ANISHINAABEK ABROAD:
LITERAL AND LITERARY INDIGENOUS JOURNEYS IN THE 19TH CENTURY

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ABSTRACT

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The 19th century marked the first significant wave of Native North American tribal peoples to gain spoken and written literacy in English. As first-language speakers of their own indigenous languages, authors approached the learning and use of written English from dual positions of empowerment and subjugation. Their compelling experience of the processes of writing and publication underscored how English as a spoken language displaced tribal norms of communal address. The implicit devaluing of oral tradition undermined the established, place-sensitive processes of decision- and meaning- making. The contrast between the heritage of interpersonal council and the introduction of non-placed authoritative letters offers a prescient look at contemporary understandings of how access is gained and denied within the public sphere.

The traditional industry, rituals, and stories addressed in the oral tradition were based on the intimacy and immediacy of communion with an expanded sphere of influence not limited to the human. Direct interaction with fellow tribal peoples, deceased ancestors, spirits of land, air and water, as well as the corporeal and spiritual presences of animals all contributed to the establishment of communicative cultural norms. In contrast, a written tradition can normalize stepping away from the immediately shared commonalities of people and place.

The validity and authority of this literate public sphere is largely based upon racial, cultural, and anthropologic hierarchies suited to the exploitation of people and resources. The power invested in face-to-face communication rests on a foundation of the situated relationships among diverse life forces. In the literate public sphere, papers and decrees are vested with an authority that overrules the formative influence of place-based relationships steeped in the unifying eco-diversity of the commons. This dissertation explores the implications of this key difference in expressive norms through the writings of the several featured 19th century Anishinaabek authors, as well as through the inclusion of pertinent traditional stories that reflect how unbalanced relationships between people, place, animals, and spirits are of the highest moral and ecological consequence.

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Introduction

…all that was crazy, the kind of old-time superstition the teachers at Indian school used to warn him and Rocky about. Like the first time in science class, when the teacher brought in a tubful of dead frogs, bloated with formaldehyde, and the Navajos all left the room; the teacher said those old beliefs were stupid. The Jemez girl raised her hand and said the people always told the kids not to kill frogs, because frogs would get angry and send so much rain there would be floods. The science teacher laughed loudly, for a long time; he even had to wipe tears from his eyes. "Look at these frogs," he said, pointing at the discolored rubbery bodies and clouded eyes. "Do you think they could do anything? Where are all the floods? We dissect them in this class every year."

-Leslie Marmon Silko, *Ceremony* [1]

Of course, I also have self-questions and qualms about the extensive use of the English language and the Western cultural baggage that came with it... Using the English language is a dilemma and pretty scary sometimes, because it means letting one's mind go willfully – though with soul and heart in shaky hand, literally – into the Western cultural intellectual context, a condition and circumstance that one usually avoids at all costs on all occasions. Even though I believe I did not have any overt problems with it, learning to speak, read, and write in English was fraught with considerable tension for me. As a result, years later I admit I have felt uneasy and even disloyal at moments when I've found myself to be more verbally articulate in the English language that in my own native Acoma language. I have to honestly admit that there is a price to pay for selling your soul, if that's what has happened.

–Simon Ortiz, *Speaking For The Generations* [2]

The secret, she told me, was not to pretend, but to see and hear the real stories behind the words, the voices of the animals in me, not the definitions of words alone. I lectured on tribal philosophies at the university, and what she told me at first might have fallen on deaf ears in the classroom.
The best listeners were shadows, animals, birds, and humans, because their shadows once shared the same stories. She said there were tricksters in our voices and natural sounds, tricksters who remembered the scenes, the wild visions in the shadows of our words. She warned me that even the most honored lectures were dead voices, that shadows were dead in recitations. She said written words were the burial grounds of shadows. The tricksters in the word are seen in the ear and not the eye.

-Gerald Vizenor, *Dead Voices* [3]

"Brothers, I am carrying songs. I will make a place where you and I can dance. When I'm finished making our dancing place, I'll come and tell you, so that we can dance and have a good time."

-Nanaboozhoo, *Hoodwinked Dancers*[4]

To bring the traditional stories written into the archives back to life, it is best to begin with re-imagining the context in which they were told. Ethnographers and other interested parties more often than not came to the indigenous lands of the story-tellers, effectively becoming part of the influential brew of a setting that included people, trees, lakes, birds, animals, and spirits alike. These details of context are inseparable to the composition of each story's contents. Even filtered through English and recorded onto the written page, the narratives frame and highlight the moral codes imbedded in the surrounding land and the relationships of its inhabitants.

Variations on the story of "Nanaboozhoo and the Ducks" are widespread. In some of these accounts, the action begins with Nanaboozhoo[5] trying to gain the attention of some ducks and other waterfowl he comes across and wishes to draw closer in hopes of a meal. He piques their interest by claiming to have returned from the south with a bag full of new songs. In this small detail, there is a suggested parallel between the attempt to lure the ducks with a new mode of expression and the increasing presence of English in the lives of the people. To give a hearing implies gaining something that, though previously unknown and therefore likely unmissed, once present proves desirable and difficult to ignore. Tellingly, Nanaboozhoo uses the allure of these new songs to convince the ducks to come to his place for a dance, at which time he insists they close their eyes once he begins singing the songs. They do so, and he promptly rings their necks.

The story continues with a slew of misadventures that point to the divine

retribution visited upon his misdeeds, and frequently ends with both his self-mutilation and the antidotal medicine he leaves in the wake of his injuries, this being in the form of the red willow found throughout Anishinaabek homelands. These summary details offer a way of reckoning the changes being experienced in the currency of their telling. Those requesting the telling were typically literate white men, whom the teller perhaps thought might benefit by identifying both with Nanaboozhoo's misdeeds and his illuminations. Further, the visual reminders in the landscape underscore and insist upon the continued relevance and influence of all that compose the scene of the story and life overall. It is a literacy based on the land – the careful observation of surroundings steeped in the ongoing corporeal, spiritual, and moral tasks of survival.

Contrasting communication styles are at the core of the contact experience. Language and expressive conventions provide the intrinsic details of cultural difference, while also determining the process by which mutual understanding is either reached or breached. Native North American literacy in English is irrevocably tied to Western templates of education and politics, challenging past and current indigenous authors to utilize the colonizer's language in a way that advances efforts at physical and cultural survival. The troubled experience of gaining spoken and written literacy is a central factor in pan-Indian identity formation. Whatever the indigenous language was, the onslaught of Old World populations was accompanied by the onslaught of English as both imposed measure of validity and the only practical means of diplomatic resistance. The implications and process of English literacy is a key factor in the ongoing tendency of diverse tribal peoples to consider

themselves in common with Indians across the continent.

The mid- 19th century marks the first significant wave of North American indigenous peoples to gain spoken and written literacy. The learning and use of English prove fraught with questions of loyalty and validity. The supplanting of indigenous languages can undermine tribal points of view, as the need for self-representation in the literate public sphere requires fluency in ideological frameworks that assume the inferiority of the cultural alignments expressed in the original language.[6] Early (and contemporary) authors illustrate the deep reckoning of self and community that this tension between motivation and mode requires. Literature offers a way to parse out these complex issues of self and community.

My utilization of the term "public sphere" is intended to align with the works of Jurgen Habermas, who highlights the transformative effects of literacy upon societal self-identifications of the public and private self; Michael Warner, who examines the characteristic inaccessibility of often literacy-based public arenas; and Hannah Arendt, who considers how the idealized democratic milieu of the Greek town-square might actually be considered an early case of the disintegration of individual agency. Though I do not explicitly revolve my work around their collective scholarship, it should be noted that these three authors inform my baseline view of the "public sphere," which I explore more directly through the works of select indigenous authors. I find the public sphere a very useful term and concept that can encompass the complexities of communication that have evolved in the course of Western traditions of public address, which can then be contrasted with indigenous traditions possessing an entirely different understanding of what exactly is the

scope and implication of these "publics." Often motivated by cultural preservation to find an audience among readers of English, many soon found that autonomous loyalty to their own cultures was a hindrance to gaining the influential white audience they often envisioned.

Language choice is far from neutral, as attempts to bring a private voice wrought by (invalidated) tribal influences to the attention of the very public decreeing the sources and stakes of validity and worth can show. Embedded as it is with hierarchies of race and culture, the task of gaining literacy is often fueled by the desire for justice, and it's consort, retribution. From George Copway's calls for support of an independent Indian nation to Winona LaDuke's environmental advocacy, indigenous voices are raised in response to the dangerous costs exacted by the rampant opportunism that threatens the survival of peoples and places. Once the balance inherited over generations of vigilance is tipped too far, the mischief so clearly seen demands statements of dissent. The broader, ongoing history of war, relocation, boarding schools, reservations, the urban experience, poverty, environmental degradation, species loss, and so forth, attests to the commonality of woes that the contact experience brought to diverse tribes.

This broader applicability is well-served by a keener focus on regional particularities, as the specific relationships between land and people is what lay the foundation for the tensions that accompany forays into Western institutions. In accord with my interests and experiences as a Little Traverse Bay Band Odawa Indian who was raised in Michigan, this project will focus on Great Lakes peoples, who may collectively be referred to as Anishinaabek. A fellow LTBB Odawa of the

19th century, Andrew Blackbird (Mack-e-te-be-nes-sy), began his *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan* with a statement equal parts intent and critique. Musing on the "number of writings by different men who attempted to give an account of the Indians," he comments: "But I see no very correct account of the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes of Indians, according to our knowledge of ourselves, past and present. Many points are far from being credible. They are either misstated by persons who were not versed in the traditions of the Indians, or exaggerated".[7]

"Anishinaabek" is the self-referential term used by indigenous peoples of the Great Lakes region, and is how I prefer to self-identify. My intention is to come from a place of open loyalty toward, and investment in, the usefulness of the traditions. Many current indigenous scholars seek to advocate for tribal ways of living in a way that can expose and repurpose the veiled ideologies of the "neutral" academic voice. My efforts to do so hinge on foregrounding both the presence and lack of interpersonal communication within the English public sphere as experienced by the newly literate Anishinaabek of the 19th century. I propose that the difficulty of translating the keen intimacy of the interpersonal relationships necessary to oral traditions into an arena reliant on the changeability of authoritative papers and decrees is but one layer of the deep irreconcilabilities of the worldviews represented. Indeed, the communicative norms of the English language used by the pilgrims, merchants, politicians of America prove inextricable from policies that ignore entire ecologies in favor of the self-elected superiority of but a (white,

landowning, male, human) sliver of the earth's population. In response to the established hierarchies that imbued that conqueror's language, indigenous people often took their learning of it on frequent journeys to directly confront the powers that be in Washington. This attests to an invested belief in the need for council as the perhaps the only sure way to assure everyone has a voice. Even with the displacement of the original, autonomous language of the ancestors, these efforts at direct, face-to-face confrontation reveal the continued influence of interactive philosophies based in real-time and place. Still obliged to enter the world of published letters in the quest for sympathetic audience, attempts at tribal advocacy within the literate public sphere marked a different sort of journey, also fraught with issues of self-identification and cultural loyalty.

A credible account of the people, in accord with self-knowledge and independent identifications, needs to be at the forefront of any literary or theoretical explorations of indigenous writings in English. Cree scholar Craig Womack summarizes his own endorsement of tribally specific literary inquiry with the point that "Even postcolonial approaches, with so much emphasis on how the settler culture views the other, largely miss an incredibly important point: how do Indians view Indians?" [8] Nineteenth century archives not only provide an idea of the traditions from which newly literate authors are coming from, but also evidence how the conventions of English, spoken and written, exact a heavy toll on the retention of indigenous perspectives and priorities.

As with indigenous peoples the world over, the Anishinaabek possess a diversity of motivations and strategies in relation to the learning of English. Though there are

certainly key differences of accessibility between learning to speak English and learning to write it, my primary interest is in how both of these markers of literacy can be understood as conflated matters of an alien consciousness to those with an indigenous language base. Early indigenous experiences of literacy offer a logical point of study for the psychological and political concerns that characterize forays into the norms of an English public sphere. For Native North American peoples, both anthropological interviews and education in English were integral to imposing racial and species hierarchies that ultimately justify the taking of land and resources.

Womack advances the effort to determine "what can be innovated and initiated by native people in analyzing their own cultures rather than deconstructing Native viewpoints and arguing for their European underpinnings or even concentrating on white atrocities and Indian victims".[9] This requires that indigenous understandings of the land, its resources, and inhabitants provide the foundation of any subsequent inquiries into the dynamics of contact. The specificities of place, flora and fauna determine the lifeways and languages of those aligned with the benefits and consequences of this dependence. In *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, George Copway (Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh) concludes a story relating the origins of the Midewiwin, or Medicine Worship, with the following:

> The strangers gave them these words, and then left:
>
> "There is not a flower that buds, however small, that is not for some wise purpose.

> There is not a blade of grass, however insignificant, that the Indian does not require.
>
> Learning this, and acting in accordance with these truths, will work out your own good, and will please the Great Spirit."[10]

This decree provides the climactic conclusion of what is one among many narratives focused on the consequences of hubristic imprudence. In this particular story, "penalty followed transgression" after a member of this earlier Indian nation tried to climb and then snapped a forbidden vine "which had before been the ladder of communication between heaven and earth."[11] Disease and death followed, until the "strange visitants from heaven" who were the "tutelar gods" that had used the vine to descend and bless the people, eventually returned and "asked the nations what they wished to tell the Great Spirit in their distress."[12] Requests for the return of the vine, the end of disease, the killing of the one who broke the vine, and for a great deal of game were bested by the final petitioner who asked that "the Great Spirit would send them that which would calm and relieve them in distress."[13] The way to relieve distress is to act in accord with the collective dependence upon even the smallest life-forms.

The aforementioned "charter from the Great Spirit" was revealed following a key transformative action in the landscape, in which "the strangers then gathered up all the flowers from the plains, river and lake sides; and after drying them on their hands, blew the leaves with their breath, and they were scattered all over the earth; --wherever they fell, they sprang up, and became herbs to cure all disease."[14] The

words spoken by the strangers provide a mere outline of the benefits accorded by the tangible proofs of the Great Spirit's merciful act. Surrounded by the healing herbs, the people are moved to observe the truth of the decree. The charter gains meaning only when the people tend to and learn about the leaves and herbs. Significance and purpose is vested in the continued cycle of growth: *the words are secondary to the actions surrounding them.*

This is just one of many "clean slate" stories found in the vast archives of the traditional Anishinaabek stories on written record.[15] Common, key factors include the mortal threats wrought by transgressions in self-restraint and self-regard, alongside the "second chance" afforded by the healing capacity of the Great Spirit, as it is expressed through a renewed bounty of the land. The healing of disease, the easing of fears, and the shame of the transgressing act, all find relief through the re-establishment of the overriding hierarchy of basic survival: the complex needs of humanity, physical and spiritual and intellectual alike, are utterly beholden to the living land. The health of the people hinges on the earth's bounty. It is a basic tenet found in the narratives that were central to inter-generational teachings, and it provides the setting in which early authors worked out the process of reaching an English-speaking audience awash in moral and ecological transgressions.

Copway recalls a hunt in 1837 in which the herd of "buffalo is very large, and grazing they blacken the prairie as far as the eye can reach."[16] Writing in 1850, he states "the game is being killed more and more every year… Twelve years ago we could go seventy-five miles west of Dubuque, Iowa on the Mississippi, for game of every kind up to buffalo; now, I travelled last summer four hundred miles west of

the above mountains towards the Missouri river, and found no game of any kind!" [17] The exclamation point underscores the almost unbelievable nature of this change in the landscape and its inhabitants. The prairie once blackened by buffalo becomes eerily devoid of life, as "more and more every year", the new arrivals on the continent violate the foundational truths found in the Midewiwin charter. The Great Spirit provides for the people by urging them toward the discipline and agency that prioritizes the wisdom and purpose found in even the smallest blade of grass. Those who would defy this straightforward formula will only come to know loss, disease, and distress.

The dominant culture's tendency toward the shaming and ridicule of Indian ways particularly focus on those aspects of indigenous culture that seem most alien to an economy based on the exploitation of resources. Esteem for elders, dreams, and animals were targeted as childlike, backwards, and superstitious – effectively putting these values at odds with tribal people's need for self-advocacy within the crucially limited public sphere. This indicates, more or less consciously, systemic efforts to silence those intellectual legacies that at their core resist the exploitation of people and of the commons. The cultivation of mindful, respectful interactions with the surrounding ecosystem figures into most, if not all, indigenous traditions. This viewpoint needs unequivocal support and reclamation by tribal people, who have potentially transformative legal claims to certain lands, and who have been variously divested of this baseline identification with the land. English plays a complex role in past and present efforts at cultural revitalization. Indeed, the conqueror's language is both at the root of cultural loss and an integral means of

revival.

That we have been divested of our traditional teachings is a long story with myriad players. Education and literacy in English has contributed to the psychology of alienation from these teachings, while also becoming the language through which statements of resistance are made. I intend to advocate for the usefulness, and indeed necessity, of traditional values. This calls for synthesizing three characteristics: 1) immediacy of observation and interaction as key to language and interpersonal and interspecies relations, 2) tensions inherent to entering a written public sphere that encourages the forsaking of indigenous identifications, and 3) the demonstrated ecological efficacy that is parcel to (and lost with) the maligned traditions. Motivated by my sense of identity as a Little Traverse Bay Band Odawa, this project will be in accord with the Biskaabiiyang approach to research.[18] As Wendy Makoons Geniusz states in the introduction to her study of botanical archives: "Biskaabiiyang approaches to research begin with the Anishinaabe researcher, who must look at his or her own life and how he or she has been personally colonized in order to conduct research from the standpoint of anishinaabe-inaadiziwin."[19] Rough translation of the term inaadiziwin is provided as "anishinaabe psychology, way of being."[20]

Many current scholars of Native American literatures strive to demonstrate how the available archives, inevitably touched by the hand of this hemisphere's experience of colonization, are nevertheless useable as conduits of indigenous knowledge for those seeking cultural revitalization. I am interested in what it means to have an Anishinaabek point of view in both past and present spheres of

literacy. How do those motivated by cultural loyalty and advocacy bring the philosophic inheritance of language and stories into a written enterprise that asserts its own particular intellectual alignments and cultural hierarchies? I appreciate the conceptual foundation provided by Michael Warner's work in the public sphere as both the arena for the democratic exchange of ideas, and the non-place where core patterns of inaccessibility lurk.[21]

My project rests primarily on the works of 19th century first-language Anishinaabek writing in English, with a mind toward traditional stories and practices. In part, I seek to demonstrate how the written approach of select 19th century indigenous authors draws from, or is in conflict with, the techniques, and invested beliefs, characteristic of traditional stories. I wish to consider how language format affects and typifies ecological relationships. Interactions among humans as well as other species can either be foundational to the processes of narrative guidance, or can be sacrificed to futile calls for the objective, neutral records favored by officialdom (i.e. the treaty-makers).

Claims to the validity of oral-based traditions are too often co-opted by written documents inherently removed from the real-time relationships that ultimately determine the stakes of survival. Reckonings of truth expose basic differences in priorities - differences that find expression through alternate means of communication/communion. On the one hand is the sanctioning of the writ - which is accessible to those who have the education and means to enter into a literate public sphere limited not only socioeconomically and racially, but also anthropocentrically. On the other hand is the determining power of the observed –

available to those who interact with their surroundings with acquiescence toward their utter dependence on its continuance. Natural law cannot be broken, but it can be flouted without the proper vigilance that can reign in hubris. If the English language was born through conquest and the processes of its justification, those using English to defy the consequences of conquest must work against its power to decree its own validity. The power of papers (and, now, handheld media devices) must be subverted, the snake must eat its own tail, if the ideology of distraction that relies on turning away from the earth to look for authority, validity, and truth in Washington or Hollywood, or even universities, is going to be bested.

And yet, like the routinely alarmed nineteenth-century Anishinaabek who were inspired to learn and write in English in order to literally save their people from the legislative and popular pennings of their doom, here I am writing a dissertation at a university in order to advocate for the traditional values their foresight partly helped preserve. The increasing loss and distress of the ongoing ecological devastation is related to Western priorities that encourage transgressions against the earth, animals, and spirits. Transgressions of the sort detailed in indigenous stories, and thereby best understood in relation to the settings and themes featured as critical to the practical responsiveness of the narratives. These are the same narratives that were deemed impediments to the gaining of Engish literacy and assimilation into the American way of life.

My scholastic means are tempered by a long history that equates academic rigor with the sort of rationality that would refuse to even consider the viability of the spirits, let alone name them as active players. Handling the tension between the

content and the context is a matter of making tribal loyalties and biases transparent and useable despite the authority granted to academic neutrality and emotional remove. Herein lay the possibilities of the Biiskabiiyang approach, wherein the motivations of the speaker/author are inextricable from their experience of indigenous identification and colonial resistance. As Jeanette C. Armstrong phrases the matter: "My writing in English is a continuous battle against the rigidity in English, and I revel in the discoveries I make in constructing new ways to circumvent such invasive imperialism upon my tongue."[22]

Though I've always known myself as an Indian, it would not be until my young womanhood that my identity as an Anishinaabek became of deep and primary importance. Around the time of my 20th birthday, I took to the habit of spending hours each day in the company of a small pond and the plants and animals surrounding it. The awareness grew that I was just another living thing in attendance, no greater or less, but able to be accepted as part of the scene. This realization lent me a profound sense of humility, as well as gratitude for the opportunity to simply observe, appreciate, and learn. In short, I became acquainted with my humanity in a way that resonated with the presence of the turtles sunning themselves on logs, the great blue herons preening, and the crabs emerging from the mud.

Though these daily meditations indeed fit nicely into the common experience of youthful idealism, they were nevertheless very personal and formative, and provided me with a foundation of joy and loyalty that I draw upon still. I took these feelings into libraries, and looked to learn more about my ancestor's traditions. I

came away with an intuitive sense that land and language are inextricably bound. This thought has had a core influence on my analysis of literature and theory. Independently sought knowledge of traditional stories and practices provides a frame of reference keenly suited to finding the blind spots in the philosophic outlook of canonical authors. This intellectual base supports my constant analysis of how land (and creature) awareness is or is not present in diverse literatures. I hope this frame of reference aligns my methodology with the critical need expressed by Jace Weaver in his essay "Splitting the Earth: First Utterances and Pluralist Separatism." He writes:

> Just as Native American literature by definition can only be produced by Native writers, so native American literary criticism (in contrast to criticism of Native American literature) must be in the hand of Native critics to define and articulate, from resources we choose. It must simply be a criticism of our own. That, it seems to me, is the essence of intellectual sovereignty. Mohawk critic Gerald Taiaiake Alfred puts the matter succinctly when he notes "Our deference to other people's solutions has taken a terrible toll on indigenous peoples." [23]

My education has been a process of comparison, between the many European works I have encountered as an English scholar, and what I understand to be the core intention of traditional Anishinaabek teachings: the cultivation of mindful, respectful interactions with the surrounding land and its inhabitants. I am motivated as an academic to effectively convey the Anishinaabek perspective in its full complexity and insight - to liberate the indigenous viewpoint and move beyond

the silencing labels of cliché and naïveté. It did not take me long to realize the consistent resistance the word "traditional" can draw from vigilant academics ever on the watch for essentialism. Nevertheless, I use it as the term that most readily indicates such stories that evolved from pre-contact times to remind both young and old how the familiar plants, places, animals, and phenomena daily surrounding them contain the detailed lessons of survival and morality.

I know all too well the accusations of purity and Romanticism inspired by even the word traditional, let alone the insistence that traditional stories and lifeways hold valuable lessons beyond haggling over terms. I am fully willing to answer for the usefulness of the designation, if only for my certainty that other Anishinaabek will know exactly what I mean and accept the distinction as a relatively succinct way to reference the old stories and patterns of life. Research and writing should be accessible even to those unable to decipher the specialized jargon of academia. My ideal audience includes anyone interested in how traditional teachings affect the use of English, to further reveal the links between ecological awareness and communicative style.

For tribal people determined to prove themselves and their traditions alive and well, it is necessary to figure out and pick back up what was left behind. Reverence for and reliance upon ecological interconnections ought not be dismissed as a primitive vestige of pre-literacy days, or as pandering to stereotypes. Rather, the earth awareness evidenced by the traditions allows for relationships based on active stewardship and humble self-restraint. The written word doesn't enable connection to other humans in the same way face-to-face contact does. At the

cornerstone of the Western public sphere, the written can also dismally limit who and what is considered a player in the ordering and balance of needs that determine proper actions and moral codes. Yet, if circumstances dictate that appeals for justice be made through conduits of literacy (be that book, pamphlet, internet, or tweet), one ought do so with full awareness of the limitations and inequities parcel to these formats. In addition to the wealth of traditional stories available in the archives, understanding what early indigenous authors left out of their writings in hopes of gaining a wider audience can help articulate what exactly is being reaffirmed when one identifies as indigenous, and advocates for the revitalization of traditional lifeways.

The five chapters I have written explore interpersonal communication as a facet of spatial awareness, in relation to which the written public sphere is a necessary but flawed replacement. Because this is itself a written text, I must rely on the resonance of key images and scenes in hopes of establishing a shared context. The smoking of the pipe, for example, encompasses the immediacy of interaction and communal intent that requires the actual presence of people, asemaa (tobacco), the pipe itself, and the fire and breath that releases the visible smoke as tangible proof of spiritual petitions that are inseparable from decision-making. I wish to place the burden of proof a bit outside the academics of textual validation, and look to the sensory story of formative experiences like the pipe, the gathering of birchbark, the long journey to places unknown, the laughter and movement that surrounds the telling of stories. In accord with how I understand the moral training parcel to traditional stories to work, I insert various parts and wholes of what I find to be

tales related to the critical task at hand. However, I include them without comment in order to allow the reader his or her own freedom of interpretation. This seems as close as I can get to the spirit in which the stories were shared, as the diverse audience to whom they were traditionally told were not provided with a summary lesson or moral, but rather expected and invited to discern the significance in accord with personal understandings and abilities.

Most of the authors I have included are Anishinaabek, though other tribal people's voices that are included reflect how spatial awareness relates to the scope and purposes of indigenous narrative expression. In chapters one and two, the writings of Blackbird, Copway, and Warren establish how the role of English in an insider's game of influence and prestige is intertwined with, and complicates, the urge toward tribal self-identification and representation. Chapter three offers an analysis of a particular collection of stories collected by Homer Kidder, a white man, who had access to a group of three elders: Charlotte and Charles Kawbawgam, and Jacques LePique. The interplay between the closely-held beliefs of the four further highlights the connection between living relationships and narrative purpose. In chapter four, I approach the influence the American Romantics have had in the actual and written lives of indigenous people. Emerson and Thoreau are considered in realation to the documentation of their tribal contemporaries whose struggle to find a balance between tradition and modernity is touched by the long shadow of Romantic fictions of the shadowy, authentic Indian. Finally, in chapter five, the remarkable insights penned by Maungwudaus offer a first-hand account of how Anishinaabek sensibilities can infuse an English text and liberate the written form

from hierarchies of exploitation. His text is an instrument of cultural loyalty tied to the emotional, psychological, and philosophic experience of a place and people.

For 19th century authors and, indeed, for those juggling such spheres today, the inherited knowledge of stories and the learned knowledge of the book both aver to larger forces that simultaneously provide and limit the reckoning and communication of truth. The narrative arcs of traditional stories, and the word-by-word narrative composing the language of their original conception, are created by lessons gleaned experientially and observationally - grounded in the immediate surroundings of the earth's complex of relationships. I would argue that this awareness affects the dynamics of the written public sphere, to reveal how indigenous storytellers and authors navigate the codes and expectations of the publics encountered. 19th century writers provide an experiential transition point between traditional stories and upbringings and the work of contemporary authors and scholars seeking to articulate and validate tribal identifications. The determination to express the validity of tribal priorities to a potentially unreceptive or judgmental public requires a keen sort of virtuosity - one that adheres to a multifaceted blueprint for survival.

Chapter One.

Languishing in Their Literacy: Indigenous Identity and the Noble White.

In the oral tradition of the Anishinaabek, literacy was largely a matter of observable associations and consequences, characterized by the situational malleability of being spoken in real-time in an intrinsically illustrative real place. The Western brand of literacy required transference of influence from the spoken word into the seeming stability of the written. The switch would have profound consequences in the reckoning of truth and authority. Gaining entrance into civilization meant casting off tradition as the primitive, superstitious trappings of barbarism.

19th century Anishinaabek authors Andrew Blackbird (Mack-e-de-pe-nes-sy) and George Copway (Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh) pursued education and literacy as central to their hopes for basic survival. The need to influence the dominant culture inspired political arguments and literary approaches in the effort to be "heard" by an assumedly influential reading public. Their experiences in the written public sphere reshaped the priorities of these tribal peoples, resulting in a confusion of loyalties and unsettled identifications. As forebears of learned textuality, their struggles, convictions and disappointments underscore the ambiguities of achieving literacy in order to access a mostly unseen public.

Once upon a time Nanabushu was traveling about the inland. By and by he came out upon a lake, and so there he saw numerous Geese. Very keen was his desire to eat them. Thereupon he said to them: "Look, my little brothers! Hither, come here!" And although hitherward came the Geese, yet not so very close did they come. And again he addressed them, saying: "O my little brothers! Come hither, I want to kiss you." They were afraid to come close. At last up inland went Nanabushu; some osiers he went to get. And when he had put up a small wigwam, again he spoke to the Geese, saying: "Come hither, let us play, we will dance!" At last he persuaded the goslings. And so when they had gone inside of the little wigwam, thereupon to them spoke Nanabushu, saying "All shut your eyes when you dance." And then he sang:

"A dance with eyes closed to I bring (to you).
A dance with eyes closed do I bring (to you).
A dance with eyes closed do I bring (to you).
A dance with eyes closed do I bring (to you)."

Thereupon they really closed their eyes when they danced. And when all had closed their eyes, he seized a Goose; whereupon he broke her neck. [1]

Education was sought foremost as a means of basic physical continuity, whether that meant remaining on ancestral lands, improving quality of health and life, or replacing traditional means of sustenance. The sheer magnitude of the mortal uncertainties found hopes for cultural identity and continuity more subtly advanced, and often qualified by stating the superiority of white refinements in civilization. Indeed, tribal beliefs and values were typically abandoned as barriers to the aid and improvement deemed necessary to survival. Examples of derogatory language aimed at traditional Indians and teachings abound in both author's works, complicating the equally frequent explanations of tribal understandings and

practices.

A key instance of this occurs early on in *The Life of Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh*. A Canadian Ojibwe, Copway recounts his childhood days at Rice Lake that saw him "out early and late in quest of the favors of the Mon-e-doos (spirits,) who, it was said, were numerous – who filled the air!"[2] The exclamation point perhaps serves to second the assumedly scandalized incredulity of his implied Christian reader. Yet, his previous understanding of the active spiritual presence infiltrating the whole of his surroundings offers a key element of Anishinaabek philosophy, lending perhaps unintended depth and usefulness to his narrative. Indeed, the presence of the Mon-e-doos suggests the richness of the surroundings that Copway's childhood memories are set against.

It seems unlikely that the Mon-e-doos would inhabit the decimated forests created by the lumber barons. In terms of biodiversity, one can imagine that air filled with spirits was equally filled with the birds so often considered emissaries and agents of the spirits. Understanding the great flocks as sources of food, fertilizer, and the means of sowing partially digested seeds all underscore the deep practicality of the worldview that Copway is prepared to distance himself from as fancy. Gaining the favor Mon-e-doos at the very least involved a close familiarity with the places they occupied, which according to Copway was everywhere, and ostensibly at any time. In *Ojibway Heritage*, Basil Johnston makes the point that "There is in animals a unique capacity to sense the changes of the world, the alteration of seasons, and the coming state of things. Man does not have the preknowledge possessed by bluebird, or trout, or squirrel. For man to prepare, he

looked to his elder brothers" [3] As a recipe for educating one to the diversity of his surroundings, and thereby the cycles and possibilities of sustenance, the childhood Copway describes is unmatched in its knowledge of ecological relationships. The spiritual beliefs of the Anishinaabek cannot be understood separately from the settings in which they flourished.

> *Now, once again was Nanabushu traveling along, when he then saw some more geese that were in a lake. Thereupon he spoke to them, saying: "Pray, do you make me look the same as you." A long while was he coaxing them. At last, "All right," he was told. Accordingly by each one was he given a feather. And when the number of feathers was enough (to cover him), then truly like a goose was the look of Nanabushu. Up he also flew when he went about in company with the geese. And when it as getting well on towards the fall, "Therefore now is the time for us to be going away," he was told. Thereupon they rose on the wing, as on their way southward they went, (and) they sang:*
>
> > *"By way of the mountain-ranges do I fly along through the sky,*
> > *By way of the mountain-ranges do I fly along through the sky,*
> > *By way of the mountain-ranges do I fly along through the sky."*
>
> *And then he was told: "Do not look everywhere, but straight toward the way we are bound do you look. For not far away do some people dwell in a town who shall be in the way of our course. Do not for any reason look. Everywhere will be heard the voices of the people shouting. Do not look at them." When they came to where the people lived in a town, already were the geese seen flying past. "Hey! Just look at the geese! Truly big is one of the geese!" All sorts of noise did the people make. At last did Nanabushu look, whereupon he was accidentally hit on the wing, broken was his wing; and then down fell Nanabushu.*

> *"Hey! One of the geese is falling!" They went after it, they chased it hither and thither to capture it. And when he was on the point of being brought to bay, he thereupon rose to his feet. "Wi'i'i'i', that was what Nanabushu made himself look like!" And so they laughed heartily at Nanabushu.* [4]

Copway's determination to insert himself into the belief systems of his ideal audience tints the story of his youth with an embarrassment that reveals the most obvious points of his cultural irreconcilability. Referring to ritual practices of music and movement, he states:

> In the days of our ignorance we used to dance around the fire. I shudder when I think of those days of our darkness. I though the Spirit would be kind to me if I danced before the old men; and day after day, or night after night, I have been employed with others in this way. I thank God that those days will never return. [5]

Copway ironically thanks God for the loss of a key cultural practice of unity and esteem, though one of his stated intentions is "to devise some plan by which we can live together, and become a happy people, so that our dying fires may not go out [our nation may not become extinct,] but may be kindled in one place, which will prove a blessing to our children."[6]

The systemic outlawing in 1934 of ritualized singing and dancing as perpetuators of paganism and barriers to assimilation also happened to demoralize the spiritually bereft nations. Where the tribes remained in any number (despite the shattering effects of the Dawes and Homestead Acts,) such policies were meant to assure that they existed in body alone, denied access to the means of a unified indigenous

identity. In *Native American Tribalism*, D'arcy McNickle provides the commentary of an "agent to one of the Sioux tribes (who) expressed the opinion that 'as long as Indians live in villages they will retain many of their old and injurious habits. Frequent feasts, heathen ceremonies and dances, constant visiting – these will continue as long as people live together in close neighborhoods and villages. I trust that before another year is ended they will generally be located upon individual land or farms. From that date will begin their real and permanent progress.'" [7]

Basic physical presence is intrinsic to cultural identity. The community-building practices of dances, feasts, and visiting cannot as readily occur among populations separated by the individuating implications of private property. As literate Anishinaabek, Copway and Blackbird embraced education as a remedy to the seeming futility of their ostensibly doomed traditional upbringings. Yet their attempts to actively engage the world were arguably as, if not more, beholden in intent and style to tribal philosophy than Western authority. Copway's desire to see his people happy with their fires "kindled in one place" is distinctly at odds with the vision of progress advanced by the Sioux agent. Only by "living together" can the children be blessed. In other words, real place and real time interactions are necessary to the healthy continuity of the generations, both physically and psychologically. As is reflected in myriad stories, right action is determined by observable phenomena. Though his purposes lead him to disavow the dancing he used to partake in, Copway retains enough of his tribal alignments to advocate for the close communities that arise alongside the shared fireside.

Thereupon he abode with them. Now they killed fish there where they were spending the autumn. In the course of time (the lake) was frozen over, so thereupon there they spent the winter. Now they had some children. As tie went on, they at up (all) their fish. Thereupon this was what (Nanabushu) said to them with whom he lived: "Now, therefore, we will eat your fishes first; and then afterwards, when they are gone, then our fish will we eat."
And so truly that was what they did. Now, it was true that they ate the fish of the others. In course of time they at up (all) the fish. And so after they had eaten up the fish of his companions, they that were on the opposite side of the (lodge) fire, then gone were all the fish of the other; thereupon he became angry at them, and so moved away. Not far away he made his camp, and so of course thither he took his own fish. So thereby hungry became the others whose fish he had eaten up. Now, as for the man (whose fish had been eaten up), he kept his children alive by means of sweet-brier berries. So once when home came the man, "Now, I fear that we shall starve," he said to his wife.
"I fear so," he was told. [8]

The norms of print culture insinuate an alien distance between observation (seeing and understanding) and declaration (speaking and being understood). The difference is conceived of and responded to in a variety of ways by the Anishinaabek. In the early 1890s, elder Charles Kawbawgam of Sault Ste. Marie remarked: "If the Indian had been as wise as the Chinese or the French or the Germans, our people would have made books so that we should remember what happened in ancient times. But all that the Indian knows is that there is a creator above, who made the world with everything in it and gave the Indian a heart to know the Great Spirit"[9]. In Kawbawgam's reckoning, there is a distinction between

the wisdom evidenced through books and the knowing acquired through the heart. Let us understand the "heart" in terms of fidelity toward the Great Spirit, sustained by constant contact with the works of the "creator above". If one understands the indigenous language as an articulation of specifically rendered, sharable observations of the creator's works, the advent of written English replaces the immediacy of the communicative act with a template potentially unrelated to the place or people effected by the consequences of the utterance.

There is a key difference of accountability here, as the measures of validity are on the one hand largely dependent on social cues and shared experience, and on the other hand favor codes of authority developed by people in situations far removed from the life of the commons. For early authors like Blackbird and Copway, the foray into letters would mostly end in disappointment. In large part, this is testament to the difficulty of reconciling the desire for empathetic communion with a written model whose biased codes of validity afford no certainty of a hearing.

Further, and particularly for Copway, the self-promotion required by an often fickle public sphere of changeable tastes insinuates a shift in focus from the communal to the individual, a prioritizing that is quite alien to traditional tribal polities. Seemingly firm moral motivations behind a given message become susceptible to codes of transmission beholden to hierarchies of representation. The danger of this is being left bereft of concrete tribal relationships once public notice moves on to the next exotic subject of interest willing to bend to and perpetuate the commerce of worth. As Henry Louis Gates suggests, "literacy…could be the most pervasive emblem of capitalist commodity functions."[10] Limiting access to literacy

assigns contradictory functions: to measure the democracy of reason and also stand emblematic of white exceptionalism. For the newly literate, these ingrained barriers of access amount to what Gates called the "trap" of intellectual indenture to White measures of validity.[11]

Their expectations and experiences of literacy lead Copway and Blackbird to exalt the idea of the American public, only to languish in the limitations of access and esteem afforded to them as representatives of that same public's limited conception of their people. I wish to consider these dynamics in relation to any remaining evidence of traditional alignments in order to place these early authors in the ongoing effort to assert tribal identity and autonomy.

Though the Waganakising Odawa (also known as the Little Traverse Bay Bands of Odawa) had interacted with the French and the British for well over two hundred years of commerce and military campaigns, the arrival of the Americans following victories in the War of 1812 proved particularly challenging to the retention of cultural autonomy. The Odawa underwent long migrations in congruence with their central role in the French fur trade, traded for European goods with major military posts in need of the sustenance of indigenous gardens and harvests, fought in numerous campaigns for both the French and the British, and were generally in the thick of the European presence within the Great Lakes region. In short, there was already considerable cultural influence before the Americans ever arrived in the region of the Waganakising's primary village, already 3000 strong by the mid 18th century.[12]

Yet, the Odawa had in large part kept to their established seasonal cycle,

following the patterns of the fish, maple trees, and corn as they moved throughout their industrial year. Because it would not be until the 1870s that the lumber companies began felling the ancient trees of northern Michigan in earnest, the lands surrounding Little Traverse Bay in northwest Michigan were still heavily forested in the autumn of 1835, when the boy Andrew Blackbird and a "little chum" climbed to the top of a notable “very large double cedar tree” to observe the departure of their "people as they were about going off in a long bark canoe."[13] Their boyish climb and commanding view are both made possible by the forest that also served as the means of the journey being undertaken.

The canoe was undoubtedly fashioned from wiigwaas, birchbark, one of the single most important components of the Odawa's livelihood. The boys watching the men would be fully cognizant of the import of the wiigwaas, it being, with cedar, one of the two trees that the botanical expert, Ojibwe medicine woman, and university professor Keewadinoquay taught as being able to “provide for you everything that you need for survival.”[14] Perhaps they were even witness or party to the gathering of the bark, of which Francis Densmore wrote: “In old times the procuring of birch and cedar bark was an event in which all participated.”[15]

Taken as a snapshot, then, the imagery of the scene is composed of elements long familiar to a woodlands people shaped by the careful harvest of the surrounding lands. Indeed, the composition of the scene approaches the idyllic. There is suitable resonance for those seeking accounts of savage life in its satisfyingly picturesque nobility, and also for those seeking evidence of Blackbird's reliance on the clichés of the dominant culture he is courting entrance to through his literacy. However, the

fuller context does not end with either of these takes. The Odawa children and the adults they observe are in the midst of deep changes to the knowledge and activities guiding all aspects of survival. The reader finds a different relationship to land at the forefront of this particular gathering of the peoples, as the birchbark canoe is being boarded for the purpose of "going to Washington to see the Great Father, the President of the United States, to tell him to have mercy on the Ottawa and Chippewa in Michigan, not to take all the land away from them."[16]

To "take all the land away" is quite simply the merciless equivalent of taking all. Taking the basis of physical survival, of stories, of custom, of moral upbringing, of aesthetic pleasure, of a people's refined reckoning of life's spiritual purpose and meaning. Of this childhood era, Blackbird asserts that "Then I never knew my people to want for anything to eat or to wear, as we always had plenty of wild meat and plenty of fish, corn, vegetables, and wild fruits. I thought (and yet I may be mistaken) that my people were very happy in those days, at least I was as happy myself as a lark, or as the brown thrush that sat daily upon the uppermost branches of the stubby growth of a basswood tree which stood near by upon the hill where we often played under its shade..."[17] Such musing is not merely in service to the picturesque litanies popular with a white reading audience: it is a tally of loss decisively rendered in the past tense of the threatened lifeways that motivate his written voice.

> *After he went ashore, he then left behind all of his equipments. After he had gone up from the shore, he then*

truly went walking along. In truth, he was observed by the Bluejay; as soon as he was seen, the Bluejay was heard calling out. After he had offered it the oak acorn, it therefore ceased its cries.
Now again came the other running. "Hist! What is the matter with you?" he said to the Bluejay.
And this said the Bluejay: "He took from me the oak acorn."
The Bluejay was told by the other: "Why is he not himself able to procure the oak acorns?"[18]

Shaped by an eminently practical culture reliant on keen observation, the people's response to the land grab is one of strained hope and conviction in the power of earnestly sought council. Literally surrounded by and traveling within the measure of their utter reliance on the bounty of the land, their journey acknowledges the requirements of a wholly different, yet clearly decisive, reckoning of its value. The Americans arrived with an intrinsically different measure of the connections between life and land. Here was the commodification of worth, that counts land as property to be parceled out, developed, treated and taken by virtue of powers and papers seated in places far away.

D'arcy McNickle states the consequences of these contrasting views as "the misfortune of the New World inhabitants to have been 'discovered' at a time when the major European nations were devising the strategies of colonialism and building the industrial machine that made colonial exploitation profitable. The competition for raw materials which characterized and indeed motivated industrial growth allowed o latitude for concessions to humane principles. Any political power that was not prepared to override scruple where native people were concerned might

find itself out of the race for pre-eminence in the market."[19] The Odawa travel into an uncertainty of locales and customs, the former requiring the skill and courage to navigate extensive waters, the latter demanding they cross over into a world where the flimsiest of papers can take the very land from out beneath their feet.

And so with his "little chum", still himself the boy he refers to as "brought up in pure Indian style", Blackbird "saw some of our old Indian women weeping as they watched our principal men going off in a canoe. I suppose they were feeling bad on account of not knowing their future destinies respecting their possession of the land."[20] Because it is a written account after the tradition of the English education Blackbird received, he could be accused of lending some sentimental pathos to his crafting of the scene. But more important is the awareness that these elders were indeed mourning a departure into realms unknown, bound to the vicissitudes of forces unseen and potentially unrelatable. Certainly, for the old women, whatever was to come would be accounted for in ways unreadable.

This particular scene from Andrew Blackbird's youth underscores the political motivations of his 1887 publication *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan; Grammar of Their Language, and Personal and Family history of the Author*. To somewhat grossly simplify matters, if the French wanted them for their fur trade and the British wanted them for their might in arms, the Americans wanted the land, and them out of the way. It did not take long for the Anishinaabek to realize the need was now for political interaction, to which the principal men's departure to Washington testifies. The journey also attests to a recurrent tendency of Anishinaabek advocates to seek out face-to-face contact with those in positions of

power.

> *And this to her said Nanabushu: "how could it possibly be that I should be the only (child)? You must be hiding it from me," he said to his grandmother. And this now he said: "Why do you behave in such a way that you should keep form me that which has happened to us? In spite of all that, not am I ignorant of what has happened to us.. In existence somewhere I am sure are my brothers. Please do convey to me the knowledge of what happened to us."*
> *Thereupon frightened became the old woman. So this she said to her grandson: "Well, I will tell you about it. Of a truth were you not alone at the time when you (and they) were born. As true as I speak, this was what happened to you (and them): you (and they) killed your mother at the tie when you (and they) were born. Verily, had I not carried our the purpose of my mind, I could never have reared you."*
> *And this he said to his grandmother: "Oh, so that was the sort of thing that happened to me when I was born! Why, it was not I who killed my mother." Whereupon he there made up his mind (what to do). "Therefore will I go see them," he thought, "those brothers of mine." Accordingly, then was the time he said to his grandmother; "Therefore will I go to see him who made me an orphan."*
> *"Don't!" in vain was he told by his grandmother. "what is the reason of your undertaking that you should go and seek for him?"*
> *"Nay," he said to her, "rather am I determined to do it." So thereupon he then set to work making some arrows.*[21]

The penchant toward face-to-face communication is a simple yet key aspect of the interpersonal dynamics indigenous people brought into the distinctly literate public sphere of American politics. Education was purposely sought after as a means of gaining entrance into the political arena where critical decisions were being made

and writ. This motivation is in tension with the difficulties engendered by the push for assimilation. As a key force for assimilation, English education included the destabilization of family and community connections, alongside the struggle for self-identification and pride within systems of knowledge dismissing, demonizing, and ridiculing indigenous practices.

19th century indigenous writers almost without exception gained education through efforts at religious conversion and blatantly assimilatory educational goals that seem specifically tailored to the expunction of anything remotely resembling current notions of tribal nationalism. Men like George Copway and Andrew Blackbird may at first glance seem wholly aligned with the underlying hierarchies of such projects - as clearly having internalized stereotyped white views of Indians. As Copway effusively declares in his classic 1850 publication *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*: "Education and Christianity are to the Indian what wings are to the eagle; they elevate him; and these given to him by men of right views of existence enable him to rise above the soil of degradation, and hover about the high mounts of wisdom and truth."[22] The imagery of the eagle even then was a clichéd referent, and Copway's style attests to his admiration of the sentimental turn of phrase.

Yet, looked at through a lens that privileges Anishinaabek rather than Western influences, it becomes apparent how consistently efforts to master "new" expressive modes are shaped by political purpose. Further, there is the shadow story of how increased reliance on the written as the means to political advocacy displaced the Anishinaabek's tendency to settle matters of import through prolonged councils of

gathered interests. Scenes of indigenous orators speaking under the offices of the pipe were more than fodder for popular fiction, but the customary manner of assuring the group's intentions focused on truth and a full hearing. As noted in *Gah-Baeh-Jhagwah-Buk: The Way it Happened*, a 1992 publication by the LTBB Odawa, "The Ogemuk negotiated settlements to disputes and held councils in which all villagers spoke their opinions. Important councils…could take days of oratory and skilled listening to win a consensus of followers."[23] Compare this to the American style of governance favoring the representation of interests, where results are made part of official records that may be read but are distinctly difficult to challenge or change. Blackbird succinctly describes the unfortunate results of the contrast when he states that the "Indian's oath and evidence are not regarded in this country, and he stands a very poor chance before the law. Although they are citizens of the State, they are continually being taken advantage of by the attourneys of the land; they are continually being robbed and cheated out of their property, and they can obtain no protection or redress whatever."[24]

There is significant tension in the need to advocate politically though untrusting or uncertain of one's audience. If gaining sympathy and advocacy is the goal, the vehicle of written English has crucial limitations regarding who speaks, who listens, and to what end. In *Letters of the Republic*, Michael Warner outlines the process and significance of how 18th-century print culture established the authority of the written, as sanctioned by its own vested worth, and apart from actual public discourse. In this scenario, the mystique of letters not only disempowers the

illiterate, but also the literate who cannot count on their lived experience to supersede the authority accorded to the written. Warner offers the Constitution as an example of how the "legitimation of the document itself" renders the "oral setting…henceforth secondary."[25] As seen in tribal people's transition from council fire to penned plea, the written word trumps human interchange. Warner goes on to provide his canny take on the consequences of this displacement, wherein the Constitution comes to exist as a "written text ceaselessly representing a voiceless people."[26] That a document can effectively take the place of or silence dissent bodes ill for those who not only lack representation, but whose needs are undermined by the pennings of officialdom.

Glaring example of this is apparent in the stacks of treaties that promised little, delivered less, and relied on vested authority while trying to take all. Warner understands the 19th-century as the period when "a nationalist imaginary and a liberal ideology of literature arose together, because both divorced the public value of printed commodities from the public discourse."[27] Real-time and real-place voices are silenced by the vested authority of written representation, and subordinate in the determination of what specifically is American. It is a recipe for reflexive catchphrases meant to encapsulate and validate an ideal America. Such rhetoric was primed to bolster ongoing attempts to neutralize the Indian Problem and thus gain the land.

Two illustrative words: Manifest Destiny. America's nationalist imaginary became intrinsically tied to the dual heroics and philanthropy that described the

spread of civilization. If the written possesses a particular validity because it is written, it thus little requires, and is resistant to, alternate measures of veracity. Indigenous advocates and authors would find themselves entering a realm where the normalized reification of documents is in distinct conflict with direct interpersonal exchange. Americanization through education hinged on the teaching of English literacy.[28] Warner's work shows how the instilled ideologies effectively displaced conversation with commodity – the power of papers in hand.

Copway makes crucial distinctions concerning the value of Indian education, distinctions that hinge on the dynamics of interpersonal exchange. Situated human relationships fatally complicate hopeful visions of literacy's boon. He insists that English education must be conducted by "men of right views of existence" who themselves are not mired in "degradation". Indeed, much of his text credits Indian degradation to the influence of those unsuited to his role-reversing vision of a noble white "society of the good, religious, and refined."[29] An ideal society that falls neatly in line with such values as are espoused in the Constitution, one might add. Jurgen Habermas contends that publicity is commonly understood in terms of "the public as carrier of public opinion" with a "function as a critical judge."[30] In *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere* he describes how the notion of the judicious, influential ideal public is unfeasible in light of the "collapse of the public sphere" in a classical Greek sense, and yet still holds a "peculiarly normative power" as a central ideology shaping "intellectual history." [31]

This can be taken to mean that the influential public Copway and Blackbird seek

to influence exists only in the abstract, a “noble white” society that provides a national imaginary keenly suited to alternately ignoring or validating less savory realities such as slavery and the Indian Wars. Despite the complications of a fictitious public that places what Habermas called “a final veil over the difference between reality and illusion”, people with real problems must nevertheless try to gain an honest hearing for their dissent.[32] Thus, in spite of his seeming pandering to "Friends, Christians... (whose) love for mankind has penetrated the forests, and is to-day shedding its holy influence on many a happy group assembled around a birchen fire", Copway cannot be dismissed as mere assimilated mouthpiece for the dominant culture; he is far too aware and critical of social and political realities for such a simplified view.[33]

Alongside (and in the subject matter and motivation behind his writing, overtaking) his romantic, indeed fictive, vision of noble whites are the woes of Indian encounters with "the worst classes of pale faces":

> They soon adopt their foolish ways and their vices, and their minds being thus poisoned and pre-occupied, the morality and education which the better classes would teach them are forestalled. This is not to be wondered at when it is generally known that the frontier settlers are made up of wild, adventurous spirits, willing to raise themselves by the downfall of the Indian race. These are traders, spirit-sellers, horse thieves, counterfeiters, and scape-gallowses, who neither fear God nor regard the laws of man. When the Indians come in contact with such men, as representatives of the American people, what else could be expected of them? It is not strange, that, seeing as

> he does the gross immorality of the whites whom he meets, and the struggle between the pale face for wrong and the red man for right, which begins when they first meet, and ends not until one dies, that he refuses to follow the footsteps of the white man in the attainment of science.[34]

It is important not to read this passage as a simple blame game, so much as the unfortunate reality he undertakes to redress. Face-to-face contact of this sort undermines the prospect of literacy as a saving voice for the people, and highlights how interpersonal realities determine the actual dimensions of social advocacy. Copway's high-minded appeals to sympathetic masses of literate whites are frustrated by the reality of the less vaulted populations that have the most influence on tribal circumstances.

Nevertheless, Copway is determined to use his education to somehow present the real story in a way that will satisfy what he believes are the refined literary tastes of his ideal audience. He must take a politically proactive position that refuses victimization but demands recognition of wrongs and subsequent justice. Current critic Sean Kicummah Teuton, in his 2008 book *Red Land, Red Power: Grounding Knowledge in the American Indian Novel*, speaks of himself and fellow Indian scholars as "those challenged to test and defend our ideas not only in our literatures but also in the world - where, few would disagree, our ideas refer to actual political realities."[35] It is significant that Copway's plight as an Indian scholar with only 20 months of formal schooling in the mid-19th century places him in company with contemporary academic understandings that unite the intellectual with the political agenda. Though he was keenly certain that any substantial action and change was

dependent upon the concern of whites, it can still be argued that Copway deserves to be mentioned as an honest advocate for tribal interests ultimately motivated by a belief in the right to an autonomous existence.

> *And then they say that he spoke to his father and mother, saying: "My father," he said to them, "the time is at hand for me to go away. – And you, my elder brother, Nanapadam, do you stay here to watch over them who are here," he said to him; "to be ruler over them," he said to him. "And myself, I shall go away I wish to seek for my grandmother," he said to him. "I had made her a promise," he said to him. "Anyhow, we both have not had the same kind of birth, so that we should ever be together," he said to him. "You are yourself, my elder brother, like a real human being; and (as for) myself, from what was thrown away (at birth) was the source from which I sprang," he said to his elder brother….*
> *And so at last he was asked by his elder brother: "O my younger brother!" he was asked, "what is the reason that you are not chief over them, you who brought back to life them that are now alive?" he said to him.*
> *Accordingly Nanabushu gave answer to his elder brother: "O my elder brother! " he said to him, "it is you whom I wish to watch over them," he said to him.*
> *"Oh!" he was told.*[36]

So far as Copway's immersion in the era's prevalent measures of civilization would allow, his attention to the complex realities of sociopolitical interrelations perhaps unexpectedly aligns him with the sovereign interests of *American Indian Literary Nationalism* coauthors Craig Womack, Robert Warrior and Jace Weaver. They assert that "we remain committed to an old and persisting dream in which indigenous groups in the Americas author their own destinies as distinct peoples

with a discrete political status in the world."[37] Complicating a direct correlation, Copway does not lend indigenous groups primary authorship of their own fates, and plainly states his motive in "thus giving a sketch of my nation's history...(is that) I may awaken in the American heart a deeper feeling for the race of red men, and induce the pale-face to use greater effort to effect an improvement in their social and political relations."[38] Still, his was a cause with an articulate and carefully detailed platform, "stating that the most requisite things for the Indian are these three -- a mechanical or an agricultural education, a high-toned literature, and a rational moral training. Give him these, you make him exalted. Deprive him of these - you make him degraded."[39] The succinctness of his stated goals does indicate a desire to author the destinies of his people. Yet, it may be that this dependence on whites, characterized by his faith in their letters, leads to his disappointing end.

Copway's work is replete with views that sometimes reek of a "kill the Indian, save the Man" mentality. Though his concern is the preservation of the people in the most basic sense, by placing the possibility for improvement firmly in the hands of sympathetic whites, he dismisses the efficacy of the traditions to help effect this. He writes:

> "to the Christian and Philanthropist, I present in these pages an account of the rise and progress of events which have greatly advanced the moral elevation of my nation. Should they see in it anything to stimulate them to greater action, now is the time, now the hour to act. It can be proved that the introduction of Christianity into the Indian tribes has been productive of immense good. It has changed customs as old as any on the earth. It has

> dethroned error, and has enthroned truth. This fact is enough to convince any one of the unjustness and falsity of the common saying, that, "the Indian will be Indian still."[40]

Though part of *The Traditional History* is devoted to a small grammar of Anishinaabemowin and meditations on its underlying indications of the people's character, his more impassioned, activist agenda leads him to declare "Our language perpetuates our own ideas of civilization, as well as the old usages in our nation; and consequently, how limited our field of acquiring knowledge! On the other hand, by giving them an English education, you introduce them into the endless field of English literature, and from the accumulated experience of the past, they might learn the elements which would produce the greatest amount of good to our nation."[41] Though his comments can be interpreted as deeply disloyal to the community of Anishinaabemowin speakers, his pro-English stance bespeaks his hopes that there will be a future for the Anishinaabek at all. The point is to understand the contradictions in terms of what they reveal about the convictions he has regarding the people's survival, and how that's related to the options and strategies born of his literacy.

If he is willing to sacrifice the language, it does not necessarily mean that he would cast off any and all intimations of a tribal worldview. The benefits of an English education do not rest in wholesale assimilation. The following passage suggests that there is a two-fold gain:

> Much has been lost to the world, through a neglect of educating the red men who have lived and died in the midst of educationary privileges, but have not

> been allowed to enjoy them. They hold a key which will unlock a library of information, the like of which is not. It is for the present generation to say, whether the last remnants of a powerful people shall perish through neglect, and as they depart bear with them that key... Give the Indian the means of education and he will avail himself of them. Keep them from him, and let me tell you he is not the only loser.[42]

Copway's vision of Indian education enables the carrying of this symbolic cultural key into an idealized, welcoming public sphere.[43] That education is so frequently cited as a solution to tribal woes implicates a literate audience, whether it is a white audience in a position of power and influence over Indian policy, or a future population of literate Anishinaabek who are invited to decide what aspects of this legacy of literacy are to be considered indicative of a nationalist tribal identity.

Copway was familiar with the disappointments of an education in English. His writings are peppered with evidence of his frustration over the good his literacy has thus far afforded the plight of the Anishinaabek. On the occasion of a 1845 Great Council that assembled to address their concerns to Lord Metcalf, Governor General of British North America, Copway remarks that the petitions "as we learned afterwards, were received with a simple nod! of the head. O mercy! is this for ever to be our destiny? Common humanity, at least, would have induced his Lordship to speak a few conciliatory words, if nothing else. Our reception was both discouraging and chilling."[44]

Copway's determined and effusive faith in the benefits of education is tied to his faith in the quality whites he seeks to influence. Yet, alongside this seeming

deferential assimilatory urge, Copway details who and what is specifically responsible for the decline of his nation, and insists that these matters unequivocally require judicious redress. Again, such purposes place him in company with Teuton's portrayal of Red Power activists who "began to see their poverty not as the fitting consequence of their hapless lives, but as political subjugation enforced by an occupying power."[45] His dismay over what the "occupying power" has wrought encourages calls for mercy from more charitable whites at the same time he insists that the wrongs suffered by tribal people at the hands of reviled whites demand divine retribution. On the subject of alcohol, Copway states:

> But as soon as these vile drinks were introduced, dissipation commenced, and the ruin and downfall of a noble race has gone on - every year lessening their numbers... The ministry of this country, and the sluggards in the cause of humanity, say now: There is a fate or certain doom on the Indians, therefore we need do nothing for them. How blasphemous! First you give us rum by the thousand barrels, and, before the presence of God and this enlightened world, point to God, and charge him as the murderer of the unfortunate Indians. "Oh, Mercy, oh, Mercy! look down from above, great Creator, on us Thy sad children with love." Yes, save us from such orthodoxy! The laws of nature deranged in the Indian, both morally and physically, has been the consequence of his sinking condition.[46]

Here he exposes the hypocrisy of religious and political maneuverings in a manner reminiscent of abolitionist writers. In both cases, the moral and intellectual

templates of the dominant culture are employed to inspire outrage at their twisting. Copway's authorial intent is revealed through a narrative strategy that logically offers the ill consequences of current policy in concert with the fanning of affective flames. On the subject of relocation to reservations, he details his doubts over "what sort of guarantee do they have of their continuing on their lands unmolested?"[47]

He lays out a path of American encroachment and development that obliges further removal, that then leads to tribal to reticence to lay roots in inevitably coveted lands, thus encouraging their continued reliance on a hunting culture doomed to such scarcity as the wholesale killing of the Buffalo creates, and eventually driving them to "live on the cattle of the frontiers - as soon as the first bullock is killed, the cry will be heard, 'The Indians are coming on us.' The answer will be, 'To arms, to arms,' and the soldiery of the United States must be sent to go and destroy a few dying and gasping Indians."[48] The closing image of these gasping Indians underscores the aforementioned appeal to emotions and sentiment, as Copway's language takes on an increasingly dramatic cast. Yet for all the grandiloquence that elicits how "the boom of the cannon and the rattle and peal of the drum will sing the dirge of the once free and powerful sons of America", the very real and ultimately stark prospects of 19th century indigenous nations remains chillingly apparent in the exhortation "Great God, save us from realizing the horrors of an exterminating war!"[49]

Alas, wars there were, and of such character that the massacre of children still resonates with the phrase "nits make lice", and a picture of the frozen corpses of Ghost Dancers piled on top of one another at Wounded Knee in 1890 represents for

many the end of the military struggle. Yet those "never meant to survive" did, to confront an onslaught of federal policies designed to deal with the Indian Problem through non-exterminating, but nevertheless destructive, policies. Policies that included the forced education of children in residential schools, the consequences of which can be understood to both complicate and validate the belief in education as a means to survival.

To return to Andrew Blackbird, his *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan; A Grammar of Their Language, and Personal and Family History of the Author* was published nearly half a century after George Copway's exhaustive accounting of injustices and possible solutions. Yet in 1887, the plight of the Anishinaabek was such that it still moved Ottawa author Blackbird to declare "My own race, once a very numerous, powerful and warlike tribe of Indians, who proudly trod upon this soil, is also near the end of existence."[50] He attributes their decline to the familiar specters of disease, alcohol, participation in white warfare, and the dubious legal wrangling that resulted in losses of property from which "they can obtain no protection nor redress whatever." [51] Blackbird's response to the hardships of his people is a determination to protect them and seek redress - a determination that again hinges on using literacy and education for cultural and political purposes.

The cultural aspect of his project foregrounds the precarious odds for the preservation of such values as are contained in the language and stories. Highlighting the changes wrought by even just one generation's severance from tradition, he states:

> And now I have four children, but not one of them can speak the Indian language. And every one of the little Indian urchins who are now running about in our town can speak to each other quite fluently in the English language; but I am very sorry to add that they have also learned profanity like the white children. For these reasons it seems desirable that the history of my people should not be lost, like that of other tribes who previously existed in this country, and who have left no record of their ancient legends and their traditions. [52]

At the same time he laments the influence of outsiders on his children's severance from their tribal heritage, his preservation strategy relies on the written language of the outsiders. The crucial point to realize is that it is an English language keenly purposed to his intentions. In this instance, to make purposeful record of legends and traditions that reflect a time when "every child of the forest was observing and living under the precept which their forefathers taught them, and the children were taught almost daily by their parents from infancy unto manhood and womanhood, or until they were separated from their families."[53] In the case of children sent to boarding schools, the familial separation born of natural maturation is warped into a forced physical and cultural upheaval aimed at control. But for Blackbird, education is a beacon showing the way out of the morass of disadvantageous treaties. His *History* devotes much space to the saga of his determination "to go, in defiance of every opposition, to seek my education", and the application of this education to his political efforts.[54]

One major project was his advocacy for the right of citizenship in the State of

Michigan, a cause for which he trekked hundreds of miles, undertaking his own epic journey in a quest for parley. Though literacy in English grants access to a reading public, Blackbird and another young Anishinaabek man departed in the middle of the winter to meet the Governor, until eventually a "clause was put in the revised statutes of the State of Michigan, that every male person of Indian descent in Michigan not members of any tribe shall be entitled to vote."[55] The provision that the Anishinaabek "renounce our allegiances to our chiefs" reveals the difficulty of wholly overcoming the legalese designed to strip sovereign power at the very same time it seems some benefit is being gained.[56] The dismal prospects behind such renunciations serve to highlight the high stakes Blackbird saw riding upon citizenship, which he thought would "be the only salvation of my people being sent off to the west of the Mississippi, where perhaps, more than one-half would have died before they could be acclimated to the country to which they would be driven."[57] As with Copway, the motivation to achieve facility in the language of white institutions partly lay in mortal fear.

As mentioned, Blackbird's securing of his own education involved considerable hurdles. Not the least of which was an Indian Agent set on punishing him for an independently Republican vote in the 1856 election. This was the first general election Indians participated in and one that saw aggressive efforts to influence and control their votes. Such was their pressure that Blackbird, who so advocated for just such a day, remarks how "At that time I felt almost sorry for my people, the Indians, for ever being citizens of the State, as I thought they were much happier

without these elections."[58] He credits his truncated stint at the Ypsilanti State Normal School with the small allowance afforded by the vengeful Indian Agent, as the allocated funds were of such a meager amount "I imagined I was beginning to be sick on account of so much privation, or that I would starve to death before I could be graduated, and therefore I was forced to abandon my studies and leave the institution."[59] The situation gave Blackbird firsthand knowledge of the difference between the imaginary and the sensory: though he may have pictured educational institutions as sanctuaries of the just and refined, the actuality meant more suffering, seemingly for the reason of being an Indian.

> *Thereupon departed Nanabushu, travelling about; when he was come a certain distance, he saw some young ruffed grouse in a nest, and very full they filled the place in the nest. Nanabushu sat down beside them, very tender was his feeling for them. He counted how many they were; twelve was their number. And then he spoke to them, asking: "By what name are you called?"*
> *Naturally afraid were the little ruffed grouse. Not were they able to speak. One spoke up: "We have no name."*
> *Nanabushu spoke in an angry way: "How is it possible for you not to have a name? IF you do not tell me what you are called, I will club you to death."*
> *Naturally much did he alarm them; after a long while they said: "Why, Little Frightener is the name we are called."*
> *"Oh," Nanabushu said; "that is it!" Then up to his feet rose Nanabushu; standing over them with legs spread apart, he eased himself upon them. (Observing) them suddenly groping about in the slush, Nanabushu addressed them, saying: "Yes, you are a little frightener! Phew!" exclaimed Nanabushu, laughing heartily at them. "Correctly inform your mother when she arrives."*[60]

Upon Blackbird's return "home I did everything towards the welfare and happiness of my people", whom he found in the dire straits of increasing alcohol use.[61] In moving example of the autonomous application of the learned power of the written word, he "immediately caused the pledge to be signed in every village of the Indians, in which I was quoted successful, as almost everyone pledged themselves never again to touch intoxicating drinks."[62] His efforts would require face-to-face appeals, and the communication of his earnest concern was likely crucial to the success of his "written" campaign. Perhaps inspired by such success, and still smarting from his experience with the Indian Agent, Blackbird also took on his defining political project: to gain tribal autonomy over the use of educational funds standing at $8,000 per annum. Blackbird "wrote a long article" contending that this fund "had been handled and conducted for nearly twenty years, and yet not one Indian youth could spell the simplest word in the English language, and these writings I had published in the Detroit Tribune for public inspection."[63] He adds his voice to the public sphere of the lettered, betting on the power and utility of the very literacy he wants to see passed on to Indian youth via the liberation of the $8,000.

These highly specific and proactive political motivations are necessary to understanding Blackbird's abiding faith in education as more that a parroting of the civilizing mission. The language is often in the same vein, but is presented with angry demands for redress that overshadow default support for pure assimilation and charity. He states:

> But in order that my people can enjoy every privilege of civilization, they

> must be thoroughly educated; they must become acquainted with the arts and sciences, as well as the white man. Soon as the Indian youths receive an education, they should be allowed to have some employment among the whites, in order to encourage them in the pursuits of civilization and to exercise their ability according to the means and extent of their education, instead of being a class of persons continually persecuted and cheated and robbed of their little possessions... If my plan could have been adopted, even as late as thirty-two years ago, we should have had, by this time, many well-educated Indians in this State, and probably some good farmers, and perhaps some noted professors of sciences would have been developed, and consequently happiness, blessings, and prosperity would have been everywhere among the aborigines of the State of Michigan. [64]

It can be assumed that Blackbird pictured "every privilege of civilization" as something quite different from the manual labor and maid service into which Indian boys and girls were most typically trained. Family members often complained of the discrepancies between the promising visions tied to a civilizing education and the actualities of overwork, underfeeding, poor health, and an education that prepared their children to fill only the lowest rungs of society. An educational experience that saw hope turn to further hardship was far more common than the opening of privileged doors. Again, there is a link here between the idealized, saving force of beneficent whites and the idealized, saving force of a refining education. Neither one matched the realities of race and class that assigned Indian children to lesser roles before they even step foot in a classroom.[65]

Blackbird is ultimately unsuccessful in his attempts to overhaul the handling of the education fund. The defeat seems to have had an effect on his convictions about education as the road to "happiness, blessings, and prosperity". The change becomes apparent in the chapter entitled "The Lamentation of the Overflowing Heart of the Red Man of the Forest". In a much different style of prose than previously employed, his writing cries out "Oh, my destiny, my destiny! How sinks my heart, as I behold my inheritance all in ruins and desolation", asserting that "The red man will never live happy or die happy here anymore."[66]

Blackbird's later, shorter 1900 publication *The Indian Problem, From The Indian's Standpoint* also focuses on education reform and includes the "Lamentation" in verse form. That he maintains the conviction that there is no longer to be any happy living or dying suggests that the civilization process thus far has proved to be a matter of bare survival rather than contentment. Indeed, he has grown in his awareness of how the written functions in the play of continued oppression. In a synopsis of the public mood toward Indians as it is bolstered by the diffusion of letters, he writes:

> They might as well die or be killed, every one of them, from the face of the earth, for a dead Indian is better than a live Indian. These frightful statements are heard all over the United States and every Caucasian child and every Indian child that is able to understand knows this dreadful feeling toward us. These statements are translated and republished in foreign countries, so every foreigner coming to America comes with a prejudice and a persecuting spirit towards the aborigines of America. Therefore there is no

peace nor shelter for the Indians, from injustice.[67]

Published 13 years after his *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, the author's mood is bleaker and the solutions more extreme than what he penned in his younger, ostensibly more hopeful days.

The first part of *The Indian Problem* chronicles the woes born of interactions with unprincipled whites, as well as their influence. This includes entrepreneurs who build "in this once quiet village" 40 saloons vs. 9 churches in a stark example of alcohol's prevalent influence, as well as government officials whose actions lead Blackbird to declare "it is high time that the red flag or some other danger signal be hung upon the present Indian policy, or the Indians will all die with 'improvements.'"[68] Yet after attributing the dissipation and degradation of the people to these encounters, he asserts that "After much study of this subject I come to this conclusion: that in order to civilize and christianize them, (and not only Indians, but every nation on the earth), long continued education is what is required, even a classical education, such as white people have."[69] This seeming contradiction could be explained in part by an adherence to a counter-fantasy of the noble white, ideal audience. Blackbird baldly states: "the cure of ignorance must come by direct association with refined, intelligent, well-cultivated people, in order to be taken out of natural barbarism into true civilization."[70] His stance again underscores the tension that underlay visions of an intellectually vibrant "direct association" with refined white as the path to refinement, as it contrasts with a reality that advanced Indian education as the road to docility, composed largely of

manual labor.[71]

Blackbird seems to have given up hope that the tribe can improve its lot through political autonomy. In a dismal reckoning of the Anishinaabek community, he dismisses parents as heathens and considers it positive that "after one generation has passed away, eventually all the old ones will be entirely gone, and consequently a new generation, who will be civilized, intelligent and cultivated, will represent the old race of America, once the home of their forefathers."[72] Blackbird gives over the traditions with a readiness all the more alarming for what he proposes as the right strategy for attaining the promise of a new generation. Having earlier stated that "frauds, by the aid of law, are continually perpetrated against Indians", and despite having once nearly starved in a university stint under-supported by an Agency official, Blackbird now urges that "our children's education should remain in the hands of the Government."[73] Even more disturbing, he recommends that they "take the small children, the smaller the better, and distribute them in small lots, among public institutions of the United States to let them be educated among English speaking people."[74] It is difficult to imagine this stark method of distribution as anything other than impersonal at best. In response to likely objections to the cruelty of the prospect or assertions that "they should be handled very carefully, and gradually and slowly brought into the light of civilization... I say, cut at once the right length. It will be much better than cutting by slow degrees."[75] (18). The violence of such cutting off is only increased by the supplied metaphor of a dog being relieved of its tail.

> *This was he told by his grandmother: "Vast harm have you wrought upon the living of the future by causing them to do such a thing. Listen to the reason why I tell you. On account of that act of yours when you attacked your brother, that by your attacking him so should the living come to do to one another, is the reason why I tell you this; the children, I say, are the ones whom you have harmed. Such, therefore, is the way I look upon it," he was told by his grandmother.*[76]

The total and dramatic severance proposed by Blackbird in the name of advancement through education largely comes to fruition. Yet, as numerous chronicles of the boarding school experience can attest, the experience was far from a benign welcoming into the fold of civilized citizenship. For the two authors, their own forays into the literate public sphere left them disappointed in their agendas and seemingly divested of the faith they had placed in education. Copway's final decade of life was marked by a steep descent in his popularity, a questionable mental state, and his inability to revive public interest enough to avoid financial ruin. Blackbird laments his financial losses in connection with a post office he was ordered to renovate, only to be removed and left "penniless in a cold world, to battle on and struggle for my existence; and from that time hence I have not held any office, nor do I care to. I only wish I could do a little more for the welfare of my fellow-beings before I depart for another world, as I am now nearly seventy years old, and will soon pass away."[77]

Neither author was able to use the authority of the written to advance the plight of their people as they had envisioned. They placed their hopes in education and

literacy as the way to attain such refinements, favors, and security as their ideal white public possessed, to the point of sacrificing the worth and potential support of their own people's traditions. Yet both were raised among those whose favored councils and prolonged decision-making aligned with Hannah Arendt's contention that "men in the plural, that is, men so far as they live and move and act in this world, can experience meaning only because they can talk with and make sense to each other and to themselves."[78] Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh and Ma-ce-te-pe-nes-say struggled to assert the meaningfulness of what they knew into a written forum unsuited to earnest appeals that might counter the nationalist fiction of America. Despite efforts to win over an educated white audience through equal parts conviction and flattery, they would ultimately languish in their literacy, alienated from the power of both the spoken and the writ.

Nevertheless, cultural revitalization efforts can benefit from a backward glance meant to determine exactly what was given up in the struggle for basic survival. Copway and Blackbird both placed their hopes for renewal in the hands of the imagined noble white American audience necessary to the authority of the written. To align themselves with the norms of the print culture they sought entrance to, they were willing to sacrifice not only language and moral teachings, but also the cultural continuity created by the contact between younger and elder generations. In these early forays into the written, the Anishinaabek had to somehow move past the baseline orality of their previous interactions. In accord with the language of literacy and educational advocacy of their day, their intentions demanded a switch in loyalties from their Anishinaabek upbringing to the idealized arena of the

educated and civilized. Their efforts at inclusion found them bereft of solid community alignments within either group. Yet, in the work of current indigenous scholars, English-language education ultimately inspires a firm determination to retain connections with and access to the very ancestral identification from which Blackbird envisioned a necessary separation. The challenge remains: how to use an English education to communicate in a manner that supports one's identity as indigenous?

Chapter Two.

The Authority of Association: William Warren and the Fires of Hospitality

In his 1885 text *History of the Ojibwe People*, Anishinaabek author William Warren demonstrates his awareness of the limitations of print's veracity and accuracy. Warren attributes the inaccuracies that plague the majority of published ethnographic works to the limited access frequently fame-seeking authors actually had to the inner workings of tribal life. His writing style and authorial asides underscore his determination to set the record straight. In this, he consistently favors the direct accounts of the Anishinaabek elders he enjoyed close relationships with, even and especially when their narratives contradict what was contemporarily considered the authority.

Insofar as Warren works to expose how the authority attached the written undermines the process of establishing a true history of the people, I propose that Warren's criticisms offer a potential guide for determining the usefulness of the available archives. This would bring his writings into the contemporary academic scene, where author Craig Womack contends "creating indigenous knowledge is more difficult than bemoaning white hegemony."[1] Scholars must able to access the available archives as more than chronicles of conquest which impose Western agendas and critical commentary upon indigenous traditions. If the field is to move beyond "a state of constant lamentation", it is critical to begin untangling what

might count as specifically Anishinaabek insights from the massive influences of the established, dominant mode of written literacy, and focus on those perspectives.[2]

Warren's commentary concerning the differences between his information and that gleaned by other authors illustrates the importance of respectful, trusting interpersonal exchange, i.e. polite conversation and hospitality. The interviewer's motivations combine with their conceptions of the "informants" to produce texts of greater and lesser accuracy. Whether certain archived rituals, stories, or aspects of the industrial year are in fact useful to efforts at revitalization may ultimately be a question of intuition and trust similar to what Warren credits as integral to gaining access to the knowledge he did. Wendy Geniusz contends that it is "important for those working with these texts to be familiar with the backgrounds of their authors and the conditions under which they were written because this understanding can help to explain the process of this information and can aid us in reworking and decolonizing it."[3] Warren foreshadows this reworking when he highlights the importance of familiarity and hospitality. His observations can be used to determine how the interview process either denies or acknowledges the benefits of an expanded public that includes the illiterate, the elderly, women and children, and perhaps even the non-human occupants of the commons.

> *By this time the oldest brother, the one who had come in from the north, had filled a pipe and putting fire to it, held it out to the old man. The others watched to see what the old man would do; for if he took the pipe, it meant that he had medicine power and was willing to help them.*
> *He said: "I accept your pipe."*[4]

In the preface to the 1984 reprint of *History of the Ojibwe People* , Roger W. Buffalohead's assertion that the "primary question is the reliability of the human memory" in regards to the "validity of oral history" suggests that historical reliability is somehow cordoned off from the present of its telling.[5] This fails to value the potential lessons that reside in the interaction such as it is; to consider the "present" as a site of reliability that is at least as crucial as the memory. It must be kept in mind that the recounted histories and stories that are currently received as archived texts were only possible through interpersonal exchanges. These dynamics underscore the baseline truth that the people in "contact" are specifically situated. Interactions are characterized by both the intentions of the visitor and by the social conventions and understandings of Native peoples whose stories, and very language, are steeped in their surroundings. The infusion of land awareness into personal and cultural expression is mirrored by how people's relationships are key facets of the spatial scale.

In her essay "Interior and Exterior Landscapes", Leslie Marmon Silko speaks to the scope and nuance of such inclusion:

> So long as human consciousness remains *within* the hills, canyons, cliffs, and the plants, clouds, and sky, the term *landscape*, as it has entered the English language, is misleading. "A portion of territory the eye can comprehend in a single view" does not correctly describe the relationship between the human being and his or her surroundings. This assumes the viewer is somehow

> *outside* or *separate* from the territory she or he surveys. Viewers are as much a part of the landscape as the boulders they stand upon.[6]

The interplay between people and space composed of boulders, animals, sky, plants, etc., lends to the meaning and purpose of any contingent utterance. In the written archive, variations in what was told to whom, and how, underscore the intricacies of these interpersonal, and indeed interspatial, negotiations. The access, trust, and intentions of particular cultural interviews and observations must be viewed in relation to the literacy of the place in which they occurred. The influential significance of place cannot be dismissed, nor separated from the influential significance of the people present. The human relationships are but parcel to the amalgam of relationships that compose their surroundings. This more inclusive awareness can better reveal the functional significance of the actual content shared. Content in the form of stories that are characteristically malleable and open to variation furthers the need to consider the particulars of the "real-time", face-to-face communication in assessing the intended meanings, motivations, and purposes behind any written results that in themselves are but the husks.

> *On finishing the tale of the Great Skunk and of the Great Bear of the West, Kawbawgam said: "These things must have happened before the Flood, for although the bones of monstrous animals are sometimes found in the ground, no one knows when these animals lived and there are now no more of them in the world."*
>
> *In other words, if they had lived after the Flood, they would naturally have left descendents of similar size.*

> *I (H.H.K.) answered that I knew it was true as he said, that once there had been monstrous animals in the world and I mentioned that their bones had been discovered by scientists.*
>
> *On hearing this, as interpreted by Jacques LePique, Kawbawgam smiled and said with his usual gentleness but with fine scorn: "The scientist thinks he understands these things, but the man who knows is the Jessakid" – the Indian soothsayer.*[7]

The effort to compose a written history of the Anishinaabek found the reticence and suspicion of tribal leaders and elders a crucially limiting factor only gradually overcome. The 1847 encounter between William Warren and Buffalo, the "oldest living chief of the tribe," affirms that the decision to share the Ojibway history was minutely considered.[8] Buffalo considers the maturity of the inquirer and how his ability "to write like the whites" might be of value, particularly in concert with the conclusion that "You understand what we tell you. Your ears are open to our words." [9] By uniting these two features of Warren's literacy, Buffalo demonstrates how the quality of the oral communication is crucial to determining the quality, and even mere possibility, of a written counterpart. Warren's access to Buffalo's knowledge depends on the trust and familiarity cultivated over generations of interaction and empathy. Warren states that through his maternal ancestors, he has "been in close connection with this tribe for the past one hundred and fifty years. Speaking their language perfectly, and connected with them through the strong ties of blood, he has ever felt a deep interest in their welfare and fate, and has deemed it a duty to save their traditions from oblivion, and to collect every fact concerning

them, which the advantages he possesses have enabled him to procure."[10] Keenly shaped by circumstances, the written and the oral together effect his composition of the people's history.

The complexity of this dual influence determines what sort of representation the people receive. Will recorded traditions come to be interpreted only as static, dusty reminders of a doomed people and culture; or will identity and tradition be expressed in such a way as to communicate the dynamic, ongoing person/place relationships encased in the words spoken and written? The answer is largely determined by the author's relationship to the informants. Are the people interviewed more important than the desire to be part of the written history that defines America, or is the larger measure of respect reserved for the authority bound up with the created text? Warren's handling of these questions shows how the history of interpersonal, cultural and ecological relationships rests on the elusive depth of the words actually spoken and shared. Both oral and written narratives reflect how the traps of self-regard and hubris cloud right vision, hearing and action.

> *The Youngman grew up like others. But he played mostly with the children and was very quiet for fear he might fall into some temptation to break the commandments given him [from] above. That is why he was so much with the children, even after he grew up. Everybody noticed this and wondered at it.*[11]

It is of particular benefit that many written accounts of Anishinaabek stories,

history, and traditions exist. At the same time that policies of assimilation severed the traditional conduits of cultural inheritance, the work of those who had the foresight to preserve what they could produced the archives so often referenced by scholars and others interested in cultural revitalization. The urge towards preservation was born of the alarming realization that so much of interest and importance could be lost. Whether the loss is measured by an investment in the undergirding philosophies of the traditions, or by regret that America's story would be that much less colorful without the Indian "heritage" varies. Regardless, many of those who sought contact with the tribes concluded that a more permanent record was needed to assure future access to traditional knowledge.

Keen example of Warren's motivation is apparent in the statement that "a change is so rapidly taking place, caused by a close contact with the white race that ten years hence it will be too late to save the traditions of their forefathers from oblivion."[12] He takes on this task of preservation with the caveat that "it cannot be expected that a person who has passed most of his life among the wild Indians...can wield the pen of an Irving or a Schoolcraft."[13] These opening comments yoke the asking of pardon for his written project with an urgency born of necessity. This is a convention born out in numerous 19th century accounts penned by indigenous authors, and in abolitionist texts penned by African-Americans. There seems in this a mixture of humility and self-effacement perhaps meant to appeal to an audience largely convinced of its own superiority. Yet, there is also something subversive in the very act of their writing, knowing the fact that such spheres are considered

wholly outside their (often racialized) abilities. Certainly, there is a root sense of uncertainty regarding their acceptance into literate spheres. The standard invocation of the muse that takes place in the classical epic is here reversed. Rather, the English muse is dismissed or disassociated from as potentially inimical to authorial intentions and success.

This is an interesting point of union between the generations of the literate. For many contemporary tribal people, written records of stories and lifeways would eventually provide key access to the ancestors. Yet, in *Reinventing the Enemy's Language: Contemporary Native Women's Writings of North America*, Joy Harjo gives a nod to the stormy sociopolitical policies already alluded to when she states that "to write is often still suspect in our tribal communities, and understandably so. It is through writing that our lands have been stolen, children taken away."[14] Links to land and ancestry are born out through literary projects loaded in both history and process. As Joseph Bruchac states in the preface to *Survival This Way: Interviews with American Indian Poets*, "many of us ask if the secret of surviving may be found not in the dreams of the future but in the lessons of the past."[15] Certainly such lessons are drawn from a multitude of angles, and it can be a particular task of literary criticism is to explore the person- and place- specific lessons that underlie the written projects of the past.

One looming truth: not all written accounts are created equally. Of equal importance to the informant is the person acquiring the information, who as a listener is part of what Sean Kicummah Teuton refers to as "Native storytelling...an

intrinsically collective practice."[16] How the collective is shaped by each participant's envisioned role shows in the details of what eventually goes on record. The impact of the sweeping changes endemic to colonization is better comprehended using a magnifying lens at the individual and interpersonal level. Here, it becomes apparent that basic mores of hospitality are crucial to the success of variously purposed communications. Warren offers example of the intricate consequences related to this interplay between social policy and socialization in the following:

> The French early gained the utmost confidence of the Ojibways, and thereby they became more thoroughly acquainted with their true and real character, even during the comparative short season in which they mingled with them as a nation, than the British and Americans are at this present day, after over a century of intercourse. The French understood their division into clans, and treated each clan according to the order of its ascendency in the tribe. They conformed also to their system of governmental polity, of which the totemic division formed the principal ingredient... In this important respect the British, and American government especially, have lacked most woefully. The agents and commissioners, and even traders of these two nations, have appointed chiefs indiscriminately or only in conformity with selfish motives and ends, and there is nothing which has conduced so much to disorganize, confuse, and break up the former simple but well-defined civil polity of these people; and were the matter to be fully investigated, it would be found that

> this almost utter disorganization has been one of the chief stumbling-blocks which has ever been in the way of doing good to the Indian race. This short-sighted system has created nothing but jealousies and heart-burnings among the Ojibways. It has broken the former commanding influence of their hereditary chiefs, and the consequence is, that the tribe is without a head or government, and it has become infinitely difficult to treat with them as a people. No good has resulted from this bad and thoughtless policy even to the governments who have allowed it to be pursued by its agents. On the contrary, they are punished daily by the evil consequences arising from it, for in this is to be found the true and first cause of the complaints which are continually at this day being poured into the ears of the "Great Father" at Washington....[17]

This excerpt shows what happens when, as Simon Ortiz states, "the concept of the interdependence of the land and people is not always at the forefront of discussions between Indians and non-Indians, and when Indian people do bring up the matter of land and people being inextricably bound together, the question is often shunted aside as 'an Indian cultural matter.' If it is not altogether dismissed, it is often regarded as beside the point or not directly pertinent."[18] On the contrary, as Warren points out, the established clans and totems of the people are singularly pertinent to personal and political interactions.

The totemic divisions of the Anishinaabek's "well-defined civil polity" testify to their distinctively inclusive reckoning of their role in the whole of their

surroundings. The totemic system is understood in relation to a history that reaches as far back as consciousness itself, to a time when animals were relied upon to demonstrate the right manner of living in accord with personal abilities necessary to, and wrought by, the demands of their space. The totems are tied in importance to the stories that contain the lessons and traits particular to each representative animal. Gerald Vizenor offers the following meditation to readily tie what Warren calls "the former commanding influence of their hereditary chiefs" to the totemic story-base:

> Tribal leaders were dreamers and orators, speaking in visual metaphors as if the past were a state of being in the telling. Tribal words have power in the oral tradition, the sounds express the spiritual energies of woodland lives. The Anishinaabeg did not borrow words from other languages to speak about their own dreams and lived experiences in the woodland. The words the woodland tribes spoke were connected to the place the words were spoken. [19]

Land, animals, language, and clan are bound together in ways that attest to the complex interworking of simultaneous survival. The “mere” presence of an animal or person or plant or body of water in a place provides rich fruits for the contemplative and meditative. The fruits offer sustenance not only to the body through seasonal harvests, but also sustain peaceful community through clan cohesions that reflect the preeminence of the animals to Anishinaabek morality. Vizenor reminds us that the woodlands language depends on the same nourishment

as other living things: lands of plenty that remain so through the thorough and meticulous acknowledgment of their necessity.

> *The evidence is strong that the term "dodaem" comes from the same root as do "dodum" and "dodosh." "Dodum" means to do, or fulfill, while "Dodosh," literally means breast, that from which milk, or food, or sustenance is drawn. Dodaem may mean "that form which I draw my purpose, meaning, and being."*
>
> *A legend relates the origin of the totems, six great creatures emerged from the sea. One exposed to the light and heat of the sun expired sinking back into the sea. The survivors came to the shores of the Land of the Anishnabeg by whom they were welcome.* [20]

The decisive significance of the informant's character and beliefs can hardly be overstated. As Warren states: "Their innate courtesy and politeness often carry them so far that they seldom, if ever, refuse to tell a story when asked by a white man, respecting their ideas of the creation and origin of mankind. These tales, though made up for the occasion by the Indian sage, are taken by his white hearers as their *bona fide* belief, and, as such, many have been made public, and accepted by the civilized world."[21] This raises the familiar specter of authenticity. Yet it is not a matter of doubting the reliability of the informant for reasons of assumed ignorance, or the veracity of information born out of questionable levels of civilization. Rather, he focuses on how the quality of the interaction is indicative of the quality of the information obtained, thereby implicating two partners in the dance of authenticity.

Indeed, Warren's stance on the influence of these exchanges suggests that *the way* the information is offered is irrevocably shaped by *where* events took place. Both can provide understanding of the tribal character.

How this information is offered has the subversive potential to undermine the written account as the favored marker of significance and validity. This recalls Michael Warner's assertion that a "serious problem results from the assumption that printing has an ontological status prior to culture."[22] Working from Warner's "premise that the cultural constitution of a medium (in this case printing) is a set of political conditions of discourse", the problem lay in the obfuscation of politically significant undertones in favor of the printed word as simultaneously neutral, valid, and normative.[23] Warren's observation shows that the overlooked intricacies of the interpersonal exchange makes the privileged validity of what is "made public (in) the civilized world" a dubious assumption, and thus undermines the reliability of written "bona fides". This intuits Warner's stance on "the perception of books as a technology of power."[24] In either case, reflexive belief in the veracity of what is written and published reveals the nature and limits of the power invested in it. Warren uses his *History of the Ojibway* to repeatedly call this assumed power into question, and thereby reveals his own nuanced comprehension of the workings between the public sphere and literacy. For him, the particular spoken interactions of variously invested people are what ultimately provide measure for the reliability of what finds its way to any written account.

Finally one man heard a voice say, "Well, well, my uncle;

come in if you want to see me. Don't stand out there." (This was the voice of Winabojo.)

The man who heard the voice went and told the rest of the party. Each had a present for Winabojo. They went into the lodge and had the presents on their backs and in their arms and hands. Winabojo shook hands with them and they all sat down. There was absolute silence.

Beside the door was a stump overgrown with moss. After a while a voice came from this stump saying, "Why don't you speak to your uncle? When we were on earth we talked to our relations." (This was the voice of Winabojo's grandmother.)

Winabojo replied, "I am just thinking what to say. I will talk to our relations. If we are to follow the customs of the place they came form, we must give them food. They must be hungry." [25]

If, as Buffalohead states in the introduction, Warren has "folded Ojibway history into an American framework", it is not only by highlighting a martial history congruent with popular images of the fierce warrior, but also by the very act of writing.[26] The intention of making such a record of the past places the responsibility for cultural transmission in a methodological tool rather than in a living exchange fraught with decision, intention and purpose of its own. Yet, it is important to realize that the pattern of Warren's life, and the strategy of his work, was wholly shaped by his familiarity with Anishinaabemowin and its speakers. Recalling his youthful interactions as a mixedblood among the most traditional fullblood Anishinaabek, he states that "speaking it fluently...he was always a

welcome and petted guest."[27]

Warren's education at these welcoming lodge fires centered upon tribal stories, in addition to those he knew from his readings. This environment fostered the fluency and familiarity that led to his profession as an interpreter often employed, ironically, in the forging of treaties so often distinguished by land loss. As stated by a "treaty man" of the Fond du Lac treaty of 1847, Warren's "command of the English language, also, was remarkable - in fact *musical.*"[28] In that laurels of language mastery are perhaps best given by first-language speakers, this same source claims that "The Indians said he understood their language better than themselves."[29] This suggests that bilingualism enables a facility that is somehow beyond straightforward fluency in either language. The subtext is one of privileged access to accuracies born of this doubling of sociolinguistic viewpoints. As Maria Tymoczo states, "multilingual writing in a postcolonial text is a means of achieving dense and layered meanings, how it can convey multiple messages in coded and covert language aimed at specific audiences, and how it can mobilize the precolonial language to escape the hegemonic traps implicit in the language of the colonizing power - a language that may limit the terms of debate and set a boundary on confrontation."[30]

The notion of mutual influence, where knowledge of Anishinaabemowin can serve to refine one's understanding of English, is a possibility likely lost upon Warren's literate (white) contemporaries. Yet, he repeatedly posits the limitations

of the written records in common circulation in comparison to the knowledge he has gained as an Anishinaabemowin speaker particularly welcome among the elders of tribal communities. Returning to the influence of the public sphere, it is significant that Warren largely questions the accuracy of certain publications *because* they are written accounts, and thus come with an agenda determined outside of, and thereby eclipsing, what might be learned through intimate inquiry after the spoken record of tribal experience.

Warren takes a twofold approach to addressing how his *History* differs from those typically consulted. First, he asserts the validity of his sources, and secondly, he outlines the logic behind doubts of the accuracy of written sources. The former aspect is well illustrated when he moves his discussion to the "era of their first knowledge of, and intercourse with the white race."[31] The formative effect that differing measures of authority have on his own strategy and agenda as a writer is shown here to be centered on his very awareness of that relationship:

> So far as their own tribe is concerned, the Ojibways have preserved accurate and detailed accounts of this event; and the information which their old men orally give on this subject, is worthy of much consideration, although they may slightly differ from the accounts which standard historians and writers have presented to the world, and which they have gleaned from the writings of the enterprising and fearless old Jesuit missionaries, and from the published narratives of the first adventurers who pierced into the heart of the American wilderness. This source of information may be considered as

> more reliable and authentic than the oral traditions of the Indians, but as we have undertaken to write their history as they themselves tell it, we will do so without respect to what has already been written by eminent and standard authors. The writer is disposed to consider as true and perfectly reliable, the information which he has obtained and thoroughly investigated, on this subject, and which he will proceed in this chapter to relate in the words of his old Indian informants.[32]

That he views his approach as separate from that of "eminent and standard authors" indicates that theirs is a separate sphere. First, it is one Warren realizes "may be considered as more reliable and authentic", but for his purposes is most usefully left untapped. Second, it is important to note that he says they "may be considered" the superior source, not that they actually are "more reliable and accurate than the oral traditions of the Indians." Warren's preferred method, "to write their history as they themselves tell it", subtly highlights how the methods of the standard written accounts stake their claims outside the intimacies of lived context. This calls to mind Michael Warner's contention that "the character of publication and the character of economic exchange equally required norms of interpersonal relations", norms of a public that he elsewhere conceptualizes as "an abstract public *never localizable in any relation between persons.*" [33] (Warner's italics) What is lost in the print culture's dis-privileging of located interpersonal relations is the ability to obtain and value what Leslie Marmon Silko refers to as "a communal, not an absolute truth."[34]

Warren advances the insights born of his attention and access to the Anishinaabek people's autonomous history. He pointedly does so with full disclosure of the related insights his project grants him concerning the questionable "absolute" of written English. In this criticism, he is not shy, as is apparent in the following rather scathing summary of the dubious assignations of fame in the published world:

> Those who have carefully examined the writings of the old Jesuit missionaries and early adventurers, who claim to have been the first discoverers of new regions, and new people, in the then dark wilderness of the west, or Central America, have found many gross mistakes and exaggerations, and their works as a whole, are only tolerated and their accounts made matters of history, because no other source of information has ever been opened to the public... It is a fact found generally true, that the first adventurer who is able to give a flaming account of his travels, is handed down to posterity as the first discoverer of the country and people which he describes as having visited, when mayhap, that same region, and those same people had been, long previous, discovered by some obscure and more modest man, who, because he could not blazon forth his achievements in a book of travels, forever loses the credit of what he really has performed... It is thus that a man who travels for the purpose of writing a book to sell, and who, being a man of letters, is able to trumpet forth his own fame, often plucks the laurels due to more modest and unlettered adventurers.[35]

It follows that "being a man of letters" can be characterized by a penchant to "trumpet forth" at the expense of a more modest truth. Certainly, Warren witnesses the egotistical, insiders world of publishing with equal parts frustration and disdain.

> *They went to Winabojo on the following day, and he said, "You have come to ask favors. I will do what I can for you."*
>
> *One man said, "I have come to ask you to give me a life with no end." Winabojo twisted him around and threw him into a corner, and he turned into a black stone. "You asked for a long life. You will last as long as the world stands."*
>
> *Another man gave Winabojo a present and said, "I have once to ask for unfailing success and that I may never lack for anything." Winabojo turned him into a fox, saying, "Now you will always be cunning and successful."*
>
> *The others saw what was happening to these men and they became frightened. They decided to ask for one thing together, so they asked that they might have healing power in their medicine.*[36]

In that the majority of written material on the Anishinaabek was published by whites, it is useful to consider the effect their "outsider" status as visitors likely had. Warren's measure of the British and American government's failure to acquiesce to established clan codes of conduct that reflected the Ojibway's "real and true character" convincingly ties personal approach to political outcome. To further explore such connections in specific relation to letters, comparing the writings of Frederick Baraga and Frances Densmore can show the relation between

(missionary and ethnographic) interaction and subsequently gleaned material.

In the 1847 publication *Chippewa Indians: Answers to the Inquiries respecting the History, present Condition and future Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Baraga directly states his essential lack of interest in the autonomies of Anishinaabek life, seeing himself "now these sixteen years among the Indians, for missionary purposes. All my endeavors and labors during the whole time of my stay amongst them have indeed only tended to the teaching them Christianity, but occasionally I inquired about the topics mentioned in the "Inquiries", and the observations I have made myself during my stay in the Indian country, I am willing to communicate."[37] His intention was to remain essentially separate; determined to pursue indoctrination, but little interested in communication as an exchange of mutual learning and experience. Not surprisingly, for all his years spent among the people, his assessment of cultural particulars is typically superficial, often dismissive, and sometimes strikingly inaccurate. Asked about the instruction of children, Baraga offers the following account:

> They have no particular system of instructing their children in their traditions. Old persons occasionally in cold winter evenings relate what they have heard of their ancestors; and the young ones, hearing so often the same relations, retain them. They have but a small stock of moral doctrine, which is soon learned. Their tales and stories are related for amusement. They contain no moral instructions, but mere nonsense; and many of them are bad stuff. Grandfathers and grandmothers often instruct their grandchildren,

how to behave. There are no privileged persons for relating tales and stories.[38] (Baraga's underline)

Baraga's intentionally limited contact outside his efforts at conversion inspires a barely concealed distaste for his view of tribal customs (or, to align more accurately with his assessment, the lack thereof). Yet, he was approached as someone with expertise on all manner of cultural and intimate details concerning the Anishinaabek. The *Chippewa Indians Inquiries...*, disseminated by Commissioner of Indian Affairs William Medill and written by Henry Schoolcraft, were originally sent to Detroit Bishop Peter P. Lefevre. Lefevre sent them to Baraga, "whom he considered more competent than himself to answer them."[39] It would seem that, as commonly understood, the role of the missionary tempts the assumption that there are congruent insights born of the face-to-face nature of the contact. The brevity alone of the above passage clearly suggests that mere presence (even 16 year's worth) is not sufficient. There must be a willingness to exist in tandem with the character of the place as it determines the character of the people.

> *And so along the trail the Wolves made in their pursuit was the way (Nanabushu and the old wolf) went. Now, once there was sticking out of a tree the tooth of a wolf. "Oh, look! Your nephew must have stuck the tree accidentally. I say, pull it out, Nanabushu, carry along your nephew's arrow!"*
>
> *"What am I to do with the miserable tooth of a dog, that I should carry it as I go along?"*
>
> *"Nanabushu, do not say that." The old Wolf took it out with his mouth. Behold, an arrow he took out.* [40]

Under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution Bureau of American Ethnology (a sponsorship in itself instructive of the shifting sites of officialdom in relation to tribal peoples), the manuscript *Chippewa Customs* by Frances Densmore was published in 1929. The vast gulf separating her account from Baraga's is apparent from even the opening pages. Following an extensive table of contents are four photographs: one showing a cedar mat part way woven on a frame outside a log home, another of a woman outside weaving a rush mat, and the other two portraits of her principle informants, Mrs. Mary Warren English, and Niskigwun.

These images suggest the intimate nature of Densmore's priorities and approach: an amalgam of carefully noted details supported by purposeful inquiry. In the foreword, she alludes to the long-term nature of her contact, stating how the "present work is related in many respects to material already collected among the Chippewa. The study of tribal songs led to a friendliness with the people and a willingness on their part to give information concerning their customs."[41] The Bureau of American Ethnology had published *Chippewa Music* and *Chippewa Music, II* in 1910 and 1913 respectively; both detailed bulletins backed up by wax cylinder recordings that required considerable time to collect. However, she does not allow for her considerable skill and discipline as a scholar to bear primary credit for the rich details of her accounts, but foregrounds the role of the Chippewa. The "friendliness and willingness" she mentions were clearly a two-way street.

In conjunction with the portraits, her careful graciousness is suggested by the

statement: "The writer gratefully acknowledges the faithfulness of her Chippewa friends and especially the assistance of her principal interpreter, Mrs. Mary Warren English, which began in 1907 and continued during the work at White Earth."[42] Densmore's prioritizing of, and indeed respect for, her informants is further verified by the list of names immediately following the foreword. A total of 63 names that "identify the persons who chiefly contributed to the material herewith" are listed.[43] Importantly, that number is nearly doubled by Densmore's decision to give both the name "by which the person is generally known" and the one that is either an English translation of that name (Niskigwun meaning "Ruffled feathers"), or a name in Anishinaabemowin that the person is known as in the tribal community (Mrs. Star Bad Boy being Nenakawubikwe, Woman who is sitting with every other one).[44]

In the *Chippewa Indians Inquiries..*, Baraga only names one name: "Nicholas D. Meniclier, a half breed from the Sault, who keeps constantly a great supply of whiskey, which he sells to the Indians."[45] The underlining indicates that this is in the interest of censure and indictment rather than specificity. Aside from Meniclier, in response to questions about the naming of children, he supplies "some specimens of Indian names."[46] No specific persons are alluded to: the Anishinaabemowin words are merely given as generalized information, an attitude echoed by Baraga's consistent referents of either "the Indian" or "they" to discuss the Anishinaabek he has been commissioned to give detailed chronicle of.

The willingness and ability to accept the Anishinaabek right to autonomous

personhood marks the basic difference between the two authors. Approaching individuals as people rather than subjects requires gaining a familiarity with the details of their existence. In-depth information thus acquired can be responded to with interest rather than judgment. This interpersonal variance has direct relation to the quality of the accounts given. Lest it be suspected that Densmore's insistence on the word "friend" is self-assigned or a negligible significance, a picture of her interactive place in the community organically develops throughout *Chippewa Customs*. The contents of the "Government of Children" section, given under the larger heading of "Life Cycle", is rich in details that both directly contrast Baraga's account, and reveal the extent of Densmore's access to the quiet intimacies of Chippewa life.

She states that "The Chippewa gave much attention to the training of their children", and goes on to relay extensive and diverse "information concerning the government of little children" provided by elder informants who stress methods derived to ensure self-control, obedience, and respect for elders.[47] With his preferred remove from all aspects of life save the Christian conversion of the people, it is inconceivable that Baraga would be able to provide the view of the in-depth inner-workings of tribal life that Densmore does in the following passage:

> When everyone had retired and the camp was quiet an old man walked around the camp circle, passing in front of the dark tents. This man was a crier and he made the announcements for the next day, telling whether the people would go hunting or what would be done in camp. He also gave good

> advice to the young people who were taught to respect him and obey his words. Only a man who was known to embody in his own life the excellent principles he uttered was allowed to act as crier. He usually announced that it was time for the young men who were calling upon the young maidens to go home. He spoke impersonally of the conduct of the young people, describing incidents in such a manner that those concerned in them would know to what he referred. He taught sterling principles of character and gave such advice as he thought necessary.[48]

Recalling Baraga's claim that "There are no privileged persons for relating tales and stories", it becomes clear that the decisive impact that the interpersonal exchange has upon the accuracy of the information is irrefutable.[49] One held the position of crier by virtue of reputation: the right to upon “sterling principles of character” was certainly accorded only to those deemed by the community to posses the same. In the effort to determine the actual access various record-keeping outsiders were granted, it is worth keeping in mind the long-term, group-sanctioned nature of the crier’s position of trust. The audience, convinced of his character, intentions, and care, listen with a willingness to take his advice to heart.

The narrative quality of Densmore's prose, invoking as it does here a subdued domestic scene of intimate community, lends the work important undertones of cultural respect that can be understood in relation to the crier’s privileged access. Both the autonomy and the strength of Anishinaabek customs are affirmed by an approach that essentially authenticates "the facts" by presenting them as parcel to a

located, lived expression. Joseph Bruchac's comments about stories and place in his book *Roots of Survival* apply to the process and the contents of the accounts under discussion, and to attitudes toward the people. Bruchac writes: "most non-Natives encounter such stories in the pages of a book rather than in the natural setting of the stories, the physical places and seasonal context, which help ensure that the lessons carried by the stories are properly transmitted, that the stories are treated as living things rather than as cultural artifacts or clever bits of artifice."[50] As the treatment of stories as "living things" enriches the understanding of their meanings and applicability, so does the treatment of the people and their lifeways as living effect the observation and reckoning of what is shown and shared.

In *History of the Ojibway People,* William Warren furthers the relationship between the self-concept and intentions of the inquirer and the quality of their work by calling attention to possible perils within the interaction proper. He writes that "the information respecting them which has thus far been collected, is mainly superficial. It has been obtained mostly by transient sojourners among the various tribes, who not having a full knowledge of their character and language, have obtained information through mere temporary observation."[51] In this, he pronounces judgment on the methodology of the anthropologists and missionaries. In short, theirs is a recipe for superficiality compounded by how the "Anglo-Americans have pressed on them so unmercifully - their intercourse with them has been of such a nature, that they have failed to secure their love and confidence... the heart of the red man has been shut against his white brother. We know him only by

his exterior."[52]

There is a rather meaningful ambiguity to whom the final "we" refers to, and whether Warren is including himself among the ranks of the red men or the white brothers. What is certain is that when he cites what credentials would make for a richer account of the Ojibway, language and congenial familiarity are at the forefront. The way he words his own background, including the Lake Superior/ Upper Mississippi location of his upbringing, his blood ties, and "speaking their language perfectly" highlights both his reckoning of a certain separation from who is included in the word "their", along with how his sustained presence among the Anishinaabek and his command of the language at least places him more culturally inside the fold than other authors. His access and acceptance among "their old men and chiefs who are the repositories of the traditions of the tribe", is the crucial factor in the creation of a *History* that "does claim to be one of truth, and the first work written from purely Indian sources which has probably ever been presented to the public."[53]

This truth is bound to his sources, the elders who spoke directly to him in a language bound to their ancestral lands. These acts of communication mirrored the characteristics of an indigenous language dependent on expression born of mutually affirmed observations. The structure of Anishinaabemowin is inseparable from the composition of the particular scene or action being referenced. As my language teacher Helen Roy has observed, "If you think about it, there aren't any mistakes or wrong ways to say something, if you are careful to say exactly what it is you are

seeing or talking about." This attest to the ample, even characteristic, space for nuance, as any articulation is tailored to the specific observation, interpretation, and understanding of an entire world of subject matter.

Warren's fluency in this profoundly interactive language forged his awareness of Anishinaabek historical and cultural foundations. An awareness at odds with the dominant culture's tendency to defer to museum-like written collections of alleged authority. An authority that tends to disintegrate once exposed to the conclusions of someone outside the standard measures of literacy as power, but experienced in the rich insights born of (spatially scaled) human interaction. For writers like Warren and Densmore, the value of the written record perhaps primarily rests in its ability to refuse a hierarchy that would place the old men and women whom they listened to and learned from at the bottom rung. The active community underlying the printed word enables and reveals the fully nuanced significance of what is being told.

Chapter Three.

Interrogating the Archives: Understanding the Literacy of the Heart

Recalling the value William Warren attached to his familiar presence as a boy at the Anishinaabek lodge fires, I wonder whether the elder informants in the text *Ojibwa Narratives* were comfortable enough with Homer H. Kidder to share the intimate details of their beliefs. Establishing relationships based on good feelings and mutual trust would require Kidder to prove himself friendly and straightforward. Frankly, I do not want to rely on the scholarship of someone who looked down on the Anishinaabek elders, but rather listened with real interest. What is the likelihood that their interactions were characterized by a mutual investment in the narratives and their worth? Weighing the archives calls for equal parts stringency and intuition. The trained academic in me worries over the quality and usefulness of my sources. My ancestral loyalties require evidence that the voice of the people could somehow make it through paternalistic layers of translation and textualization.

There are promising signs that this particular contact enjoyed at least some relation to natural conversation. Kidder's translator, Jacques LePique, made certain that the young man approached Charles Kawbawgam with tobacco in hand. In a footnote, Kidder indirectly links his success to this custom, reporting that Kawbawgam "would always smoke in silence between stories."[1] It isn't likely that the stories would have happened without the tobacco, not of the same quantity or

quality. A picture forms of an old man at his ease, reassured by the presence of the asemaa (tobacco) that his knowledge is being sought out and heard with respect. Familial histories also bode well: H.H. Kidder was not a stranger, but the eldest son of Alfred Kidder, who was himself acquainted with Kawbawgam and LePique and familiar with some of the stories the two old men shared with his son. I am reminded of William Warren's emphasis on his long-term presence among the Anishinaabek as crucial to the reliability of his information, and I give Kidder another point in his favor. It begins to seem that he may have been trusted, or at least welcomed with customary hospitality. The tobacco and the established connections would be important to the elders, regardless of Kidder's awareness of their influence.

Though relegated to a footnote, Homer Kidder's aside concerning a scene of Anishinaabek storytelling possesses significant resonance. It reassures me that comments that seem patronizing or dismissive need not require a total jettisoning of the stories Kidder gathered. His youth and his ignorance of the life his informants lead do not necessarily disqualify him from acquiring a genuine sampling of Anishinaabek understandings. The effort to determine the reliability of this particular archive is seemingly rewarded when Kidder remarks:

> The form of these yarns, as told by Kawbawgam, largely disappears in taking them down as interpreted. Kawbawgam more or less acted out each episode and the Indians present were once or twice convulsed with laughter, as for example, when he showed how Kitchi Nonan bent the barrel of his gun to

make it shoot in a curve, and so killed all the ducks with a single charge.[2]

Whether aware of it or not, and despite any internalized hierarchies, Kidder seems to have gained access to genuine tellings of purposeful narratives. The active telling and spirited reactions are crucial to the vitality of the stories spoken. The entire body forms the communication, and success is measured immediately by the visceral response of a wholly present and involved audience. That Kidder was privy to these aspects suggests that he gained a true picture of the stories as active agents of community. There is an intuitive difference between narratives that contain actual cultural beliefs and histories, and those offered simply to appease, or even expose, the curiosity of an interloper. In another footnote to a story about Nanabozho, Kidder mentions "The description of this scene Kawbawgam accompanied with a pantomime which sent the Indians present in a roar."[3] Considered alongside the movement and sound of the spoken original, printed words become relegated to their proper place: pallid placeholders to the plenteous process of storytelling and storylistening.

I am satisfied that Kidder's intentions were primarily guided by his curiosity as a young academic, rather than the wish to denigrate or assimilate. He proved himself open to timely suggestions concerning cultural protocol. Though unable to understand the language, Kidder was nevertheless cognizant that the laughter was key to the character of Anishinaabek storytelling. These matters seem sufficient to count him as part of a community of listeners, and thus tame suspicions that would cause tribal loyalists to resist or discount his record. Determining the influence of the lived circumstances surrounding the communication allows the stories to be

reckoned on something like their own terms. Akin to Wendy Geniusz's unapologetic contention that "degrading comments need to be removed" from otherwise informative documents, whether the limitations of the recorder's ingrained hierarchies can be separated from otherwise faithful efforts at accuracy needs to be decided.[4]

The quest to discern the original (pre-translation, pre-written) spirit of the telling demands filling in the sensory blanks inherent to a written piece. The effort must be made to reanimate the storytelling scene in its active social interaction. In light of Michael Warner's convincing contention that "A way of representing the people constructs the people", the challenge is to determine whether the self-representation apparent in the scene of the telling can endure the demands of the written project.[5] In other words, can the dynamics of the oral exchange be reconstructed such that the intentions of the informants and translators are not wholly minimized by print discourse "as an ideology of legitimate power"?[6] Despite any patronizing attitudes of superiority on the part of the literate scribe, it is imperative to trust that the stories possess their own authority. Distinctly at odds with print's "full authority of representative legitimacy", Kawbawgam and LePique's legitimacy rests in forthright communication, the immanent familiarity of gestures and laughter that animated their shared knowledge.[7]

There are several instances that pit Kidder's rational prejudice against the avowed experience and knowledge of his informants. I am struck by the familiarity

of Kidder's patronizing tone when he expresses his doubts over traditional Anishinaabek beliefs. (I recall once being told by an admired professor to "give him a break" when I brought up the widely accepted indigenous belief that animals consent to be hunted if the proper respect is shown.) But the dominant culture's resistance to the originality and functionality of established traditions can undermine tribal people's autonomy and authority only if they acquiesce to the outsider's myopic claims on reason. In the section entitled "Nibawnawbe", Homer H. Kidder provides a small narrative of his own, detailing a particular interaction between himself, his informants, and his local library. His firm trust in the preeminence of Western, written authority and influence comes clear, only to be bested by the equally strong convictions the elders hold toward their own traditions. Kidder writes:

> The Ojibwas have a conception apparently similar to those of the mermaid or merman of European mythology. This was brought to my notice last August (1894) in a conversation with Kawbawgam about the genealogy of some of his wife's family. I had asked the name of his wife's grandfather. The old chief at once said, "Nibawnawbe." But when I asked the meaning of the name, Jacques, who was interpreting, seemed at a loss how to translate it. After some talk with Kawbawgam, he said, "It's like a man or woman with the tail of a fish," and indicated by a gesture that these had very long hair.
>
> In my surprise I asked Jacques whether he didn't think the Indians must have got the idea from fairy stories told to them by white people.

"Maybe," he said incredulously; "but there are Nibawnawbe, anyway. Charlotte saw one in Lake Superior."[8]

This exchange illuminates some of the key hierarchies shaping the gathering's social dynamics. For Kidder's part, it is clear that Western culture is his default mode of reference. His intellectual reliance on the authoritative influence of the more widely known mythology highlights the sense of superiority attached to European traditions. Indeed, even after listening to and recording Charlotte's and Jacques's accounts of their own and other elder's encounters with Nibawnawbe, he "found himself still doubting whether the Nibawnawbe, which seemed so like the mermaid, could really be aboriginal to America."[9] It is only after coming across a seemingly supportive passage in *The Jesuit Relations 1699-70*, sent by Father Claude Dablon to a superior, that Kidder is willing to suppose that the Nibawnawbe familiar to the Anishinaabek predate the arrival of any Europeans. I imagine Kidder at the Marquette Public Library, consulting the oracle of written research, thinking to prove his old informant's wrongheadedness, only to be surprised by the archive's apparent corroboration. His painstaking reckoning of the chronologies supplied by the elders in comparison to the dates in Dablon's report lead him to conclude that "the story told by Charlotte Kawbawgam and by Shwonong's informant were evidently of native, not old world, origin."[10]

He does not comment any further about his incredulity, or about the implications of this unexpected accuracy. Despite the fact that his theory of European influence was incorrect, his willingness to include these findings provides his narrative a

different kind of authority. I am further convinced that he was, plainly stated, not a bad sort. His curiosity is not wholly in thrall to an agenda meant to belittle or minimize the beliefs of his informants. And if that same curiosity lacks some openness after having been tempered by a life spent convinced of the superiority of his own civilization, the information he gleans still provides unexpected, if not wholly acknowledged, lessons to learn.

This same exchange also indicates the elder's firm belief in the originality and veracity of their own traditions. Jacques LePique's mildly acquiescent, polite "maybe" is distinctly qualified by an incredulous tone. More importantly, his certainty rests on Charlotte's first-hand experience, increased in weight by an additional narrative concerning an actual encounter with the Nibawnawbe. Both Charlotte and the boy who related his story to Shawonong, a friend of LePique's, were dismayed at the sightings, as the Nibawnawbe portend bad luck and the death of a family member. She tells her listeners that "sure enough, her grandmother died within one year."[11] Significantly, her story assumes the reality of the Nibawnawbe while underscoring the serious nature of their presence. Real fear and grim consequences make the Nibawnawbe something beyond mythology, to place the narratives outside the confines of fairy stories and within the reckoning of lived days. I am reminded of Paula Gunn Allen's contention that "the westerner's bias against nonordinary states of consciousness is as unthinking as the Indian's belief in them is said to be."[12] For those whose consciousness is open to the intermingling of the spiritual and the quotidian, truth is witnessed as the shaper of lives, and not just

the prize of canny research and textual corroboration. The western grip on rationality gains much strength by dismissing anyone or anything that does not fit neatly into the insular hierarchy that permits self-assignations of authority.

Here we see the potency of experiences that resist western logic by relying on heightened sensitivity to an expanded sphere of influence. The Nibawnawbe are familiar to Kidder's informants not because they reference a recognizable trope of fantasy, but because they possess an experiential influence it would be ill-advised to ignore. It is a critical challenge to grasp this key difference in worldviews, as our current intellectual age is so far removed from any intimate familiarity with spiritual forces and beings. Yet, as Kidder's narrative attests to with its seemingly inseparable accounts of the historic and the uncanny, such encounters were basic to Anishinaabek lives. Furthermore, the spiritual base that remains vested in the lands is central to ongoing efforts as cultural reclamation and revitalization. As Peter Nabokov remarks in the introduction to his excellent and accessible book *Where The Lightning Strikes: The Lives of American Indian Sacred Places*, there is a "profound affection and affiliation that many Indians felt and still feel toward this American earth and (he writes) to illustrate the persistence of those beliefs, practices and feelings against great odds."[13] Alongside such formidable obstacles as relocation and the exploitation of resources, the default dubiousness of the dominant culture toward such affiliations continues to stack the odds against trusting to the authority of spiritual places and beings.

A similar clash of worldviews is apparent in an encounter between LePique and

the elder Kidder, Alfred. Homer Kidder reports

> My father told me, some years ago, an anecdote that showed the tenacity of Ojibwa concepts among the more or less Christianized half-breeds of Lake Superior. In his exploring trips in the [eighteen] sixties, he often had Jacques LePique as cook. One morning late in the winter, when they were breaking camp for a long tramp along the coast, a thaw promised to make for heavy snow shoeing. Before they left, Jacques took some moist snow and fashioned a rabbit standing on its haunches on the shore facing the north.
>
> The rabbit had an absurd, rakish air, and my father asked Jacques what it meant. Jacques said that the rabbit was intended to make the north wind blow, for ka-bi-bon-na-kay (the north wind) would think the rabbit was making fun of him and would try to blow him down, but, of course, the colder it blew the harder the rabbit would freeze.
>
> Captain Joe Bridges, who was of the party, asked Jacques if he really believed in that nonsense. Jacques said: "Just wait and see." As a matter of fact, when they had gone several miles, it came on to blow from the north and began to freeze. Jacques was elated. He said to Bridges: "Didn't I tell you? It never fails."
>
> Jacques afterwards told my father that this was an old practice with the Ojibwas to stop a thaw at sugar making time.[14]

To begin, the limitations inherent to Kidder's term, "concepts', should be noted.

Typically understood as an idea or frame of mind, a concept is more beholden to general thought or sometimes imagination, rather than being a component of concrete reality. Yet, the example provided to illustrate the "tenacity of Ojibwa concepts" relies on observable phenomena and purposeful, specific action. Certainly, I can sympathize with Kidder's reticence to accept the tale at face value. I too have been trained by the stark allowances of Western logic and law to categorize seemingly irrational events as fancy, metaphor, superstition, or some other label in the litany of terms suited to explaining away the unexpected. But this reflexive tendency toward rationalizing semiotics belittles people and cultures that operate outside the sciences of interpretation. Thus a story like LePique's becomes a mere subject of intellectual interest open to dissection and disconnected explanation.

Accepted as an account of actual events, however, the narrative illuminates a profound relationship between experience and subsequent agency. LePique's experience of the weather calls forth a plethora of cultural associations that engender his active, playful response. Encased in Kidder's seeming intention to expose the steadfastness of Anishinaabek fancies even among Christianized half-breeds, there is instead evidence pointing to the instrumentality of personable, familiar interactions with the surrounding elements. Not only does the small narrative offer a glimpse of the Anishinaabek cosmology to those acquainted with the language (the term "Ka-bi-bo-na-kay" more specifically names Bibon, the winter spirit residing in the north), it also situates LePique's knowledge in the longstanding traditions associated with sugarbush. Though the story is related in English and inclined toward the pseudo-neutrality of ethnographic inquiry, both of these

matters set the scene within a context of Anishinaabek practices. If LePique's direct experience is favored as the more significant indicator, it allows the possibility that the Snow Rabbit is indeed a verifiably effective solution to a practical problem, specific to people and place. When Captain Joe Bridges asks LePique if he "really believed that nonsense", the question is phrased in such a way as to dismiss any explanation but the conceptual fancy of backward belief systems. LePique's sound rejoinder, that the Captain "Just wait and see", places the burden of proof with observable phenomena, predictable and flexible to those familiar with the character of the land.

Here is a subtle understanding of the surrounding ecology as simultaneously independent and open to intercession. The relationship between people and the details of place is shaped by mutual notice and interchange, as will and situation indicates. It is a perspective prone to logical dismissal, accusations of naïve superstition, and open ridicule alike. Accepted as true, it also happens to be a core relationship determining the ecological stance of a culture. Whether the intercessions take the form of appeasement and the convivial interaction of familiars, or of an anthropocentrism that figures itself above and apart from the resources claimed, depends on the status granted to the deeper ecology of a place. In other words, is the earth primarily a material entity, tamed for the benefit and convenience of humanity, or is it an interplay of elements and even personalities that offers education and sustenance to those attuned to the flux? Nabokov's time spent among a diversity of indigenous peoples lead him to conclude that "Indians played a part in the inner life of the land, and it responded as an influential

participant in theirs."[15] Alfred Kidder and Jacque LePique's "exploring trip" pits the Western concept of exploitable resources against the Anishinaabek understanding of the season's particular character. I cannot help but join LePique in his elation when a cold northern wind responds to his attentions. I also regret that I was not as confident as he that Bibon would answer.

Certainly I am aware of the professionally questionable realms into which such assessments draw me. I want to plainly say that I trust the veracity of these accounts as stated, and do not wish to explain away the seemingly extraordinary features of Anishinaabek experience. It may well be inevitable as an academic to reach the seeming dead end that demands the relinquishment either of one's critical credentials or the possibility that the elders were telling the truth. I am grateful to the scholarly example set by Vine Deloria Jr., ever a champion of indigenous perspectives and no apologist for using Western academic processes to further tribal ends. The following meditation is near the end of his final publication titled *The World We Used to Live In: Remembering the Powers of the Medicine Men*. Concerning the past and present skepticism towards the workings of the medicine men, he writes:

> Our expectations in life are that events will occur in a cause-and-effect universe in which it is relatively simple to trace the beginnings and end of any natural phenomena. When we experience an event or feeling out of the ordinary, we tend to dismiss it as unreal, a fantasy that somehow broke into our consciousness. We cannot explain what we have experienced because

> we have only this narrow, materialistic framework in which to evaluate what has happened. In a practical sense, the Newtonian billiard balls that clang together creating events and guaranteeing uniformity are sufficient for us. But what if we learned to have other expectations? Suppose we were of such a nature that we could discern the life force in everything and were thus assured that as we made our way through life, unusual things could happen. What if these events gave testimony that the physical world we know was but a manifestation of a larger cosmos that was beyond our powers to discern and was also part of our lives. We would then begin to attribute the cause of some unusual events as the intervention or intersection of unseen yet powerful forces that played a role in our experience, even if we could not see them. In theory, but not in daily practice, we do live in such a world.[16]

For his purposes, Deloria proceeds to explore how "the experiences of Indian medicine men coincide with or illustrate the same values and results found in modern science" by focusing on the malleability of substance, space, and time.[17] It is a sound strategy, considering the core subversion of his subject matter. Medicine men and their doings are among the first aspects of indigenous societies to be discounted as fraudulent or heretical, yet he is determined to not only take them seriously but also prove their effectiveness.

I wish to focus on the implications of what Deloria calls "unusual events as the intervention or intersection of unseen yet powerful forces that played a role in our experience, even if we could not see them." As LePique's Snow Rabbit, Charlottes

Kawbawgam's encounter with the Nibawnawbe, and the Kidders' reactions to both makes apparent, it wasn't only the medicine men who were influenced by unusual events. The "intervention or intersection" of the spiritual could occur on any given day, to any person, no less potent for being formally unsought.

This sense of intermediation may be key to understanding the motivations of Kidder's informants to share their knowledge with a young man so clearly outside their own sphere. I would make the case that the elders wished to share their experiences and traditional beliefs in order to assert and record their basic validity. Kidder, who collected the stories at such time as he was "forced by illness to leave college and spend two years with his father in Marquette and his summers at the Huron Mountain Club", and went on to graduate from Harvard in 1899, would likely seem a paragon of Western education and a master of literacy.[18] Kawbawgam's conception of the difference between the "wise" cultures who "made books" and therefore "remember what happened in ancient times" and the Indian who only knows "that there is a creator above, who made the world with everything in it and gave the Indian a heart to know the Great Spirit" underscores the cultural variations parcel to literacy's deep-seated impact.[19]

At first glance, it seems that written accounts are considered superior aids to memory, and admirable vehicles of wisdom. For many elders in the 19th century, the desire for cultural preservation was central to their willingness to speak with ethnographic types soliciting their knowledge. Furthermore, encounters with

official papers such as treaties would certainly impact indigenous assessments of the steadfast power of the written. Yet, if one considers the parameters of the written in conjunction with Deloria's assertion that "We cannot explain what we have experienced because we have only this narrow, materialistic framework in which to evaluate what has happened", having what Kawbawgam calls "a heart to know the Great Spirit" can begin to be seen as a viable, alternative literacy reliant on a different sort of evaluation.

The gains in preservation that are made by interacting with literate whites such as Kidder seem simultaneous with a cost to the heart awareness Kawbawgam understands as central to the Anishinaabek character. In the course of several stories that can be counted as key to the Anishinaabek cosmology, Kawbawgam and LePique remark on the changes that have taken place in more recent times. Kawbawgam begins the story of the "Thunderbirds and the Medicine Root" by stating that "In old times the Indians believed, and they still believe, that thunder is a bird. This is how they came to believe it."[20] He proceeds with the story of a journey to the Rocky Mountains to obtain "herbs and roots to doctor the sick" only after first establishing his and other's continued belief in the reality of the basic players and events related.[21] By so doing, he underscores the role of the community not only in the continued influence of key figures such as the Thunderbirds, but also in maintaining access to the practices and knowledge surrounding the events of a given narrative.

In the narrative, there is repeated mention of the offerings left at the taking of just

a few roots from the Thunderbirds' nests, after carefully lifting out the guardian frogs. Need, effort, care, and the grateful recognition of dependency combine to characterize human intercession in the realm of these spirit animals. As a formula for right interaction, the details of such stories would come to mind whenever thunder was heard. Nabokov's hope that his book may encourage readers to "become more respectful of the thousands of years of human thought, prayer and ritual that have saturated the places where they live" implicitly requires that the influence of the land be understood as foundational to any human response.?????[22] The sounds, sights, scents, and shapes create the stories associated with them. Thus morality is not limited to the conceptual mind, but hinges on the continued presence of specific lands and phenomena that renew and remind human inhabitants of their dual dependency and responsibility.

To return to matters of continuity and change, Kawbawgam states:

> The men sometimes went there again at that time of year to get some of the medicine root. They would find the birds, make an offering, and dig the roots. A little of this root made a man safe in battle, so that if he prayed to the thunder, he could not be pierced or hurt by an arrow. But once, when they went again, they found that the Thunderbirds, with the frogs and plants, were gone. The birds had left that place because it began to be too much visited, just as the sparrow hawks, which used to nest on Presque Isle, are gone, because there is too much passing up and down the coast.[23]

The consequential departure of the Thunderbirds in the story mirrors the absence of the birds in Kawbawgam's contemporary experience. There are predictable consequences to trespassing into the sanctuary of animals and spiritual beings. This disturbance of their peace significantly places them as autonomous beings with marked preferences. Such departures mark a distinct loss – whether it be the absence of the medicine associated with the Thunderbirds or the perhaps less apparent ecological implications of species relocation. It is clear that while interspecies relations produce mutual impact, when the greater balance of benefits and consideration fall to the human side, the burden of loss is thrust upon the animals and places. This in turn upsets the tribal basis of physical and spiritual continuity, again underscoring the basic reciprocity of the animated world.

Coexistence is not only a human concern, but requires consideration of myriad living forces as present and influential. The loss or absence of any member of the surrounding ecology is a serious matter that demands explanation. Unsought and unwelcome changes to the composition and inhabitants of tribal homelands are often understood in terms of human trespass and non-human discontent. In the narrative "Water Spirits in Sable Lake", Kidder details a warning Jacques LePique received from Yellow Beaver upon learning that LePique was set to travel there. Disappointing anyone on the lookout for picturesque scenes of happy Natives among their spiritual brethren, Yellow Beaver warns: "If you are going to Sable Lake, you'd better keep your eyes open. It's a dangerous place - full of spirits."[24] Yellow Beaver proceeds with specific details about the place, including the location,

size, and owners of various footprints, and the unpredictability of water levels. This information is seconded by "a half-breed named William Holliday", who saw similar tracks and also encountered unusual serpents. Kidder concludes the section with the following summary:

> The Ojibwas believe that this lake has for ages been inhabited by these serpents, which are as powerful as the Mishi Ginabig, though not the same, and that they own the lake and the water. They take the water with them when they leave, so that when they are absent the lake is low, and they bring it back when they return. Now, for a good many years, the lake has been very small, having broken through the sand and run off into Lake Superior. The Indians think that the reason that the serpents have gone away is that they do not like the whites, whom the serpents believe to be as strong as themselves.[25]

Like the Thunderbirds and the sparrow hawks, the serpents of Sable Lake are displaced. The move is in part voluntary, as they choose not to inhabit regions overrun by mankind and his occupations. Yet, as with the tribal people themselves, the changes come unbidden and thereby compel the given response. The animals and spirit beings depart. The Anishinaabek who remain respond variously. As Kidder states in his introductory note, his "informants were all of such advanced age that in their youth Lake Superior was still a wilderness without a town, and the Ojibwas, though undoubtedly much influenced by generations of contact with missionaries, traders, and voyagers, were still comparatively primitive, even at the

eastern end of the lake, the section of the tribe form which all my informants sprang."[26] The course of their long lives saw a steady increase in European settlers and their occupations. The wilderness from which the stories and traditions sprang steadily gave way to the encroachments that changed the character of the land and thereby the responses of all its inhabitants – animal, spirit, and human alike.

Jacques LePique has an extended history of working for the Europeans, as guide and cook.[27] The Kawbawgams, as Kidder reports:

> were comparatively sedentary, spoke no language but their own, and to the end of their days, after the country was settled by white people, remained very Ojibwas in their manner of living and thinking. Kawbawgam was a pronounced conservative and lamented the transformation which had come over his country and the life of the Indians. The stories he gave me, even those that recite incidents in his own experience, are uniformly concerned with the ancient lore of his people, in which he retained unquestioning faith. They represent a stage of Ojibwa culture that has now quite disappeared in that part of the tribe. His wife was even less influenced by the American life that he.[28]

Kawbawgam's avowed faith in the traditions and his disappointment in the changes taking place resonate with the familiar preservationist agenda. It also suggests his desire to underscore at least his own ongoing awareness of certain life forces that, at the very least, retain influence through the consequences of being ignored. His

uniform concern with the ancient lore indicates a purposeful selection of narratives appropriate to the contemporary circumstances of the telling. These stories do not function as nostalgic, historic placeholders, rather they conjure forth familiar circumstances and truths at each occasion of their telling. As Gerald Vizenor states the matter:

> The woodland creation stories are told from visual memories and ecstatic strategies, not from scriptures. In the oral tradition, the mythic origins of tribal people are creative expressions, original eruptions in time, not a mere recitation or a recorded narrative in grammatical time. The teller of stories is an artist, a person of wit and imagination, who relumes the diverse memories of the visual past into the experiences and metaphors of the present. The past is familiar enough in the circles of the seasons, woodland pales, lakes and rivers, to focus a listener on an environmental metaphor and an intersection where the earth started in mythic time, where a person or little woodland person stopped to imagine the earth. The tribal creation takes place at the telling in the oral tradition; the variations in mythic stories are the imaginative desires of tribal artists.[29]

This point of view expands the potential insights of any story. The function is not only to transfer a people's moral and intellectual inheritance, but to encourage a nuanced application of imbedded lessons – both to present circumstances and future implications. Certainly, this could be said to apply to any culture's morality tales. But the decision to tell the stories from a position at the crossroads between

oral transmission and written preservation is in itself a distinct, significant factor that must be figured into attempt to discern the "meaning " of what is told. Kidder's conclusion that Kawbawgam's particular manner of thought is "quite disappeared" fails to consider the ongoing applicability of the information Kawbawgam relates, even in the specific act of speaking to Kidder as his listener. It would be difficult not to assume that among the changes Kawbawgam laments, the increasing number of whites and the subsequent displacement of indigenous inhabitants, human and non-human alike, is heavily figured. Present-moment asides, such as his mention of the sparrow-hawk's departure, are thus lent a particular poignancy.

Another instance of such commentary occurs at the end of the story "A Famine and How a Medicine Man Saved the People." A medicine man named Nin-gaw-bi-un accepts tobacco and thereby the request that he intercede on behalf of a hungry band of Ojibwas having an extended run of bad luck hunting and fishing. Nin-gaw-bi-un brings in a big sturgeon to feed the people the next day, and while they are dining they see that "on the ground beside Ni-gaw-bi-un lay something about twice as big as your thumbnail. It was the dried skin of a little bird. He asked the people what they thought so small a thing could do."[30] He proceeds to explain that when he was fasting as a youth the bird promised to help him or call the Thunderbirds to do so. Through this aid, the people end up with plenty and there is a tremendous thunderstorm in the middle of winter, as predicted by Nin-gaw-bi-un. Kawbawgam concludes the story by stating:

> I don't believe that it was the little bird that did all these wonders, but a spirit

that came in that form.

The Ojibwas in that camp must have had great faith, for now-a-days if you took a hundred skins on the ice, you could not get a mouthful.[31]

These comments underscore the purposeful nature of Kawbawgam's motivations as a storyteller. He first establishes his unquestioning belief in the veracity of the events portrayed. He does not defend or qualify what happened, but rather offers his own logical assessment of the details. This stance provides contrast and censure to those Ojibwa who lack the faith required for such things to come to pass. It is not a matter of believing in the story, but of believing in the capacity of spiritual powers to intercede in human lives. Such acts require not only proper offerings and notice by faithful Ojibwa, but also an environment that is suited to the workings of their deeds.

This second point can be further understood through the story of Iron Maker, a powerful medicine man about whom Jacques LePique shares a story. When his canoe capsized late in the fall "off Portage Entry" he woke to find himself naked and freezing and far from home. He borrows the bodies of a succession of animals, first having "thought of the beaver, whereupon the beaver came to him and gave him his body."[32] In this manner, Iron maker is able to make it almost all the way back home, as when he "no longer had power to keep the shape of the ox, he was pretty near his lodge."[33] LePique further explains that "the animals that saved Iron Maker by lending him their forms were spirits that had appeared to him when he was

fasting in his youth."[34] On the following page, there is a "Note on Iron Maker", wherein Kidder relates how Iron Maker turned Methodist late in life and "gave up the practice of magic."[35] It is further stated that:

> he certainly believed in Christ but he still believed in the old native spirits, too. He thought, said Jacques, that Christ, being stronger than these, had driven most of them out of Lake Superior country, and that Christianity had destroyed among the Indians the faith that is necessary for success in medicine operations. [36]

Again, faith is deemed critical to maintaining the active, purposeful ecological reciprocity that begets the spiritual agency of both the human and nonhuman players. Iron Maker experiences the presence of Jesus through the departure and absence of the elder powers. The previous balance is thrown off by Christ's strength, a strength significantly characterized by the destruction of indigenous faith. Thus the destruction of habitats coincides with the destruction of indigenous spiritual awareness and reciprocity. The dangers inherent to certain places and their spirit inhabitants are in effect neutralized by the power of the white men and their religion to threaten the understood order. Iron Maker chooses to cultivate his relationship to Christ, compelled by a belief system that does not differentiate his power from that of the Thunderbirds or Mishi Bizhi or the Nibawnawbe, but rather sees and practically responds the reality of the changes occurring.

Ironmaker's belief that the old spirits left because Jesus is so strong shows how

the details of cautious living have changed. There is a key difference in who or what it is that needs to be appeased or avoided. Warnings of the Thunderbird's power or the Nibawnawbe's treachery, once central to the guidance vested in generations of narratives, are no longer espoused and observed as important aspects of survival. Instead, the white man and his religion house the perils of power, displacing the attentions previously reserved for the inhabiting spirits of the land.

I propose that this shift effectively upsets the bonds of humility and cautious self-restraint that the old stories and beliefs cultivated. The undoing, or uprooting, of the established moral compass explains Kawbawgam's lamentation at the changes that have occurred in his lifetime. His existence largely became characterized by ongoing loss. However, his firm conviction in the efficacy of traditional knowledge and practices continues to provide him with a keen mind for understanding the relationship between events, people, and place. In the chapter "Some Ojibwa History", Kawbawgam concludes his summary treatment of Anishinaabek military and political interactions with the direct explanation that "The reason that the Indians do not believe in 'papers' is that they learned from these happenings that 'papers' cannot be depended on, for the promise signed by the British in the treaty, agreeing to make presents to the Indians 'as long as the sun rose and set', was broken."[37]

Having made the decision to speak only in his language did not prevent the elder from gaining and expressing insight into the workings of the English language and attendant lifeways he refused. Indeed, his determination to retain "his

unquestioning faith in the ancient lore of his people and in the stories he was relating" provided the solid moral grounding of this keen social critic. Kawbawgam had no illusions about the contemporary balances of power and spirituality. This same basic realism extended to his handling of traditional narratives, defusing tendencies to dismiss the stories as fancy. In the narratives collected by Homer Kidder, the Anishinaabek elders tell a deep history of unsought change. They do so with the steadfast conviction born "of a heart to know the Great Spirit."

From "The Court Oreilles Origin Myth," told by John Mink:

Wenebojo was coming on the ice across Lake Superior. He saw a bunch of people and went up to see who they were. When he came nearer, he saw that they were a pack of wolves. He was surprised to see them and called them his nephews and asked them what they were doing. They said they were hunting. Wenebojo said he was hunting too.

They picked out a place on the edge of the lake to camp. Wenebojo was cold. There were only two logs for a fire. One wolf said, as they were sitting there, "What are you going to do for your uncle? He must be getting hungry." Another wolf pulled off his moccasin, tossed it to Wenebojo, and told him to pull out the sock. Wenebojo looked at it, said he didn't want any stinking socks, and threw it back. The wolf said, "You must be awfully particular is you don't like this food." He reached into the sock and pulled out a deer tenderloin, reached in again and pulled out some bear fat. Wenebojo's eyes popped, and he said, "That's good; give it to me." They put it over the fire to roast. Before he started to eat, Wenebojo took off his old moccasin. He was going to imitate the wolf. He threw the moccasin at the wolf. The wolf looked into it. There was only dry hay that he used to keep his feet warm. The wolf said he didn't want to eat hay. Wenebojo was ashamed.

They all went to sleep. Te wolves curled up and were warm, but Wenebojo couldn't sleep and walked around the fire. At about daybreak he hollered at the to get up and go hunting. They all jumped up and went off in different directions; in not time they were out of sight. One old wolf, the father of the young wolves, walked along with Wenebojo. Soon they came to some deer tracks, with wolf tracks following them. One had made awfully long jumps, another short ones. Wenebojo said, "This is the one who is going to get the deer; look how far he jumps." But the old wolf said, "No, this other one is the fast one. He'll get the deer."

Then they came to a place where a wolf had jumped aside and

had a shit. The wolf said, "Pick that up. It will make a good blanket."

Wenebojo said that he didn't want any old dog shit and kicked it aside.

The old wolf picked it up ad shook it, and it turned into a nice warm tanned wolfskin. Wenebojo wished he could have it. The wolf gave it to him.

The old wolf said, "It isn't far. Soon we'll catch up with them. They've got that deer by now."

They came to a little rise with a hollow down below. There Wenebojo saw some blood, and they soon came to the pack of wolves all lying around asleep with their bellies full. Wenebojo was mad., because the wolves had been so greedy. He picked up the best bones he could find, planning to boil them. They went back to camp. The logs there were burning, just as they'd left them.

The old wolf said to his sons, "Your uncle must be hungry. Give him some meat to cook."

One of the wolves came toward Wenebojo belching and whooping and threw up. A ham came out of his mouth. Another wolf came and threw up some ribs. Wolves have a double stomach; they can carry meat home, unspoiled, for their pups. After that, Wenebojo didn't have to go out. The wolves hunted for him and brought home deer, elk, and moose, and Wenebojo would jerk the meat. He was well fixed there.

Toward spring the old wolf said they'd have to leave, ad Wenebojo had enough meat to last until summer. Wenebojo didn't answer. One of the wolves said, "Maybe Wenebojo doesn't like that. He'll be lonesome."

The old wolf agreed and said that they'd leave one wolf with him, the best hunter. Then they left.[1]

Chapter Four.

"I Must See and Feel the Benefits": Romantic Savages and Speaking Beyond the Woods

Generally speaking, Romantic visions of indigenous peoples past and present tend to focus on comely, exotic aesthetics and enviable spiritual purity as opposed to the intercultural specifics of survival. The preference is for Natives to maintain a perpetual state of imagined majesty, snug in a tipi or painted for the warpath - immersed in a colorful vision of otherness symbolic of a brand of freedom that the human collective is on the brink of losing. Despite the allure of these images that were particularly perpetuated by such authors as Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne, evidence of the necessary and active participation of a people and their language in the political actualities of the mid-19th century can be found. The (originally untitled) document *"Statement Made By The Indians": A Bilingual Petition of the Chippewa of Lake Superior* is a fascinating study of the tensions between the Anishinaabek's autonomous values and the insistent land encroachment that would uproot the established balances between morality and survival.

The introduction supplied in the 1988 publication by The Centre for Research and Teaching of Canadian Native Languages explains that the "Statement" was "prepared in 1864 for presentation to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington by a delegation of chiefs, headmen, and warriors of the Chippewa of

Lake Superior."[1] The bilingual structure of the document provides vivid proof that Anishinaabemowin was fully employable in situations unrelated to the symbolic. The insight that "these documents indicate that literacy in Ojibwe had been integrated into what is now seen as 'traditional' Anishinaabe society in ways beyond the direct control of missionaries", is further applicable to its integration beyond the inscribed limits of Romanticism.[2] Comparison of the “Statement” to Romantic conceptions of Indian language reveals the particular challenge that America’s written heritage presents to the airing of indigenous concerns.

The chapter “Language” in Ralph Waldo Emerson's 1849 opus “Nature” presents a rather revealing pairing of representative populations early on. He writes: "Children and savages use only nouns or names of things, which they convert into verbs, and apply to analogous mental acts."[3] The role "children and savages" play in his meditations as veritable repositories of right thought and living assures that Emerson intends admiration rather than insult in his phrasing. Nevertheless, the assertion is indicative of the core problems his written legacy has presented to indigenous claims on the functionality of language. The notion that these languages hinge on "only nouns or names of things" then wrangled into verb-form is provably inaccurate, even by someone like myself who is at only a beginner's level of understanding Anishinaabemowin.

For a fluent speaker of a distinctively verb-based Algonquian language (which would include those tribes hailing from Emerson's New England homebase), such an assessment might seem laughable in comparison to their comprehension of a highly complex grammar. A comprehensive ease instilled only by a lifetime's worth of

exposure. To a grammar, it might be mentioned, that flummoxed many a 19th century linguistic anthropologist for its singular dearth of static nouns. Seemingly untutored in any of the "savage" languages, Emerson values them for the touchstone of simplicity they lend to his own intricate terms - much as children are valued as reminders of the happy days before adult responsibility. Yet, counter to the rather carefree role assigned to the speaking "savage", the error of this over-simplification undercuts both his own endorsement of alternate language awareness, and strips actual speakers of any applicability outside the assigned spheres of simplicity and purity.

Emerson's use of indigenous languages as proofs for his theoretic stance is clarified by the claim that "savages, who have only what is necessary, converse in figures. As we go back in history, language becomes more picturesque, until its infancy, when it is all poetry; or all spiritual facts are represented by natural symbols."[4] Here, the utility of those who "converse in figures" resides in associating them with origins both murky and ostensibly shared by all of mankind. Apparently, the idea and image of "savages, who have only what is necessary" - including the requisitely picture-able majesty of feathers no doubt - is needed to provide a desirable yet othered link to this common linguistic heritage.

This is a significant hurdle to actual Indians who in the 19th century had decidedly concrete matters of import to converse upon. In Emerson's influential schema, tribal people are most usefully relegated to the past as paragons of Romantic generalities. The accorded role denies any political applicability of their language and understanding to the complications of a Modern Age that Emerson

requires them to exist outside of. His statement that the "immediate dependence of language upon nature" lends "piquancy to the conversation of a strong-natured farmer or back-woodsman, which all men relish" again emphasizes the palliative effect of the nature-based language Emerson credits to his savages. Be it as it may that these languages are indeed profoundly linked to the place of their evolution, it is necessary for speakers be allowed functional scope outside that which "depends on the simplicity of his character."[5] As useless as the fact may be to Emerson's philosophic needs, indigenous speakers had real-world concerns parcel to their existence beyond a theoretical construction of origins.

The presentation of the "*Statement"* in both English and Anishinaabemowin invites comparisons capable of revealing aspects of Anishinaabek thought that, while perhaps indicative of such philosophical and even spiritual differences as Emerson insists upon, are born out only by the demonstrable specificity he lacks. Even for those with no knowledge of Anishinaabemowin, the English translation details the duplicitous dealings and outright lies involved in divesting the Chippewa of their lands. As I have tried to demonstrate in other chapters, the inherent remove of written English figures heavily into the cultural tensions. The *"Statement"* was created with the intention of presenting it to a live audience; however, the motivating circumstances arise from the obfuscated layers of authority particular to written Western communications.

The opening remarks in the English translation read: "This Statement is made by the Indians according to the best of their knowledge in regard to the promises made to them while living in peace among themselves. At a certain time there came to us

word of our "great Father" calling us to a Council to be held at Prairie du Chien."[6] In the Interlinear text, the Anishinaabemowin statements read as follows:

> Ezhi-gikendang isa aw Anishinaabe iw owaawiindamaagoowinan, megwaa bizaan namadabipan anooj ezhi-wiinzod Anishinaabe. Ningoding dash madwe-giigido aw ningichi-mishoomisinaan, madwe-zagaswe'aad dash iniw oniijaanisan iwidi Ziibi-zaagiing.

The "isa" works to emphasize "ezhi-gikendang", which in the document translates to "how he knows it". The highlighted act of knowing is explained in relation to the "owaawiindamaagoowinan/ promises made to him". The linkage of intense knowing to the act of promising indicates the core influence this series of interactions has had on the authors' sense of certainty. The meticulous detailing of how these promises have been consistently broken shows "ezhi-gikendang isa /how he knows it", to refer to the uncertainty parcel to these dealings. The only thing the Anishinaabe is certain of is the uncertainty of promises not kept. Furthermore, the designation "wiinzod Anishinaabe" is refined by the phrase "namadabipan anooj/ he had sat various", which illustrates the fact that more than one tribal polity is concerned, though they are referred to as a collective.

In just this opening sentence, the listener/reader is presented with two key facets of Indian/white relations – the contrasts between word and deed, and the tendency to conceptually group Indians into a representative mass. The former underscores the gulf between the United States government's tendency to employ whatever means necessary to procuring its interests, including solemn pledges never really intended as binding, and the mores of tribal people for whom one's word is bound

to the functionality of all given relationships. Without the collective respect that sociologically sanctifies acts of "owaawiindamaagoowininan/promises made to him", the basis for sensible, trustworthy decision-making and fair action is nonexistent. The latter phrase suggests how amorphous groupings of specific people from specific places into a nonspecific collective allows for greater ease of decree-making, so a plurality interests can be pursued, and resistances defused, with one wave of the hand. Or, as is more likely, one flourish of the pen.

Another crucial difference between Romantic assignations and the situational reality illustrated in the *"Statement*," is that the document's purpose and intended audience required the words be locatable and employable somewhere outside the analogous woods. The dual phrasing "madwe-giigido /he is heard speaking" and "madwe-zagaswe'aad /being heard to call them to council" together emphasize how the government's petitioning for an audience came second-hand, but nevertheless elicited an immediate cause for concerned response. The Chippewa maintain a tenuous residency in the shrinking forest of their homelands, their lifestyles indelibly marked by external interests pushing toward displacement. The second-hand quality of the requests and demands from the "Great Father" is repeatedly emphasized, highlighting how this relationship was not established through direct council and appeal, but changeable hearsay. The emphasis is key to understanding the normative value the Chippewa place on direct interchange – a basic political formula that is wholly absent in relation to the Great Father, or utterly exploited by Indian Agents sent to offer trinkets and lies in exchange for prime forested lands.

Of course, in *Language*, Emerson does set up a meeting between the spirit of "original language" and the tumultuous demands "in the roar of cities or the broil of politics."[7] In an ode to "the poet, the orator, bred in the woods" as purveyors of rustic, pastoral, and we can assume, Native eloquence, he writes:

> Long hereafter, amidst agitation and terror in national councils, - in the hour of revolution, - these solemn images shall reappear in their morning lustre, as fit symbols and words of the thoughts which the passing events shall awaken. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods will wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, as he saw and heard them in his infancy. And with these forms, the spells of persuasion, the keys of power are put into his hands.[8]

If we apply the particulars of this scenario to the Chippewa who prepared the *"Statement*", it becomes questionable whether Emerson would invest the language itself with an ability to effectively speak to revolutionary affairs in national councils, or if the real goods lay in a rejuvenating retreat to Shangri-La. In other words, does it matter whether such connections are actually articulated in the language employed, or does only the creation and appropriation of a Romantic spiritual essence matter? These questions resonate with the observations in Michael Cronin's essay "History, Translation, Postcolonialism", found in the book *Changing the Terms: Translating in the Postcolonial Era*. Aware of and willing to participate in the common America:Indians::England:Irish conceit, I defer to Cronin's assessment of the sort of cultural appropriation Emerson is participating in. He writes:

> The Survey involves the Anglicization of the locality through language -

> English transliterations of the Irish names reflecting the wider translation of a people from one language and culture to another. Crucial to the operation of this enterprise is the use of local knowledge, and a striking feature of British imperial policy was its ability to co-opt local, dominated knowledge(s) in a strategy for retaining power.[9]

Perhaps unwittingly, Emerson's yoking of "savage" language to simplicity aids in the retention of colonial power by limiting the usefulness of first-language fluency to the figurative. It is co-opted as a key Romantic trope. In a sense, this is a matter of the difference between symbolism and translation, in that one privileges the fanciful and the other strives for accuracy. Certainly Emerson had no qualms about championing the poetic; the problem is how his conceptualization of the "savage" overshadows the complex workings of indigenous language and thus the real possibilities of what Cronin terms "translation as resistance."[10] The *"Statement*" required a concerted process of translation from Anishinaabemowin-based thought patterns into English, highlighting how "the political circumstances of translation affect the strategy adopted."[11]

Mindful of my still inchoate learning of Anishinaabemowin, I will undertake to offer some illustrative examples of the dual cultural and political efficacy of the language found in the *"Statement*", lest I fall into the same reliance on unspecified generalities as Emerson. As a whole, the document details a series of treaties that progressively demanded more and more of the Chippewa without ever making good on promises that: assured monetary recompense, limited what was taken, increased annuities, established reservations in perpetuity, provided furniture,

schoolteachers, blacksmiths, and so forth. Specific details and amounts abound, testifying to a facility with legalities and officialdom that is meaningfully deepened by the autonomous reckoning of the world, as is encased in the birth language.

Concerning a stand of pine timber they have been urged to sell, the Chippewa's translated English response is "From the usual height of cutting a tree down and upwards to the top is what I sell you, I reserve the root of the tree."[12] For the stipulated retention of the roots, the Anishinaabemowin phrase is "Gaawiin wiin owidi ojiibikaawid gibagidinamoosinoon" / "not over here having roots I don't offer it to you." "Ojiibikaawid", referring to having roots, contains the sound "jiib". This can also be used to name a turnip, and in a word like "jiibaakwe", which can mean "he cooks" but also is used to refer to the practice of the Ghost Supper, a feast made to remember the departed, and provides a more specific understanding of "jiibaakwe" as "doing for the spirits". "Jiibaa" indicates "spirit, corpse, root of being"; "jiibik" indicates a tree root. Thus, there is a correlation between what in English are distinctly called "root" and "soul/spirit".

This connection comes up again later in the *"Statement*", in reference to an Agent remarking on the Chippewa's unwillingness to remove from their lands "For the sake of your Graves", with "your graves" being spoken "gijiibegamigowaan."[13] "Jiib" is again heard alongside "gamig", roughly translatable as a place or structure, so "the place of roots/souls". We can take this to mean that in that particular council, the resident Chippewa stipulated their intention to remain guardians of the souls of the trees, that being contained in the rootedness of the lands. Thus, in just this one sound there is a wealth of insight into specifically Anishinaabek understandings, to

lend that much more gravity to what the necessary translations into English express. Let it be also said that the English itself is of telling impact, indeed often eloquence. It is clear that the Chippewa authors were wholly capable of expressing themselves with the deepest nuance and complexity, unbound from the confines of natural Romantic simplicity and its equating of "real language" with rustic naïveté.

The rewards of focusing on such a minute portion of the *"Statement*" are nearly overwhelmed by the frustration of what I don't possess similar understanding of in the rest of its pages. As a first-language English speaker learning my indigenous language, it is a feeling of longing I know I am not alone in. The intuited promise of the unmastered but, once comprehended, profoundly illuminating language perhaps unexpectedly moves me to sympathize with Emerson's intentions and motivations. What he chiefly laments is "the fraud" of expressive conventions that are indicative of layer upon layer of the more dubious working of modernity.[14] To entirely disassociate tribal concerns from such sentiments would be difficult, since Emerson's ideas are so influenced by the intellectual tradition of European reckonings of the New World, as well as his own preoccupation with Nature as something other than commodity.

Yet, associations with Romanticism haunt most efforts to assert that there is some difference to be found in indigenous languages, and thereby, consciousness. In the introduction to *Changing the Terms: Translating in the Postcolonial Era*, editor Sherry Simon alludes to the conundrum of trying to stake out a claim for cultural particularity in a field of theoretic landmines. She posits: "cultural hybridity is often invoked by critics of postcolonial readings of translation less to champion historical

scrupulousness than to discredit the whole postcolonial enterprise by dire reference to the evil twins of nativism and essentialism."[15] So far as these accusations of evil go, Emerson is a whipping boy first class, to be disowned and dissected for purposes of dismissal. I don't find it wholly desirable to do so, as hinted at by my claim that his tendency toward over-simplification undercuts his endorsement of alternate language awareness.

Entirely shutting down any possibility that his treatment of land and language interactions possesses some insight can easily extend to a similar dismissal of indigenous insistence on the cultural particularities inherent to language. In this sense, there is a certain subversiveness to making statements such as Simon Ortiz does in the introduction to *Speaking for the Generations: Native Writers on Writing*. Already included as an epigraph, I again offer his revealing meditation on the process of acquiring English as a first-language indigenous speaker. He writes:

> Of course, I also have self-questions and qualms about the extensive use of the English language and the Western cultural baggage that comes with it... Using the English language is a dilemma and pretty scary sometimes, because it means letting one's mind go willfully - although with soul and heart in shaky hand, literally - into the Western cultural intellectual context, a condition and circumstance that one usually avoids at all costs on all occasions. Even though I believe I did not have any overt problems with it, learning to speak, read, and write in English was fraught with considerable tension for me. As a result, years later I admit I have felt uneasy and even disloyal at moments when I've found myself to be more verbally articulate in

> the English language than in my own native Acoma language. I have to honestly admit that there is a price to pay for selling your soul, if that's what has happened.[16]

To dismiss Ortiz as an essentialist in the tradition of Romantics claiming soul connections to an original language is to deny him the right to his experience and autonomous expression - sentenced only to a perpetual toting of "Western cultural baggage." How to overcome these perils, and again alluding to the basic flaw in Emerson's theories, is to approach the matter using specific referents. Ortiz begins this by referencing the Acoma language by name, thus situating himself as part of a sovereign nation. Further, while he points out the difficulty of satisfactorily transferring Acoma understandings into English forms, he does not deny the possibility that English can be mastered to suit his purposes as a writer focusing on Acoma concerns.

The interplay between Romantic conceptions and the actual concerns of indigenous speakers of English can be further illuminated through Henry David Thoreaus' text *The Maine Woods*. Published posthumously, it offers a chronicle of the only direct contact the Romantic paragon had with the Indians he was so associated with in spirit. Among his contemporaries and in the retrospect of critics and admirers, Henry David Thoreau is indelibly associated with the idealized natural man. Yet, his extensive collection of artifacts and his oft-quoted expositions on Indian lifeways and philosophies were both undertaken without benefit of any notable contact with actual Indians until he traveled among the Penobscot in Maine in 1846, which with his return in 1853 and 1857 composes the contents of *The*

Maine Woods. How the Indian is situated in the written record of his observations and musings provides means of understanding the philosophy and psychology that defines his reputation as an ecological spokesman. In a spirit of allocation, admiring critics before and since grant Thoreau his alignment with the Indians - whether that encompasses his role as the illuminated critical scholar, or the particulars of an inspired soul connection. But it is not until *The Maine Woods* that the long established import of the Indian to primary and secondary Thoreauvian meditations would face the implicit challenge of a specific people's independent expression.

To the reading public, Thoreau's poetic sensibilities are forged by his expertise and sympathy for the natural world and man. Importantly, Thoreau's ongoing fascination with an aboriginal past accords him a representative role as one who "seems inclined to lead a sort of Indian life among civilized men", as Nathaniel Hawthorne would phrase matters after a social visit from Thoreau.[17] In the same 1842 journal entry, Hawthorne further states "it is a characteristic trait that he has a great regard for the memory of the Indian tribes, whose wild life would have suited him well; and strange to say, he seldom walks over a ploughed field without picking up an arrow-point, a spearhead, or other relic of the red men - as if their spirits willed him to be the inheritor of their simple wealth."[18]

The intrinsic fantasy element of these associations, wherein the Indian is fetishized along with the remains of his shadowy culture that mark the land, does not necessarily require the presence of a living people attuned to the natural world. Rather, the usefulness of the Indian as naturalized Other, and Thoreau by association, is better served by the abstract symbolism of representational

discourse. Abstract insofar as the conceptual trumps the tangible, and symbolic because unmarred by the complications of the modern world that has seemingly doomed the purity that can only exist in the imagined past. The abstraction allows for Thoreau's rhetorical validity in the realm of public letters, while the symbolic assigns him spiritual sensitivity and creative natural genius.

The kind of assumptions that place Thoreau as white Indian are well illustrated by Albert Keiser, the literary scholar credited with rediscovering the eleven volume manuscript of Thoreau's *Indian Notebooks* at the Pierpont Morgan Library. The effusive interpretation that follows is found in Keiser's 1933 book *The Indian in American Literature*.

> The influence of the Indian in Thoreau's life is so deep and thoroughgoing as to color his whole existence. Native terms became such an integral part of his vocabulary that he customarily spoke of the musquash and the Musketaquid instead of the muskrat and the Concord River. The reticence and the stoicism of the native ingrained themselves in the very fiber of his being as he moved about the ancient hunting-grounds of the vanished tribes, pondering the destiny, and gathering the sacred remains of the former possessors of the soil.[19]

Such spiritual infusion hinges on the absence of the "vanished tribes", that Thoreau might fully encompass and especially represent the shadowy and sacred characteristics of a lost but thus redeemed legacy. The language and the soil function as a palimpsest: the words are colorful alternatives to English as the standard of communication, and the soil, as a former possession of exterminated but

metaphysically valuable tribes, provides enriched foundation to the current nation residing on the land. It seem that for Keiser, Thoreau's ponderings are what render Indian remains meaningful and sacred. He goes on to state, per the Walden sojourn, "It was such fullness of life which Thoreau admired among the Indians, and at Walden he sought to practice a similar adaptation to his own environment, an experience which left him wiser, and which has given our frenzied and extravagant age a lesson it might well take to heart."[20] In this pedantic reverie, Keiser fancies Thoreau a mediator - a functional repository of the Indian made refined and accessible.

Whether Thoreau intended to serve as such a mediator in the retrospect of posterity is unknown. What can be little doubted is the importance of the Indian as a source of alignment and articulation for the Romantic, natural, transcendentalist philosophies most associated with his written legacy. The Indian presence that inhabits his *Journals* and published essays embodies simplified alignment with the natural cycles of the wild, much akin in purpose to Emerson's symbols of rustic naïveté. But, as Robert Sayre makes the point in his 1977 book *Thoreau and the American Indians*, "...the true character and significance of Thoreau's interest in Indians are more complex than these generalizations suggest. To a great extent, Thoreau was prejudiced, favorably and unfavorably, by the white stereotypes of Indian life. He did not study Indians, in all their variety and social relationships; he studied 'the Indian', the ideal solitary figure that was the white American's symbol of the wilderness and history."[21] In part, this illustrates the truism that one is a product of their times and so must be analyzed and perhaps excused accordingly.

Yet, as is exemplified by "Civil Disobedience", Thoreau as an author is particularly understood in terms of his rejection of the times he inhabited. The possibility that a primary symbol of his subversive values is itself infused with evidence of perhaps unconscious conformity complicates his legacy of dissent and underscores the ubiquitous nature of these stereotypes.

Thoreau disassociates from modern man as an automaton that outrages such human freedoms as are manifest in his reckoning of "the Indian". Yet, the stakes he has as a published and widely read author encourage a discourse complicit with dominant measures of both intellectual and imaginative validity. The inevitable and irresistible influence of authoritative white concepts shape Thoreau's critique of civilization even as it is grounded in notions of purer Indian forbears. His understanding of the Indian as symbol of unbounded natural man is itself bound by the conventions of the written language he must utilize as the only form suited to disseminating his observations and criticisms to a reading public.

If this perhaps unconscious conformity to stereotypes helps gain an audience, the association again bodes ill for living tribal people trying to advocate for their interests. Reading the *"Statement"* makes it clear: the typical order of events left the Indians feeling either unheard or summarily dismissed, despite myriad attempts to gain the sympathy or prick the conscience of those addressed. The paternalism of the self-proclaimed "Great Father" would favor visions of a meek Red Man grateful to be guided into the charitable fold of civilization. The Chippewas of Lake Superior report being repeatedly told that they "must live in peace, not to war against one another, but be peaceable and live by tilling the land."[22] This thinly veiled advice to

do as told and keep quiet about it proves incompatible with the dismal consequences of white intercessions into the tribal polity. The *"Statement"* provides the following illustrative testimonial:

> There was an old woman who spoke to the Agent, in this wise, My Father, truly I am poor, your Children the Chippewas are poor. At the time when the English People were supporting me I had plenty to wear; but when you made your appearance you who are called "Big Knives" and come among us, you told me you would support me, that I would not be poor, that I would be better off than I had been with the English. I am now a good deal poorer than I was then. You made me a great many promises which you have not fulfilled. This old woman spoke the truth. There is no perceptible change in our situation even when promises are made to us, although they are often made to us, to effect a purpose, but we never know them to be fulfilled.[23]

This testimonial links the old woman's poverty to the shifting currents of imperial claims on Anishinaabek land – from the avowed colonial interests of the English to the more veiled acquisitiveness of a budding American nationalism. In both instances, the Anishinaabek are offered the seeming security of material support. The promise that the people will be "better off" is not fulfilled. In combination with the loss of hunting, ricing, gathering, and fishing grounds, these supports instead undermine the real security of the established self-sufficiency of the Anishinaabek industrial year. The only perceptible purpose affected by the promises made is to pauperize the tribal nations, ostensibly to buy Peace through utter dependence. Again, the *"Statement"* evidences just how aware its authors were of the

foundational disparity between work and deed, and how these rhetorical games ultimately translate into further hardship.

How the Chippewa account for such disparities is better understood by considering the process of how the *"Statement"* came to take the form it did. As a written record, it is evidence of the extended councils and hearings that formed it. Behind the scenes, not only were the views of the headmen taken into account, but also the experience of unnamed tribal members like the old woman. Simply put, the text is made possible only by the active workings of communal decision-making as it rests on a foundation of traditional values and direct experience. A careful listener/reader can detect the depth and variety of influences that contributed to the decisions and statements made. During this time of extended treaty making and breaking, focusing on the unrecorded communal processes that underlay the end results makes it more difficult to cast the Chippewa in the role of victim or tragically fading Romantic figure. The demands and stipulations recorded in the *"Statement"* demonstrate not only the necessity of political engagement, but can highlight the inseparability of such policies from baseline communal identifications. In other words, even at the seeming mercy of double-dealing politicians and avaricious agents, the Chippewa maintain the autonomy to assess and judge such behaviors from a pre-established and independent moral stance that provides a solid means of measured response. They never surrender their own understandings of civility. They continue to advocate for the interests of all their people, and the lands upon which they depend.

The featuring of the old woman's testimony gives a glimpse of an elder woman's role among the people. Not only do mindimooyenhwag (old women) figure heavily into key traditional narratives (Nanaboozhoo was raised by Nokomis, his grandmother), they also prove crucial to the smooth functioning of seasonal survival. Mille Lac elder Nodinens recollects her grandmother' role throughout the industrial year in a narrative that can be found in Frances Densmore's *Chippewa Customs*. Regarding the weaving of bulrush and cedar mats to cover the wigwams, she states: "My grandmother directed everything, and she had a large quantity of the thorns from the thorn-apple tree in a leather bag. She had been gathering these all summer, but she made sure she had plenty."[24] Without these mats, the wigwams would provide no winter shelter. Nodinens also relates how "during the winter my grandmother made lots of fish nets of nettlestalk fiber."[25] These nets were crucial to procuring the bulk of one of the Chippewa's main food sources. Returning to the forethought of gathering, Nodinens states how "Grandmother had a supply of thorn-apple thorns and she got these out and pinned up the children's coats so they would be warm and we started off in the snowstorm and went to the sugar bush."[26] In relation to the sugar bush (tapping and processing of maple syrup), which the Anishinaabek were also dependent upon for a primary food source, Nodinens directly summarizes the mater of opening and organizing the food cache stored the previous fall: "Grandmother had charge of all of this, and made the young girls do the work."[27]

These details provide stark contrast between the fate of elders in the *"Statement's*" contemporary scene of meager agency provisions, and their key role in assuring the survival and self-sufficiency of tribal communities still engaged in the seasonal rounds. Nodinen's account demonstrates the established import of said elders within the composition of the traditional Anishinaabek polity. The broken promises referred to throughout the *"Statement*" result in increasing hardship due to loss of the lands and resources upon which the entire fabric of Anishinaabek society was based. The security of a Grandmother who was certain to gather the thorns needed for home construction and the warmth of children finds no substitute in the whims of agency officials seeking profit in the name of the Great Father's merciful authority. The security threat ushered in by the era of papers and promises is well represented by a poor old woman whose only seeming defense is to speak the truth of her poverty. This is the reality brought about by the less savory workings of literacy in service to the changeable, self-serving declarations of officialdom. The disconnect between Chippewa lives and governmental proclamations rides upon the vested authority of a written version of reality intended to displace the actual, sustainable relationships between people and place – relationships that hinge on the ecology of survival.

In her book *Hemispheric Imaginings*, Gretchen Murphy considers the spaces of inquiry opened up by "discourse studies that examine the importance of language as a mediating device that prevents direct access to 'the real'."[28] The official line of the Great Father and his representative Agents works to silence the concrete concerns of the Indian subject with palliative phrasing that aligns with convenient

conceptions of malleable Red Children. Murphy points out the 19th century American propensity to use the "displacement of American Indians as unique national subject matter qualified to compete with Britain in the realm of cultural production... The representational Indians they proposed would serve a narrative purpose similar to that of Adam's citation of 'aboriginal relations' -- a demonstration of the unique situation of settlers in the New World."[29] Thoreau's own agenda to prove unique exception to the humanist woes of modernization similarly turns upon a representational language of Indian relations that is inherently removed from the "real". In both instances, Indians are written into obscurity, while those doing the writing take their place - literally in the case of the land-grabbers, and figuratively in the case of the Romantics.

Robert Fannuzi, writing about Thoreau in *Abolition's Public Sphere*, raises this question: "Had the putative critic of capitalist modernization allied himself with its capacity for abstraction and sacrificed the intimacy of social relations and the concrete reality of social localities for, as Marx said famously, the 'unreal universality' of an imaginary form?"[30] There is a nuanced relationship between abstract language and the "imagination", in which the use of figurative language is a matter divorced from actual people and lands. In other words, the English language as a "mediating device" of communication relies upon ingrained distinctions between the real and the representative, the concrete and the imaginary, the language of rational validity and the language of the figurative and poetic. In all of these binaries, Emerson and Thoreau's rhetoric situates the Indian in the confines of the latter, effectively eliminating independent responses that are actively relevant to

the critique of the contemporary "real". Such critiques are ultimately addressed to those sharing the abstracted language of removed rationality as it defines the worth of the symbolic.

In summary, Romantic representations of the Indian are dependent on imaginative and textual associations that hold the burden of a utopian alignment with Nature. It is not wholly necessary for either Indian or nature to be actualized or embodied outside these abstractions. Limited by the allure of the conceptual, the actual possibility of (communal) survival within and according to the dictates of nature becomes a matter of fiction. Or, for the living people caught up in this nationalist imaginary, a struggle to survive in the flesh in actual places.

Fanuzzi sees Thoreau's investment in "subjective impressions" as the impetus behind his reckoning of Walden Pond as a repository of "artistic sensibility."[31] The tendency to favor the discursive power of the symbol compels him to

> force a contradiction between the aesthetically mediated experience of place and the actual place so that both the imaginative process and the means of representation are defamiliarized. In doing so, he was leaving behind the city itself as the implied referent, or site for his self- consciousness; more precisely he was making an urban existence wholly contingent on the inferences, associations, and activities that he ascribed to his imagination.[32]

Walden Pond is valuable because of a process of imaginative idealization that favors the poetics of the land as a sensibility separate from - and of superior ideological usefulness to - the land itself. Such rhetorical hierarchies can be transferred with little difficulty to the aboriginal inhabitants of the land, whose arrowhead detritus

and romanticized dependency infuse and enhance the cultivation of associative fictions.

In short, Thoreau's poetic imagination is informed by a fetishized alignment with a concept of the Indian situated both within Nature as the consciously utopian contrast to modern industrial disenchantments, and within a language of both imaginative and rational remove. These linguistic machinations dovetail with the strategies employed by the very forces that would disenfranchise and remove the tribes from lands coveted for timber and homesteading. Land that is then despoiled and consequently unsuited not only to the meditative landscapes prized in Walden, but unfit to continued occupancy that depends on its established bounty.

The *"Statement"* employs a dual strategy in the effort to maintain a sustainable landbase: the written record of accounts prepared for official presentation is also peppered with references to the collective, living will of the people. Concerning the government's proposed access to mineral interests, Chief White Crow responds "I do not give you the land, it is the Mineral only that I sell if there is any to be found on my land."[33] The personal pronoun seems endemic to the convenience of the Agent's efforts to force compliance, again indicating the tendency to overlook the communal decision-making habitual to the tribal polity. However, this wording is quickly qualified, as White Crow again emphasizes: "I do not cede the land, as he cried with a loud voice turning to his fellow Indians in which they all responded with Eh! Eh!"[34] This emphatic declaration highlights the group consensus as it is conveyed in the evocation of their vocal response, and thus, continuous presence.

The reasoning behind the Chippewa's acquiescence to the Great Father's demands illustrates the good faith customarily afforded to the solemnly spoken word. At the same time, there is likely an under-riding practicality to the ongoing willingness to parley: at this point in history, most tribes would be well aware of America's military strength and destructive capacity. One passage reads: "So then Father, Our Great Father requests me to sell him my Pine Timber, our Great Father is mighty, therefore whatever he says would not be in vain, and whatever he promises to do he will fulfill."[35] A stance of default respect toward spoken vows is increasingly tempered by the ongoing disappointment of conditions unmet. The Chippewa attempt to make stipulations that might allow them some retention of culture, showing just how much their words were guided by the material reality of the land. The woods are not mere fodder for poetic alignments – they are necessary to physical and spiritual survival. Along with the previously mentioned retention of the Pine's roots, the *"Statement"* makes the following conditions:

> Again this I hold in my hand the Maple Timber, also the Oak Timber, also this Straw which I hold in my hand. Wild Rice is what we call this. These I do not sell.
>
> That you may not destroy the Rice in working the timber, also a small tract of land to make a garden to live on while you are working the timber.
>
> I do not make you a present of this, I merely lend it to you. This is my answer, My Great Father is great, and out of respect for him I will not refuse him, but as an exchange of civility I must see and feel the benefits of this loan, and the promises fulfilled.[36]

The speaker is uncannily aware of how empty words can be. The desire to "see and feel the benefits" is the desire to re-situate the exchanges into the realm of discernable actuality rather than changeable policy. This material specificity is inseparable from the deep cultural significance of the plants listed. The Maple and the Wild Rice in particular are key facets of the Anishinaabek industrial year, providing for the ziizibaakwad and manoomin that are crucial both nutritionally and to many associated origin and morality stories. In her influential 1999 publication *All Our Relations*, Winona LaDuke explains:

> There are many wild rice lakes on the White Earth reservation in northern Minnesota; my community, the Anishinaabeg, calls the rice manoomin, or a gift from the Creator. Every year, half our people harvest the wild rice, the fortunate ones generating a large chunk of their income from it. But wild rice is not just about money and food. It's about feeding the soul.[37]

As for the ziizibaakwad, or maple syrup, the name itself gives an idea of the place it holds in the lives of the Anishinaabek. The opening syllable, "zii", can also be found in the word for river, "ziibi". In both cases, it is a sound reference – the bubbling and murmuring that is heard when a river flows, as well as when the maple tree's sap begins to flow. These details characterize the people's relationship to their surroundings: it is close, personal, and nuanced because it is based on sensory realities. Unlike Thoreau's valuation of the land's symbolic capacity in the move toward an uplifting imaginary, the underlying motivation of the Chippewa's attention toward these particular features foregrounds the experiential blend of the practical and the spiritual.

How the rhetorically abstract tradition of English letters undergirds Thoreau's use of the Indian (and nature) as symbolic currency is best understood by examining the attitudes, prejudices, and insights that characterize his eventual contact with actual Indians. Though *The Maine Woods* did not appear in print until 1864, the timetable of his visits attests to the fact that contact of greater or lesser duration with the Penobscot people of Maine indeed occurred prior to or during the course of some of his most substantial written treatments of the Indian. Thoreau encountered a few Penobscot briefly in 1846, prior to "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers", had more extensive contact with guide Joe Aitteon in 1853, one year prior to the publication of *Walden*, and finally in 1857 made the journey that marks what is rightly considered his most significant interaction with Joe Polis. This was in the midst of his "Indian Notebooks" and its extensive archival research and copious note-taking that spanned from 1847-1861. It is also useful to consider these dates in relation to the *Journals*, as these 1837-1861 writings are rich in references to the Indian.

This chronology does not negate the point that Thoreau's representation of the Indian hinges on a symbolic understanding of rhetorical abstraction. Rather, that the Indian described in these works so often retains a tenor of utopian fantasy, and that his inquiries still so heavily favor the written record of past anthropological, missionary, and ethnographic ventures (even after contact with living Penobscot) reveals the core ambivalence of his struggle between the concept and the actual. Thoreau as accomplished white author and Romantic paragon of Indian and natural sympathies is complicated by the simple revelation that specific

Indians are complexly situated in the modern world, and not so easily relegated to a poetics of the past.

Thoreau is unmoored from established alignments with the imaginative and nostalgic lines that he would claim affinity to (and be popularly considered inheritor of). Rapid-fire vacillation between open acquiescence and derisive resistance to the authority and ultimate authenticity of his contemporary Penobscot guides infuses *The Maine Woods*, to leave both reader and author with a schizophrenia of identification. The fictionalized, emblematic Indian of Thoreau's subjective musings and scholarly curiousity is in danger of deterioration once faced with the presence of a living inheritance. An inheritance including political awareness and white men's clothing as well as forest savvy, and at times importantly articulated in the indigenous language of the land. That these Penobscot are undeniably descendants of "the Indian" troubles Thoreau, and makes *The Maine Woods* a work of deep ambiguity. For as much as Thoreau's description and assessment of these people is frequently disapproving, ungenerous and suspicious, the subtlety of his education and unsought enlightenment prove profound.

His first trip, which the section named after the mountain "Ktaadn" provides record of, is underscored by a patronizing sense of disappointment. Seen from his passing ferry, two inhabitants of Indian island are given unflattering descriptions, as token of the "Indian's history, that is, the history of his extinction."[38] New houses are looked upon as decided curiousities, and with seeming surprise Thoreau contrasts such development with the deserted look of the island, "as if the tribe still had a design upon life."[39] These first impressions are recorded as "poor Indian", as

Thoreau situates the homesteads, pastimes, and church buildings as incongruent mockeries of what "were once a powerful tribe."[40] Such language succeeds in limiting the living Penobscot to a relationship with a faded past; the "woe-begone", pitiful remains of a people whose foremost link with Indian island is the inevitability of the grave.[41]

Thoreau's discomfiture with the Penobscot he sees is in opposition to an internalized image of Indians who would prove powerful not poor. In a remark equal parts disparagement and mourning, he states: "Politics are all the rage with them now. I even thought that a row of wigwams, with a dance of pow-wows, and a prisoner tortured at the stake, would be more respectable than this."[42] In this measure, political awareness is just so much posturing, of degraded equivalence to old-style savage rowdiness and other stereotypical tropes of tribal identification. The pert dismissal encased in such phrasing undermines tribal people driven to politics by motivations decidedly more critical than a hankering to be part of the latest "rage".

Yet Thoreau cannot simply relegate the inhabitants of the island to share in the spectral unreality of already extinct ancestors. His authorial intentions oblige him to empirically observe and record the scenes that compose his travels and contingent impressions. In *The Maine Woods*, the tension between the factual language of his fieldnotes and the poetic strains of his philosophic musings is concentrated around the ambiguities of an Indian agenda that is simultaneously ethnographic and mythological, critical and reverent.

In this 1846 journey, interactions with indigenous people prove minimal and rather conclusively disapproving, as is evident in the assessment that "We were lucky to have exchanged our Indians, whom we did not know, for these men" - they being the white men who agreed to accompany Thoreau and his companion to the mountain after the Indian guides they tried to employ failed to arrive at the rendezvous point.[43] Why the two Penobscot - who in the course of the interview were described as "dull and greasy-looking", "sluggish", and "doggish" - did not meet as planned is impossible to say with full certainty, though Thoreau later states that "they had in fact been delayed so long by a drunken frolic at the Five Islands."[44] In this mode of censure, he compares his white companions to the missing Penobscot and categorically states that "the Indian is said not to be so skillful in the management of the batteau. He is, for the most part, less to be relied upon, and more disposed to sulks and whims."[45]

This ill impression retreats in light of his engagement with the natural scenes about and upon mount Ktaadn, where he finds descriptive recourse in identifying the Indian as the primary point of mythic associations. His ascent immanent, Thoreau muses that "simple races, as savages, do not climb mountains - their tops are sacred and mysterious tracts never visited by them."[46] Taking in the elevated view, he surveys the features of the land and considers the myriad unnamed lakes "and mountains also, whose names, for the most part, are known only to the Indians."[47] His well-documented experience of sublime wonder at the top of the mountain as "matter...the *solid* earth! the *actual* world! the *common sense*! Contact!"

is tellingly understood to be Nature as "Man was not to be associated with it... It was a place for heathenism and superstitious rites,- to be inhabited by men nearer of kin to the rocks and to wild animals than we."[48] His tendency is to situate the Indian as the keeper of esoteric knowledge impossibly and best described as reality in so unfettered a state as to be virtually uninhabitable by man in his modern associations. The Indian resides where matter is infused with mystery and the human is all but indecipherable from the natural surroundings.

Which Indians he considers representative of such illumination prove distinctly separate from the two missing Penobscot he again encounters at the end of their respective forays into the wilderness.

> Met face to face, these Indians in their native woods looked like the sinister and slouching fellows whom you meet picking up strings and paper in the streets of a city. There is, in fact, a remarkable and unexpected resemblance between the degraded savage and the lowest classes in a great city. The one is not more a child of nature than the other. In the progress of degradation, the distinction of races is soon lost.[49]

In this passage, Thoreau makes an inherent distinction between those who are degraded and those who may be counted children of nature. The Penobscot men, attired in "the spoils of Bangor", are in this scene little better than scavengers picking at the meaningless leavings of dominant, disinterested, voracious civilization.[50] These particular Indians are ill-suited to the purity of their ancestry, and his scathing description of the encounter is summarized by the remark that "We

thought Indians had some honor before."[51] After this dismal portrait, the narrative reorients into a reverie that would envision "a still more ancient and primitive man... He is but dim and misty to me... He glides up the Millinocket and is lost to my sight, as a more distant and misty cloud is seen flitting by behind a nearer, and is lost in space. So he goes about his destiny, the red face of man."[52] The face of the Indian as it briefly appears in 1846 is derisively dismissed in favor the image that populates the "howling wilderness" of Thoreau's poetic imagination, leaving any insight to be gained from a contemporary reckoning of indigenous identity lost to the non-space of disembodiment.[53]

Thoreau returns to Maine in September of 1853, and duly makes record of the events in "Chesencook", the second section of *The Maine Woods*. On this trip, he does indeed procure a Penobscot guide by the name of Joe Aitteon, a "good looking Indian, twenty-four years old, apparently of unmixed blood."[54] This factual strain of description is in accord with the tenor established in an earlier description of the botanical features and natural system of waterways then followed by a detailed description of Joe as he applies pitch to his canoe. The smallest actions are reported on, including the placement of his mouth and whether he inhales or exhales air in the course of assessing the canoe's soundness. Far from indicating some unconscious anthropological indoctrination, Thoreau readily states: "I narrowly watched his motions, and listened attentively to his observations, for we had employed an Indian mainly that I might have an opportunity to study his ways."[55]

What Thoreau seems most prepared to study are whatever practical lessons of ancestral forest knowledge and application that Joe Aitteon might possess. The answer is, decidedly, plenty, as the younger man proves adept at handling the canoe, discerning diverse forest sounds, and tracking moose "lightly and gracefully, stealing through the bushes with the least possible noise, in a way in which no white man does, as it were, finding a place for his foot each time."[56] Yet, when asked for a particular bit of information about the construction of his canoe, Aitteon answers:

> "I don't know, I never noticed." Talking with him about subsisting wholly on what the woods yielded, game, fish, berries, etc., I suggested that his ancestors did so; but he answered, that he had been brought up in such a way that he could not do it. "Yes," said he, "that's the way they got a living, like wild fellows, wild as bears. By George! I shan't go into the woods without provision, -hard bread, pork, etc." He had brought on a barrel of hard bread and stored it at the carry for his hunting. However, though he was a Governor's son, he had not learned to read.[57]

As testament to the practicality of "his ways", Aitteon readily makes use of the conveniences introduced by whites, ostensibly because he was not brought up to reject them. In this default mode of education, wherein what is valued is what is included in the course of quotidian survival, he learns to speak but not read English. While Aitteon does make use of colloquialisms such as "Yes, Sir-ee" and "By George" in his exchanges with speakers of English, he is not to be counted among the ranks of a reading public.[58] Aitteon's fluency in spoken English and Penobscot both tacitly resist written literacy's tendency to displace oral language. For Thoreau, this

presents a seeming dichotomy, placing Aitteon's illiteracy at odds with his father's high status as determined by the apparatuses of white authority. In *The Letters of the Republic*, Michael Warner observes how 18th century intellectuals "by their use of print... naturally align themselves with the character of authority."[59] The subtext of Thoreau's comment, that "though he was a Governor's son, he had not learned to read", reveals the implicit role literacy holds in his own hierarchy of refinements. For Aitteon, the learning of English foremost seems a matter of practicality, in light of the need to interact with an ever-increasing white population. The employment opportunities afforded by tourists such as Thoreau require a guide, and find value in the personally reckoned authenticity of seeing the woods with an Indian.

Thoreau's desire to observe idealized Indian ways in an authentic setting is destined for disappointment, as is to be expected of most fantasies that encounter the real work of living. This is well illustrated by Thoreau's outrage over the events surrounding the interracial moose hunt, when he is moved to decry "What a coarse and imperfect use Indians and hunters make of nature! No wonder that their race is so soon exterminated."[60] Albeit illiterate, as an assimilated Indian, Aitteon is privy to this denunciation of uncouth modernity. At an apex of disillusionment over such "petty and accidental uses" of nature, Thoreau invokes "the poet; he it is who makes the truest use of the pine", effectively uniting the written word and the imagined natural man as the only reliable cites of "employments perfectly sweet and innocent and ennobling."[61] As sympathetic poet, Thoreau looks to inhabit the same idealized, utopian space that shelters his abstract, representative Indian. What Fanuzzi refers to as Thoreau's readiness to "settle himself nowhere else than in the poetry of his

speech, or in the midst of language" depends in part on the absence of such poetic modes of awareness outside the haven of his written articulations.[62] Thus, for the poet and the Indian to function as repositories of the "higher law affecting our relation to pines as well as to men", flesh and blood Indians like Aitteon must be excluded from the ranks of those able to articulate love for "the living spirit of the tree."[63]

Yet, when the focus turns to the Penobscot language in it's living, present articulation ,"Chesencook" reveals Thoreau's initiation into the modern mindset of his guide as it exists, untroubled, alongside the retention of indigenous expression. Recalling the example of the philosophies that underlay the linguistic expression of the Pine's roots in the *"Statement*", it is clear that indigenous languages encompass understandings based on long relationship to the land. These understandings arise from the inheritance of a birth speech that relies on shared and personal observations of the surrounding life forces. Again, it is important to remember the ascendency of the verb in these Algonquian languages. What is spoken of relies on what makes itself apparent, as opposed to what the speaker chooses to define as important. In the course of the narrative, the sound of the Penobscot words work on Thoreau as a near inarticulable revelation, akin to the paradoxical sense of unmoored grounding that he experienced on Ktaadn. Thoreau's attempts to synthesize and articulate what the tribal language suggests to him raises questions about his understanding of the poetic, as well as written English as the inherited measure of authority.

Thoreau's brief remarks on the occasion of his initial encounter with Aitteon's indigenous language provide a remarkably prescient outline of the core linguistic and philosophic issues that surround translation. Characteristically providing description of the layout, flora, fauna of the land, Thoreau reports: "The king-fisher flew before us, the pigeon woodpecker was seen and heard, and nuthatches and chickadees close at hand. Joe said that the called the chickadee *Kecunnilessu* in his language. I will not vouch for the spelling of what possibly was never spelt before, but I pronounced it after him till he said it would do."[64] He goes on to name a few more birds, animals and plants along with Aitteon's translations, but offers no direct comments about the particulars of the language. However, his observations about the lack of standard spelling and the particularity of the pronunciation underscore the language's characteristic flexibility, compositional meaning, as well as the limitations of (written) translation.

In an 1888 article in *The American Journal of Philology*, J. Dyneley Prince offers his "Notes on the Language of the Eastern Algonkin Tribes" in the spirit of preservation. Chiding his contemporaries, he remarks that "surprisingly little attention has been given by linguists to the Indian languages of this country...and this is the more to be regretted because with the last Indian the last hope of investigation will perish, for these people keep no records and have no desire to leave any traces behind them."[65] Like Thoreau, Prince considers the language's lack of a standard written record as a foundational point of differentiation. Oral communication is associated with the eventual extinction that results from a dearth of desired posterity. In other words, unwritten words are words that cannot last,

and the preservation of such a language falls to the hands of those who can mark it down at present for the sake of future interest in the past. Such generalizations lend indigenously authored documents like the *"Statement"* considerable significance, undermining assumptions about tribal acquiescence to the extinction of their language, ways, and people.

As a self-appointed preservationist, Prince shows his propensity to assume what Michael Warner terms an "authoritative precedent" born out of a "temporal distance" that values the inheritability of textualized ancestry."[66] The value of the inheritance is authoritatively represented and preserved by the written record that "makes print the appropriate means of access to that precedent."[67] This recalls Thoreau's determination to take notes on the Indian ways and words he encounters in Maine. His conflation of poetic awareness and expression with the romanticized Indian of his idealized imaginary is worked out through his writing. The projected image, as detailed by temporal or fantasy constructs, is favored because of the preserved abstractions born of print associations. The materiality of print takes on all manner of psychological and social associations to render it a means, or source, of authority that ultimately lacks an immediacy of interaction. Authoritative communication is conflated with its written preservability. Sensory experience, as the means of communicating temporally unbound actuality, is of questionable validity.

Prince's article focuses on the diverse dialects born of the non-standardization of oral language. His profession as a linguist highlights such variations, and this concentration accordingly presents the language as a specificity

of sound. Recalling Aitteon's tutorial on the pronunciation of *kecunnilesu*, what quickly becomes apparent in the study of the Algonkin language base is that discreet meanings prove inextricable from the auditory experience of the immediate communication.

At one point Prince makes the following linguistic observation: "As these dialects are radically the same, the phonology and grammar are, of course, identical in all of them, for although the forms of words have differentiated, yet the sounds have remained almost unaltered, and only in a very few cases have the grammatical forms changed."[68] The effort to preserve the language in the written form, to filter it through the authority of standard English associations, seems to be in hand. Not only that, but he has articulated an important insight about the stable importance of the morphemes - an observation that would find agreement among teachers of Algonquian languages today. Yet, not a page later he remarks that "Nothing is so deceptive as the thick guttural utterance of an Indian, and I have frequently spelt the same word in two or three ways as the sound itself impressed itself differently on my ear. It is often the case in Indian languages that exactly the same combination of sounds will be heard and interpreted differently by different individuals."[69] This commentary suggests the inadequacy of written forms to properly translate what it is that composes the language. The rogue element can be understood as the context of the communication; the interaction as it takes place proves crucial to the composition, articulation, and comprehension of the language.

In short, Prince is attempting to apply standards based on temporal abstractions to that which is inseparable from the spatial as a matter of direct access to an

interactive sense of people and place. Accordingly, he offers the astute conclusion that "Very subtle distinctions in accent are observed in speech making; in fact it is by such means that the orator produces and effect or renders his meaning more emphatic", after having just remarked that "the variations of some of these songs are so very difficult that it is impossible for a white man ever to learn them exactly."[70] This raises the question of whether it is a different matter for a white man ever to listen to them exactly.

Thoreau's penchant for empirical data, as evidenced by the appendices of *The Maine Woods,* which include a list of Indian words along with extensive field records of plant and animal life, can lead one to safely assume that he was open to attaining Penobscot words throughout his contact with Aitteon. However, there is no further reference to the language until he is invited to lodge with Aitteon and three other Indian companions for a night. Thoreau is inclined to accept the offer, as he determines the Indians to be "much more agreeable, and even refined company, than the lumberers" whom he suggests think only of fighting one another.[71]

His visual description of the camp focuses primarily on the copious amounts of meat in various stages of curing, and he refers to a 1592 image that ostensibly showed a Brazilian native propensity to include human flesh in the drying process. He concludes his aesthetic survey with the remark that "Altogether it was about as savage a sight as was ever witnessed, and I was carried back at once three hundred years."[72] In this mode of civilized remove, he is careful to spread his blanket over the moose hides "so as not to touch them anywhere", and "talking with them till midnight", tells the Penobscot how he "had seen pictured in old books pieces of

human flesh drying on these crates", to which they respond with a story about having heard of such behavior among the (rival) Mohawk.[73] At this Thoreau states that they "knew but little of the history of their race, and could be entertained by stories about their ancestors as readily as any."[74]

Here, the specter of written history is irresistibly insinuated into the associative processing of people and place, leading Thoreau to impart his authoritative knowledge of the Indian to the Indians. Yet, the remark that they "knew but little of the history of their race" likely holds true insofar as that "history" is one ultimately based on white conceptualizations. To "know" such a history requires understanding oneself in accord with a public sphere that Warner points out "requires a special set of assumptions about print. It requires an articulated relation between assumptions about print and the norms of a specialized discursive subsystem."[75] Unable to read or write, the Penobscot are decidedly outside the norms of print-legitimated discourse. They are not privy to a history of the race constructed under the special assumptions that grant such records authority, so are thereby excluded from the particulars of their representation within such spheres. This enables Thoreau to privilege his own telling of the men's ancestry and what he conceives to be the proper spirit of it, and thus further bolster poetry as the proper site for that ancestry's spiritual articulation and preservation.

Such is the state of conceptual affairs as he settles down to his evening with the Penobscot. In the midst of what is by far the most intimate contact he has had with Indians, he has his first opportunity to hear conversation conducted fully in an indigenous language.

> While lying there listening to the Indians, I amused myself with trying to guess at their subject by their gestures, or some proper name introduced. There can be no more startling evidence of their being a distinct and comparatively aboriginal race, than to hear this unaltered Indian language, which the white man cannot speak or understand. We may suspect change and deterioration in almost every other particular, but the language which is so wholly unintelligible to us. It took me by surprise, though I had found so many arrow-heads, and convinced me that the Indian was not the invention of historians and poets. It as a purely wild and primitive American sound, as much as the barking of the *chickaree*, and I could not understand a syllable of it... I felt that I stood, or rather lay, as near to the primitive man of America, that night, as any of its discoverers ever did.[76]

Acknowledging his own tendency to discount the contemporary Indian as degraded and ill-suited to the symbolic value of his ancestry, Thoreau is surprised into an alternate awareness of the people. Unexpectedly, the sound of the language suggests to him there are aspects of the aboriginal race that remain unavailable for either dismissal or appropriation. The language is beyond the scope of written histories and poetics because the sounds are compositions of immediacy, meaningful because shaped in accord with the current interaction. Thoreau stresses the particularity of the interlude - "that night", "lay...near" - to provide perhaps unintentional opposition to the typical mode of "abstractness that defines the norms of publicity."[77] The utopian, universal spirit of Nature and her representative red men herein face exposure as mere concepts limited to the assumptions of an

exclusionary discursive sphere. Though he does not "understand a syllable", as he bears auditory witness to actual Indians in the present moment, he is opened to the living, interactive sound of an acutely and specifically current language.

From this point *The Maine Woods* can be read as a chronicle of Indian/white relations characterized by a comparative analysis of languages in contact. For as much as Thoreau provides record of his own evolving, yet distinctly limited, impressions of the indigenous language, so does the narrative provide some key instances of aboriginal inquiries into the English language. The questions asked, associations revealed, and conclusions made about foreign sounds and words highlights how language is an intrinsic gauge of the under-riding life philosophies of unfamiliar people.

Thoreau's moment of awakening to the Penobscot language is followed by further inquires into the meaning of "Indian names", and the uncertain response of the men prompts him to observe "their inability, often described, to convey an abstract idea. Having got the idea, though indistinctly, they groped about in vain for words with which to express it."[78] Their language - to attempt an abstracted summary of deeply complex relationships - is composed of sounds that are strung together to express a specific and actively present facet of spatial reality. Thoreau's observation that "They have never analyzed these words before" points to an essential feature of the Algonquian language group: the words are formed according to the expression of the situation rather than the definition of the descriptors.[79] The active moment is of more importance than the words chosen to conceptualize and categorize it.

Prince astutely acknowledges this dynamic when he states; "Almost any idea whatever, now matter how subtle, may be expressed by an Indian verb, for the extremely ductile character of the language admits of a myriad of forms."[80] Coupled with his observation that "Indian words are often small sentences in themselves... copiously inflected according to the idea they convey", it is easy to understand the difficulty of assigning a static meaning to a particular word.[81] The particularity resides in the moment expressed, rather than in associations previously established as definitively valid. The difference mirrors Thoreau's reaction to the distinctness conveyed by the Penobscot language, as opposed to the generalities of Indian character he had previously developed.

Thoreau's final foray into Maine in the summer of 1857, as detailed in the section titled "The Allengash and East Branch", marks his acquaintance with Joseph (Joe) Polis. To return to the point that *The Maine Woods* provides insight into Indian characterizations of the white man, one may turn to Polis as a man uniquely situated at the cusp of the contact between the people and thereby keenly attuned to points of contrast and confusion. The 48-year-old Penobscot is considered among the "aristocracy" of the tribe: he lives in a 2-story house, subscribes to the Bangor newspaper, owns hundred of acres of land, is worth $6000, and is described by Thoreau as "stoutly built, perhaps a little above the middle height, with a broad face and as others said perfect Indian features and complexion."[82]

Thoreau's early impressions of Polis showcase his preference for the fantasy as it lingers beneath his at times unflattering, stereotypical descriptions of the Indian. Underscoring the import of the language act, his initial disapproval centers

upon what he considers the incommunicability of his guide. At one point, Thoreau reports that "In answer to the various observations which I made by way of breaking the ice, he only grunted vaguely."[83] His sensibilities of social conventions offended, Thoreau further disparages Polis's reticence:

> The Indian sat on the front seat, saying nothing to anybody, with a stolid expression of face, as if barely awake to what was going on. Again I was struck by the peculiar vagueness of his replies when addressed in the stage, or at the taverns. He really never said anything on such occasions. He was merely stirred up, like a wild beast, and passively muttered some insignificant response. His answer, in such cases, was never the consequence of a positive mental energy, but vague as a puff of smoke, suggesting no *responsibility*, and if you considered it, you would find that you got nothing out of him.[84]

Though the reason is included in the description, Thoreau fails to directly attribute this reticence as a response to the particulars of the place (and the public residing therein). One can assume that for some interactions, Polis determines silence to be the most fitting mode of interaction. For example, Thoreau describes a scene during which "A tipsy Canadian asked him at the tavern, in a drawling tone, if he smoked, to which he answered with an indefinite 'yes'. 'Won't you lend me your pipe a little while?' asked the other. He replied, looking straight by the man's head, with a face singularly vacant to all neighboring interests, 'Me got no pipe'; yet I had seen him put a new one, with a supply of tobacco, into his pocket that morning."[85] Though the extensive research recorded in the "Indian Notebooks" would assumedly alert

him to the significance of the pipe, Thoreau seems more invested in pointing out the un-neighborly evasion. However, reading into the situation rather than the response, it seems most likely that Polis is unwilling to disrespect his pipe by giving it to a drunk man.

Once the company is at last out on the lake, the tenor of the narrative undergoes a change, and Thoreau's description of Polis is written in more generous tones of genuine interest. The first instance of this is initiated by a series of Indian words provided by Polis, the articulation of which inspires segue into the qualities of the surroundings.

> Paddling along the eastern side of the lake in the still of the morning, we soon saw a few sheldrakes, which the Indian called *Shecorways*, and some peetweets *Naramekechus*, on the rocky shore; we also saw and heard loons, *medawisla*, which he said was a sign of wind. It was inspiriting to hear the regular dip of the paddles, as if they were our fins or flippers, and to realize that we were at length fairly embarked. We who had felt strangely as stage-passengers and tavern-lodgers were suddenly naturalized there and presented with the freedom of the lakes and the woods.[86]

Re-invigorated to the sensory pleasures of the moment, Thoreau is able to view Polis with a newly sympathetic eye that excuses his earlier behavior as a matter of strange, un-naturalized surroundings. Indeed, it is likely that the freedom of the movement through lakes and woods doe explain Polis' comparative communicability, not excluding the effects the "inspiriting" sounds and sights have on Thoreau's attitude and openness toward his companion. Freed up from the

limitations of Thoreau's habit of suspicious remove, Polis can be recognized as an intriguing figure in his own right, because and not in spite of his facility in both woods and town, tradition and modernity, Penobscot and English.

The evolution of their relationship is marked by more complimentary descriptions of Polis's character, as we are told that "This man was very clever and quick to learn anything in his line", and is "thoroughly good-humored."[87] However, the tendency toward derisiveness never fully disappears, and Thoreau is also wont to remark on such matters as the "deficiency...long-windedness, and dumb wonder" of Indian storytelling methods, and criticizes Polis for making a "greater ado about his sickness than a Yankee does" when he takes ill.[88] In light of these rather superficial vagaries, the nuances shaping this contact narrative are better understood according to the subtle expressive distinctions of the respective languages.

Reminiscent of "Chesencook", Thoreau at several points waxes poetically euphoric over the sound of the language as it encompasses for him a mystery perhaps beyond the poetic. Remarking on Polis' English, he describes "the Indian accent" as "a wild and refreshing sound, like that of the wind among the pines, or the booming of the surf on the shore."[89] Taking up Polis' offer to hear "Indian sing", Thoreau is treated to a Catholic hymn as translated into the language and, after the song, into English.[90] He is sent into a reverie of characteristically temporal remove that speaks to both his habitual assignations of associative authority and to his

burgeoning effort to express the sound of the language as something outside those bounds.

> His singing carried me back to the period of the discovery of America, to San Salvador and the Incas, when Europeans first encountered the simple faith of the Indian. There was, indeed, a beautiful simplicity about it; nothing of the dark and savage, only the mild and infantile. The sentiments of humility and reverence chiefly were expressed.[91]

Leaving Thoreau to his struggle to access immediacy via channels of remove, let us at last turn to what evidence there may be of Polis' efforts to comprehend the structures of English as a foreign language intrinsically instructive of foreign ways. In the early stages of their journey, Polis and Thoreau come to an agreement that reveals the Penobscot's mirrored intention to "study the ways" of the Whites.

> I observed that I should like to go to school with him to learn his language, living on the Indian island a while; could that not be done? "O, yer," he replied, "good many do so." I asked how long he thought it would take. He said one week. I told him that in this voyage I would tell him all I knew, and he should tell me all he knew, to which he readily agreed.[92]

Whether Polis names one week the likely amount of learning time in testament to what he finds to be the straightforward make-up of the language, or if he is providing an estimate based on how long other linguistic hopefuls have lasted in the face of its complexity, is unknown. Nor is it clear if Thoreau meant to tell him all he already knew of the language, about Indian history, or about English words and White men's ways. What can be definitively stated is that Polis is eager to attain

cultural information and explanation in return for that which he offers. The points of curiousity, matters needing clarity, and direct inquiries that Polis makes attest that the effort to conceptualize the interstices of Indian/White relations is a dual struggle.

Soon after the men make their agreement, Thoreau reports that "The Indian asked the meaning of *reality*, a near as I could make out the word, which he said one of us had used; also of "*interrent*," that is, intelligent."[93] At this point, Thoreau gives an extended description of the peculiarities of Indian diction and vernacular, notably never answering the questions and leaving it unknown whether he attempted explain the meanings to Polis. However, the inquiries as they stand are remarkable. The words under question effectively summarize the interplay of rationality, abstraction and authority that compose White measures of valid discourse.

In *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*, Jurgen Habermas suggests that among secret societies "Reason, which through public use of the rational faculty was to be realized in the rational communication of a public consisting of cultivated human beings, itself needed to be protected from becoming public because it was a threat to any and all relations of domination."[94] Reason is a redoubtable matter of ultimately abstracted power. The intrinsic association of reason with the legitimacy of the literati is in itself a fundamental instance of ideological domination. Polis' focus on the word "intelligent" intuits this, and his uncertainty as to its meaning exposes the root inaccessibility of an ideally inclusive public sphere. Reason, as the discourse of intelligent people, does not require that discourse be determined by the

space immediately inhabited. Rather, the common humanity assumed central to reasoned communication is seated in the non-specific space of "reality" as it is accessed through the shared concept. Reality is not composed of details that provide its meaning; rather its value lay in the abstracted conceptual remove that can simultaneously claim a common sense.

"The Allengash and East Branch" is rich in examples of Polis' diverse interactions with and interpretations of the English-speaking world. He has spent time in major cities including Washington, employs white men on his farm, attends a Protestant church, and has even met Daniel Webster. Of particular interest to further Habermasian associations, however, is the following exchange:

> This noon his mind was occupied with a law question, and I referred him to my companion, who was a lawyer. It appeared that he had been buying land lately (I think it was a hundred acres,) but there was probably an encumbrance to it, somebody else claiming to have bought some grass on it for this year. He wished to know to whom the grass belonged, and was told that if the other man could prove that he bought the grass before he, Polis, bought the land, the former could take it, whether the latter knew it or not. To which he only answered, "Strange!" He went over this several times, fairly sat down to it, with his back to a tree, as if he meant to confine us to this topic henceforth; but as he made no headway, only reached the jumping-off place of his wonder at white men's institutions after each explanation, we let the subject die.[95]

The buying of land and the ownership of grass attest to the imbricated roles of market (capital), land (property), and politics(power) that are characteristic of White institutions, and to Habermas' understanding of the bourgeois public sphere in particular. In the chapter entitled "Social Structures of the Public Sphere", he critiques the idealized role of the conjugal family as haven for the "emancipation" of the "inner realm" of humanity, pointing out that "naturally the family was not exempted from the constraint to which bourgeois society like all societies before it was subject. It played its precisely defined role in the process of production of capital."[96] The construction of an inner realm free from the overt competition and corruptions of a market society only further serves the ascendancy of the market into the fictitious haven of the conjugal, consumerist, family.

Hearkening back to "Ktaadn", we can interpret Thoreau's criticism of Indian political involvements to be based on a similar investment in Indians as the representational cite of emancipation, accessible to members of a spiritual, poetic, imaginary family. To extend the parallel further, Habermas describes this urge, and its disappointment, with the observation that "Although there may have been a desire to perceive the sphere of the family circle as independent, as cut off from all connection with society, and as the domain of pure humanity, it was, of course, dependent on the sphere of labor and of commodity exchange."[97] Polis' necessary involvement in the particulars of the capitalist system of norms exposes the impossibility of the Indian to functionally exist in accord with his symbolic, utopian assignations.

In *The Maine Woods* the Penobscot retain, through their language, a living

association with the land that is not based on market standards which foremost value land as property. Polis acknowledges, and even acquiesces to, obliged "conformity with societally necessary requirements."[98] But in doing so, he retains the independence to judge them "Strange!". Twice more he casts this judgment: once calling it "strange" that the white men did not follow his tracks and thus took a wrong road. Then again remarking it to be "ver strange" that "we found no path at all at these places, and were to him unaccountably delayed."[99] In all three instances, there is a failure to be rightly guided by what is readily apparent, through close observation, on the ground beneath one's feet. The grass is foremost in the place where it grows, not in a temporally distant cite of ownership. The direction taken is best determined by where one is just then walking, rather than in the remote measure of maps. What makes the Penobscot who they are is not something to be represented, but lived.

The *"Statement Made By The Chippewa"* also foregrounds the core values encased in a language that is pliable enough to respond to forces in utter opposition to those same under-riding philosophies. The Chippewa headmen's determination to utilize written English is based on a foundation of a spoken language that hinges on mutually verifiable, situational reality. They plan to go to Washington, acknowledging the Great Father's representational seat of power, but in no way blind to the broken promises that provide its wealth. The Chippewa openly state "the only reason in my compliance with the request of my Great Father although he is owing me on former sales, is the promise of the privilege of living on my Reservation for ever."[100] (14.7). Though obliged to learn the currencies of language

and credit that drive governmental interests, they utilize their knowledge to state the reality of a situation made increasingly untenable by the removed language of officialdom. The closing reflection by the Chippewa again utilizes personal pronouns to succinctly reflect the collectivities of Anishinaabek and American culture that are at play: "..it was not Paper that you promised me."[101]

Chapter Five.

Curious Peculiarities: The Old World Display and the New World Displaced

The cover of the slim volume published by Maungwudaus features an ink drawing of an indigenous man dressed in full regalia. He wears a crown of feathers, what appears to be a bear-claw necklace, furs, and holds a long bow while looking off into the distance. Above him appears a straightforward title: *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*. Below his feet, potential readers may find the "Price: 12 ½ cents", as well as the information "Boston; Published By The Author, 1848." [1]

The drawing would likely prove sufficient to pique the interest of a 19th century public alternately fascinated and repulsed by the ways of the North American Indians. The specificity of the tribe named may or may not have made a difference to those seeking to satisfy either their curiosity or preconceptions about North America's original inhabitants. Nevertheless, the provided detail indicates an author who prioritized accuracy. Such specificity is also evidenced by his decision to note the fact of his self-publishing, alongside the place.

The unnamed Boston publishing house perhaps typified the sights and sounds of an urban arena far from home. These printing presses and the journey made to them were both critical to the completion of *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*. Entrance into the American public sphere of written letters requires both literary and literal forays into alien territories for those whose first language is not English.

The resulting publication from Maungwudaus contains the subtle story of his motivations: the sheer catharsis and intrinsic social activism of voicing his singular experience and insights.

In Darcy McNickle's *Native American Tribalism: Indian Survival and Renewals*, the complexities parcel to indigenous self-identification lends a personalized, thematic underpinning to the author's survey of contact history. McNickle supports a "more rational modern thesis" that "proposes a correlation between basic personality structure and cultural persistence", based largely on the question of what "agreement or conformity existed between observable acculturated behavior and the covert, inner life of the people."[2] Meaning, there is something about indigenous inner life that proves particularly adept at retaining tribal identifications and loyalties. Faced with the massive changes that contact with the whites entailed, the process of selecting and rejecting elements of the dominant culture was underway. McNickle provides a history replete with primary sources, allowing Congressional debates, Indian oratory, judicial and legislative language that tell a story of cultural adaptation underscored by the desire to retain the dignity of autonomous definitions of community and self.

This view favors adaptability over assimilation, and the strategic intelligence of the realist over the default acquiescence of the victimized. In response to arguments that would point to the loss of traditional industries and languages as equivalent to cultural loss, McNickle points to the simple fact that tribal peoples continue to self-identify as such, making it difficult to entirely dismiss the possibility that tribal alignments remain viable. More concretely, the retention of certain lands, a unique

legal status, and against-the-odds increases in population all underscore the unique position that existing tribal people maintain. Concerning the "survival of fragments out of the past", McNickle offers that the "function of culture is always to reconstitute the fragments into an operational system. The Indians, for all that has been lost or rendered useless out of their ancient experience, remain a continuing ethnic and cultural enclave with a stake in the future."[3]

McNickle's book proceeds with a compact presentation of North American tribal histories, tailored to clarify how the "conditions and consequences" of these identity politics came to be. Replete with legal quotes and dates of significant treaties and legislature, the text also rests on a foundation that views the "covert, inner life" as an equally significant factor in the ongoing story of contact. This straightforward proposal – that interior, indigenous identifications remain intact despite external circumstances that would denigrate or remove such alignments – offers a template for exploring the dual psychological and social acumen of an author like Maungwudaus. Faced with displays of both largess and poverty at the center of the cosmopolitan world of the mid-19th century, Maungwudaus responds with critical insight, subtle humor, and a confidential tone that indicates a steady foundation of the values born of his cultural alignments.

For those who were drawn in enough to peruse further, the title page of *An Account of the Chippewa Indians* supplies the following details:

> An Account of the Chippewa Indians, Who have been Traveling Among the Whites, in the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Belgium:

> with very interesting incidents in relation to the general characteristics of the English, Irish, Scotch, French, and Americans, with regard to their hospitality, peculiarities, etc. Written by Maungwudaus, The Self-Taught Indian of the Chippewa Nation, for the benefit of his youngest Son, called Noodinokay, whose Mother died in England. Price 12 1/2 cents. Boston: Published By The Author. 1848.[4]

This opening message holds several points of interest in relation to the author's literacy. First, it is notable that Maungwudaus supplies only his and his son's Anishinaabek names, free of translation and unaccompanied by any Anglicized aliases that would otherwise compromise this decision to strictly self-identify. He also makes certain to proclaim that he is both self-taught and self-published, taking full responsibility for his literacy in English and stressing the independent thinking behind his project. McNickle proposes that the "perceptual screen" of particularly indigenous psychological traits determine what "the group accepts and what is rejects among the choices made possible."[5] Considering the care he takes to underscore the independent nature of his learning, it follows that Maungwudaus's pursuit of literacy was in accord with his self-identification as a Chippewa with something to say, rather that any urge toward assimilation. Indeed, the phrase "for the benefit of his youngest Son" can be applied to the contents of the volume as well as to the self-taught literacy that made it possible. It would seem that Maungwudaus's ability to speak and write in the English language was a decision motivated by the desire to benefit his family – notably a young son who represents the continuity of future generations.

Maungwudaus's title page provides further clues as to the process and motivations behind his writing. The specification that he is of the "Chippewa Nation", as opposed to simply a Chippewa, indicates that his politics tend toward the assertion of tribal nationhood and sovereignty. Considering ongoing legislative efforts to undermine tribal affiliations and encourage assimilation, his wording roundly rejects the conditional renunciation of tribal loyalties as the road to the implied benefits of American citizenship. Before even delving into the larger communication of his perspectives, this deceptively brief listing of particulars initiates the careful reader into a key facet of Maungwudaus's narrative style – a depth of interrelated issues made apparent through an economy of words. The complexity of influences that are apparent in seemingly small decisions – the dedication to his son, the clarification that he is of the Chippewa Nation – offer a sense of how the writing process could indeed be considered prime example of the sort of "universal psychological trait" that McNickle strives to prove a viable concept.

Contemproary Creek scholar Craig Womack examines how "structural categories become problematic – they separate the stories from their political context."[6] In other words, the critical voice is limited by the conviction that stories are spoken about in one manner, politics another, and personal reflection still another.[7] Womack's efforts to "demonstrate the interdependency of politics and literature" find a champion in this late 19th century Anishinaabek author.[8] Maungwudaus seamlessly blends social, psychological, cultural, and political commentary into a

highly accessible work that proves both unapologetically critical and richly entertaining.

As a matter of praxis, accomplished storytellers craft narratives that are accessible, entertaining and instructive to a variety of ages and interests. Basil Johnston prefaces *Ojibway Heritage* with the reminder that "The stories recorded are not to be interpreted literally; but freely, yet rationally according to the Ojibway views of life. Readers and listeners are expected to draw their own inferences, conclusions, and meanings according to their intellectual capacities."[9] Stories that offer abundant layers of meaning within a concisely phrased commonality invite the audience to respond according to individual associations that in turn reflect the culture's views of life. Gerald Vizenor considers the characteristic flexibility of storytelling in the following terms:

> The woodland creation stories are told from visual memories and ecstatic strategies, not scriptures. In the oral tradition, the mythic origins of tribal people are creative expressions, original eruptions in time, not a mere recitation or a recorded narrative in grammatical time. The teller of stories is an artist, a person of wit and imagination, who relumes the diverse memories of the visual past into the experiences and metaphors of the present.[10]

Here, Vizenor conjures a social context hinging on the vast potential of the present moment. Preordained forms reliant on convention and authority prove inadequate to match traditional storytelling as a creative act where context is king. It takes "wit and imagination" to express how the original exists in tandem with the remembered. The quest to understand their simultaneity requires "ecstatic

strategies" that offer liberation from the categorization, and thus limitation, of experience. Expressing the living moment as the constant forging of reality is a group effort, involving the speaker, listener, relatives, spirits, and undergirding ideologies alike.

The prioritization of shared experience invites the clear expression of this inclusivity. Narrative success is measured by the diverse sensory, emotional, intellectual and visceral responses that are inspired by the story. The vast interweaving of possibility and influence that composes each moment of a narrative reflects that same phenomena in life. Spiritual, generational, historical, ecological and psychological influences are ongoing and of uncanny depth. An artist storyteller can concisely expose the inadequacy of categories and roles that wash out and limit the awareness of this whole. In this sprit, Maungwudaus offers direct observations, stated clearly, and thus able to access the richest stores of insight. Like the "teller of stories" in Vizenor's explanation, Maungwudaus is an experiential artist whose talents example McNickle's vision of a specifically indigenous perspective. His *Account* offers a deep understanding of his tribal identity through its careful focus on and clear explanation of the decidedly foreign context in which he finds himself. His frame of reference proves unmistakably Chippewa, and thus reveals the key flexibility and adaptability of his ultimately traditional narrative sense.

One avowed purpose of *An Account* is to inform his son of the "peculiarities" of the Whites. Presenting the whites as subjects of an almost ethnographic curiosity establishes a far different tone than that found in 19th century works by Native authors who are careful to cite sympathetic whites as their model reading audience,

while also courting them for entrance into the world of publishing. Though Maungwudaus does include "pleasing testimony" from the likes of George Catlin and Joseph John Gurney, these character sketches and appeals for kindness are relegated to the back pages of the *Account.*[11] This makes for a distinctly different set of priorities in comparison to the conspicuous namedrop that begins George Copway's *Traditional History*, which on the very first page informs the reader that the contents are dedicated "TO AMOS LAWRENCE, ESQ, OF Boston, Massachusetts, THIS VOLUME WITH FEELINGS OF DEEP GRATITUDE, AND SENTIMENTS OF THE HIGHEST RESPECT, IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR."[12] Maungwudaus's writing for his son grants his narrative a foundation of intimacy and unedited reflection. This *Account* promises to be something different from those penned by Copway, Blackbird, and even Warren, whose avowed wishes to prove of benefit to their nations read as vague and general in comparison to Maungwudaus's filial motivations. Furthermore, the death in England of Noodinokay's Mother, Maungwudaus's wife, firmly establishes the personal nature of his writing, assuring that what follows is going to be candid and answer to no one but himself, his son, and the memory of the departed.

That this is indeed a self-published work attests to the likely small distribution and notice it received. Maungwudaus likely did not expect to garner great interest among the majority of readers.[13] Still, the fact that he wrote it in English and took the trouble to have the work published in Boston attests that, though he only promises the contents will be beneficial to Noodinokay, outside readers were nevertheless desirable. Indeed, he begins with the statement "I will not ask the

reader for pardon. The short notice of me on another page will induce him to excuse me for using improperly the English language."[14] The unseen, potential audience of the public sphere is acknowledged at the outset, providing an additional layer of intent to whatever impact the *Account* might have. His attitude is not one of self-belittlement or the appeasement of superiors, rather he bluntly states the conditions of this literary relationship by saying what he won't do and what the reader will. This suggests a subtle difference between pardon and excuse: he is not asking to be indulged or tolerated so much as justified and exempted. By the same token, he is not so much invoking as dismissing, or speaking apart from, the conventional English muse. Far from being an apologist for his forays into the literate sphere, he takes command of his efforts and demands to be read on his own terms.

> *This is the story of a very little boy, the smallest in all the nations of men. He had a bow and arrows, and when he killed a chickadee his sister made him a coat of the skin. The boy lived with his sister on the shore of a large lake. Their father and mother and the people of the camps near by had, one after another, been killed by two evil spirits in the form of bears. The girl did not know what had become of their parents and she was always in fear for herself and her brother.*
> *One day the boy said: "sister, why are there only two of us on this earth?" She answered: "We are the only ones in this part of the earth."*
> *For he was so bold she was afraid that if she told him that there might be other people living on the shores of the lake, he would go looking for them and that he too might be lost or killed in the woods. So she told him that he must never go far from camp.*
> *But each day Chickadee Boy went a little farther than the*

day before, and one afternoon he ran across a beaten path. He said to himself "Someone had made this trail." He meant to find out who it could be, and the next morning he took his bow, and going back to the trail, followed it through the woods till it lead him into a cave under a hill. As he came along, two monstrous bears, one red, the other black, came out at him from the cave. Chickadee Boy strung his bow, and before the bears could get to him, he shot and killed them both.

These bears were the spirits that had killed their neighbors. Of all who had met them only Chickadee Boy had the power to overcome them. But whether his power was given him by the chickadee or by some other spirit, this story-teller is in the dark.[15]

Though brief at less than twenty pages in length, *An Account of the Chippewa* is replete with provocative social commentary concerning the cultures Maungwudaus came in contact with. The fact that he and the rest of the company of Anishinaabek were traveling partly under the dubious auspices of "Catlin's Indian Curiousities" is itself indicative of the spirit in which they were received - exotic specimens tailored to civilized amusement.[16] This is well illustrated by a scene in which "Our war-chief shot a buck in the Park, through the heart, and it fell down dead three hundred yards before four thousand ladies and gentlemen. This was done to amuse them."[17] The understated tone and keen word choice showcase Maungwudaus's facility with the literary impact of concisely phrased English. Straightforward imagery underscores the stark reality of this carefully staged and constructed death scene, wherein the Chippewa actors and British observers engage in a playacted hunt.

The unadorned description of the scene evokes a sense of disconnect that is

diametrically different from the preparations, songs, and rituals that characterize the Anishinaabek way of procuring game. In this foreign land, all involved are as mere props to a forced version of authentic Indian doings, a showcase of stereotyped exoticism. In the end, there is only a very real dead buck alongside the intrinsically abstract and ethically questionable sense of amusement gained in witnessing such a kill. The appellation "ladies and gentleman" highlights the disparity of this thinly veiled bloodlust, in which four thousand dignitaries and citizens of a civilized nation gather for the mere chance to witness a buck "fall down dead" by the hand of a "war-chief." The difference between this and the hunting patterns at home hinge on the spirit and circumstances under which such killing is undertook. One death is replete with the details of sustainable survival in a specific ecosystem, the other as a curiosity designed to "amuse" those present in the manufactured confines of the Park.

> *On the belly of each bear, Chickadee Boy saw a lump under the skin, and cutting these lumps open, he took from each a bunch of human hair. One was the hair of his father and the other was the hair of his mother. He could not remember his parents yet he knew their hair. He knew that the bears had killed them, and he began to mourn for them, and cried all the way home. His sister ran out to meet him, and asked him why he was crying. So he showed her the hair and told her he had slain the spirit bears that had killed their mother and father.*[18]

In France, where the troupe of Walpole Ojibwa stayed 5 months with the Catlin show, they "Shook hands with Louis Phillipe and all his family in the Park, called St.

Cloud; gave them little war dance, shooting with bows and arrows at a target, ball play; also rowed our birch bark canoe in the artificial lake, amongst swans and geese. There were about four thousand French ladies and gentlemen with them."[19] The poignant imagery of Chippewa, swans and geese on display on an artificial lake is again written with a descriptively concise air. The quality of restraint in his selection of adjectives grants the imbedded social criticism a crisp subtlety. The "little war dance" takes on an air of absurdity, a trifling affair that has nothing to do with the intense ritual it is meant to represent. The specific mention of "our birch bark canoe" evokes the long hours of careful gathering and craftsmanship that lay behind its construction. The following account is provided in Frances Densmore's 1928 publication *Uses of Plants by the Chippewa Indian*:

> In old times the procuring of birch and cedar bark was an event in which all participated. A number of families went to the vicinity of these trees and made a camp. A gathering was held, at which a venerable man, speaking for the entire company, expressed gratitude to the spirit of the trees and of the woods, saying they had come to gather a supply which they needed, and asking permission to do this together with protection and strength for their work. He also asked the protection and good will of the thunderbirds so that no harm would come from them. The reason he asked the protection of the spirit of the woods was that sometimes people were careless and cut trees thoughtlessly, and the trees fell and hurt them. The speaker then offered tobacco to the cardinal points, the sky, and the earth, murmuring petitions as he did so. He then put the tobacco on the ground at the foot of the tree.

> Filling a pipe, he offered it as he had offered the tobacco, again murmuring petitions. He then lit and smoked the pipe while tobacco was distributed among the company, who smoked for a time. This simple ceremony was followed by a feast. The next day the company divided into small groups and proceeded to cut the trees and remove the bark. [20]

The underlying process of gathering the birchbark has distinctly cultural implications. It requires the commitment and work of many to create a birch bark canoe. The offerings and petitions made to the trees themselves a full day prior to harvest is not considered a delay, but a necessity. Winona LaDuke highlights how "Native American rituals are frequently based on the reaffirmation of the relationship of humans to the Creation."[21] She succinctly states the sincerity of intent behind such acts as offering tobacco to the birch trees and insists that "understanding the complexity of these belief systems is central to understanding the societies built on those spiritual foundations - the relationship of peoples to their sacred lands, to relatives with fins or hooves, to the plant and animal foods that anchor a way of life."[22] In this view, the Chippewa's way of life is anchored to the birch trees at a foundational level of spiritual kinship. The canoes and other implements made from their bark prove secondary to the rituals that underscore the people's dual dependency and responsibility.

In contrast, the presence of the "artificial lake" assigns a quite different set of priorities to the French. Ostensibly, many hands must have been required to construct a place that is ultimately a testament to the carefully manicured aesthetics of the privileged. St. Cloud Park reflects a lifestyle of manufactured ease, wherein

the bows and arrows that the Chippewa might have used for hunting or warfare are suited only for target practice. In tandem with the "little war dance", and "ball play", the royals and "four thousand French ladies and gentlemen" find themselves in a place removed of any reality of danger, yet well-suited to the application of whatever imaginative details might make the show more thrilling. The pat degeneracy ascribed by Europeans to indigenous populations is not only a form of ignorance, it is a reason to feast minds and eyes upon the dark sexuality, unbridled passions, and sleek physique of Indians imagined and imported. The show put on for the French, as described by Maungwudaus, fails to satisfy any macabre thirst for shocking displays of barbarism. By highlighting the phoniness of the setting, this self-identifying Chippewa also defuses the fantasy of stereotypes intended to flesh out the scene.

> *Chickadee Boy often played on the shore and his sister said: "If your arrow should fall on the lake, do not go after it, for a fish might get you." This gave him an idea. And one evening he threw off his chickadee coat on the beach, waded into the water, and called out: "Big fish with the red fins, come swallow me." His sister looked out and saw a big fish come up and take him. But first he shouted to her: "Tie something to a string and throw it on the water." The girl made a line of basswood bark and fastening one end to a tree, tied the other end to an old moccasin abd threw this into the lake. In the night, the fish swam near the moccasin. The boy said: "Bite." And the fish took hold of it and held on. In the morning, the girl found the line stretched taught, and pulling in the fish, she opened him with her knife and thumb. Out jumped Chickadee Boy, and said: "I've been fishing, sister. Wash me off."*[23]

Throughout the *Account,* the cultural basis of Maungwudaus's perspective invites the reader to ascribe exoticism to European behaviors. Through his careful selection of details and understated reportage, Maungwudaus deftly casts provocative social judgment on the highest of European society. He was not a passive curiosity to be ogled; he constantly forged his own assessments of the Europeans by observing how they displayed themselves as they displayed the Chippewa. What the Europeans choose to show the visitors speaks volumes about their self-conception, and affords Maungwudaus an important outlet for the inherent autonomy of his critical perspective.

Upon landing in the Old World at Portsmouth, the Chippewa are taken to see "Lord Nelson's war-ship" and the "navy yard where there were many war ships. Another war chief invited us and showed us all his warriors under him in the barracks."[24] In what may have been a matter of either convenient logistics or purposeful initiation, these paragons of military might provide the Chippewa with their first impressions of Europe. Maungwudaus's mention of the "warriors under him in the barracks" suggests that he was more focused on the men as visual proof of hierarchical subjugation, rather than being impressed by the man who was over them. Any thoughts of resistance or escape seem patently defused by the implications of the scene and situation. It is a place befitting the world's mightiest nation, whose material history reflects the success of its empirical intent.

Yet, Maungwudaus distills the pomp into a readily available referent: the men in charge of the soldiers and the fleet are quite simply war chiefs. The designation indicates a role and an occupation. While not lacking in respect in his home country,

the moniker's lack of pretention indicates that Maungwudaus does not let the scope of the display overshadow the straightforward function of its substance. In short, his reactions consistently disallow European self-concepts and ideologies an unquestioned existence. In many ways, he denies his hosts the luxury of an intact self-identity, using the very medium of words long employed in co-opting his own people's identities in favor of the imagined Other. The difference is, Maungwudaus sticks to reporting the details of his observations with few flourishments or damning judgments. He lets his hosts speak for themselves through the medium of their class structures and politics, thus allowing their works to define their character.

Again, the economy of the writing allows the reader to connect whatever dots they will, based on the conclusions of his or her own observational focus. As a method of storytelling, such flexibility is distinctly reminiscent of how traditional stories prove intrinsically changeable based upon context, audience, and teller. After a harrowing journey at sea, it at least seems safe to conclude that making land at Portsmouth was not contingent to feelings of peace or relief. Indeed, the scope of this military complex seems designed to overwhelm all who encounter it, outsiders from a woodlands upbringing in particular. Yet, Maungwudaus maintains a tone of curiosity and composure, subverting any intentions to intimidate him with the decidedly journalistic air of his travel documentation. It is no surprise that Maungwudaus figures into the 2009 publication *The Transatlantic Indian, 1776-1930*. In a study that strives for an admirable equity of European and indigenous sources, author Kate Flint explores "the degree to which those Indians who visited

Britain in this period possessed agency when it came to determining the impression that they made, and the degree to which this offset the ways in which they were manipulated by others for ideological and commercial purposes."[25] His clean expression shows how agency can be a function of perspective. Any untoward impressions and manipulations on the part of the Europeans are offset by a firmly Chippewa point of view and frame of reference that he does not forsake.

> *When winter set in and the lake froze over, Chickadee Boy asked his sister to make him a wooden ball and a stick curved at the end. With his stick he would drive his ball along the ice; it flew like the wind, but however fast it went, the boy followed just as fast. He was always right behind it, as if the ball gave him its speed.*
> *One day, having knocked his ball to the far end of the lake, he saw nine black shapes on the ice, and going towards them, he found they were young giants, fishing through holes cut in the ice. As he came up, he wished that the nearest giant would see a fish. At the same moment, the giant saw one, but as he jabbed with his spear, the boy knocked his ball into the hole; so that the giant missed his mark. The giant sang out: "Look at this little man"; and all the giants laughed. They thought he was comical and gave him back his ball. But as soon as they began to watch their holes again, Chickadee Boy tied a string to a fish that lay on the ice and ran away with it. A giant said: "See that boy go!" And in a moment he was out of sight.* [26]

When directly insulted by a group of boys, Maungwudaus allows his straightforward telling of the interaction to convey any accompanying social commentary, deep history, or moral judgment. While the company was visiting England, the following incident occurred:

> Riding through a town in our native costume, we saw a monkey performing in the street upon a music box, about fifty young men looking at him. He was dressed like a man. When the young men saw us, they began to make fun of us, and made use of very insulting language, making a very great noise; - at the same time when the monkey saw us he forgot his performances, and while we were looking at him, he took off his red cap and made a bow at us. A gentleman standing by, said to the audience, "Look at the monkey take off his cap and make a bow in saluting those strangers; which of the two the strangers will think are most civilized, you or the monkey? You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. You may consider yourselves better and wiser than those strangers, but you are very much mistaken. Your treatment to them tells them that you are not, and you are so foolish and ignorant, you know nothing about it. I have been traveling five years amongst these people in their own country, and I never, not once, was insulted, but I was always kindly treated and respected by every one of them. Their little children have far better manners than you. Young men, the monkey pays you well for all the pennies you have given him; he is worthy to become your teacher."[27]

Maungwudaus defers to the rejoinder offered by the boys' fellow Brit, who directly condemns the boys' behavior and offers the contrasting habits of hospitality experienced among the Anishinaabek. Indeed, the English gentleman picks up on a key aspect of Anishinaabek culture – an overt politeness toward strangers characterized in part by the immediate offering of food and shelter to new arrivals. In the *Ojibwa Texts* collected by William Jones in the early 20th century, the word

"strangers" is provided as the translation for "piiwiitaa". A footnote informs the reader that "The usual meaning of this word is 'visitor' or 'guest;' i.e., one to whom one renders hospitality."[28] This same collection features a cycle of stories in which Nanabushu repeatedly and strategically visits his more canny animal spirit neighbors during times of famine for his family. He knows he will be fed by them, using whatever means are at their disposal. Indeed, "Once he was addressed by his wife saying: 'How are we going to live? Never a thing do you kill.'" To this, Nanabusu responds "Therefore always will I go a-visiting."[29] Further underscoring that this provisional relationship between guest and host is a social norm, when Nanabusu enters a family's wigwam that is replete with covetable bear-tallow, the man of the house asks "What shall we give the guest to eat? Whereat up spoke the woman: "Why the same as you generally do when we want to eat, is what you should do when providing your gift."[30] Another footnote informs us that the term "Kaagiigaa'a'nk", translated as "What shall we give (to eat)?", as an "expression occurs in such connections as here. Where food is the thing given; and so it has come to be a synonym for "to feed," but its real sense is in the giving of a present."[31]

The gentleman who spoke in defense of the Chippewa company undoubtedly received the fulsome welcoming among the tribes he claims he did. Indeed, such behavior could be considered a cultural priority, as indicated by his approbation of the Anishinaabek children's manners. At several points in Densmore's text, children are told "that they must not laugh at anything unusual nor show disrespect to older people."[32] Combined with the fact that a boys' first kill and a girl's first efforts at

food preparation were offered to neighbors, it becomes clear that hospitality functions as a core value among the people.

It is important to note that these hospitable people repeatedly credit the animals with providing them with sustenance, enabled by a selfless tendency to share the bounty. Whether or not the gentleman was aware of stories like those in the Jones collection, he rightly names the monkey as a fitting teacher of wayward humans. Certainly, Maungwudaus and his son Noodinokay would see no conflict in the roles. In *Ojibway Heritage*, Basil Johnston offers a succinct summation of the proper ordering of creation, when Epingishmook (West Wind) informs his son Nanabush that "From last to first, each order must abide by the laws that govern the universe and the world. Man is constrained by this law to live by and learn from the animals and the plants, as the animals are dependent upon plants which draw their sustenance and existence from the earth and sun."[33] The hospitality enjoyed by the English gentleman is in direct relationship to the Anishinaabek's gratitude toward the animals that have sustained them physically and through the moral example of a natural provisioning understood as generosity.

Maungwudaus does not state these matters directly. The deeper implications inherent to the scene are foremost conveyed by a faithful reproduction of the observed occurrence. Interpretation or criticism on the part of the narrator would be superfluous and out of keeping with the moral capacity of storytelling. Moral lessons are certainly there, able to be picked upon or not by those more or less acquainted with the societies in question. It is not the teller, but the interaction that leads to the insight. These dynamics reflect the composition of traditional stories

and language, wherein individuated communal experience determines accurate expression. In other words, what is happening houses the richest significance. Definitions attached after the fact only limit the depth and scope of a moment's inherent gauging of cultural morality and values, which in turn limits the freedom of interpretation for any given reader or listener. Maungwudaus's reticence to directly censure the boy's behavior is reminiscent of the community "crier", whom Densmore notes "spoke impersonally of the conduct of the young people, describing incidents in such a manner that those concerned in them would know to what he referred."[34] Free from static impositions of meaning, narrative can reveal the symbiotic moral relationship that exists between original experience and associative memory.

The Chippewa troupe is invited to a host of dinners with various dignitaries and Lords, confirming that the visitors caused a sensation throughout the populace. Far from being treated as a sideshow designed to assuage the vulgar curiosity of the common people, "Catlin's Indian Curiousities" was an event that drew the notice of Europe's most privileged. Regarding the British Empire's associations with America in particular, Kate Flint makes the point that "the Indian is a touchstone for a whole range of British perceptions concerning America during the long nineteenth century and plays a pivotal role in the understanding and imagining of cultural difference."[35] This conjures the familiar connection between nationalist ideology and notions of exoticism; the dually reflective and repellent Other that supports self-conceptions of exceptionalism. But as Flint's book and Maungwudaus's example go on to point out, the visiting Indians provided "living proof that, in their capacity to

react and respond to modern life, they refused to be consigned to that role of the mythical and prehistorical that was so frequently assigned them."[36] Indeed, the facility with which Maungwudaus gleans the most socially suggestive details of his encounters attests to the flexibility of a critical eye firmly founded in Anishinaabek understandings.

He and his fellow Anishinaabek are taken to meet the Queen of England in her Palace. Maungwudaus remarks that "Her house is large, quiet country inside of it. We got tired before we went through all the rooms in it. Great many warriors with their swords and guns stand outside watching for the enemy. We have been told that she has three or four other houses in other places as large. The one we saw they say is too small for her, and they are building a much larger one on the side of it."[37] The hosts are clearly invested in displaying both their martial and monetary strength, but Maungwudaus's autonomous analysis consistently takes especial note of unintended revelations. Why does a "small woman" require so much property when what she has is enough to grow tired walking through? How much manpower and how many resources are allocated to the presence of the "great many warriors'" who will in all likelihood never be called upon to defend the palace from an enemy? What happens in the "three or four other houses in other places just as large" when she is not there, but the expectation that such opulence is at the ready remains?

Maungwudaus's simple and straightforward way of stating the matter highlights the clarity of the folly. The passage does not require any spirited judgment or condemnation; a clean observation of details makes the sheer waste that lay behind the Queen's vast holdings hard to ignore. He allows the scene to speak for itself – it

is his unveiled vision that allows access into the more ironic and socio-politically suggestive notes of its composition. What was intended to impress is instead laid bare as a study in excess and nonsensical privilege. The echoing halls and rooms of opulent design resonate with a previous observation made while Maungwudaus was in London, the apex of the realm, where "Most of the houses are rather dark in color on account of too much smoke."[38] Socioeconomic critique comes naturally to one undazzled by the glittering spectacle at the top of the hierarchy. Inequities are obvious in the light of the curious observations made from an independent perspective.

> *When the giants went home, they told the other giants about this, and an old woman said, "Don't touch that boy. He is a spirit. Give him anything he wants." The next day Chickadee Boy came again and took another fish, and the day after that still another. The fourth time he came, he again knocked the ball into a hole so that another giant lost a fish. Then he asked for his ball but the giant would not give it to him.*
> *The others said: "Let him have it."*
> *But the giant said: "Are we going to be ruled by a little boy like this?"*[39]

The under-riding social critique of the text can be further considered in specific relation to the influence of Anishinaabemowin. In Maria Tymoczko's essay "Translations of Themselves: The Contours of Postcolonial Fiction", she observes how "One advantage of multilinguistic literary writing is the possibility of evoking multiple layers of thematic meaning simultaneously by invoking meanings in more than one language simultaneously."[40] In her project, she focuses on the work of

James Joyce in relation to the indigenous Irish language.[41] The social insights already parcel to *An Account of the Chippewa* are profoundly enriched by a process of reverse translation that applies Anishinaabemowin equivalencies.

Concerning the matter of the CTE (conventional translation equivalents, such as "hello" for "bonjour" even though it's more specifically "good day"), Tymoczko writes that "Rather than merely being peppered with a few overt borrowings from Irish as signs of cultural otherness, Joyce's texts are pregnant with CTEs that carry a double cultural load and that actively construct the complex double meanings of his text."[42] In this sense, every sentence of a strategically bilingual text like the *"Statement Made by the Indians"* accomplishes this, consequently lending further impetus to attain the dual language mastery of the authors. That said, the fact that the *"Account"* is written in English invites a different kind of comparison, insofar as the presence of Anishinaabemowin can only be deciphered by those familiar enough with the language to understand the way certain English words and phrases are stand-ins for the richer sense evoked by Maungwudaus's first language.

My efforts to access illustrative CTEs were significantly aided and supported by my teacher Helen Roy, a first-language Anishinaabemowin speaker also fluent in her second language of English. In deference to my limitations with the language, I will offer just two examples in Maungwudaus's text that I believe accomplish what Tymoczko refers to as "carrying a double referential load that communicates differently to its readers, depending on their ability to decipher veiled linguistic code, and their familiarity with the indigenous culture underlying the postcolonial text."[43]

About the population of London, Maungwudaus observes how "Like musketoes in America in the summer season, so are the people in this city, in their numbers, and biting one another to get a living. Many very rich, and many very poor."[44] Whereas the English usage of "musketoe" is derived from the Spanish diminutive of "mosca", meaning fly, the term for the insect in Anishinaabemowin is "zagimenh". The part that is "zagi" refers to a state of being attached on, which containing the sound "igi" is further refined to mean he (an animate being) takes a part of you. The "menh" makes it understood that it's just what he does. The existence of zagimenh is typified, or enabled, by this action of attaching on and taking from the essence of another. As a metaphor for the wealthy in relation to the poor, this provides a significantly richer comparison than the already suggestive swarm of small biting flies. Numerous references can be found attesting to a purposeful distribution of resources within the traditional Anishinaabek polity, to assure that no person or family was destitute or hungry so long as there was any sustenance available among the people. That the people of London are likened to "zagimenh-ag" supplies commentary on the relationship between the rich and the poor - such attachments as involve the taking of part of one's being are simply a matter of course in the midst of such inequity.

> *As the giant stooped to pick up the ball, the boy struck him with his stick and broke the giant's arm. The ball rolled on the ice and Chickadee Boy, seizing another fish, gave the ball a rap with his stick, and sped away down the lake.*
> *The giants went home very angry. The old woman said: "Never you mind what he does. You'd better leave him*

alone." But they would not listen to her, and the next morning they set out to kill him.[45]

Accompanying his more ironic observations, *An Account of the Chippewa* is also characterized by Maungwudaus' understated sense humor, often employed when providing physical descriptions of the native Europeans. He points out the seeming feebleness on the part of the women, who are "brought to the table like sick women," and his comments suggest the affectation of refinements such as how "they hold the knife and fork with the two forefingers and the thumb of each hand; the last two ones are of no use to them, only sticking out like fish-spears, when eating. " [46] Of the English men, he notes that "They do not shave the upper part of their mouths, but let the beards grow long, and this makes them look fierce and savage like our American dogs when carrying black squirrels in their mouths."[47] Later, he mentions that among the French men, "others wear beards only on the upper part of their mouths, which makes them look as if they had black squirrel's tails sticking on each side of their mouths."[48]

This descriptive phrasing is distinctly indicative of Anishinaabemowin patterns of speech, wherein the subject at hand can take on as many specifying details as one cares to set to the task. The Anishinaabemowin translation of the comment about the Frenchmen could be stated as: "Aanind misshi'odoniwag eta ishimidoning miidash mkade'ajidamoon-azaw e-njigingi edawayiing odooniwaang zhinaagwaziwaad."[49] A rough English breakdown of this might look like the following:

aanind - others

miishi - fuzz, as on a peach, velvet, a mustache, a beard

odooniwag - mouths

eta - only

ishpimi(ng) - upper direction

dooning - on/at the mouth

miidash - and so

mkade - black

ajidamoon - squirrel

azaw - tail

e-njigingi - the source from which it grows to a shape

edawayiing - coming from both sides

zhinaagwaziwaad - they look as if

But as any fluent speaker would realize, such translations based on CTEs are troublesome in their superficiality. To indicate one such limitation, and also give more accurate testament to Maungwudaus' brand of humor, we can consider the word "azaw", used to refer to a tail. More accurately, it refers to the place where feces comes out - a nuance that speaks volumes in the contextual location that places "azaw" at both sides of the mouth. There seems no good reason not to assume that such subtleties abound throughout the *Account*, lacing what is written with covert signs of Maungwudaus's Anishinaabek understandings, ready to be ascertained by his son and anyone else able to trace the English back to the first-language it was filtered from.

This is a much more personal enterprise of self-identification than the sort of universal linguistic archeology that, in “Nature”, Ralph Waldo Emerson proposes will lead to "the working of the Original Cause."[50] What is Original to Maungwudaus's language and imagery is parcel to his particular experience and expression. The Cause lurking behind his doubly loaded word choice is just as much the very modern cities he visits as it is the woodland scenes his indigenous language and thought patterns rose from. Rather than depending on "the simplicity of his character", Maungwudaus' "power to connect his thought with its proper symbol" requires keen observation of the situation he is in.[51] The ogling crowds, insults, exploitative treatment, and deaths of his wife, three of his children, and several of his countrymen from smallpox while abroad essentially amount to a reverse captivity narrative. That he responds with a document of such rich insight, humor, and stark ethical judgment gives moving evidence of Tymoczko's assertion that "for a colonized people subjected to oppression, such covert communication is a powerful means of subversion and emancipation."[52] Having survived in the midst of so much loss, this man is able to use his self-taught English in service to an inquiring Anishinaabek eye and ear. In so doing, he exposes the dark realities of a Modern Age that Emerson would separate him from as chiefly symbolic. Unwilling to be neither mere symbol nor amusing curiosity, Maungwudaus boldly asserts the specificity and complexity of his awareness.

> *Now Chickadee Boy always ate the eye of his game and his dish was a clam shell. In the morning his sister cooked the*

fish had had just put an eye into his shell when they heard the ice crack with a loud boom. The girl ran out to the beach and saw nine giants coming down the lake. She begged her brother to flee, but Chickadee Boy sat where he was, eating the eye of his fish. By the time he had swallowed the last mouthful, the giants had come right to the front of the camp, running towards the shore. The boy turned his clam shell upside-down; the ice went to pieces and the giants were all drowned.[53]

Epilogue

Face-to-face communication between humans is only part of the communal scene that composes the living action of a place. But, as Kawbawgam points out with the retreat of Thunderbirds, sparrow hawks, and spirits alike, the more biodiversity that is lost, the more central becomes the parley between human beings. If there is to be any movement toward an effective balancing of needs, our own species' ascendancy as primary mischief-maker assures that our actions are key. Indeed, the dearth of prominent players involved in the expressing and deciding of matters of import characterizes the limited public sphere that ideologically favors those already in power. The Chrisitianized, Nationalist vision of America that exists to this day is tied to the role English language and literacy played in defining which voices mattered and which did not. For every archived indigenous author who struggled to gain an audience by using the English language, there are uncounted tribal people who did not gain the fluency or connections needed to overcome the silence surrounding their plight.

Another layer to this silencing, and even more deeply ingrained in the measures of validity that compose the authority of English, are the multitudes of animals, and yes even spirits, that are considered so far outside any conversation as to be insignificant. But, as a professor of mine once noted: ecologically, the chickens have come home to roost. The self-congratulatory rationality that dismissed the significance of animals and places has been proven guilty of a woeful lack of foresight. All those archived accounts of bird flocks that lasted for miles, buffalo as

far as the eye can see, and rivers so full of fish that they could literally be pulled from the (potable) water, provided more than a colorful palette for idealized American origin stories: they provided lifeblood to cycles of survival. As the proof and means of continued abundance, as long as they were present, the likelihood of human survival was that much more secure.

In Anishinaabek reckonings of a traditional public sphere, animals are granted a status as fellow members of the shared world. As such, they are to be respected, carefully observed and learned from, and entreated in matters of sustenance and survival. Stories that feature animals are by far the majority, indicating the indispensable role they play in accounting for one's proper place and role, behaviors and morality. The move into the English public sphere, based as it is in literacy and access to publisher's houses and politician's (paper-stuffed) ears, absolutely requires that all such notions of other-than-human interchange be utterly abandoned.

This limiting of the moral players can mean losing the sense of being situated among a complex of many. The pressure to forsake traditional beliefs upset understandings of self and meaning that placed humankind as a part of the commons. Dependence upon the interplay of many species for survival also means being responsible for prioritizing that recognition. Contemporary efforts at cultural resurgence and revitalization often concentrate on the fates of animals and fish. Activism directed towards their preservation and rights, and claims insisting upon their spiritual importance, reorient traditional behaviors as contemporary subversion. The colonized mentality that relates to land and animals only as

resources must be overcome, along with the slew of labels that dismiss indigenous alignments with their fates. Animals must again be counted as intrinsic to the balance of a healthy "public", to the extent that they are again named relatives worthy of considerate attention and careful respect. The right attitude for this hinges on the health of the commons, not the power-playing stratagems of domination.

The well-being of multiple species proves to be a foundational principle of indigenous narratives, foregrounding the humility and self-accountability required to maintain a balanced ecology. Current concerns over health of the environment uses language that not long ago was considered the realm of marginal Native academics like Paula Gunn-Allen. Still, no matter the critical climate, indigenous stories and the very structure of their language instilled ecological lessons for generations. It was not a philosophy based so much on intellectual meditation, as it was an expression of the observed order and consequences of a world of plenty that could still leave those not properly vigilant out in the cold, starving, and alone. The 19th century writers I featured grew up in those traditions. The memories they share about how the land and animals were, and the way the people behaved in accordance, did more that assuage the curiosity of a white reading public hungry for the pure wilderness of the Red Man. They gave an account of an actual place, where the actual people learned how to survive by adapting the supremacy of natural cycles and uncertainties. Though access to the world of papers and publishing demanded they distance themselves from the convictions of their ancestors, I believe these upbringings shaped their determination to go out into the literate

world and give voice to the efficacy of their ways. They were limited in the extent to which they could defend the soundness of these autonomous lifestyles and still hope to gain a hearing. We can no longer make such concessions as they did, as the time has passed when that is a viable option for those who prioritize cultural, and thereby ecological, revitalization.

Conscious and careful temperance, as deep self- restraint, characterizes the ritualized gratitude of asemaa (tobacco) offerings. When the spirits are petitioned for their notice and mercy, it is done from a place of humble intent, resting on the knowledge of both our utter dependency, and the ongoing potential for catastrophe. These are not matters of utopian nostalgia, but rather a shared, long-term, experiential logic that encountered and made it through the unsavory desserts of hubristic disregard. Literal and literary, the long and difficult journeys undertaken in the interest of face-to-face confrontation or conversation may prove to be but another arc in a story about second chances. Nineteenth century Anishinaabek traveled into realms of rational remove that denied the efficacy of traditional narratives. And yet, the limited sense of vision encountered in the public sphere happens to fit neatly into the moral repertoire of the stories recorded. We must move beyond dismissive accusations of Romanticism and essentialism that only continue to silence particularly fruitful traditions calling for alternate views of life's hierarchies. May there be a literal return home, where literary traditions can express the full volume of the place from which they're told.

Introduction

[1] Silko, *Ceremony*, 194, 195.

[2] Ortiz, *Speaking For the Generations: Native Writers on Writing*, "Introduction," xvi.

[3] Vizenor, *Dead Voices: Natural Agonies in the New World*, 7.

[4] From the story "Hoodwinked Dancers." Also found as "Nanaboozhoo and the Ducks," and other various titles, the narrative follows the same general outline, with the tricking of the waterfowl by Nanaboozhoo providing the axis of the action. Barnouw, *Wisconsin Chippewa Myths & Tales*, 27.

[5] Nanaboozhoo is the half-human, half-supernatural trickster character central to Anishinaabek mythology. There are many variations in the pronunciation, and therefore spelling, of his name. All reflect the phonetic nature of written Anishinaabemowin (the language of the Anishinaabek): Nanaboozhoo, Nanabushu, Nanabusu, Winabojo, Wenebojo, Nanapush, and so forth.

[6] The text *America's Second Tongue*, by Ruth Spack, provides in-depth analysis of primary sources related to the teaching and learning of English in 19th century boarding and residential schools. In part, author focuses on the difficulties wrought by the frequent refusal to employ the student's first (indigenous) language in the process of gaining English literacy. This English-only mindset not only impeded progress, but underscored the basic assumption that tribal cultures and languages were inferior and thus to be avoided and replaced.

[7] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 7.

[8] Womack, *Red on Red: Native American Literary Separatism*, 13.

[9] Womack, *Red on Red: Native American Literary Separatism*, 12.

[10] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 175.

[11] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 173,172.

[12] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 171, 173.

[13] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 37.

[14] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation,* 174.

[15] The flood story, in which Nanaboozhoo endangers and then re-establishes the land mass with the help of a handful of surviving animals, is among the most widely known examples of this sort of "clean-slate" story. It is also cited as an origin myth, and though the details vary according to the teller, the story offers a consistent sense of how the Anishinaabek reckoned the necessity of attuning to the abilities of every species, as it is the small, lowly muskrat that is finally able to retrieve some earth from the bottom of the flood waters. On a more intimate, microcosmic scale, Nanaboozhoo himself is often afforded a second chance when his antics lead him into trouble. Indeed, he frequently returns from death, further underscoring the importance of this literary trope among the Anishnaabek.

[16] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 35, 36.

[17] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 268, 269.

[18] This approach to research was developed in Ontario's Masters of Indigenous Knowledge/ Philosophy Program of the Seven Generation Education Institute, in response to the desire to utilize theoretical frameworks more suited to indigenous ways of knowing.

[19] Geniusz, *Our Knowledge Is Not Primitive: Decolonizing Botanical Anishinaabe Texts*, 12.

[20] Geniusz, *Our Knowledge Is Not Primitive: Decolonizing Botanical Anishinaabe Texts*, 11.

[21] Michael Warner's keen scholarship in *The Letters of the Republic: Publication ad the Public Sphere in Eighteenth-Century America* stands firmly on a foundation of moral and ethical interrogation. Early in his text, he raises the provocative point that "To do reading was a way of being white" (14). His work has opened up a

wealth of inquiry into the normative public sphere in relation to racial and cultural expressions of difference, contributing to such titles as *The Black Public Sphere*, and *Abolition's Public Sphere*.

[22] Armstrong, "Land Speaking," 194.

[23] Weaver, *American Indian Literary Nationalism*, 17.

Chapter One

[1] From "Nanabushu Breaks the Necks of the Dancing Geese", told by Kagige-pinase (John Pinese). Jones, *Ojibway Texts*, 409.

[2] Copway, *The Life of Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh*, 69.

[3] Johnston, *Ojibway Heritage*, 52.

[4] From "Nanabushu Flies with the Geese." Told by Kagige-pinase. Jones, *Ojibway Texts*, 435.

[5] Copway, *The Life of Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh*, 81.

[6] Copway, *The Life of Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh*, 146.

[7] McNickle, *Native American Tribalism*, 81.

[8] From "Nanabushu, The Sweet-Brier Berries, And The Sturgeons", told by Wasagunackank. Jones, *Ojibway Texts*, 50-51.

[9] Kidder, *Ojibwa Naratives Of Charles and Charlotte Kawbawgam and Jacques LePique*, 1893-1895, 30.

[10] Gates, "Writing, 'Race,' and the Difference it Makes," 1580.

[11] Gates, "Writing, 'Race,' and the Difference it Makes," 1586.

[12] McClurken, *Gah-Baeh-Jhagwah-Buk: The Way it Happened*, 4.

[13] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 50, 51.

[14] Geniusz, *Our Knowledge is Not Primitive*, 125.

[15] Densmore, *How Indians Use Wild Plants for Food, Medicine & Crafts*, 386.

[16] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 51.

[17] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 11.

[18] From "Nanabushu Kills Another Brother", told by Wasangunackank. Jones, *Ojibway Texts*, 28-29.

[19] McNickle, *Native American Tribalism*, 46.

[20] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 24, 51.

[21] From "Nanabushu Slays His Younger Brother", told by Wasagunackank. Jones, *Ojibway Texts*, 18-19.

[22] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, viii, ix.

[23] McClurken, *Gah- Baeh-Jhagwah-Buk: The Way it Happened*, 73.

[24] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 44.

[25] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 112.

[26] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 113.

[27] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 120.

[28] As Ruth Spack states in her study of American Indian Education, *America's Second Tongue*, "although the rhetoric of Americanization implied that students would be allowed into American society as Americans, the reality of the Americanization movement was that Native people were asked to reject the ways of their ancestors and families without being offered the benefits of full participation in the European American way of life. In the end, the concept of Americanization through English-

language teaching served to reinforce the United states government's linguistic, cultural, political, and territorial control over Native people." Spack, *America's Second Tongue*, 37-38.

[29] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 259.

[30] Habermas, *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*, 2.

[31] Habermas, *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*, 4.

[32] Habermas, *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*, 50.

[33] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 138.

[34] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 256, 257.

[35] Teuton, *Red Land, Red Power: Grounding Knowledge in the American Indian Novel*, 23.

[36] From "Nanabushu Leaves His Brother, And Also His Grandmother," told by Kugigepinasikwa (Mrs. Marie Syrette). Jones, *Ojibway Texts*, 495, 497.

[37] Weaver, Warrior, Womack, *American Indian Literary Nationalism*, xxi.

[38] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, vi.

[39] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 262.

[40] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, vii.

[41] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation,* 261.

[42] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, ix.

[43] Copway's implication that including Indian ideas in American education would be of dual benefit, is more directly stated by Sioux, and Carlisle graduate, Luther Standing Bear in his 1933 publication *Land of the Spotted Eagle*. He writes; "So we went to school to copy, to imitate; not to exchange languages and ideas, and not to develop the best traits that had come out of uncountable experiences of hundreds of thousands of years living upon this continent. Our annals, all happenings of human import, were stored in our song and dance rituals, our history differing in that it was not stored in books, but in the living memory. So, while the white peole had much to teach u, we had much to teach them, and what a school could have been established on that idea!" Spack, *America's Second Tongue*, 107.

[44] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 152.

[45] Teuton, *Red Land, Red Power: Grounding Knowledge in the American Indian Novel*, 6.

[46] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 265, 266.

[47] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation,* 267.

[48] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 270.

[49] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 270, 271.

[50] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 24.

[51] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 44.

[52] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 25.

[53] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*,12.

[54] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 65, 66.

[55] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 61.

[56] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 61.

[57] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 60.

[58] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 65.

[59] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 69.

[60] From "Nanabushu And The Winged Startlers," told by Midasug'j. Jones, *Ojibway Texts*, 187, 189.

[61] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*,59.

[62] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 60.

[63] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 62, 63.

[64] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians in Michigan*, 98-99.

[65] As Spack points out in *American Second Tongue,* "students spent much of their day doing manual labor. Insistence on vocational training as a goal of education was already an institutionalized goal in American education for freed slaves, the very population for whom Hampton was created, as well as for other minority and poor populations. This development coincided with a prevalent belief that backward peoples could slowly advance through a process of evolution. The purpose of education was to help students overcome hereditary deficiencies by building moral character through hard work." Spack, *America's Second Tongue*, 70.

[66] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians in Michigan*, 100, 102.

[67] Blackbird, *The Indian Problem from the Indian's Standpoint*, 11. The title of this text asserts Blackbird's determination to self-represent. This places him in a favored position of insight and accuracy, despite his lack of influence over the major policy-makers in the American government. In effect, the text thus titled acts as a counterweight to the seemingly unassailable forces that would undermine the

stability and security of tribal peoples by providing, at the very least, a record of dissent.

[68] Blackbird, *The Indian Problem from the Indian's Standpoint*, 14, 11.

[69] Blackbird, *The Indian Problem, from the Indian's Standpoint*, 15.

[70] Blackbird, *The Indian Problem, from the Indian's Standpoint*, 17.

[71] Brenda Child's excellent *Boarding School Seasons* chronicles the boarding school experience by featuring archival letters written by the students, parents, and administrators of the Flandreau school in South Dakota and the Haskell institute of Kansas. This correspondence reveals the gulf between the idealized process of civilization and the actual business of running institutions dependent on the intense manual labor of the attending children.

[72] Blackbird, *The Indian Problem, from the Indian's Standpoint*, 17.

[73] Blackbird, *The Indian Problem, from the Indian's Standpoint*, 11, 16.

[74] Blackbird, *The Indian Problem, from the Indian's Standpoint*, 16.

[75] Blackbird, *The Indian Problem, from the Indian's Standpoint*, 18.

[76] From "Nanabushu Kills Another Brother," told by Wasagunackank. Jones, *Ojibway Texts*, 40.

[77] Blackbird, *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, 71.

[78] Arendt, *The Human Condition*, 4.

Chapter Two

[1] Womack, *American Indian Literary Nationalism*, 92.

[2] Womack, *American Indian Literary Nationalism*. 92.

[3] Genuisz, *Our Knowledge is Not Primitive*, 14.

[4] From "The Beast Men, "as told by Jacques LePique. Kidder, *Ojibwa Naratives Of*

Charles and Charlotte Kawbawgam and Jacques LePique, 1893-1895, 93.

[5] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, xiv.

[6] Silko, "Interior and Exterior Landscapes," 5.

[7] From "The Great Skunk and the Great Bear of the West", remarks by Homer H. Kidder. Kidder, *Ojibwa Naratives Of Charles and Charlotte Kawbawgam and Jacques LePique*, 1893-1895, 101.

[8] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, x.

[9] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, xi.

[10] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 25.

[11] From "The Man from the World Above," told by Jacques LePique. Kidder, *Ojibwa Naratives Of Charles and Charlotte Kawbawgam and Jacques LePique*, 1893-1895, 86.

[12] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 25.

[13] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 26.

[14] Harjo, *Reinventing the Enemy's Language*, 20.

[15] Bruchac, *Survival This Way*, xi.

[16] Teuton, *Red Land, Red Power: Grounding Knowledge in the American Indian Novel*,, 36.

[17] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 135, 136.

[18] Ortiz, *Speaking for the Generations: Native Writers on Writing*, xviii.

[19] Vizenor, *The People Named the Chippewa*, 24.

[20] Johnston, *Ojibway Heritage*, 61

[21] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 58.

[22] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 8.

[23] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 9.

[24] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 11.

[25] From "Winabojo and the Medicine Man," told by Odinigun. Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 100.

[26] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, xv.

[27] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 13.

[28] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 14.

[29] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 14.

[30] Tymoczo, "Translation of Themselves: The Contours of Postcolonial Fiction," 159.

[31] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 114.

[32] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 114.

[33] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 63, 61.

[34] Silko, "Interior and Exterior Landscapes,"10.

[35] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 114, 115.

[36] From "Winabojo and the Medicine Man," told by Odinigun. Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 100

[37] Baraga, *Chippewa Indians*, 7.

[38] Baraga, *Chippewa Indians*, 53.

[39] Baraga, *Chippewa Indians,* 5.

[40] From "Nanabushu and the Wolves," told by Midasug'j. Jones, *Ojibwe Texts*, 245.

[41] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 1.

[42] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 1.

[43] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 2.

[44] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 2.

[45] Baraga, *Chippewa Indians*, 30.

[46] Baraga, *Chippewa Indians*, 51.

[47] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 58.

[48] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 60.

[49] Baraga, *Chippewa Indians*, 53.

[50] Bruchac*, Roots of Survival*, 73.

[51] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 24.

[52] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 24.

[53] Warren, *History of the Ojibway People*, 26.

Chapter Three

[1] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 75, n. 61.

[2] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 130, n. 100.

[3] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives,* 35.

[4] Geniusz, *Our Knowledge is Not Primitive*, 6.

[5] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, xiv.

[6] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, xiv.

[7] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 96.

[8] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 74.

[9] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 75.

[10] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 78.

[11] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 75.

[12] Gunn-Allen, "The Sacred Hoop: A Contemporary Perspective," 255.

[13] Nabakov, *Where the Lightning Strikes*, xi.

[14] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 83.

[15] Nabakov, *Where the Lightning Strikes*, xiii.

[16] Deloria, Jr., *The World We Used To Live In*, 194.

[17] Deloria, Jr., *The World We Used To Live In*, 195.

[18] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 18.

[19] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 30.

[20] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 40.

[21] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 40.

[22] Nabakov, *Where The Lightning Strikes*, ??????

[23] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 41.

[24] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 45.

[25] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 47.

[26] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 21.

[27] It is a common fate in Indian Country, as D'arcy McNickle reminds us about the "cottagers" who provided income for indigenous peoples during the tourist season and its demand for authentic experiences and handicrafts. Furthermore, the manual labor in which boarding school students were trained was also sometimes buffered by the "outing program" intended to give students practical experience in the white, English-speaking world, but mainly supplied white households with cheap domestic labor. The outing program is discussed in fascinating detail in the book *Boarding School Seasons*, by Brenda J. Child.

[28] Kidder*, Ojibway Narratives*, 22-23.

[29] Vizenor, *The People Named the Chippewa*, 7.

[30] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 80.

[31] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 80.

[32] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 69.

[33] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 69.

[34] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 69.

[35] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 70.

[36] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 70.

[37] Kidder, *Ojibway Narratives*, 125.

From "The Court Oreilles Origin Myth"

[1] To me, this story alludes to the cultural contempt often displayed by Europeans and Americans who were at the same time benefitting from the unfamiliar survival tactics of the (typically hospitable and welcoming) tribal peoples they would

encounter. It seemed a good fit between Kidder's somewhat naïve resistance to tribal beliefs, and the more overt criticism expressed by Thoreau. Barnouw, *Wisconsin Chippewa Myths & Tales*, 62-64.

Chapter Four

[1] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians:" A Bilingual Petition of the Chippewas of Lake Superior*, 1. Though the introduction from which some of the quotes are drawn was written by Canadian scholars at The Centre for Teaching and Research of Native Canadian Languages, I will list the authors of this work as "ogimaag," which is the Anishinaabemowin word used to refer to more than one leader. This is to convey the nature of the document as a group effort, intended to reflect the concerns of the many tribal people being represented by those individuals who wrote and presented the *Statement* to the U.S. government.

[2] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians*," 1.

[3] Emerson, "Nature," 35.

[4] Emerson, "Nature," 36.

[5] Emerson, "Nature," 36.

[6] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians*," 1.1, 1.2. I am using the same manner of distinguishing the sections and lines of the text as that found in the bilingual section of the publication. The "English only" section of straight translation uses conventional page numbering, which I will employ at such times as I am quoting from that particular section

[7] Emerson, "Nature," 36, 37.

[8] Emerson, "Nature," 37.

[9] Cronin, "History, Translation, Postcolonialism," 34.

[10] Cronin, "History, Translation, Postcolonialism," 35.

[11] Cronin, "History, Translation, Postcolonialism," 41.

[12] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians*," 44.

[13] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians,"* 74.

[14] Emerson, "Nature," 37.

[15] Simon, *Changing the Terms: Translating in the Postcolonial Era*, "Introduction," 48.

[16] Ortiz, *Speaking For The Generations: Native Writers On Writing*, "Introduction," xvi.

[17] Hawthorne, "Mr. Thoreau," *American Notebooks*.

[18] Hawthorne, "Mr. Thoreau," *American Notebooks*.

[19] Keiser, *The Indian in American Literature*, 231.

[20] Keiser, *The Indian in American Literature*, 232.

[21] Sayre, *Thoreau and the American Indians*, x.

[22] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians*," 3.1.

[23] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians*," 3.2, 3.3.

[24] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 120.

[25] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 122.

[26] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 122.

[27] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 122.

[28] Murphy, *Hemispheric Imaginings*, 17.

[29] Murphy, *Hemispheric Imaginings*, 46.

[30] Fanuzzi, *Abolition's Public Sphere*, 173.

[31] Fanuzzi, *Abolition's Public Sphere*, 179.

[32] Fanuuzi, *Abolition's Public Sphere*, 179.

[33] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians,"* 7.5.

[34] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians,"* 7.6.

[35] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians,"* 4.7.

[36] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Indians,"* 4.8 – 5.2.

[37] LaDuke, *All Our Relations*, 115.

[38] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 6.

[39] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 6.

[40] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 7.

[41] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 6.

[42] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 7.

[43] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 32.

[44] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 10, 78.

[45] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 32.

[46] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 65.

[47] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 66.

[48] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 70, 71.

[49] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 78.

[50] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 78.

[51] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 78.

[52] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 79.

[53] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 82.

[54] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 90.

[55] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 95.

[56] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 112.

[57] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 107.

[58] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 107.

[59] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 30.

[60] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 120.

[61] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 121, 120.

[62] Fannuzi, *Abolition's Public Sphere*, 200.

[63] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 122.

[64] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 97.

[65] Prince, "Notes on the Language of the Eastern Algonkin Tribes," 310.

[66] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 30.

[67] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 30.

[68] Prince, "Notes on the Language of the Eastern Algonkin Tribes," 311.

[69] Prince, “Notes on the Language of the Eastern Algonkin Tribes,” 312.

[70] Prince, “Notes on the Eastern Algonkin Languages,” 313.

[71] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 134.

[72] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 135.

[73] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 136.

[74] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 136.

[75] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 39.

[76] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 136, 137.

[77] Warner, *The Letters of the Republic*, 41.

[78] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 140.

[79] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 141.

[80] Prince, “Notes on the Eastern Algonkin Languages,” 314.

[81] Prince, “Notes on the Eastern Algonkin Languages,” 314.

[82] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 157, 158.

[83] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 159.

[84] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 162.

[85] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 163.

[86] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 164.

[87] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 201, 253.

[88] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 172, 190.

[89] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 169.

[90] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 178.

[91] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 179.

[92] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 168.

[93] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 168.

[94] Habermas, *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*, 35.

[95] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 174.

[96] Habermas, *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*, 47.

[97] Habermas, *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*, 46.

[98] Habermas, *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*, 47.

[99] Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 217, 277.

[100] Ogimaag, *"Statement Made By The Chippewa,"* 14.7.

[101] Ogimaag, "*The Statement Made By The Chippewa*," 16.4.

Chapter Five

[1] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, cover.

[2] McNickle, *Native American Tribalism*, 8, 9.

[3] McNickle, *Native American Tribalism*, 15.

[4] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, title page.

[5] McNickle, *Native American Tribalism*, 11.

[6] Womack. *Red on Red: Native American Literary Separatism*, 17.

[7] The genre-related breakdown of courses offered by myriad English departments proves his point. Indeed, the current movement toward interdisciplinary studies indicates the burgeoning awareness of the limits of the category.

[8] Womack, *Red on Red: Native American Literary Separatism*, 17.

[9] Jonhston, *Ojibway Heritage*, 8.

[10] Vizenor, *The People Named the Chippewa*, 7.

[11] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, 12.

[12] Copway, *The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation*, 1.

[13] I would also here mention how this resonates with my own difficulty in locating and procuring a copy of his work in the 21st century.

[14] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, 3.

[15] All story excerpts in this chapter are from "Chickadee Boy," told by Kawbawgam. Kidder, *Ojibwa Narratives*, 109.

[16] Interestingly, this is a dance troupe he formed, inspired by Catlin and later meeting up with him in France. I learned this from the text *The Transatlantic Indian, 1776-1930*, written by Kate Flint. I agree with her conclusion that "Maungwudaus is a clear example of a First Nations member preferring to act – and being prepared to act – as an impresario for performers who are his own people; what we know of his life bears witness to the weight he gave to personal, and tribal, autonomy." Flint, *The Transatlantic Indian, 1776-1930*, 82.

[17] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, 4-5.

[18] Kidder, *Ojibwa Narratives*, 109-110.

[19] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, 6.

[20] Densmore, *How Indians Use Wild Plants for Food, Medicine & Crafts*, 386.

[21] LaDuke, *Recovering the Sacred: The Power of Naming and Claiming*, 12.

[22] LaDuke, *Recovering the Sacred: The Power of Naming and Claiming*, 12.

[23] Kidder, *Ojibwa Narratives*, 110.

[24] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, 3.

[25] Flint, *The Transatlantic Indian*, *1776-1930*, 9.

[26] Kidder, *Ojibwa Narratives*, 110.

[27] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, 9.

[28] Jones, *Ojibwa Texts*, 311.

[29] Jones, *Ojibwa Texts*, 341.

[30] Jones, *Ojibwa Texts*, 343.

[31] Jones, *Ojibwa Texts*, 343.

[32] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 58.

[33] Johnston, *Ojibway Heritage*, 21.

[34] Densmore, *Chippewa Customs*, 60.

[35] Flint, *The Transatlantic Indian, 1776-1930*, 2.

[36] Flint, *The Transatlantic Indian, 1776-1930*, 24.

[37] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, 4.

[38] Maungwdaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, 4.

[39] Kidder, *Ojibwa Narratives*, 110-111.

[40] Tymoczko, "Translations of Themselves: The Contours of Postcolonial Fiction," 151.

[41] Of course, this again suggests a certain equivalency of circumstances that at least is partly suggested by Maungwudaus's comment that "The Irish are very kind-hearted people. The country people make fire of turf; many of them are very poor; the British government is over them." Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa*, 8.

[42] Tymoczko, "Translations of Themselves: The Contours of Postcolonial Fiction," 156.

[43] Tymoczko, "Translations of Themselves: The Contours of Postcolonial Fiction," 155.

[44] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa*, 3.

[45] Kidder, *Ojibwa Narratives*, 111.

[46] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa Indians*, 5.

[47] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa*, 4.

[48] Maungwudaus, *An Account of the Chippewa*, 6.

[49] Again, my thanks to Helen Roy for helping me with these translations.

[50] Emerson, "Nature," 37.

[51] Emerson, "Nature," 36.

[52] Tymoczko, "Translations of Themselves: The Contours of Postcolonial Fiction," 155.

[53] Kidder, *Ojibwa Narratives*, 111.

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