.

The truth she sought so diligently, the raw facts of history, was the material out of which she formed her art. The fact that so much *information* came from such exclusive initial material makes it difficult for those who wish to check her sources. Footnotes and bibliographies in the orthodox sense are not used much in the biographies. To those not grounded in the Great Plains *gestalt*, her worth as a historian might be in doubt, but it is the very uniqueness of her sources and the fidelity to the material she alone had that are the bases for the integrity of her writing.

On one point almost all biographers agree. Kendall, Johnson, Nicolson, Origo, and others stress that the best biographer creates a simulation of the life of his subject by establishing a living bond with him. The best biography is written by one who actually knew his subject, as Boswell knew Johnson. The next-best is written by one who can imagine himself an onlooker and participant in the life he writes of, or as Kendall states it, "The simulation of the life grows

out of a liaison with the subject self-consciously cultivated by the biographer as the *primum mobile* of his enterprise." Sandoz's work fits well within the standards set by modern biographers who are agreed that a good life-writer must form an empathy with his subject in order to create a simulation of his life. Objectivity and detachment are necessary, but the total impartiality desirable in a historian would show a lack of feeling in a biographer. André Maurois points out the author's obligation to his subject: "The one thing essential is that beneath an objective surface there would be that vivid emotion which gives the book an intensity, a burning passion, which a book written in cold blood can never have." From this aspect of biography, Mari Sandoz is well qualified. She is the daughter of Old Jules and actually appears as Marie, one of the characters in that book; and although she did not know any of the three Indian heroes of her books she did know their friends and relatives and some of the participants in the action she describes, and she had grown up on the very land they had lived in. She knew her characters and their place and time intimately, and thus she presents them to us.

While the author must develop a living bond between himself and his subject, he must at the same time maintain enough detachment, enough distance, to present this life with some perspective, so that events are not too terrible or overwhelming for the reader to contemplate. Sandoz achieves this difficult balance through a dual view of *Old Jules*; she accomplishes this remarkable psychological feat by referring to herself in the third person and by divesting the author of any emotional attachment to characters in the book. Although the reader is told in the foreword that the author is the small girl in the story, nothing in the text itself gives this away. She speaks of a hunting scene, for instance: "Often Jules took the two eldest, seven and eight, small, twin-like, to trail noiselessly behind him when he went on a hunt. . . . When the gun was silent they ran to retrieve the game . . . crushing the backs of the brittle [bird] skulls between their teeth as they had seen Jules do" (*OJ* p. 284). The eight-year-old was Mari. In another, earlier scene, Jules has just proposed marriage to Mary: "She watched the man across the table. He seemed old to her twenty-eight years, graying, nearing forty. His restless hands annoyed her, and the foot he moved a great deal. . . . And sometimes his eyes were pleading as those of an unhappy dog, almost brown, and lost, hungry. Unfortunately Mary didn't like dogs" (*OJ* p. 186). Sandoz is speaking of the two who would later become her parents.

The two Indian books are presented from the Indian point of view, yet because Sandoz uses an external approach, what she calls

"over the shoulder" or "front row center," rather than that of an omniscient author, she keeps the reader some distance from her characters. The reader usually knows only what the Indians know, but he is aware that this is not autobiography. In *Crazy Horse*, the hero addresses his followers, "These soldiers of the Great Father do not seem to be men like you. . . They have no homes anywhere, no wives but the pay-woman, no sons that they can know. . ." (*CH*, p. 315). And again, "Sometimes it was days before visiting warriors saw the man they had come to follow, for often Crazy Horse kept far from the noise and the drumming, perhaps making a fast, hoping for a vision or a dream to tell him what must be done" (*CH*, p. 312). Furthermore, because Sandoz simulates the language and customs of another race, there is a further distance between reader and actor.

Biography presents special problems for the writer in both philosophy and aesthetics, in determining what facts one may present and how they are to be presented. One point of difficulty is the artist's use of "imaginative fill-in." All biographers agree that at some point they simply have no alternative but to use imagination to recreate a situation as it must have been; a certain event is known to have happened, but no documentary proof exists for it. Some writers choose to move as quickly past these events as possible, giving whatever documentary evidence is available. Others "leap" through uncharted history in other ways. Sandoz chose to use dramatic, literary technique, rather than to present a documentary, relying on such devices as direct dialogue and specific action, although not with the license or uncontrolled imagination some critics claim. Her characters engage in interior monologues or direct conversations she probably could not always prove to have taken place verbatim. However, she was using her material in a way many authorities have accepted, when used properly, from the time of Aristotle: as mythic or poetic truth fused to scientific or historical truth. Sandoz herself spoke of things "that are truer than fact." But while she felt one could dramatize history, she did not feel she could invent it. She was adamant that truth is essential to non-fiction, and that the writer must know the difference between reality and his own imagination.

The specifically Western characteristics of Sandoz's biographies reflect the world-view of one imbued with the mythos of the West. As with other Western writers, Sandoz's close identification with nature and the land is evidenced throughout her books. One critic said of her love of nature, "Piety is classical and honorable and rare. Its nature makes her yearn for the old lost golden age of man living attuned to nature." A sense of the physical aspects of the Plains is crucial throughout her work. Listed with the rest of the characters

in *Old Jules*, for instance, is "The Region: The upper Niobrara country—and hard-land table, the river, and the hills." For Sandoz, the Plains are a part of the story which can be said to be a character in her works. The Plains and the force of nature as manifested through the cycle of years form the unity and activating force in almost all her works.<sup>6</sup>

The land was also her tie with history, for on the Sandoz homestead and nearby were places sacred to the past. East of the house was Indian Hill, where ashes from old signal fires still lay, and near it the spot where the burial scaffold of Conquering Bear, the Sioux Indian treaty chief, killed in 1854, had been. She often played on the hill, finding Indian artifacts, arrows and beads, and when she learned the story of Crazy Horse she envisioned his living at this very place as a boy. "Certain it was that the young Oglala had often walked this favorite camping ground of his people, perhaps thrown plums at the pretty girl for whom the great warrior would one day risk everything he knew of this earth" (*CH*, p. viii). Working within this Western worldview, Sandoz followed mythic tradition and archetypal patterns. She saw the sandhills of Nebraska as a "Jötunheim," an "almost mythical land"; again, she referred to herself as "Antaeus-footed." The mysticism of the Plains Indians attracted her because of its relationship to nature and to the universal. In fact, Sandoz's mythic vision was predominantly that of the Indian rather than that of the white man of "manifest destiny." If she subscribed to the concept of a "new Eden," it would be from the point of view that the white man was the serpent who corrupted the paradise of the Indian.

She sees her heroes as vital forces, often larger-than-life, performing on a vast landscape—actually an epic view which, I believe, is shared by most Western writers. Epic has been defined as, "by common consent a narrative of some length that deals with events which have a certain grandeur and importance and come from a life of action, especially of violent action such as war. It gives a special pleasure because its events and persons enhance our belief in the world of human achievement and in the dignity and nobility of man."<sup>7</sup> Although this definition by C. M. Bowra was meant to apply to Homer, Virgil, and other classical writers, most of the points noted could also apply to both Sandoz's writing and her understanding of life. The Jules she writes of, for instance, is a dirty old man, but he is also a tattered Aeneas, a visionary, settling his people in a new and hostile land, often performing truly heroic feats: killing a monstrous bear; surviving the terrible fall down a sixty-five foot well and the resultant crippling; stunning a courtroom by defending himself in a torrent of four languages; bringing beauty and fertility to a marginal



region with his experiments in fruits and crops. The Indians, too, attempting to preserve their culture and their people against aggression, bring innumerable classical images to mind: the Cheyenne, Tall Bull, escaping in the battle of Summit Springs, returning to certain death in order to protect and be with his wife and child; the great warrior Roman Nose, whose magic was broken at the Beecher Island fight, but who rode into battle anyway, knowing he would die; Little Hawk, the brother of Crazy Horse, killed in a fight with the whites while his brother lay sulking in his tent; Woman's Dress, the spy and liar; Spotted Tail and Red Cloud, the men of power, the latter to live surely as long as Nestor; Frank Grouard, the ungrateful guest who repaid his hosts' hospitality with deceit; Little Big Man, who held his friend Crazy Horse's arms while the white soldier stabbed him; Black Buffalo Woman, another man's wife whom Crazy Horse loved—and if you don't believe a war could be fought for a beautiful woman, reread this episode. The Cheyenne chiefs leading their people home, inevitably recall the Biblical exodus, but Little Wolf's feats recall something also of the fabulous Odysseus; Dull Knife reiterates the sorrows of Priam, mourning over his people and his family, his beautiful sons and daughters killed. Sandoz speaks of the Cheyenne fight as "the epic story of the American Indian, and one of the epics of our history" (CA, p. vii).

The heroic characteristics of Sandoz's protagonists, the sense of doom for the Indian heroes, the classic battles of man against Fate are apparent. Crazy Horse fits most obviously into the pattern. He is, by Aristotle's definition, a great man and leader, better than most but not perfect, who is caught in a web of circumstances for which there is no right solution. There is no way out. If he had not been killed, his white captors planned to send him to Dry Tortugas, Florida, a banishment that would have been as painful as death to a man who valued freedom in his own land above everything. She knew the ancient Greek concept of tragedy, including its assertion that the function of tragedy is to purify emotion.<sup>8</sup> The death scene in *Crazy Horse* is one of the most moving in literature.

Sandoz's use of myth in the biographies, however, is not that of presenting legendary or imaginary adventures in literary form, but rather that of a historian, in the manner defined by Dorson: "The historian cannot 'collect' or record the secular myth of a nation-state, for it exists in no one place or document, but permeates the culture; he must piece it together from a thousand scattered sources, and render it explicit." It is in this sense that she uses the concepts of myth, symbol, and image, but it is this view that some misunderstand, for they assume that the mythic is opposed to scientific truth, whereas

Mari Sandoz, I believe, saw myth as a universal truth or equivalent to truth, not competitive with scientific (historical) truth. Her sense of the mythic was the means by which she presented her creative historical vision, an accepted and necessary aspect of the art of biography according to Kendall, Maurois, and others.<sup>9</sup> The old concept that myth can not be true may still affect some critics' thinking, with the result that they undervalue Sandoz's work as genuine or authentic history. It seems that the blending of mythic attitude and historical fact is somewhat rare and therefore difficult.



Wild Hog, Cheyenne High Chief.  
(Courtesy of the Nebraska State Historical Society.)



Chief Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses,  
leading chief of the Sioux, taken at Pine  
Ridge Agency, South Dakota. (Courtesy  
of the Nebraska State Historical Society.)

An epic writer is almost forced to point a moral. Bowra states: "Their heroes are examples of what men ought to be or types of human destiny whose very mistakes must be marked and remembered." He further points out that the didactic intention is always there—perhaps not explicitly, perhaps discreetly, but it is there. Sandoz was always aware of this aspect of her writing. In her biographies her message is clear. In *Old Jules* it is the idea that a new country is settled and made habitable by the law-abiding, the steady worker, rather than the outlaw. And in the Indian books it is the loss the white civilization has inflicted upon itself because of its discrimination, her belief that America can never be what it could have been, that it will always carry on its conscience the sin of what it did to the Indians.

Sandoz's perception of the epic quality of Plains history and culture is shared by other writers, historians, anthropologists and philosophers who have noted that nineteenth-century events on the

Plains are similar to heroic events in the classics; one writer calls this history "pan-human." John G. Neihardt calls his *Cycle of the West* an American epic because of the heroic deeds it portrays; Hartley Burr Alexander, too, notes the similarity in his preface to *The World's Rim*:

Indeed, the most direct approach to pre-Hellenic thought may be directly through the study of the forming speculation which the Indian rituals reveal. There is something that is universal in men's modes of thinking, such that, as they move onward in their courses, they repeat in kind if not in instance an identical experience (p. xvi).

Comparisons are made most often to the Greeks because they are most well known, but the similarities exist in the Bible, or tales of Gilgamesh, Cu Chulainn, Beowulf, and Siegfried as well. Charles Brill often referred to the Indian warriors as "red knights,"<sup>10</sup> and George Bird Grinnell spoke of the *gaudium certaminis*, the pure joy of battle, in their society.<sup>11</sup> The epic qualities are obvious to many.



Touch the Clouds, a Sioux Indian.  
(Courtesy of the Nebraska State Historical Society.)

Indeed, Sandoz's understanding and use of myth accords with that of Western realists, as described by Max Westbrook in "Conservative, Liberal, and Western: Three Modes of American Realism."<sup>12</sup> He points out that Western writers are concerned about the sacred unity of life. Since this is the major theme of Plains Indian religion, it is to be expected that Sandoz would agree. She often describes both rituals and beliefs with admiration: "The old Cheyennes, even more than their High Plains neighbors, had a rich and mystical perception of all life as a continuous, all-encompassing eventual flow, and of man's complete oneness with this diffused and eternal stream" (*CA*, p. vii).

She would agree with Westbrook, too, in the importance of the unconscious, accepting Jung's concept that the archetypes of race memory are inherited by all and that the unconscious, the intuitive, is primary, that conscious reason is unrealistic, "a bifurcation of the human soul." Her Indian heroes direct their lives in response to their dreams and visions. While communication with the unconscious is less obvious with Old Jules, the fact that he survived his many vicissitudes may well be due to this strong intuitive sense of what was right for him, and his following that sense, no matter what happened to himself or others.

Westbrook makes a further point, that for the Western realist determinism and belief in the human spirit can live side by side. This is a paradox that exists in the oldest Greek myths of Oedipus, Phaedra, or Orestes. Sandoz's biographies reveal a similar philosophy. The Cheyenne at Fort Robinson under Dull Knife are defeated by forces they cannot hope to control, but they continue their struggle, knowing they cannot win but fighting because their own integrity, their sense of their own worth as a people, requires it. Crazy Horse is fatally wounded through treachery, malice, and the jealousy of others, but his last words to his father are, "I am bad hurt. Tell the people it is no use to depend on me any more now—" (*CH*, p. 413). Although it would seem all his power has been taken from him, he himself relinquishes it.

Jules's fate too, came both from the impersonal and from human imperfections. He could not control the elements, but his biographer saw that he was his own most serious enemy: "But in Jules, as in every man, there lurks something ready to destroy the finest in him as the frosts of earth destroy her flowers" (*OJ*, p. 46).

Sandoz's view of life was remarkably consistent throughout her writing career. She saw man as "larger than life," a creature who could occasionally display nobility. As Walton points out (p. 312), all three of her biographies show men as victims of greed and exploita-

tion but they refuse to be shattered under the blows of fate; she leaves her reader with an affirmative view of man. On her particular landscape, the trans-Missouri basin, certain memorable men appeared from time to time. Her subjects are significant not only because of their own individual qualities as human beings, but because they exhibit in their particular lives universal qualities. Their conflicts are interesting as they respond or react to the force of history as it occurs for them on the Great Plains, as one culture is superseded by another. Some are caught by forces too large for them to control—by a government gigantic and relentless and sometimes apparently mindless. Some learn their fate is controlled by men too small for their responsibilities, too ignorant, or too greedy to value human life. And some fight back. These things have been going on since long before the ancients told of them, and we see them today. The theme of man and his Fate is timeless.

Just as important from the point of view of biography, in *Old Jules*, *Crazy Horse*, and *Cheyenne Autumn*, Sandoz has combined the "living past" (in terms of an accurate and fascinating picture of the time) with the "living character." She has succeeded in making the human figures compelling on any level by bringing the historical facts into the field of art through the use of her creative imagination. The fact that she knew intimately the protagonists and the landscape on which they struggled makes her work particularly important. Sandoz knew, as does John R. Milton that, "because the area is still young, its writers have the opportunity of taking a position between the Indian and the white man, between primitivism and civilization, between the land and the city, and so on, and examining within a unique time-space complex the essential spiritual problem of a god-like animal."<sup>15</sup> Sandoz hoped to match her subject matter with her art. In these three books she succeeded.

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## NOTES

1. Mari Sandoz, *Old Jules* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1935), p. vii. All further references will be to this editor.
2. *Crazy Horse* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1942). All further references will be to this edition.
3. *Cheyenne Autumn* (New York: Avon Books, 1969), pp. v-vi. All further references will be to this edition.
4. Mari Sandoz, *Hostiles and Friendlies* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1959), pp. xv-xvi.
5. Robert Knoll, *Nebraska History*, June, 1962, pp. 131-132.
6. Kathleen O'Donnell Walton, unpublished dissertation, "Mari Sandoz: An Initial Critical Appraisal," University of Delaware, 1970.
7. C. M. Bowra, *From Virgil to Milton* (London: MacMillan, 1961), p. 1.
8. University of Nebraska Archives, letter to Mrs. Robert Kryger, March 21, 1939, for example. Sandoz noted that the Greeks saw the wisdom of tragedy on their stage; from the performance the populace went away happier, rather than saddened. Sandoz studied Ancient History under the classical scholar John Rice at the University and also read classical literature on her own. The Greek concept of tragedy and its katharsis, probably first brought to her attention when she was a mature adult, may well underlie all her writing; many of her works deal with tragedy, the darker side of man, or the grotesque (note "Pieces of a Quilt," "Smart Man with Hogs," "Dumb Cattle," and "The Vine").
9. Sandoz suggested John G. Neihardt as a reviewer of *Crazy Horse*, for example, "because he is a mystic," thus he would be empathetic toward Crazy Horse, who was also a visionary.
10. *Conquest of the Southern Plains* (Oklahoma City: Saga, 1938).
11. *The Fighting Cheyenne*, (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1915, 1956), p. 12.
12. *South Dakota Review*, Summer, 1966, reprinted in *Literature of the American West*, ed. J. Golden Taylor (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1971), pp. 9-22.
13. John R. Milton, "The Western Attitude: Walter Van Tilberg Clark," *Critique*, II, 3 (1959), 58-59.