

NATIVE AMERICAN LITERATURE

An Anthology

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This book is dedicated to the memory of my parents, Pearla M. and Lewis R. Hooper (1909-1998).

Lawana Trout

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INDIAN HUMOR

Vine Deloria, Jr.

Vine Deloria, Jr., frequently analyzes Native American issues from legal and religious viewpoints. If he seems sometimes to preach, his forebears furnished him with ministerial role models. His great-grandfather was a Yankton native curer. His grandfather, a Yankton chief, converted to Christianity in the 1870s and spent the rest of his life as a missionary to the Standing Rock Sioux Reservation population. Deloria's father, Vine Deloria, Sr., served for thirty-seven years as an Episcopal missionary.

Perhaps Deloria's career betrays a small element of youthful rebellion against family tradition. He enlisted in the United States Marine Corps before attending Iowa State University. With a B.A. in hand, he worked as a welder for four years. Then family heritage seems to have won; Deloria enrolled in Augustana Lutheran Seminary, graduating with a B.D. in 1963. Rather than preach to a congregation, however, he sought pulpits that enabled him to reach much larger audiences.

In 1964, Deloria became Executive Director of the National Congress of American Indians (NCAI), the pioneer and premier national organization of reservation executive officers and other influential Native Americans. From 1967 to 1970, he earned his law degree at the University of Colorado. He then founded the Institute for the Development of Indian Law in Washington, D.C. From 1978 to 1990, he taught law and political science at the University of Arizona, where he helped to found an Indian Studies Program. Since 1990, he has been professor of law at the University of Colorado in Boulder.

"Indian Humor" originally appeared in Deloria's first and best known book, *Custer Died for Your Sins* (1969). That title illustrates Deloria's delight in turning Euro-American icons on themselves. Custer, for example, symbolizes greed, arrogance, and aggression. This book won the 1970 Anisfield Wolf award for writing on race relations. Deloria's writing, teaching, and political activism have

been crucial to Indians and others. He has informed the American public of the long history and the present state of Indian affairs, correcting misconceptions, exposing stereotypes, and explaining historical issues.



One of the best ways to understand a people is to know what makes them laugh. Laughter encompasses the limits of the soul. In humor life is redefined and accepted. Irony and satire provide much keener insights into a group's collective psyche and values than do years of research.

It has always been a great disappointment to Indian people that the humorous side of Indian life has not been mentioned by professed experts on Indian Affairs. Rather the image of the granite-faced grunting redskin has been perpetuated by American mythology.

People have little sympathy with stolid groups. Dick Gregory did much more than is believed when he introduced humor into the Civil Rights struggle. He enabled non-blacks to enter into the thought world of the black community and experience the hurt it suffered. When all people shared the humorous but ironic situation of the black, the urgency and morality of Civil Rights was communicated.

The Indian people are exactly opposite of the popular stereotype. I sometimes wonder how anything is accomplished by Indians because of the apparent overemphasis on humor within the Indian world. Indians have found a humorous side of nearly every problem and the experiences of life have generally been so well defined through jokes and stories that they have become a thing in themselves.

For centuries before the white invasion, teasing was a method of control of social situations by Indian people. Rather than embarrass members of the tribe publicly, people used to tease individuals they considered out of step with the consensus of tribal opinion. In this way egos were preserved and disputes within the tribe of a personal nature were held to a minimum.

Gradually people learned to anticipate teasing and began to tease themselves as a means of showing humility and at the same time advocating a course of action they deeply believed in. Men would depreciate their feats to show they were not trying to run roughshod over tribal desires. This method of behavior served to highlight their true virtues and gain them a place of influence in tribal policy-making circles.

Humor has come to occupy such a prominent place in national Indian affairs that any kind of movement is impossible without it. Tribes are being brought together by sharing humor of the past. Columbus jokes gain great sympathy among all tribes, yet there are no tribes extant who had anything to do with Columbus. But the fact of white invasion from which all tribes

have suffered has created a common bond in relation to Columbus jokes that gives a solid feeling of unity and purpose to the tribes.

8 The more desperate the problem, the more humor is directed to describe it. Satirical remarks often circumscribe problems so that possible solutions are drawn from the circumstances that would not make sense if presented in other than a humorous form.

9 Often people are awakened and brought to a militant edge through funny remarks. I often counseled people to run for the Bureau of Indian Affairs in case of an earthquake because nothing could shake the BIA. And I would watch as younger Indians set their jaws, determined that they, if nobody else, would shake it. We also had a saying that in case of fire call the BIA and they would handle it because they put a wet blanket on everything. This also got a warm reception from people.

10 Columbus and Custer jokes are the best for penetration into the heart of the matter, however. Rumor has it that Columbus began his journey with four ships. But one went over the edge so he arrived in the new world with only three. Another version states that Columbus didn't know where he was going, didn't know where he had been, and did it all on someone else's money. And the white man has been following Columbus ever since.

11 It is said that when Columbus landed, one Indian turned to another and said, "Well, there goes the neighborhood!" Another version has two Indians watching Columbus land and one saying to the other, "Maybe if we leave them alone they will go away." A favorite cartoon in Indian country a few years back showed a flying saucer landing while an Indian watched. The caption was, "Oh, no, not again."

12 The most popular and enduring subject of Indian humor is, of course, General Custer. There are probably more jokes about Custer and the Indians than there were participants in the battle. All tribes, even those thousands of miles from Montana, feel a sense of accomplishment when thinking of Custer. Custer binds together implacable foes because he represented the Ugly American of the last century and he got what was coming to him.

13 Some years ago we put out a bumper sticker which read "Custer Died for Your Sins." It was originally meant as a dig at the National Council of Churches. But as it spread around the nation it took on additional meaning until everyone claimed to understand it and each interpretation was different.

14 Originally, the Custer bumper sticker referred to the Sioux Treaty of 1868 signed at Fort Laramie in which the United States pledged to give free and undisturbed use of the lands claimed by Red Cloud in return for peace. Under the covenants of the Old Testament, breaking a covenant called for a blood sacrifice for atonement. Custer was the blood sacrifice for the United States breaking the Sioux treaty. That, at least originally, was the meaning of the slogan.

15 Custer jokes, however, can barely be categorized, let alone sloganized. Indians say that Custer was well-dressed for the occasion. When the Sioux found his body after the battle, he had on an Arrow shirt.

16 Many stories are derived from the details of the battle itself. Custer is said to have boasted that he could ride through the entire Sioux nation with his Seventh Cavalry and he was half right. He got half-way through.

17 One story concerns the period immediately after Custer's contingent had been wiped out and the Sioux and Cheyennes were zeroing in on Major Reno and his troops several miles to the south of the Custer battlefield.

18 The Indians had Reno's troopers surrounded on a bluff. Water was scarce, ammunition was nearly exhausted, and it looked like the next attack would mean certain extinction.

19 One of the white soldiers quickly analyzed the situation and shed his clothes. He covered himself with mud, painted his face like an Indian, and began to creep toward the Indian lines.

20 A Cheyenne heard some rustling in the grass and was just about to shoot.

21 "Hey, chief," the soldier whispered, "don't shoot, I'm coming over to join you. I'm going to be on your side."

22 The warrior looked puzzled and asked the soldier why he wanted to change sides.

23 "Well," he replied, "better red than dead."

24 Custer's Last Words occupy a revered place in Indian humor. One source states that as he was falling mortally wounded he cried, "Take no prisoners!" Other versions, most of them off color, concentrate on where those **** Indians are coming from. My favorite last saying pictures Custer on top of the hill looking at a multitude of warriors charging up the slope at him. He turns resignedly to his aide and says, "Well, it's better than going back to North Dakota."

25 Since the battle it has been a favorite technique to boost the numbers on the Indian side and reduce the numbers on the white side so that Custer stands out as a man fighting against insurmountable odds. One question no pseudo-historian has attempted to answer, when changing the odds to make the little boy in blue more heroic, is how what they say were twenty thousand Indians could be fed when gathered into one camp. What a tremendous pony herd must have been gathered there, what a fantastic herd of buffalo must have been nearby to feed that amount of Indians, what an incredible source of drinking water must have been available for fifty thousand animals and some twenty thousand Indians!

26 Just figuring water-needs to keep that many people and animals alive for a number of days must have been incredible. If you have estimated correctly, you will see that the Little Big Horn was the last great *naval* engagement of the Indian wars.

27 The Sioux tease other tribes a great deal for not having been at the Little Big Horn. The Crows, traditional enemies of the Sioux, explain their role as Custer's scouts as one of bringing Custer where the Sioux could get at him! Arapahos and Cheyennes, allies of the Sioux in that battle, refer to the time they "bailed the Sioux out" when they got in trouble with the cavalry.

28 Even today variations of the Custer legend are bywords in Indian country. When an Indian gets too old and becomes inactive, people say he is "too old to muss the Custer anymore."

29 The early reservation days were times when humorous incidents abounded as Indians tried to adapt to the strange new white ways and occasionally found themselves in great dilemmas.

30 At Fort Sisseton in Dakota territory, Indians were encouraged to enlist as scouts for the Army after the Minnesota Wars. Among the requirements for enlistment were a working knowledge of English and having attained twenty-one years of age. But these requirements were rarely met. Scouts were scarce and the goal was to keep a company of scouts at full strength, not to follow regulations from Washington to the letter.

31 In a short time the Army had a company of scouts who were very efficient but didn't know enough English to understand a complete sentence. Washington, finding out about the situation, as bureaucracies occasionally do, sent an inspector to check on the situation. While he was en route, orders to disband the scouts arrived, and so his task became one of closing the unit and making the mustering-out payments.

32 The scouts had lined up outside the command officer's quarters and were interviewed one by one. They were given their choice of taking money, horses, or a combination of the two as their final severance pay from the Army. Those who could not speak English were severely reprimanded and tended to get poorer horses in payment because of their obvious disregard of the regulations.

33 One young scout, who was obviously in violation of both requirements, was very worried about his interview. He quizzed the scouts who came from the room about the interview. To a man they repeated the same story: "You will be asked three questions, how old you are, how long you have been with the scouts, and whether you want money or horses for your mustering-out pay."

34 The young scout memorized the appropriate answers and prepared himself for his turn with the inspector. When his turn came he entered the room, scared to death but determined to do his best. He stood at attention before the man from Washington, eager to give his answers and get out of there.

35 The inspector, tired after a number of interviews, wearily looked up and inquired:

36 "How long have you been in the scouts?"

37 "Twenty years," the Indian replied with a grin.

38 The inspector stopped short and looked at the young man. Here was a man who looked only eighteen or twenty, yet he had served some twenty years in the scouts. He must have been one of the earliest recruits. It just didn't seem possible. Yet, the inspector thought, you can't tell an Indian's age from the way he looks, they sure can fool you sometimes. Or was he losing his mind after interviewing so many people in so short a time? Perhaps it was the Dakota heat. At any rate, he continued the interview.

39 "How old are you?" he continued.

40 "Three years."

41 A look of shock rippled across the inspector's face. Could this be some mysterious Indian way of keeping time? Or was he now delirious?

42 "Am I crazy or are you?" he angrily asked the scout.

43 "Both" was the reply and the scout relaxed, smiled, and leaned over the desk, reaching out to receive his money.

44 The horrified inspector cleared the window in one leap. He was seen in Washington, D.C., the following morning, having run full speed during the night. It was the last time Indian scouts were required to know English and applications for interpreter were being taken the following morning.

45 The problems of the missionaries in the early days provided stories which have become classics in Indian country. They are retold over and over again wherever Indians gather.

46 One story concerns a very obnoxious missionary who delighted in scaring the people with tales of hell, eternal fires, and everlasting damnation. This man was very unpopular and people went out of their way to avoid him. But he persisted to contrast heaven and hell as a carrot-and-stick technique of conversion.

47 One Sunday after a particularly fearful description of hell he asked an old chief, the main holdout of the tribe against Christianity, where he wanted to go. The old chief asked the missionary where *he* was going. And the missionary replied that, of course, he as a missionary of the gospel was going to heaven.

48 "Then I'll go to hell," the old chief said, intent on having peace in the world to come if not in this world.

49 On the Standing Rock reservation in South Dakota my grandfather served as the Episcopal missionary for years after his conversion to Christianity. He spent a great deal of his time trying to convert old Chief Gall, one of the strategists of Custer's demise, and a very famous and influential member of the tribe.

50 My grandfather gave Gall every argument in the book and some outside the book but the old man was adamant in keeping his old Indian ways. Neither the joys of heaven nor the perils of hell would sway the old man. But finally, because he was fond of my grandfather, he decided to become an Episcopalian.

51 He was baptized and by Christmas of that year was ready to take his first communion. He fasted all day and attended the Christmas Eve services that evening.

52 The weather was bitterly cold and the little church was heated by an old wood stove placed in the center of the church. Gall, as the most respected member of the community, was given the seat of honor next to the stove where he could keep warm.

53 In deference to the old man, my grandfather offered him communion first. Gall took the chalice and drained the entire supply of wine before

returning to his seat. The wine had been intended for the entire congregation and so the old man had a substantial amount of spiritual refreshment.

54 Upon returning to his warm seat by the stove, it was not long before the wine took its toll on the old man who by now had had nothing to eat for nearly a day.

55 "Grandson," he called to my grandfather, "now I see why you wanted me to become a Christian. I feel fine, so nice and warm and happy. Why didn't you tell me that Christians did this every Sunday. If you had told me about this, I would have joined your church years ago."

56 Needless to say, the service was concluded as rapidly as possible and attendance skyrocketed the following Sunday.

57 Another missionary was traveling from Gallup to Albuquerque in the early days. Along the way he offered a ride to an Indian who was walking to town. Feeling he had a captive audience, he began cautiously to promote his message, using a soft-sell approach.

58 "Do you realize," he said, "that you are going to a place where sinners abound?"

59 The Indian nodded his head in assent.

60 "And the wicked dwell in the depths of their iniquities?"

61 Again a nod.

62 "And sinful women who have lived a bad life go?"

63 A smile and then another nod.

64 "And no one who lives a good life goes there?"

65 A possible conversion, thought the missionary, and so he pulled out his punch line: "And do you know what we call that place?"

66 The Indian turned, looked the missionary in the eye, and said, "Albuquerque. . . ."

67 The years have not changed the basic conviction of the Indian people that they are still dealing with the United States as equals. At a hearing on Civil Rights in South Dakota a few years ago a white man asked a Sioux if they still considered themselves an independent nation. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "we could still declare war on you. We might lose but you'd know you'd been in a terrible fight. Remember the last time in Montana?"

68 During the 1964 elections Indians were talking in Arizona about the relative positions of the two candidates, Johnson and Goldwater. A white man told them to forget about domestic policies and concentrate on the foreign policies of the two men. One Indian looked at him coldly and said that from the Indian point of view it was all foreign policy.

69 The year 1964 also saw the emergence of the Indian vote on a national scale. Rumors reached us that on the Navajo reservation there was more enthusiasm than understanding of the political processes. Large signs announced, "All the Way with LJB."

70 The current joke is that a survey was taken and only 15 percent of the Indians thought that the United States should get out of Vietnam. Eighty-five percent thought they should get out of America. . . .

71 . . . When the War on Poverty was announced, Indians were justly skeptical about the extravagant promises of the bureaucrats. The private organizations in the Indian field, organized as the Council on Indian Affairs, sponsored a Capital Conference on Poverty in Washington in May of 1966 to ensure that Indian poverty would be highlighted just prior to the passage of the poverty program in Congress.

72 Tribes from all over the nation attended the conference to present papers on the poverty existing on their reservations. Two Indians from the plains area were asked about their feelings on the proposed program.

73 "Well," one said, "if they bring that War on Poverty to our reservation, they'll know they've been in a fight."

74 At the same conference, Alex Chasing Hawk, a nationally famous Indian leader from Cheyenne River and a classic storyteller, related the following tale about poverty.

75 It seemed that a white man was introduced to an old chief in New York City. Taking a liking to the old man, the white man invited him to dinner. The old chief hadn't eaten a good steak in a long time and eagerly accepted. He finished one steak in no time and still looked hungry. So the white man offered to buy him another steak.

76 As they were waiting for the steak, the white man said, "Chief, I sure wish I had your appetite."

77 I don't doubt it, white man," the chief said. "You took my land, you took my mountains and streams, you took my salmon and my buffalo. You took everything I had except my appetite and now you want that. Aren't you ever going to be satisfied? . . ."

78 One-line retorts are common in Indian country. Popovi Da, the great Pueblo artist, was quizzed one day on why the Indians were the first ones on this continent. "We had reservations," was his reply. Another time, when questioned by an anthropologist on what the Indians called America before the white man came, an Indian said simply, "Ours." A young Indian was asked one day at a conference what a peace treaty was. He replied, "That's when the white man wants a piece of your land."

79 The best example of Indian humor and militancy I have ever heard was given by Clyde Warrior one day. He was talking with a group of people about the National Indian Youth Council, of which he was then president, and its program for a revitalization of Indian life. Several in the crowd were skeptical about the idea of rebuilding Indian communities along traditional Indian lines.

80 "Do you realize," he said, "that when the United States was founded, it was only 5 percent urban and 95 percent rural and now it is 70 percent urban and 30 percent rural?"

81 His listeners nodded solemnly but didn't seem to understand what he was driving at.

82 "Don't you realize what this means?" he rapidly continued. "It means we are pushing them into the cities. Soon we will have the country back again."

83 Whether Indian jokes will eventually come to have more significance than that, I cannot speculate. Humor, all Indians will agree, is the cement by which the coming Indian movement is held together. When a people can laugh at themselves and laugh at others and hold all aspects of life together without letting anybody drive them to extremes, then it seems to me that that people can survive.



DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

1. What reason does Deloria give for Indians having developed their extensive repertoire of humor?
2. Why is George Armstrong Custer such an "enduring subject of Indian humor"?
3. Select one satiric statement by Deloria which you think effectively supports his purpose in the essay. Read it aloud to your classmates and discuss why you chose it.

WRITING TOPICS

1. Many of Deloria's humorous statements may stimulate cartoon captions. With a group of your classmates, use one of his ideas or sentences as a springboard for creating a cartoon or a humorous collage.
2. According to Deloria, "One of the best ways to understand a people is to know what makes them laugh." Collect jokes from students in your school and write an essay combining their jokes with your comments about what the examples reveal about the group you surveyed. For example, do the jokes fall into particular topics or themes?
3. Research the humor of a particular ethnic group, and write conclusions about what you found.
4. Beginning with paragraph 1, outline the major points in this essay. Consult your outline and write an essay in which you discuss Deloria's structure (organization).



I GIVE YOU BACK

Joy Harjo

"I Give You Back" is one of the poems highlighted in Joy Harjo's interview with journalist Bill Moyers. Harjo revealed that by repeating "my heart" four times, she mimicked the rhythm of the human heart beat. She also employed repetition to give a ceremonial sound to her poetic sermon. Her paternal grandfather was a Creek Baptist minister, and Harjo once said, "I always recognize something of his life in what I am doing." Harjo has also said that when she writes, she has often felt the presence of Creek ancestors. While "I Give You Back" is intensely personal, it is simultaneously Pan-Indian. As a member of a recent generation, Harjo turns fear into an ally instead of an enemy. "It's a poem that I wrote specifically to get rid of fear. . . . I'm trying to understand this destructive force and, in some way, to take it into myself. Otherwise, it's always going to be the enemy."

This poem discloses probably as clearly as any of Harjo's writing that she has lived with demons and cast them out. "We each have our own particular gifts, but I've had to take what has been, to me, a symbol of destruction and turn it into creative stuff." When Moyers commented that many of Harjo's poems begin with fear and end with love, she explained that writing itself is a process of transformation and reconciliation. "Poetry has given me a voice, a way to speak, and it has certainly enriched my vision so that I can see more clearly." Poetry carries her message to all Americans. "I know that language is alive and living, so I hope that in some small way my poems can transform hatred into love." Horrible events have caused bitter experiences for American Indians, but Harjo hopes that people throughout the world can learn lessons from these experiences and seek healing, forgiveness, and renewal. "Instead of killing each other and hurting each other through all the ways that we have done it. . . . We're not separate. We're all in this together."

