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Abstract: The article focuses on the use of Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians as representations of the social concerns of Caucasian Americans in "Red Leaves." The historical inaccuracy in the depictions of Indians in Faulkner's work is discussed. The social and economic concerns of the 1930's, the time period wherein Faulkner wrote and published his "Wilderness" stories, are considered. The exclusion of Indians in American history is discussed. Faulkner's invention of an Indian race to mirror the concerns of white, male Americans in the 1930's is also discussed.

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RED SLIPPERS AND COTTONMOUTH MOCCASINS: WHITE ANXIETIES IN FAULKNER'S INDIAN STORIES

IN 1930, FAULKNER PUBLISHED his first Indian story, "Red Leaves," which would become one of his most famous stories. He followed soon with "A Justice" and "Lo!," and then much later with "A Courtship,"

and he drew on related Indian materials in many of his novels, especially *Go Down, Moses* and *Requiem for a Nun*. Scholars have linked Faulkner's Indian stories to a pastiche of items from Mississippi Indian history, folk reminiscences, and Faulkner's life. Despite such links, in this essay I work from the belief that as a larger picture of early nineteenth-century Chickasaw or Choctaw culture, Faulkner's stories are nonsense. When a local historian asked Faulkner "where he got his Indians," he responded, "I made them up." (n1) Faulkner had a habit of covering his tracks with false modesty, but in this case he was probably telling the truth, and it's a truth that raises touchy issues. In a history fraught with the taking of Native lands and with the casual assumption that Native cultures are readily available for appropriation by non-Native cults, fads, cultural tourism, advertising, sports icons, and superficial do-gooders, Native people often react skeptically to outsiders' efforts to represent Indian culture and to the typical, if unwitting, assumption that Indian culture hardly exists outside its supposed availability as a toything of non-Native fantasy.

The point is not to blame or praise Faulkner, whatever critique and praise I may offer along the way. Rather, I argue that although Faulkner's stories prove of little use as direct accounts of Chickasaws and Choctaws or their slaves in the early nineteenth century, they do a great deal to represent the preoccupations of Faulkner and his social world, especially worries about whiteness. When the cottonmouth moccasin rears up in "Red Leaves," the association between snakes and masculinity merges with a hint that Faulkner's Indians, figured as cottonmouth moccasins, stand in for his concerns about Southern white masculinity. Faulkner's social world continued to prop up the notion of white masculinity as a transparent norm for American and Southern culture, despite massive evidence to the contrary, and as if whiteness or masculinity were uniform and stable. Feeling the pressure to sustain that notion and at the same time sensing its instability, Faulkner's Indian stories flutter back and forth over figures of masculinity, ownership, and agency, conflating masculinity, white masculinity, and whiteness itself.

Faulkner submitted "Red Leaves" to Scribner's magazine with a wisecracking cover letter: "So here is another story. Few people know that Miss. Indians owned slaves; that's why I suggest that you all buy it. Not because it is a good story; you can find lots of good stories. It's because I need the money" (SL 46-47). Faulkner at once exoticizes the South and claims it as known territory. Both strategies mimic the contradictory way that his Indian stories at once seek closeness and distance between races (red, black, and white) and seek both to identify with the scars of Southern history (slavery and Indian removal) and to distance those scars from the white masculine culture of the stories' authorship. They offer a familiar tale of attraction and repulsion or, psychoanalytically, introjection and projection. But with its contradictions and mixed emotions, even so familiar a tale often escapes readings that seek straightforward answers or cling to essentialized cultural and racial narratives.

It is tempting to read Faulkner's portrayal of slave-holding Indians as an effort to disperse the blame for slavery. In this sense, his Indian stories fit the structure of a colonizing, racially polarized imagination by projecting their own sense of guilt onto characters they imagine as Other. But in the intricate structure of this fantasy, if Indians are to blame for holding slaves, then whites are to blame for bringing slavery to Indians. Projections drag along their complementary introjections. Faulkner's Indian stories play both

sides of this process of othering and identifying. They paint Indians as relatively benign slave owners most of the time, yet occasionally as murderous and cannibal. Matching this ambivalence, Faulkner feminizes his Indian slave holders, trading on standard cultural uneasinesses and satirical tropes, including misogyny, the feminization of the colonized, and an attraction to and revulsion from effeminate masculinity, thus seeming to render his Indian slave holders less dangerous, because feminized and effeminate, and at the same time more dangerous for the exact same reasons.

The wish to deflect blame for slavery provokes the cliché of the New England slave-ship captain in "Red Leaves." More subtly, in "Red Leaves," "A Justice," and "A Courtship," Faulkner denies the brutal history of Indian "removal" by focusing on Indians as large-scale land owners without considering their impending loss of land. (Twenty years later, he gives much more attention to the loss of land in *Requiem for a Nun*.) "Lo!," a more overtly political story,(n2) mentions two isolated white settlers who swindle a group of Chickasaws out of land, but it also makes the President of the United States desperate to appease Indians by opposing land-hungry settlers, even to the point of breaking the law. This President, although never named, matches Andrew Jackson's personal history and physical features,(n3) but not his politics. Jackson infamously dedicated his presidency to Indian removal, but not in Faulkner's story, where he gives in to the Chickasaws' desire to keep their land. In his notorious challenge to Chief Justice John Marshall, Jackson defied the law so as to steal Indian lands, not to defend them. Faulkner, by contrast, makes Indians the figurative agents of their own removal, with his comic portrait of enervated decay, especially in Mocketubbe of "Red Leaves," and through a contradictory genealogy of Indian leaders who kill each other to take power, as if the threat of dispossession came from other Indians and not from whites. When Faulkner reaches for comedy by making his Chickasaw Chief Frank Weddel say "We do not think that it is right to slay white men like a confounded Cherokee or Creek" (CS 395-96), he paints the danger to Indians as coming from other Indians, not from whites.

Still, in the world of tall tales that these stories inhabit, such representations are shaky. For one thing, Weddel is joking, making light of murder to tease the President's fears, and even the Indian in "Red Leaves" who talks in bored tones of his cannibal past and decides not to eat more black people because they have "a bitter taste," or his compatriots who grumble that they cannot solve the problem of surplus blacks by eating them since "that much flesh diet is not good for man" (CS 314, 319), might be credited with deadpan, almost Swiftian humor. Or if they seem too jaded for jocularly, then the Swiftian deadpan is nevertheless Faulkner's. Similarly, when Faulkner draws on the tall tale to sketch a silly Jackson who allows Indians to terrify and manipulate him, Faulkner misrepresents the historical Jackson, but he also calls ironic attention to the difference between the historical Jackson's severity and Faulkner's fictional cartoon.

If we expand our sense of mimesis to read these tall tales as figuring Faulkner's contemporary setting, they suggest a worry over ownership, including land ownership, both in Faulkner's personal world and in the broader Southern political world around him. In April 1930, Faulkner bought a house (later called Rowan Oak), going deeply into debt despite his small income and irregular prospects. Built in 1844 on land bought from a Chickasaw named E-Ah-Nah-Yea in 1836 as a direct result of Jackson's policy of Indian removal,(n4) the once-gracious home was crumbling into ruin. In June Faulkner moved in, and in

July (probably) he wrote "Red Leaves" while also repairing the house, mostly with his own hands (Blotner 1974, 1: 651-53, 657-64; Blotner 1984, 258-62). Until then more or less a ne'er-do-well in local eyes, Faulkner now found himself shucking his vagabond bohemian life for the role of paterfamilias with his new wife and her two children, even poking fun at his position as step-father by writing about Sam Had-Two-Fathers in "A Justice." Earlier, Estelle had left him to marry another man in part because his future looked so insecure. Now, relying on his ability to set up a home, she sat down and cried when she saw the rotting house without plumbing or electricity. Faulkner had to prove his ability to play the purportedly masculine role that he willingly, even ambitiously took up and that at times he also felt was thrust upon him. While he set himself up as family man and man of property, he started to write stories about who gets to be the "Man" and how.

Meanwhile, the collapse of the cotton market hurled Southern land ownership into crisis. As Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* dramatized in 1932, small farmers were losing out to big land owners. In their place emerged a rapid growth in tenant farming and sharecropping, until the plight of tenant farmers and sharecroppers grew into a national scandal. While Faulkner depended on generous terms from the former owners of his house and on merchants who let him go still deeper into debt, in the country around him, among the people that he so often wrote about, propertyless farmers drew on the energies of the thirties left and tried to organize. Tensions focused around land ownership and the way it conferred citizenship, racial authority, and masculine legitimacy. When H. L. Mitchell, a leader and organizer for the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, sought to recruit Oklahoma Choctaws, a Choctaw chief responded: "When the white man, and the black man get ready to take back the land--just let the Indians know. We will get our guns, and we will come too. We do not need a union. We are already organized" (Mitchell 79-80).^(n5)

These are not the Indians of *Go Down, Moses* or *Requiem for a Nun*, and not only because by then Faulkner had decided to call his Yoknapatawpha Indians Chickasaw rather than Choctaw.^(n6) In *Requiem for a Nun*, Faulkner's Indians show up in cameo roles, mainly to leave and make way for Anglo-Saxons. In *Go Down, Moses*, Faulkner describes Indians mostly through the sentimentalizing filters of Sam Fathers and Isaac McCaslin, who squeeze the past into the romanticized patterns of boyhood dream objects, cultural nostalgia, and faux-anthropological ritual.

By contrast, Faulkner's Indian stories reach outside romanticizing stereotypes.^(n7) "The stereotype," writes Homi K. Bhabha, "is not a simplification because it is a false representation of a given reality. It is a simplification because it is an arrested, fixated form of representation that" denies "the play of difference" (Bhabha 75). For Bhabha, the fixities of stereotyping discourse match the fixities of colonial discourse and literary realism (70-71). But in these tall-tale stories, Faulkner hardly aspires to realistic representation, and the divorce from realism helps loosen his portraits from a dangerous fixity that they draw on but also mock. For Faulkner to presume to know early nineteenth-century Chickasaw and Choctaw ways of mind would itself be colonizing, yet to represent without knowing would be colonizing as well. This double-bind defines the representation of the Other and the Othering of the represented that these stories both succumb to and also try to tease out of their ponderousness and paralysis.

All this has to do with the intricate now-you-see-me, now-you-don't of mimesis and memory. Faulkner writes these stories about early nineteenth-century Chickasaws and Choctaws staying on the land, as if they were not being driven from it, and he makes them so minimally realistic that the stories say less about Chickasaws and Choctaws than about the imaginative templates of his own social and personal world. This can obscure the historicity of Chickasaws and Choctaws, as if removal not only sent them to Oklahoma but also put an end to their existence altogether, which may sound farfetched when put so bluntly, yet it remains a standard delusion, active even in some criticism of Faulkner's Indian stories. Elsewhere in his fiction, Faulkner's references to Indians as vanished ignore those who went west and the many Choctaws who stayed in Mississippi.(n8) Faulkner may remember more than most Americans, but he still joins in the broader cultural amnesia, as in this exchange when he answered questions at the University of Virginia:

Q. Do they [Mississippi Indians] exist just in memory now?

A. There are a few, there's a reservation, a remnant of Choctaws. The others, the Indians in my part of Mississippi have vanished into the two races--either the white race or the Negro race....

Q. ...There were Indians at one time in this area?

A. Oh yes. Yes, all the land records go back to the Indian patents, and our country's not very old. (FU 9)

Unlike in his fiction, Faulkner here recognizes the Choctaws who stayed in Mississippi, but he still accepts the myth of the vanishing Indian, like the questioner who thinks that Indian people no longer exist. The next questioner, who wonders if Mississippi Indians ever existed, accepts the myth of an unpeopled land simply waiting for white settlers. When Faulkner refers to "the two races," he repeats the black and white binary that makes it hard for many Americans to see their own land's multiplicity, just as he excludes Indian people from what he calls "our country."

Actually, the Choctaws are very much alive in Oklahoma and in Mississippi, where belatedly the federal government set up a reservation from 1918 to 1944, overlapping the years when Faulkner thought up Yoknapatawpha, with its Indian name, and wrote his Indian stories. The Mississippi Band of Choctaw Indians is now one of the state's largest employers.(n9) Not needing to depend on outsiders like Faulkner to represent them, Choctaws and Chickasaws have produced a number of excellent writers, including the Choctaw poet Jim Barnes, the Choctaw novelist and critic Louis Owens, and the Chickasaw poet and novelist Linda Hogan. Even from the time of removal and soon after, when access to the economy of writing and publishing was so limited, there are striking examples of Mississippi Indians writing about removal itself. Their writing shows how little they resemble Faulkner's tall-tale portraits. Choctaw Peter Pitchlynn's remarkable diary from the removal years, for example, is now available on the world wide web. In "Lo!," Faulkner took his title from Alexander Pope's patronizing apostrophe in An Essay on Man, "Lo, the poor Indian." Israel Folsom, a Choctaw born in 1802, had already responded to Pope and to Choctaw removal in a poem called "Lo! The Poor Indian's Hope":

Land where brightest waters flow,
Land where loveliest forest grow,

Where warriors drew the bow,
Native land farewell.

He who made yon stream and tree,
Made the White, the Red man free,
Gave the Indians' home to be
'Mid the forest wilds.

Have the waters ceased to flow?
Have the forest ceased to grow?
Why do our brothers bid us go
From our native home?

Here in infancy we played,
Here our happy wigwam made,
Here our fathers' graves are laid,—
Must we leave them all?

Whiteman, tell us, God on high,—
So pure and bright in yonder sky,—
Will not then His searching eye
See the Indians' wrong? (Littlefield 4)

Folsom's reference to the graves of Choctaw fathers is more than mere formula, for as Faulkner probably knew when he wrote "Red Leaves," Choctaws traditionally put particular value in their burial traditions. "Red Leaves" exoticizes Indian burials, letting its odd humor defend against the horror of manhunt and murder, mediating ritual with a mood of cultural exhaustion. Although these Indians, like many white people, own slaves, this white-written story makes them grotesquely Other, caught somewhere between radical difference and parody that comes threateningly close to home.

Whiteness itself--and here my thinking draws on Bhabha and parallels speculations in the rise of "whiteness studies"(n10)--is a continually restructuring product of such ongoing processes of projection and introjection, constructed in exchange with its construction of others yet invested in the fantasy of a unified identity that precedes any such exchanges. Something similar in broad structure, if different in detail, applies to Indian identity. Indians had no sense of themselves as a group before contact with non-Indians, because you need difference before you can have likeness. Some Indians resent the notion of pan-Indian identity, because it can displace the diverse identities of individual Indian peoples.(n11) Many academic theorists of Indian identity, most notably Gerald Vizenor,(n12) thus focus on its invented status. In the same way that Indians need non-Indians to see themselves as Indians, so without non-whites there can be no whites. As Robert S. Berkhofer, Jr. put it long before whiteness studies,

Whether describing physical appearance or character, manners or morality, economy or dress, housing or sexual habits, government or religion, Whites overwhelmingly measured the Indian as a general category against those beliefs, values, or institutions they most cherished in themselves at the time. For this reason, many commentators on the history of White Indian imagery see Europeans and [White] Americans as using counterimages of themselves to describe Indians and the counterimages of Indians to describe themselves. Such a negative reference group could be used to define White identity or to prove White superiority over the worst fears of their own depravity. (27)

As Michael Paul Rogin argues in his history of Jackson and white, Jacksonian America's relation to Indians, "White men encountered not merely another culture in Indians," for they also projected onto Indians "their own fantasies, longings, and fears" (12). Faulkner's Indian stories, therefore, shore up his and his readers'--whatever their race--sense of whiteness, and more particularly, of white masculinity.

Although I focus here on "Red Leaves" and "Lo!," as a group the stories worry over who will be the Man, trailing a string of connotations about masculinity and race. Faulkner had probably heard the African American expression "the Man," meaning white authority at large or specific white authorities, such as a boss or policeman.(n13) The term fits the way these stories worry about oedipal usurpation, even killing the Man to replace him as Man. Women play little part in these stories. In "A Justice," where two men compete for the same woman, she and her family remain almost invisible. In "A Courtship," two men also compete for one woman. They set out to prove which of them is tougher and stronger, taking for granted that their contest will determine her will, until the story forgets about her and turns instead to the men's love for each other, along the lines that Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick describes in *Between Men: English Literature and Male Homosocial Desire*.(n14) In these stories, the femininity that Faulkner cares about lies not in women but in men, as part of their masculinity, a part that the white men deny. From the perspective of Faulkner's white fantasy, however, some of the Indian men seem oddly comfortable with the femininity in their masculinity, whether in the obscure potency of Log-in-the-Creek, the aptly named lazy harmonica player who wins the woman in "A Courtship" without joining the contest to prove his masculine superiority; the self-possessed effeminacy of Frank Weddel in "Lo!"; or the lethargic, "soft-looking" pursuers in "Red Leaves," who frustrate stereotypes of the Indian buck or hunter and the broader stereotype of masculine hunters that Faulkner would later make lyrical in *Go Down, Moses*.

In "Red Leaves," Faulkner has the runaway slave assert his dignity in the conventionally masculine terms of physical endurance, woodsman's shrewdness, and tragic stoicism amid suffering and despair. Such concerns displace the wish to run away. Like "Was," the first chapter of *Go Down, Moses*, "Red Leaves" starts out like a story about running from slavery and ends up somewhere less predictable, even at the cost of evading a historicist account of slavery or, in this case, of Indian culture and Indian-black relations. The evasion comes with some of the more glibly racist language in Faulkner's mature writing, with repeated non-sense about black people's supposedly rolling, white, luminous, and unusually noticeable "eyeballs" (versus Faulkner's more typical description of characters' "eyes"; CS 315, 328, 331-32, 339-40); terms like "shiftless" (318), "herd" (319), "inscrutable" (328), and "pickaninnies" (328, 340); a comparison between black people and apes (328); a sexualized, animalistic description of black women's nursing that sounds like Captain Delano from Melville's "Benito Cereno" (CS 329); descriptions of groups of blacks that take them all as the same; and the silliness about slaves maintaining "lives transplanted whole out of African jungles" (318), completing the scareword "jungles" and the fantasy of wholeness with hokum rituals and a bogus social structure. Faulkner would not write that way again, except in rare slips, satirical letters, or the voices of characters. He had already written his way out of such language in *The Sound and the Fury*. The relapse in "Red Leaves" comes as part of a larger swerve from mimesis as Faulkner tries to invent Indians that he can use for non-mimetic ends, which include exoticizing the South, in part to help sell a story and pay his new mortgage, and dramatizing anxieties about masculinity as he settles into the life of husband, paterfamilias, and homeowner in a depression that jeopardized the

income and ownership people took for granted as anchors of white masculinity.

The Indian men of "Red Leaves" do not fit the stereotypes of masculinity. Faulkner imagines them as feminized or neutered. Instead of wearing pants, they wear earrings and carry "their neatly rolled trousers under their arms" with "no weapons" (CS 331), looking "paunchy, thick, soft-looking, a little ludicrous" (333). When one of them runs into the escaped slave, Faulkner describes the two men almost as gendered opposites: "the Negro gaunt, lean, hard, tireless and desperate; the Indian thick, soft-looking, the apparent embodiment of the ultimate and supreme reluctance and inertia" (334). He sees a beleaguered but rigid virility for the black, not out of line with myths of black masculinity, versus a sedated composure for the Indian that anticipates Eula Varner as the comic epitome of all things feminine.

Such Indians do not seem like the most formidable pursuers, especially when the escaped slave knows the country as well as they do. But the runaway never really runs away. Faulkner says there is "nowhere for him to go" (CS 332). At the end, he keeps trying to drink from a gourd, but he cannot swallow the water. Slaves by the Tombigbee River in Mississippi and Alabama sang the song "Follow the Drinking Gourd," signifying the Big Dipper near the north star, pointing the direction to freedom up the Tombigbee and Tennessee and to the Ohio, (n15) but this slave cannot follow the drinking gourd; he cannot find his way to freedom. Indeed, although such little evidence as historians have found suggests that most runaway slaves of Mississippi Indians were caught, some escaped to other Indian communities or to join other blacks (Sydnor 109; Satz 4; Usner 310). The runaway's options may be limited, but he can still improve his chances. Instead, he waits about two days before running at all. Then he doubles back, ostensibly to frustrate the pursuit, but rather than take advantage of doubling back, he climbs a tree to watch the scene of his eventual demise. He suspects that he is already dead, and the other blacks, too, see him as already dead (332). When the snake bites him, he lets it bite again, twice, underlining his complicity with his own death. Catching up to him, therefore, proves nothing about the prowess of his pursuers, least of all their grotesque figurehead, Mocketubbe.

Even as he faints at the strain, Mocketubbe remains imperturbable, and so neutered that he has only "flipperlike arms" (CS 325). (n16) He kills his father not to win his mother, who hardly exists in the story, but to win those more trivial metonymies of his identity, the tiny French red shoes. After introducing them as red shoes the story increasingly refers to them as red slippers, as if the mixed blood Mocketubbe and the enervated generation and future that he represents and parodies cannot hold fast to their red identity. In Mocketubbe, Doom's oedipal preoccupation with being the Man degenerates into little more than a hypnotized fascination with finery.

The effeminate Weddel of "Lo!" wreaks more havoc in Faulkner's anxieties about race and masculinity. With his feminized followers, who lug their idle cocks (that is, gamecocks) to the White House and vex the President by carrying their boots and pants, Weddel gets everything he wants from Jackson, usurping the whites' leader in his own house, the figurative home of the nation. Faulkner describes the President as the Indians' "father" (CS 383), the standard-bearer for national masculinity, "the courageous fighter... that wellnigh infallible expert in the anticipation of and controlling of man" (381-82), "the soldier who had commanded men well" (396). Now this famous Indian fighter and "conqueror of men, the winner of battles

diplomatic, legal and martial" (400), is reduced to "the baffled helplessness of a child" (382), and peers at Indians through a crack in the door, too frightened to look at them directly. He relies instead on "a hand mirror of elegant French design, such as should have been lying upon a lady's dressing table" (381). Jackson is afraid of but attracted to Weddel's French effeminacy, and the story shares his attraction as it lingers over Weddel's "almost feminine mannerisms" (395) and "lilting tone" (394): "the half Chickasaw, half Frenchman, the squat, obese man with the face of a Gascon brigand and the mannerisms of a spoiled eunuch and dingy lace at throat and wrist" (389), "the bland, obese mongrel despot and patriarch... dozing, ... [with] one fat, ringed hand beneath its fall of soiled lace lying upon the nephew's knee" (393), "the soft, paunchy man facing them with his soft, bland, inscrutable face--the long, monk-like nose, the slumbrous lids, the flabby, café-au-lait-colored jowls above a froth of soiled lace of an elegance fifty years outmoded and vanished; the mouth was full, small, and very red" (394-95). Much of this we may laugh at as well as with: it is hard to say what a "monk-like nose" would be, but it suggests a wayward phallicism, as the entire fascination carries suggestions of colonialist orientaling, including homophobia and what Sedgwick calls homosexual panic, her term for heterosexuals' fear of being homosexual or being taken for homosexual. (n17)

Jackson's problem with Weddel is not simply that he is effeminate, but that his effeminacy is café-au-lait. His mixed blood and gender-bending suggest illicit sexuality and boundary breaking. A story about removal, racial conflict, and illicit sexuality has everything to do with boundaries, for Weddel will not keep to his supposed place. Indeed, he barges in on Jackson, invading not only the White House, the shrine of white power, but also Jackson's bedroom before the President has his pants on, while he is still in bed with his wife. Even Weddel's name teases boundaries, as the President and his Secretary of War fret endlessly over whether his "correct" name is Weddel or Vidal, worrying about the name of the father and Weddel's blend of patrilineal European culture with matrilineal Chickasaw culture. Weddel responds with disingenuous mockery: "Weddel or Vidal. What does it matter by what name the White Chief calls us? We are but Indians" (CS 396). His letter to the President at the end of the story affects bewilderment at white people's obsession with land boundaries, but the irony is that the whites who so insisted that Indians establish boundaries would then ignore every agreement about boundaries that they forced on Indians.

In the pattern of introjection and projection, the story enacts Jackson's horror of Weddel by rhetorically merging Weddel with Jackson and his cohorts. Faulkner says that the Secretary of War's ornery hair "roached violently upward," in effect mimicking the woodlands, Chickasaw hairstyle known as a "roach." The President and Secretary refer to each other as chiefs. The whites see the Indians as unpredictable children, while one Indian laments that "'white people ... are like children: ... you never know what they are going to do next. ... But that's white men: no accounting for taste'" (CS 383), echoing the Latin proverb *de gustibus non est disputandum*. The President too, horrified that Weddel's men take off their boots and pants, grumbles that "there's no accounting for taste" (389), so he skulks away in secret with his boots in his hands, unwittingly like the Indians he runs from. Jackson watches the effeminate followers of the half-French Weddel in a feminine, French lady's mirror, as if seeking but still deferring the femininity he might see in his own reflection.

A year before Faulkner mailed off "Lo!" in July of 1933, with its description of Indians camped out in tents

on the White House lawn and humiliating a president who is afraid to meet them, the so-called Bonus Army moved in on Washington, D.C., camping out in tents on federal property to demand stepped-up bonuses for World War I veterans. (n18) There were other marches, as well. In May 1933, 5,000 Scottsboro protesters marched on the White House, where Franklin Roosevelt refused to see them, and in the same month the Bonus Army returned to Washington, this time receiving a warm welcome from Eleanor Roosevelt.

Faulkner seems to find humor in the idea of Indians camped out on the White House lawn and the President refusing to meet them, as if there were something comical in Native people's agency and adaptation to non-Native politics. Through all four Indian stories, Faulkner makes his Indians funny. While it is refreshing to get beyond the humorless wooden Indian, Faulkner's angle trades on other misconceptions, or at least provokes them, if Faulkner criticism is any gauge. Critics often find Faulkner's Indians funny because they do things that those critics associate with white people--own slaves, wear supposedly white clothes, turn paunchy and "burgherlike" (CS 313), or find new uses for supposedly white objects like Three Basket's snuffbox earring, the red slippers, pants carried rather than worn, Issetibeha's gilt French bed, or Doom's steamboat. Many non-Indians do not realize how incongruous it can seem to expect Native people to stand still in time. It would be odd for Indians not to change with the changing culture that they belong to, just as non-Indian cultures adapt to Indian cultures, though most of those adaptations go unnoticed. After all, a snuffbox holds tobacco, once an Indian plant. Contact between cultures can set off a reactionary desire to see cultures as essentialist wholes, leading to a sense of mimicry at those points where people see the essentialism breaking down.

And once you look, it breaks down everywhere. Bhabha's speculations about mimicry and colonial discourse can suggest how Indians and whites in these stories (and elsewhere) mimic each other. The Indians produce a partly mimicking likeness to whites, while the whites defend against likeness by sheathing themselves in scornful mimicry of Indians. The desire to read likeness as imitation and imitation as inferiority cannot escape the half-repressed sense that imitation can also emerge as mimicry and signify power, threatening the projected and introjected, yearned for and resisted distinction between races. Such exchanges of presumption and mimicry organize things like Jackson's gift of pants and boots to his Indian guests, who carry them rather than wear them, and Jackson's unwitting return mimicry and self-mockery when he then carries his own boots and worries about the occupation of his house by Indians whose land the historical Jackson was trying to occupy. Similarly, they organize Jackson's hope that he can manipulate Weddel out of manipulating him by exploiting his astonishment at the mimicry of Weddel's mobile, excess sophistication, with his two European names, his overflow of effeminate flesh, his capacity to anticipate, co-opt, and outfox white notions of Indians, and at the end of the story, his capacity to disrupt Jackson's effort to regain power through the written word by sending Jackson a letter that outdoes Jackson's own command of written language. The half-white Weddel writes like a white man, so to speak, but he also outwrites other whites. In Bhabha's language, he is "almost the same, but not quite," and "[a]lmost the same, but not white" (86, 89). As we ponder Jackson peeping out at the Indians who wait for him while they analyze the peculiarities of white people in terms that match many white people's analysis of Indians, we might recall Bhabha's suggestion that "the look of surveillance returns as the displacing gaze of the disciplined, where the observer becomes the observed and 'partial'

representation rearticulates the whole notion of identity and alienates it from essence" (89).

When Jackson tries to release himself from the Indians through the written word, writing a public letter and dredging up his law Latin to declaim Petrarch's sonnets in a ceremony before Congress, supposing that Latin and Italian are all one to Weddel so long as they're not English or Chickasaw, he keeps hearing himself mocked by "a faint, steady, minor sound" (CS 396) "of quiet scratching" (397, 398, 399), reminding him how little he awes the Indians with his hocus-pocus of ceremony and writing. When the ceremony ends, Weddel says "'And now, about the little matter of this cursed ford'" (400). What he really cares about is the land.

Faulkner modeled Weddel roughly on the part-French Choctaw chief Greenwood LeFlore; LeFlore County and its seat of Greenwood bear his names today. At first a leading opponent of removal, when treaty-time came LeFlore argued for removal and then took a big payoff from the federal government and set himself up in grand style on one of the wealthiest plantations in the state, while his resentful followers went off on the miserable trek to Oklahoma (DeRosier). Faulkner may have read or heard about an article on LeFlore in the Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society (Dupree), which recounts his trip to the White House to press Jackson to fire a troublesome federal agent. When Jackson refused, LeFlore persisted until he gave in. The same article notes that LeFlore was elected to the Mississippi House and then to the Senate, where once, to protest the way some senators peppered their speeches with Latin, he delivered a long speech in Choctaw, a telling model for the chief in Faulkner's story who lets Jackson think he can fool him with law-Latin Petrarch in the U.S. Congress.

Weddel comes to Washington because his nephew kills two white men who encroach on Chickasaw lands. At the time of removal, LeFlore's nephew, George W. Harkins, who replaced LeFlore as district chief, wrote an address "To the American People" that sounds more like the literate Weddel than like the Indians in Faulkner's other stories. Harkins' resentment of Jackson has to do with land ownership and boundaries, and draws on the Choctaw feeling that Jackson betrayed them, after they had fought with him against the British and the Creeks: "Painful in the extreme is the mandate of our expulsion. We regret that it should proceed from the mouth of our professed friend, and for whom our blood was commingled with that of his bravest warriors.... The man who said that he would plant a stake and draw a line around us, that never should be passed, was the first to say he could not guard the lines, and drew up the stake and wiped out all traces of the line" (qtd. in Wright 224). Harkins mocks Jackson, much as Weddel's letter alludes to the removal that Faulkner's story never directly mentions: "For what can money be to me," Weddel writes, since "my great white friend and chief has removed the face of every enemy save death?" (CS 401). Money meant much to the historical LeFlore, who was well paid for his efforts on behalf of removal, but such money as finally reached most Choctaws and Chickasaws through the sieve of speculators made a paltry exchange for their lands and the dislocation of removal.

In 1930, as Faulkner began writing stories about Indians, reformers led by John Collier were challenging federal Indian policy, especially as it chopped Indian land into individual allotments to thwart communal ownership. By the summer of 1933, when Faulkner sent out "Lo!," Collier was Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the new Roosevelt administration and was controversially turning federal policy towards Indians

upside down, trying to support Native sovereignty and communal land ownership. Faulkner looked back a hundred years to an earlier time of storm in federal policy for Indians and Indian land, seeing not actual Indians, not even those in Mississippi, but instead inventing Indians as mirrors of his own and his time's and place's anxieties about white masculinity.

An earlier version of this essay appeared in *Études Faulknériennes II: Naissances de Faulkner*, ed. André Bleikasten, Michel Gresset, Nicole Moulinoux, and François Pitavy (Rennes: PU de Rennes, 2000) 71-82.

(n1) Lewis M. Dabney (11) quotes these words in a letter from Calvin S. Brown, Jr., the Faulkner scholar from Oxford, who had them from his mother, the local historian who questioned Faulkner. Elmo Howell ("William Faulkner and the Mississippi Indians" and "William Faulkner's Chickasaw Legacy") and Duane Gage see no meaningful reliability in Faulkner's portrait of Mississippi Indians, although some scholars, such as Beverly Young Langford, Floyd C. Watkins, and Arthur F. Kinney, focus more on details that suggest an aura of accuracy; while John Lewis Longley, Jr. sees accuracy coming from a lack of detail. Faulkner certainly picked up on details, such as the story that several scholars have noted of Chickasaw efforts to kill a slave and bury him with Toby Tubbee, a chief who lived near Oxford (Dabney 16; Langford). Other details can be added. The eighteenth-century Choctaw chief Red Shoes, whom Faulkner would have read about in H. B. Cushman and Dunbar Rowland, may have helped him invent Mocketubbe's fascination with red shoes. In Cushman, Faulkner could find the Chickasaw practice of burying valuables with the dead. As well, in 1926 Brown's father published a study of Mississippi Indian archeology which includes detailed information about artifacts buried with a Chickasaw chief at about the time that Faulkner sets "Red Leaves" (CS 349-52). Faulkner owned an inscribed copy, which he signed and dated 1938, though he sometimes signed books long after acquiring them (Blotner, William Faulkner's Library 113, 7-8). But such details finally have little to do with the mood of Faulkner's stories or their cultural representations. For an excellent recent account of Choctaw and Chickasaw history, see Duane Champagne. Not all previous work on Faulkner's Indian stories can be cited here; for a fuller listing, see Diane Brown Jones.

(n2) "Lo!" has garnered less critical attention than Faulkner's other Indian stories. The best discussion is Lothar Hönnighausen's. So far as I know, the only other extended treatment is a fuddled discussion by the pro-segregationist M. E. Bradford, who all but explicitly reads the story as an allegory about the supposed foolishness of imposing civil rights on the South.

(n3) Except that, as Hönnighausen notes (339), the President's wife--unlike Jackson's wife--is still alive while the President is in office.

(n4) See E-Ah-Nah-Yea's land patent in Jane Isbell Haynes (48, 64-66). Since E-Ah-Nah-Yea's patent is dated 1842 and he sold the land in 1836, Haynes assumes that 1842 is an error for 1832. But since the patent comes from President John Tyler, who took office in 1841, the 1842 date must be correct. The 1832 Treaty of Pontotoc, amended in 1834, required the Chickasaws to remove to Oklahoma. Chickasaw land was to be allotted to individual Chickasaws and then sold, but the lands were soon caught up in elaborate speculation, which probably has to do with why E-Ah-Nah-Yea's patent was not issued until

years after he sold his land. In short, when Faulkner wrote Malcolm Cowley that "the patent for my home is 1833" (Cowley 54), he was technically wrong (unless there were two patents) but practically not far off, and his accuracy corroborates his interest in the land's Indian legacy. For the history of the Chickasaw land cession and the surrounding speculation, see James W. Silver and the excellent account by Mary Elizabeth Young. For corroboration of the 1836 sale, see Kerry Armstrong's "Chickasaw Historical Research Page" on the world wide web, which lists land sales from the Chickasaw cession, including (in another spelling) E-an-nah-yea's.

(n5) This paragraph itself is heavily indebted to the work-in-progress of Matthew Lessig, who provided the reference to Mitchell, and whose study of the scandal over tenant farming and sharecropping and its relation to 1930s Southern writing promises to reshape a great deal in the way we read 1930s Southern culture, Faulkner, and many other Southern writers.

(n6) In "Red Leaves," Faulkner does not identify the Indian people he writes about. In "A Justice" and "Mountain Victory," they are Choctaws, who lived mostly in what is now central Mississippi, but later, in "Lo!," "A Courtship," *Go Down, Moses*, and *Requiem for a Nun* they are Chickasaws, who lived mostly in what is now northern Mississippi, including Faulkner's Lafayette County. The confusion probably arises because Faulkner draws on information and stories about both peoples.

(n7) The best discussion of Faulkner's stories in relation to stereotypes of Indians is by Mick Gidley. Among the many broader discussions of white representations of Indians, see esp. Robert F. Berkhofer, Jr., Ward Churchill, Philip J. Deloria, and Shari M. Huhndorf.

(n8) With one exception: "Mountain Victory" tells of Saucier Weddel, son of Francis Weddel, a Choctaw who stayed in Mississippi and assimilated into the world of white plantation owners, hardly the typical pattern for impoverished Mississippi Choctaws. In "Lo!," Faulkner would later portray Francis Weddel as a Chickasaw chief before removal (as discussed later in this article).

(n9) See Samuel J. Wells and Roseanna Tubby, and the website of the Mississippi Band of Choctaw Indians.

(n10) Kinney also draws on whiteness studies, via Toni Morrison's *Playing in the Dark*.

(n11) For example, Vine Deloria, Jr., *Custer Died for Your Sins* (246).

(n12) As in Vizenor's *Manifest Manners* and in his novels and other writings.

(n13) Clarence Major (296) dates the "Man" back to the beginning of the twentieth century.

(n14) For Sedgwick's ideas in relation to Faulkner's fiction, see Noel Polk and Robert Dale Parker. Long before Sedgwick, Elmo Howell anticipated a "between men" reading of "A Courtship" (Howell, "Inversion").

(n15) As transcribed in Price, the lyrics run, in part:
The river bank makes a very good road.

The dead trees show you the way,
Left foot, peg foot, traveling on
Follow the drinking gourd.

The river ends between two hills.
Follow the drinking gourd.
There's another river on the other side,
Follow the drinking gourd.

Where the great big river meets the little river,
Follow the drinking gourd.

See also the article by H. B. Parks, whose scholarship leaves something to be desired, but so far as I have found, whose article is the only scholarly account of the song. I quote the lyrics as transcribed in Price.

(n16) Noting that Issetibbeha, Mocketubbe's father, is mixed red, black, and white, and reading Mocketubbe's mother as black (which the story does not make certain), Walter Taylor (106) reads Mocketubbe's grotesqueness as a mockery of miscegenation, although it would not necessarily follow that the story attributes Mocketubbe's grotesqueness to his racial genealogy. We might see Sam Fathers as a counterexample, or as Faulkner's later compensation for Mocketubbe.

(n17) Sedgwick, Epistemology (19-21, 181-212) and Between Men (83-86). On Faulkner and homosexual panic, see John N. Duvall and Parker.

(n18) Hönnighausen (340) also mentions the connection with the Bonus Army.

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