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Decolonial Narrative Techniques in Healing Novels from Shaugawaumikong, Walatowa, Kawaika, Chimputi, and Calotmul

DISSERTATION

submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements
for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

in Comparative Literature

by

Crystal Hickerson

Dissertation Committee:
Associate Professor Adriana Campos-Johnson, Chair
Associate Professor Horacio Legras
Assistant Professor Alicia Cox

2018

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DEDICATION

To

my family and friends

in recognition of their patience and support
as I disappeared for days to write

to my wonderful babysitters whom I trusted to be my double

with many thanks to my advisor, Adriana, who supported me
from beginning to end

and to Zina Giannopoulou for inspiring me with her passion for teaching

and to all of my professors who changed my ways of thinking
and feeling, giving me permission to explore topics that were important to me
and whose ways of wording their ideas were always instructive

and thank you to all of my students for reading at least
some of the literature I assigned them and humoring me in classroom discussions

and to all of my friends at UCI who read and talked with me, and especially those who were
juggling family life and reading and teaching, too, but were so generous
with their time and good humor

and shia-shia to Chia-yu, for getting me to the end.

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And warm thanks to Rei Terada for the reading group she organized one term, in which not many conclusions were reached but an atmosphere of respect and camaraderie arose that inspired everyone in the room to work really hard to translate our ways of thinking to each other. Thank you for your ongoing investment in experimenting.

CURRICULUM VITAE

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ABSTRACT OF THE DISSERTATION

Decolonial Narrative Techniques in Healing Novels from Shaugawaumikong,
Walatowa, Kawaika, Chimputi, and Calotmul

By

Crystal Hickerson

Doctor of Philosophy in Comparative Literature

University of California, Irvine, 2018

Professor Adriana Michelle Campos-Johnson, Chair

Several indigenous writers across the Americas have claimed that their novels can heal people, and their novels thematize indigenous characters becoming healed from symptoms of shame and contempt they experience within the aesthetic field of colonial culture in which bodies emerge in a racialized and gendered hierarchy of more or less legitimate lifestyles. To investigate ways in which these novels attempt to operate decolonially to heal readers from the colonial social aesthetics defining them as more or less worthy of dignity, freedom, or land, this study draws upon work done in affect theory as well as Native American studies to explore the literary techniques the novels deploy to affect readers largely unconsciously, changing their associations of some of the primary affects identified by Silvan Tomkins in relation to landscapes and racialized human bodies. Lauren Berlant's notion of "the good life" as a fundamental fantasy motivating everyday action becomes useful for tracking how the novels' portrayals of indigenous characters as successful and Westernized characters as pathological work to redefine the good life for readers, affecting the ways in which readers relate to indigenous values and lifestyle so that a decolonial activist politics can emerge.

INTRODUCTION

> “In our colonized, racially gendered, oppressed existences
> we are also other than what the hegemon makes us
> be. That is an infra-political achievement.”
> -María Lugones, “Toward a Decolonial Feminism” [1]

The possibility for infra-political achievement, the allure of a micropolitical success that might unfold as an activism organized at the site of the psyche's negotiation of subjectivity and subjectivation—this formulation of a battlefield in the domain of an everyday aesthetic field, on the fronts of lifestyle, discourse, and art—keeps alive a flicker of hope that individual subjects might experience some satisfaction in their resistances to the rhizomatic monster that is global capitalism. This hope is possible because the decolonial battle is so accessible, already happening within the subject at the points where her lifestyle exceeds colonial norms. In the face of a world economic system birthed in the colonization of lands demarcated as “America,” an administrative system that codified our present racial hierarchies to establish ethnic and geographic divisions of labor and wealth while imposing Judeo-Christian gender and sexual norms and ways of relating to non-human earth beings,—in the face of this coloniality of power entrenched throughout the human social world, scholars previously associated with the Latin American Subaltern Studies group have been calling for specific praxes for decolonization that can unfold at the level of style. To name only a few, Walter Mignolo calls for an epistemic decolonization that puts subaltern languages, cosmologies, and geographical mappings into greater circulation such that nonhegemonic forms of thinking can exercise more social power, particularly in government and education.[2] Ramon Grosfoguel insists on academics taking the time to develop a rich canon of thinking from the South to address "the need to imagine anti-capitalist global decolonial utopian alternatives beyond colonialist and nationalist, Eurocentric fundamentalist and Third World fundamentalist binary ways of thinking." And María Lugones promotes developing local communities based upon "the production of the everyday," which involves a continual "affirmation of life over profit, communalism over individualism, 'estar' over enterprise, beings in relation rather than dichotomously split over and over in hierarchically and violently ordered fragments."[3] Decolonialists subversively invite us to enact resistant and creative political praxes *within* capitalism and its obsession with "lifestyle," calling us to imagine and perform a way of life different from that which is possible in our hierarchical, market-driven milieu, starting by turning our world map upside down, learning a non-dominant language, and finding friends with whom we can cultivate a different value system and thus normalize our alternative lifeway. And because the political project is so local, beginning with individual choice even while acknowledging the subject's limited agency within society, success seems within reach.

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[1] María Lugones, “Toward a Decolonial Feminism,” *Hypatia,* 25.4 (2010), 746.

The utopian possibilities within such a micropolitics have motivated indigenous writers in the "Americas" to produce what I am calling decolonial novels following Lugones,' Grosfoguel's and Mignolo's call for decentering the epistemologies of the West that disregard indigenous knowledges as valuable or legitimate. These works are not simply realist critiques of the ways in which colonial power has deprived people of their homes, natural resources, cultural inheritance, and any hope of feeling legitimate. Nor do these novels model alternative lifeways in the name of solidifying an ethnic identity within the colonial power structure, as the categorization of such novels under the literary canon of "Native American Renaissance"[4] within U.S. literature suggests. Consolidating specific indigenous lifeways into discrete identities runs counter to the arguments against fixed colonial definitions in the novels examined here. A work like *X'Teya, u puksi'ik'al lo'olel* by Marisol Ceh Moo, for example, does not solidify something like "Mayan life" in its depiction of decolonial struggle but instead presents that struggle as a problem most relevant to racially-empowered Mexicans concerned with the rights of Mayans to the point of dying in their fight against oppressive legal and entrepreneurial proceedings. In what follows, I will discuss fiction produced by Ceh Moo, Gerald Vizenor, Leslie Marmon Silko, N. Scott Momaday and José María Arguedas to track ways in which their novels function decolonially by putting into circulation amongst their readers virtual experiences of how to live well in ways that depart from Western colonial standards but are never identified as specifically Anishinaabe, Laguna, Kiowa, Quechua, or Mayan belief systems or lifestyles. I have selected these specific novels based upon the fact that all claim a specifically *healing power* for their novels and have designed their works to touch readers beyond touristic-reading, beyond accommodating difference and accepting interruptions to our epistemologies, and beyond cultural contact.[5] As will become clear in the chapters that follow, I conceptualize most of these writers' readers to be students assigned such novels to read, which is to say, the unsuspecting reader, though of course these novels have enjoyed critical reviews from academics and must be read by non-academic members of indigenous and nonindigenous communities alike. For the purposes of this study, I will have in mind readers who are unaware of or do not take seriously the indigenous lifestyles and values that the novels translate. Decolonial writers from the Americas have produced literature poised to overhaul the epistemologies dominant in the colonial societies in which they live with such readers, primarily by changing the terms of sickness and health within thatreadership.[6]

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[2] In Santiago, Chile, I have seen such a decolonial practice enacted on the door of a friend's bar, "Navetierra," on which a round Earth appears painted, from my Western perspective, upside down.

[3] On coloniality of power, c.f. Anibal Quijano and Immanuel Wallerstein. "Americanity as a Concept, or the Americas in the Imaginary of the Modern World-System," *International Journal of Social Science* 134 (1992): 549–59; Walter Mignolo, *The Idea of Latin America* (Malden: Blackwell Publishing, 2005); Ramón Grosfoguel, "Transmodernity, border thinking, and global coloniality," *Eurozine*, (2008) 20; María Lugones, "Toward a Decolonial Feminism," *Hypatia,* 25.4 (2010), 754.

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[4] Kenneth Lincoln created this literary epoch with the title of his anthology, *Native American Renaissance*, (Berkeley: UC Press, 1983).

[5] Touristic-reading is Rosemary V. Hathaway's description of a reading practice in which (American) readers look to literature for pre-determined, neat portraits of Other cultures to consume and ignore any disruptions to their desire for the exotic and contained. Considering tourist-reading in the context of Jamaica Kincaid's poetics in *A Small Place,* Leslie Larkin describes it as a form of protective self-interpellation which allows the reader to continue to deny that their own privileged identity is contingent rather than natural. C.f. Leslie Larkin, "Reading and Being Read: Jamaica Kincaid's *A Small Place* as Literary Agent," Callaloo, 35.1 (Winter 2012): 193-211. Literature as a pedagogical confrontation with difference is one of Spivak's formulations: "Literature is not a substitute for the ethical. If we learn to read the text as the text of the other rather than as a representation of identities where narrative is a direct allegory of politics, it is practice for welcoming the interruption of the ethical in our epistemological projects. It is not really a project of knowing the other—an event that one hopes

The indigenous writers discussed here critique Western culture for having historically defined indigenous people as culturally ill, in need of Christianity, in need of governmental oversight and administration, in need of mission schools to help their children "succeed" by acculturating into White culture, and so on, thus affirming the superiority and "healthful" state of Western culture.[7] To counter these colonial definitions of knowledge, success, and health, indigenous writers make White culture unattractive—Vizenor calls it the "chemical culture"—and transform Indians, abused women, war veterans, political subversives, and homeless people

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and waits for," Gayatri Spivak, "Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak's Influences: Past, Present, Future," *PMLA, 123.1 (2008),* 248. On literature as a zone of cultural contact, c.f. Gabriele Schwab, *The Mirror and the Killer-Queen: Otherness in Literary Language,* (Bloomington: Indiana UP: 1996). Schwab's work is discussed at length below, but in short, reading as cultural contact involves a "border operation" quite different from Anzaldúa's formulation in that a reader not only encounters and engages with a foreign cultural text, opening possibilities for a *mestizaje* epistemology but, more significantly in Schwab's analysis, encounters a text that acts as a mirror for the foreignness within as poetic elements of the text resonate with unconscious psychic inscriptions that emerge as moods and continue to shape the reader's subjectivity.

[6] Within the discourse of modernity, indigenous cultures have traditionally been regarded as ailing from their "primitive," "underdeveloped," or "traditional" ways, but the decolonial novels examined here figure the sickness of Native peoples as actually pathological rather than developmental.

[7] While decolonialism is often discussed in terms of culture, it has also had currency in political science and history as referring to changing the governing structures of nation states and institutions. Such regime change is not thematized in the novels selected. Rather, decolonialism is explored in terms of shifting feelings about colonially-defined bodies and lifestyles. This study thus focuses on how literature can change the affect-chains structuring codes of shame that define minority and elite characters at the level of everyday life practices, but for decolonial critiques aimed at the levels of civil society and national regimes, c.f. Edward Said *Culture and Imperialism,* (New York: Vintage, 1994); Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth,* (New York: Grove, 2004); and Aníbal Quijano, "Coloniality of Power, Eurocentrism, and Latin America," *Nepantla: Views from South* 1.3 (2000): 533-580.

into heroes for whom healing is not so much about recovering from bodily sickness, though that is certainly not excluded, but more generally a matter of becoming reinvested in what Lauren Berlant discusses as the fantasy of "the good life"—the fantasy that we can achieve some kind of satisfaction through interaction with the world, not limited to neo-liberal "frayed fantasies" of upward mobility, job security, social equality, or durable intimacy.[8]

Sickness in these novels by indigenous writers is associated with a lack of identity and legitimation that would enable a person to pursue a version of the good life—which Berlant goes on to describe as that "moral-intimate-economic thing" that feeds our optimism to flourish and be in connection with the world. While Berlant styles this optimism as "cruel" under the conditions of late capitalism, I would argue that without such a fundamental fantasy to organize the pleasure principle that sparks us to action and sustains further optimism, we atrophy. That the rejected and impoverished indigenous characters in Silko's, Momaday's and Arguedas's novels discussed here are hailed as sick or going nowhere suggests that optimism for a good life is indeed important for health. Within the context of Berlant's own psychoanalytic frame and within the worlds of these novels, health becomes something much more basic and essential than the absence of pathological symptoms. Health becomes defined as a life-giving connection to the world motivating action and further connection, and it depends upon having a good life fantasy and a community affirming that fantasy, as well as your access to it.

In the 2007 anthology *Unfitting Stories* juxtaposing work from the humanities, social sciences, and medical research, the women's studies, historian, and nurse editors observe that narratives involving the rhetoric of illness, whether it be in terms of "disease, disability, or trauma," have in common a concern for how a pathological condition "affects both self-definition and relationships with others," and involves "experiences of social barriers and stigma."[9] Indigenous decolonial narratives turn this chain of causality on its head, focusing on how stigma and social barriers cause illness by barring peoples from not only a good life, but fantasies of the good life as well. These novelists assert in their narratives of healing that self-definition, social barriers, and stigma result in disease, disability, and trauma. The fictional indigenous characters in these novels suffer primarily from violent social aesthetics that shame, devalue, and erase the communities that have founded their identities. Good-life fantasies that would sustain them are not accessible until they find the means to start recovering from a host of social ailments: the stigma of being Native or not Native enough, the imposition of anthropological narratives of a "people," a lack of opportunities in White culture that would allow for acculturation, transgenerational post-apocalyptic stress syndrome from sweeping deforestation and land seizures, the alienation of children from their families and traditions in abusive mission schools, alcohol abuse, the division of reservations into private properties, dumping nuclear waste on reservations, and establishing indigenous groups as a monolithic Other through a profusion of cultural forms stylizing the figure of the Indian in travel literature, anthropological research, westerns, advertisements, fashion, and museums.

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[8] C.f. Lauren Berlant, *Cruel Optimism,* (Durham: Duke UP, 2011), 3.

Most of the challenges faced by contemporary indigenous people easily fall under the rubric of trauma. Yet I am interested in approaching these colonial traumas in the more general terms of illness and healing deployed by the indigenous novels themselves since, for one, the characters are usually able to speak about their traumas, which departs from the traditional definition of trauma as an unconscious scene that psychoanalytic healing pursues by constructing narratives to bring about acceptance. The characters in these books search for more than knowledge or acceptance of a harmful past. Another reason trauma is a less effective rubric for understanding illness as defined in these indigenous novels is that trauma is by definition an exceptional event, but the illnesses suffered under colonialism are everyday matters. Again, Berlant is helpful here for her language of “crisis ordinariness”—her term to argue that life after urbanization is so saturated by precarity and overwhelm that trauma is an everyday matter requiring different techniques for managing it.[10] Post WWII fantasies of the good life are no longer actually attainable, she argues, and Marxist critiques of capitalism too coarse a tool for navigating “living trauma as whiplash, treading water, being stuck, drifting among symptoms, and self-forgetting, which is different from amnesia.”[11] Therefore, she proposes engaging “a broader range of physical and aesthetic genres that mediate pressures of the present moment on the subject's sensorium,” writing, “Crisis is not exceptional to history or consciousness but a process embedded in the ordinary that unfolds in stories about navigating what's overwhelming. [...] [A] logic of adjustment within the historical scene makes more sense than a claim that merges the intense with the exceptional and the extraordinary.”[12] For Berlant, the means of adjusting “crisis ordinariness” lies in looking at how the names or genres created to understand events and people affect the subject, and how those “physical and aesthetic genres” can play in subjects' sensoria. A primary function of the indigenous decolonial novels examined here is to *adjust* readers' perceptions of “normal life” under Western colonialism so that the conventional everyday within White culture feels sick. That is, the genres of “sickness” and “health” become redefined and attached to different kinds of bodies. The novels usually achieve this by submerging readers in an alternative social aesthetic in which objects affect them differently than usual within the virtual world of the novel. Story-telling, via its abilities to recontextualize and reattune feelings about the objects in the story world, becomes the means of healing colonialism.

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[9] Valerie Raoul et al., eds, *Unfitting Stories: Narrative Approaches to Disease, Disability and Trauma,* (Wilfrid Laurier University Press: Waterloo, 2007), 5.

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[10] Berlant, 3.
[11] Ibid., 81.
[12] Berlant, 9-10.

The medical humanities editors of *Unfitting Stories* remain somewhat tied to the etiology of sickness arising from biological problems, but they, too, acknowledge that social aesthetics play an important part in shaping individuals' health, stating that “disease, disability, and trauma, while often having physical or biological causes and effects, are socially and psychologically constructed and part of a life story which changes because of them.” In agreement with the logic of indigenous decolonial novels, they continue to claim that “the exchange of stories is central to treatment, therapy, and advocacy for change.”[13] We can abstract from indigenous novels that story-telling is *the* fundamental means of healing for those cut off from communities that would support the good life fantasies essential to their health. The novels' regard for storytelling as practical medicine vastly differs in its scope and nature from Western approaches. For example, the discourse of ideology locates the potential for narrative change and social healing in the transformation of our institutions, and psychoanalysis works with narrative healing at the level of two individuals, and is usually a healing option available only to an elite who can afford it. When a patient comes with somatic complaints—fever, vomiting, pain, for example—Western medicine first addresses these symptoms at the level of the body, only potentially making a referral for psychological assessment. Indigenous healers, however, often address the mind and body in relation to other human and non-human bodies all at the same time. For example, Anishinaabe healers, the Midewiwin, learn a physical aspect of healing that involves herbs, but the critical aspect of their training and the marker of their healing ability is defined by their knowledge of and skill in elaborating the people's origin story. Some sicknesses require higher levels of the origin story to be told, and the Midewiwin gather annually to renew themselves by reciting the origin story and that of their migration to the Great Lakes together.[14] Healing comes about through reintegration with one's cultural identity in the origin myth as individuals are reconnected to a broader community of ancestors whose past gives the present a sense of purpose, orienting the ill person back towards a good-life fantasy supported by the strength of tradition.

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[13] Valerie Raoul et al., 5.

[14] Benjamin V. Burgess, “Elaboration Therapy in the Midewiwin and Gerald Vizenor's *The Heirs of Columbus,*

MODES OF HEALING IN “NATIVE AMERICAN” NOVELS

A primary way in which indigenous decolonial novels extend healing to their readers is to emphasize the need to find one's community. While all the novels thematize colonial illnesses—social and individual—most examined here feature a character's struggle to return to an indigenous way of life, either by returning to a reservation or village or by starting a completely new community altogether. Healing is figured as a return to an actual past community or to a past idea of community that is recreated; either way, the return cannot be the final solution, as John Scenters-Zapico points out. Regarding the protagonists of two of Momaday's novels, he writes, “We are led to believe that Abel's and Set's returns will guarantee a sudden recovery from their social and psychological afflictions because they will be among their own people and traditions.”[15] But of course the return must be negotiated with the community; a relationship between the individual and the community has to be worked out, Scenters-Zapico continues to reason, as indigenous characters who have been living in White culture cannot successfully enter the indigenous community until they decolonize their cultural logic by learning stories from their tribal relations.

Problematically, the “tribal relations” in these novels may or may not know their own stories. Thus, another means of healing proffered by indigenous novels is the recuperation and

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Studies in American Indian Literatures, 18.1 (2006), 25, 30.

[15] John Scenters-Zapico, “Cross-Cultural Mediation: Language, Storytelling, History, and Self as Enthymematic Premises in the Novels of N. Scott Momaday,” *American Indian Quarterly,* 21.3 (1997), 507.

creation of the histories of indigenous communities. The Aristotelian argument for poetry's superiority to history is at work in Linda Hogan's analysis of narrative healing in "Who Puts Together" where she describes Native American literature as a "poetic process of creation, transformation, and restoration" in which "the author, like the oral poet/singer is 'he who puts together' a disconnected life through a step-by-step process of visualization."[16] Hogan argues that indigenous writers take events and infuse them with meaning as they put them into relationship with each other within a literary piece, making coherent something fragmented and, in some sense, giving it a kind of corporeality in that readers are to *visualize*—sensorially experience—the history of self or people produced by the writer. Jace Weaver is interested in the potential for such restorative writing to rebuild community identities for indigenous peoples, citing indigenous writers Joy Harjo, Luci Tapahonso, Robert Warrior, Elizabeth Cook-Lynn, Simon Ortiz, and Gerald Vizenor as publicly committed to helping bring about the "recovery and even recreation of Indian identity and culture."[17]

For non-indigenous readers, the novels' emphasis on the necessity to create community to support decolonial identities remains applicable and is communicated by means other than plots revolving around indigenous characters. Models of healing reintegration into community through story-telling can come through the narrative structure of the novels themselves. In *House Made of Dawn,* Susan Scarberry-García sees Momaday performing a healing practice in the narrative structure of the novel itself, noting that by, "[u]sing the techniques of parallelism, circularity,and repetition from oral tradition, Momaday presents sacred songs and stories as models of the process of composition and reassemblage of inner energies."[18] How this kind of curative modeling in the novel might heal a reader will be discussed at length below, but the point here is that the techniques Scarberry-García isolates as healing in Momaday's prose all involve the idea of a return and thus, connection: parallelism, circularity, and repetition are all gestures taking us back to an origin, and as a repetition regenerates or passes through that origin point once more, it ties the first iteration to a second, and third, and fourth manifestation, and so on such that stories constituting characters' identities are seen to be not only fluid but shaped by their relationship to a community of narratives.

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[16] Linda Hogan, "Who Puts Together," *Denver Quarterly,* 14.4 (1980), 103.

[17] Jace Weaver, "Native American Authors and Their Communities," *Wicazo Sa Review*, 12.1 (1997), 53. Weaver goes a bit far in asserting "Indian" identity, championing the possibility that "Indians imagine themselves as Indians" right after a citation of Vizenor's figure of the postIndian warrior—a figure who resists such a monolithic, colonial identity. Yet Weaver offers a useful bibliography of a shared concern amongst indigenous writers and their readers that literature help restore tribal identities by creatively piecing together fragments of the fractured cultural narratives.

Roberta Rosenberg points out that story-telling in and of itself is an action capable of manifesting healing community. She promotes Louise Erdrich's *Tales of Burning Love* as a novel "reinfused [...] with the healing power of storytelling," capable of "transformative 'magic'—narrative as healing ceremony."[19] For Rosenberg, the magical healing potential of storytelling arises through its existence as a communal practice; in telling and listening to a story, the multiple narrators of Erdrich's novel are united at least temporarily into a group that works together as individuals share stories and compare them with others they know. Not only is there the creation of a mini-community; from that community come lessons in dealing with difference. The work of sharing and comparing stories begs the question of how well one is able to "live between contradictory narratives," as Rosenberg phrases it.[20] The characters in *A Tale of Burning Love* succeed in developing some peace for themselves not only when they produce an ephemeral community around the event of story-telling but also when they are able to accept multiple accounts of the same man—not as all equally valid or flawed but to see the disparity between them all. To see contradictions is to see one's personal narrative as just that: a verbal creation likely insufficient to the fantasy called reality. But the characters have to undergo the process of trading stories to find what Rosenberg terms “harmony.” When read as an allegory of narrative healing, *Tales of Burning Love* teaches that narrative healing comes through entering a relationship with another to trade stories—by building a community—and then by developing the ability to “live *between* contradictory narratives.”

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[18] Susan Scarberry-Garcia, *Landmarks of Healing: A Study of The House Made of Dawn,* (Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1990), 9-16.

[19] Roberta Rosenberg, "Ceremonial Healing and the Multiple Narrative Tradition in Louise Erdrich's 'Tales of Burning Love,'" *MELUS,* 27.3 (2002), 114.

[20] Rosenberg, 125.

Healing via communal reintegration in indigenous novels can also involve a renewed relationship with other earth beings, not just human community members or one's cultural history. Scarberry-Garcia explains that an important aspect of healing comes about through reconnecting with a non-human community through oral literature. Looking at N. Scott Momaday's *House Made of Dawn,* Simon J. Ortiz's *Going For the Rain*, and Leslie Marmon Silko's *Ceremony,* Scarberry-Garcia asserts that for healing on psychological, social, and physiological levels of human experience, the performance of Navajo chantway ceremonies is intended to reintegrate the ailing person with the spirits of natural elements, the inner or Holy people, whose benevolence will restore the patient to health. As the Navajo theory of disease is comprised of a model of fragmentation and reassemblage, Scarberry-García explains, stories and songs that give a narrative trajectory of moving from chaos to re-established harmony help move a person into an ordered state as well. Even if a type of divine intervention is solicited in the healing ceremonial stories, the curative effects are perceived to be generated from a re-alignment of the patient's understanding of herself in relation to a greater community, one that includes earth beings such as specific hills or other landforms, and natural elements like the wind or sun—all named and made characters in Navajo mythology. And readers exposed to this wider understanding of community are more likely to be able to entertain indigenous lifeways, perhaps starting with demands for ecological protections within the legal sphere for natural beings, illustrated in Ecuador's new protections for “Pachamama” or “Nature” in its 2008 constitution that would help indigenous groups fight against the encroachments of natural resource extractions (coal, minerals, oil) that destroy mountains which they consider *tirakuna*: sentient, individualized earth beings that interact with humans.[21]

In addition to these many ways that novels can promote healing by reconnecting readers to indigenous communities by emphasizing the importance of community in individual identity, story-telling in the novels seeks to heal broken fantasies of a good life through several other techniques. Most obviously, the novels use plot to alert readers to specific problems of racism, sexism, Bureau of Indian Affairs politics, the commodification of culture, land seizure, poverty, and so on, but they remap these problems in such a way as to unsettle the codes of shame and legitimacy that typically frame them. They tell alternate histories to destabilize traditional Western accounts, as in the case of Gerald Vizenor's *The Heirs of Columbus,* who re-tells colonial histories in a different key by opting for irony rather than mournfulness, for example, considering problems such as cultural commodification, federal regulation, misogyny, rigid gender roles, and racial antagonism within the context of the mythology of Anishinaabe culture rather than the Western myth of modernity's march of progress.

To strengthen the power of such retellings and embellishments of colonial history, the novels insist on the power of stories thematically: starving characters in Leslie Marmon Silko's *Almanac of the Dead* are literally sustained by stories when they eat the dried horse stomach on which their culture's history is written, and in the same novel, story-telling brings down planes reconnoitering for oil drilling sites as well. In Gerald Vizenor's *The Heirs of Columbus,* the utopian community at Point Assinika welcomes indigenous and non-indigenous people alike to come tell their stories to robots at the nail salon and be healed. In N. Scott Momaday's *House Made of Dawn,* Benally begins to heal Able by chanting Diné ceremonial songs rooted in narratives from mythology. In these novels, story-ceremonies heal characters, or stories kill characters. By thematizing story-telling in the plot, the novels attempt to speak their power into existence and empower their force on a subconscious level, as I will elaborate in terms of cognitive science, psychoanalytic theory, and affect theory below.

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[21] Marisol de la Cadena, “Indigenous Cosmopolitics in the Andes: Conceptual Reflections Beyond 'Politics,'” *Cultural Anthropology,* 25.2, (2010), 334-370.

If on the one hand indigenous novels are working to buttress readers' acceptance of the power and usefulness of storytelling, on the other hand they also want to show stories' vulnerability. Nothing short of historical revision is at issue in many of these novels. Vizenor's *The Heirs of Columbus* functions as a philosophy of history, thematizing the utility of flexibility and humor in changing perspectives about the textual construction of reality. Vizenor does not simply give a postmodern account of the story of Columbus' arrival in “the New World” by multiplying the narratives about that event; he cites an actual Harvard historian to help corroborate his fictional account, making fun of the serious and weighty posture that the genre of history assumes and subverting that which we would regard as unquestionably historical to the whims of an absurd fictional account. We know that Vizenor's account of Columbus-as-Sephardic-Jew-and-Mayan-heir, healed from several sexual and psychic problems by the golden, radiant, blue-glowing Samana the bear is fictional, even to the level of the absurd, but Vizenor splices this impossible narrative with citations of actual historians to the effect that it appears that Ferdinand Columbus, Gianni Granzotto, Kirkpatrick Sale, and Samuel Eliot Morison all commented upon the Mayan-Jewish Columbus in their own historical research. Though the reader logically knows that the account of Columbus in *The Heirs* is fictional, the novel's insistence upon its account via a sustained discussion of it with nonfictional historians threatens to infect some readers with a competing reality regarding the identity of Christopher Columbus: that he *was* Mayan, in love with a blue glowing bear-woman.

In a different style, Silko is also interested in upsetting traditional historical accounts of indigenous people to demonstrate the fabricated nature of stories for a narrative healing purpose. *Almanac of the Dead* attempts to debunk the history of Geronimo by presenting the story of that famous Apache as a White myth based upon linguistic misunderstanding and the cunning of hunted indigenous groups. The novel also stages the hanging of a Cuban Marxist for "crimes against history"—that is, the Cuban political organizer's ignorance of indigenous uprisings. *Almanac of the Dead* provides two long historically-legitimate chronologies of such uprisings to educate readers in this matter. It also features an African American activist who has "some college" as a protagonist who delivers several history lessons about resistances to White power, including accounts of indigenous peoples and ex-slaves helping each other and the U.S. government's use of the Vietnam War to draft activist leaders in the Civil Rights Movement out of the country. Because the novel's alternate histories seem so plausible, and because the narrative voice repeatedly disdains historical oversights in conventional histories, readers are inclined to wonder if the fiction is laced with what is usually referred to as "truth"—accounts given in non-fiction genres such as journalism or history. But by this point truth in the novel has already become a problematic concept. By eroding the lines between fiction and reality, showing how the historical record is already constituted by stories and, thus, can be manipulated, Silko and Vizenor try to bring about a conscious awareness of the narrative quality of all experience.[22]

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[22] To read this gesture as postmodern is to miss its intent: postmodernism gravitated around a drive to celebrate history as rhetorical and possibilities for collage-histories whereas the move to make history a creative story in the fiction here is more heavily oriented towards decolonial and healing teleologies. Rather than reveling in a zeitgeist marked by dizziness or parody or homage, the textuality of history presented in these indigenous works

Indigenous writers take story-telling quite seriously as a health-giving practice according to its capacity to reconnect individuals to communities that have been left in shambles or forgotten and its ability to change the histories to which an individual ballasts her own identity. This serious, literal regard for curative narrative is translated into their novels in a way that the discourses of ideology, psychoanalysis, and the medical humanities do not sufficiently grasp. Thus, the indigenous novels examined here are taken as bridges to a Western readership skeptical of any palpable healing to be had through the exchange of stories. They aim to involve their Western readers in virtual worlds that promote the indigenous view that storytelling is a viable method of healing, and readers sustain this view for as long as it takes them to read 200-800 pages—a duration that would be rather hard to achieve in the nonfictional domain of logical debate. But if a particularly strong belief in the power of narrative to heal characterizes indigenous decolonial novels, neither the healing nor the tools used to effect it are constrained to healing only "Native" culture.

The indigenous writers examined here recognize that "Native Americans" are not alone in struggling with the violences of our colonial history, and that healing will have to come from an approach more sweeping than consciousness-raising about specific grievances. *Ceremony* and *House Made of Dawn* are not "about" Indian war veterans or PTSD or identity confusion alone; they thematize stories and songs staged in healing ceremonies as essential to restoring a sense of purpose and identity to the protagonists, according to the authors' beliefs about the healing power of stories. This is a message for indigenous and non-indigenous readers alike. The proliferation of narratives in *The Almanac of the Dead* suggests that which Silko has voiced directly in interviews: the rhetoric of wastelands and waste peoples needs to be reversed not only symbolically and materially, but resisted through new and revitalized stories about the

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emphasizes the curative possibilities of curation.

relationship between the people and the land.[23] For Silko, stories not only re-key the associative connections structuring the everyday aesthetic field but perform new aesthetic organizations that can be used as guides in more material decolonial projects; she is concerned to reattune her audience's attitude towards hierarchies of human and non-human worth. Moreover, she wants this possibility for healing through story to be more consciously recognized. As T. V. Reed notes, "The rewriting of history to allow for an understanding of the world as *narrated* and an understanding of Nature Culture as one seamless semiotic-material process is one key part of *Almanac* that must be central to any decolonial environmental justice critique. Narrative—story, history, tales, almanacs—is not only the medium of Silko's epic novel, but very much its subject as well […] [demonstrating] the impact of story-telling on communities, tribes, nations, and worlds."[24] This objective of making readers more aware of how the narrative texture of reality can function as a healing, decolonial tool is one Silko, Vizenor, and Momaday share, and it pertains to readerships composed of many non-indigenous people.

Just as indigenous writers are concerned in the thematics of their novels to address the assaults of Western culture on the lifeways of indigenous and non-indigenous groups, they also include means of healing in non-indigenous contexts as well. In *Ceremony,* the ceremony that manages to heal Tayo after the traditional ceremony failed involves White cultural products, like magazines and Coke tabs. In *The Heirs of Columbus*, the utopian community at Point Assinika utilizes DNA research, laser shows, a nail salon, and robots to help heal reservation children, and the protagonist Stone Columbus eventually extends his invitation for healing to all who have been wounded from "the chemical culture," indigenous or not. The way in which healing is effected in *The Heirs of Columbus* is through "stories in the blood," an inheritance that comes not only from the line of the powerful Mayan bear-woman Samana but also that of the wounded European Columbus, making explicit the idea that storytelling is not exclusively the domain of the indigenous but is generated by and available to the most profiteering of Westerners as well. For Vizenor, narrative healing is necessarily a “crossblood” engagement because there can be no cultural translation, no place-finding within the colonial world, without border peoples who have experience in both indigenous and Western culture.

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[23] Silko cited in T.V. Reed, "Toxic Colonialism, Environmental Justice, and Native Resistance in Silko's *Almanac of the Dead,*" MELUS, 34.2 (2009), 30.

[24] Reed, 34-35.

In looking at the promise of healing in novels addressing indigenous cultures, it will be necessary to remind ourselves time and time again that the figure of the Indian healer has been a harmful colonial myth, and an inescapable one at that.[25] Much anthropological work on indigenous methods of healing revolve around shamanistic healing practices that are called in to battle evil spirits that have attacked the victim by human design (a neighbor's curse, the sorcery of a witch, the evil eye) or from extra-human sources.[26] If the novelists studied here consider the cultural ailments they address in terms of the spiritual commerce of sorcery, it is not usually the central theme in their texts. Shamans appear in all the novels discussed, but it is usually the shamanistic powers of trickery and storytelling that are emphasized rather than experience with herbs or power like *magia*. For example, in *The Heirs of Columbus,* Vizenor includes mythology of the evil windigoo threatening to end the world if the Anishinaabe characters lose the moccasin game as a backdrop to the more modern threats of cultural schizophrenia, loneliness, and impoverishment. While the personification of evil in the windigoo could be viewed as the source of the modern social problems, the novel does not concern itself so much with battling evil spirits as battling federal court indictments and anthropological thievery. Thus the healing and the ailments addressed in works purported to avail us of novelistic healing are not well-illuminated by the discourse on shamanism. Shamanism is in many ways, itself, a highly colonial schematization of healing that identifies indigenous peoples as pagan in relation to Christian spiritual authority so that the more remote and indigenous the healer, the more dangerous and potent his magic. This is Michael Taussig's conclusion in his study of shamanism in Columbia, wherein he reframes the sickness that shamans address in terms of the sickness of colonialism: regarding an Indian healer in Columbia whom a White settler adopts as a teacher, Taussig relates that he is "a real shaman whose dilemma—that of freeing himself from an oppressive colonial mythology while remaining essential to it—is no less grave than our own."[27]

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[25] I have in mind Michael Taussig's explanation of *magia* as a historical, mythic invention of the Church in the Andes—an invention that worked to further set Indians against Whites by characterizing the former as entering into pacts with the devil to access occult power to which Christians might fall prey, Michael Taussig, *Shamanism, Colonialism, and the Wild Man: A Study in Terror and Healing*, (Chicago: U Chicago, 1986), 142. Such ideology established “the commoditization of magical power and of the magical aura of 'Indianness'” that on the one hand reinscribes the Indian as modern outsider while on the other hand benefits those Indians who have learned to purvey their skills to the cosmopolitan elite in urban centers (152).

[26] Taussig mentions that the spirits of the dead or nature might be the causative sources in the Andes. Taussig, 149.

This issue of the stereotype of the shaman raises the problem of creating decolonized cultures within a colonial social aesthetics while simultaneously trying to free oneself from that aesthetic. The novels examined here suggest that there will be no "safe" decolonial space but rather trickster manipulations of the colonial space. For indigenous writers living in the United States employing the discourse of healing in their novels, it is not a matter of escaping a colonial mythology of the Indian healer but of simultaneously critiquing and capitalizing upon this mythic history. Vizenor, for example, overtly thematizes healing from indigenous hands, tying it to a genetic inheritance from the Anishinaabe Samana and Mayan-European Columbus, giving it a blue aura, and locating it in a utopian community established by the heirs to which the wounded can travel on pilgrimages. But he also side-steps the exoticism of Indian healer and reveals indigenous peoples as existing as more than mere "brown photographs" in anthropological museums when he presents healers as people other than the stereotypical shamans in feathers and beads: they are a Columbia comparative literature graduate student, a mixed-race laser light show technician, and a thrice-resurrected casino owner, to name a few incarnations of healers in *The Heirs of Columbus*. Characters who commodify their heritage as Native Americans for advantage, usually in academic circles, are never portrayed in positive light in Vizenor's oevre.

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[27] Taussig, 167.

Paula Gunn Allen remarks that, due to different processes of acculturation, writers from the U.S. Southwest like Silko and Momaday are able to indulge in romantic portrayals of the American Indian to address the problem of alienation in their works.[28] Their works do, admittedly, celebrate shamanistic healing, but I would argue that they repurpose the colonial myth of the Indian healer for their own decolonial goals of redefining health and sickness as problems of integration that can be healed with stories. Many of Silko's indigenous characters are savvy drug-runners rather than healers, and when they are shamanistic, their powers are described with a healthy dose of irony: a television psychic, a convention of ersatz indigenous healers capitalizing upon White consumers' desperation to buy health, and an old woman who can use weather news broadcasts on the television to call forth storms to destroy airplanes surveying the Arctic for oil sites. Momaday's rhetoric of healing in *House Made of Dawn* is so elliptical and opaque to non-indigenous readers that it can hardly be seen to be promoting the figure of the exotic shaman since healing chants come from the factory-worker Benally. Though he functions as a shaman, Benally is not presented as a recognized healer. Thus these novels from indigenous peoples are concerned with and thematize a discourse of healing that both their Native and White audiences are well-primed to receive considering our long instruction in the colonial myth of the Indian healer, but they do not do so naively. The rhetoric of healing in Vizenor's, Momaday's, and Silko's novels functions as an aikido move, redirecting an assault to escape it and diffuse an enemy's energy. Or perhaps more appropriately, it is a trickster move, playing with the noble savage rhetoric and repurposing it for a decolonial project.

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[28] Paula Gunn Allen, “A Stranger in My Own Life: Alienation in American Indian Prose and Poetry,” *MELUS*, 7.2 (1980), 17-18.

The choice to use the novel to convey a decolonial message is another trickster move. Published by prestigious or large corporate presses—Wesleyan, Simon and Schuster, Harper & Row—works by the indigenous authors from the United States have been celebrated as somewhat canonical in the institution of American Literature as defined by publishing houses, university English departments, and awards boards. *House Made of Dawn* won the 1969 Pulitzer Prize for Fiction, Silko has won a MacArthur Foundation Grant, and Vizenor has won two American Book awards. Admittedly, the Pulitzer and the American Book awards could be construed as working against Vizenor's and Momaday's interests in promoting transculturated indigenous identities[29] instead of "Native Americans," given the awards' associations with journalism and promoting "ethnic literature," respectively. However, even if these indigenous writers' works are celebrated as representing the Indian stereotype and are located somewhat in the backwater of a "Native American Renaissance" in American Literature, they are nevertheless legible as great achievements within the White, colonial culture. All three writers were groomed to be able to make this splash: Vizenor's year as an undergraduate at NYU and later lecturer positions at state universities that opened onto visiting professorships in Native American Studies departments from China to Berkeley and eventually full-time professorships and chair positions; Silko's bachelors degree and brief stint in law school at the University of New Mexico; and Momaday's Ph.D. from Stanford and professorships at elite U.S. universities all taught these writers what counts as literature within the U.S. and how to position oneself to become published and acknowledged as a writer. In this way, their works are certainly not “changing the terms of the conversation” according to Mignolo's thinking by redefining institutional definitions of what is valuable and what is not. But to change the terms of a conversation, one must first successfully enter the conversation, and there remains significant decolonial work in their intervention into the American Literature conversation framed by Western definitions as they manipulate the terms of White hegemony to modify the contents of its identifications. It is as though these authors aim to transform both the colonial and colonized societies in which they live by changing the terms of sickness and health one reader at a time, portraying the privileged Western characters as sick and the indigenous characters as capable of healing.

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[29] According to Mary Louise Pratt's consideration of autoethnography, the transculturated minority can speak as "an assertion not of self-as-other, but of self-as-another's-other, and of self as more-than-the-other's-other" Mary Louise Pratt, "Transculturation and autoethnography: Peru 1615/1980," *Colonial Discourse/Postcolonial Theory,* Ed. Francis Barker, (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1994), 45.

MODES OF HEALING IN “LATIN AMERICAN” NOVELS

Decolonial revision through the genre of the novel has not been as popular in the geographic regions south of the United States. In the wake of postcolonial critiques of the novel as a colonial genre of literature exerting a universalizing, European hegemonic social aesthetics, as well as shifting cultural scenes in which neither the novel nor the nation-state remain hegemonic forms, analyses of the novel's role in constructing and legitimizing a nation-state politics such as those presented by Benedict Anderson and Doris Sommer reveal the end of a historical time period in which the novel exerted a documentable political force, reinforcing fantasies of a collectivity that could self-identify through a foundational national literature formulating and prescribing proper social roles.[30] Since the experimentalism of the “Boom” period in Latin American literature, there has been a lagging faith in the novel to effect political change, for reasons other than its history as a colonial tool for erasing non-linguistic forms of writing, establishing racist national identities by building nationalist histories and literatures centered on Creole identity, or its deployment in scripting colonial relationships between the metropolitan state and the "savage" rural inhabitants.[31] Latin American scholars and artists have advocated more enthusiastically non-linguistic forms of writing or more ephemeral or accessible texts like pamphlets and videos,[32] and critical discourse from the South on the novel as a potential political tool for the left has developed strong views regarding its ineffectiveness: John Beverley considers his work *Literature and Politics* a failure in part because after spending time in San Isidro it seemed that literature did not actually exert much of a material force in Nicaraguan revolutionary politics. Alberto Moreiras proclaims José María Arguedas' suicide in 1969 to mark the death of literature that intervenes in state-building, and George Yúdice favors the realism promised by *testimonio* over a traditional canon of novelistic fiction that acknowledges and values its artifice.[33] In fact, within the genre of the novel in the canon of Latin American Literature, both in the U.S. and throughout Latin America, indigenous voices have typically been represented either in *indigenista* or *testimonio* works wherein a White writer sympathizes with the subaltern Indian, often addressing “the problem of the Indian” rather than the problem of colonialism. The sincerity of this gesture, which approaches the Indian as she is defined by Western culture as an exotic cultural curiosity or as someone to be saved via more socially just forms of acculturation, reinforces the colonial social aesthetic rather than performing any kind of trickster manipulation of that rhetoric. *Testimonio* in particular pretends that the textuality of the subject and the social field is irrelevant except when it is concerned with establishing the authenticity of the White editor's translation of the subaltern's account; it is more concerned with notions of truth and accuracy in the field of representation rather than manipulations in an affectual, aesthetic sphere shaping the terms of colonial life, as is our topic here.

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[30] C.f. Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism,* (New York: Verso, 2006) and Doris Sommer, *Foundational Fictions: The National Romances of Latin America,* (Berkeley: UC Press, 1991).

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[31] On the epistemological power of writing over other forms of communication such as Inca quipu or Andean dance, c.f. Sara Castro-Klaren, *The Narrow Pass of Our Nerves: Writing, Coloniality and Postcolonial Theory,* (Madrid: Iberoamericana, 2011). On writing and literature as formative of colonially-inscribed national identities in Latin America, c.f. the classic text from Angel Rama, *The Lettered City*, Trans. John Charles Chasteen, (Durham: Duke UP, 1996), wherein Rama details ways in which writing helped consolidate power during colonialism in that it established official records useful for shoring up colonial power: what happened in a court proceeding, who owns what land, etc. Only those already with some kind of power had access to writing, and they used it to keep and get more power; thus, all the politician-poets of the southern hemisphere. Even after independence, Creoles continued in this vein; they did not extend the legitimacy of history or share power with the indigenous or the poor, and Rama includes writers representative of the literary movements *modernismo* and the *vanguardia* in this camp. On uses of literature to consolidate urban elite and rural minority identities into a unified national identity, c.f. Doris Sommer, *Foundational Fictions: The National Romances of Latin America,* (Berkeley: UC Press, 1991).

[32] C.f. John Beverley, *Against Literature,* (Minneapolis: U Minnesota, 1993), Elizabeth Hill Boone and Walter D. Mignolo, *Writing Without Words: Alternative Literacies in Mesoamerica and the Andes*, (Durham: Duke, 1994), Joanne Rappaport and Tom Cummins, *Beyond the Lettered City: Indigenous Literacies in the Andes*, (Durham: Duke UP, 2011).

[33] John Beverley, *Subalternity and Representation: Arguments in Cultural Theory,* (Durham: Duke, 1999) 3-4, Alberto Moreiras, *The Exhaustion of Difference: The Politics of Latin American Cultural Studies,* (Durham: Duke, 2001), and George Yúdice, "Testimonio y concientización," *Revista de crítica literatura latinoamericana,* 18.36 (1992), 211-232.

Yet there remain possibilities for literary works to exert political force beyond the context of 19th-20th century literature from the South in which would-be presidents wrote novels and books of poetry to solidify their status as lettered cultural elites, and even those who did not attain to the level of the presidency were nevertheless awarded diplomatic positions and celebrated as national heroes. Pockets of novels written by indigenous peoples have sprung up in the last thirty years in Mexico and Guatemala in particular. Since the 1990's, the publishing house La Dirección General de Culturas Populares (CONACULTA) under the Mexican government's Secretary of Culture has published a number of dual-language works within the collection Letras Indígenas Contemporáneas, including three novels by Zapotec, Purépecha, and Maya writers: Javier Castellanos Martínez's *Cantares de los vientos primerizos/Wila che be ze ihao* (1994), Ismael García Marcelino's *Alonso Mariano* (2004), and Marisol Ceh Moo's *X-Teya, u pukse'ik'al ko'olel/Teya, un corazón de mujer* (2008). And Arturo Arias identifies a New Maya Literature in Guatemala pioneered by the Kaqchikel writer Luis de Lión's

El tiempo principia en Xibalbá (1985), recognized as a "best-seller among its people," Gaspar Pedro González's *La otra cara* (1992), originally written in Maya Q'an- job'al, and Jak'alteko Maya writer Víctor Montejo's *Las aventuras de Mr. Puttison entre los mayas* (1998). As Arias notes, such bilingual works provide a unique perspective on America, provincialize Spanish, and help forge a cultural memory for Maya-speakers that has been shattered by centuries of genocide and civil war.[34] Unfortunately, such publication appears to be limited; in comparison to the scale of published Mayan novels, the number of decolonial novels written in Guaraní, Quechua, or Mapuche is limited, perhaps marking one of the limits for the novel to work as a decolonial tool, shifting the social aesthetics of the colonial culture.[35] It is unclear whether those in the South have had as many opportunities as those enjoyed by U.S. indigenous writers to become what Mignolo, following Gloria Anzaldúa, terms border thinkers, transculturating to the extent that they become fluent in both "languages" of the colonizers and the colonized. Or perhaps there is less desire to communicate with colonial culture.[36]

In the final chapter I will look at Marisol Ceh Moo's use of flat affect to explore competing versions of good life narratives in *X-Teya*, but due to the limited circulation of indignous works within the canon of Latin American literature wherein indigenous perspectives are still typically represented by works like the *testimonio* novel, *I, Rigoberta Menchú,* or *indigenísta* production, like *Todas las sangres*, I will also spend time with a work by the creole writer José María Arguedas, who intended that his novels help heal the civilization/barbarian divide in Peru and whose last work exceeds *indigenista* generic conventions. José María Arguedas' *El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo* integrates indigenous myths and linguistic forms into its narrative of colonial exploitation in a manner that disrupts (but admittedly does not escape) the *indigenista* drive to represent a foreign culture, even as it defends and inserts that culture into the metropolitan cultural scene. In terms of ethnicity, Arguedas occupies an ambiguous position on the Westerner/indigenous line, but his childhood spent with poor Quechua-speaking peasants and his life-long fluency in that culture and language as well as advocacy for its people in his fiction complicates an easy-identification based on the colonial genre of ethnicity.

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[34] Arturo Arias, "Kotz'b: The Emergence of a New Maya Literature," *Latin American Indian Literatures Journal,* 1.24 (2008), 14.

[35] For examples of novels published in indigenous languages in Latin America beyond the boom of Mayan production, c.f. the bilingual Spanish/Quechua work by Gamaliel Churata, *El pez de oro,* Trans. Helena Usandizaga, (Madrid: Cátedra, 2012)*;* the Portuguese/Guaraní work by Wilson Bueno, *Mar Paraguayo,* (Buenos Aires: Tsé-tsé, 2005).

[36] Enrique Dussel's exploration of the limits of conversation between groups of unequal power illuminates the motivation behind a potential lack of interest in speaking to those enjoying elite status within colonial society. Dussel critiques Richard Rorty's promotion of conversation, saying that it "does not take seriously the asymmetrical situation of the other, the concrete empirical impossibility that the 'excluded,' 'dominated,' or 'compelled' can intervene effectively in such a discussion. He takes as his starting point 'we liberal Americans,' not 'we Aztecs in relation to Cortés,' or 'we Latin Americans in relation to a North American in 1992.' In such cases, not even conversation is possible," Enrique Dussel, "Eurocentrism and Modernity," *The Postmodernism Debate in Latin America*, ed. John Beverley, José Oviedo, and Michael Aronna (Durham: Duke Univ. Press, 1995), 174. Because conversation cannot happen between the subaltern and the elite, those very positions must change so that conversation can happen.

In *El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo,* Arguedas melds myths of the Huarochirí cycle developed in the Andes with a dystopian narrative of trans-national, capitalistic exploitation of indigenous highlanders displaced and enticed into being swallowed up by the coastal anchovy industry. Arguedas repeatedly and explicitly stated his desire that his novels might lead to improving the lives of Quechua-speakers. In the round-table discussion with other Peruvian social scientists after the publication of *Todas las sangres,* Arguedas makes clear his intention that his penultimate novel stage conflicts that Peruvians must work through in order to create a society based upon fraternity, using elements of both modern culture and traditional models since the latter is usefully oriented towards a sense of solidarity already, he argues. If Arguedas does not speak in terms of healing, his vision is nevertheless utopian (as many have already noted, both positively and negatively), and indigenous culture is the key ingredient for improving all of Peruvian society.

AESTHETIC EDUCATION: FROM THE NOVEL TO EVERYDAY LIFE

Having detailed the claims of healing power indigenous decolonial novels make for themselves, I would like to now turn to work done on aesthetics, affect, and political theory to explain possibilities for the novel to decolonize lifeways in terms that have been circulating through critical theory and cultural theory. My aim is to elaborate exactly what is meant by a "social aesthetic" and to underline the necessity that decolonization via literary contact work largely unconsciously. Indigenous writers are not alone in insisting that everyday life is a practice of living in and organizing an aesthetic field, and as shown above, they also insist upon the necessity of building communities to help forge and support decolonial fantasies of the good life. But assigning new values to the terms of everyday life is in fact quite difficult, as Lugones hints at when she asserts that communities rather than individuals resist coloniality; "resistant subjectivity" requires recognition from others in order to be able to perform new ways of everyday life beyond colonial norms.[37] Changing the values of the roles we play in colonial societies in the search for or rehabilitation of different ways of living together cannot happen effectively on an individual level alone, at the site of challenging the ways in which one is identified. As Eve Sedgwick points out in the context of the performative statement "I dare you," interpellation occurs not just between a first and second-person; it involves the consensus of a witnessing community for whom the interpellator speaks: "it is *as* people who share with me a contempt for wussiness that these others are interpellated, with or without their consent, by the act I have performed in daring you."[38] A decolonial politics would require building alternative "witnessing communities" to affirm the alternative social roles it developed with enough force that its new terms would feel at least as legitimate as those of dominant society. This calls for a considerable amount of community organizing, a willingness to make one's life an activist performance, and an openness to negotiating one's understanding of decoloniality within the group.

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[37] Lugones, 754.

Another challenge to decolonial praxis is that the Western colonial epistemologies that have become entrenched in all of the "developed"/colonized world could not be reformulated simply by trying to exit capitalism. As Grosfoguel notes, simply changing the capitalistic world-system would not be sufficient for other, decolonial forms of living to flourish due to the ways in which the coloniality of power has operated intersectionally, organizing our "sexual, gender, spiritual, epistemic, economic, political, linguistic and racial hierarchies of the modern/colonial world-system."[39] That is, a decolonial politics could not be only anti-capitalist but would have to revolutionize the entire field of everyday life, where colonial ways of thinking and relating have become entrenched through multiple, tangled systems of signification beyond the economic.

Lugones and Grosfoguel are in step in their concern that political activism at the level of everyday life involve deep recalibrations of communal affective environments that are radically tangled and impossible to isolate. To change the fabric of colonial society, we need to *envision* or make visible alternative lifeways, but making them legible as legitimate forms of living, full of dignity and worthy of admiration—we might call it a version of "the good life"—requires recalibrating entire social texts defining the good life. For example, one needs a community to affirm one's choice to attend a university like Amatay Wasi (the Universidad Intercultural de las

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[38] *Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, Touching Feeling: Affect, Performativity, Pedagogy,* (*Durham: Duke UP, 2003), 69.*
[39] Grosfoguel, 8.

Nacionalidades y Pueblos Indígenas) in Quito where Kichua cosmology governs the curriculum and what counts as knowledge is often quite different than that at a university accredited according to the US corporate model, where the standard curriculums are aimed at potential success within colonialist hierarchies.[40] One needs the daily interaction with others who value indigenous epistemologies to feel that the education offered at such a university is legitimate and laudatory, even when the Ecuadorian government finally succeeds in shutting the school down. An activism of lifestyle in which there is support for shifting the conditions of our experience of shame or validation is essential for a decolonial practice, and so the call for *performances* of decolonized lifeways within local communities makes sense in that it targets the level of human existence at which a social aesthetics is inscribed, not trying to detangle the colonial systems only intellectually. It calls for exploration of new values and ways of doing and being in a community, where what constitutes "decoloniality" will be negotiated not simply negatively as "not colonial" but as something different from the colonial binary given a chance to emerge.

Redoubts of decolonial communities are undoubtedly an essential component of a decolonial politics focused on lifestyle changes. And yet it is not clear that such performances can very easily succeed much less be initiated until a decolonization of one's social aesthetic education has already begun. To take an example from the U.S., one would not move into the Los Angeles Eco-village apartment block to attend long weekly meetings, share community resources, and give up automobile use, becoming legible as a "hippie" living in a "low-rent" neighborhood, if one had not already awakened a desire to develop a more decolonial lifestyle prior to that radical lifestyle change. Thus I would argue that a decolonial politics opens the door to lifestyle change. Before the social aesthetic counter-pedagogy must come another kind of aesthetic training that can unfold within a naive colonial lifeway and lay the groundwork for a later performative politics of decolonizing everyday life. This is where decolonialism can use the novel.

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[40] Walter Mignolo discusses Amawtay Wasi in *The Idea of Latin America* as an example of a subaltern epistemology attempting to shift "the geography of knowledge" rather than simply interrupt the march of Western epistemologies. Cf. pgs. 120-124. To the great disappointment of many, the university lost state funds and was closed in 2013 when the Ecuadorian accrediting body, Consejo de Evaluación, Acreditación y Aseguramiento de la Calidad de la Educación Superior (CEAACES) found the school falling short of standards established for universities on the European Renaissance and US corporate models.

David Lloyd and Paul Thomas's analysis of how art embraced by state-supported institutions in 19th-century England provided an ethical-aesthetic education for its populace is exemplary of how art can mold politics. In *Culture and State* they describe how lyric poetry and drama not only established norms of acceptable conduct, offering an aesthetic education in the good and the true, but how that aesthetic education was designed to create a specific kind of subjectivity—that of a universal citizen whose compliance with a normalized ethics made him more easily governable. This tractability was accomplished not so much by overt models of passivity but by teaching citizens to assume a certain attitude before art—that of disinterested reflection. As readers learned to adopt a Kantian posture of disinterestedness, argue Lloyd and Thomas, they would become passively receptive to state discipline and a representational politics. Thus, individuals were *made subject* by and for the state through an aesthetic education shaping their subjectivity via the arrangement of an audience in relation to a stage and the universality of the lyric "I," for example.[41] Literature worked on a level below the representative to mold a particular kind of subjectivity amenable to the consolidation of, in this case, state power.

Lloyd and Thomas document the efficacy of an aesthetic education for the foundation of an ethical education largely along the lines of establishing a feeling for what is ordinary (the hegemony of common sense)[42] according to the model of the universal citizen created by the state. It is perhaps due to its ability to imagine, reinforce, or disrupt *normalcy* and thus work on the level of the everyday that the novel has been a privileged literary genre in discussions of the politics of aesthetics. In contrast to Lukacs' program of representing history so as to bring about the proletariat revolution or Sartre's equally-constraining recipe for literature as committed to a particular social project, "the politics of literature" has come to suggest a more nuanced interaction between texts and readers at the level of affect, and Jacques Rancière, who has turned this subject into something of an academic catch-phrase, has become a prominent figure here. "Social revolution is the daughter of aesthetic revolution," he writes in *Aisthesis,* and for Rancière, the aesthetic refers not only to art but the entire field of sensory experience, in which he imagines literature to be a powerful manipulator.[43] Rancière argues that literature is political in that it frames everyday objects as signs to be read, not as natural or given: even the realist novel does not aspire to the representational regime, reinforcing hegemonic modes of understanding.[44] Rancière's argument for the politics of literature is that genres like the epic and the novel, by aestheticizing recognizable settings and plots from social life, denaturalize those lives just as the antique shop denaturalizes its objects, and thus open possibilities for a new regime of understanding—a regime made possible via the aesthetic's work of reorganizing parts into a new whole to form a new sensorial/social/political field.

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[41] David Lloyd and Paul Thomas, *Culture and the State,* (New York: Routledge, 1998).
[42] Ibid., 47. "Identification of the individual as subject with the state is to be achieved through the intervention of

Creating decolonized versions of the good life involves creating different social aesthetic fields, then, which literature can help achieve largely unconsciously: in the case of Lloyd and Thomas's thinking about aesthetic education, poetry can position a reader as a passive subject; in

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culture, which acts as supplement to a state perceived to be not yet equal to its ethical idea. Two conditions make possible this identification: first, that culture, in a fashion we will presently elaborate, represent what it claims to be the fundamentally common identity of all humans; and second, that the state be conceived ideally as the disinterested and ethical representative of this common identity."

[43] Jacques Rancière, *Aisthesis: Scenes from the Aesthetic Regime of Art,* Trans. Zakir Paul, (New York: Verso, 2013), xvi.

[44] Jacques Rancière, *Dissensus: On Politics and Aesthetics,* Trans. Steven Corcoran, (New York: Continuum, 2010).

the case of Rancière's interest in literature recombining objects into new aesthetic fields, readers develop different attitudes towards objects by encountering them in unfamiliar contexts. These unconscious affects are important in shifting the unconscious epistemologies orchestrating everyday life. Bourdieu theorizes ways in which cultural values are literally em-bodied in the most arbitrary and insignificant details of life, such that a seemingly innocuous point of manners like “don't hold your knife in your left hand” functions much more deeply to establish respect for established norms. He describes values “given body, *made* body, by the hidden persuasion of an implicit pedagogy which can instill a whole cosmology.”[45] Here, cultural values are unconscious in the sense that they are embodied without much thought, but also in the sense that they become common sense—a logic that need not be examined because it is so banal, but also a logic that carries with it a way of feeling that is unexamined. A directive like “stand up straight” becomes thus, “a permanent disposition, a durable way of standing, speaking, walking, and thereby of feeling and thinking,” Bourdieu writes, connecting bodily praxis, thought, and an emotional climate simultaneously. Colonial value systems placing ethnicities, genders, and sexual orientations along hierarchies of economic entitlement—and, as a corollary, different levels of dignity and respect—are a prime example of a “common sense” becoming embodied within individuals' modes of feeling and thinking, even within their ways of moving throughout the everyday, as the decolonial indigenous novels examined here exemplify.

Bourdieu is far from alone in noting the unconscious quality of the formation of everyday lifeways. Traditional discourse on everyday life has always approached the habitual and mundane with concern for its largely unconscious character. The French thinkers consistently see the everyday as necessarily invisible: for Lefebvre, it is the functionalist organization of daily routines under capitalism that is the “condition stipulated for the legibility of forms;” for

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[45] Pierre Bourdieu, *The Logic of Practice,* Trans. Richard Nice, (Stanford: Stanford UP, 1990), 69-70.

Blanchot, it is also a condition of legibility but in terms of a banality perhaps best understood as the idle chatter of the streets, the negative space from which signification might appear but a background experience, nevertheless, that carries the subject along in anonymity; for de Certeau, it is a transgressive praxis of walking out of sight of administrative and institutional gazes.[46] Thus, for an activist politics like decoloniality to target everyday life as its primary field of struggle, its strategies would need to address the largely unconscious organization of lifeways.

While the everyday is on the one hand, invisible, as the examples employed by these classical theorists of everyday life theory show, the everyday is also fundamentally visual, a performance of body position and movement. How one stands or eats, how one allows one's activities to be directed by a clock, where and how one walks—these are exemplary of everyday life for these French thinkers, and the form which the body assumes is an issue of form. We could call it an aesthetics, following Jacque Rancière's description for the sum of sensory experience—linguistic, visual, sensorial, affective—that we use to understand, feel, and organize the spaces through which we move. *Le partage du sensible,* usually translated as the "distribution of the sensible,"[47] is presented as a "regime" in Rancière's thinking, which suggests a governing framework for sensation. The term *partage* underscores the agency at work in creating this governing logic as it can be translated as both "distribution" and "sharing:" the transitive nature of "distribution" insists on a position empowered to effect such a dividing up of the sensible world into coherent forms, whereas "sharing" gestures towards the interrelationships between discourses constituting the topography of sensible and political experience. For, whatever sensation is experienced, the way in which it affects the body will be defined by a culturally-derived affective pedagogy, which Ben Highmore also discusses in terms of aesthetics.

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[46] Henri Lefebvre, *Critique of Everyday Life,* Trans. John Moore, Vol 1. (New York: Verso, 1991); Maurice Blanchot, "Everyday Speech," *Yale French Studies* 73 (1987): 12-20; Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, Trans. Steven Rendall, (Berkeley: UCP, 1984).

[47] C.f. Gabriel Rockhill's translation of Jacques Rancière, *The Politics of Aesthetics: The Distribution of the Sensible,* (London, Continuum: 2004).

Highmore considers that the habits developed to structure and reinforce everyday life necessarily involve a field of sensorial and emotional responses so complexly woven together that we should return to the beginnings of aesthetic theory in Europe to grasp how the everyday became divorced from philosophy's interest in how emotion and bodily sensation arise in response to objects. Highmore goes back to Baumgarten's concern that bodily sensations, though formative of one's perception of the world, were not noble enough to include in a proper aesthetic theory and so were put aside as objects of inquiry; art, and especially poetry, wherein sounds, rhythms, semantic meaning, and myth are intertwined, became exemplary forms of understanding human interaction with form. But the sensorial and emotional experiences of everyday life, even if not dignified enough for a Romantic British philosopher, nevertheless constitute that which Highmore terms a "deep pedagogy" for living in a society. Taking as an example the drunk English men who eat spicy vindaloo curries at Indian restaurants in Britain to assert their masculinity and racial superiority, Highmore explores how something as everyday as eating spicy food can function to define racial and economic divisions between the raucous English customers and their South Asian waitstaff. Moreover, he asks that if high art came to dominate the field of aesthetics based upon its propensity to function as a moral teacher, curating an instructive experience of sense impressions and emotions while providing its audiences with exemplary formulations *and experiences* of the good and the true, then why can't living art—the everyday—recalibrate the affective environment shaping our ethos? Highmore suggests performances of life that would also transform ethos through "experiments in living." He writes,

> [I]f our 'affect horizons' are the result of deep pedagogy, then an effective politics that wanted to expand the aesthetic realms of communities would need to champion an affective counter-pedagogy. What would this look like? If this politics was dedicated to opening up the affective, sensorial tuning and retuning

> of the social body—then it would need to be exorbitant. But it would also need to reverberate at the level of the everyday.[48]

Given its pedagogical impetus and its formulation via a highly-orchestrated symphony of sensations, everyday life becomes for Highmore a question of aesthetics much like Rancière's *distribution of the sensible* in which systems of affective responses and intensities interlace and coalesce into a framework called culture. One cannot think about transforming meaning without looking at how to create new sensorial and emotional experiences along the affective pedagogical systems within the realm of social aesthetics.

The aesthetic field in which Rancière sees literature intervening politically, the "distribution of the sensible," can be understood in more specific terms by considering formulations of intertextual, affective spheres. Sarah Ahmed's work in affect theory elucidates ways in which affective responses form the very material from which a form emerges. In *The Cultural Politics of Emotions*, she explains how the ways in which we are affected by one another constitute the very boundary lines between self and other, forming the ways in which we appear to one another, since affects are generated out of contact between two bodies, even two ideas. Using Spinoza, Ahmed argues, "Emotions shape the very surfaces of bodies, which take shape through the repetition of actions over time, as well as through orientations towards and away from others."[49] Ahmed is not speaking abstractly here about corporeal formation through emotional experience. Just as the British psychologist Silvan Tomkins theorized specific affective responses from recording facial expressions, Ahmed ties affect to physicality, writing, "We need to remember the 'press' in an impression. It allows us to associate the experience of having an emotion with the very affect of one surface upon another, an affect that leaves its mark or trace. So not only do I have an impression of others, but they also leave me with an impression; they impress me, and impress upon me."[50] From the standpoint of a social aesthetics, then, affects are like the chisels sculpting the terrain of everyday life. And these impressions are hard to revise; Ahmed describes affects as sticky, both in terms of becoming attached to bodies and according to their incorporation into other affective texts. For the accumulation of affects constitutes readings. Ahmed explains,

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[48] Ben Highmore, "Bitter After Taste," *The Affect Theory Reader,* Ed. Melissa Gregg and Gregory J. Seigworth, (Durham: Duke, 2010), 136.

[49] Sarah Ahmed, *The Cultural Politics of Emotion,* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 2014), 4.

> If we feel another hurts us, then that feeling may convert quickly into a reading of the other, such that *it* becomes hurtful, or is read as *the impression of the negative.* In other words, the 'it hurts' becomes, 'you hurt me', which might become, 'you are hurtful', or even 'you are bad'. These affective responses are readings that not only create the borders between selves and others, but also 'give' others meaning and value in the very act of apparent separation, a giving that temporarily fixes an other, through the movement engendered by the affective response itself. Such responses are clearly mediated: materialisation takes place through the 'mediation' of affect, which may function in this way as readings of the bodies of others.[51]

The negative judgments Ahmed uses as examples to describe how self and other become differentiated as they affect each other not only present affective responses as *readings* but show how the "texts" being read become intertwined together. Pain sticks to a "you" identified as the source of pain, and this isolated interaction can become stuck to memories—conscious or not—of similar, previous interactions that, in turn, define "you" as categorically hurtful. The stickiness of affect does not stop at the level of two individuals but is applicable to ideas as well, such as the idea of a specific race. Affect becomes an economy, Ahmed points out, rather than something isolated within specific bodies, as it circulates through a culture defining those bodies. Racism, for example, becomes a "politics of hatred," she explains—an economy of circulating affect in which hatred is not carried within the hating subjects or the hateful others but is an effect of those bodies' contact with each other whose *raison d'être* can be traced in the metonymic chains associating negative emotions with particular bodies.[52] And the individual need not ever had a negative encounter with the object of hatred before; the cultural memory can direct that hatred for him. Ahmed thus traces a politics of hatred in 20th-century British xenophobia by looking at media content that associated negative emotions with foreigners.

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[50] Ibid., 6.
[51] Ibid., 28.

Affect is intimately tied to aesthetics, then, which we begin to see in terms of textuality, and affects shape specifically an aesthetics of the social as the self positions itself within a field of others remembered, on some level, as joyful, disgusting, shameful, etc. I gesture here towards Silvan Tomkins's theory of affect formation wherein we find physiological explanations for that which Ahmed describes as stickiness as well as the primacy of the unconscious in those processes. For while affects shape our social aesthetic, they do so largely unconsciously. Again, this suggests that to decolonize the everyday, writers must target unconscious affects.

In the section entitled “What are affects?” in *Shame and its Sisters,* Tomkins explains that human emotion and feeling arise from more primordial, largely unconscious experiences of affect “receptors” being triggered as an individual experiences stimulations. The activation of an affect receptor site like shame, anger, joy, or fear (he defines nine affects total) is itself the affect, functioning biologically just as the human eye's color receptors are activated when light is cast on them and traceable in human facial expressions.[53] But of course, there is quite a lot of complexity in thinking about how a physiological response becomes triggered within a subject's conscious and unconscious narrative threads organizing her memories and their cathexes. Tomkins finds that one affect can incite another, and so create an assembly of affective responses, but this “human affect system,” while transformable, *cannot be directed logically* because it exists independently of the cognitive system that operates via feedback. That is, while our conscious, cognitive system runs via the causality-driven process of comparing the present experience with past experience to generate an image of how to experience more joy and excitement (positive affects), the ways in which affects are inscribed on the body and become organized and associated with past inscriptions remains unconscious, the operation of an entirely different affect assembly system. Readers of Tomkins even go so far as to distinguish between affect, defined as unconscious, and feeling or emotion, which involve the awareness and interpretation of affective triggering. In his prologue to Silvan Tomkins' *Affect, Imagery, Consciousness*, director of the Silvan S. Tomkins Institute, Donald L. Nathanson, describes affects as physiological responses present from birth, feeling as an awareness that an affect was triggered, and emotion as the experience once the affect is coassembled with past memories. Emotion, then, is the narrativization of conscious feeling arising from conscious or unconscious affect triggering. In fact, Nathanson remarks that Tomkins eventually stops saying emotion and refers to “scripts” to capture the inter-relation of feeling with memory in emotional experience.[54]

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[52] Ahmed, 44.

[53] Silvan Tomkins, *Shame and its Sisters: A Silvan Tomkins Reader,* Eve Sedgwick and A. Frank, Eds., (Durham: Duke University Press: 1995), 41, 58.

Another way to understand the significance of affect-scripts in establishing social aesthetic fields is to think of the history of affective inscriptions upon the body as a “grammar of being”—the terminology Gabriele Schwab borrows from Christopher Bollas to explain how a pattern of psychic inscription can both affect a subject and be affected by reading. In *The Mirror and the Killer-Queen,* Schwab considers how unconscious knowledge emerges and becomes legible within a “textual ecology,” in which cultural texts—presumably ranging from social scripts to origin stories to news stories to literature—all interact to affect a reader's “familiar assumptions.”[55] As familiar, these assumptions may not be known to the subject. Furthermore, familiar assumptions are established long before any specific cultural ideology during infancy at a prelingual stage where psychic inscriptions constitute what Christopher Bollas terms a "grammar of being" that is written on the infant before any symbolic experience of subjectivity. Long before the infant can identify anything like a mood or emotion as warm or angry, for example, she experiences these affects in the mother's demeanor in relation to her needs, explains Bollas. Consequently, certain situations come to be cathected with certain emotional energies, constituting an unconscious text that Christopher Bollas calls the "unthought known." This foundational affective text prior to subjectivity is an organization of moods experienced as "somatic knowledge" in that it is felt, *known,* but never processed into conscious linguistic formulations. As a knowledge that orients us towards confronting desire, pain, and so forth later in life with attendant moods whose association was developed in early infancy, the unthought known is "more an operational and less a representational form of knowledge," Bollas explains.[56] In our daily "operations" we can see the effects of the established "emotional and mental ecology," as Schwab terms it, but we cannot remember or think about the affective text that was written prior to linguistic writing and the narrative of the subject in relation to objects.

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[54] Donald L. Nathanson, Prologue, *Affect, Imagery, Consciousness*, Silvan Tomkins, Ed. Bertram P. Karen, Vol 1: The Positive Affects, (New York: Springer, 2008), xiv.

[55] Gabriele Schwab, *The Mirror and the Killer-Queen: Otherness in Literary Language*, (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1996), 10, 16.

Schwab provides a psychogenetic explanation for the force of literary affect on a subject immersed in an everydayness that is itself a complex and dynamic text organizing sensations and forms. The potential for the novel to exercise political force is thought in terms beyond realistic presentations of kinds of everyday life—beyond realism, "ethnic literature," *indigenismo,* and *testimonio*—, moving from representational to affective terms. But at issue in the affective is not simply feelings that shape subjectivity and culture but also conditions of legibility. While

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[56] Christopher Bollas, *The Shadow of the Object: Psychoanalysis of the Unthought Known,* (New York: Columbia UP, 1987). Bollas introduces the idea of a grammar of being that is taught through the *idiom* of the mother's affective responses to the infant (36). The unthought known as operational and somatic knowledge is discussed with the example of the sense of another person we get upon physically encountering them, such that something like "vibes" would be an aspect of unthought knowledge (281-2).

Schwab focuses primarily on elements of the subject or of other cultures becoming more legible by curating possible mood ecologies in literature, others have renewed more traditional arguments for the politics of literature according to its ability to make minority viewpoints more legible within culture. Rancière extends the argument for defamiliarization whereas Jon Beasley-Murray suggests a new realism of affective topography that might help coalesce a post-hegemonic politics.

Literature as an aestheticization of our habituated narratives as well as a process of defamiliarizing those narratives to bring them to consciousness and make them open to revision, is a traditional way of talking about the politics of literature.[57] According to Rancière's definitions, any text whatsoever could count as political literature, and this would not be accidental; democratizing that which counts as legitimate discourse, as "speech" rather than "sound" in Rancière's terms, is central to his political and philosophical projects and has been a consistent thread throughout the philosopher's oeuvre since *The Nights of Labor*. At issue in Rancière's thinking on the politics of aesthetics is not only the possibilities for creating "new normals" for readerships to feel into. Attendant shifts in the formation of the subject would also ensue as the objects that are innovatively recombined and defamiliarized in the novel challenge the reader to modulate their hermeneutic framework to see things that were perviously invisible within the old framework of understanding. In the case of political dissensus on the streets, new identities become possible as protestors create new conditions for understanding their plight; in the case of literature, readers can be exposed to new codes for understanding otherwise conventional identities.

Jon Beasley-Murray, who outlines possibilities for a post-representational politics in

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[57] It is hard to see what Rancière is adding to Victor Shlovsky in this regard, in that the function of the mute letter is to prompt recognition of the strangeness of the sign.

Posthegemony. Political Theory and Latin America, is also interested in literature's ability to change conditions of legibility via the recombination of familiar aesthetic forms, but he focuses on deterritorializing affects rather than signs in the novel. Reading José María Arguedas' *El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo* as a "machine-text," Beasley-Murray argues that Arguedas is demonstrating a new affective realism, "constructing a form of techno-indigenism, a hybrid motor or productive (and collective) machinic assemblage, 'a social assemblage of desire' [...] for a modernization whose results that are emphatically new, unheralded and manifestly unpredictable."[58] Beasley-Murray finds Arguedas' novel about mythic interventions in the townships and anchovy factories around Chimbote, Peru in the mid-20th century to decolonize an affective landscape, rendering "emphatically new" aesthetic experiences that would go on to be afforded a legitimacy comparable to that of other colonial modernizations. The novel's decolonial function arises from machinic operations of breaking down affective states, mixing them, recombining them, moving from fear to pride and confusing happiness and sadness, for example. The narration "manages and molds" changes in affect across landscapes, human individuals, and social groups to produce an "affective topography of the highlands."[59]

I would argue that this is the way in which *Los zorros* might operate politically according to the post-hegemonic terms that Beasley-Murray elaborates in his work *Post-hegemony:* affects work to shape habits that, when shared, can come to constitute a multitude of political import. "The multitude is a collective subject that gathers on affect's line of flight, consolidates in habit, and expresses itself through constituent power." he writes.[60] Shared affective experiences transferred from a text could thus constitute not a people, not a counter-hegemonic force, but something more fragile. Perhaps we could say a group attunement upon which political actions might follow.

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[58] Jon Beasley-Murray, "Arguedasmachine: Techno-Indigenism and Affect in the Andes," 16. Unpublished paper available at http://posthegemony.blogspot.com/2006/06/arguedasmachine.html. Page numbers cited in the text refer to the page numbers of the pdf document, and this was presumably an earlier draft of "Arguedasmachine: Modernity and Affect in the Andes" *Iberoamericana* 8:30, (2008), 113-128.

[59] Ibid., 10, 18.

[60] Jon Beasley-Murray, *Posthegemony. Political Theory and Latin America,* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2010), 228.

The expectation held by indigenous writers that novels can heal just as stories can heal corresponds with the theories of literary affect outlined here: both the novelists and academics engaging affect theory view the novel as potentially transformative in the field of readers' social aesthetics. But while affect theory outlines ways that affect builds an aesthetic and could be shifted, the novelists' regard for the novel as a decolonial tool goes further to experiment with ways a literary aesthetic can open onto political action by working through specific terms of colonialism and offering model utopian visions that will impact the social aesthetic. Literary affect in the indigenous decolonial novel is tied to a specific activism, working with a political exigency. It is framed within a specific political field and is under greater strain to produce political action according to its claim that readers will not only be affected psychically but also corporeally, and that such an impact is capable of translating into action in everyday colonial life, supporting movement towards infra-political organizing. To what extent can these novels push readers towards decolonial activism, then, by working at the level of affect? How many novels would it take to transform a reader?

Affect is not telic, as the associations between psychic inscriptions interlace indiosyncratically and unconsciously, and literary transference is playful, resonant with the idiosyncratic “grammar of being” written in each individual person. So it would be impossible to quantify the exact impact of novelistic experience on readers. Moreover, it would be difficult for the claim that certain novels have certain political effects to ever rise above the epistemological value of a construction in analysis: while a useful, even therapeutic narrative, its value rests more in its therapeutic function rather than its verifiability. I would argue that this is the case for extra-literary experience, too, however—that causality in everyday life is fantastical but operative, like the narratives we construct to understand ourselves as subjects. Rei Terada provides excellent psychoanalytic reasoning that supports this argument for a more level playing field between literary and "real" experience. Arguing for the primacy of the ontic over the ontological in figuring reality, she reviews the many levels of the psyche's registration and translation of perceptions that Freud outlines in a 1896 letter to Fleiss as exemplary of the foundational role that psychic registrations of the ontic play in composing—*not even a subject,* but rather—a "state of affairs named Anna Freud," for example. Terada suggests that we are not just the ontological subjects that develop along a formal trajectory as the Lacanian narrative would have it; rather, we are at the same time, and perhaps more significantly, subjects who are palimpsests of an unimaginable number of psychic inscriptions. Of the four levels of perception that Freud gives in his letter, only the last is conscious, and the initial psychic inscription at *W, Wahrnehmungen* perceptions, is more of a logical necessity to what Bollas later calls the unthought known: somethingness—not even a thing identifiable as *something*—impacts the psyche, and is then inscribed as an unconscious perception at the next level, the *Wahrnehmungszeichen* perceptions, as something that happened. This incipient perception may be of interest to the psyche or not; if so, it will develop along additional levels of inscription that put it into relation with concepts and finally, words.[61] But as Terada points out, the final conscious registration of a perception would not be a phenomenological translation of something existing before; it is a white mythology, a writing pretending to refer to some thing prior to its inscription, when its reference is better understood as touching other inscriptions, other references. Freud's system of sense-perceptions is not presented here as an ontological model of the psyche, but this picture of the mind as intertext does correspond with Tomkins' model of affect-inscription on the body developing into more and more complex affect complexes. More importantly, Freud's model of psychic inscription as elaborated by Terada is compelling support for the plastic nature of perception and the initial indistinguishability between something like fact and fiction at the initial levels of being affected. Freud is excited to put forth a thesis that perception occurs through "a process of stratification: the material present in the form of memory traces being subjected from time to time to a *rearrangement* in accordance with fresh circumstances—to a *retranscription.* Thus what is essentially new about my theory is the thesis that memory is present not once but several times over, that it is laid down in various kinds of indications," he writes.[62] Memory as stratified underlines its creativity as well as its mutability, while undermining any kind of impression that it functions "realistically," phenomenologically. Furthermore, whether a perception comes from reading a novel or noticing a community garden on a walk does not matter on the first half of the perceptive model; both aesthetic fields impact the subject in the same way until they become differentiated conceptually at the third perceptual level. And because perceptions are formed relationally, being pieced together temporally, conceptually, and linguistically in relation to previous perceptions, Terada notes that on the one hand, it sometimes makes no difference at all what perception is registered to make progress in the psychoanalysis and work through resistance: "registering *any perception whatever* potentially changes the dynamic of resistance across the psychic system and may have effects beyond its immediate occasion," she writes.[63] If we consider decolonial activism as a process of working-through colonial assumptions, breaking through scripts of subaltern lifeways as impoverished or exotic or backward for example, then the working-through that creates a new reality for the subject-reader by reorganizing the aesthetic fields of shame and legitimacy can be as affected through perceptions inscribed via literary experience just as successfully as those inscribed via existence within a corporeal social field.

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[61] Rei Terada, "The Frailty of the Ontic," *South Atlantic Quarterly* 100:1 (2011), 45.

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[62] Qtd. in Terada 45.
[63] Terada, 42.

So the ontic is frail because the cathexes between perceptions are so multiple and not unidirectionally causal—perception affects registration, registration effects perception, and the effects are sedimented multiply, unchartably, in the psyche. This indeterminacy makes it possible to see that, on the one hand, it makes no difference the text that the reader encounters if we want to support decolonialism; it would be impossible to chart a causal relationship from the text to an alteration in the subject's politics. On the other hand, Terada argues, it matters a great deal that one object and not another is inscribed into the subject-as-intertext; "the frailty of the ontic" comes to be an ironic formulation in her analysis as she discusses the dependency of formal constructions—the psychoanalytic subject for example—on the specific perceptions composing the palimpsest of psychic inscriptions that compose the "text" we identify as a person, as a specific subject, "Anna Freud." What makes Anna "Anna" is the specific array of certain perception-inscriptions, her historical contact with these specific objects and not others, even if many of them have been related to each other according to conceptual fields she was taught by and thus shares with her society. The significance of the ontic for our formal structures is underlined in Rancière's and Ben Highmore's aesthetic theories as well; to change "the distribution of the sensible" to make workers' protests seem important or to alter the social aesthetics organizing ethnic stereotypes sedimented in genres of cuisine, one must start at a level before conscious perception, creating aesthetic fields that will offer affective experiences that cathect perceptions of "worker" or "vindaloo-eater" differently. Otherwise the old grammars of "whining laborers" and "stinking Indians" would persist, even if those groups were somehow able to become hegemonic powers and establish new socio-political structures in a totalitarian manner. Until their power became everyday, perhaps a couple of generations later, they would continue to be "laborers" and foreigners, only powerful ones.

According to the strength of the ontic to intervene in the text of the psyche via thousands of tiny inscriptions that can shift patterns of relationships between perceptions to ultimately bring about new conceptual apparatuses and new affective associations, the decolonial novel is a very instrumental political tool according to its exploitation of the structure of the mind. By staging colonial issues in certain tonalities of voice and via social scenes that will resonate with the reader, it creates an environment for working-through resistances so that political action can happen. And this kind of working-through in the aesthetic realm is absolutely necessary to bring readers over to decolonial lifestyles gestured towards in the novels. As Terada notes, resistance is a problem of will, not knowledge, because the pathways of desire that have been forged in the mind through a history of psychic inscriptions are much more sedimented and established as currents for affect to flow than whatever pieces of knowledge unaffiliated with our desire. Knowledge yet unassociated strongly with affective complexes can hardly compete with or resist objects already strongly cathected. Terada explains, we can allow our perception of reality to become "overridden by downright hallucinatory desire" that usually manifests as avoidance: we "deploy and respond to the perceptual system in defensive ways so that it interferes as little as possible with one's wishes," she writes.[64] Everyone sees the poverty, inequality, and shaming that colonial life produces, but they lack the agency to act on that knowledge. The failure to respond to a perception by changing one's mind, to go against one's desires, which have been organized according to a colonial social aesthetics—this necessitates working-through rather than education because fundamentally, it's not a problem of seeing subalternity clearly or having accurate knowledge, but a problem of resisting knowledge, running away from it. It is because of the problem of the will that working-through is necessary, and a strong-arming of behavior would be inadequate. One must change the aesthetic organization and affective resonance of that which Terada describes as “the interaction of multiple registrations of different perceptions, which meet different degrees of resistance, and also with registrations of various kinds and levels: an internally differentiated, open-ended, always changing, maximally complex network of registrations, each of which potentially changes everything, albeit just a little bit and never necessarily for the good.”[65]

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[64] Terada, 44.

Within the frame of the subject as a network of perceptions charged with affects, and within the frame of politics as a social aesthetic field that can be manipulated via small performative reformulations that defamiliarize other terms within the field, the claim that writers from various indigenous populations in the U.S. have made—that their novels can heal readers and by extension, society—is at a minimum provocative, even plausible. Because of the textuality of the social field as well as the mind, and because of the continuing power of the novel as a cultural institution within the United States, Guatemala, and Peru, these novels are well-positioned to engage readers in working-through some of the terms of our colonial aesthetics so that political action redefining the terms of everyday life becomes more attainable.

TECHNIQUES OF HEALING NOVELS

To decolonize the everyday and change how indigenous lifeways are received, novelists in the Americas curate narrative worlds in which everyday life is rescripted: feelings associated with racial hierarchies, notions of health and sickness, conceptual divisions between humans and "nature"—all of these features of colonial social aesthetics are redesigned into novel aesthetic fields. In the chapters that follow, I isolate particular narrative techniques for shifting colonial affective ecologies in the novels, charting also some of the primary concepts that the novels seek to provincialize. At play are not facile conceptions of authorial intention, aesthetic ideology, or reader reception; the point is not to reduce artwork to the artist's vision for it or foretell how the novels will resonate with diverse readers. All of the authors excepting Ceh Moo have publicly stated in interviews that they intend their fiction to have healing effects, and their novels clearly convey messages of healing for readers. But these considerations do not reduce the novels to *only* conveying intended messages. Rather, my focus here is to point out how it is possible within the colonial context of the novels' production that thematically-indicated messages in the novels appeal to certain functions of affect to work on a range of levels of consciousness and heal readers.

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[65] Ibid., 44. Terada concludes her essay on the frailty of the ontic with a summary of the necessity for working-through at the level of psychic inscriptions for action to happen: “Forms themselves—grammars, paradigmatically so—are remade by cumulative shifts in their usage, contingent empirical combinations and our registrations of our perceptions of them. As Leo Bersani notes, Freudian 'psychoanalysis powerfully argues against the illusion that new ways of structuring relations can simply be 'performed'”: 'new ways' depend on a previous process of working through. The quantitative work previously done may have been small scale and fleeting, but it accounts for action and should not be erased. […] Bersani thus envisages a communal change of which psychic action, accumulations of registration, furnishes a more comprehensive account than agency ” (50).

In Chapter 1, "Trickster Storytelling to Heal Shame: Decolonizing Race with Surprise and Joy," I chart Vizenor's thematization of the power of trickster storytelling and historical revision in the short stories "The Red Coin" and "Feral Lasers," as well as the novel *The Heirs of Columbus.* In his alternate histories, Vizenor's characters resist becoming trapped in colonial narratives of success and shame by manipulating the codes of shame and legitimacy attached to "Indian" and White identities. Vizenor maps "White" values onto indigenous bodies and depicts members of the dominant culture as sickened by their own hubris, often referring to mainstream culture as "the chemical culture." Additionally, by multiplying the narratives of personal and historical lore, Vizenor and his characters subvert the integrity of history, intervening in the colonial hierarchy of race by demonstrating a style of trickster narrative that is an invitation to the reader for self-healing through a narrative practice very much like Foucauldian self-fashioning. As a coda, I end by exploring the political limits and promises of such narrative healing in light of the limited agency of the subject, even in the wake of the subject.

Chapter 2 is "Dampening Affect through Literary Mood: Restorative Beauty in the Chanting of *House Made of Dawn.*" Here, I look at techniques N. Scott Momaday uses to create a mood of quietude in *House Made of Dawn* to lull his readers into accepting the healing aesthetic theory that he promotes for his protagonist, Abel. As an outcast from both indigenous and mainstream societies, Abel is socially erased and operates as a victim of colonial shame. Through a stream-of consciousness narrative style that cycles through events, by keeping Abel mute, by devoting ample time in the novel to describing landscapes, and by rendering those descriptions in the rhythm of chanting, *House Made of Dawn* dampens any strong affective responses readers may have to the material in the novel to make space for a feeling of quietude to emerge so that readers can become more receptive towards encountering the healing "gift" of a deeper understanding of humans' place in the world.

Following the chapter on *House Made of Dawn* is a coda, wherein I chart repetitions of the decolonial literary techniques given by Vizenor and Momaday in the work of Leslie Marmon Silko. Silko's methods in *Almanac of the Dead* for thematizing story-telling as healing while subverting standard versions of history establish Vizenor's techniques as repeatable while showing how they can be used to affect readers differently, playing on responses of anger, fear, and shame whereas Vizenor focuses on promoting joy and enjoyment. In *Ceremony,* Silko uses a quiet mood much in the same way Momaday does, again, to promote storytelling in the form of chanting as a healing path back towards finding one's place in the landscape.

Chapter 3 is "Democratic Disgust and an 'Artistic language' of the Uncanny: Healing

Colonial Identities in *El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo.*" In his last novel, José María Arguedas works to erode the conceptual divide between modern, Westernized creoles living in the metropolitan centers along the coast of Peru and indigenous Quechua speakers from the mountains or highlands, as this understanding of Peruvian society reinscribes both parties into the colonial hierarchy of White creoles enjoying the good life while indigenous people are a "problem" to deal with. *Los zorros* presents a range of characters from Peruvian society who, regardless of their social position, are all presented as disgusting to some degree, inviting a reaction of contempt on the part of the reader that is applied to everyone. This democratic application of disgust has the effect of leading the reader to feel similarly about the characters independently of their normal racialized identities. Moreover, the novel develops literary techniques for rendering the characters as doubles of each other to suggest that they share a commonality that supersedes colonial distinctions. Through vague descriptions and manipulations of characters' names, through contradictory references and through the repetition of a narrative frame of the two mythological foxes interviewing each other on how things go in their land, *Los zorros* makes its characters strikingly uncanny to call readers attention to their common being. The novel's narrative techniques for rendering diverse characters the same on some level constitutes an artistic language that Arguedas had dreamed of creating to heal the divide between Spanish speakers and Quechua speakers.

Throughout this study of decolonial literary techniques in novels from indigenous authors hoping to heal their readerships with their literature, I come close to characterizing these novels as "indigenous literature" based upon their focus on redeeming indigenous culture from colonial scripts that render non-White bodies contemptible and their use of indigenous world-views that make healing contingent upon adopting oral story-telling techniques (Vizenor) or reconnecting humans to a greater whole, usually in terms of the land (Momaday, Silko, and Arguedas). Within the institution of academia in the United States, we certainly have a canon of literature called Native American Literature that exists as one of the "ethnic" literatures of the American canon, alongside Asian American Literature or Chicano Literature, for example. In each case, these literatures from minority cultures are differentiated from a core canon of American Literature that is never defined as the White literature that it is. Mixe linguist Yasnaya Elena Aguilar Gil finds a similar problem in Mexico, complaining that

> The creative works of writers like Briceida Cuevas Cob in Maya, Javier Castellanos or Irma Pineda in the Zapotec languages, Natalio Hernández in Nahuatl or Carlos España in Mixtec are ascribed the label of "Indigenous literature," thus contrasting them with the literature created in Spanish. Does it make sense to establish such a binary? I have yet to find a common trait that justifies that a literature written in such distinct languages and that belongs to eleven disparate linguistic families shares any grammatical features or poetic devices that, together, can be contrasted to Spanish.[66]

In Mexico, as in the U.S., "indigenous literature" expresses and reinscribes a colonial attitude towards writers who are not White, identifying them and their work as supplemental to a mainstream (White) canon of literature deemed to be more important or interesting.

Just as it is problematic to speak of "indigenous literature" without marking it as exotic and Other, it is similarly problematic to describe this study as an examination of indigenous literatures from the "Americas." The conceptual division between descendants of people indigenous to the Andes and the creole heirs of colonial conquerers that *Los zorros* tries to erode is reproduced in socio-geographic terms on the level of Latin Americans as distinguished from Americans, or those living in the United States, which hardly captures the identities of any of the indigenous writers reviewed here who resist the colonial mainstream cultures of these nations. Moreover, these geographical literary designations again reproduce a colonial understanding of the world and its peoples. As Walter Mignolo traces it, the idea of “Latin” America emerged when France created it to formulate an ethnically 'latin' identity that it could then use to frame itself as a hegemonic imperial power (superior to Spain and Italy) in relation to the Anglophone empire. This *latinidad* was taken up by creole elites in the Americas who wanted to validate their legitimacy as Latins, too, as a way of being Europeans, too, in that they were Creole Francophiles even while rejecting colonial oppressors. Mignolo writes that Latinidad was useful to the Creole elites in South America who were trying to improve their position in their confrontation with Anglo North America, but Latinidad emphasized only White identity, encouraged European immigration to Whiten South American nations, and made Indian and Black identities invisible.[67] This is not a contained, historical problem that we have progressed beyond but rather a site of contemporary struggle. Mignolo writes,

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[66] Yasnaya Elena Aguilar Gil, "(Is There) An Indigenous Literature?" Trans. Gloria E. Chacón, *Diálogo,* 19.1 (2016), 157.

> While 'Latin' America remains a comfortable name that functions at the level of the control of land, of labor, and of authority, in the spheres of the colonial matrix of power, at the level of subjectivity and knowledge, the legacies of European colonialism in South America are being challenged and displaced by Indian and Afro legacies disputing languages, knowledges, religions, memories.[68]

So if the designation “Latin” America reinforces coloniality, even as it is celebrated in foundational pro-Latin American texts like *Nuestra América* and *Ariel*; if the designation “Latin” America repeats the Orientalist problem of grossly over-generalizing individual accounts to form a fantastical cultural identity to stand as an object of study before the scholar or politician, then critical approaches that situate themselves within the Latin America geopolitical mapping reinforce the term's silencing of diverse cultural and material differences.

José Ramos also locates an opposition between European colonialism and an American other in the very name “Latin America” but helpfully locates the European influence in the metropolitan centers of the southern continent. “Latin America” structures a double meaning, he writes, in that it

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[67] Walter Mignolo, *The Idea of Latin America,* (Malden: Blackwell Publishing, 2005), 89.
[68] Ibid., 93-94.

> both refers to the field-imaginary located in the metropolitan centers of the Américas (Havana, New York City, Mexico City, Buenos Aires, Santiago) and names a vernacular knowledge and imaginary in the longstanding tradition of subalternist discourses of the Américas, of the colonial world upside down described by Waman Poma as *Pachakuti* and, more recently, by Subcomandante Marcos and the Zapatistas' dictum 'A world in which many worlds can co-exist.[69]

In the same way in which Arguedas and his round-table interlocutors map Peruvian society across a boundary between the Europeanized modern scholars in the city and the preColombianish ancient Indians coming down from the hills, Latin American studies reinforces that division across the entire continent in the history of its very name. And like Arguedas, Mignolo and Ramos locate hope for social change in the indigenous sector of society (though Mignolo includes the African-descended populations, too), looking to subaltern discourse for forms of knowledge unknown within the European epistemological framework as they challenge colonial versions of history: “discovery” becomes an overwhelming energetic reversal named by Waman Poma's *Pachakuti,* and the world in which countries are seen to progress and develop the more they come to look like Western countries becomes only one world amongst others insisting upon their coevalness.

It is difficult, then, to talk about decolonial novels without speaking in the very terms inherited from colonialism that they resist. It is as though our language *destines* us to reproduce the epistemologies and thus the very power structures we seek to change. In the final chapter and conclusion, entitled Fighting Destiny: Competing Versions of “The Good Life” in *X-Teya, u puksiikal koolel/Teya, un corazón de mujer,* I look at Marisol Ceh Moo's meditation on how to navigate fighting the fate of proceeding with things as they are within a colonially-defined everyday life when that fight means giving up the good life, even life itself. In *X-Teya,* both the political activist Emeterio Rivera and his mother Teya Martín are torn between two versions of the good life—one, spent as a communist organizer addressing injustices suffered by the locally impoverished Mayans, and the second version, spent in a quiet, private life in which there is no threat of political assassination. The novel positions fate on the side of decolonial political activism and models a flattening of affect as more desirable than trying to avoid one's destiny to fight capitalistic exploitation. By staging moments of flat affect, in which time stands still and narration is given in the present tense, the novel contrasts the agony of Teya Martín in her resistance to accepting her son's inevitable death with the relative peace or absence of emotion she experiences in finally accepting her destiny to sacrifice her son to the cause of communism. By way of conclusion, I contrast the problem of being fated to reproduce colonial social aesthetics with the fated quality of consciousness, which we can understand as an after-effect of unconscious thinking that travels along historically-inscribed pathways. Revisiting the decolonial literary techniques that novelists use illuminates ways in which literature can be used to fight the colonial affective reactions we are psychically destined to repeat.

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[69] José Ramos, *Divergent Modernities: Culture and Politics in Nineteenth-Century Latin America,* (Durham: Duke UP, 2001), 56.

Possibilities for the novel, though a colonial art form, to affect its audiences by working with and through a reader's relationship to story-telling become persuasive when viewed from the cosmological perspectives organizing these indigenous novels and when considered in light of work done in affect theory. At every point the novels are attempting to constitute communities that will support decolonized fantasies of the good life, as Lugones advocates for in terms of gender when she writes,

> One does not resist the coloniality of gender alone. One resists it from within a way of understanding the world and living in it that is shared and that can

> understand one's actions, thus providing recognition. Communities rather than individuals enable the doing; one does with someone else, not in individualist isolation. The passing from mouth to mouth, from hand to hand of lived practices, values, beliefs, ontologies, space-times, and cosmologies constitutes one. The production of the everyday within which one exists produces one's self as it provides particular, meaningful clothing, food, economies and ecologies, gestures, rhythms, habitats, and sense of space and time."[70]

Readers of decolonial indigenous novels are offered communities of fictional characters and fantasies of who those characters' authors are to help them explore lifeways that value "life over profit, communalism over individualism, 'estar' over enterprise, beings in relation rather than dichotomously split over and over in hierarchically and violently ordered fragments."[71] As a White woman writing from a state university in the U.S. to investigate promises of healing in novels written by indigenous peoples is admittedly a project fraught with racist inheritances. I am proposing that we hear the promise of narrative healing in indigenous novels in a different key, however, acknowledging the problems of colonialism and exoticism and keeping them central in our thought as we also take seriously the proposition made by indigenous sympathizers and indigenous people themselves that experiences of storytelling are not simply representational, allegorical, or entertaining but might heal a society. What if the expectation that indigenous narratives hold something mysterious for us is not only a colonial attitude but also a hook for, ironically, a decolonial project? That is to say, a project that redefines the terms of our arguments, that reorganizes the geography of the values underpinning our conversations so that we can imagine ways of living the good life beyond the Western capitalistic model.

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[70] Lugones, 754.
[71] Ibid.

CHAPTER 1

Trickster Storytelling to Heal Shame: Decolonizing Race with Surprise and Joy

Gerald Vizenor's fiction outlines theories of story-telling that aim to treat victims of racism and whole societies founded upon racism by thematizing the importance of story-telling, not only for the indigenous characters within the stories but also for anyone from that which Vizenor mockingly terms “the chemical culture” who would be healed by the power to reinvent themselves by telling their stories according to a trickster style of narration. Racism, as a codified structure of shame, places some bodies in positions of contempt and shame while elevating others to enjoy that which they, themselves, have defined as the good life. This is to say that the good life has been defined according to the terms of the Western elite, both through the historical record that they have established and everyday colonial practices (trading in a real estate market of land taken from indigenous peoples, seizing and building upon indigenous sacred sites, extracting resources from and polluting the land, collecting cultural items as museum relics, constraining the good life to an indoor lifestyle based on consumerism, etc.). In his novel *The Heirs of Columbus*, Vizenor tries to manipulate the codes of shame and legitimacy attached to indigenous and White identities, primarily through engaging in a traditional Anishinaabe genre of oral storytelling—the trickster story—to subvert the values of colonial culture with humor. The trickster is always a powerful, hubristic figure who is capable of upsetting the usual order, often to his own detriment but not without transforming himself or others. As Karsten Fitz notes, Vizenor turns the trickster into a “basic transformative principle” in his narratives, so that the trickster is not constrained to being a character but becomes a logic of the plot.[72] Vizenor engineers trickster manipulations of plot, playing with what counts as history, as well as trickster manipulations of characterization, mapping "White" values onto indigenous bodies and depicting members of the dominant culture as sick. Because many of the characters and themes of *The Heirs* appear in other pieces of Vizenor's fiction, developing arguments made in *The Heirs* while also broadening a narrative world constructed of several independent pieces, I will look at some of Vizenor's short stories as extensions of the decolonial world of *The Heirs.* In "The Red Coin," "Feral Lasers," and *The Heirs of Columbus,* we see how Vizenor attempts to provincialize colonial terms by recalibrating the usual affective responses that Western culture associates with success and health. Indigenous characters who achieve success in mainstream culture become neurotic, suicidal, or murdered, while characters living on the reservation get favors from federal court judges, engage cutting-edge genetic researchers from around the globe, and heal mainstream culture's abused children. By playing with the positions of sickness and salvation within the U.S. social aesthetic, Vizenor decolonizes bodies by unsticking them from the negative affects usually associated with them, inscribing joy where there has been shame to intervene in the colonial hierarchy of race.

RACISM, SHAME, AND CULTURAL SCHIZOPHRENIA

While indigenous writers do address points of traumatic racism—the "discovery" of "America" by Columbus; the Mexican and later, White European, colonization of what is now the American Southwest; the establishment of a policed border at the Texas/Arizona/Mexico conjunctions; and direct personal assaults suffered by individual characters—the trickster style of storytelling Vizenor advances as a means of healing from such traumas is directed at the

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[72] Karsten Fitz, "The Native American Trickster as Global and Transcultural Principle in Gerald Vizenor's *The Heirs of Columbus,*" *American Studies,* 47.2, (2002): 259.

systematic, historical production of shame that was designed to strip indigenous peoples in the Americas of their dignity. Racism names the creation of a violent social hierarchy that the Peruvian sociologist Aníbal Quijano identifies as both the condition for and the outcome of the "discovery" of America and the people living there.

According to Quijano, the European creation of "America" marks a specific turn in world history, the creation of a new "space/time" marked by racial codification and its attendant labor structure.[73] Here, America is not a new space in a geographic or naturalist sense but the location of a new market in which vast local markets were subordinated to a totality. The American periphery was subordinated to the European center on a world-scale, and the first—according to Quijano—world market emerged, geared towards the production and concentration of capital based upon both a system of monetization made possible by the supply of precious metals mined from the "new" land and an exploitable, vast labor force. This new market determined the *social geography* of capitalism such that "capital, as a *social formation* for control of wage labor, was the axis around which all remaining forms of labor control, resources, and products were articulated."[74] That is to say that, the scale and requirements of the colonial Trans-Atlantic market organized and enforced a new social organization: in comparison with smaller-scale economies in pre-modern Europe based upon more localized or dispersed trade and land ownership (feudal lords and their vassals, kings and their courtiers), a world market based on capital is distinctive for its reconceptualization of the labor forces that support it. Global capitalism, Quijano argues, developed and depended upon a racialized hierarchy of labor and the accumulation of wealth in Europe at the expense of the material conditions in the American colonies.[75]

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[73] Aníbal Quijano, "Coloniality of Power, Eurocentrism, and Latin America," *Nepantla: Views from South* 1.3 (2000), 533.

[74] Quijano, 539, emphasis added.

"The idea of race, in its modern meaning, does not have a known history before the colonization of America," Quijano avers.[76] It is not that there weren't already identifications sorting people into more and less dignified groups based upon their levels of power in society—Quijano points to exploitative gender roles as an example—but that modern racism provided "a new way of legitimizing the already old ideas and practices of relations of superiority/inferiority between dominant and dominated."[77] And of course modern racism does not imply that there was no distinguishing between races before—the European Crusades against the Moors would be a case in point—but it names the racial hierarchy that continues to regulate who has access to what kinds of power today. Steve Martinot acknowledges that the term "race" was used in medieval Europe as a marker of social status to distinguish families who had collaborated with the Roman occupation of Northern Europe from those who had not, which he compares to the concept of the "limpieza de sangre" that was operative in 15th-century Spain to distinguish those who had not intermixed with Moors during their occupation of the peninsula.[78] At issue in these early forms of racism is the degree to which one has maintained the purity of one's hereditary line from being infected by an outside aggressor's line. But racism in America is something quite different in that it is the aggressor who comes to wield the concept of blood purity to further establish and justify their superiority. Perhaps it is out of a desire to focus on the American manifestation of racism that occurs long before the Civil War that Martinot departs from Barbara Fields' location of that moment in the 19th century and David Goldberg's in 15th-century Europe; instead, Martinot agrees with Theodore Allen's argument in *The Invention of the White Race* (1997) that it was the invention of a “White race” during the early European colonization of the U.S. in Virginia that established modern racism as European settlers came to view themselves as Whites according to their role as overseer of a labor force of Blacks deemed to be less-than-human. “'Race'” as “(the generation of racial differences) is an active white-oriented process (a process in which whites have a primary interest),” asserts Martinot, as he expands Allen's economic etiology to a cultural one.[79] In fact, Martinot is at pains to establish racism as a specifically White problem (not a problem with Blacks or other minorities): “Because whites are the definers, 'race' is inseparable from white supremacy. That is, 'race' as a concept is inseparable from the white hierarchical domination that constructs it.”[80]

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[75] Ibid, 533.
[76] Ibid., 534.
[77] Quijano, 535.
[78] Steve Martinot, *The Machinery of Whiteness: Studies in the Structure of Racialization, (*Philadephia: Temple UP, 2010), 212.

Leaving aside for the moment this definition of racism as a construction of Whites for purposes of economic exploitation, let us return to Quijano's explanation of racism as a specifically modern, colonial problem to make clear the need for decolonization that Vizenor is addressing with his fiction. Quijano argues that European colonizers needed extensive and cheap labor forces to make their agricultural and mining ventures profitable, and so a specifically *colonial* power and labor structure was established to identify certain kinds of people as suitable for certain forms of labor, and racial identity was the conceptual apparatus for naturalizing those colonial relations. Quijano continues this story of what he terms the “coloniality of power” by charting the way in which phenotype was connected to culture was connected to labor role, to create a racial identification useful to the colonial administration. “So the conquered and dominated peoples were situated in a natural position of inferiority and, as a result, their phenotypic traits as well as their cultural features were considered inferior,” he writes. He continues, “The new historical identities produced around the foundation of the idea of race in the new global structure of the control of labor were associated with social roles and geohistorical places." Quijano goes on to explain how the labor-race link could remain unquestioned as the identities of those in the colonial environment came to be associated with places and labor functions: Indian serfs, African slaves, European administrators.[81] Once a racial hierarchy matching provenance with occupation was established, it was an easy step to reinforce and naturalize the race-labor designations that had been invented out of a need for labor even further: Quijano explains, "The racial inferiority of the colonized implied that they were not worthy of wages. They were naturally obliged to work for the profit of their owners. […] It is not difficult to find, to this very day, this attitude spread out among the White property owners of any place in the world."[82] Under the logic of this metonymic chain wherein indigenous peoples become an exploitable labor force designated as "Indians," whole populations of people were reduced to their use-value under capitalism. As Walter Mignolo soberly puts it, "The consequences of the conversion of capital into capitalism were the devaluation of human lives and the naturalization of human expendability."[83] An economic system intent on amassing and centralizing wealth came to organize the social landscape of the players in the modern Trans-Atlantic market, requiring that most participants be stripped of varying levels of dignity for the market to succeed.

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[79] Martinot, 25-27.
[80] Martinot, 19.

With Quijano's analysis of the production of the colonial power that necessarily operated through invented racial categories—that which he terms the "coloniality of power"—we have an explanation for the erasure of indigenous peoples' dignity based upon the Europeans' perceived need for a labor force of alleged inferiors—inferior, so they wouldn't need to be paid or cared for, much less consulted about how to live together. The racial hierarchy would become further entrenched in following generations as colonial powers allowed only those of pure European descent to occupy top administrative positions while sorting those born from mixed cultural groups according to the degree of skin lightness or “Whiteness.” Martinot discusses this phenomenon in terms of a biologization of colonial divisions of labor based upon a purity concept: “Europeanness, and later whiteness, represented the invention of a first differentiation between people that Europeans would later codify as race,” he writes, continuing to explain how colonial administrators sought to overcome the blending of cultural groups that would threaten the categories of their social hierarchy by attaching purity to Whiteness (rather than Blackness, for example) to emphasize parentage and degree of European descent as the determinants of race.[84] “As a primary instrument for dividing humans into categories, the purity concept, in making essential reference to parentage, linked the political definition of race to biology, providing it with a biological mask. In effect, the purity concept is the essential condition on which the invention of race depends.”[85] Certain skin pigments came to be associated with what Martinot terms “color logos:” Whites, who can earn wages and hold management posts, brown Indians who are serfs, Blacks who are slaves. For, as Martinot points out, these color identifications are more social categories than descriptors until they become systemic and people begin to use them to self-identify.[86] That is, while racism begins as a social and economic tool for organizing and controlling colonial labor forces according to Quijano's analysis of the coloniality of power, it also becomes a state of consciousness according to Martinot:

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[81] Quijano, 535-6.
[82] Ibid., 539.
[83] Walter Mignolo, *The Idea of Latin America,* (Malden: Blackwell Publishing, 2005), 30.

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[84] Martinot, 18.

[85] Ibid.

[86] “Color is simply the logo for what we do,” writes Martinot, describing the application of a racial identity of a child at birth (13). However, the symbolic use of color to designated social positions becomes entrenched in the population's thinking so that it does come to operate descriptively. “In sum, the concept of race, as a politically defined hierarchical system of social categorizations, is only symbolically constructed using color. Once color symbolisms became systemic, however, they were no longer simply descriptive,” Martinot states, moving to explain how racism becomes ontologized, even a state of consciousness in the minds of both the racialized and the racializers (18-19).

> What is important is the symbolic effect this has on the consciousness of the racialized, as well as on the mind of the racializers. To maintain a colonial system, for instance, the colonizers had to invent a form of consciousness for the colonized that would alienate them in their own minds from their former humanity, their former freedom, and their former claim to their own land. The concept of race, as an "ontological" difference between people, was developed to fulfill this purpose. If the first use of racial categorization was to rationalize European seizure of indigenous people's land and their imprisonment in forced labor, its current forms of symbolization (which include assumed "criminality," the "illegality" of some immigrants, "terrorism" as applied to local resistance movements) serve to rationalize a massive prison industry, a hyper-exploitative agricultural economy, and global interventionism. (19)

As evident in Martinot's examples of contemporary symptoms of racism, our colonial inheritance of an hierarchical stratification of society according to labor role and attendant lifestyle, marked by skin color, continues to abuse those refused membership with the White elite. In the U.S., this means a greater propensity for police to arrest and kill people of color; imprisoning more people than any other country in the world with a very disproportionate number of prisoners being people of color; criminalizing brown residents who have lived here for decades as illegal immigrants; realtors and developers designing segregated neighborhoods to keep people of color from making privileged Whites uncomfortable; hiring practices that keep people of color in low-wage positions; and most recently, designating entire groups of citizens as terror threats and denying them re-entry into the country. But racism does not only limit access to civil liberties, safe neighborhoods, and living wages. As Martinot points out, it damages the minds of the racialized who, when denied these basic resources, come to accept White culture's judgement that they are unworthy. "[T]he colonizers had to invent a form of consciousness for the colonized that would alienate them in their own minds from their former humanity, their former freedom, and their former claim to their own land," writes Martinot, intimating the double consciousness expounded by DuBois, who noted that when looking in the mirror, he saw himself as both himself and as a Black man, an object of scorn, at the same time.[87]

The internalization of self-hatred within those occupying the lower rungs of racism's social hierarchy becomes mental illness from the perspective of indigenous writers. Racism and its shaming function cause psychological damage, becoming “cultural schizophrenia” and post-traumatic stress disorder according to current Anishinaabe writers Gerald Vizenor and Lawrence Gross. Gross, an Anishinaabe professor teaching at the University of the Redlands in Orange County, California, details how his people have suffered post-apocalypse stress syndrome from the material conditions ensuing from massive deforestation and back-room leasing agreements between reservation leadership and the state, which devastated Anishinaabe life-ways. “In the early 1900s, the woodlands of the North were clear- cut, which resulted in the dispossession of the Anishinaabeg from their land, starvation, disease, and unemployment. This was the end of the Anishinaabe world, or its apocalypse,” writes Gross. He continues,

> The worldview continued, but their world came to an end. As part of the apocalypse, posttraumatic stress disorder became widespread. Unfortunately, the social institutions that normally help a society recover were either weakened or collapsed. The social dysfunctions that followed in the wake of the collapse of the Anishinaabe world thus became intergenerational in nature. The features of postapocalypse stress syndrome include some of the following: an abandonment of productive employment; an increase in substance abuse; an increase in violence, especially domestic violence; an increase in the suicide rate; and a weakening of family structures, government, educational, and religious institutions, and health care delivery systems. This is the hard reality faced by the Anishinaabeg.[88]

In addition to evicting people from the homeland that sustained them and their culture, agents of U.S. settler colonialism coerced the Anishinaabe to send their children to Methodist boarding schools to be educated, thus further alienating generations from each other by physically separating them and then instructing the children to assimilate to White culture. At the boarding schools, children were beaten for speaking Ojibwe and put in large dormitories where younger students would hear waves of lonely children crying that would sweep across the room at night, or worse, hear someone falling victim to a sexual predator.[89]

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[87] Martinot, 19.

[88] Lawrence Gross, “Humor and Healing in the Nonfiction Works of Jim Northrup,” *Wicazo Sa Review,* 24.1 (2009): 65-87. 70.

Gerald Vizenor stages similarly abusive boarding school scenes in *Bearheart* in which indigenous youths are repeatedly locked up in a closet for running away from school, remaining there for days staging hunger strikes in protest of their captivity.[90] Like Gross, who seeks to use the Western medical label PTSD usually applied to war veterans in an effort to make legible and legitimate the kinds of suffering that Anishinaabe people have undergone under racist property and education codes, Vizenor also looks beyond specific traumatic offenses to focus on the mental illness that ensues as a fundamental symptom of racism for indigenous peoples in the United states, terming this condition "cultural schizophrenia." In his collection of stories in *Wordarrows,* Vizenor uses fictional characters to analyze the factual case of the 1967 homicide case of the Dakota man Thomas James White Hawk who killed a Caucasian couple living in Vermillion, South Dakota. Speaking through the character he identifies as his authorial representative in the fiction—Clement Beaulieu—,Vizenor explains the mental illness that led an otherwise promising university student to commit rape and murder by referring to the experience of "Clement Beaulieu" in navigating the social pressures of a racist society:

> "Tom was involved in a conflict of his own identity, his own unconscious life of Indian identity and his pursuit and involvement in the demands and expectations of the dominant white society," said Beaulieu shifting forward in his chair. "I saw it in myself. I saw it in many other Indian people and felt that it was a precedent that I wanted to address my energy to in terms of writing, that is, I wanted to make a statement that a great many Indian people in this country suffer from this same conflict, in the sense of cultural schizophrenia. . . . The very society which creates the sickness in which Indians have had to live [. . .] is the very society

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[89] Gross, 71.

[90] Gerald Vizenor, *Bearheart: The Heirship Chronicles,* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1990).

> which now every day becomes the doctor . . . a man cannot be condemned by an institution of that dominant culture which has actually led to the problems he has to live with."[91]

A "conflict of identity," understood as conflict between an "unconscious life of Indian identity" and the desire to meet the expectations of the dominant "white society," results in a cultural schizophrenia, argues Vizenor's mouthpiece, Clement Beaulieu.

When Beaulieu says he has seen this unconscious development in himself, we can understand him to be referring to Vizenor's life, speaking from Vizenor's personal experience growing up in Minneapolis and on the Anishinaabe White Earth reservation, passed between his impoverished mother in the city, his paternal grandmother on the reservation, and a series of foster families and friends' homes. Vizenor was often truant from public school, preferring to explore the undeveloped areas around the river and getting into trouble with the homeless people there. He was, in the terms he borrows from White culture, an "Indian problem" for the school counselors pushing him to succeed in public school. Dropping out of high school and joining the U.S. Army, Vizenor became the "Indian" in his unit in Japan until he was discharged and went to NYU and then University of Minnesota, where he would later study Asian literature in graduate school and began to publish works of haiku. But he would leave his graduate study aside to work as a journalist at the *Minneapolis Tribune* and later as an editorial writer, writing very poignant pieces about childhood suicides by runaways from reservation boarding schools. He also sued his own paper for running cigarette ads that disparaged indigenous peoples through its stereotype of Injun Joe and refused to drop the suit until his boss agreed to pull the racist marketing.[92] While writing for the *Tribune*, Vizenor was also serving as a social worker for the Waite Settlement

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[91] Gerald Vizenor, *Wordarrows: Indians and Whites in the New Fur Trade,* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1978), 154. In the prologue to *Wordarrows,* Vizenor identifies himself with the pseudo-fictional character Clement Beaulieu, whose name is that of one of Vizenor's actual ancestors who set up a newspaper on the White Earth reservation critiquing Bureau of Indian Affairs management and politics.

[92] Vizenor's biography of fighting shame himself and for others is detailed in his autobiography *Interior Landscapes: Autobiographical Myths and Metaphors,* (Albany: SUNY Press, 2009).

House in Minneapolis and as executive director of the American Indian Employment and Guidance Center in 1966, helping relocate families from the reservations into the urban community and organizing protests to push the Bureau of Indian Affairs to give more support for urban indigenous peoples.[93] Having now published numerous novels and works of poetry and taught at universities from UC Berkeley, Santa Cruz, University of New Mexico, and Tianjin University in China, Vizenor is legible as a successful American writer—he succeeded in the terms of White society—but he was hired as a native informant for Native Americans when his expertise lay in another canon of literature. His experiences as an Indian in school, the military, journalism, and academia, not to mention the experiences of the people he helped relocate in Minneapolis, left him well-versed in the isolation and identity-crisis that ensues from cultural schizophrenia derived from White educational institutions' insistence upon assimilation and racial stereotyping for the indigenous person to "succeed."

The poet, novelist, scholar, and essayist Paula Gunn Allen identifies as the principal preoccupation of indigenous writers a kind of alienation arising from the doubling of the self that, in indigenous contexts, develops from being neither Indian enough and nor White enough. That is, on reservations and in indigenous communities, a person's level of "Indianness" is always under question, whereas in White culture, an indigenous person is an Indian, period, and therefore associated with all the stereotypes attached to Native Americans in the United States. Reviewing collections of late 20th-century literature written by heirs of indigenous peoples, Gunn Allen observes

> the pervasiveness of alienation as a continuing theme of American Indian writing, and, presumably, of modern American Indian life. […] It is an articulation of a basic experience, one that is characteristic of the life and consciousness of the half or mixed breed. That it becomes theme, symbol, character, and structure indicates

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[93] Kimberly M. Blaeser, *Gerald Vizenor: Writing in the Oral Tradition, (*Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1996), 7.

> the extent to which it shapes the lives of the writers and of their communities. Alienation is more than the experience of the single individual; it is a primary experience of all bicultural American Indians in the United States […][94]

Alienation defines both "the life and consciousness" of the contemporary indigenous person, Gunn Allen concludes, both from her own experience and in reviewing indigenous literature. She continues to describe how the alienation stemming from a confused cultural identity manifests on a day-to-day level in terms of "isolation, powerlessness, meaninglessness, normlessness, lowered self-esteem, and self-estrangement, accompanied by a pervasive anxiety, a kind of hopelessnes [sic], and a sense of victimization."

The confused cultural identity arising from the alienation that Gunn Allen identifies in Native American literature writ large is not simply a problem of not belonging enough to either the dominant or subordinate colonial groups; confusion can be seen as the status of life in racist society in general that results in an impasse in the oppressed person's self-understanding. Kathleen Woodward, writing on structural shame in Toni Morisson's *The Bluest Eye,* argues that confusion is central to an analysis of racial oppression because one, there is dissonance between what characters in the novel feel about themselves and how they know White America views them, and two, the characters are subjected to an everyday, pervasive sense of shame that they cannot even identify because it is simply the condition in which they live. Thus the shame experienced within the dynamics of racism is both emotional and cognitive, conscious and unconscious, and the Black characters of *The Bluest Eye* are unable to transform their shame into political or ethical reflection, as Woodward finds other writers and philosophers able to do. She writes, "Both the everyday shame of racism and the traumatic shame, or humiliation, which Morrison presents in the world of *The Bluest Eye*, result in a paralysis of analysis on the part of the characters," such that the characters cannot analyze themselves properly.[95] While they usually understand that they are given to be inferior, the Black protagonists of *The Bluest Eye* cannot comprehend fully the situations in which they find themselves because, as Woodard continues, "racial shame cannot be transformed into knowledge; racial shame—whether traumatic or chronic—casts the characters into psychic confusion, not cognition."[96] Thus Woodward claims earlier in her essay that the kind of shame organized by racism, be it in the form of a "dramaturgical," violent trauma or in the form of a quality "dispositional, pervasive in everyday life," is "virtually impossible" to overcome.[97]

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[94] Paula Gunn Allen, "A Stranger in My Own Life: Alienation in American Indian Prose and Poetry," *MELUS,* 7.2, (1980), 4.

Gabriel Horn's recollection of his own confusion regarding his identity as an indigenous person exemplifies some ways in which alienation stemming from negative feedback from a racist society in everyday life can result in confusion that leads to mental and physical illness. In "The Genocide of a Generation's Identity," Horn recalls how, as an adolescent, he was caught between the cultural education he received from his uncles and the racial education he got going to school:

> I mean, what could I know? What could any urban Indian kid know, cut off from his or her past, living in the white man's world? Just about the time when my uncles embraced me, so much of my knowledge about who I was fell under the influence of how that white man's world portrayed Native People.
>
> Are you a real Indian? How much Indian are you? What kind of Indian are you? You can't be full Indian. These questions and statements dogged me then, and they dog me now. Only forty years ago they snapped and nipped away at a boy's identity even as he headed for the path of heart. Like so many young Indians then and today, I was only a kid trying to find a niche in the world and escape the government and self-inflicted cultural genocide that one day in the not too distant future may show the Indian on paper as not existing at all.[98]

Horn's experience exemplifies a form of racism that is most effective in disciplining the racialized subject in his degradation through its ubiquity and repetitiveness. It is “chronic” shame, in Woodward's language, that turns into traumatic shame. When Horn led a protest against a humiliating stereotype, the “Savvy Seminole,” in the Seminole Bank of Tampa's billboard advertising that he understood to buttress the power of Whites and Blacks, he encountered further degradation in that the bankers he confronted would not look at him or address him directly, just as their racial caricature did not account for the actual physical features of the local indigenous peoples. Horn writes,

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[95] Kathleen Woodward, "Traumatic Shame: Toni Morrison, Televisual Culture, and the Cultural Politics of the Emotions," *Cultural Critique,* 46 (2000), 225.

[96] Ibid., 226.

[97] Woodward, 224-25.

[98] Gabriel Horn, "The Genocide of a Generation's Identity," *Genocide of the Mind: New Native American Writing,* (New York: Thunder's Mouth Press, 2003), 67.

> […] it was during the negotiations when I realized that this was, in fact, how the white man looked at me, or how he did not look at me whenever he spoke. I had seen that look on the faces of my teachers. I have seen it since on the faces of prospective employers. I have seen that look on the faces of fat-cat politicians. Then I noticed how the white man looked at Indians when the Jewish president of the bank would not look at me. Even as I confronted him, he declared to the reporters that he was a victim of prejudice himself. I'm a Jew, he said. Certainly I am sensitive to these issues of prejudice. I noticed that neither he nor any of the bank's executives would speak to me but chose, rather, to direct their statements to others who had participated in the protest who were not Indians: the student government representative from the local university, a professor, a minister, and those of the media writing the stories.[99]

Horn's experience of the White men's responses to his protest against their racist logo demonstrates structures of shame and contempt that both ensue from and reinforce the racial hierarchy making him ignorable.

The bankers' decision or impulse—it is impossible to know from Horn's description—to avoid verbal and visual contact with him mimics the gesture of more specific facial expressions that the British psychologist Silvan Tomkins identifies as markers of shame and contempt, (with shame often functioning as a form of self-contempt): averted gaze, a tightening of the jaw, looking down—these expressions of shame and contempt function to bring the individual inward to escape the uncomfortable situation activating the negative affects. Shame, Tomkins notes, “is more like silence in speech, i.e., a self-conscious strategy designed simply to stop communication which calls for no special innate program."[100] The White men in Horn's experience exhibit a desire to escape the shame they feel denying their racist marketing. Horn's cultural education had led him to associate shame with Indianness, and the White men's physical cues also suggest that they associate racism with shame as well. But in racist societies, individual experiences like these—Horn's experience suffering from the degradation he encountered as an Indian through his daily encounters with a demeaning Indian stereotype and his experience being unseen by his White interlocutors—such everyday experiences accumulate as symptoms and reinforcements of a broad racialized climate of feeling.

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[99] Horn, 70.

Small, daily experiences of contempt can come to organize an individual's dominant experience of life as one of shame, which Tomkins understands as an auxiliary affect that inhibits normal interest and enjoyment, and ongoing experiences of shame lead to depression, a "syndrome of shame."[101] The kind of everyday racism Horn was fighting in protesting the proliferation of Indian stereotypes is an experience of a loss of self, the loss of one's abilities to feel joy and excitement, because one is always dominated by shame that inhibits those positive affects. The accumulation of shaming experiences in the racialized subject develop into ongoing, painful emotional states that can have more acute somatic effects. As an aggressively unseen member of the community, Horn became depressed. He describes himself as becoming infected with a hatred and contempt for the bank and for Tampa that would poison his self-image to the point that he attempted suicide. "Though my own attempted suicide would fail, the rage of my youth would persist into my latter years, and as a man it would threaten to take my life, burning holes in my stomach and devouring the organ, which filtered my bitterness."[102]

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[100] Silvan Tomkins, *Affect, Imagery, Consciousness*, Ed. Bertram P. Karen, Vol 1: The Positive Affects, (New York: Springer, 2008), 352. Hereafter cited in the text. Tomkins describes shame and contempt as part of a basic group of nine affects that help organize the human's ability to adapt to circumstances in the process of learning and self-development, and while Tomkins' considers affects to be "innate," the "assembly" or "system" organizing their activation in specific circumstances is learned.

[101] Tomkins, 353.

The racism buttressing the coloniality of power in the Unites States, then, has operated not only through physical violence, forced removals, and the enslavement of African and indigenous peoples; it has functioned by establishing and reinforcing structures of shame in everyday life—establishing pseudo-biological labor categories that shame all members who are not "White," and reinforcing those structures of shame as individuals continue to play out traumatic racist interactions in day-to-day life. Everyday racial shaming has operated in actions ranging from removing indigenous children to boarding schools and coaching them to assimilate, to profiting from the circulation of exotic, stereotypical images of indigenous people in mass culture, to seizing land that supported a whole culture's way of life, and so on. And sociologists Brian Rasmussen and Daniel Salhani describe current research on racism as focused on microaggressions, subtle insults exchanged often unconsciously with people of color that accumulate like "a thousand paper cuts."[103] Actions and identifications made by people in colonial society—actions that may seem minor or even unintentionally aggressive to the White elite—nevertheless reinforce the "logic of feeling" that makes racism possible in the first place by associating minorities with shame. But if the dual expressions of shame—structural and traumatic—within racism make overcoming the shame by which it operates impossible, as Woodward claims, the manifold experience of shame can nevertheless be *transformed* into other affects.

Tomkins' work on affect lends insight into how we can "formalize the logic of feeling" without, as he says, “[equating] it with an algebra of thought.”[104] That is to say that while we can understand the kinds of phenomena that come to trigger specific affective responses—in this case to see how racism functions out of experiences of shame—we cannot reduce our feeling patterns to simple cause-effect chains. Affects are not simply emotions, the latter a more umbrella term for complex feelings experienced consciously and attached to memories. And unlike the Freudian drive systems, that which Tomkins terms the affect system cannot be simply activated and then satisfied, experienced through a desired outcome that points back towards a lack. First of all, affective chains extend into unconscious life, and they precede conscious thought: you can experience an affect without knowing its cause (38). The activation of an affective response like shame or contempt or joy is already the experience of that affect “at the receptor site” (58). Affective responses are “inherently acceptable or unacceptable,” Tomkins writes, making the point that an affect is no further reducible than the experience of it: we have anger, fear, etc. receptors, like red color receptors in the eye that are experienced as either positive or negative or startling (44). Determining the cause of an affect is always speculation, then, because the experience of affects precedes knowledge of that experience.

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[102] Horn, 71.

[103] Brian Rasmussen and Daniel Salhani, "A Contemporary Kleinian Contribution to Understanding Racism," *Social Service Review*, 84.3 (2010), 501. The image of racism as the assault of "a thousand papercuts" is from Joshua Miller and Ann Marie Garran, *Racism in the United States: Implications for the Helping Professions,* (Belmont: Thompson Brooks/Cole: 2008).

However, Tomkins does go on to make it clear through his examples in *Affect, Imagery, Consciousness* that we can often predict affective responses according to a shared cultural logic that is built upon a history of seeing people react to various stimuli. A child may learn to hold certain kinds of people in contempt after exposure to its parents' tone of contempt in speaking about the foreign neighbors, for example. As Andre Green argues in *On Private Madness*, affects can be bound into chains where their power will not be contained—they can spill into other chains of signifiers—but where they exist in relation to each other in a meaningful way.

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[104] Silvan Tomkins, *Shame and its Sisters: A Silvan Tomkins Reader,* Eds. Eve Sedgwick and A. Frank, (Durham: Duke University Press: 1995), 55. Hereafter, cited in the text.

Woodward suggests calling such chains of affective responses “narrative chains.”[105] If the thousand paper cuts of day-to-day racist interactions continue to demean a person's cultural heritage while denying them access to the privileges enjoyed by Whites, it stands to reason that a thousand band-aids can change the surface of one's skin so that the paper can no longer cut. Tomkins states that we cannot “pursue affects via specific activities destined to consummate them (like you eat to satisfy hunger),” explaining that activities can easily be associated with several different affects. But at the same time, we can counteract fear and distress and shame to allow joy and excitement to emerge since, according to his theory of affect assemblies, the positive affects are activated by any “sudden reduction” of the negative affects (57-59). And sudden change is normally accompanied by an experience of surprise, which is a very important affect for cleanign out old affect-assemblies and making space for new affective organizations.

From the standpoint of investigating how affect-responses can be retrained to change readers' colonial scripts, surprise is an important affect in that it halts affect assembly so that the unfamiliar material can be more fully digested, and it makes room for the manufacturing of new affect-assemblies. That is to say that surprise interferes with normalized modes of association, scanning, memorization, and so on. And not only does it interfere with regular unconscious thought patterns, it cleans out the “central assembly,” which is like a contained moment of information-processing that organizes affects, associating them with other impressions, and turning them into information that can become conscious. Once a central assembly has been “disassembled,” the nervous system can do a kind of double-take, returning to have another look at the message that stimulated the surprise.[106] After the initial rejection of the unfamiliar information, the body returns to consider the foreign message, *cleared of the affect responses*

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[105] Andre Green, *On Private Madness,* (London: Hogarth, 1986). Cited in Woodward 235.
[106] Tomkins, *Affect, Imagery, Consciousness,* 274.

that were at work at the moment the interrupted message was received. Surprise wipes out business as usual and slows down thinking, which seems ideal for trying to think something new. And that which is unfamiliar, as we know from experience, can become unsurprising. According to Tomkins' research review, repeating a startling stimulus at intervals "of one or two minutes, or even longer" can result in habituation, though the speed of becoming familiarized with the unfamiliar varies greatly, with some subjects never habituating at all.[107] Whether a person becomes more at ease with new information or not, there is at least an opening towards the possibility that the surprising information can become attached to an organization of affect that differs from the organization previous to the startle, since past assemblies have been dismissed.

Unlike other affects, surprise is not linked by Tomkins to any particular social contexts. He describes it as merely a function interrupting affect-assembly when the rate and intensity of neural firing exceeds the threshold for processing information. So surprise simply indicates an overload of unfamiliar information, and the more unfamiliar information given at once, the more startling the affect. Anything at all can be surprising in the right context.

Gerald Vizenor's satirical fiction appears to operate through such "sudden reductions" of shame via its engagement with surprise coupled with the joy emerging from humor in the traditional genre of the trickster story. Conventional trickster protagonists from indigenous stories in the United States, such as Coyote or Rabbit, are often associated with qualities defined as contemptible within the stories—such as greed or hubris—but they overcome great odds and turn daunting situations around through clever schemes and cunning. In Vizenor's trickster stories, his readers can recognize their complicity in the shaming structures of racism but can also release their shame and contempt through their enjoyment of his surprising humor, becoming liberated through potential experiences of surprise and joy to form different affective chains surrounding issues of racial identity.

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[107] Ibid., 279.

TRICKSTER STORYTELLING, TRICKSTER HERMENEUTICS

The character whom Vizenor identifies as his fictional presence in *Wordarrows*, his paternal and maternal namesake Clement Beaulieu, states that he wants to address the "precedent" of cultural schizophrenia in Indian people in his writing, and that is precisely what Vizenor himself does by staging various racist interactions in his fiction that he then subjects to the manipulations of trickster storytelling to change his readers' attitudes towards their ability to manipulate and twist the racial codes that shame them. The trickster is a common figure in U.S. indigenous story-telling. In his essay collection *Postindian Warriors,* Vizenor describes trickster stories as featuring characters who "liberate the mind and never reach a closure in stories." He continues, "The trickster is reason and mediation in stories, the original translator of tribal encounters; the name is an intimation of transformation, men to women, animals to birds, and more than mere causal representation in names. *Tricksters are the translation of creation.*"[108] Vizenor emphasizes, then, not so much the trickster's humor or deception but its ability to look at the "reason" in stories and manipulate that which is given to help listeners see the potential for their liberation from what feel like fixed histories and memories.

In the short story, "The Red Coin," from Vizenor's collection *Landfill Meditation,* Uncle Crack is one such trickster figure who advises his niece, Bunnie, to overcome what we could call her cultural schizophrenia by ritualistically destroying her negative memories of the reservation. Uncle Crack, whose name signals his dubious respectability, contrives this healing ritual as a kind of story-telling practice: burning up Bunnie's memories will allow her to cure herself from her obsession with assimilating into White culture. That is, Bunnie will engage in historical revision to save herself. The narrator of "The Red Coin" describes Crack's relation to time and memory as creative and empowering: "Crack moves words into the present with his hands, teases time into the oral tradition; he stammers at verbs but he never backslides. The interior landscapes in his stories are wind driven; the meadows rebound and the past withers the hours on the clock."[109] The aesthetic mood in Crack's stories, in terms of the emotional climate and logic of the story, is malleable—he uses his hands, acting as a craftsman, to shape the stories, and he advises Bunnie to do the same, to make her personal history less an elegy and more of a trickster story. He instructs her to alter her "interior landscape"—Vizenor's term for the climate of one's mind, and the title of his own autobiography, *Interior Landscapes*—so that the stories defining her identity may also come to move with the wind—a reference, perhaps, to the breathe of the storyteller who uses the oral tradition to share communal histories. Because Crack is able to design his stories, he can "wither the hours on the clock," subverting the strength of a mode of story-telling we call history that often pretends to represent the past as though it were static, measurable by clock time.

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[108] Gerald Vizenor, *Manifest Manners: Postindian Warriors of Survivance,* (Hanover: Wesleyan UP, 1994)*,* 15.

Crack does not actually tell a story in "The Red Coin" but represents a mode of story-telling that acts as a foil to Bunnie's understanding of history and memory. Not wanting to be "an old brown photograph" like the "tribal people" on the reservation, Bunnie has moved to Milwaukee to be a typist for an insurance company. She drives a convertible and wears designer clothes as she tells herself that "she was real in a condominium" (38-39). She tries to escape the shame she feels as a tribal person by immigrating to a White cultural scene where she strives to succeed, setting seven alarms to get up in time in the morning—one for each month she has worked at the insurance company. But Bunnie's attempt to escape her bicultural identity and so escape shame manifests as an illness, symptomatic of a neurotic obsession with clocks, time, and memory.

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[109] Gerald Vizenor, "The Red Coin," *Landfill Meditation: Crossblood Stories,* (Hanover: Wesleyan UP, 1991), 38. Cited in the text hereafter.

Bunnie constantly hears the ticking of clocks after a visit to a cultural museum on Madeleine Island dedicated to her indigenous heritage. There she finds a mysterious red coin in the sand outside the museum—a coin reminiscent of the kinds of coins that French traders would use with the Anishinaabe. As a person descended from the interracial relationships between these two peoples, Bunnie finds a token of her own identity, and the coin actually has her last name struck on both its sides, but it does not clarify Bunnie's identity for her. Instead, it functions as a tormenting reminder of past histories.

Bunnie tells Crack fearfully that "the past is loose" (44), and the reader comes to see that the past is associated with colonial, masculine aggression. In her dreams, Bunnie hears stories told by fur traders a century ago, conversations from the reservation tavern, propositions from the womanizing reservation men who gave her her name for her ample thighs. She sees the faces of reservation men in the clocks she sets and writes to her mother that "clocks scream at me, torment me, haunt me, and that terrible ticktock reminds me of the men back there, even the sound of the time clock at work bothers me'" (36). Because Bunnie's growing obsession with time is consistently associated with the reservation men she loathes for "their odors and noises, what men do to women, chairs, beds, bathrooms," and because she believes that the anthropologist High Boreman has hidden the coin for her to find, her "clock panic" is characterized as an ailment of a specifically masculine temporality. When Bunnie flees to a cave at Lake Michigan to escape the ticking of clocks, she is fleeing "The minimal measures of men and corporate hours, old television schedules, consumed seasons, material kismet, […] her memories, in her new career and practiced signatures" (37). The story suggests that life in Milwaukee is governed by schedules that are hyper-calculated and mete time out as something to be consumed, as High Boreman consumes indigenous culture for his academic career as "the cultural anthropologist who fancied tribal women" (39). Thus, the clock panic is associated with men and masculinity in a generalized critique of womanizing that manifests structurally as paternalism—"the minimal measures of men" governing the urban "Western" world with an intent to consume. Uncle Crack's assessment of Boreman as the latter touches his "enormous black wristwatch" while listening to the reservation men also associates anthropology and a particular kind of masculinity with Western temporalities: "Crack teased, 'Boreman reads the hours on our hands, his clocks are coins, ticktock, ticktock. Too bad he cuts his time with plastic flowers, dead calendars on the white side'" (39). Crack, who moves in the oral tradition and whose approach to memory is naturalistic, animated by meadows and wind, criticizes Boreman's materialistic and dead way of accounting for cultural memory. On "the white side" and from a presumably well-meaning anthropological approach, the reservation people cease to be alive, becoming "cracked picture[s]" and "brown photograph[s]," sentenced to the reservations as though they were in prisons (39). Bunnie tells her sister Brave that anthropologists have made "histories out of prison sentences" on reservation lands and turned tribal people into brown photographs. Though she does not understand what the mysterious red coin with her name on it is or how it torments her with unloosed histories and ticking, she knows that it is linked to the anthropological, "brown photograph" perspective of her identity.

Perhaps the problem is that Bunnie has become infected with White time, which is to say, White culture's approach to history as something more or less singular and fixed. The anthropologist Boreman not only represents this kind of objective approach to time but also embodies its aggression in that he recommended the museum where Bunnie finds the red coin that disturbs her, and he is described as “[fancying] tribal women” (42), stealing a pair of Bunnie's underwear when the search party needs something to give the dogs her scent. That is to say that White, masculine time pursues Bunnie and makes her mentally ill to the point that she tries to commit suicide by hiding in a cave, waiting for the tide of Lake Michigan to rise and take her. Bunnie is also ill from White, masculine time in terms of her interior landscape, where “meadows were material, a landscape with no shadows, a supermarket remembrance” (21). Bunnie relates to stories and memories in a Western aesthetic mode, as discrete, static things like items one might purchase at a supermarket, fixed and material: prepackaged by someone else. There is no room for play or wind as there is in the oral tradition of Uncle Crack, where the story might change from one account to another and there can be more creativity and therefore a more humorous relationship to time. Bunnie has gone to White culture to escape the torments of reservation life and pursue the good life, but she turns back to her indigenous culture for healing from White culture, asking the trickster character, Uncle Crack, for help.

From Bunnie's assimilative perspective, her Uncle Crack is “cracked up,” just another crazy reservation man who drinks in the tavern with his mongrel dogs, laughing at her letters home that reveal the extent to which she has bought into White culture, as she extolls the importance of having insurance. But in the end, Bunnie resorts to Crack's trickster approach to the past and heals herself through a form of revisionist history, ceremonially burning away her bad memories of growing up on the reservation and moving to the city. “'Burn that wicked teacher at the government school on the reservation,' she shouted. [...] 'Burn the clocks, burn the missionaries, burn those rude reservation men, burn bad memories, and burn those bad tricksters'" (44). By ritualistically burning away the traumatic past of her people, Bunnie is manipulating her memory. She must also become less serious. Her uncle, the shaman Tune, the mongrel dogs, and Boreman show up at the cave where she is waiting to die with the most-stained pair of her underwear tied to a stick, waving it in the air. The shaman waves the underwear at the mouth of the cave "[teasing] the panties on a line," while the dog Pensive rushes to lick Bunnie's crotch, to the effect that Bunnie must respond in a way other than defeat (43). She is "tormented and embarrassed," but she can no longer sit and wait to die; she has to respond to the humorous rescue group, whose search party antics are surprising by Western standards. After the surprising and humorous encounter, Bunnie ends up attacking Boreman before carrying out her ritual burning of her received history. Colonial roles are reversed as Bunnie becomes the aggressor against Boreman and heals herself rather than being preserved as a tragic "brown photograph" as an object of anthropological study.

But the past cannot simply be eradicated; Tune Browne, the shaman, says that Bunnie must also deposit the red coin somewhere to be cured of her "clock panic:" the White, colonial, masculine historical record and relationship to time. Once Bunnie puts the coin into a copy machine, pages of "random copies from copied memories, pages from the past" spill out to cover the library floor (46). To be cured of her "tribal memories" and "clock time," Bunnie must multiply the narratives concerning her identity so that there is no single version that can be said to define her at the end. Instead of accepting her received identity as a brown photograph trying to make it in White America, Bunnie is able to assume a more flexible posture towards accounting for her life. Her ability to revise and incessantly copy the past to create new versions is an exercise in the trickster style of *translating* stories to liberate herself from a fixed racist identity issuing from the anthropologists' history of indigenous peoples according to Western supermarket thinking and masculine time. She may be neither a reservation Indian or a White urbanite—her identity confusion remains unresolved—but she is freed from being haunted by traumatic cultural memories and is better equipped to exercise a form of self-determination offered by her indigenous culture. Her foray into trickster storytelling helps her break out of fixed histories to re-tell her story differently than the racist, alienating versions she feels constrained by.

Thus Vizenor promotes an interior landscape, an aesthetic disposition, that is humorous and willfully creative, capable of manipulating the stories and memories that organize everyday life rather than walking into that historical network as though it were ontologically fixed. Within the trickster mode of giving an account of oneself, one can adopt a humorous attitude towards history by recreating it rather than simply submitting to it. For Vizenor, the humor affording narrative flexibility involves a necessary experience of pleasure, too, that is important for the trickster narrative. One of the protagonists who appears in several of his works, Almost Brown, is a laser-light show technician who succeeds through the awe and enjoyment afforded by the alternate histories that he shines into the night sky. In the short story "Feral Lasers" from *Landfill Meditation,* Brown is thrown off the reservation for scaring his neighbors with images of White colonial explorers coming onto the land, and he ends up in federal court due to complaints about his projections of wild animals disrupting traffic on the freeway. A fireman interviewed on television—presumably representing the ideals of White culture since firemen enjoy the stereotype of an institutional worker who is strong, helpful, and courageous—remarks that Brown should keep his lights to himself, "'his creation is not for me on the road."[110] The fireman wants to keep Indian art and the issues it addresses contained, just as he believes wild animals should stay in the woods: "'Indians should know that much by now,'" he says (18), voicing the racist desire for segregation that Brown's laser shows antagonize with their “feral” nature, projecting themselves into public places with images that do not belong there: U.S. presidents and Columbus on reservation land, wild animals running along interstates. The trickster nature of Brown's laser shows teases social codes by having elements of Indian and White culture overstep their conventional boundaries, but that is only the beginning of his techniques for usurping colonial racist structures.

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[110] Gerald Vizenor, "Feral Lasers," *Landfill Meditations,*18. Hereafter, cited in the text.

Depicting images of past presidents who “suck off the lake” on the reservation as well as a show in which Columbus is dismembered and then put back together to walk on water, Brown brags, “'Columbus was here on a laser and withered with a wave of my hand […] Laser holograms created the White man, but we set the memories and the skin colors'” (16). That is to say that Brown views his shows as an exercise in power—the power to “set the memories” differently by showing the gravitas enjoyed by founding fathers and a conquistador as vulnerable to comic revisions. When a TV reporter asks him to show her some of his presidential images, Brown asks if she wants to see the nudes, commenting that “'Lasers undress the peace presidents'” (17). Similarly, though the short story does not mention the phantasmatic images as being any color other than white, Brown's comment that the viewers can determine the skin colors suggests that historical revision is possible not only in the recreation of historical figures but in viewers' perceptions of those characterizations as well. As the person determining the fate of the luminescent colonizers, Brown puts himself in the “White” position of exercising authority over images that he has conquered and made serve his own purposes, effectively reversing the skin colors by reversing the flow of power in the American racial hierarchy. And while his laser images are mere light, the short story insists upon their power. He seduces a federal judge with them, and at the end of his interview, Brown looks at the TV camera and silently mouths, “'Lasers are the real world'” (17). Brown relishes contradictions, playfully reversing the gravitas of historical figures as he orchestrates his mere light shows to have real effects outside Milwaukee.

Brown is not accepted back into his own reservation in this story, but he does triumph when he humors the federal judge with a spectacular light show in the courtroom and gets a ruling in his favor. The federal judge sides with Brown because he is “overcome by light amusement” and praises the laser images as “'new creations, an interior landscape, memories to be sure, an instance of communal rights and free expression'” (21). Vizenor plays on the double meaning of “light amusement” regarding laser lights to then have his narrator pronounce the protection of “light rights,” usurping again the gravity associated with the legal systems' alleged protection of citizens' rights. Brown's ability to not only escape punishment from a White governing institution like federal court but to also “make light” of it by showing its decisions to be somewhat dictated by the degree to which the judge is personally entertained suggests opportunities for wiggling out of other, less grievous situations, considering that the ability to stage delightful virtual revisions of history—both official and personal—is extended to everyone in the story at the end:

> Meanwhile, in old and troubled cities across the nation, people by the thousands bought lasers to revise histories, to hold their memories, and to create a new wilderness over the inter-states. The cities came alive with laser holograms, a communal light show, a right to come together in the night. Lights danced over the cities; lonesome figures returned to their lost houses. (21)

Brown's federal judge claims “The laser is a tribal pen, a light brush in the wild air,” associating the laser shows with writing that is capable of creating “interior landscapes.” So the empowerment of urbanites, particularly non-tribal people, to begin curating their own laser shows to “revise histories, to hold their memories,” is not only an exercise like Bunnie's in which characters can erase and multiply the memories constituting their identities and so exercise more self-determination in casting themselves as powerful characters; it is also an exercise in reshaping the city peoples' regard for story-telling in general as their involvement in revisionist laser story-telling has the power to change their interior landscapes to become more trickstery, like Uncle Crack's interior landscape, in which records of time are living things—meadows—subject to the manipulations of the wind.

It is not simply the alternative histories that can heal but the change in consciousness towards stories' integrity that is capable of healing as well. Brown's promotion of feral laser shows promotes that which Vizenor terms "trickster hermeneutics," a parallel to the trickster story, only a logic of receiving stories rather than constructing them. Trickster hermeneutics unfolds through "postmodern conditions of translation" involving simulation, deconstruction, and theories of representation that pursue survivance rather than closure.[111] For example, Almost Brown does not take conventional histories of America as fact and reproduce them in his laser shows but instead manipulates them, receiving history as media useful for creating something new rather than a final and closed project in and of itself. Both trickster stories and trickster hermeneutics offer the characters in Vizenor's stories methods of healing and surviving the effects of racism by restoring a sense of agency to minority characters, presenting them as not overcoming racist structures, exactly, but making fun of them, twisting them, and creating a sense of identity and history in which they are something other than a defeated race.

In fact, "survivance" is Vizenor's goal for his people and his readers, not domination or overcoming, because the desire for closure turns into a desire to control, which then restricts the liberty of the trickster. In *Manifest Manners,* he writes, "Trickster hermeneutics is survivance, not closure, and the discernment of tragic wisdom in tribal experiences."[112] White culture, that to which Vizenor refers through "the literature of dominance" in this essay, denies "realities of chance, fate, and tragic wisdom" in its efforts to dominate indigenous peoples by controlling how they are depicted in national literatures, media, and history books. More realistic than conquering, dominating, or overcoming a problem is the wisdom to accept that sometimes people lose—an argument made most poignantly in Vizenor's novel *The Heirs of Columbus,* when the only trickster protagonist who is given any substantial characterization is murdered in the second half of the book.

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[111] Vizenor, *Manifest Manners,* 15.

Felipa Flowers, the lover of the main character Stone Columbus and one of the group of alleged heirs of Christopher Columbus who meet annually to tell their origin stories in a stone tavern, is the one character in *The Heirs of Columbus* who has whole chapters dedicated to her escapades as a trickster poacher who "repatriates" indigenous objects back to the heirs, and her chapters are the most conventional in style, giving a linear and descriptive account of her actions and dialogue with other characters. The rest of the novel cycles through satirical talk radio shows, cacophonous story-telling sessions, alternate histories of Columbus and Pocahontas, and courtroom scenes, until the heirs found a utopian healing center in the wake of Felipa's death towards the end of the novel. The reader is subjected to three rather experimental chapters in which it is unclear who has what name and who is talking to whom and when. So when the style of discourse in the novel settles into a conventional account of who/what/when/where with Felipa's story in chapter 4, the reader is well-prepared to like and empathize with a character who is not only coherent but also appealing within Western standards of success.[113] Felipa is a reservation-born international fashion model-turned-San Fransisco lawyer who one day leaves her husband and her law practice to return to the reservation, have a child with the casino-owner Stone, and poach stolen sacred objects. When Felipa goes to New York to meet with a member of the "Brotherhood of American Explorers" at the Conquistador Club, she is described as wearing colorful and ornate indigenous clothing while carrying a purple duffle bag; her appearance is exotic probably to the reader but definitely to the male characters of the novel, "explorers no doubt," who "discover" her in the hotel atrium and invite her to urban "adventures."[114] Felipa is presented as attractive to the reader through descriptive gambits that translate her as a successful woman according to the standards of White society: she is recognized as beautiful, she has enjoyed a successful white-collar career, she is a mother, and she has passionate sex outdoors with her lover. So when the man she tricks at the Conquistador Club, Doric Michéd, arranges for her to be captured, fondled, and murdered on a trip to repatriate Pocahontas' remains in Europe, the reader is prepared to feel disappointment and sadness. No one else in the novel has died or talked about a traumatic experience in any seriousness; in fact, Stone is resurrected from the dead in the very first chapter after his boat casino sinks. But Felipa, the most culturally powerful and attractive character in the novel, is shamefully killed by unnamed henchmen for disrupting secret trade amongst White men of sacred indigenous objects. It turns out that the story is subject to chance, to tragedy, and the reader is left to mourn with Felipa's lover and her child back in the U.S. who do not even know what has happened to her.

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[112] Vizenor, *Manifest Manners,* 15.

[113] This was, at least, the common experience of several classes of students I asked to read *The Heirs.*

Stone does not retreat into personal grief for too long, however, and the novel goes on to depict the kinds of healing that can happen after a racist trauma—healing that even promises to begin healing structural racism. After a period of time, Stone travels to the Strait of Georgia situated between Semiahmoo, Washington and Vancouver Island and plants a flag into ground located on the U.S./Canadian border to "discover" a "sovereign nation," the utopian healing center he calls Point Assinika. Satirizing Christopher Columbus' diary, Stone says on talk radio, "'At dawn we saw pale naked people, and we went ashore in the ship's boat'" (119). To further legitimize his saturucak re-enactment of European colonial discovery, he assures his audience in archaic, historical language that, "The Heirs of Columbus bear faith and witness that we have taken possession of this point in the name of our genes and the wild tricksters of liberties, and we made all the necessary declarations and had these testimonies recorded by a blond anthropologist" (119). With Point Assinika, Stone and the other heirs of Columbus continue to satirize the founding of the New World by setting up a "crotch-high" copper Trickster of Liberty that is nevertheless 180 feet taller than the Statue of Liberty and whose inscription promises to "'heal the tired tribes and huddled masses yearning to breathe free'" (121-23). Trickster storytelling begins to heal Stone from his loss of Felipa through several other satirical reversals as well.

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[114] Gerald Vizenor, *The Heirs of Columbus,* (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1991), 46. Henceforth, cited in the text.

Having "endured his wounds and bereavement," Stone sets out to "heal millions of lonesome and wounded children" with an international genetic research lab designed to analyze and make available the healing "stories in the blood" that the heirs carry. The healing power of stories that the heirs have claimed to have in their blood all along is now encoded as tangible genetic DNA to legitimize storytelling's healing potential as working on the biochemical level, which is the predominant kind of healing on offer in Westernized colonial societies. Storytelling is recoded as a chemically legitimate drug, and a cutting-edge one at that. The narrator remarks, however, that "the genes were implanted, but the children need more than genetic codes, more than protein stimulation; the heirs were overcrowded by thousands of children with genetic diseases, more than they could touch with stories and humor" (144). The novel suggests that stories must be supplemented: it stages the heirs creating a nail salon where children are pampered and can *tell their stories* of past abuses on reservations to robots. A new bingo casino where children can watch TV, play bingo, and eat junk food for free is also created. A chance to tell one's story, relax and watch stories on TV, and play games supplement the “stories in the blood” of the heirs that is genetically abstracted, but these are largely still oriented towards story-telling practice. Though the children are ultimately saved by a glowing blue boy whose blue radiance heals Felipa's daughter of her grief along with the “dream bodies” of the children (144), the blue quality of the boy Chilam, or “Blue Ishi,” is symbolic of Anishinaabe healers, the Midewiwin, who are associated with blue light.[115] And the Midewiwin are known for gathering together annually to retell the Anishinaabe origin story of the people's migration to the Great Lakes in order to renew their healing powers. At every turn, healing at Point Assinika comes back to story-telling, either listening to other's stories or relaying one's own story.

The choice to call Chilam “Blue Ishi” signals that healing comes from indigenous people to colonial culture, opposing the colonial paradigm of “saving” Indians from barbarism, alcoholism, and poverty. By referring to the Yahi man in Northern California that anthropologists at the turn of the 20th century hailed as the last “wild Indian,” *The Heirs of Columbus* associates healing with a man who was the last of his culture, who left the wilderness to be studied at Berkeley. Stone Columbus also makes his healing crossblood culture available to White culture. He invites “more and more wounded children, thousands of mutants poisoned in a chemical civilization, and those with unforgiven cancers, plastic faces, wooden hearts, heads, broken tribal minds and dreams” to Point Assinika where they can tell their stories “about their wounds, tribal demons, the abuses of men on the reservation, and the lonesome nights and humiliations over their bodies" (146-7). The novel lists the trans-generational effects of the racist colonial practices already mentioned as children suffering from their parents' broken culture and identity make their way across the U.S. to find healing, but Stone eventually opens Point Assinika to anyone who wants to be tribal, and promises genetic injections that will allow Germans to become Sioux and "thousands of coastal blonds bored with being white" to become Hopi or Chippewa (162). Vizenor is interested in cultural translation here, because *The Heirs* never mentions the tribal name for his people, the Anishinaabe, though it does employ the anthropological name, Chippewa. But while the novel is generous to White culture by inviting it into the heirs' utopia for healing from "racial identification," it also radically changes the colonial narratives that cause the characters' social ills to begin with.

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[115] Benjamin V. Burgess, “Elaboration Therapy in the Midewiwin and Gerald Vizenor's *The Heirs of Columbus,*” *Studies in American Indian Literatures,* 18.1 (2006): 22-36.

By setting up the indigenous heirs of Columbus as the healers in the world of the novel, the salvation narrative so pervasive throughout colonial history is reversed; no longer is it the White civilization who forcefully saves the indigenous population with Christianity and civilization; the indigenous people offer White culture humorous healing, free entertainment, and free state-of-the-art genetic therapy. This reversal of historical roles in the Point Assinika section of the novel upsets the conventional order of history, perhaps even surprising the reader through a humorous reversal. A racial logic established at the level of affect is upset, and the new association potentially connected with the joy of humor. A similarly humorous and surprising reversal structures the entirety of the novel as Stone Columbus relates in the opening pages that Columbus was actually a Jewish Mayan who had forgotten his homeland and so thought he was discovering a new land. Jesus was also Mayan, he claims. But neither Jesus nor Columbus bring salvation in *The Heirs of Columbus.* Rather, Columbus, who is suffering from a deformed penis, encounters Samana—a mute, blue, glowing bear who ravishes him aboard his ship and frees him from his sexual disfunction. Vizenor strengthens this reversal of colonial roles by integrating quotes from the non-fiction works of actual historians to corroborate his fantastic account, effectively usurping the integrity of official history at the same time.

We know that Vizenor's account of Columbus-as-Sephardic-Jew-and-Mayan-heir, healed from several sexual and psychic problems by the golden, radiant, blue-glowing Samana the bear is fictional, even to the level of the absurd, but the novel hails Samana as an important healer and ancestor of the heirs so frequently, while also making repetitive references to the healing blue light associated with her, that her place in the fictional account of Columbus becomes poised to compete with the conventional record of the “discovery” of America as the reader engages with the novel. *The Heirs of Columbus* claims that Columbus was Maya so many times that readers are likely to become vulnerable to entertaining that truth on some level, even if only in the fictional realm of “what if.” But on the level of being affected, factuality has little to do with inscribing reversed colonial roles upon the bodies of readers. When the novel cites the conservative U.S. Naval veteran and Harvard alumnus Samuel Eliot Morison as remarking, “'Not since the birth of Christ has there been a light so full of meaning for the human race,'” making Morison refer to the fictional blue glow coming from the indigenous healers on the Caribbean island instead of Columbus (36), the vulnerability of history to being repurposed for intents antithetical to those organizing its writing is made clear; history is shown to be at the mercy of narrative invention, even mocked by it, as the work of a conservative pro-Columbus historian is made to validate a fictional story about the origins of European settlement in the Americas that rotates around Columbus' penile disfunction.

Trickster stories can delightfully confuse the roles of colonial narratives, surprising readers and staging opportunities for joy with their humorous twists. And in turn, a trickster hermeneutics can emerge from that experience, in which a reader turns to look at conventional historical accounts as vulnerable to trickster manipulations. Like Bunnie and Almost Brown, the possibility of retelling history in terms that release them from shame becomes legible through engaging with Vizenor's satirical fiction. *The Heirs of Columbus* suggests that before history can be re-made, however, there must exist a liberated space from which to create new stories. Point Assinika is described as “a free state with no prisons, no passports, no public schools, no missionaries, no television, and no public taxation,” “a natural nation” where “[h]umor rules and tricksters heal,” with no “checkpoints or passports, no parking meters to ruin the liberty of the day” (125-26). Without the oversight of governmental institutions to regulate people's identities, freedom of movement, media consumption, or standard of education, those who come to Point Assinika for healing have more freedom for self-determination, to become their dreams, the narrator remarks at one point (146). Once in this liberated space, newcomers to healing storytelling can then begin to utilize the power of stories to cure themselves of physical and mental deformities caused by the fall-out of a racist social inheritance. Listening to stories is healing: the heirs gather in the nail salon to hear from the last person who saw Felipa how she died and are then able to mourn together with a celebration of her life. Telling the traumatic stories from one's past is healing: the children who come to the point are invited to unburden themselves of the weight of bearing the shame and loneliness of their past abuses by confiding in robots or talking to the maternal, anti-man nail manicurists. Remembering origins heals: the heirs gather annually in the stone tavern of their reservation to tell stories of creation and rebirth, much as actual Midewiwin do. But consistent throughout all of these “stories in the blood” is the stories' potential trickster nature: the heirs' recollections of their individual and tribal origins in the first chapter of the novel are so convoluted and chaotic, replete with dog barks and panther purrs from some of the characters, that all the blond anthropologist can ask is how Caliban the dog is able to whistle (27). The heirs' stories remain opaque to serious, objectifying study. The children can tell the robots and manicurists anything, fact or fiction, and still find a sympathetic ear. And the heirs of Columbus hardly listen passively to Treves' story about Felipa's death but instead interrupt him throughout his recollection with demanding questions, accusations, and wordplays from the robot "Panda" that undermine the seriousness of the occasion:

> "So, what happened next?" asked Harmonia.
>
> "Happen next, next," repeated Panda.
>
> "Never mind what happens now," said Padrino.
>
> "Happen now, now," repeated Panda. (172)

The discourse of the story usurps the story's integrity by mocking the core principal of a story: that something happens and then something else. What matters about these healing stories is not necessarily the content but the act of telling and listening.

Thus, by linking stories to genetic material to convince a Western readership that stories really can heal; by portraying a fictional account of Columbus as legitimate history to make fun of history's legitimacy; and by promoting trickster characters and their trickster moves to overcome the misfortunes they suffer because of standing racist identifications, the fantastical and comic content of *The Heirs of Columbus* affords a degree of pleasure to a readership who values serious history, so they can nevertheless be seduced by the text into considering the novel's question: "What if Columbus were Mayan? *What if,* instead of a grand explorer, he was an impotent Jew fleeing Europe, having forgotten his heritage and in need of healing?"

Vizenor's fiction offers theories of how storytelling can be transformative through its revision of received history and its ability to empower the story-tellers to determine their own identities more clearly, manipulating or twisting their racialized identities by recoding designations of shame that the colonial racial framework has established. What kind of agency does this decolonial recoding rely upon, however? Michel Foucault advanced a similar means of self-transformation through self-fashioning, a practice through which the subject, upon self-reflection and analysis, takes care of himself by measuring his experience of the day against the ideal character he wishes to embody. Reading Roman politicians on their practices of journaling and letter-writing as demonstrative of such self care, Foucault remarks that these practices serve to "capture the already-said, to collect what one has managed to hear or read, and for a purpose that is nothing less than the shaping of the self,"[116] later reasserting that the role of these personal notebooks is "to enable the formation of the self out of the collected discourse of others." Foucault is interested in the Romans' practice of self-care through a form of storytelling. Judith Butler points out, however, in a passage from *Giving an Account of Oneself* that Foucault's interest in self-fashioning is problematically predicated upon an assumed agency of the subject that cannot exist.

> This way of putting the question enacts his methodology: There will be a reflexive action of a subject, and this action will be occasioned by the very rationality to which it attempts to conform or, at least, with which it negotiates. This form of rationality will foreclose others, so that one will become knowable to oneself only within the terms of a given rationality, historically conditioned, leaving open and unaddressed what other ways there may have been, or may well yet be, in the course of history.[117]

Butler is emphasizing that for Foucault, self-reflection happens within the sphere of the discourses working upon the subject, which would imply that self-fashioning cannot be understood as a practice of autonomy per se, and would be limited by the logic of the discourses in circulation. Perhaps this is the limit, then, of trickster storytelling's ability to heal at the level of discourse—that we are always still working within the realm and within the affective climate of our racist inheritances. But at the level of affective inscription in which Tomkins' affect assemblies can become dismantled and assembled with differently associated affects; where the coding of one interaction with a body can come to define the body categorically and even a whole collection of bodies, as in Ahmed's elaboration of sticky affects; and where Terada's explication of Freud's manifold layers of psychic writing suggests that any inscription whatsoever can shift the palimpsest of a who a subject is, Vizenor's fiction is certainly capable of shifting the internalized logics of shame organizing structural racism by surprising and delighting readers with trickster storytelling, wherein indigenous characters appear as the heroes and speak themselves into their own version of the good life.

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[116] Michel Foucault, "Self-Writing," *Essential Works of Foucault: Ethics, Subjectivy and Truth*, Ed. Paul Rabinow, Trans. Robert Hurley et al., Vol 1, (New York: Penguin, 2000), 211 and 217.

[117] Judith Butler, *Giving an Account of Oneself,* (New York: Fordham UP, 2005), 120.

CHAPTER 2

Dampening Affect through Literary Mood: Restorative Beauty in the Chanting of *House Made of Dawn*

We have seen how story-telling can be deployed as a healing practice through trickster manipulations of plot and characterization that work to decolonize bodies from associations with sickness and salvation by playing with those associations, inscribing joy where there has been shame.Story-telling can further establish indigenous cultural values as part of the good life by working at the level of mood as well. N. Scott Momaday's *House Made of Dawn* creates a very striking mood of quietude as the novel sets out to recover its protagonist from erasure and victimry by reconnecting him with a healing social aesthetic that involves the landscape. Abel is a war veteran struggling with PTSD who returns home to the reservation after being discharged from the military. He is portrayed as socially erased as he fails to become a member of any community that he joins, either in his hometown of Walatowa where he lives with his only relative, his grandfather, or in Los Angeles where he relocates after being imprisoned for murdering an albino man and fails to succeed as a factory worker, returning back home after being beaten nearly to death by a racist policeman. Abel is ultimately a victim of colonial rubrics of health that render him foreign, psychotic, violent, and passive, which lead to him being passed from community to community.

Abel is in need of healing to move out of his state of social erasure and victimry, and Momaday's novel is poised to recalibrate how readers might feel about the Indian protagonist's mode of healing, which depends upon decolonializing attitudes towards the land. Whereas Western colonial understanding considers land as an entity distinct from human bodies, as well as a resource to be consumed or protected, the indigenous mode of healing through story-telling chanting is designed to restore health by helping one recognize their place within the landscape. *House Made of Dawn* suggests a healing aesthetic accessible through story-telling conveyed through chanting, but to prepare the way for readers to shift in their feelings about relationships between humans and landscapes, the novel creates experiences of stillness and quietude, in which affective response on the whole can be dampened. Considering Ahmed's elaboration of how affects stick to bodies, with her example of "it hurts" becoming associated with a whole collective of people defined as a threat, one way to free bodies from being associated with irrelevance or resource is to make those associations less sticky, dampening their intensity and frequency of connection.

With quietude, then, the objective seems to be not the provincialization of colonial terms as in the works discussed in the chapter on Vizenor, which satirize Western values and turn them on their head to make shame compete with joy. Rather, Momaday creates an emotional climate of quietude—an essentially quiet mood—to sidestep quick judgements about the value of the land. It is through such quietude that Abel is healed by becoming reconnected to the landscapes of his childhood via chanting rituals. In this mood that Momaday establishes in *House Made of Dawn*, we encounter not the endurance of any one of Tomkins' catalogue of affects but rather an emotional climate of quietness that is established through associations rather than simply registered like an affect. Stillness, or a consistent and not-too-speedy repetition whose regularity feels like stillness; calmness; cold stone; something old and authoritative and not too active; the absence or weakness of sound; acceptance: the absence of argument or struggle: these are the images and experiences that the novel gives us over and over. We have Abel mute throughout *House Made of Dawn*, and thus the chattiness of other characters is thrown into relief. We have the chants and chant-like narration and dialogue that give us a consistent rhythm affirming life processes, like the heart-beat. We have Abel's stony acceptance of everything that happens to him, as he very rarely puts up a fight. And we have the stony cliffs and hillsides that have existed for ages. By making the landscape quiet and the protagonist quiet and the healing moments quiet, the novel associates these specific objects with the emotion of quietude. It is not joy or excitement—Tomkins' positive affects—but it is very importantly not shame or anger or disgust, all which define Abel's status from a mainstream point of view in which he is violent, a murderer, on social services, and unable to keep a job. Thus the quiet mood in *House Made of Dawn* dampens affect response so that an alternate mode of healing through a connection with the land can become available to readers. And this mood of quietude is essential to redeeming Abel from the rhetorics of victimry and erasure while guiding readers into a mood state receptive to reservation Indians' ways of life—to their regard for chanting and that healing practice's aesthetic assumptions—, making that healing practice *feel* legitimate and even admirable. Below I will map some of Momaday's techniques that create a pervasively quiet mood throughout *House Made of Dawn*: a dreamy, stream-of-consciousness *sjuzet*; the narrative voice's objectivity and preoccupation with bodies' elemental appearances to crowd out dramatic concerns; and the rhythmic lyricism of the landscape descriptions that frame and repeat throughout the novel to give an experience of chanting. The quiet mood of the novel allows for decreasing the strength of inscriptions associating Indian bodies with victimry and erasure, at the same time dampening rote emotional responses that would dismiss the land as healing.

VICTIMRY AND ERASURE

For Momaday's Abel, the racist social categorizations inherited from colonialism in the United States impose upon the young man a sense of shame that leads to confusion regarding his identity, ultimately erasing his social identity. Abel is rejected by the U.S. military, his reservation community, and White culture in Los Angeles, abandoned by these communities as someone nonessential. Part of being socially erased in the context of *House Made of Dawn* is becoming a victim as well. There is the obvious victimization of being racialized and then exploited in White culture's world war, but victimry from internalized definitions or self-hate as an Indian in colonial culture ails the protagonist of *House Made of Dawn* as he struggles both with being “Indian” and not being Indian enough. Abel is not only alienated from his community as a mixed child whose father is unknown, whose family has withered to two people, and who later murders a community member when he kills the albino upon returning home from the war; he is also alienated from mainstream U.S. society who relate to him only in terms of being Indian: the White woman Angela who vacations in Abel's village of Walatowa and his mocking co-workers at the factory in L.A. treat him as consumable, using him for sex and labor, while the L.A. policeman Martinez assaults him since he is an easy target as an Indian outsider. Abel has no viable identity in either community, victim to a racist rubric defined phenotypically and by bloodline. But more importantly, Abel is victim to the shame and contempt that these communities pour upon him, which have the effect of turning him into a passive victim of colonialism, in which case Abel behaves or at least accepts that he does not matter, that he is socially erased.

Vizenor helpfully explores victimization at the level of self-perception as a terminal illness in his short story, “Landfill Meditation,” in which he traces a victimry back to delusions of cleanliness. In this story within a story within a story, Indians are figured as both refuse and the refused. Martin Bear Charme leaves the reservation as a teenager and ends up scavenging trash in San Francisco, eventually buying some of the wetland to store his refuse on, creating a "refuse reservation" that is essential to the meditation practice he teaches, and for which he petitions the federal government for recognition as a "sovereign meditation nation."[118] In case readers miss the connection between collecting trash onto overlooked land and exiling indigenous peoples to reservations, Charme comes out explicitly to explain "[O]n the old reservations the tribes were the refuse. We were the waste, solid and swill on the run, telling stories from a discarded culture to amuse the colonial refusers" (101). Refused by White culture, Indian refuse is nevertheless key to healing terminal illnesses in this narrative world: Charme runs meditation classes on his personal landfill because he believes sickness, "cancer," is caused from being separated from one's trash, from the delusion that we are not part of a system of taking from and discarding back to the earth, from "disunion between the mind and the earth" (105). People are sick because they deny their connection to the land, in this case, by denying the cycle of taking and giving back to it. So landfill meditation "cleans" one's vision; "Holistic health is a harmonious vision," Charme says (105). But the key to reconnecting with that which has been refused is not to become more Indian-like, exactly. Charme goes on to tell a story about a tribal woman Belladonna who is literally poisoned by her audience for presenting herself as too absolutely tribal, too cleanly Indian, a "victim" of her own words. The short story protests through the mouths of onlookers, "But we are all victims of our own words" in defense of Belladonna as the story proceeds to kill her off. She dies, nevertheless, for believing too absolutely in the "invention" of Indianness and "tarnished mother earth words" (110, 113). She is a victim of her hyper-clean set of definitions outlining her identity.

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[118] Gerald Vizenor, "Landfill Meditation," *Landfill Meditation: Crossblood Stories,* (Hanover: Wesleyan University Press, 1991), 101. Hereafter, cited in the text.

This brief foray into Vizenor's logic of a terminal purity that people have fallen victim to and become sick provides a framework for understanding why Abel, the protagonist of *House Made of Dawn,* is unable to survive the racist shaming he endures on the reservation for being a "half-breed" and from his foreman and the police officer Martinez in L.A. who brutalizes him. Not Indian enough at home while nothing more than Indian in L.A., Abel is refused by social spaces insistent upon clean racial definitions that they use to shame him. Abel is jailed on the reservation and then ends up returning home to the reservation after moving to L.A., apparently "failing" to make it in the city. Thus presented as a victim passed from one community to another until he is adopted by his friend Benally, we see his passivity and inability to change his circumstances, even if that change is to redefine himself, even to feel differently about himself.

CREATING LITERARY MOOD: QUIET MEMORY FLOWS AND PSYCHIC PLAY

Readers of *House Made of Dawn* are submerged in a quiet mood state to observe Abel's healing from victimization within the colonial politics of racial shaming. Research by Tomkins offers a model of physiological affect by which we can understand the ways in which moods are constructed to get a better sense of how a mood of quietude is generated in this novel. Because much of the affect system remains unconscious, as Tomkins emphasizes, mood becomes very interesting in its potential to influence readers by side-stepping the logic and norms of colonial everyday life to work on a level of perception before semiotic definitions. Director of the Silvan S. Tomkins Institute, Donald L. Nathanson, outlines the structure of mood as a psycho-physiological response to complexes of emotions, feelings, and affects. Mood, he explains, arises when the triggering of an affect in an immediate experience calls up a memory of a similar experience that, in turn, re-triggers the initial affect. Mood is a sustained triggering of a specific affect, though affects can be mixed together as well. “Such sequences may go on in the form of reminiscences that maintain the more-or-less steady experience of any affect,” writes Nathanson, going to to say that the mood will disappear once a new stimulus triggers another affect and “terminates the loop.”[119] Considering that a mood arises from historical affective experience as a memory triggers related affective chains, we can understand it as a memory-induced affective climate that coalesces to set the tone for the following imminent experiences.

In light of this model of ever-more-complex affective associations, mood becomes the weather imbuing the terrain of individual affective experiences. Tomkins often discusses mood as an “inertia” of affective experience because mood is often a sustained affective response that is slow to give way to a different affective experience. The activation of sadness by a sad memory could open onto fear or shame, but it often sustains the initial affective activation, and in this case develops into a sad mood, perhaps becoming even more intense, as the sadness receptor continues to be activated. And just as it can rain for an hour, a day, or a week, moods can endure for varying lengths of time, too, even developing into what Tomkins describes as a “theory,” using depression as an example:

> Such a continuing depressive mood is another condition under which isolated memories of shame from different sources may be retrieved in sufficient density to both sustain shame, to amplify and deepen it and to organize it into more of a unified theory. One of the critical consequences of such recruitment is the emergence of a more general feeling of worthlessness in the place of the more specific and previously independent sources of shame about the body, social relationships and about one's work and feelings of competence.[120]

Here, in Tomkins' description of a mood developing into a theory of self, we see how a sustained affective state can become disconnected from the situations that first stimulated the recent affective activation of shame so that the cognitive feedback system that would explain individual experiences of shame in terms of cause and effect can no longer function, and shame becomes the generalized affective experience for the person. Tomkins goes on to remark that such an entrenched mood prevents the person from receiving affective triggers that would release them from the mood, as the mood promotes behavior (low-energy, anti-socialness) that further invites more shame.

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[119] Donald L. Nathanson, Prologue, *Affect, Imagery, Consciousness*, Silvan Tomkins, Ed. Bertram P. Karen, Vol 1: The Positive Affects, (New York: Springer, 2008), xiv.

[120] Silvan Tomkins, *Affect, Imagery, Consciousness*, Ed. Bertram P. Karen, Vol 1: The Positive Affects, (New York: Springer, 2008), 510.

Momaday's creation of a sustained mood of quietude in *House Made of Dawn* capitalizes upon the potential for mood to block out other affective triggers. He achieves this constant mood by using stream-of-consciousness narrative organization, minimizing character dialogue, and presenting a number of lyrical landscape descriptions evocative of healing chanting rituals. For, ultimately, Momaday positions Abel and his reader to experience quietude so that they can reencounter their attachment to the land. It is one's connection with the local landscape that makes the healing power of chanting work in Kiowa culture, and Momaday's novel intimates how and why that kind of healing is possible. Constructing a moodscape of quietude by cycling back through powerful landscape/chanting scenes associated with an emotion of peacefulness can lead readers to feel positively about chanting as healing and the cosmological worldview of interconnectivity that motivates chanting ritual. The possibility for feeling differently about this indigenous mode of healing opens the way for accepting that which Momaday defines as the American Indian writer's gift to non-indigenous readers: an aesthetic model and experience of living “in” the land.

The fluid, stream-of-consciousness style of *House Made of Dawn*, along with the minimal character dialogue, works to create a quiet mood in which the reader may feel carried along by the current of the narrative stream without feeling motivated to try to piece together what, exactly, is happening when the narrative skips from memory to memory. While the novel may incorporate avant-garde diegetic techniques like stream-of-consciousness organization or shifting narrative focalization, it does not feel like an avant-garde text that wants to dazzle you or suggest arcane meanings you should puzzle out, as in the modernist epics *Ulysses* or *Watt,* for example. *House Made of Dawn* opens with the Winter Race in which young men from the small Southwest agricultural town of Walatowa run in a zig-zag pattern down from the cliffs overlooking the town to mimic the flow of water, inviting rain from the Cloud People. But we do not know this at the beginning; nor do we see a race in the prologue. There is simply Abel running through the hills down to the valley, and he is said to be alone. From this opening landscape description we have a handful of action scenes interspersed by memory flows: the event of Abel's homecoming from the war punctuates his grandfather Francisco's recollection of winning another race, the Race of the Dead, when he was a young man. The next day, on Abel's second day home, he climbs the hill outside of town, and the reader gets flashbacks of his childhood memories. There is the memory of Abel's whole family eating in the field his grandfather works before his young brother and mother die, the memory of the witch woman whose scream Abel associates later with wind whipping through a hole in the rock, the memory of men praying over his brother's deathbed, the memory of hunting a doe with Francisco as part of a larger party and which involved sleeping with a girl perhaps for the first time, and there is the memory of hunting with the Eagle Watchers Society to capture the great female eagle he observed at Valle Grande, wherein he catches the wonderful bird with his hands but then chokes her in the night out of shame for her state in captivity. And then there is the memory of leaving his town to join the military. Listed this way, there appears to be a lot of action in just the first twenty pages of the novel, and many of the memories, as they flow one to the other, recall traumatic events: losing a brother, sexual initiation, moving from great fame to great shame capturing the eagle. But those pages do not read very dramatically or as action-packed at all. Like the narrative's description focalized around Abel describes the memories, “It was the recent past, the intervention of days and years without meaning, of awful calm and collision, time always immediate and confused.”[121] Abel can recall things “whole and in detail,” and some memories are like a “sharp fragment of recall, recurrent and distinct,” but there is never any assessment of the memories on the part of the characters or the narrator, and they flow associatively.

From leaving home for WW2 we move to a scene from the war, but it is a pan rather than a narrative scene: bodies on a landscape of mortar fire and then silence, splinters of light through trees. The *sjuzet* continues on to focalize around two White (that is, racially-empowered) characters, the traveler Angela from Los Angeles and the local priest Father Olguin, both who have interest, albeit an exploitative one, in the “Indians.” And then there is the town celebration after which Abel kills “the white man”—an albino—in a very stylized, symbolic scene of horrific embrace. This is the narrative of the first part of four sections of the novel, entitled “The Longhair,” which presumably names Abel's grandfather, Francisco, but will also come to represent Abel as well, naming the Indian who refuses to give up traditional ways.

The “Longhair” part of the novel progresses via memories floating on scenes of Abel's homecoming, and seems to end dramatically with the knifing scene, but there is actually an extra and final scene of Francisco working in the field, saying his grandson's name in the diminutive, “Abelito,” and feeling that he has been left alone again, rhythmically working rows of corn. The reader does not know what happened with the murder until the next section, at which point the narrative, focalized around Abel, gives an elemental account of the dead man's body—"the angle of the body and its limb; the white shining hand, open and obscene" (101). The focus on the color and layout of the dead body distracts from the moral and legal concerns around "murder" and "death" that the novel goes on to vaguely consider later in a courtroom flashback. The reader is further distanced from any strong affective reaction to the murder scene when the narrative states, "But he could remember very little about the trial. There were charges, questions, and answers; it was ceremonial, orderly, civilized, and it had almost nothing to do with him" (101). Indeed, while a lot happens in *House Made of Dawn,* the reader is guided to respond as Abel does: to remember little in the grand scheme of things, to feel it has little to do with oneself.

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[121] N. Scott Momaday, *House Made of Dawn, (*New York: Harper & Row, 1989), 23. Hereafter, cited in the text.

This is not to say that readers will likely dismiss the novel completely; after all, it is largely composed of Abel's recollections, so recollection is important. But the mood of the recollection or envisioning is key. We see more stream-of-consciousness narrative organizing the other three sections of the novel, which are named after the main characters—Tosamah "The Priest of the Sun," Benally "The Night Chanter," and Abel "The Dawn Runner," respectively. The two Los Angeles sections sandwiched by the Walatowa, New Mexico sections are also patched together, bringing together memories, daily dramas, social worker questionnaires, soliloquies, traditional stories, and Navajo chants. The urban, mainstream setting does not "cure" the novel's confused *sjuzet,* but it is significant that as the novel progresses, the order of story fragments becomes patterned. In "The Priest of the Sun" section, the *sjuzet* cycles so:

A. grunion run
B. a Tosamah sermon
A. grunion

A. Abel waking up on the beach after being beaten
C. loving his body and being cured by the Walatowa healer Fat Josie with his grandfather
D. remembering the dead white man and the trial

A. hurting on the beach, seeing mysterious old men in white leggings “running after evil”
C. part of a questionnaire from Milly, the blond social worker and friend
D. his jail cell
C. questionnaire
D/C. riding away from Walatowa on a bus in shoes from Fat Josie
C. questionnaire, then seducing Milly and exerting sexual prowess (his body) like the ocean

B. Tosamah's peyote sermon

A. cold and broken on the beach, “flopping like a fish”
C. memory of Fat Josie comforting him with a farting dance highlighting her enormous breasts
C/A. Calling Milly's name and then afraid on the beach

E. memory of a military man reporting Abel's dancing and “whooping” in battle to dodge bullets
A. hurting on the beach and calling Milly
E/A/C. memory of the dead goose with his brother Vidal that he wants to tell Milly about while on the beach
C. Milly's story

B. Tosamah's story of retracing his ancestor's migration to Rainy Mountain

This organization of the story threads woven throughout the second section of the novel is only one possibility, but I have grouped together all scenes associated with the beach as well as all scenes emphasizing the comfort or discomfort of the body (Abel's beaten body, Milly's and Fat Josie's comforting bodies). There is more to say on the significance of the body below. Here, we see a thematic progression that is not linear but ruminative: ABA ACD ACDCDC B ACA EAEC B. Themes of hurting on the beach (A) are juxtaposed with Tosamah's confident sermon (B) but then cycle through scenes of being seized by criminal justice institutions (D) and being comforted by women (C). Memories of trial and incarceration give way to memories of war trauma related to the loss of his brother Vidal (E), but within this move, beach scenes of abandonment and pain still circulate with scenes of corporeal, feminine comfort. Each scene is discrete according to both its thematic content and the extra line of space between paragraph breaks in the printed text of the novel. When mapped out this way, the patchwork nature of the story is highlighted, and we see a stream-of-consciousness design as the narrative jumps between different kinds of memories as well as sliding from one to another, even melding them together, and especially more so at the end. But the *sjuzet* is not simply disjunctive; there is a rhythm to the cycle of stories.

The circulation back through bodily pain and then comfort while struggling through traumatic memories suggests that the body grounds Abel, is a place to come back to, when he is seized by his memories. Throughout, Tosamah's sermons punctuate the progression, even concluding it, which suggests a level of authority for his discourse and makes sense given that the section of the novel analyzed here is named after him. So while an initial reading may give a reader a sense of drifting from scene to scene albeit with some repetition, there is a rhythm in this third part of the novel suggestive of working-through but also of chanting, the medium of story-telling which Benally practices and represents. Story-telling is also the topic on which Tosamah delivers a philosophical analysis as he discusses the power of language to restore identity.

The over-arching pattern of alternating between scenes of lying beaten on the beach at night, like the grunion who come ashore to mate and can easily be eaten up by passersby, and scenes of Indian pastor Tosamah's sermons, suggests an alternating logic of pain/healing, and Tosamah's ideal for healing is historical education and respect for language. Abel is beaten, probably by the racist policeman Martinez who steals Benally's paycheck and has broken Abel's hands with his flashlight once before. Abel's half-conscious, pained, delirious state is juxtaposed with Tosamah's homilies on how to be an Indian: honoring the sacred nature of language by listening to the traditional stories, especially creation and name-giving stories, and creating the “Truth” of the world with the “Word.” Tosamah is preaching from the gospel of John regarding the creation of the world from the Word, which is conventionally understood to symbolize the spirit of God manifested in Jesus Christ, who becomes flesh when born to Mary, just as the world is manifested in the first creation story given in Genesis when the Elohim—a plural noun in Hebrew for God—*speak* the light, sky, earth, etc. into existence. But Tosamah riffs on the Christian understanding of creation and salvation to redefine the power of words. He steps back from John's account to contrast the “white man's” understanding of words with the Indian understanding, stating that White men multiply words and cut out all the Truth. His grandmother told him stories and taught him “how to listen” to find truth. “I was a child and I listened. She could neither read nor write, you see, but she taught me how to live among her words, how to listen and delight. 'Storytelling; to utter and to hear . . . '” (94). What is healing about hearing, about adopting a listening posture towards words? Tosamah continues later, explaining,

> When she told me those old stories, something strange and good and powerful was going on. I was a child, and the old woman was asking me to come directly into the presence of her mind and spirit; she was taking hold of my imagination, giving me to share in the great fortune of her wonder and delight. She was asking me to go with her to the confrontation of something that was sacred and eternal. (95)

Tosamah's remembrance of his grandmother's way of telling stories suggests that “something strange and good and powerful” happens for the listener in an oral exchange because there is the possibility of a spiritual communion. In his account of her story about the Kiowa coming to the plains, for example, we have the whole origin and development of the Kiowa from a group of hunters surviving in the mountains of present-day Montana to a people flourishing in the sunny plains, instructed by the Crows to worship the protective sun-god Tai-me, and developing their own legends, like that of the seven sisters of the Big Dipper inspired by the rock formation Devil's Tower. While the Kiowa and Navajo/Dine were traditionally hostile to each other, after U.S. settler colonialism's devastation of the buffalo and establishment of the reservation system, a more pan-Indian identity developed. So while Tosamah lives in California presiding over the "Holiness Pan-Indian Rescue Mission," he comes from Kiowa heritage, as does Momaday, and we can assume that the power of this culture's creation story pertains to Abel and the Navajo Benally as well. As described in chapter 1, origin stories are often told by indigenous healers to renew their strength as well as that of the ones they aid. Here, Tosamah remarks about his grandmother, "[...] for her, words were medicine; they were magic and invisible" (96).

For Abel, Benally, and the other indigenous men living in Los Angeles managed by the "Relocation people" who help them find jobs and housing, Tosamah's meetings offer a way to understand their place in the urban world. And while the gentle Benally criticizes Tosamah for being too radical in his views, of not understanding Abel's mystic perspective of killing an evil snake when he killed the white man, Tosamah is nevertheless a guide for the other characters and the measure Benally uses for his own understanding. "In the beginning was the Word" functions as a refrain throughout Tosamah's entire first sermon, and the rest of the Tosamah passages continue to advocate for creation with words, with stories. When he reflects on his grandmother's migration story, he says he could see that, "Though she lived out her long life in the shadow of Rainy Mountain, the immense landscape of the continental interior—all of its seasons and its sounds—*lay like memory in her blood*. She could tell of the Crows, whom she had never seen, and of the Black Hills, where she had never been. I wanted to see in reality what she had seen more perfectly in the mind's eye" (129, emphasis added). Spoken words, stories, are magical and medicinal in this context because Tosamah's grandmother can imagine her ancestors so well that Tosamah sees them, and like Vizenor's heirs of Columbus, she carries the medicinal memories in her blood. She is able to transfer the memories passed down to her as a corporeal inheritance to her grandson, channeling her ancestor's glorious lives on the plains— "all of its seasons and its sounds”—to her grandson. The memories of places she never physically encountered are said to be physically imprinted in her blood such that her telling of them is more perfect than actually going there. It is the inherited aspect of the story of the migration that makes the landscape live, then, and the story can be passed on by Tosamah to his followers to remind them of their own creation as a people in the landscape, thus, reminding them of who they are.

Momaday has designed this section of *House Made of Dawn* to live like memory in the blood of the reader by giving us a cycle of stories that flow but repeat, transmitting a specific rhythm. We have beaten on the beach/Tosamah/beaten on the beach, then four longer cycles juxtaposing being beaten with past traumatic memories—the murder, war—and memories of being comforted by women's bodies. Each of those longer cycles begins with a painful scene and ends with a comforting scene, such as when Abel has sex with Milly or is cheered up by Fat Josie's bosomy hugs or cathartic dance of farting and pushing her large breasts up out of her dress and moving them around towards him in the wake of his brother's death. In the middle of these longer cycles, there is another Tosamah sermon. And finally, at the end of the last pain/body comfort cycle, there is Tosamah's retelling of his grandmother's knowledge of her ancestor's migration. So “The Priest of the Sun” section alternates between Abel's pain and Tosamah's storytelling solution on a grand scale, but on a smaller scale, it alternates between Abel's body throbbing or the shame he experienced in White institutions and the comfort he has been able to access from sympathetic women who not only show interest in him but heal him by bringing their bodies together. It is unlikely that someone on their first read will see this rhythm, but it is there regardless, imprinting repetitions of pain/healing on two different levels, working subconsciously, quietly, as the reader is lulled along from memory to memory as though moving in a dream from scene to scene, letting the story of healing touch and story-telling wash over them.

We can consider other ways in which the disjunctive narrative style, the stream-of-consciousness mode of *House Made of Dawn,* sets the foundation for an unconscious shift in readers' colonial outlook on the good life, healing, and indigeneity. Gabby Schwab, following work done by Donald Winnicott, offers a theory of how novels can create a “transitional space” for psychic play that allows for definitions and the affects attached to them to become shuffled and reformed. Familiar assumptions are established long before any specific cultural ideology when, long before the infant can identify anything like a mood or emotion as warm or angry, for example, she experiences these affects in the mother's demeanor in relation to her needs. Consequently, certain situations come to be cathected with certain emotional energies, constituting an unconscious text that Christopher Bollas calls the “unthought known.” This foundational affective text prior to subjectivity is an organization of moods experienced as “somatic knowledge” in that it is felt, *known,* but never processed into conscious linguistic formulations. As a knowledge that orients us towards confronting desire, pain, and so forth later in life with attendant moods whose association was developed in early infancy, the unthought known is “more an operational and less a representational form of knowledge,” Bollas explains.[122] In our daily “operations” we can see the effects of the established “emotional and mental ecology,” as Schwab terms it,[123] but we cannot remember or think about the affective text that was written prior to linguistic writing and the narrative of the subject in relation to objects.

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[122] Christopher Bollas, *The Shadow of the Object: Psychoanalysis of the Unthought Known,* (New York: Columbia UP, 1987). Bollas introduces the idea of a grammar of being that is taught through the *idiom* of the mother's affective responses to the infant (36). The unthought known as operational and somatic knowledge is discussed with the example of the sense of another person we get upon physically encountering them, such that something like “vibes” would be an aspect of unthought knowledge (281-2).

[123] Gabriele Schwab, “Words and Moods: The Transference of Literary Knowledge,” *SubStance: A Review of Theory and Literary Criticism,* 26.3 (1997), 121.

We can know the text only via its translation into moods. Thus our most familiar assumptions are actually quite foreign to us as the attitudes directing our everyday lives stem from foundational cathexes linking moods with social scenes staged between the infant and caregiver. This affect-map is inscribed as psychic traces, an accumulation whose influence we see in the attitudes that dominate us in later life but whose organization remains unconscious.

Literary works, Schwab argues, are specially positioned to resonate with our constitutional affective ecology, primarily by exposing us to different tonalities of voices that strike a chord, so to speak, with the pre-lingual mother-infant mood grammar. “As the symbolic equivalent of transformational objects, cultural objects may enable transformational experiences that are structurally and emotionally reminiscent of early transformational experiences, conveying the sense that they can 'hold' or 'embrace' us,” writes Schwab.[124] A cultural object like a novel may be said to hold and transform us based upon boundary confusion and an opening towards play that the genre affords as the reader incorporates the fictional world and loses herself in the story, temporarily becoming a character and exploring a different subjectivity. But more interestingly for Schwab, the novel does not only appeal to us with characters through whom we might recognize as enacting our desires; a field of psychic play opens up because of the mood environment that the novel creates, which, because it may resonate with the “unthought unknown” of the reader, puts the reader into contact with an internal otherness that can be consciously experienced for the first time. The text acts in some ways as an analyst, functioning as a transferential screen: the reader understands and reacts to the text according to unthought patterns of mood-action relationships, while the architecture of the text—the relationships between figures, tones, rhythms, and other “poetic” or aesthetic forms—provides new mood ecologies that impact the affectual topography that is the reader's subjectivity. Thus Schwab understands reading literature according to Winnicott's transitional space: the reader's subjectivity is molded through play with objects that are somewhat incorporated into the sense of self, just as the infant emerged as a subject through its object-relations.

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[124] Ibid.

Such boundary confusion creates a level of intensity, gripping the reader, and then allows for a release of that charged energy into a text where many things remain unknown. The flowing pattern of memories given in the stream-of-consciousness narrative of *House Made of Dawn* is ripe for confusing boundaries of temporalities, places, and characters' bodies. It is the sense of the unknown that distinguishes literature's potential to work on a reader's affective mapping because, while any text can affect us and even operate according to Schwab's literary transference, the novel's aesthetic strategies create a psychic environment that is particularly ripe for the transformation of the subject as the novel "embraces" the reader via its staging of a sustained mood environment *and* its deployment of indeterminacy, the latter which Schwab identifies as "a precondition for the emergence of new forms." "Indeterminacy operates like a virtual blank screen that generates a free flow of projection, affect, and unconscious transference, thus engaging readers in the co-construction of virtual textual spaces," she writes.[125] The unknown quality of the literary text is important and extends beyond questions of foreign cultural elements or curiosity about the way the plot will turn out. Schwab references Wolfgang Iser's thinking on how informational gaps create a level of indeterminacy in the novel that works to secure reader participation. "[O]ther indeterminacies such as linguistic, conceptual, situational, or generic ones may have more impact," she adds. In her book on literary knowledge as cultural contact, Schwab is specifically thinking of foreign cultural knowledge as she discusses indeterminacy in literature here, but she also also emphasizes the poetic, melic qualities of literary texts—that which Kristeva theorized as the semiotic side of language—as that which resonates with a reader's mood life, given their affinity with the vocal elements of the mother's voice. So the indeterminacy of the novel opens through its representation of a new world in a story whose plot, descriptive details, characters, ethics, and language textures are themselves more or less indeterminate according to a lack of information or a fluidity of definition or semiotic playfulness. Schwab emphasizes that in addition to the indeterminacy of not knowing something about the text, certain figures, scenic organizations, and poetic language may activate unthought knowledge, opening up an indeterminate space, a transitional space, in the psyche of the reader, where she can "recognize" the unthought known by translating it into moods, thus exploring the unknown self.

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[125] Gabriele Schwab, *Imaginary Ethnographies: Literature, Culture, and Subjectivity,* (New York: Columbia UP, 2012), 7.

Whichever way a novel creates a psychic play zone in which indeterminate parts of the self may be formulated as moods and the subject can "try on" various subjectivities, I would also emphasize that the indeterminacy that is opened up by the simple fact of a book presenting itself as fictional is key. A work's presentation as merely fictional (rather than testimonial or biographical, for example) invites a reader into a psychic space amenable to playing with foreign concepts and situations, even some that they may otherwise have strong ideological resistance to. As mere fiction, the novel can transport the reader into literally any situation imaginable without the full force of familiar ethical bearings, and establish that virtual reality as the norm at least temporarily. Thus, an opportunity to feel different affective spheres as normal opens up, the experience of different emotive codings for familiar scenes is inscribed on the psyche, and the subject is affected. As Schwab claims, it is not so far a step from here to see the transformative potential of literary affect as a political tool since moods play a role in "the formation of subjectivity as well as in a culture's formation of a politics or, perhaps more adequately, an ecology of emotions."[126] Once we consider the everyday and the familiar as palimpsests of affective cathexes, psychic maps, and texts, written across the boundary line between conscious and unconscious experience, then the multiple levels on which a novel may function politically, decolonially, becomes more apparent. In *House Made of Dawn,* readers are invited to enter a transitional space through the stream-of-consciousness narrative mode that begins to set up a mood of quietude so that they can try on Abel's subjectivity of returning to the land around Walatowa to work through his traumatic past. The chants and place-names and cultural practices that are unfamiliar to readers should theoretically heighten the level of indeterminacy for the kind of psychic play that Schwab describes, while the pervading emotional mood promoted in the novel for the reading experience is quietude, stillness, and acceptance.

CREATING LITERARY MOOD: QUIET HUMANS TO DAMPEN AFFECT

Quietude is further reinforced in *House Made of Dawn* by making both the protagonist and the story arc mute. Momaday makes Abel practically mute, not simply to give us a model of a victim of White culture as many critics have suggested, but to use Abel's erasure to investigate silence—its value and its uses. Locating the narration of the novels within the protagonist's' drifting from hallucinations to diegetic actions to memories to drunken confusion and back creates a psychic space into which the reader can step, entering a sphere of confusion, yes, but also a specific mood of quietude: a powerful, present stillness that pervades the narrative like a mist, saturating the reader in a mood state that lulls them into a passive state as the story arc shifts in its settings and focalizations, as though the novel unfolds as dreamscape. The reader is encouraged to simply accept what the narrative brings instead of adopting a more active posture of trying to puzzle out what is happening behind the vaguer and confused narrative structure.

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[126] Schwab, "Words and Moods," 112.

For all the action of the novel, even the narrative action of jumping from memory to memory, nothing builds to a climax; the experience of a story arc is muted while silent bodies are brought into relief. The novel manages to emphasize the flow of memories and their repetition, their cycling, over and against the drama offered by the plot, and this happens through its focus on bodies: human bodies and landscapes. There are scenes of brutality and sex scenes, but never does the plot manage to evoke strong emotion because the narrative sticks to a minimalist style, focusing on sensual experience without building emotional tension. The characters feel emotions, of course, but the reader is unlikely to sympathetically feel those emotions, too, because the narrative insists on staying on the level of what can be seen or heard in the present moment without guiding the reader to feel attached or react according to a narrative context that would emotionalize the action. When Abel knifes the white man, we have, “Then the head inclined a little, as if to whisper something in the darkness and the rain, and the pale flesh of the face twitched, and the great blue mouth still gaped open and made no sound” (83). It is not “the white man's head” but “the head;” it is not “his mouth” but “the great blue mouth.” Body parts exist and act—whispering, twitching, gaping—but independently of the particular human of which they are a part. When Abel sleeps with Angela and, later, Milly, the narrative repeats this gesture of focusing on body parts rather than people. The novel gives a lengthy description of the women's bodies, but in a very matter-of-fact tone, as though Abel were cataloguing the kinds of body parts that make up the women. With Angela, there is a focus on the lighting of the scene in particular: “For a minute they stood still in the soft blue light. Abel studied her, but she did not cringe. She was very pale in her nakedness, and slight. But her body was supple and round. Her throat was long and her shoulders narrow and tapered. Her breasts were small and rather too low on her body, but they were firm and pointed. There was a soft curve to her belly [...]” (63). Abel is “dark and massive above her, poised and tinged with pale blue light” (64). With Milly, there is similar cataloguing and focus on light and form: “He kissed her mouth and her eyes and her hair and her throat and her shoulders. […] the twist of her body […] accentuated the curve and width of her hips, and they were smooth and round and white. […] Her body was full and white and glowing and glistening” (108-9). These sexual encounters do build in intensity, but one has the feeling that it is a form called Abel who touches and takes hold of white female composites of body parts that are round or twisted or pointed within specific lighting conditions. So even in the scenes most likely to be the emotionally extreme and intense—scenes of murder and sex—, the narrative voice speaks flatly, avoiding establishing relationships between human characters by giving a merely elemental, sensorial description of events.

Interestingly enough, Brian Massumi notes in his description of affect as intensity in *Parables For the Virtual* that, “Matter-of-factness dampens intensity.”[127] In the example he provides of a research group measuring reactions of children watching a melting snowman scene with a factual voiceover compared to another group who got an emotional narrative voiceover, the factual voiceover's relay of “commonsense function” and “consensual meaning” of the images on screen dampened the video's affect on the viewers according to the quantity and amplitude of neurological stimulation recorded. In contrast, when the snowman video was paired with an emotional story, the level of intensity in its affect was shown to increase in terms of strength and duration. Massumi explains that because the emotional narrative was re-registering already-felt sensations experienced in the autonomic system—the children were affected on levels of both autonomic intensity and autonomic/cognitive qualification within a narrative. That is to say that the emotional narrative version of the video had a stronger impact because it was became associated with experiences the children had already felt. But the version of the video with the highest-recorded intensity reaction was the video with no voiceover at all, suggesting that the most affective version was the silent one. Massumi does not comment on the significance of this mute version, but I would suggest that the lack of voiceover as interpretive frame allowed the viewers to let the images they saw play more in relation to their individual histories, in Schwab's sense of psychic play. That is, in the silence, there was room for stronger and longer reactions in the absence of a cognitive narrative guide.

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[127] Brian Massumi, *Parables for the Virtual: Movement, Affect, Sensation,* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2002), 25.

House Made of Dawn appears to be capitalizing on this phenomenon of decreased autonomic stimulation by giving matter-of-fact narration of elemental body parts.[128] Communicating its narrative to the reader in as matter-of-fact and as quiet a way as possible, the novel's narrative voice is pitched to dampen the intensity of affect, avoiding both total silence and emotionalism, each which would increase affective response. And furthermore, that the objective style of the narrative does not necessarily direct the reader in qualifying what she reads with emotionally-laden value-judgements is useful rather than problematic, for affect's temporal priority—its status as the sensation before narrativization within a symbolic system—is exactly its power. An inscription that fails to follow normal patterns of association is free to become associated differently, perhaps decolonially.

In another study that Massumi relates, researchers found a .5 second delay between brain waves indicating a decision was made and the subject's conscious execution of that decision, suggesting that volition is initiated autonomically, prior to consciousness and action.[129] Turning to behavioral researcher Benjamin Libet who says the .5 second isn't an empty lag but something we respond to, Massumi interprets the half second as being missed “not because it is empty, but because it is overfull, in excess of the actually-performed action and of its ascribed meaning. Will and consciousness are *subtractive.* They are *limitative, derived functions* that reduce a complexity too rich to be functionally expressed.”[130] One merit of quietening affect by reducing the intensity of emotional palettes in the novel could be to allow the excess of stimulation and meaning space to play so that something different is subtracted and different emotions and conclusions result from affective stimulation. Dampening affect could be a way of slowing down autonomic reactions to the scenes and narrations of the novel so that the usual chains of affective are not linked up so quickly; weaker traces of shorter duration might link up differently and represent the complexity of the affective response differently than strong, drawn-out affective responses would.

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[128] On the one hand, *House Made of Dawn* actually strives to be imagistic (discussed at further length below), which would increase affective intensity. Focusing on what can be seen by narrating light, position, angles, of bodies is one way of keeping the narrative image-focused while creating an affective climate of quietude to prevent the reader from adopting too active an interpretive stance so that they can flow through the memory sequences with intense autonomic reactions that will necessarily be linked to the plot details surrounding the Indian protagonist and his healing. Yet, the fact remains that as printed text, the novel does not present its audience with published images but *narrates* scenes that can be imagined. It would be interesting to compare the effects of watching images vs. imagining them through reading silently.

To suggest that dampening affect might allow greater access to the complexity of the body processes of the .5 second lag that are subtracted to a reduced response is purely speculative here. It would certainly play into the decolonial possibilities of Momaday's novel. But regardless of the intensity of the affective response of the reader moving through the novel, describing people (and we will see later, landscapes) as component body parts in matter-of-fact style does exploit the opening for an affective stimulation to go in a direction it wouldn't normally travel within our disciplined social scripts. Massumi explains that non-conscious volition is possible because the stimulus for a mental event to happen moves along pre-inscribed paths or *tendencies* marked by past traces of mental actions that do not guarantee a specific denouement. Massumi describes these paths as tendencies because people are not automatons but nevertheless repeat affective processes when something is activated. And movement along a tendency is possible because the body does not record discrete bits of data but contexts. Massumi explains:

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[129] Massumi, 29. Researchers monitored brain waves with an electroencephalograph machine while subjects were directed to flex a finger at will and recall the time of that decision by noting the spatial position of a dot on a clock. The subjects flexed their fingers at .2 seconds after the reported decision time, and significant brain wave activity was registered at .3 seconds before the reported decision.

[130] Massumi, 29.

> The body doesn't just absorb pulses or discrete stimulations; it infolds *contexts*, it infolds volitions and cognitions that are nothing if not situated. Intensity is asocial, but not presocial—it *includes* social elements but mixes them with elements belonging to other levels of functioning and combines them according to different logic. How could this be so? Only if the *trace* of past actions, *including a trace of their contexts,* were conserved in the brain and in the flesh, but out of mind and out of body understood as qualifiable interiorities, active and passive respectively, direct spirit and dumb matter. Only if past actions and contexts were conserved and repeated, autonomically reactivated but not accomplished, begun but not completed. Intensity is *incipience,* incipient action and expression. […] Its newness means that their incipience cannot *just* be a conservation and reactivation of a past. They are t*endencies*-- in other words, pastnesses opening directly onto a future, but with no present to speak of. For the present is lost with the missing half second, passing too quickly to be perceived, too quickly, actually, to have happened."[131]

So a reader of *House Made of Dawn* can be affected by what he reads, an intensity registered in his autonomic system that does not have a cognitive logic yet but will unfold by initially moving along pre-established tendencies. Massumi avers that this space is the virtual, the place of potentialities, which I understand as a temporal opening towards new tendencies and micro-changes in the affective assembly, even the greater, more complex script, which we will remember is Tomkins' name for the network of unconscious and conscious affect chains connected through their past associations with each other. To leave the novel's narrative voice matter-of-fact is to make space for the intensity of affect to be dampened, not too full, as the traces of the affecting narrative scene, its conceptual content, the imagined sensorial content, the reader's emotional reaction, and so on—all of these stimulations can leave traces that follow historical tendencies but *at the same time* register as connected to the new contexts the novel provides.

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[131] Massumi, 30.

The possibilities for linking affect traces to different contexts by dampening conventional, and in this case, colonial, tendencies points the way for the subject *feeling* differently about indigenous modes of healing through storytelling. Massumi points out that reconnection is not simply a matter of relinking meaningful content but involves methods of linking as well. His discussion of importing scientific concepts into humanistic research serves as a useful example for how reconnecting affects can work:

> A concept is by nature connectible to other concepts. A concept is defined less by its semantic content than by the regularities of connection that have been established between it and other concepts: its rhythm of arrival and departure in the flow of thought and language; when and how it tends to relay into another concept. When you uproot a concept from its network of systemic connections with other concepts, you still have its *connectibility.* […] the concept carries a certain residue of activity from its former role. You can think of it as the rhythm without the regularity, or a readiness to arrive and relay in certain ways. Rhythm, relay, arrival and departure. These are relations of motion and rest: *affect.*[132]

The "residue of activity" that a concept carries from its role in a former discourse extends beyond its semantic content to *how* it connects. If we consider Jakobson's characterization of the poetic function of language as that which establishes meaning through the functions of metaphor and metonymy, we can understand the movement of a concept—its rhythm of relating to certain other concepts, how quickly it is associated or disassociated from other concepts—in terms of its metonymic definition. So part of affective shift in the feeling structures of the reader would involve not simply reconceptualization of how objects are qualified—recalibrating objects semantically as Vizenor does in his trickster narratives—but also the establishment of new metonymic neighborhoods wherein affects and affect assemblies take on new configurations, relating to each other more or less closely than before. In *House Made of Dawn,* this might look like admiring the Indian body as Angela does, instead of attacking it because it is vulnerable, as the policeman Martinez does. With Angela, feelings and concepts associated with Indian phenotype or Indianness in the novel, like animality or immorality, are slightly recontextualized as she associates Abel's body with woodenness, landscape, and freedom. Massumi writes that affect is a relation of motion and rest because he understands it to be the incipience of an event that moves along recorded or "conserved" tendencies, but the accumulation of traces builds tendencies, just as in the conscious realm concerning the concept, definition occurs through "its rhythm of arrival and departure in the flow of thought and language; when and how it tends to play into another concept."[133] So while affects may initially travel along historical paths, the shape and destination of those paths can easily change as objects either produce affects they don't usually incite within the historical experience of the subject, or they come to reside in a different affectual neighborhood, becoming linked to other affects and thus taking on new meaning, emotionally and conceptually, just as in language we find metonymic shift in poetry to redefine even the most jaded words.

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[132] Massumi, 20.

Tomkins also discusses possibilities for changing affective assemblies' connections to objects in terms of "recasting," which suggests another method by which Momaday's narration of silent, fractured bodies can dampen affective responses to allow for greater shift in affective chains to occur. Specific affective responses become associated with certain scenes of interaction, become scripted, and Tomkins emphasizes that these scripts are remembered as scenes rather than as discrete responses or objects. In the scenic examples that Tomkins provides, the scene sequences happen within a pervasive mood marked by more than one affect. Taking as an example a child's response of shame and humiliation when an angry adult frowns and slaps her hand away from a cookie jar, Tomkins elaborates various alternative scenes that the child may imagine or enact to “recast” the roles and actions of the players in the scene sequence according to different motivations felt by the child.[134] Interestingly, in this and other examples that Tomkins gives, recasting does not allow the subject to jump into a completely different affective climate: the child who is shamed seeks to shame the adult; the child who feels the adult's anger becomes angry herself. That is, the mood of the scene remains constant even as the roles of who feels which affects shifts.

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[133] Massumi, 20.

But if humans cannot rescript specific scenes with totally different affects, or guarantee themselves experiences of specific affects by pursuing specific objects since affect is largely preconscious, we can nevertheless manipulate the scripts that associate affect-assemblies with specific scenes of action in an attempt to have different role-players register a different affect in the scene. The child may not be conscious of taking on the anger of the adult when she recasts the scene to shame the adult reaching for a cookie, and she may not be conscious of wanting to achieve a level of reciprocity, but the question of consciousness is ultimately irrelevant in considering the power her affective response has in compelling her to recast the scene to change her affective triggering, shifting her mood from shame to anger. When scenes are remembered in recasting, the affect intensity is not necessarily less intense than the experience of it in the original experience but may in fact become stronger as the scenic sequence is linked to other similar encounters. And more traumatic scenes can lead to trans-generational traumas, in which children play the roles their parents played with them against their own children, sometimes even playing the child and adult at the same time. So we see how repetition of a scene and its recasted variations in mental and social life can hold powerful ramifications for the subject.

In *House Made of Dawn,* there are significant recastings of Indian stereotypes in the American imagination. Instead of the Western novel's savage Indian breaking into a White woman's house and raping her, we have Angela seducing Tayo and feeling impressed by his physical prowess. Here, the excitement of the White American reader well-versed in the scene of savage rape is recast into Angela's curiosity and admiration of an indigenous man within a consensual interaction. Momaday makes this recasting very accessible to the reader by turning "a sex scene" into an art piece composed of tapering and rounding forms, blue light, and so on. Breaking the scene down into forms, the reader cannot subtract the meaning of the scene to reduce it to "sex" so quickly; the affective response is dampened as the sexual encounter is broken down into relatively objective and flatly-narrated images so that the conceptual and emotional significance of these bodies coming into contact can be played with. Other recastings might include Angela telling a story to Abel in the hospital and being admired by Benally, the indigenous chanter/story-teller, or Abel killing the taciturn albino out of a feeling of duty when Abel is himself practically mute and has been nearly destroyed by White culture's racism and war. In each of these scenes, characters' usual roles are reversed so that the character in the victim's position experiences the more positive affective climate of the colonial elite. Instead of being exoticised as an Indian story-teller, Benally can admire the possibility for a White woman to exercise the same curative power of storytelling; instead of falling victim to the administrations of war, the military hospital, and the prison, Abel becomes the aggressor against a largely silent stranger symbolic of Whiteness. Affects traveling along the paths of these colonial tendencies or scripts become rerouted into inverted contexts, wherein indigenous bodies are respected, connected to joy or interest. But the mood of the novel never attains to the height of excitement, which is the extreme form of interest as identified by Tomkins' pairing of interest-excitement, as the characters' interactions remain in a drifting dreamscape of disconnected body parts and memories.

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[134] Tomkins, 909.

A final technique for keeping bodies silent and piece-meal to maximize the novel's dampening of affective intensity to possibly allow for more psychic play and reorganization is to never have a character reflect upon what he or she is feeling. According to the melting snowman example recounted by Massumi, a lack of emotional processing allows for more autonomic stimulation: when we don't have a reflective consciousness pouring over the possible emotional responses to a scene, the affective traces are not re-inscribed and strengthened. The stony reminiscences and flat affect emanating from Abel, around whom the narrative is most often focalized, create a quiet psychic space for the unfolding of the novel, as Abel never analyzes or questions his situations. Like Abel, the story's tone is restrained, avoiding emotional expression.[135] When Abel's mother and later, his brother, die, the account is given with a focus on Abel's sensory experience of that moment—the prayer he heard, the lighting—rather than emotional performance (crying) or emotional recollections that would betray conventional reactions such as bereavement, regret, or longing. Abel's reactions are almost always stony, except for when he feels disgust for the female eagle he has helped capture, alarm at the pain he feels being beaten, or desire for the women he sleeps with. Even the fictional character Angela recognizes this absence of emotion in Abel and articulates her understanding of his stony affect as characteristic of Indians in general. Her assessment is worth citing at length:

> Angela thought of Abel, of the way he had looked at her—like a wooden Indian—his face cold and expressionless. […] [The corn dancers] were grave, so unspeakably grave. They were not merely sad or formal or devout; it was nothing like that. It was simply that they were grave, distant, intent upon something that

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[135] The one exception to this lack of both self-reflection and assessment of other characters is Benally's discourse in "The Night Chanter" section. Here, the narrative is given from the urban Indian Benally's perspective as he tells the reader about Abel's life in L.A. by sharing a memory or a chant or a traditional story, sometimes addressing Abel in the second-person in italicized text as though reminiscing with him. These modes of discourse cycle throughout the "Night Chanter" section and are the only part in the novel when Abel's life is assessed qualitatively as Benally considers reasons behind Abel's behavior and what he needs for healing. He believes Abel is unable to adapt to White life because it does not accommodate the mysticism of the reservations, where people experience supernatural forces and sing the old stories and songs in the landscape. But aside from Benally's section, the narrative voice of the novel remains flat.

> she could not see. Their eyes were held upon some vision out of range, something away in the end of distance, some reality that she did not know, or even suspect. What was it that they saw? Probably they saw nothing after all, nothing at all. But then that was the trick, wasn't it? To see nothing at all, nothing in the absolute. To see beyond the landscape, beyond every shape and shadow and color, *that* was to see nothing. That was to be free and finished, complete, spiritual. To see nothing slowly and by degrees, at last; to see first the pure, bright colors of near things, then all pollutions of color, all things blended and vague and dim in the distance, to see finally beyond the clouds and the pale wash of the sky—the none and nothing beyond that. To say 'beyond the mountain,' and to mean it, to mean, simply, beyond everything for which the mountain stands, of which it signifies the being. Somewhere, if only she could see it, there was neither nothing nor anything. And there, just there, *that* was the last reality. Even so, in the same attitude of non-being, Abel had cut the wood. (36-37)

Angela describes Abel as acting in an “attitude of non-being” when he cuts wood for her, “non-being” because he is operating “beyond the landscape,” beyond the details of that which exists, such that he sees an all-encompassing void that precedes and grounds everything that exists in the form of specific lines and colors. This is a spiritual seeing, she says. If you see beyond particularities, even their elemental parts like colors and outlines, then you see nothing differentiated, which is the same as saying you see the interconnectedness of everything, a whole. The effect of such an attitude towards “the landscape” of everything—Angela, cutting wood, mountains—is that it renders Abel's style of interacting with the world “wooden,” “cold,” and “expressionless.” And because much of the novel is focalized around Abel, the tone of the novel is equally expressionless in an attempt, I would argue, to get the reader, too, to see ultimately nothing. But what is this “last reality” of nothingness that Angela glimpses through her interaction with Abel? And why is it quiet?

CREATING LITERARY MOOD: QUIET LANDSCAPES TO RECONNECT

While a strong case can be made that the focalization of *House Made of Dawn* around a largely silent character accounts for the novel's quiet mood, I would argue that it is ultimately the landscape in the novel and Abel's need for it that expresses the strong, abiding quietude of the novel. Robert Nelson cites a passage from Momaday's *The Names* that is apropos here, giving insight into how and why the drama of the novel is drastically subjugated to the description of landscapes in terms of both earth scenes and human bodies. Momaday writes, “The events of one's life take place, take place. How often have I used this expression, and how often have I stopped to think what it means? Events do indeed take place; they have meaning in relation to the things around them. And a part of my life happened to take place at Jemez. I existed in that landscape, and then my existence was indivisible with it.”[136] This statement from Momaday is practically performed by the mood of *House Made of Dawn* and allegorized by Abel's experiences, for while we see the stream-of-conscious narrative style and the preoccupation with bodies' surfaces and positions all “taking place” as their narration is reduced to simply existing, everything comes down to how Abel is indivisible with the landscape. It is as though the tone of the narrative voice focalized around him in sections 1, 2, and 4 is quiet because the landscape in which he grew up is quiet.

The first paragraph of the novel, after citing portions of the Beauty-way chant, ends with “The land was still and strong. It was beautiful all around” (1). From the very beginning, the land is introduced as silent, and the landscape's silence pervades the whole novel except in Benally's part, section 3. On Abel's first morning back home from the war, still in the opening pages of the novel, we have further emphasis upon the silence of the land. Abel wakes at dawn and climbs the hill outside of town: “In the early morning the land lay huge and sluggish, discernible only as a whole, with nothing in relief except its own sheer, brilliant margin as far away as the eye could see, and beyond that the nothingness of the sky. Silence lay like water on the land, and even the frenzy of the dogs below was feeble and a long time in finding the ear” (10). The landscape description here is much like Angela's impression of Abel's gaze, as the narration focalized through Abel sees no details but everything as one whole, and therefore nothing, like the open, void nothingness of the sky. After a sequence of childhood memories, the narrative returns back to this dawn moment on the hill: “And now the silent land bore in upon him as, little by little, it got hold of the light and shone” (25). It is not merely a quiet morning; the land itself is silent, and its silence is palpable to Abel as it “bores” into him.

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[136] N. Scott Momaday, *The Names: A Memoir,* (New York: Harper and Row, 1976), ctd. in Robert M. Nelson, “Snake and Eagle: Abel's Disease and the Landscape of *House Made of Dawn*,” *Studies in American Indian Literatures*, 1.2 (1989), 1.

Just as Abel's body and those of the people he remembers are silent, corporeal parts with minimal qualification or integration into the drama of a narrative, so the landscape of *House Made of Dawn* appears as a silent body. The landscape in *House Made of Dawn* is emphatically mute. Even when the wind howls through the hole in the rock, scaring Abel, the land functions as a mute character in that it is never at any point anthropomorphized. The landscape of *House Made of Dawn* first of all takes on a quiet, merely factual attitude through the short and simple sentence structures that the novel employs to describe it, as well as the focus on elemental aspects of the landscape that the description focuses on, for example, line, and color. The matter-of-fact style of the narration focalized around Abel in his contact with other human bodies extends to his observations of the landscape. From the first sentences of the novel, in the prologue (which we will later learn is also a repetition of the epilogue, a starting point in a perpetual cycle) we have landscape description in simple sentences that is notably focused on elemental pictorial components like color, lighting, and line: “[...] the land was very old and everlasting. There were many colors on the hills, and the plain was bright with different-colored clays and sands. Red and blue and spotted horses grazed in the plain, and there was a dark wilderness on the mountains beyond. The land was still and strong. It was beautiful all around" (1). The attention to the diverse colors of the land speaks to its beauty by speaking to its diversity of colors across contrasts of "bright" and "dark" foreground and background. Positively-charged adjectival phrases like "old and everlasting" and "still and strong" establish the land as admirable long before the narrative confirms this by declaring the landscape beautiful. The description does not strike me as a eulogy, however. The repetition of "there was X, there was Y," stylizes the description as a simple acknowledgment of that which exists, and its beauty is connected with the simple merit of existing. Without going so far as to eulogize or anthropomorphize or become technical about the landscape, the novel pretends to be an appreciative reporter of that which is, observing colors, lighting, location, and qualities, without the florid description of Romantic American novels of the 18th century, for example.

When a human, Abel, enters in the second paragraph, the landscape does not recede into the background. Rather, it includes the human element as one part amongst many. Abel appears as part of the landscape, something moving through it. Little is said about him except that he is running alone and that he is half-naked wearing ash, but these descriptions are minimalistic in style, assuming a Hemingway kind of terseness, and are interspersed with further observations of the land.

> Abel was running. He was alone and running […] The valley was gray with rain, and snow lay out upon the dunes. It was dawn. The first light had been deep and vague in the mist, and then the sun flashed and a great yellow glare fell under the cloud. The road verged upon the clusters of juniper and mesquite, and he could see the black angles and twists of wood beneath the hard white crust; there was a shine and glitter on the ice. He was running, running. (1)

The focus on the terrain of the land in this opening passage establishes the primacy and quiet presence of the earth and sky, and the human is part of that terrain, almost an animal in that he runs and runs and sees, but we are not privy to any of his thoughts. Observations of his movements and his body are given in economical, simple sentences or in short compound sentences, such that the fact that "It was dawn" and "Abel was running" assume a feeling of simple factuality that correlates their existences, making them part of the same whole. Other human elements, like the road, are simply part of the landscape, as it is observed in the same style, and nothing is happening there. Even when the description focalizes around what Abel can see, he can see "black angles and twists of wood beneath the hard white crust" but not the town. The human perspective reinforces the integrity and the elemental nature of the land in that it sees colors and shapes but not that which Heidegger termed "standing reserve"—natural elements that appear solely in their capacity of resources for human use. In the final sentence, Abel almost disappears into the landscape, a mere element amongst others: "Against the winter sky and the long, light landscape of the valley at dawn, he seemed almost to be standing still, very little and alone" (2).

Rédouane Abouddahab has a similar experience of noting the elemental nature of Momaday's landscape description in *House Made of Dawn,* and he relates Momaday's style of juxtaposing basic geometrical forms to a dreamscape. For Abouddahab, the narration of the landscape in *House Made of Dawn* moves like a painter's brush guiding the reader's eye across the movement of angles, arcs, colors, and diagonals in the novel's scenes to such an extent that, he concludes, the text's focus on geometrical elementals makes the *expression* of landscape the real story (presumably, as opposed to the human characters' actions). "The gaze, […] follows the movement and, in capturing its essence, is the essential motor of both the story and the discourse," states Abouddahab.[137] The visual and the verbal become one in the verbal construction of the visual surface. In fact, Abouddahab finds the narrative and the landscape description in the novel to be ultimately indissociable considering that what he terms the "surface presentation" of the text is a series of "visual sequences" that express the emotions of the characters in a scattered visual style similar to that of the unconscious.[138] He does not go on to explain this link to unconscious expression, but we could take Abouddahab's painting analogy further to explain what he might mean by the landscape expressing characters' psychologies.

The unconscious transmission of emotionally-laden forms through landscape description that Abouddahab observes is possible from the perspective of communicating movement of lines and colors on the level of affect. The emotion of the forms is, I would argue, very quiet. As stated before, except for Benally, we do not find instances of characters saying or thinking qualitative statements that would reveal their emotions. Emotional reactions are sometimes stated simply, as when a memory of Abel's states "he burned with rage" at his military cohort's representation of him on the battlefield. But usually only hints of emotion are given through body movements or the tone of the narrative focalized around a character. The characters themselves are flat in terms of affect, and to some extent this is made possible by making everything in the novel until the last pages a memory, removed from the immediacy of the present. If the mental lives of the main indigenous characters are expressed by landscape description as Abouddahab claims, that is because the characters are part of the land, *in* the landscape aesthetic of quietude. That is, both human characters and landscape descriptions evoke the same affectual climate of being mute, still, but powerfully quiet. Readers' experience of this emotional landscape given in visual sequences of angles, arcs, and lighting can be said to be unconscious to the extent that the experience of quietness arises from describing everything—body parts, hills, roads, the sky—as components, as things usually noticed in the background of more dramatic encounters.

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[137] Rédouane Abouddahab, "L'écriture et la vie: N. Scott Momaday et le texte stéréoscopique," *Revue francaise d'études américaines,* 107 (March 2006), 93. "Le regard, qui suit le mouvement et en capte l'essence, est ainsi le moteur essentiel dans le récit et dans le discours du récit." All translations in the text are mine.

[138] Abouddahab, 93. "Les actions ne sont pas soumises à la psychologie et, par là, à la profondeur; elles relèvent d'un agencement de surface, et constituent avec d'autres actions des séquences visuelles elles-memes participant de la vision éparpillé de l'inconscient. L'expression, définie d'un point de vue canonique comme <<manifestation extérieure de la pensée ou des états psychiques>> (N. Sillamy 105-106), ne révèle pas le trait de caractère. La vie mentale des personnages, pourtant intense, est plutot de l'ordre d'une présentation de surface" (94-95).

Just as in the descriptions of human bodies, the elemental and simple description style in landscape descriptions provide the reader with pieces of the whole, effectively drawing attention to the components of the landscape—cliffs, rivers, roads, humans, eagles, corn fields—as components: things placed together. From this perspective, it makes sense for Abouddahab to call the landscape description in *House Made of Dawn* the plot itself. Images of the landscape are themselves "events of description," part of the action of the novel rather than symbolism, he states, continuing to reason that if the aesthetic of playing between order and disorder is characteristic of nature itself, then the gaze that the reader follows throughout the text is not that of any particular person but is *intrinsic to the scene itself*. Is this to say that the landscape is narrating itself? Abouddahab does not make such a bold claim, but he does assert that nature becomes "a spectacular manifestation of a contingence, a temporality, thus a story."[139]

Nelson's analysis of *House Made of Dawn* is premised upon a similar understanding of the essential com-position of humans within the landscape, such that he reads the novel as a tale of the necessity of recognizing one's identity in the landscape. Taking eagle and snake symbolism in the novel to represent a panoramic, whole vision and a subterranean dangerous wildness, respectively, Nelson argues that Abel needs "a vision of the land and *himself in it* like the ones which open and close the novel, both of which imitate the perspective of vision attributed to eagle."[140] It is not that Abel is completely divorced from his people's land but that, according to Nelson's compelling reading, he is willing to accept only half of the relationship with the landscape: he wants to possess it (he wants to capture the eagle and her power) without being possessed by it (be vulnerable to mysterious forces of death that have taken his mother and brother). Nelson continues to explain that the "dawn" referenced in the novel's title, is therefore the illumination that Abel undergoes when he surrenders himself to the land following his return from Los Angelas and his grandfather's death: he goes back to the place where the Kiowa run the "Winter Race" and surrenders himself to the "wholeness" of the specific landscape from which he comes, a surrender the reader understands according to the way in which he runs exposed to the elements. But most interestingly, Nelson, like Abouddahab, understands Abel's vision of the landscape to *come from the landscape*. The gaze of the narrative voice, even when narrating a human character's sight, is presented as directed by the landscape. Nelson describes his evidence from the novel as follows:

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[139] Abouddahab, 95. "La description joue un role prépondérant dans la mesure où elle fait partie de l'action. Elle ne se contente pas d'un statut symbolique ni rhétorique subalterne; elle raconte. Bien plus, l'image s'impose comme événement descriptif" (95). He continues on the next page: "Si ce jeu de désordre et d'harmonie marque la nature elle-meme, notons que cette animation esthétique de la nature n'est pas uniquement dans le regard du personnage; elle est intrinsèque. En ce sens, la nature devient la manifestation spectaculaire d'une contingence, d'une temporalité et, par là, d'une histoire," (96).

> Abel's vision—as he runs—derives solely and immediately from the landscape itself:
>
> > He could see at last without having to think. He could see
> > the canyon and the mountains and the sky. He could see
> > the rain and the river and the fields beyond. He could see
> > the dark hills at dawn. (1191)
>
> At this moment Abel's vision is, like the vision attributed by Tosamah to John prior to his verbalization of it, a vision of "the Truth"" of the innate wholeness of the land, a wholeness that seen, has the power to heal. (13)

Nelson does not argue that the landscape is directing Abel's vision, but we see that Abel is seeing "without having to think," such that the physical beings that appear within the gaze called "He could see" are active agents entering the human's passive sight, driving the narrative description. The land is the content but also the director of the gaze. The passage Nelson cites from *House*

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[140] Robert M. Nelson, "Snake and Eagle: Abel's Disease and the Landscape of *House Made of Dawn*," *Studies in American Indian Literatures*, 1.2 (1989), 4. Hereafter, cited in the text.

Made of Dawn does not say that Abel sees himself in the landscape, but, as Nelson goes on to point out, the novel suggests that Abel is making progress towards reuniting with the land as he appears to physically surrender to the land as "his body crack[s] open with pain" and the sky begins to rain down and wash away the ceremonial ash spread across his nude torso, purifying him (Momaday ctd. in Nelson 13). Nelson's understanding of the novel as an allegory of recognizing one's place in the land emphasizes the need to regain a certain vision, a certain understanding, which allows the land to direct one back to finding one's place as part of the whole.

Nelson's reading is a very helpful intervention in Momaday criticism that has consistently cast Abel's alienation as racist rather than spiritual. The construction of the novel and its symbolism, Nelson argues, indicate that Abel is most problematically alienated not from human communities but from the landscape that nurtured him. For it is not just any land that he can reunite with: Nelson rightly points out that Abel returns to the site of an old Jemez settlement named "Seytokwa" whose physical description correlates to other rocks connected to Navajo identity and is established as "a place associated in both Abel's […] and Francisco's memories with the idea of knowing, with certainty, '*where they were, where all things were, in time*'" (Nelson's emphasis, 12). Thus, for Nelson, Abel's healing moment according to the structure of the novel is the Winter Race which begins and ends *House Made of Dawn* such that the novel literally revolves around the landscape to convey the necessity of healing one's vision in order to recognize one's identity in the land, to know where one is in space and time. If the dreamy stream-of-consciousness narrative expresses Abel's ungroundedness in a community or even within a coherent biography, then the landscape can help orient him, to know where he is in relation to other beings and whether he is in the present or the past.

Beginning with, and coming back to, the landscape conveys its centrality for the characters' identities and healing, and descriptions of landscapes are repeated throughout the novel, not simply at the end. Because the prologue and epilogue feature mirror descriptions of the Walatowa landscape, marking Abel's healing running through it, I would agree with Nelson that those bookend passages set up an ideal, not simply in terms of curating a healthy *vision* of the landscape but through the quiet mood they set via a particular lyricism as well. For while Abel sees much throughout the novel, it is what he hears that ultimately has the most positive effect on him.

CREATING LITERARY MOOD: QUIET CHANTING

In the prologue of *House Made of Dawn*, after brief citations of the Navajo beauty-way chant, each sentence addresses the land through matter-of-fact, elemental description to evoke a mood of quiet power, but at the same time and, perhaps, ironically, that quietude is reinforced by the fact that the description is given in metered prose: the narration comes to feel like poetry or song. In fact, I would argue that the narrative is chanting. Readers encounter the chanting in quietude, as the novel is most likely read silently, but it is the repetitive rhythm of the chanting, its iambic meter, and the anaphoric style of the repeated sentence patterns that work to convey a feeling of quietude as the reader is invited to be lulled into a non-disturbed, consistently-formed prose: a quiet chant.

Joseph Bruchac observes that many American Indian writers blur the distinction between verse and prose, either passing from one form to another as in Silko's *Ceremony,* or giving passages of prose that “one could read as poems,” as in *House Made of Dawn.*[141] In his interview with Bruchac, Momaday admits that he likes writing a “lyrical prose,” lyrical in terms of “rhythms and fluencies of sound.”[142] He goes on to describe his work “The Colors of Night” in *The Gourd Dancer* as “lyrical stories” and a form he enjoys working in.

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[141] Joseph Bruchac, “N. Scott Momaday: An Interview by Joseph Bruchac,” *The American Poetry Review,* 13.4 (1984), 15.

It is important that the landscape of *House Made of Dawn* is lyrical, and that it is transmitted to people through chanting, for the repetitive, rhythmic prose—“lyrical prose” in Momaday's terms—is the mode of conveying the landscape's quietude to the reader according to Momaday's aesthetics of healing through literary language, especially chanting. Abel does not exhibit any signs of healing in terms of acting as though he has control of his life-orientation once he gets a job in L.A. or hears Tosamah's sermons, but he does seem to be affected by Benally's chanting. We find out that Benally has been chanting the Navajo chant-ways to Abel when they go out drinking in the hills around L.A. These drunken parties seem designed to counterbalance the Indian men's hard lives working in the factory and trying to survive urban culture; they are a cathartic release from the daily grind of White culture. “You can forget about everything up there,” Benally remarks (145). When they are drunk in the dark in the hills together, others in their party sing, but “it was the wrong kind of thing,” Benally says. He wants to pray, and he wants to do it privately with Abel. The novel then gives a page and a half of chanting until the *sjuzet* moves on to Benally's considerations of why Abel had a hard time. The chant is left to sit there with the reader as the culmination of the characters' escape into the hills at night.

Benally's description of how he used to tell Abel about “those old ways, the stories and the sings, Beauty-way and Night Chant,” ends with the Beauty-way Chant, perhaps the full chant (146). Between Abel's being beat nearly to death and Benally's recollections of all his violent struggles, we have an enjambed poem-chant that repeats “Restore my feet for me, / Restore my legs for me […] Happily I recover. / Happily my interior becomes cool. / Happily I go forth. […] Happily may I walk. […] Happily may I walk. […] Being as it used to be long ago, may I walk" (147). To readers in the 21st century, the chant sounds like positive affirmations. But it is also incantatory. In the last section, we have:

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[142] Ibid., 14.

> May it be beautiful before me,
> May it be beautiful behind me,
> May it be beautiful below me,
> May it be beautiful above me,
> May it be beautiful all around me.
> In beauty it is finished. (147)

The focus on beauty as part of restoration bespeaks a necessary aesthetics at stake in healing. This is true when chanting is associated with healing earlier in the story when Benally promises a drunken meet-up with singing to Abel after he is released from the hospital. When Abel is completely broken, both physically and socially, recovering from being found beat-up outside of Benally's apartment, his friend makes plans for Abel's future that include going home to the reservation and meeting up to sing together in the morning up in the hills in a couple of years. Their plans are emphatic, something they "had to do" and "the way it was going to be" (145). Interestingly, the plan is conveyed silently. Benally says that Abel wanted to tell him something, but when they go off alone in the dark, they just stand there "in the dark, listening." "I guess we were thinking the same thing," Benally says (145). He feels that Abel is waiting for him to tell him what will happen, so Benally makes plans for a last drunken meet-up that revolves around chanting, but also an encounter with the landscape and a feeling of beauty:

> We were going out into the hills on horses and alone. It was going to be early in the morning, and we were going to see the sun coming up. It was going to be good again, you know? We were going to get drunk for the last time, and we were going to sing the old songs. We were going to sing about the way it used to be, how there was nothing all around but the hills and the sunrise and the clouds. We were going to be drunk and, you know, peaceful—beautiful. We had to do it in a certain way, just right, because it was going to be the last time. (145-6)

The reader knows so little about what Abel likes because of the restrained, closed, and quiet tone of the narrative voice that focalizes around him and his experiences, and because the dominant affectual tones that do arise are shame, anger, and silence. We see him admire the eagles and women's bodies, but these are exceptions to the dominant mood of stony silence. So it is very significant to find that Abel leads Benally to promise a chanting ritual. Benally has apparently sung to him many times, so we can infer that Abel likes the chants since he invites this promise. I would argue that Momaday is using a form of character modeling here to lead the reader to become interested in the chants, too.

House Made of Dawn not only includes portions of Navajo chants that the characters value but mimics a chanting rhythm as well within the prose. Momaday crafts the texture of his narration so that readers can *feel* the rhythmic cadence of chanting as they read, as though mimicking the experience of hearing chanting. We have already encountered this phenomenon in the citation of Benally's homecoming plans; he does not simply promise to chant, but he delivers that promise in anaphoric and very rhythmic phrases: "We were going out into the hills […] It was going to be early in the morning […] we were going to see the sun coming up […] It was going to be good again […] We were going to get drunk for the last time […] we were going to sing the old songs […] We were going to sing about the way it used to be […] We were going to be drunk and […] peaceful—beautiful" (145-6). This chanting style of dialogue in the novel in which phrases are repeated over and over with slight variations and with a more or less consistent meter is not an isolated occurrence.

Right after the prologue, the first chapter presents Abel's grandfather, Francisco, traveling by horse-drawn wagon to pick up his grandson Abel from the bus stop, remembering another race, one when he ran “the race for good hunting and harvests” (7). An iambic trimeter emerges from the narrative discourse that relays the memories of “the old man Francisco:”

x / x / x / x x / x / x / x x / x x / x / x /
“Once he had played a part; he had rubbed himself with soot, and he ran on the wagon road at
dawn”

(7). The sing-songy quality of iambic, sometimes anapestic, meter and the repetition of the grouping of three feet indicated by punctuation marks in the sentence suggests a nostalgic, dreamy, story-telling quality because the lilting rhythm of this foundational meter in common English is very comfortable—the meter of spoken language—, and the short stanzaic lines are likely to remind one of the form of a sing-songy nursery rhyme (“Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon”). Listening, rather than simply seeing, is important here. While the land itself does not come to mind in this early memory, later, as he lay dying, Francisco will tell Abel his memory of going to hear—not see—the dawn runners when his grandson was a child, using prose designed to lull the reader into an easy embrace of the narrator's regard for the land. For the narrative voice, whether focalized around Francisco or Abel, remains consistent in its tone throughout the novel. In one of the last six monologues he speaks in a fever, Francisco remembers another dawn race, “the race of the dead” (206), which is designed to solicit the blessings of ancestors who have died. And his description matches the novel's prologue in theme and style by giving the reader compact, lyrical descriptions of the land:

> There in the plain, between the blue hills and the low line of the red cliffs, was the round red rock. As they approached it from the south, it seemed only a grade, a gentle rise in the plain, but when they came upon it the land fell away. He took the boy down from the horse, and they stood on the edge of the rock, facing north, and the deep red face of the rock dropped under them forty feet to the plain. The near fields lay out below, and they could see across a hundred hills to the mouth of the canyon. “Listen,” he said, and they stood perfectly still on the edge of the rock. The sun took hold of the valley, and a morning breeze rose out of the

> shadows and the long black line of the eastern mesa backed away. Far below, the breeze ran upon the shining blades of corn, and they heard the footsteps running. It was faint at first and far away, but it rose and drew near, steadily, a hundred men running, two hundred, three, not fast, but running easily and forever, the one sound of a hundred men running. “Listen,” he said. “It is the race of the dead, and it happens here.” (206)

Before looking at the rhythmic patterns of this passage, it is important to note that it emerges in a passage of landscape description associated with running. Again, the landscape predominates the narrative; in fact, the landscape is the narrative: “There […] was,” “they could see” give the apparently neutral reports of an observer. Before the runners are spoken of, the reader is given “blue hills,” “red cliffs,” “the round red rock,” “the fields,” “a hundred hills,” “the mouth of the canyon,” “the sun,” “a morning breeze,” “ the shadows and the long black line of the eastern mesa,” and “shining blades of corn.” When “the one sound of a hundred men running” comes, it is simply one more thing in the catalogue of what existed that morning on the cliff. The men are simply part of the landscape.

While the short simple sentences of the prologue have given way to the longer compound structures of a reminiscing old man, the sentence structure is nevertheless quite consistent and repetitive, suggesting stability, truthfulness, or factuality regarding the landscape's existence that morning: “He took the boy […], and they stood […]”; “The near fields lay […], and they could see [...]”; “'Listen,' he said, and they stood [...]”; “The sun took hold […], and a morning breeze ran [...]”. In this repetition of describing the land and those who run through it at the end of the novel, we find the same lilting meter from the beginning of the novel. Iambic prose occasionally combined with the similar rhythm of the anapest, with some emphatic spondees all reinforce the sense of repetition that one might associate with factuality:

x / x / / x x / x x / x x / x x / x x /
He took the boy down from the horse, and they stood on the edge of the rock, facing north,

x x / / / x x / / / x x / x / x x /
and the deep red face of the rock dropped under them forty feet to the plain.

/ x x / x x / / x x / x x / x x /
“Listen,” he said, and they stood perfectly still on the edge of the rock.

x / x / x x / x x x / x / / / x x / x x x / / /
The sun took hold of the valley, and a morning breeze rose out of the shadows and the long black line

x x / x / x / / x
of the eastern mesa backed away.

/ x / x / x x / x / x / x / x x / x / x / x
Far below, the breeze ran upon the shining blades of corn, and they heard the footsteps running.

I am claiming that the iambic and spondee are evocative of factuality, of an axiomatic feeling, even a nostalgia about something already accepted as true, because they meter not only our childhood nursery rhymes but also the kinds of statements we speak as fact in everyday English:

x / x / x / x / x / x x / x x / x / x x / x /

The sky is blue. The bus is coming now. We are eating at 5 o'clock. It is time for bed.

The matter-of-factness of these back-heavy metrical feet is also linked to vitality. It is worth noting that the iamb is the rhythm of the heartbeat, which the Tongva people original to what is now Orange County before Spanish colonization continue to use as the rhythm for their clapper-sticks; they play a heartbeat rhythm as the percussive base for sacred songs that they sing over it. These particular kinds of rhythmic patterns of speech that Momaday features in landscape descriptions, which are critical for framing the novel, evoke a sense of authority in their rhythm of short-long, short-long, short-long, and their repetition solicits sustained attention as the listener-reader is carried along by the pattern. The commanding aspect of the novel's lyrical narration is further emphasized by Francisco's repetitive imperative to the young Abel, “Listen.”

Benally and Abel make their plans for reunification that extend beyond the time narrated in the novel as they stand in the dark, listening: “We were both pretty drunk, and we just stood around out there in the dark, listening,” Benally recalls (145). In the earlier “Longhair” section of the novel, Francisco seems to speak to the reader when he repeatedly tells Abel to listen for the dawn runners: the repeated “listen” operates as an imperative to the readers as well, enjoining them to not only read but to hear and so experience in a richer way the scene of the dawn run, wherein the land does not only appear descriptively but is given in relation to the lilting rhythm of a human voice describing it. The importance of rhythm that we encounter on the level of *sjuzet* considering the organization of the plot is emphasized on the sentence level of the landscape descriptions through iambic and spondic meters, and the reader is exhorted to “Listen” by the more or less respected fictional elder. And what is heard in this specific passage? A hundred men running downhill.

Running, of course, is a very rhythmic action, and so we see rhythm explicitly thematized throughout the novel's circulation between races that Francisco and Abel run or listen to. Furthermore, running not only conveys a rhythm but also, within the Kiowa perspective, provides a conduit for connecting with the power of the land. Nelson relates that the runners of the winter race—the Jemez people are known for their running—are effectively imitating Cloud People who send rain by running not straight down the mountain but by taking a zig-zag path to imitate the flow of water through the arroyos. He cites Momaday's explanation from “The Morality of Indian Hating," that “to watch those runners is to know that they draw with every step some elemental power which resides at the core of the earth"" (ctd. in Nelson 8). In order to listen to the rhythms offered in *House Made of Dawn,* however, one first needs to be able to hear. One needs silence, quiet. While Benally's singing and planning gives Abel support and a plan to follow—to go home and meet up later—, Abel acts rather than reacts for the first time when he goes out to join the Winter race *in silence*, once he returns home. His final scene, usually interpreted as the turning point of his healing as he runs the winter race as his grandfather did, joining his community once more to call upon a larger land-based community—this all happens in relative silence. It is a phenomenon of silent chanting given that the chant is read at the close of the novel in the last sentences: “There was no sound, and he had no voice; he had only the words of a song. And he went running on the rise of the song. *House made of pollen, house made of dawn. Qtsedaba”* (212).

DECOLONIZATION THROUGH AN AESTHETICS OF BEAUTY

We have mapped some of Momaday's techniques that create a pervasively quiet mood throughout *House Made of Dawn*: a dreamy, stream-of-consciousness *sjuzet* that allows for psychic play in the midst of dampened affect responses; the narrative voice's objectivity and preoccupation with bodies' elemental appearances to crowd out dramatic concerns and keep the characters quiet; and the rhythmic lyricism of the landscape descriptions that frame and repeat throughout the novel to give an experience of silent chanting. These maneuvers for creating an atmosphere of quietude for readers is to prepare them to listen and experience the healing power of stories and chants related in the novel, and to do so in a mode other than anthroposophical interest. The quiet mood state that the novel seeks to create through a literary aesthetics that de-emphasizes character's drama is designed to convey a feeling for living as *part of* the land, to highlight inner connections with the landscape. Abel seems most lively and hopeful at the end of the novel when he is no longer socially erased as he was within mainstream and reservation communities because he is finally finding his place in the whole social aesthetic realm, which importantly includes the land. As we will see below, this is Momaday's idea of beauty—occupying one's rightful position within the whole. Some critics have described Abel's ailment in *House Made of Dawn* in terms of his triple alienation from his deceased family members, his Kiowa community, and the blue-collar Los Angeles community of urban Indians; other critics have traced Abel's aggression, his inability to speak, and his lacking abilities to establish intimate relationships to his alienation from the Kiowa homeland. But *House Made of Dawn* suggests that Abel must re-cognize his position as part of the land *in order to* begin healing his human social alienation. And Benally's interest in chanting at a specific location—in the hills above L.A., in the hills around Walatowa—, plus the importance that both he and the Beauty-way chant place on being surrounded by beauty for something like healing or at least a break from trouble to occur, suggests that landscape is essential for chanting to work as healing ceremony.

This idea that a connection to the land is essential for healing is expressed most strongly through the aesthetic theory that Momaday presents both implicitly through landscape description and explicitly through plot. As Abel realizes his position within a community aesthetic that extends beyond humans to recover the well-being that might allow him to establish healthy intrapersonal relationships, the reader is also invited to conceptualize this extra-human community and experience it as a certain mood state, one of quietude. Momaday's manner of describing the landscape in relation to fictional characters works on a subconscious level where mood, tone, and affect intervene in the reader's disposition to open the possibility, as de la Cadena phrases it, of moving from “respecting” indigenous “beliefs” about the land to glimpsing an entirely different world of meanings that has just as much epistemological and political legitimacy as the world from which colonialism continues to operate.[143] That Momaday creates a quiet mood in his novel which can help readers to be more affected by the landscape description and role in healing, rather than dismissing it as setting, points towards the manipulation of literary mood as a technique or aesthetic practice for decolonizing the structures of feeling that readers bring to the novels.

In his 1982 interview with Joseph Bruchac, Momaday states, "The Indians of the Southwest, and the Pueblo people, for example, and the Navajos with whom I grew up, they don't live on the land; they live *in it,* in a real sense. And that is very important to me, and I like to evoke as best I can that sense of belonging to the earth."[144] Later in the interview, when asked what "American Indian literature" offers literature and the world at large, Momaday discusses this relationship of being *in* rather than *on* the earth as an aesthetics that is uniquely available from indigenous writers:

> There is design and symmetry in the pattern of my speech, my words. That in itself is a noteworthy thing. Another such thing is the perception that we were talking about a moment ago. I believe that the Indian has an understanding of the physical world and of the earth as a spiritual entity that is his, very much his own. The non-Indian can benefit a good deal by having that perception revealed to him.[145]

That Momaday is interested in landscape as powerful is certainly no news—he says so explicitly in interviews, and even Kenneth Lincoln still characterizes *House Made of Dawn* as "the prose genius of place," noting how "the context of place gives distinctive character and voice to counter mainstream anonymity and loss."[146] The loss that the landscape makes up for in the novel is that of a cultural identity, as Abel is introduced in the first chapter as a drunk vet getting off the bus and falling on his grandfather Francisco—the only family he has left in the wake of his mother's and brother's disease-related deaths when Abel was a child. The physical weight that Francisco bears as he helps Abel walk symbolizes the social weight of his troubled grandson, considering that Abel is returning from war to a place characterized as the middle of nowhere according to the horse-drawn wagon his grandfather has brought to fetch him, and he will not manage to prove himself within the Kiowa community: murdering the albino, flirting with the White female tourist, killing the eagle caged for the ceremony, and returning from L.A. physically broken from the beating he takes from Martinez. The landscape surrounding the town of Walatowa where Abel is from is available to counter these losses, less a theme or setting and more a thematic designed to affect readers, to demonstrate how "[t]he non-Indian can benefit a good deal by having that perception revealed to him," as Momaday frames his expectation for his literature's influence. Notably, revelation, rather than argument, is key to Momaday's method of sharing his understanding of the indigenous person's relationship to the earth.

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[143] De la Cadena, 368.

[144] Joseph Bruchac, "N. Scott Momaday: An Interview by Joseph Bruchac," *The American Poetry Review,* 13.4 (1984), 14.

[145] Ibid., 18.

[146] Kenneth Lincoln, "Introduction," *N. Scott Momaday, Remembering Ancestors, Earth, and Traditions: An Annotated Bio-Bibliography,* Ed. Phyllis S. Morgan, Norman: University of Oklahoma, 2010, 6.

The path towards such a revelation is first of all prepared in *House Made of Dawn* through the design of its descriptions that emulate the function and form of chanting, for the style of language employed in American Indian literature is directly influenced by the landscape from which it emerges, according to Momaday, and there is reason to believe that linguistic forms can actually channel the being of the landscape. Momaday's insistence upon the "design and symmetry in the pattern of [his] speech, [his] words" in the Bruchac interview recapitulates the aesthetic theory he puts forth in *Man Made of Words* wherein he makes an argument for the sacredness and immense power of language according to the form it takes in relation to the speaker's landscape—an aesthetic consideration key in the use of language in American Indian oral tradition, he states. Literature in North America begins with "the first human perception of the American landscape expressed and preserved in language," he writes, critically tying formalized language that is repeated across generations as directly inspired by the speakers' experiences of the landscape where they live.[147] It is significant that Momaday views literary language as inspired by the land, because, as we will see below, the healing capacity of specific language forms lies in their capacity to channel the constitution of the landscape to sick beings. The genres that carried these observations of the landscape were first of all oral. Momaday lists "songs, prayers, spells, charms, omens, riddles, and stories" as the first literary genres in North America, noting that they used language as though it were "magical." He explains,

> At the heart of the American Indian oral tradition is a deep and unconditional belief in the efficacy of language. Words are intrinsically powerful. They are magical. By means of words can one bring about physical change in the universe. By means of words can one quiet the raging weather, bring forth the harvest, ward off evil, rid the body of sickness and pain, subdue an enemy, capture the heart of a lover, live in the proper way, and venture beyond death. Indeed there is nothing more powerful. When one ventures to speak, when he utters a prayer or tells a story, he is dealing with forces that are supernatural and irresistible. He assumes great risks and responsibilities.[148]

The power of words is not limited to changing human thinking in Momaday's understanding here, for he lists changes in weather, human relationship, life and death processes, all as examples of occasions when one might take the risk of interacting with "supernatural" forces that would participate in such changes. The use of the word "supernatural" might prompt dismissal from "modern" readers, but it is well-chosen to articulate the cosmological aesthetics that Momaday is describing and representing as "Indian." It seems reasonable that Momaday's expectation that human speech might catalyze physical forces to action is predicated on his confidence that the American Indian possesses "an understanding of the physical world and of the earth as a spiritual entity that is his, very much his own," as he states in the Bruchac interview. The land in the context of *House Made of Dawn* can be understood to house or manifest ancestral spirits according to Dine cosmology, but it is remarkable that Momaday does not clarify whose or what kinds of ancestors are invoked through ritual. This is likely because many indigenous groups do not make a distinction between humans and non-humans within the socio-political field, such that ancestors can refer to biological grandparents as well as mountains, animals, rivers, and founding figures of creation stories like First Woman or Grandmother Spider. Most significantly in the case of *House Made of Dawn,* physical features of the land are themselves ancestral and capable of intervening in humans' lives.

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[147] N. Scott Momaday, *Man Made of Words,* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1997), 14.
[148] Momaday, *Man Made of Words,* 14-16.

Healing language can first of all function as an affirmation, whether it is read silently or spoken in a chant-way. For Momaday, language is powerful not only in terms of channeling a salubrious natural order but also in the way that it can operate performatively to speak something into existence. Simon Ortiz in *Woven Stone* avows that spoken language is action: it evokes, expresses, confirms and conveys a belief system, and in this way, it acts on its speakers.[149] Far beyond the purview of the power that J. L. Austin's speech acts wield, operating largely in the realm of law ("I now pronounce you man and wife"), active speech for these indigenous writers is language that determines what is seen, experienced. Momaday is interested in the power of affirmation and acknowledgement, which can effectively speak a scenario into being.

Upon reciting the Navajo Beauty-way chant, for example, the singer will necessarily perform the affirmations of beauty in the physical world in the act of reciting the chant-way, and this event of the singer speaking of beauty around him in the form of an acknowledgement is simultaneously a reaffirmation of his place *within* the beauty of the physical world. That is, the speaker describes a world as well as his place in it as an observer while he sings the chant-way, both recreating and affirming that world from his perspective. Momaday conveys this point so elegantly that it is worth citing some of the chant and Momaday's analysis at length as readers are likely to be unfamiliar with the chant-ways:

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[149] Qtd. in Kimberly M. Blaeser, *Gerald Vizenor: Writing in the Oral Tradition, (*Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1996), 7.

> *Reared within the Mountains!*
> *Lord of the Mountains!*
> *Young Man!*
> *Chieftain!*
> *I have made your sacrifice.*
> *I have prepared a smoke for you.*
> *My feet thou restore for me.*
> *My legs thou restore for me.*
> *My body thou restore for me.*
> *My mind thou restore for me.*
> *My voice thou restore for me.*
> *Restore all for me in beauty.*
> *Make beautiful all that is before me.*
> *Make beautiful all that is behind me.*
> *It is done in beauty.*
> *It is done in beauty.*
> *It is done in beauty.*
> *It is done in beauty.*[150]

Momaday's analysis is as follows:

> This has the formality of prayer and the measure of poetry. It is immediately and essentially religious in its tone and statement. That is to say, the attitude that informs it is holy. In such a formulaic context as this, where the words are precisely fitted into the context of religious ceremony, the oral tradition achieves a remarkable stability, an authority not unlike that of Scripture.

Here, Momaday reminds us that literary structure can create a degree of formality that will, in turn, bespeak a level of stability and therefore, authority. The exclamations and repetitions evoke authority in the form of a religious tone, Momaday says. We can agree that insofar as the chant addresses a powerful “Chieftan” of the mountains capable of restoring the body, it invokes an authority that is likely to be convincing to the one who repeats it. For the reader who does not believe in such power, they nevertheless perform the chant as they read it, trying on the invocation of a force that can heal "all" in beauty. Furthermore, and apart from the "holy" attitude established by the religious tone, the repetition within the chant conveys a level of insistence that could turn into certainty as the speaker moves from *acknowledging* a restoration of the body, to *commanding* that all before and after (perhaps spatially and temporally) be restored, and then *asserting* that all—the individual and his surrounds—are made beautiful in a beautiful manner. The reader *performs* an affirmation of that which the chant claims, *without having to believe* in the healing power of the chant.

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[150] Momaday, *Man Made of Words,* 16-17.

Beauty, in this chant, arises from a healthy order. A healthy ordering is recognized by healthy vision attuned to that ordering, remembering Vizenor's cautioning about falling victim to too-clean definitions of identity in the short story "Landfill Meditation." We will remember Benally's interest in beauty in *House Made of Dawn* when he plans for his reunion with Abel back in Navajo country to be a last, drunken chant-party that has to be done "in a certain way, just right" because it's the last time they will get drunk in their search to be "you know, peaceful—beautiful" (145). Why is beauty so critical to this proposed ceremony? How does beauty transmit peace, and how else than getting drunk can one encounter it? The directive to be restored by beauty in a beautiful manner is given according to Momaday's aesthetic theory that emphasizes the position of humans in the world as essential to the beauty of all:

> It is significant that in this rich, ceremonial song the singer should end upon the notion of beauty, of beauty in the physical world, of man in the immediate presence and full awareness of that beauty. And it is significant, indeed necessary, that this whole and aesthetic and spiritual sense should be expressed in language. Man has always tried to represent and even to re-create the world in words. The singer affirms that he has a whole and irrevocable investment in the world. His words are profoundly simple and direct. He acknowledges the sacred reality of his being in the world, and to that reality he makes his prayer as an offering, a pledge of his integral involvement, commitment, and belief. He aspires to the restoration of his body, mind, and soul, an aim which in his cultural and religious frame of reference is preeminently an aesthetic consideration, a perception of well-ordered being and beauty, a design of which he is the human center. And the efficacy of

> his prayer is realized even as he makes it; it is done in beauty.[151]

Momaday asserts that speaking about the world is shaping it. Re-presentation is creative of that which is presented again. These ideas have been firmly established in Western poetics for quite some time. But what has not been so popular an idea is that the speaker stands in a sacred, invested relationship to the world as “well-ordered being and beauty, a design of which he is the human center.” Here, Momaday's aesthetics values a well-ordered design, just as traditional European aestheticists like Friedrich Schiller or Alexander Baumgarten whose classical definitions of beauty refer to that which is organic—a whole in which the parts are subordinate to the overall organization.[152] I would add that the Navajo's “cultural and religious frame of reference” makes a further demand for an ordering in which the human is *in* the world, in the land. The phenomenological impasse regarding the primacy of the object or the subject is side-stepped as the aesthetics that Momaday builds from the Navajo chant-way simply places the human subject *in* the world as a creative part of it: “The singer affirms that he has a whole and irrevocable investment in the world. […] He acknowledges the sacred reality of his being in the world.” *Because* the human is in the world, rather than standing apart from it, a sacred reality presumed ahead of time to be ideal is maintained and remains a curative design that the human can use for “the restoration of his body, mind, and soul.” When the human suffers, there is an aesthetic problem, a disruption in what should otherwise be “well-ordered being and beauty” that the human perceives. It is not clear in Momaday's' writing whether the human perceives a pre-existing order or creates it—the text can read either way—but this is ultimately a moot point from the standpoint that the human is, by merit of being a part of, the land. For Momaday, the prayer is beautiful according to its simple, direct affirmation of a reality that one pledges to reinforce. It is the relationship of the speaker as embedded within the reality he addresses that is beautiful. By this point we understand beauty in this context to name a state of correct ordering in the world that is restorative, and an ordering that has the human woven into it instead of operating on its surface, a subject interacting with and part of the object.[153]

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[151] Momaday, *Man Made of Words,* 17-18.

[152] C.f. Friedrich Schiller, *On the Aesthetic Education of Man: In a Series of Letters,* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1967), and Alexander Baumgarten, "Aesthetics," [1750], *Art in Theory: 1648-1815: An Anthology of Changing Ideas,* Ed. Charles Harrison, Paul Wood, and Jason Gaiger, (Malden: Blackwell, 2000), 489-91.

Portions of the beauty-way chant that Momaday cites in *Man Made of Words* reappear in *House Made of Dawn,* framing an experience of what it can feel like to live *in* the land. Leaving the Indian as a properly agricultural person with a special kinship with the land, flora, and fauna, Momaday does not seek to redeem indigenous culture by making it heterogenous like Vizenor; rather, he validates indigenous culture by changing our relationship with the romantic conceptualization of Indianness in the United States, which approaches the Southwest and the indigenous populations there as inspirational, even beautiful. Paula Gunn Allen suggests that this decision to work with a romanticized understanding of Indianness is due to the fact that "romanticism of American Indians is endemic to the southwest" whereas indigenous peoples' cultures were brutalized and stamped out in other areas.[154] Perhaps Momaday's work presumes a level of openness to indigeneity, then, that Vizenor does not count on. Regardless, the decolonial possibilities in *House Made of Dawn* bank on readers' interest in "Native American literature"—that they will be receptive to Navajo chants that are alienating in their foreignness to uninitiated readers. And in the event that the readers skip over the chants that Benally relays, there is the chant-style prose of Momaday's lyrical descriptions that, according to Dine philosophy of health and disease, can function to relay an ameliorative structure of the landscape, not only to Abel but to the reader as well. That is, the rhythmic style of the landscape description can have a healing effect on the reader, in a manner similar to a chant-way conveying the salubriously organized inner being of the land to heal the disordered being of a person. In the scene of Abel's dawn run in the Winter Race in the first and final pages, the lyricism and philosophy of Momaday's land-based aesthetics is conveyed: “He was running, and his body cracked open with pain, and he was running on. He was running and there was no reason to run but the running itself and the land and the dawn appearing” (211). The lines “He was running […] and he was running on. He was running,” followed by “there was no reason to run but the running itself and the land and the dawn appearing” conveys the matter-of-fact nature of the human moving through and reconnecting with the land: its rhythmical, repetitive nature that exists for itself without any exterior purpose. The running is for nothing, as Angela qualifies Abel's spirituality. He runs for that which he sees beyond the landscape, where everything loses definition and becomes one, composite landscape of “non-being” because everything is part of the same, beautiful aesthetic.

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[153] It is interesting that the relationship that Momaday establishes between the human and other members of the world practically mirrors the concept of *ayllu* in Quechua-speaking Peru. Marisol de la Cadena quotes a local schoolteacher, Justo Oxa, to define the term that names the kind of interconnection Quechua-speakers assume with their surroundings: "The community, the *ayllu,* is not only a territory where a group of people live; it is more than that. It is a dynamic space where the whole community of beings that exist in the world lives; this includes humans, plants, animals, the mountains, the rivers, the rain, etc. All are related like a family. It is important to remember that this place [the community] is not where we are from, *it is who we are.* For example, I am not *from* Huantura, I *am* Huantura," qtd in de la Cadena, 353-354.

[154] Paula Gunn Allen, "A Stranger in My Own Life: Alienation in American Indian Prose and Poetry," *MELUS*, 7.2 (1980), 18.

HEALING QUIETUDE TO BYPASS COLONIAL IDEOLOGY

House Made of Dawn is often read as an allegory of healing from the illnesses of racism against indigenous people in the United States.[155] While I agree that Abel shows promise of living a more stable life in that he returns to the hometown defining his identity and runs the race that his grandfather Francisco won once before, occupying the position of the proud "Longhair," I would argue that his healing involves returning to a social organization that extends beyond human society. Healing via communal reintegration in *House Made of Dawn* also involves a renewed relationship with other earth beings, not only one's cultural identity, and the novel emphasizes the quietude of the landscape so heavily—the landscape including human bodies—that I read Abel and the narrative voice focalized around him as representative of the landscape community throughout the novel. Abel has challenges, for sure, especially in the hands of U.S. institutions like the legal, military, and manufacturing sectors. The novel shows us healing happening all the way through as Abel tries to cope with these challenges. His healing comes about through reconnecting with a non-human community either through his proximity to the landscape that is his home, or through his experience of traditional chants that would channel the

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[155] Gunn Allen characterizes Abel as having lost the power of speech, writing that Abel “represents Everyman as American Native isolato dispossessed of heritage, history, and human dignity,” Gunn Allen, 6-7. But the novel ends with Abel singing, signaling that healing from the ceremonies he has undergone with Benally have taken affect, Gun Allen explains. Others find Abel healed through his reintegration into his community, as presented in the plot or in the narrative structure of the novel. Susan Scarberry-García sees Momaday performing a healing practice in the narrative structure of the novel itself, noting that by, “[u]sing the techniques of parallelism, circularity,and repetition from oral tradition, Momaday presents sacred songs and stories as models of the process of composition and reassemblage of inner energies,” Scarberry-Garcia, 9-16. Interestingly, the techniques Scarberry-García isolates as healing in Momaday's prose all involve the idea of a return and thus,

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connection: parallelism, circularity, and repetition are all gestures taking us back to an origin, and as a repetition regenerates or passes through that origin point once more, it ties the first iteration to a second, and third, and fourth manifestation, and so on. We have already seen how in the case of the narrative of *House Made of Dawn*, as new parts of the story unfold, they are related back to and tied back into an original idea or event such that every new part remains in a fundamental relation to and in community with the other parts through its repetition and recombination with other memories. Scarberry-Garcia suggests that the structure of *House Made of Dawn* allegorizes healing via communal connection in that it is Abel's task to work out the integration performed on the diegetic level of the story within his own communities of the village and the surrounding land.

John Scenters-Zapico points out that healing in Momaday's novels is figured as a return to an actual past community or to a past idea of community that is recreated, but the return cannot be the final solution. Regarding two of Momaday's novels, he writes, "We are led to believe that Abel's and Set's returns will guarantee a sudden recovery from their social and psychological afflictions because they will be among their own people and traditions," John Scenters-Zapico, "Cross-Cultural Mediation: Language, Storytelling, History, and Self as Enthymematic Premises in the Novels of N. Scott Momaday," *American Indian Quarterly,* 21.3 (1997), 507. But of course the return must be negotiated with the community; a relationship between the individual and the community has to be worked out, Scenters-Zapico continues to reason, as indigenous characters who have been living in White culture cannot successfully enter the indigenous community until they decolonize their cultural logic by learning stories from their tribal relations. In the case of Abel, he learns to find a place within the Jemez community after receiving Benally's instruction in the oral tradition.

Yet, I don't think that Abel needs to consciously recognize his place within the broader landscape, as Nelson argues, for he is always part of it. He looks at people as though they are the hills and sky that he runs through. He is described as beautiful, powerful, even carnal, by other characters and the narrative voice, much in the same way that the landscape is described. Drifting along the fragments of Abel's experiences in *House Made of Dawn,* the reader moves in a mood of quietude to grasp the sublime nothingness that Angela sees in his eyes—to see the healing interconnectivity between all aspects of the landscape of life, a spiritual vision that Momaday claims to be written into the oral tradition that emerged in response to living in the land.

structure of that landscape.

How do we get from a particular mood in the novel associated with interconnectivity to decolonial practice? That is, how can we understand Momaday's intent that Native American writing offer “non-Indians” an aesthetic configuration of humans in the landscape that would benefit them “a great deal?” *House Made of Dawn* shows integration into mainstream American culture to have a limited benefit at most: Benally is the only indigenous person who feels that he can more or less succeed in it, and as we have seen looking at the structure of the novel, most characters critique assimilation or appear as critiques of mainstream culture insofar as they are its victims (Milly's abuse) or its oppressors (the factory foremen, the corrupt policeman Martinez, the unsympathetic neighbor Old Carlozini, Father Olguin). What does a mood of quietude offer in the face of colonialism's entrenched habits of suspicion, bullying, and paternalism that literally erase Abel from the L.A. social scene, turning him into a victim?

Momaday's quiet chanting is set up to dampen how we feel about indigenous and urban lifestyles by immersing us in a particular mood of quietude that pervades majority of the scenes of the novel. It is important to work on how readers feel, because according to affect theory, a reader can cognitively agree that it is in humans' best interest to live in a respectful relationship to the land or to be open-minded to foreign cultural values defining success, but until the reader *tends to feel* those ideas, they are most likely to remain in the field of ideas rather than translating into any kind of personal belief that would support action.

I have run into this impasse between ideology and belief in the course of reading “Native American” novels with numerous classes of undergraduate students. While my students were unanimously ignorant about novels written by Native Americans and local indigenous groups—until Standing Rock—they were on the whole sympathetic to the social critiques that we discussed in Vizenor's, Silko's, Gun Allen's, and Momaday's works. Even if only a handful of them actually completed the reading assignments, they at least became more proficient in articulating problems of historical record, land rights, public education, settler colonialism, anthropology, media stereotypes, sexism, human-animal relations, and racism. But once confronted with local manifestations of these issues, students usually reverted back to more colonial, mainstream views. Websites of local indigenous groups detailing plans to construct ceremonial boats to sail to the nearby Catalina islands, or appeals to coastal landowners in Orange County, California to arrange in their wills to return their multi-million-dollar properties to the Tongva or Ajchachemin people, appeared to my students as “ignorant,” “unprofessional,” and “impractical.” When a young lawyer, Aura Tegria, from the U'ma people in Columbia visited our campus for an international indigenous law conference, I began to share her story of fighting state-funded tourism and natural gas development projects slated to encroach on her people's land both diplomatically at the UN and locally through a series of occupations and protests. I would save Ms. Tegria for the end of our course, and my students always seemed impressed with this U'wa woman until I showed them footage of the U'wa protests posted on Youtube. Though we had discussed the problems with thinking of indigenous people as wearing feathers and living without modern appliances, the brown bodies wearing simple Western clothes, sitting under plastic-tarped structures processing cordage out of leaves with their children lying about—these images registered concepts of poverty and homelessness rather than an exciting resistance movement in my students' eyes.[156] In the language of Tomkin's affect theory, what could have registered as excitement or joy instead triggered contempt, even some disgust. My students' everyday training in habits of recognition were still stronger than the decolonial ideology we had been discussing for a month; more affective intervention was needed.

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[156] AmazonWatch, “Colombia's U'wa Indigenous People Call for International Solidarity,” *Youtube,* Web. 29 April 2014, https://youtu.be/gpOxjGRBdhE.

Momaday's creation of a quiet mood to transmit chanting prose to his readers in an effort to heal them through a reattunement to their embedded relationship with the rest of the world—this manipulation of literary mood points towards a philosophy of healing fiction capable of affecting readers on a precognitive level, opening them towards feeling differently about the contexts presented in the written fiction so that future cognitive remappings have more of a chance to stick. *House Made of Dawn* need not convince readers of the healing power of chant to return one towards a healthier self-understanding as embedded in all of nature—conscious, cognitive meaning need not be conveyed. As Massumi explains in his analysis of the work of body-artist Stelarc, affect can be much more powerful than meaning. "[M]eaning props up the obsolete body, on why art wants to affect rather than mean. It wants future change rather than past-directed explanation," he writes, continuing

> Stelarc's art limits itself to being a science of indeterminate transmission: *virtual transmission.* Not meaning, not information, not interpretation, not symbolism is transmitted: only sensation, the germ of that which may eventually unfold as new possibility. What is transmitted is potential *inventiveness.* Rather than providing answers, the performance re-poses the problem of the body's reconnectibility toward change. What in particular is transmitted is by design beyond the artist's contentedly limited powers."[157]

For a decolonial literary practice, "indeterminate transmission" is not only acceptable but required, I would argue, if we want to move readers beyond ideological argumentation to belief on a deep level that is necessary for changed life practice. Even if that which is transmitted in the novels exceeds the writers' hopes, the encounter with quietude and rhythmic chanting embedded in powerfully mute landscapes is nevertheless recorded on the flesh of the readers, reconnecting chains of affect so that responses that might move along previous tendencies might proceed in different directions towards “healthy vision,” more attuned to and aware of alternative aesthetics of connection within the social erasures and victimizing definitions organizing colonial everyday life.

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[157] Massumi, 119-120.

CODA

Decolonial Literary Techniques in Leslie Marmon Silko's *The Almanac of the Dead* and *Ceremony*

Having examined how Vizenor uses trickster storytelling in his fiction to seduce his readership into believing that stories really can heal, and having considered Momaday's methods of creating a quiet mood in *House Made of Dawn* to lull readers into accepting an expanded social aesthetic that includes land-based healing, I would like to establish some of the techniques for re-organizing affective responses in these novels as literary techniques that are repeatable and have been used as tools in other works of decolonial fiction. Vizenor destroys the monumentality of colonial histories by staging characters' rewritings of history, as Bunnie burns bad memories and makes thousands of copies of a token of her identity, Almost Brown projects laser shows of U.S. leaders interacting with nature, and Stone Columbus propagates an alternative history of Columbus's arrival in America as a homecoming for a Mayan Jew who needs to be healed by the local indigenous, blue-glowing bear-woman, Samana. Vizenor also subverts historical characterizations of indigenous people as ailing and Westerners as powerful healers by switching those positions in his alternate histories so that the structures of shame organizing racism in colonial culture are turned on their head, and indigenous characters' lives are presented as legitimate and admirable as they deal with shamefully greedy and aggressive Westerners. The humor and surprise of the trickster story-telling is poised to momentarily clean out readers' normal scripts for understanding indigenous people by affectively shocking them and then to make the decolonial narratives attractive by inciting interest and enjoyment through the humor of the stories. Momaday tries to reroute associations of indigenous culture with victimry and erasure by dampening strong affective reactions, as though muting colonially-inscribed memories at the level of the affect-chains organizing scripts for who's who in society could slow down such unconscious thinking to make room for new, decolonial associations to take form. Momaday tries to transmit his aesthetics of a beautiful and healthy relationship of humans existing in nature by first of all establishing a mood of quietude in his novel by making the protagonist practically mute, devoting extensive passages to describing the landscape and its value for Abel, and thematizing and performing chanting as a healing path back towards reconnecting with the land.

Another indigenous novelist, Leslie Marmon Silko, deploys these same techniques for decolonizing history as well as modes of healing indigenous people from victimry and erasure. In *Almanac of the Dead,* characters supposed to be impoverished, disabled, or irrelevant rise to propagate conspiracy theories, oral storytelling, and chronologies of subaltern histories, ultimately demanding respect from the reader while healing or attacking their oppressors. Accordingly, *Almanac of the Dead* demonstrates ways in which decolonial story-telling can be harnessed to heal readers from their racist affective scripts by promoting oppressed characters' versions of the good life and supporting their alternate histories. Only instead of operating in terms of enjoyment as in Vizenor's humorous trickster story-telling, Silko is more interested in shaming readers for their ignorance of minority histories and infecting them with the anger of the oppressed characters to provoke interest in decolonial viewpoints.

Just as the healing and sustaining power of story-telling to empower colonially-oppressed people is heavily thematized throughout Vizenor's fiction, so it is validated throughout Silko's *Almanac.* The narrative jumps between Tuscon and various Mexican sites—Mexico City, Tuxtla Gutiérrez—to tell the story of a double uprising against White America: activists and terrorists organize in the U.S. at a healers' convention in Tuscon and watch activists free the Colorado

River by blowing up Hoover Dam while a growing band of armed Mayans march north to meet them. But under this umbrella story of political organizing are all the individual stories of characters suffering from capitalistic exploitations: the White woman Seese who is recovering from a crack addiction and is hoping that the indigenous psychic Lecha can locate her baby who was kidnapped by his father, the lover of the jealous White supremacist drug baron Beaufrey, who has a side job of producing and selling snuff films; the lonely Sterling, who is working for Lecha because he was kicked off his reservation for not being Indian enough; the Yaqui children who are the last of their people end up eating portions of the ancient notebooks that they were entrusted with because they are starving in the desert, running from slave-hunters and a witch; the paraplegic Trigg who literally bleeds homeless people to death to harvest their organs at night; Leah, the spurned wife of the mafia scion Max Blue who sleeps with Trigg absurdly works with developers to turn the desert town of Tuscon into Venetian waterpark community; and so on. Yvonne Reineke has counted 80 different characters in the 763-page novel and follows how some of the stories repeat in different contexts as evidence of Silko demonstrating a Mayan conception of space-time,[158] but here I would argue that the emphasis on story-telling also aims to legitimize that practice as powerful decolonial tool for shaping everyday life.

Stories literally sustain the Yaqui children from whom Yoeme and her grand-daughters Lecha and Zeta inherit the ancient horse-stomach notebooks as the children memorize pages and then eat them to avoid starving as they wander the desert of the Southwest, but stories are also powerful in determining how events unfold, not only in the past but in the future. Lecha's psychic powers are associated with the ancient Yaqui notebooks of her ancestors, and she uses that power to help women get revenge on their ex-lovers by intervening in their life stories. In the case of the cinematographer who burns his ex-girlfriend's apartment down with her pets inside, Lecha tapes the girlfriend's accounts of his family to see how best to take vengeance on the ex-lover:

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[158] Yvonne Reineke, “Over-turning the (New World) Order: Of Space, Time, Writing and Prophecy in Leslie Marmon Silko's *Almanac of the Dead,*” *Studies in American Indian Literatures,* 10.3, (1998): 65-83.

> As she listened to the interviews, she had begun to see patterns in the lives of the cinematographer and his immediate family. Their lives were stories-in-progress, as Lecha saw them, and often in the middle fo the night […] she would realize possible deadly turns the lives of the cinematographer and his close relatives might naturally take. Lecha had merely begun to tell the stories of the ends of their lives. The producer's girlfriend had been pleased to see results after only two weeks.[159]

The results of Lecha's meddling in the stories of the lives of the cinematographer's family members is not very healing in general, but they are powerfully vengeful. The cinematographer's mother is diagnosed with cancer, and his sister becomes engaged to a man who is really after her teenage daughters, between whom a rivalry will develop that ends in one's suicide and the other's pregnancy. As a result, their mother becomes a drunk and dies in a car accident. Lecha's power to manipulate life stories in an aggressive and vengeful way is established through this brief chapter and then affirmed as a tool of indigenous story-telling in the next chapters about the old Eskimo woman who makes the airplanes of an oil company speculating for arctic drilling sites crash by "[realizing] the possibilities in the white man's gadgets" and bringing down the planes with the help of the electric energy of spirit beings summoned with stories (155-6). These plane crashes are motivated not only by a desire to protect the Yupic people from being forcibly removed to extract oil, but also to get revenge for the traumas that have unfolded from the encroachment of White people into the area, such as Rose's six younger siblings who burned in a fire while her parents were buying alcohol and she was away in a White boarding school being re-educated. The ability to manipulate aircraft with stories is a skill that the old woman has had to develop:

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[159] Leslie Marmon Silko, *The Almanac of the Dead,* (New York: Penguin, 1991), 143-44. Hereafter, cited in the text.

> It had taken the old woman months to perfect her system. […] The old woman had gathered great surges of energy out of the atmosphere, by summoning spirit beings through recitations of the stories that were also indictments of the greedy destroyers of the land. With the stories the old woman was able to assemble powerful forces flowing from the spirits of ancestors. […] She rubbed the weasel fur rapidly over the glass of the TV screen, faster and faster; the crackling and sparks became louder and brighter until the image of the weather map on the TV screen began to swirl with masses of storm clouds moving more rapidly with each stroke of the fur. Then the old woman had closed her eyes and summoned all the energy, all the force of the spirit beings furious and vengeful." (156-7)

Manipulating stories to direct the course of events is a skill, then, and both the Eskimo woman and Lecha are able to do this by using the stories as a conduit to connect with the power of the ancestors. Lecha is unclear on how her psychic powers relate to the ancient Yaqui notebooks that she and her twin sister have vowed to protect, but she wonders if it is really a gift to use the influence of the ancient histories in her psychic work when it starts to give her headaches. The Eskimo woman must summon ancestral spirits and then direct their energy to stir up fog and storm clouds that bring down the intruding airplanes. As in Momaday's *House Made of Dawn,* the stories here are powerful to enact change because they are a way of reconnecting with the supernatural. In *House Made of Dawn,* this is usually put in terms of reconnecting with the land, but then we have seen that the landscape is special in part because it is the home of ancient ancestors. So in *Almanac* we see repeated the technique of arguing for the healing power of storytelling on the level of plot, only here, story-telling is a powerful decolonial tool not only for its healing or protective powers, as in the case of keeping oil companies out of indigenous land, but is also a tool of vengeance that the novel does not critique.

In *Almanac of the Dead,* we also find Silko employing the same decolonial literary techniques that Vizenor uses to swap the positions of colonial elite and colonial oppressed to validate indigenous lifeways as versions of the good life. She presents those who live low on the racial hierarchy as more knowledgeable and successful than the rich, White characters, who are presented as victims of their own neuroses, which has the effect of validating the conspiracy theories, oral storytelling, and chronologies of subaltern histories that the minority characters offer. In *Almanac,* those who are monetarily successful are the most despicable and neurotic: Beaufrey and his boyfriend Serlo are internationally rich and dedicated to preserving the last uncontaminated resources on Earth for those of the purest European bloodlines, who can buy modules launched out into space when the world falls into anarchy, but that is only a side job to their trafficking in cocaine, arms, and agents of biological warfare. Beaufrey takes great pleasure in emotionally manipulating his boyfriend David to forget the child Beaufrey kidnapped and had dismembered on a snuff film, and he purposely makes David feel so unloved as to ride the ranch horses recklessly to the point of killing himself. Everything possible to depict these characters as evil is employed as Silko outlines their exploitations in terms of developing AIDS in research labs and strengthening the virus by unleashing it in African hospitals where newborns would be infected, or handing David pictures of his own infant autopsied and harvested for organs. Max Blue, the mafia leader from New Jersey, enjoys working as an assassin and has no feelings for his wife or sons after a near-death experience. He has immense power and wealth, but he spends his time tempting fate by playing golf during lightening storms until he is finally struck dead. His wife, Leah, becomes a real-estate mogul in Tuscon but regularly has sex with the paraplegic Trigg, knowing about his harvesting of homeless peoples' bodies, as a way of getting back at her husband's disinterest in her. Leah is presented as delusional for wanting to reroute already-scarce water from the desert to build a Venetian-style gated community, complete with shopping malls and water canals in Tuscon. Menardo, the Mexican from humble means who rises to wealth, is perhaps a more likable character. His wife Alegría feels disdain for his eagerness to join the capitalist elite, which is perhaps a way of modeling contempt for the reader, but Menardo is at least not taking pleasure in or indifferent to others' suffering. He does suffer for his wealth, however. He becomes obsessed with his security as a wealthy man to the point of dying when he directs his indigenous chauffeur to shoot him at close range to test the reliability of his bullet-proof vest, and then he is pictured bloody on the front page of the newspaper. His wife's communist ex-boyfriend litters their driveway with handbills screaming, “This Is How Capitalists Die.” That is the title of that particular chapter, in fact: “This Is How Capitalists Die” (509). So *Almanac* is pretty clear about how shameful and contemptible the colonial elite characters of the novel are, working with extreme behaviors according to normalized scripts for ethical behavior to point readers towards feeling contempt towards those who are successful in White culture.

Meanwhile, characters like the Mexican-Indian Calabazas who runs drugs and arms across the border for Zeta, the homeless African American Vietnam vet Clinton, and the communist Mexican woman Angelita organizing Mayans to take back their land are all presented as capable and knowledgeable such that their alternative histories have a chance of tickling readers' interest in minority viewpoints. The first alternate history we get is the novel's treatment of the history of Geronimo. Calabazas recalls a late night of historical recollection—one might say oral storytelling—over beers with his old aunt Mahawala and others of the “the old ones” in which she tells him the story of how Geronimo was never an actual Indian or even a name. “Geronimo,” she says, was the cry of Mexicans invoking St. Jerome as they went into battle. Furthermore, “Geronimo” named three different men the U.S. army was chasing at different times, the last of them an old Apache man named Pancakes who decided to give himself up as Geronimo to put an end to the chase. Thus photographs and archives of newspaper stories portraying the capture of the Indian bandit Geronimo are all false; the official history is confused and erroneous.

It is impossible to know if Silko's fictional account of the well-known figure from Western novels and movies is truer than the conventional historical evidence; I have not been able to find anything to corroborate Silko's version of events. Even Calabazas expresses some doubts about this oral history, but notes that the "old ones" around the fire are serious about "this Geronimo story," which the novel establishes as having oral elements not only because it is spoken but because, like Uncle Crack's story-telling, it is open to and encourages revisoin. "Old Mahawala started out, and then the others, one by one, had contributed some detail or opinion or alternative version. The story they told did not run in a line for the horizon but circled and spiraled instead like the red-tailed hawk," says the narrator (224). Ultimately, the validity of *Almanac's* alternate history is to some degree irrelevant; what counts is that the reader becomes infected with doubt about official history. The narration from the chapters on the false Geronimo focalized around Calabazas' views encourages such doubt, as here:

> From the first moment Spanish ships scraped against the shore, they had depended on the native Americans. The so-called explorers and 'conquistadors' had explored and conquered nothing. The 'explorers' had followed Indian guides kidnapped from coastal villages to lead them as far as they knew, and then the explorers kidnapped more guides. The so-called conquerors merely aligned themselves with forces already in power or forces already gathered to strip power from rivals. The tribes in Mexico had been drifting toward political disaster for hundreds of years before the Europeans had ever appeared. (220)

Historically, the narrative voice says, Europeans have been ignorant and American indigenous people have had to take care of them. Authoritative know-how is placed on the side of the indigenous, and once again the colonial hierarchy is turned upside down. Disdain for colonial histories that have accounts all wrong continues in the mini history lessons that some of Silko's characters give in the form of conspiracy theories and long chronologies of undocumented Indian and African rebellions.

Clinton, a maimed African-American homeless vet who lives in a Sears garden shed he bought for himself, gets several chapters in *Almanac* to expound his theories of how the U.S. government has systematically tried to kill Black people. The alternate histories that Clinton voices are conveyed through a radio show he hosts in which he proclaims that the AIDS epidemic was caused by a strain of virus stolen from U.S. government laboratories to help White supremacists in South Africa stop the population growth of Blacks in Africa (405). When his White friend Roy teases by asking about “mad scientists,” the narrator comments that “Clinton had waved away Roy's remarks; White man's words were always being shoved in the black man's mouth.” Clinton goes on to claim that Kennedy's assassination was a practice run for that of Martin Luther King, Jr., that the Vietnam war was orchestrated to get young activists out of the country and stop the Black riots in U.S. cities, and so on. His understanding of U.S. history sounds like a string of conspiracy theories, and yet the novel gives him ample space to voice his theories and portrays him as a natural leader worthy of respect who is speaking from knowledge he obtained in college Black studies classes and the stories he heard his old aunts tell. That is, by giving Clinton voice and characterizing him as an individual who is educated, organizes historical education radio shows, and leads a band of homeless men to occupy vacant vacation houses while they plot to take down White America, *Almanac* manages to shift the conventional view of homeless vets as crazy and irrelevant—as shameful figures—to one of interest and respect. In fact, there is a reversal of conventional roles as Clinton becomes an admirable and reliable character within the world of the novel as he successfully organizes his army of homeless people to squat in rich people's vacation homes and steal their identities by robbing their mail. Though conventionally criminal activities, *Almanac* validates these political activities as lauditory. Instead of the homeless, preachy, Vietnam vet being crazy, we have several proclaimations that everyone in power is mad: “Mad scientists, mad generals, mad Church of God preachers—all of them want to see black folks disappear, but sort of gradually, you know,” says Clinton (405).

A similar shift in racial power dynamics occurs when Angelita accuses the Cuban Marxist Bartolomeo of being ignorant of the real histories of oppressed peoples, going so far as to put her own comrade on trail for “crimes against history” when he visits their village headquarters in the Mexican jungle. Even though a U.S. reader would be unlikely to view a Cuban as representative of European erasure of American indigenous history, Bartolomeo has treated his indigenous counterparts with contempt and disdain up to the point that Angelita strings him up on an improvised gallows for his ignorance of indigenous history. She reads out to the audience of villagers a chronology of only the major uprisings against colonial overseers that, in the novel, stretches for three and a half pages, from Hateuy's revolt against slave hunters in 1510 in Cuba to the organization of the National Federation of Peasants in Bolivia to restore Indian's rights in 1945 (527-530). Bartolomeo is found guilty because he “has no use for indigenous history” and “denies the holocaust of indigenous Americans” (531). As he steps up to the noose, an old woman yells, “'Next time *don't lie* about our history!'” (532), and Angelita encourages the crowd that soon “The dispossessed people of the earth would rise up and take back lands that had been their birthright, and these lands would never again be held as private property, but as lands belonging to the people forever to protect” (532).

A tone of gleeful vengeance dominates this chapter as Bartolomeo is quickly and easily disposed of while the people reflect upon their past disinheritances, amending Angelita's chronology with memories of their own that were passed down to them from their ancestors. A style of oral history is employed again to correct the oversights of conventional Western accounts. This maneuver to teach a White audience, remind a minority audience, and simultaneously chastise and educate the reader is repeated at the end of the novel when Clinton gives his own chronology of Black and Indian slave revolts, which again stretches for three pages. While *Almanac of the Dead* seeks to undermine history, it also wants to correct it and set the record straight by detailing at length resistances to White supremacy that have been omitted to maintain the racial status quo. And it does so in a tone of anger mixed with the enjoyment of revenge, which may surprise readers or even suggest that indigenous militants are people to be feared, but at least these affective responses would compete with social scripts associating minorities with shame and contempt.

The proliferation of narratives in *The Almanac of the Dead* suggests that which Silko has voiced directly in interviews: the rhetoric of wastelands and waste peoples needs to be reversed not only symbolically and materially, but resisted through new and revitalized stories about the relationship between the people and the land.[160] In Silko's work, stories not only re-key the associative connections structuring the everyday aesthetic field but perform new aesthetic organizations that can be used as guides in more material decolonial projects; she is concerned to reattune her audience's attitude towards hierarchies of human and non-human worth. Moreover, she wants this possibility for social change through story to be more consciously recognized. As T. V. Reed notes, “The rewriting of history to allow for an understanding of the world as *narrated* and an understanding of NatureCulture as one seamless semiotic-matieral process is one key part of *Almanac* that must be central to any decolonial environmental justice critique. Narrative—story, history, tales, almanacs—is not only the medium of Silko's epic novel, but very much its subject as well. […] [demonstrating] the impact of story-telling on communities, tribes, nations, and worlds.”[161] Thus Silko shares Vizenor's technique of turning an awareness of the narrative texture of reality into a decolonial tool to liberate history and therefore, identity, from traditional colonial accounts.

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[160] Cited in T.V. Reed, “Toxic Colonialism, Environmental Justice, and Native Resistance in Silko's *Almanac of the Dead,*” *MELUS,* 34.2 (2009), 30.

It is interesting that Silko uses some of the same decolonial literary techniques as Vizenor to lead readers to feel differently about minority bodies because both *Almanac of the Dead* and *The Heirs of Columbus* were published on the quincentenary of Columbus's so-called discovery of the land referred to as the Americas, and both authors are very vocal about their commitments to using literature to win respect for indigenous life. Silko also uses decolonial literary techniques we have seen in Momaday's *House Made of Dawn,* again affirming possibilities for novels to work on the level of affect to shift readers away from associating indigenous culture with shame and contempt. In *Ceremony,* Silko moves from the angry tones of *Almanac* to explore quietude as the emotional setting for healing the Vietnam vet Tayo from being White.

When I first read *Ceremony,* I was certain that Silko had written the novel in homage to Momaday's *House Made of Dawn,* the Pulitzer-prize-winning and highly-acclaimed novel launching “Native American” literature into mainstream literary circles almost a decade before *Ceremony*'s publication. As in the case of Gabriel Horn, who was ignored by non-indigenous community leaders who did not want to engage him in a debate on racist advertising, the shame associated with Abel's and Tayo's indigenous bodies goes on to render them invisible within the racist social matrices they move through as well: as traumatized veterans, they are no longer of use to the U.S. government and thus “discharged,” as Indians they are cast onto their reservations without relevance within U.S. culture, and as indigenous men within their own communities, they are sick drunks with few prospects for the future. They absolutely need the care of their families upon their respective homecomings, unable to take care of themselves, victims of the war. From the perspective of the mainstream reader, it would be easy to miss these characters' complexity when they are alienated to the point of social erasure on so many levels.

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[161] Reed, 34-35.

In addition to the similarities in characterization and plot outlined above, both Tayo and Abel are "half-breeds," thus presented as the shameful offspring of mothers who slept with White outsiders and died young, leaving their orphaned boys with scraps of family to care for them. While they are Laguna and Kiowa, respectively, they are both familiar with Navajo chants and mythology. Both novels are stories about reintegrating into society after a U.S. war. Both protagonists return home and hardly speak to anyone, dazed by traumatic memories that interrupt and confuse the present, crippling them physically, emotionally, and socially, and this confusion is registered in the *sjuzet* of the novel through a stream-of-consciousness narrative style that confuses past and present, interior and exterior psychic spaces. Both characters fall into the hands of institutions that try to rehabilitate them: Tayo is sedated in a military hospital that eventually gives up on him and dumps him in L.A., while Abel is incarcerated for murdering an albino man in town and then placed in L.A. to work in at a plant with assistance from "Relocation" officers. What Abel's friend Benally says about the urban Indian's life in *House Made of Dawn* is equally applicable to Tayo's circumstances trying to fit in when he enters the army, stores, and bars: "You know, you have to change. That's the only way you can live in a place like this. You have to forget about the way it was, how you grew up and all."[162] That is to say, both protagonists are expected to assimilate and be as little Indian as possible in order to survive off the reservation.

But assimilation makes Momaday's and Silko's protagonists sick. The imperative to be more White, coming from both in and outside of Navajo culture, makes both characters feel emotionally and physically sick. Tayo's reaction to a calendar in the convenience store where the clerk eyes Tayo suspiciously, "as if he thought Tayo might be drunk, or in there to steal something"[163] expresses the feeling of toxicity that he and Abel both experience confronting this imperative from White culture. Upon looking at the calendar photo of a blond baton-twirler hugging a horse with a Coca-Cola bottle in hand in which the horse's mane is "bleached white" with "no trace of dust on its coat," its hooves gleaming with "dark polish" and "shining like metal," and the woman's eyes and teeth as glassy and synthetic as those in a stuffed bobcat at a bar Tayo frequents, Tayo turns away; "he felt sick, like a walking shadow, faint and wispy […]" (142-3). The super clean and polished style of the White woman with the horse connotes her culture's superficiality and insidiousness; she is as cleaned up as a wild animal hunted and stuffed. As if to drive the point home, the paragraph ends in the next sentence with an image of the snack machine being empty. Tayo has stopped in because he is hungry for a snack, but "All the windows of the candy machine had red sold-out flags in them." Mainstream culture cannot give him what he needs to survive.

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[162] Momaday, *House Made of Dawn,* 148.

As the protagonists of both novels face the same challenges, so they begin to overcome them in the same ways as well. Both men find relief through sexual encounters with sympathetic women: Tayo with Josiah's lover and then with Ts'eh, Abel with the White woman Angela and the blond social worker Milly. This thematization of a kind of sensual healing introduces and reinforces the characters' relief in becoming part of a landscape again, being not simply Indian or human but part of a larger whole of existence. The narrative voices of both novels, especially when focalized through the protagonists, are consistently interested in how the landscape appears, smells, and feels. *House Made of Dawn* begins and ends with Abel surveying the land from the heights of Walatowa, where Kiowa men run to entice the rain, and the novel features similar panoramic passages throughout. Tayo's memories of the war and his family take place amidst descriptions of how dry, dusty, bright, cold, etc. the day is—the episodes of the plot are constantly framed by descriptions of weather. As Tayo sleeps with Josiah's lover, he listens to and smells the rain falling outside, the tree straining in the wind, the breeze blowing in, coming to understand the sexual encounter through the rhetoric of the atmosphere: flow, surface, wetness, and swimming (91). And when he embarks on the ceremonial 2-day pilgrimage with the healer Betonie and his helper, the narration focalized through Tayo focuses on his sensual experience of the land, as we will see below. For the emphasis that these novels give to being part of a landscape is connected to the healing that both protagonists find through traditional chanting ceremonies, both formal and informal.

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[163] Leslie Marmon Silko, *Ceremony,* (New York: Penguin, [1977] 2006), 143. Cited in the text onward.

Given all of these parallels between *House Made of Dawn* and *Ceremony,* it is surprising to find out that Silko began writing *Ceremony* as a comedy about drunk Indian war vets and that Tayo was originally a female character that Silko was exploring to deal with the depression that descended upon her after moving from sunny Arizona to Alaska.[164] Reading from Silko's unpublished manuscript and consulting the transcripts of interviews and lectures she gave while occupying an endowed chair at University of Texas, San Marcos in the 2000-2001 school year, Allan and Nancy Feyl Chavkin explain that Silko's plan for the novel gradually evolved into an experiment to see if ritualized chanting might help her war vet character, and I would suspect, help her work through her depression and headaches as well. She later stated that she wrote the book to "save [my] life."[165]

The Chavkins relate that in writing about war veteran characters, Silko remembered the shame that Laguna people felt about those kinds of men coming back into their communities, and how the Pueblo people would perform “purification rituals” for the returning soldiers that were clearly ineffective for many of them. “Silko wondered if this failure indicated the inadequacy of the community's traditional beliefs, but she also considered the possibility that these traditional rituals were not designed with twentieth-century warfare in mind and henceforth were ineffective for some veterans,” they write.[166] As Silko played with introducing ancient stories to her character, she eventually concluded that they were “more than oral histories” because they connect Laguna people to their past, giving them not only a collective identity in which they can share each other's sufferings but also individual identities: the stories “identify us both as individuals and as members of families and clans,” she explained.[167] Thus, the “power inherent in storytelling” is the primary theme of the novel, and Silko ultimately decided to revise the whole novel with curative chanting as the focus, fighting her editor on her choice to begin and end the novel with mythic poetry. When, in *Ceremony,* Tayo asks, “I wonder what good Indian ceremonies can do against the sickness which comes from their wars, their bombs, their lies?” (122) we can understand him to be speaking for Silko and modeling the kind of doubt that mainstream readers are likely to feel regarding psychological healing by story.

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[164] Silko details the therapeutic effect of writing the novel in her preface to the 2006 edition of *Ceremony,* (New York: Penguin, 2006). Allan and Nancy Feyl Chavkin further relate details of *Ceremony*'s drafting in "The Origins of Leslie Marmon Silko's *Ceremony*," *The Yale University Library Gazette*, 82.1(2007), 23-30.

[165] Chavkin and Chavkin, 26.

Is it pure coincidence, then, that Silko wrote a novel advocating chanting as still relevant and curative for 20th century half-assimilated Native Americans with the same overall plot and character as *House Made of Dawn*? Of course she read Momaday's monumental novel. More interesting to me is that to the extent that her novel was composed independently of Momaday's influence, it nevertheless reinforces the same techniques of novelistic healing that Momaday demonstrates. Just as Momaday creates a quiet mood in his novel by presenting his protagonist as lost in interior experiences, socially withdrawn and taciturn, so does Silko present Tayo as verbally reserved. Silko's *Ceremony* is not as quiet as *House Made of Dawn* but does keep readers in Tayo's quiet world of memory and his present grasping for healing. Silko also lightly thematizes quietude. As Tayo begins to recover and feel a sense of hope after sleeping with Ts'eh, he remembers the song for sunrise and notices “Sunshine from the window made a big square on the floor, and something in the silence of the room was warm and comfortable like this sunlight” (171). The silence of being in Tayo's head for much of the novel remembering painful memories becomes a warm ambiance comparable to sunlight. But perhaps the most striking similarity in decolonial literary techniques between *House Made of Dawn* and *Ceremony* is both works' focus on using chanting to heal their characters' disconnection from the land. It is the repetition of literary techniques in *Ceremony* to reproduce almost the same, quiet chanting from *House Made of Dawn* that demonstrates the potential for novels to transmit curative chanting to readers.

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[166] Chavkin and Chavkin, 25.
[167] Ibid.

It may seem contradictory to assert that novels celebrating chanting are quiet, but the sensorial effects of the repetition and rhythm of speech in chanting are essential to creating the quiet mood of the novels as the chants reconnect readers with a silent, powerfully-healing landscape. While Momaday seeks to expose his readers to the healing power of chanting by weaving it into his prose, Silko foregrounds healing ceremony more overtly by enjambing the chants and centering them on the page so that they appear as poems interspersed throughout the novel, sometimes woven into the *sjuzet* (as in the case of the story of Thought Woman woven throughout), and sometimes functioning as the chants the characters are using within the *fabula,* though it is not always clear if Tayo is thinking of the chants or if they appear alongside the narration of his experience. Several chants relating song, poetry, myth, and story interrupt the narration of *Ceremony,* but for all of the interruptions, the novel nevertheless feels very quiet. In both novels, chanting is presented as healing for the characters because it reconnects them to a tradition that arose from and remains interconnected with the landscape. Chanting is the medium for not so much recognizing but for feeling again one's place in the world.

The importance that both Momaday and the Beauty-way chant he discusses in *Man Made of Words* place on being surrounded by beauty for something like healing or at least a break from trouble to occur suggests that landscape is essential for chanting as healing ceremony. Silko suggests as much in *Ceremony* when she has Tayo's first healer, Ku'oosh, fail to help him when he visits Tayo in his sickbed in the house of the young man's accusative and ashamed Auntie. Ku'oosh only makes Tayo feel worse, suggesting that by joining the White people's war he is responsible for tearing the spider-web strands holding together the fragile world. He does not chant but leaves some tea and cornmeal for Tayo. In contrast, when Tayo goes to the less conventional healer Betonie up in the yellow sandstone hills overlooking the “Ceremonial Grounds” where the Navajo gather annually to put on a cultural performance for tourists, they talk and then embark on a pilgrimage through the surrounding hills during which Betonie offers a series of stories, myths, and other ceremonial chants in response to Tayo's accounting of himself. Implicitly, the landscape empowers these ceremonial chants.

The first night of the healing pilgrimage atop a windy hill, Tayo remarks that the lights of the cars and town below remind him of his dead brother Rocky and his local tormentor, Emo, to which Betonie replies with “Yes,” remarking that his grandmother would never leave the hill they are on: “She said the whole world could be seen from here” (121). At this point, Betonie proceeds to chant a story of how White people were created by “Indian magic” in a contest of evil, framing Tayo's sickness within a larger, panoramic story of evil and apocalypse that requires the power of those yet to be born and even White people to help combat it. The hill on which

Tayo and Betonie camp comes to symbolize a vantage point for understanding Tayo's illness within a cosmological epistemology. The next night, the party camps atop another hill that, again, reinforces and symbolizes a portion of the Scalp Ceremony that Betonie performs with his helper. The narration focalized around Tayo emphasizes the presence of the landscape in the ceremony:

> Tayo stood near the horses, looking down the path over the way they had come. The plateaus and canyons spread out below him like clouds falling into each other past the horizon. The world below was distant and small; it was dwarfed by a sky so blue and vast the clouds were lost in it. Far into the south there were smoky blue ridges of the mountain haze at Zuni. He smoothed his hand over the top of his head and felt the sun. The mountain wind was cool; it smelled like springs hidden deep in mossy black stone. He could see no signs of what had been set loose upon the earth: the highways, the towns, event he fences were gone. This was the highest point on the earth: he could feel it. It had nothing to do with measurements or height. It was a special place. He was smiling. He felt strong. (128-9)

The healing ceremony that takes place atop the mountain that night features landscape sand paintings in hoops that Tayo will pass through, moving from a white corn painting to one of rainbows crossing, and through a series of dark, blue, yellow, then white mountain ranges. The chant that Betonie delivers as Tayo walks through the hoops narrates a passage from “whirling darkness” towards “long life and happiness again,” specifically “At the Dark Mountain” that is presumably featured in the sand painting (132-33). Once Tayo awakens later that night after the ceremony, he connects his location on the mountain with the mountains featured in the ceremony:

> He stood on the edge of the rimrock and looked down below: the canyons and valleys were thick powdery black; their variations of height and depth were marked by a thinner black color. He remembered the black of the sand paintings on the floor of the hogan; the hills and mountains were the mountains and hills they had painted in sand. He took a deep breath of cold mountain air: there were no boundaries; the world below and the sand paintings inside became the same that night. The mountains from all the directions had been gathered there that night. (134-5)

Tayo's understands the ceremonial sand paintings to not simply be representative of the terrain surrounding him but to *be* the same mountains, in fact, “[t]he mountains from all the directions” gathered together through the ceremony that night. As the colors of the mountains—black, blue, yellow, and white—symbolize the cardinal directions within Navajo story-telling, we can understand Tayo as feeling that all the mountains in the world are gathered together where he stands. This erosion of boundaries between ceremonial representation and physical presence is key to the healing power of the ceremony. For another tribal healer has already tried to help Tayo but failed. Betonie's ceremony, however, has power, seemingly because of its relationship to the mountain on which they perform it and the stars above them, for Betonie instructs Tayo to “remember the stars.” Tayo's memory of the mountain and his attention to the stars after this act as guideposts for him to maintain his psychic equilibrium.

Betonie's ceremony appears to have also instructed Tayo in how to continue curing himself. When he is drunk after a bar fight and hears music playing, he connects it to Betonie's singing but is unable to rouse himself (154). As he walks back to Laguna, he remembers that while the Scalp Ceremony on the mountain may have pacified “the Japanese souls in the green humid jungles” and “the female giant who fed on the dreams of warriors,” he still has to contend with that which Betonie termed the evil of the White people: “it was everything they had seen—the cities, the tall buildings, the noise and the lights, the power of their weapons and machines. They were never the same after that: they had seen what the white people had made from the stolen land” (156). That is, Tayo has been cured of his military trauma but must now “transition,” he says, through the cultural dissonance surrounding him. This ostensibly happens by beginning to tell himself stories and songs, just as Betonie does for Abel in *House Made of Dawn*. The idea of transitioning reminds Tayo of the story of the boy being called back from bear country, able through the advice of Grandmother Spider to free the people and the rain clouds taken captive by the Gambler by guessing that he holds the stars in his bag. The novel conveys the whole of this story in centered and enjambed lines, so we can presume that Tayo is telling himself this story. And after this, he connects with the woman who brings him his lost cattle, Ts'eh, and who advises him to look up at the clear winter sky, where he sees the stars, “Old Betonie's stars” (165). The next morning, after sleeping with Ts'eh in metaphors of “river sand,” “cloudy warm water,” and “the edge of a steep riverbank crumbling under the downpour,” a song for the sunrise comes to him (168). “He repeated the words as he remembered them, not sure if they were the right ones, but feeling they were right, feeling the instant of the dawn was an event which in a single moment gathered all things together—the last stars, the mountaintops, the clouds, and the winds—celebrating this coming. The power of each day spilled over the hills in great silence” (169). It is as though Betonie's healing ceremony has functioned as a demonstration for Tayo, giving him a technique of self-healing that he can continue to practice. After going through the ceremonial chants with Betonie in the hills, Tayo can repeat the processes of chanting instructional stories and greetings to natural elements, both of which reconnect him to the landscape, for as he understands the dawn song as bringing together everything in the world, attention to any one object can have a synechdochic effect of connecting him to everything.

Silko's seemingly independent re-creation of the same literary aesthetic of quietude that Momaday uses to explore the potential for a necessarily landscape-based, healing chanting to help both a fictional Indian PTSD veteran and her own migraines and depression suggests that the decolonial literary techniques these writers deploy stem from a shared value system of recognizing one's interconnectedness with all beings of the landscape. The repetition in Silko's work of the techniques observed in Vizenor's novel as well shows a shared investment in advocating for the self-determination and restoration of land rights to indigenous peoples. That a set of common values amongst these indigenous writers results in similar literary techniques for rewiring the ways readers feel about indigenous bodies and conventional historical accounts demonstrates their affective maneuvering as technique and suggests that their literary maneuvers could be repeated as a form of novelistic healing for other writers and in other works.

CHAPTER 3

Democratic Disgust and an “Artistic language” of the Uncanny: Healing Colonial Identities in *El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo*

The novels examined thus far by Vizenor, Momaday, and Silko offer to heal readers' ways of *feeling* about the structures of shame and erasure that shape their understandings of both themselves and colonial others. For as feelings and affects become narrativized and attached to certain “objects”—body types, skin colors, lifestyles, concepts of health—we get emotions that, as Sarah Ahmed elaborates in *The Cultural Politics of Emotions*, constitute the very boundary lines between self and other, given that emotions are generated out of contact between two bodies, even two ideas. This is to say that affective experience maps the entire sphere of everyday life that we simultaneously occupy and create, that which Rancière termed the *distribution of the sensible,* and suggests that we can intentionally manipulate the identities we trade in by manipulating our standard feeling responses. For if the inscription of each sensed experience is impressed into the memory of the body and linked in chains of other inscriptions to build associations between objects and affective responses, then sensory experience shapes the objective world for the subject via a network of associations between inscribed affects. Affect is intimately tied to aesthetics, and specifically an aesthetics of the social as the self positions itself within a field of others remembered, on some level, as joyful, disgusting, shameful, etc.

The indigenous writers living in the United States that we have examined try to heal their audiences not so much through conscious argument against colonial lifeways but by remapping affective responses to Indian stereotypes, the land, history, and so on, recalibrating “objects” related to indigenous lifeways to be associated with positive affects in the field of the social aesthetic. In each case, they value indigenous ways of feeling over those of “white people”

(Momaday) or “the chemical culture” (Vizenor) in order to immerse readers in a decolonial social aesthetics, one more attuned to a system of associations in which there is “affirmation of life over profit, communalism over individualism, 'estar' over enterprise, beings in relation rather than dichotomously split over and over in hierarchically and violently ordered fragments,” as Lugones so beautifully describes possibilities for a decolonized society.[168]

One of the loudest proponents of indigenous cultural values and traditions in the Andes, the European-descended (*criollo)* anthropologist and novelist José María Arguedas, also sought to win positive reception for indigenous lifeways in most of his fiction, in which ethnographic and utopian motives curate Quechua-speaking culture's resistance to and improvement upon “modern” culture.[169] *Yawar fiesta, Los ríos profundos,* and *Todas las sangres* depict life in the highlands for a metropolitan audience who could learn more about indigenous culture, even admire it, through novelistic snapshots of traditional festivals or village political life, including the racial tensions between the creole elite and the *quechuahablantes* or Quechua speakers whose ancestors had lived in the Andes preconquest. Arguedas himself felt caught between the creole and indigenous worlds, for he was largely abandoned by his creole father after the death of his mother and grew up amongst the Quechua-speaking servants at his relatives' houses until he went to university. He famously refers to himself as a “happy demon” in his acceptance speech of the Garcilaso de la Vega Prize, in which he positions himself as occupying two worlds at the same time, “Infected forever by the songs and myths [of Quechua speakers], by good fortune taken to the University of San Marcos, a Quechua speaker all my life, a joyful visitor of great foreign cities."[170] We see in Arguedas's self-description an elision of any term that would contrast or polarize the worlds of Quechua mythology and Western, cosmopolitan education—there is no "but" or "while," just commas. This signals Arguedas's commitment to blending these two cultures, which we see clearly demarcated in the round-table discussion with other Peruvian social scientists after the publication of *Todas las sangres.*

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[168] María Lugones, “Toward a Decolonial Feminism,” *Hypatia,* 25.4 (2010), 754.

[169] C.f. Mario Vargas Llosa, *La utopía arcaica. José María Arguedas y las ficciones del indigenismo,* (México D.F.: Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1996); Fernando Rivera, “El indio no es un indio: el indigenismo y la narrativa de Arguedas, revisitados,” *Revista de Crítica Literaria Latinoamericana,* 36.72 (2010): 205-216; Phyllis Rodríguez-Peralta, “The Literary Progression of José María Arguedas,” *Hispania,* 55.2 (1972) 225-233; and Mirko Lauer, *Andes imaginarios. Discursos del indigenismo-2,* (Cusco: Centro de Estudios Regionales Andinos Bartolomé de Las Casas, 1997).

At the roundtable discussion, Arguedas makes clear his intention that his penultimate novel stage conflicts that Peruvians must work through in order to create a society based upon fraternity, using elements of both modern culture and traditional models, especially since indigenous culture is usefully oriented towards a sense of solidarity already, he argues. If Arguedas does not speak in terms of healing, his vision is nevertheless utopian, and indigenous culture is the key ingredient for improving Peruvian society. Of *Todas las sangres* he writes,

> en la novela se ofrece una imagen de las luchas de quienes desean en el Perú un mundo de fraternidad, y es posible forjar mediante conceptiones científicas y modernas y el capital de la tradición indígena, que está orientada en el sentido de la fraternidad, como la fuerza que llevará a la humanidad en su inevitable camino del ascenso hacia formas en que la realización de las virtudes humanas sean mucho más plenas.[171]

Notice Arguedas's work as cultural translator, describing indigenous culture as "capital" to be used in modern and scientific peoples' investment in Peru. He speaks the language of capitalism to attribute value to indigenous culture for the White elite. However, while entrepreneurship, "la iniciativa privada," as represented by the character Don Fermín in *Todas las sangres*, directs a person towards personal gain within a competitive field, the Andean worldview that Arguedas promotes “abarca ahora a la humanidad entera: es la de que es posible forjar una sociedad en que el individuo no vea en el otro individuo un competidor, sino alguien que le auxilie a hacer lo que él es capaz, a desarrollarse como ser humano en beneficio de los demás seres humanos.”[172] The Andean worldview is markedly non-capitalistic from Arguedas's perspective, and it is oriented towards the welfare of humans as a collective rather than climbing a hierarchy of racialized and gendered inequalities.

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[170] José María Arguedas, "I am not an Acculturated Man . . .," *The Fox from Up Above and the Fox from Down Below,* Trans. Frances Horning Barroclugh, Ed. Julio Ortega, (Pittsburg: University of Pittsburg Press, 2000), 269.

[171] "In the novel there is offered an image of the fights that those who want to make Peru a world of fraternity, and it is possible to forge, through scientific and modern concepts, the capital of indigenous tradition, which is oriented towards the very meaning of fraternity, like a force that will carry humanity along its inevitable path of ascension towards forms that realize human virtue much more fully," Guillermo Rochabrun and José María Arguedas et. al.., *La mesa redonda sobre "Todas las sangres" de 23 de junio de 1965,* (Lima: Pontífica Universidad Católica de Peru, 2000), 27-28. Translations mine.

In response to these comments from Arguedas regarding *Todas las sangres* at the *mesa redonda*, Henri Favre accuses Arguedas of idealizing Indians, portraying them as all good and the creoles as all bad to effectively value “instinct,” “witchery,” and “chaos” over logical thought. Jorge Bravo Bresani questions whether there is really something called the “indio,” reducing indigenous peoples to a conceptual construction of White culture, and even the philosopher of decolonialism, Aníbal Quijano, who also holds utopian views on the social capital that indigenous America can offer world political systems, tells Arguedas that there can't be an “Indian solution” to the problems of racism or classism because none of the Indians can represent prehispanic culture, already affected as they are by “modern” culture, all trying to be *cholo-fied*.[173] Arguedas tries to restate his point about the utility of indigenous culture for “modern” Peru. If there is no Indian, at least there are “ancient forms of cooperation” that it is better to have than not have, he argues.

> [L]o que, lo que probablemente no está bien, explícitamente en el libro, es lo que yo dije al principio: que la sociedad peruana debe ser transformada, pero en este

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[172] “addresses all of humanity: from it we can forge a society in which the individual is not seen as another individual competitor, but as someone who can be helped to achieve that which he is capable of, to develop as a human being to the benefit of other human beings,” Ibid., 28.

[173] Favre doubts *Todas las sangres* can benefit Peruvian society: “Me parece que hay una magnificación del instinto, de un instinto casi *biológico* que se encuentra dentro de los indios; instinto biológico que hace que los indios, como una brúujula, se dirijan siempre hacia el bien, y lo bueno. A esta actitud, a ese instinto, se opone el pensamiento lógico, racional, de los empresarios, pensamiento, lógica, que siempre o casi siempre desemboca sobre el *caos,*” *La mesa redonda*, 40. Bresani's comments are on pg. 42, and Quijano undermines Arguedas's project pgs 57-9. A *cholo* is an acculturated Indian.

> sentido de convertirla en una sociedad en que lo fraternal y la solidaridad humana sea el elemento que impulse la marcha del hombre, y no la competencia. Ahora en ese sentido el Perú cuenta con algunos elementos que son tradicionales. Ahora, yo no sé, este puede ser un tema de una discusión interesante: si es mejor que no existan esas formas antiguas de cooperación para ir más adelante; puede ser que no, que sean mejores.[174]

One might expect social scientists to support "ancient forms of cooperation" or the empowerment of indigenous peoples, but the members of the *mesa redonda* ultimately disagree with Arguedas's hope that indigenous cultural values could help guide the nation in its development, and Arguedas left the meeting feeling like a failure, that his novel had not been good for Peru.[175]

In the discussion of *La mesa redonda,* the world of those living in the Andean mountains or highlands who speak Quechua and whose ancestors lived there before Spanish colonization is marked by terms like *indio, tradición,*and *antigua,* while the world of the metropole on the coast that has acculturated European forms of governance, education, and economics, is marked by terms like "modern," "scientific," and "logical." Critics of Arguedas's novels usually continue thinking within this polar framework, distinguishing between highland and modern characters, but using the term "modern" or "Western" to distinguish some characters from those coming down from the mountains reinscribes colonial definitions and dismisses possibilities for that which Enrique Dussel termed *transmodernities,* naming the potential for non-European cultures to speak back to and reclaim agency from the European structures of power built upon the presumption that only White men are at the forefront of creating and disseminating models of technology and good governance. The potential within transmodernities as alternate modernities is a bid for legitimation, to move our associations of cultures that did not develop along Western models away from the connotations of the primitive, out-dated, or quaint, which are often associated with the terms “traditional” or “ancient” culture. To effect such a cognitive shift is Arguedas's stated goal in his acceptance speech, where he says,

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[174] "That which, that which probably isn't very well explained in the book is what I said at the beginning: that Peruvian society should be transformed, but in the sense of converting it into a society in which fraternity and human solidarity are the elements that advance the march of man, not competition," *La mesa redonda,* 50. Remarkably, Arguedas has to speak over Bresani a couple of times to get his point across.

[175] *La mesa redonda,* 65.

> the dream of the author's youth seems to have been realized. His sole ambition was to pour out into the current of wisdom and art of the Peruvian *criollo* that other stream of art and wisdom of a people who were considered to be degenerate and debilitated, or “strange” and “impenetrable,” but instead were really doing nothing less than becoming a great people, oppressed by being scorned socially, dominated politically, and exploited economically on their own soil, where they accomplished great feats for which history considered them a great people […][176]

Arguedas wanted to bring Quechua culture into circulation in the colonially-inherited capitalistic Peruvian culture to legitimize Andean culture and establish a cooperation between it and the West, making them a unified current of wisdom.

In his last, unfinished novel, *El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo,* Arguedas blurs the lines between indigenous and White altogether to achieve such legitimization of indigenous culture. While Favre accuses Arguedas of depicting Western culture as entirely bad in his fiction, it is hard to distinguish a positive or negative charge associated with those more or less *indio* and those more or less White in *Los zorros*. There are so many complex characters mapped across different categorizations within the colonial modernity spectrum represented in the city; distinguishing between the so-called modern world and the prehispanic world, the “developed” Westerner and the “primitive” *indio,* within the city driven by a booming anchovy business supported by the workers living in 30 different shantytowns on the sand dunes becomes quite difficult.

El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo is a complex novel, pushing the boundaries of that genre. Diary entries from a person whose life corresponds a great deal to Arguedas's biography are interpolated with chapters of narratives that the diarist calls *hervores,* or “boilings,” which tell the stories of “highlanders” or Quechua-speaking indigenous people from the Andes mountains who have left exploitative haciendas and coal-mining projects in the mountains and migrated to the coastal city of Chimbote to work as fishermen while their sisters work as prostitutes. The narratives are set during the anchovy boom in Peru during the 1960's and follow not only the lives of the highlanders living in shanty-towns, trying to scrape by, but also address the lives of the political players organizing the trans-national anchovy plants and their workers. Readers never encounter the American owner of the Nautilus plant, Braschi, but we see priests, labor union leaders, a Peace Corps volunteer—all who are stratified across a racially-determined hierarchy of wealth and power. At times, foxes interrupt the Spanish texts to remark in Quechua upon the diarist's experiences or the *hervores*, and these are generally understood to represent or be affiliated with the mythological deity brothers from the Huarochirí mythology, or at least the foxes from that myth, which Arguedas translated in 1966. The foxes in *Los zorros* are connected to the cosmological realm, then, and at the very least provide commentary for the diarist's life as well as the lives of the Chimbote characters. Arguedas's acceptance speech for the Garcilaso de la Vega Prize serves as a prologue, and the novel is unfinished as Arguedas committed suicide before its completion.

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[176] Arguedas, “I am not an Acculturated Man . . .,” 268.

Just on the level of organization, then, *Los zorros* signals a pluralistic view of Peru that effaces a colonially-inherited, dualistic social division between the “Westerner” and the “Indian,” shuffling as it does between the viewpoints of the diarist, foxes, and a range of mixed-blood characters. But the novel also demonstrates several narrative techniques of affecting readers to help them feel that there is a more profound, more powerful connection between the racialized characters than is apparent in their conventional identies. First of all, *Los zorros* presents all bodies in the novel as mutually suffering from the exploitations of trans-national capitalism in such a way as to invite an affective reaction of disgust-contempt in readers. This is not to say that readers will feel only disgust or contempt, but that those affect-reactions are likely to predominate the experience of Western-educated readers according to normative scripts of what is attractive or repulsive. Shame in the novel is associated not only with indigenous characters or landscapes or animals but with colonial elites as well, such that everyone becomes coded as the same on a certain affective level. The effect of this democratically contemptible landscape in the novel is that the reader can become trained to read all characters according to the same dominant affect-reaction of disgust. By feeling similarly about the hierarchically-stratified characters, readers may then come to associate them as more similar than different.

Another important way in which *Los zorros* erodes the colonial division between White culture and indigenous culture is that it curates images of Chimbote in strikingly uncanny ways to nuance reactions of disgust with affects like surprise, interest, fear, and enjoyment as it gives the impression that everyone is, on some level, a double of another character. The novel uses a narrative language of the uncanny through indeterminate references, vague and contradictory descriptions, and plot repetitions to destabilize the linkages on affect-chains and fray the fabric of the normal colonial social aesthetic as it becomes difficult to distinguish characters from each other altogether as many become strange doublings of each other. Thus, through its uncanny characterization, *Los zorros* subverts the colonial logic that divides Peruvian society between two poles, with the good life on the side of European descendants and bare life on the side of the indigenous. By coming to *feel* that everyone in the novel is sick and coming to *sense* that they are somehow linked by a common, uncanny essence, readers can move towards associating Westerners and Indians as part of a collectivity. The antagonism between those identities can be weakened on the level of affect to possibly open onto the field of cooperation that Arguedas had envisioned for Peru.

DEMOCRATIC DISGUST

Los zorros quickly recognizes several colonial antagonisms by conveying the perception of the human characters in the novel that the blacker, more indigenous, less heterosexual, and less human characters are unworthy of respect and are contemptible. This colonial logic is conveyed through characters' dialogue and actions, and the social antagonisms are poised to become consciously associated with sickness because the novel presents everyone living in Chimbote as ugly, physically or mentally ill, or morally deprived due to their placement within the colonial social hierarchy that causes their fellows to treat them as more or less valuable beings. Sickness is not simply implied thematically, however. The social aesthetics presented in the novel work with social scripts for disgust that are likely to solicit affective responses of disgust from its Western-educated readership.

British psychologist Silvan Tomkins discusses disgust in terms of a continuum of neural-firing intensity in which disgust is higher-level contempt, and contempt-disgust is essentially a defensive auxiliary response that, at its most basic level, interrupts the affects interest and enjoyment to protect one from noxious, harmful food.[177] Tomkins writes, “Its function is clear. If the food about to be ingested activates disgust, the upper lip and the nose is raised and the head is drawn away from the apparent source *of the offending odor*."[178] Disgust is fundamentally related to malodorous food, but in humans it registers, too, as both a signal of and a motive for feelings of rejection, Tomkins explains.[179] While Freud had drawn up categories of disgusting and non-disgusting objects in his discussion of the anal drive, Tomkins thinks it highly unlikely that anything is inherently disgusting, most likely due to the complexity of the systems through which the body records, sorts, associates, and retrieves information. He likens the complex way in which reactions of shame become associated with memories and built into something like a meaning (he calls them "central assemblies") to the diverse possibilities for creating meaning in language, and what he describes in terms of shame holds true for the complexity of registering its sister affect disgust as well: "Like a letter in an alphabet, or a word in any sentence, the other sub-systems of the nervous system with which shame is assembled, and the messages in those sub-systems at the moment, as well as components of the preceding and following central assemblies, are capable of radically transforming the apparent quality and meaning of shame."[180] Tomkins' affect theory holds that affects are experienced in complex and rapidly-alternating chains of responses, and attached to diverse, previous inscriptions. We can expect that one might, for example, register another body as "simultaneously" both enjoyable and disgusting, as in the case of the grotesque. So, to say that something disgusts us does not mean that we will feel only disgust for that body.

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[177] Disgust is one of nine immanent affect-responses Tomkins identifies in humans, which are not reducible to instinctual drives but are far from consciously activated either, operating much as the color-cone receptors in the eye that are structured to receive different light-waves differently. Tomkins considered himself to be following the work of Darwin, and as with all of Tomkins's affects, disgust is identified as experienced through high-speed photos of facial expressions in reaction to stimuli. His affect theory is thus unapologetically essentialist, proposing basic affective responses that are universal to all humans. Because Arguedas was born to a European-descended family who had the means to educate him at a university structured on Western models of tertiary education, it seems reasonable to read his novel through the lens of a European psychologist as we can presume a body of shared social scripts between the two men that they could not have possibly have escaped from, but could have nuanced and distorted through their individual experiences.

Also, to say that a character is likely to come across as disgusting does not mean that disgust is ontologically embedded in that character. But we can predict generalized reactions according to a shared cultural logic. As Sara Ahmed explains, affects are historical impressions that become stuck to certain bodies, and the histories or stickiness of the past affect-responses are largely unconscious because they are part of cultural, rather than individual, memory. Her example of encountering a bear is helpful here:

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[178] Silvan Tomkins, *Affect, Imagery, Consciousness*, Ed. Bertram P. Karen, Vol 1: The Positive Affects, (New York: Springer, 2008), 356. Emphasis added.

[179] Tomkins later distinguished revulsion to food and smell as the affect dissmell, leaving contempt-disgust to refer to "a learned analog of dissmell" Ibid., 619.

[180] Tomkins, 368.

> We have an image of the bear as an animal to be feared, as an image that is shaped by cultural histories and memories. When we encounter the bear, we already have an impression of the risks of the encounter, as an impression that is felt on the surface of the skin. This knowledge is bodily, certainly: the child might not need time to think before she runs for it. But the 'immediacy' of the reaction is not itself a sign of a lack of mediation. It is not that the bear is fearsome, 'on its own', as it were. It is fearsome to someone or somebody. So fear is not in the child, let alone in the bear, but is a matter of how child and bear come into contact. This contact is shaped by past histories of contact, unavailable in the present, which allow the bear to be apprehended as fearsome. The story does not, despite this, inevitably lead to the same ending. Another child, another bear, and we might even have another story.[181]

Fear of the bear in this example is something inherited by the child that is not reducible to mere instinct. Ahmed does not say, but perhaps the child has heard fairytales about bears eating people or a fearful tone of voice in adults talking about bears. A cultural memory is embedded, even if the child has never seen a bear before, and though the past impressions are likely to result in the child running, there is no way to know if the child may have other competing affect-associations that would lead her to stay. The cultural inheritance is not deterministic but forceful, having made an impression. Because affective responses unfold along the paths of such previous impressions from cultural memory, Ahmed sees emotions "not as psychological dispositions, but as investments in social norms,"[182] and racism is one such social norm that Ahmed studies in terms of cultural memory of hatred. Even if affect-response is not teleological or capable of being directed, we can still generalize about our socially-engineered normal responses, even as they are complex, often involving several affects at once.

If readers are primed to respond to the characters of *Los zorros* as universally disgusting, even if they are also sometimes enjoyable, there emerges a common feeling-texture for the characters that links them to each other. As a result of having a repeating *feeling* of disgust with each encounter with the Chimbote characters, regardless of their place in the colonial hierarchy, readers can be trained to associate the diverse characters as being similar based upon experiencing a similar feeling in response to all of them, even if that feeling becomes tangled with other feelings or remains unconscious. It's highly unlikely that any two bodies or the same body in two different circumstances will solicit the exact same complex of affect-responses given the likelihood of the responses becoming attached to different associations, but if an enduring feeling of disgust is aroused by all of the inhabitants of *Los zorros,* they are likely to become associated with each other as well. What kinds of associations, exactly, are impressed into readers then? Below I will chart instances in which the novel overtly tells the reader that characters are sick, but I will also attend to ways in which the characters' physical appearances, behaviors, or ideas are presented to invite the reader's rejection in the form of an affective response of disgust. To know and to feel that all beings in the novel are characterized, at least in part, as being sick and disgusting creates a common way for relating to them, eroding the colonial distinctions that make the characters sick in the first place.

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[181] Sarah Ahmed, *The Cultural Politics of Emotion,* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 2014), 7.
[182] Ibid., 56.

The *cholo* fisherman Chacauto who runs his own boat introduces a logic of homosexuality as sickness on the opening page of the first *hervor*, deriding the homosexual El Mudo with, “Putamadre, maricón Mudo; aquí ti'hago hombre” / “Whoreson, faggot Mudo; out here I'm makin' a man outa ya,” (33/27).[183] Chacauto's later comments to El Mudo that he will forget about assholes because the ocean is “la más grande concha chupadora del mundo” / “the greatest suckin' cunt in the world" and "La concha exige pincho, ¿no es cierto, Mudo?" / "The cunt demands a cock, right Mudo?" further reinforce that this mid-level leader within the anchovy industry views El Mudo's sexuality as something unnatural in need of correction. However, the feminized bay that Chacauto advocates against homosexuality is not so attractive, often described as smelling. Other inhabitants of the bay, the pelicans who compete with the fishermen for the anchovies and are starving from not getting enough, are described as similarly repulsive. Though the pelicans can perform like acrobats scooping up fish into their bills, they swallow them by the dozen by letting them "resbalar, como tras un tul frío, docenas de anchovetas, de la bolsa fláccida al buche" / "slide down out of their flaccid pouches, which seemed to be made of cold silken cloth, into their bellies" (38/32). If the bay is a smelly "cunt" that the fishermen essentially rape through their pollution and over-fishing, their overpowering of the bay does not increase their own potency. The pelicans, a kind of fishermen, catch the fish into "flaccid pouches" like "cold silken cloth"—terms which underline the impotency of the masculine advance on a typically feminized concept of nature.

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[183] José María Arguedas, *El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo,* (Buenos Aires: Editorial Losada S.A., 1971). Hereafter, cited in the text with English translations from José María Arguedas, *The Fox from Up Above and the Fox from Down Below,* Trans. Frances Horning Barroclugh, Ed. Julio Ortega, (Pittsburg: University of Pittsburg Press, 2000).

In this same opening scene, when the musician Black Cat asks Chacauto why he doesn't have a nicer boat and crew when he is the oldest and closest friend to the presumably White American owner Braschi, the image of Chacauto is less that salutary: "Al patrón se le desigualó la cara mientras el músico hablaba. Los brazos sueltos, el ojo izquierdo con el párpado bajo, algo caído y rojo; la boca igualmente algo caída por el mismo lado y el pómulo como hinchándose" / "The skipper's face crumbled as the musician was talking. His arms hung loose; his lowered eyelid was rather red and drooping; his mouth was equally fallen on the same side and his cheek somewhat swollen" (35/29). We find out later that these physical deformities come from a childhood injury, but in the texture of the narrative, they surface in response to a slight from an inferior, for Chacauto has taken Black Cat and El Mudo onto the fishing boat as a favor, to help these men he knows from the whorehouse get some money. Black Cat antagonizes Chacauto in retaliation for the latter's slander of El Mudo, and his special brand of antagonism is to point out how Chacauto has not risen in the ranks of the anchovy business even though he allegedly helped its scion, Braschi, get started. Vying for a place in the social hierarchy hurts these men, registering their shame on physical (Chacauto's poor appearance) and metaphorical (the flaccid pelicans) levels as they spar with contempt for each other.

The specifics of the social rankings that these men fight over are given in the next scene at the whorehouse, where we find racism spatialized in a smelly architectural ordering of the prostitutes. The whorehouse is actually a kind of complex, with a dancehall sharing a courtyard with the "Pink Wing" of rooms set off a red-lit alleyway where the expensive blond La Argentina does business with "los brazos, blanquésimos" / "her milk-white arms" (48/41). Even though the Pink Wing is distinguished as housing the most expensive prostitutes, who wear tulle dresses to seduce the men instead of merely appearing half-naked, in its alley we have the ugliness of the bay reproduced in the description of the air: "el aire, lleno de la fuerza de la podredumbre que llegaba del humo, de los basurales, de la bocaza agonizante de los alcatraces chimbotanos" / "The air, full of the rotten stench coming in on the smoke from the garbage dumps, from the huge, ugly mouths of dying Chimbote pelicans" (42/36). Abutting the red-lit alleyway of the Pink Wing is a small courtyard with a tree characterized by stench as well: "La hediondez que se formaba en el cuello del tronco del laurel, por el agua con jabón que le baldeaban, criabal unos gusanos peludos" / "The foul smell created at the base of the bay tree by the bucketfuls of soapy water that were poured out there bred some hairy worms" (46/40). We will remember that the affect disgust is triggered most basically by bad odors, as though the strongest stimulus of disgust were a bad smell. To characterize the air of the bay and the smell in the whorehouse courtyard as foul-smelling is then a promising means of prompting a reaction of rejection in the reader. To imagine this disgusting sensorial encounter has further ramifications on the ideological level. It is not repellent enough that the courtyard simply stinks; attempts at cleansing have bread worms, and not just any worms, but hairy ones. The erudite Zavala sniffing around the whorehouse connects the hairy worms to the offspring of both the prostitutes' johns *and the soil*, remarking, “Hijos de los putos y la tierra” / “Sons of the whore-lovers and the soil” (46/40). Suggested here is that the very soil of Chimbote is breeding disgusting offspring in the midst of the men's exploitative desire and the women's attempts to recover from the masculine advances by washing. A disgusting smell drifts from the bay and the garbage dumps on its shore to become associated with the fishermen, their prostitutes, and the illegitimate children they create.

The whorehouse continues to establish a series of racialized hierarchies full of humans suffering from exploitations trickling down from trans-national capitalism. For all the repulsive elements of the Pink Wing, it is regarded as “elegante” / “fancy” (47/40) by the male clients. Opposite the parking lot is another alleyway with concrete floors, lit by white neon lights. This is the “White Wing,” which is second-class: it has neither tree nor courtyard, its rooms are smaller, and the prostitutes don't bother with transparent dresses. Moreover, the prostitutes from the White Wing remain nameless in the novel. The White Wing serves to establish a gradient to the hierarchy of prostitutes, occupying a middle ground between the Pink Wing and the Corral. Like the shantytowns running through Chimbote full of people from the mountains who have fled feudalism at the hands of malicious hacienda owners, the Corral is also an informal settlement, “no a los pabellones, al 'corral' de las chuchumecas aún más baratas; un conjunto cercado de cuartos construidos sobre la arena sueltoa" / "not the buildings of the whorehouse proper, but the Corral of the even cheaper hookers, the *chuchumecas,* an enclosed group of cribs built on the loose sand" (50/43). The Corral "recibía directamente el olor de las fábricas y del mar" / "caught the sea and factory smells directly" (51/44), and this is the domain of "Negros, zambos, injertos, borrachos, cholos insolentes o asustados, chinos flacos, viejos; pequeñas tropas de jóvenes, españoles e italianos curiosos" / "Black men, *zambos,* Chinese Indians, drunks, insolent or frightened *cholos,* skinny Chinese, old men as well as little gangs of young fellows, curious Spaniards and Italians" who march back and forth looking into the rooms because they can't afford to pay for any service (50/43). Unsurprisingly, armed national police patrol the Corral, where the third-tier clientele of the whorehouse who are the poorest and most desperate are expected to become violent. But actually it is the Pink Wing that erupts in a fight when El Mudo attempts to knife the Peace Corps volunteer Maxwell. When the local police show up there, it is not to enforce law and order but to extort pay-offs from the skippers there. A whore steals Maxwell away, presumably to protect him from these payments, so the White man is exempt from the harassment that the *zambo* Mendieta must deflect for dancing too suggestively while being a Black man. When Mendieta calls the policeman a highlander, the policeman grabs his gun and throws him out. Asto, the recently-arrived highlander, is also arrested for stiffing Argentina, and the police correct his presumption of entering the Pink Wing. Asto says he thought it was the White Wing, to which the corporal replies, "'Creías que era el 'corral'. Tú eres del 'corral'" / "Ya thought it was the Corral. Corral's where you belong" (44/38).

In this microcosm of the the whorehouse, readers are educated about the racial stratification of Peru. Characters vie for positions in an environment likely to excite even as it invites the rejection of disgust. *Cholos* like Tinoco and Chacauto who are highlanders and who have lived in the city for a while and tried to acculturate or become not-Indian enjoy the Pink Wing with *zambos* (Black Indians) who can get in because they are also skippers in charge of boats and have climbed to that economic rung. The Corral is for Blacks, mixed races, and less masculine men: the young and the old and the newly-arrived highlanders who remain green to the social terrain of Chimbote. The White Wing is an intermediary zone, but only for the men. We learn from the narration focalized around Zavala who walks all around the brothel to intimidate Schnozolla with the sound of his nail-studded boots that the prostitutes "iban de una a otra sala muy rara vez" / "rarely go from one parlor to the other" (47/40). So the hierarchy of men is somewhat socially mobile within this middle rank sphere, but the women are moored to their rooms except for when they are passed from man to man like property, as when Maxwell trades Chacauto the skinny girl and then carries Gerania to Dead Bull. Women are also described as wild animals. One policeman wants to arrest the pimp Tinoco's wife Gerania because, he says, "De los ojos está alocada" / "She's kinda wild-eyed" and bit a fisherman (44/37). Clearly, the prostitutes constitute the lowest rung of all in this preview of Peruvian society marked by stench, knife-fights, and exploitation. Everyone but Maxwell is demeaned in some way, but as a White American man, almost the ghost of Braschi, Maxwell is hardly a real member of this whorehouse. He can fly back to the U.S. at any time and is simply slumming it for the night; he is also conflated with the fox-narrators of the story who can enter and leave as they please, as we will see below. But everyone else jabs at each other mean-spiritedly and is sorted into racial categories, then disciplined to stay within them. Even as the characters are colorful and perhaps surprising, the reader is also invited to feel repelled by them all, regardless of their status, as all breathe the same foul air and come to the whorehouse to take the women just as they take the anchovies, without thought for anyone's well-being except their own, immediate fulfillment of a need.

Yet, even as those at the whorehouse share a sick nature and are presented in ways likely to prompt disgust, the men come there for a kind of respite, and the dance hall at least seems exempt from contemptible descriptions. The dance hall is described as having “la apariencia de un gran depósito o de una pequeña iglesia” / “the look of a large warehouse or a small church” and has a different scent—the scent of rue (47/40). Rue is an evergreen shrub used medicinally, and churches are ostensibly places of spiritual healing. The lowest of Chimbote society come to the whorehouse, then, looking for a kind of redemption, too. The stench of the bay in which they are complicit as fishermen yields to the scent of evergreen, at least in the dancehall. Even if the reader does not encounter any scenes of warmth or joy in the whorehouse, dancing at least offers an escape from the sick air, worms, men and women.

We see signs of illness in the characters not only through their physical and moral deformities but especially in the way in which they become uglier when they are concerned about losing their social status within the racialized hierarchy. Asto, the newbie highlander proud of himself for having had the White prostitute La Argentina at the fancy Pink wing of the whorehouse, pulls a knife on his taxi driver when the latter derides him as a highlander. He insists instead that he comes “from Argentina,” perhaps referring only to the prostitute he just slept with, but the reader will no doubt hear, too, Asto claiming to come from a metropolitan center rather than the remote Andes villages. In the next *hervor,* Tinoco who, as a Mafia pimp, occupies the next level of power above that of the john Asto, does exactly the same thing, pulling a knife on his taxi driver for dismissing him as a highlander. He asserts his authority by threatening the taxi driver with a knife all the way to a fancy hotel where he expects to pick up a well-known White stripper. We have seen already how the skipper Chacauto's childhood deformities become pronounced when the musician Black Cat insults him, and we encounter an off-putting paternalism in Don Angel's racist remarks over the intelligence of highlanders when he distinguishes himself from “estos bestias” / “these animals,” saying, “a carajo limpio y a corazón, que tengo, he formado mi maestranza con indios y cholos. Desconfío de los negros y zambos. Ya verá usted; los indios me dicen padrino, los cholos y negros tío” / “out of my own pure cussedness and goodness of heart I've trained a workforce made up of Indians and *cholos.* I don't trust the blacks and *zambos.* Now you'll see; the Indians call me godfather and the *cholos* and blacks, uncle” (139/124). He goes on to distinguish the intelligence of “estos 'nativos'” / “the natives” from that of the White industrialist sphere, telling Don Diego that they are “delighted” by and can operate the machines perfectly, but “adivinan más que aprenden su funcionamiento; se quedan horas sin pretender sobretiempo […] No tienen remedio. No entienden; lo que se llama verdaderamente entender, no entienden. ¿Comprende usted?” / “they guess how they work instead of learning about them; they'll stay here for hours without claiming overtime […] There's no help for them. They don't understand—insofar as what you might call really understandin' goes—they don't understand. Ya know what I mean?” (139/124) Despite his relative admiration for the highlanders' ability to learn the factory machines, Don Angel also thinks that their knowledge doesn't count as real understanding, and that they are stupid for not claiming overtime. He is also unconcerned that the temporary nature of his laborers" work means that they have to “go off to sell potatoes and eat garbage in the shantytowns” because, as he says, “Así es. . . “ / “That's how it is . . .” (125). Don Angel's repulsive paternalism and lack of concern demonstrates that the root cause of the characters' sickness in *Los zorros* is the racial stratification that brands the highlanders and mixed-bloods as disposable bodies to be chewed up and spat into the ocean, just as the beautifully silver anchovies are ground into dust and the waste-water that drains back into the bay.

It bears pointing out that not only the human characters of *Los zorros* are represented as sick and designed to repulse in one way or another; everyone, from creole to highlander to *zambo*, from animal to ocean, is ill. Western colonialism and the ontological worldview it imported into the Andes discriminates between humans and "nature," but by making nature sick as well, *Los zorros* asks readers to feel for the birds and the bay in a way similar to their reaction to the broken humans, such that not only the divide between the West and the indigenous is effaced within the colonial narrative of that division, but the rift between the human and the physical world is eroded as well. Marisol de la Cadena traces the ontology that separates humans from nature to a 17th-century European belief in the mutual exclusion of politics and science, the human realm and physical world. This Western view of who and what counts as a social being is in direct contradiction with the Andean worldview in which the mountains, for example, are earth-beings capable of guidance and influence upon human affairs. This cultural context circulates in the *Los zorros*, particularly when Esteban's cousin tells him of a friend in the highlands instructed by an *ayullu* or shaman representing the mountains to spit up the coal in his lungs so the mountain will forgive him for mining, and then he can be healed. And within this context, the parallels between human and animal suffering in *Los zorros* cannot be reduced to pathetic fallacy alone. When the bay and the air are described as foul-smelling, they become linked to the humans who look foul because they are also exploited by the American anchovy company and kept in a state of poverty. But the fallen state of nature also hails back to a time of health. Don Angel refers to the way things used to be before the capitalist Braschi arrived, and Don Diego asks, "From when the bay was the mind of God?" Don Angel replies,

> -¡Eso! Sí, joven. Igual que un alcatraz de antes, relleno, pico fuerte abajo y ojo insolentón; igual, pero con toda la tripa de Lucifer que el hombre tiene, cualquiera

> que sea su condición. El cocho de antes volaba en bandas. . . ¿Cómo se dice. . . ? Armoniosas, eso es, de tal modo lindas, tranquilas, ornamentando el cielo como parte flor de esta bahía.
>
> [...]Ahora el alcatraz es un gallinazo al revés. El gallinazo tragaba la basura perniciosa; el 'cocho' de hoy aguaita, cual mal ladrón, avergonzado, los mercados de todos los peuertos; en Lima es peor. Desde los techos, parados en filas, fríos, o pajareando con su último aliento, miran la tierra, oiga. Están viejos. Mueren a miles; apestan. Los pescadores los compadecen, como a incas convertidos en mendigos sin esperanzas. ¿Comprende?" (114)

> That's it! Yes, young man. Exactly like a pelican was before, full as could be, with his strong beak down and his big old insolent eye, but with all the guts of Lucifer that every man has, whatever his condition may be. The old-time pelicans used to fly in flocks . . . How d'you say it? . . . Harmoniously—that's the word—in such a beautiful and tranquil way adorning the sky like the prime part of this bay.
>
> […] Now the pelican's a buzzard in reverse. The buzzards used to swallow all the nasty garbage; nowadays the *cocho* hangs around waitin,' like a bad thief, ashamed of himself, in the markets of all the ports; it's worse in Lima. From the rooftops, standin' up there in rows, cold, or hangin' around, givin' their last gasp, they stare down at the ground, ya hear? They're actin' old. They're dyin' by the thousands; they smell bad. The fishermen feel sorry for them. They're like Incas changed into hopeless beggars, ya know what I mean?" (100)

In Don Angel's description of the fall of the Chimbote pelicans, which remind him of the impoverished highlanders, we have also a picture of edenic health pre-industrialization that has been destroyed, converted into a malodorous genocide. Of note is that there was harmony—the pelicans "adorned" the sky with "beautiful" and "tranquil" flight. That which the pelicans have lost, then, is not simply their anchovy supply but also their self-pride, particularly a masculine pride "with all the guts of Lucifer that every man has." By the same logic of the pelicans' transformation into buzzard thieves, we can assume that the "Incas" were also beautiful before being "changed into hopeless beggars." Right as Don Angel forges a link between the pelicans, the bay, and the highlander fishermen by characterizing them all nostalgically as the fallen and sickened victims of the anchovy boom, he suddenly reassumes his industrialist stance and divides the beings back into the social schema of humans vs. nature, in which humans are the "main story." He says, "Pero dejemos a los pobres 'cochos'; tomemos el hilo de la historia principal. Sí. Chaucato compraba camisas y pagaba lo que le pedeian a primera oferta […]" / "But let's leave the poor old pelicans; let's take up the thread of the main history. Yes. Chaucato would buy shirts and pay the asking price. [. . .]" (114/100). Inscribed into the Westerner vs. Indian outlook is a separation between humans and the natural world, but by making every being mutually sick from the fall-out of booming capitalism, *Los zorros* effaces the colonial thinking that attributes the good life—in this case, more health and vitality—to exclusively those who are most aligned with European culture. There was a good life in the Chimbote bay and in Peru before Braschi arrived, but now the social matrices "Indian vs. Westerner" and "human vs. nature" have dissolved everything into similar shades of sickness.

At the higher end of the social stratification of Chimbote where "the good life" would normally be located, we find parallel disgusting characters. Don Angel is technically a *cholo* (assimilated Indian) since he was born in Cajabamba in the inland jungle, but he considers himself more a *criollo* (creole) since he identifies as coming from Lima and is the factory manager of Braschi's Nautilus plant. That Don Angel aligns himself with exploitation from the West is clear when he draws a diagram of the political scene in Chimbote for the visitor Don Diego and identifies as "we" with the seven white eggs of capitalism against the three red eggs of social outrage. He says, "Nosotros, la industria, U.S.A., el Gobierno peruano, la ignorancia del pueblo peruano y la ignorancia de los cardozos sobre el pueblo peruano, somos las fuerzas blancas; Juan XXIII, el comunismo y la rabia lúcida o tuerta de una partecita del pueblo peruano contra U.S.A., la industria y el gobierno, son las fuerzas rojas" / "We—Peruvian industry, the U.S.A., the Peruvian government, the ignorance of the Peruvian people, and the ignorance of the Cardozos and about the Peruvian people—are the white forces; Pope John XXIII, communism, and the blind or understandable rage of a small part of the Peruvian people against the U.S.A., against industry and the government, are the red forces" (129/114). Don Angel concludes matter-of-factly that 7 against 3, with communism already "como gusanera de muerto" / "wormy as a dead man by now," will serve only to buttress the power of capital even more, "¡Tiro seguro!" / "Sure as shootin'!" (130/115). If readers of a novel from the Andes are not repelled by Don Angel's pride in being on the side of capital against the poor of Peruvian society, then they may feel disgust when Don Angel brags about how the industrialists manipulate the power structures in Chimbote to keep the fisherman in a state of desperation, devaluing the currency so that they earn 30% less than before their labor strikes, and training the Mafia to instruct them in methods of degradation: "¿cómo es, cómo es la palabra? ¡Para 'provocadores'! Ellos armaban los líos; sacaban chaveta y enseñaron a sacar chaveta, a patear a las putas" / "What's the word, what do ya call 'em? to be 'provocateurs'! They'd create disturbances; they'd draw a knife and teach people how to draw a knife and how to kick the whores" he boasts in his report to Don Diego (113/99). Regarding the government's revaluation of the Peruvian *sol,* he says, "Es un chiste nacional, cruel y jodido. Con Braschi nos reímos mucho" / "It's a national joke, cruel and bitter. With Brasche we all got a good laugh out of it" (120/106). Being an oppressor is something laughable, even enjoyable, for this character. Even if readers feel amusement or pity upon reading his monologues, his unapologetically immoral social vision presents him as sick.

Any disgust that Don Angel's sick morality is poised to solicit is compounded by his rather repulsive physical appearance. Don Diego regards "el gordo don Angel que, valgan verdades, tenía una cabeza como de cerdo, así de inteligente como de astuta; de gustador de cebada, de caldos y sancochados agrios por la mezcla de sus sabores y podredumbres" / "the lardy physiognomy of Don Angel, who to tell the truth, had the head of a pig as far as intelligence as well as shrewdness were concerned; a pig who really relished his barley, broths, and sour swills for the mixture of flavors and rottenness" (109/95). There is a compliment here in the narrative voice, identifying Don Angel as intelligent and shrewd, but he remains a "lardy"[184] pig who loves rottenness—terms conventionally associated with uncleanliness, slovenliness, and decay. Of course, a pig could be lovable, too, and the pig-raiser Don Esteban offers a kind of eulogy of pigs in a later section of the novel. Again, nothing is ontologically disgusting or enjoyable or surprising; context is everything when it comes to guessing how someone will be affected by another body. But here, at the very least, we can agree that it is usually derogatory in Western culture to call someone a pig unless that charge has extra meaning attached to it, such as in a joke or an expression of affection. That Don Angel is described as a pig who relishes rottenness—again, a reference to revolting food that the body usually resists in a response of disgust—sets him up to be received, at least in part, as disgusting. When Don Angel chants while Don Diego dances, he shows himself to move rather unattractively as well:

> Trataba de seguir el baile de Diego; se agachaba hasta apretarse la barriga, se erguía a la manera de los borrachos desafiantes; ponía, luego, ambas manos sobre el escritorio y así, bajaba y alzaba el pecho, como esas lagartijas de los roquedales de la costa peruana, animalejos que corren espantados pero se detienen bruscamente sobre el filo o la aguja de alguna roca erosionada y mueven la cabeza y el busto, enérgicamente, en ademanes elocuentemente afirmativos, como si estuvieran predicando con energía. (133)
>
> He was trying to follow Diego's dance; he kept bending down so far he squeezed his belly, and then rearing back up again the way defiant drunks do; then he would place both hands on the desk, and, standing that way, lower and raise his chest like those lizards in the rocky places on the coast of Peru—little old animals that skitter away in a fright only to come to an abrupt halt on the edge or needle-sharp point of some eroded rock and move their head and chest energetically in eloquently affirmative gestures, as if they were delivering a forceful sermon. (118)

Don Angel is hardly presented as attractive here, associated with the antics of a bear-bellied drunk and a “little old animal” who characteristically “skitters away in fright” only to puff up like a preacher right after. As a hubristic, little animal, Don Angel is characterized as a small fish in a big pond who doens't know how small he really is in the broad scheme of things. He “tries” to follow Don Diego's dance, and the attempt is also funny to me. But at the same time, within the affect scripts of Spanish-speaking readers in the mid-20th century, pomposity, as well as “rearing up like a drunk” after bending down to “squeeze his belly,” is likely to provoke some kind of disgust as well as these are normally repellent gestures that are exploited here for comical effect.

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[184] That the English translator of *Los zorros,* Frances Horning Barroclugh, decides to translate "gordo" as "lardy" serves as evidence that Don Angel strikes the translator as more repellant than endearingly chubby, which is the usual connotation of "gordo."

Finally, Don Angel may be intelligent, but his intelligence is presented as less-than-admirable. He can “deliver a forceful sermon” on the state of affairs in Chimbote, demonstrating his awareness and understanding of how the fishermen, prostitutes, and the sea are kept under control and thus maintained as a cheap resource for the American multi-national anchovy company, but his intelligence stops at reporting. Don Angel is not able to analyze or evaluate the panorama of Chimbote that he delivers. When he repeats the phrase “¡Pobres hombres! / “Poor men!” throughout his interview with Don Diego and in his song, referring to highlander farmers and fishermen, he does so not out of a sense of true sympathy or from his own feelings about the situation but because he is parroting a phrase from a record he heard (118). And he punctuates the end of each story of exploitation with phrases like “Así es . . .” / “That's the way it is” or “No sé si es para mejor o para peor” / I don't know if it's for the better or worse” (139-140/125). He can report, but he can't evaluate on a moral level.

On the levels of physical appearance and ideology, Don Angel is very likely to repel the Western-educated reader, even if disgust is not the only response they have. Don Angel's unflattering dance might also make a reader laugh, to be affected by interest and enjoyment. And there is a moment in the novel when the reader may come to feel pity for Don Angel, too, when Don Diego taps into the plant manager's roots by speaking of the highland hummingbirds and dancing a dance specifically from his hometown. Watching Don Diego dance, Don Angel remembers how, as “hijo espurio, negado” / “the bastard son of a father who refused to acknowledge him” he would watch “el temblar del pajarito, con lágrimas en los ojos”/ “ the trembling of the little birds with tears in his eyes” (134/119). It turns out that Don Angel has something in common with the hairy worms growing under the bay tree in the foul courtyard of the Pink Wing that the character Zavala calls the sons of whores, as well as with the little kitten that Moncada carried around in his shirt preaching that it had no father to acknowledge him. Don Angel is vulnerable, too, with a past little-boy self who cried watching the “trembling” of little birds and feeling sadness at being abandoned by his father. This is an important moment for the characterization of Don Angel because this complexity of affect-response correlates to the complexity of many of the characters in the novel who, the narrative hints, exceed their appearances as individual, historical people: on a cosmological level they are all the same, carrying the positive and negative attributes of everyone. In Ahmed's terms, we could say that the individual characters, who are demarcated by the boundaries of our feelings of contact with them, come to be experienced complexly, not only as disgusting, as we are impressed by disgust, enjoyment, surprise, interest, and so on, seeing their individualism eroded by hints that they are simultaneously the other characters in the novel as well.

A NARRATIVE LANGUAGE OF THE UNCANNY: DOUBLING THROUGH CONFUSED REFERENCE

Presenting as disgusting the characters and even the bodies who conventionally might not be recognizable as characters, such as the gulls and hairy worms and the bay, *Los zorros* appears to maneuver readers' affect responses into feeling similarly about all the bodies in the novel, thus working to efface colonial distinctions on a deep affective level and changing how those bodies are understood as the affective lines defining bodies shift. Another primary technique the novel deploys for disrupting a neat divide presumed to exist between indigenous characters and Westernized characters is to render the characters uncanny by doubling them. As they come to appear as doubles of one another, characters' colonial distinctions are further effaced, and readers are invited to have a strong impression about an odd, alarming, and even fascinating depiction of decolonial identity arising from Andean cosmology in which identity is tied to changeable positions rather than set, distinctive ontologies, and which can only register as confusing or contradictory from the standpoint of a colonial aesthetics.

Los zorros first presents uncanny character doubling in the unclear identities of apparently three prostitutes who are walking up a sand dune back to the San Pedro shantytown at the end of the first *hervor.* All are prostitutes associated with Tinoco. The one who rushes ahead of the other two is called Orfa by “la que iba última” / “the woman coming on behind,” who says she will die running up the mountain sick. The second woman to speak, “la que iba adelante”/ “the one who went ahead” calls the first woman “la que iba detrás” / “who was coming on behind” barren (55/48). The conversation goes back and forth between “the one who came on behind” and the “woman who went ahead:” The one behind accused of being barren says the one ahead doesn't know how to bear a child, and “La otra, de espaldas al puerto” / “the other one, with her back to the port” screams back at “her” that the children of whores are cursed. It is very difficult to tell who is whom in this passage as the conversation jumps back and forth between “the other one” with only the locutionary markers of being ahead and being behind to sometimes help *ground identity according to the women's position*s. Just as the foxes are traditionally known according to their locations either in the highlands or on the coast, these women are known only through their locations on the sand dune. The locutionary markers are similar as well. The woman who is ahead is further up the sand dune, *arriba*, whereas the one coming behind is below her, *abajo*.

Finally, one of the women's names is revealed once they come to stand beside each other, but this has the effect increasing confusion rather than clarifying anyone's identity. "The other one, with her back to the port" who accused the other woman of being barren seems to be referred to in the following paragraph because she had her back to the port and now turns around to face the ocean (55/48). Even though this women "who went ahead" was the one to accuse the other of being barren, she now denies that she herself is barren, as though she had been the accused. She will even say later that she carries Tinoco's child, even though here she elides that fact and states instead that Orfa, who already ran ahead into the shantytown, carries Tinoco's child. Pregnancy and barrenness circulate through these characters in the form of accusations and denials. While this woman could very well have been calling the other woman barren while wishing that she herself were, her joint accusation-denial confuses the identities of the two as the accuser is now denying the very accusation she launched. This confusing and contradictory exchange happens just as the accuser "from above" appears to address the other woman "below" as the Virgen of Carmen: "Yo, yo, Virgencita del Carmen, no machorra -empezó *como a rezar la otra*" / "'I, I, little Virgin of Carmen . . . I'm not barren' the other began praying" (56/48). The English translation elides the ambiguity of *como a rezar* in the Spanish, the latter which makes the genre of the address ambiguous: is the speaker in fact praying to the Virgin, as the English states, or is she talking to the other woman *as if* she were praying, as the Spanish states? Or, is she in some way addressing herself as the virgin, perhaps wishing she were still a virgin and not pregnant, according to the emphatic nature of the double “I, I, little Virgin of Carmen”? The way in which the speaker does identify herself in the next instance repeats the grammatical structure of “I, I, little Virgin of Carmen” exactly. She kneels down and says, “I, I, Paula Melchora, little Mother of Carmen! I'm not barren; but pregnant, pregnant with Tinoco's curse I am. Ay wearisome sand mountain, of my heart its bosom!” (49). Later passages in the novel will refer to a prostitute named Paula Melchora, so it would seem that her name is in fact Paula. But the vague references in the parallel structure in her self-reference and her maybe-prayer to the Virgen of Carmen suggests that she has two identities at once.

The narrative language continues to wink at the reader and play with identity through its vague characterization as the other hooker who is not Paula runs to Orfa's house, where Orfa tells her that her name is not Orfa, that she is a disinherited daughter of an hacienda owner. Again, names conceal rather than clarify who someone really is. Once the baby's fancy clothes confirm “not-Orfa's” claim as plausible, the nameless prostitute from the sand dune runs back to “”la otra mujer en el mismo sitio” / “the other woman still sitting there in the same place” (57/49). The narrative reminds us that this woman is Paula, and now her identity merges with that of the bay through descriptions that correlate them through their shared suffering at the hands of the fishermen.

The complexity of identity is repeated as a complexity of aesthetics now: just as Orfa and Paula are and are not “Orfa” or “Paula” through their access to other names and identities, the bay and Paula are and are not ugly in their suffering. We see contradictory descriptions when Paula points out flying seagulls: “La luz de la luna no podía refractarse bien en el agua sucia de la bahía”/ “The moon could not be reflected very well in the dirty water of the bay” and the islands are “cubiertas de guano de alcatraz (nitrógeno y cal)” / “covered with sea-fowl dung (lime and nitrogen)” (57/50). The water is dirty, but there is at least a weak reflection of moonlight in it, which is a stock romantic image. Again there is a double valency in the descriptive language of the islands, which are are polluted “naturally” by bird feces. But that feces is described in chemical terms which pertain to the extractive logic that would be more appropriately applied to the unnaturally bright fires burning at the factories. The seagulls are also described in ambiguous terms of value, as a “mancha,” which is translated as “flock” but more commonly means “stain,” and yet Paula calls them “gentil” / “graceful.”

Paula goes on to address herself in similarly oppositional terms, as simultaneously innocent and corrupted, possessing a “little heart” that she describes in the sing-songy rhyming rhythm of a girls' nursery rhyme, but also a “pussy” that's been “hustled.” She addresses the gulls, saying, “-de mi ojo, de mi pecho, de mi corazoncito vuela volando. Bendice a putamadre prostíbulo. M'está doliendo me 'zorrita'. Lu'han trajinado, gentil gaviota, en maldiciado 'corral', negro borracho, chino borracho. ¡Ay vida! Asno Tinoco mi'ha emprennado, despuecito” / “'From my eye, from my bosom, from my little heart fly, flyin'. Bless son-of-a-bitchin' whorehouse. My 'pussy's' hurtin' me. It's been hustled, graceful gull, in wicked Corral—by drunken black fellow, drunken Chinaman. Oh, dear! Tinoco knocked me up, little bit later'” (57/50). The woman Paula, through her address to the seagulls regarding how the men at the whorehouse have hurt her, becomes correlated with the natural environment as both are physically suffering at the hands of the fishing industry's unbridled exploitations. This correlation becomes a merging of blurred identities in the next instant when the other prostitute sees the bay in Paula's face: “vio que los ojos de la mujer se achicaban, toda la cavidad de los ojos y parte de la frente se arrugaban, y así, en esa cara apretada, vio que la gran bahía, el más intenso puerto pesquero, se concentraba en las arrugas del ojo de su compañera" / "[she] saw the woman's [Paula's] eyes narrowing; part of her forehead was furrowed and all the skin around her eyes was crinkled, so in that frowning face she saw the great bay, the busiest fishing port, focused in the wrinkles around her companion's eyes" (57-8/50).

In this strange scene on the sand dune, there are numerous doublings of the characters by way of ambiguous naming, indeterminate pronoun references, and contradictory metaphorical connections. Two prostitutes lay claim to different names or at least pretend to in the case of Paula, who addresses herself in the same way she prays to the virgin; prostitutes are referred to according to their positions on the dune rather than named; the names they have are only partially "true;" the bay and Paula are each described in antonymic terms, as simultaneously attractive and unattractive; and finally the unnamed prostitute sees the bay in Paula's face, merging the two bodies into one. Right after all of this confusion of identity, the unnamed prostitute enters the shantytown to sing and dance energetically. Who else dances and sings like this in the novel, other than manifestations of the foxes, and particularly Don Diego? The narrative logic of the first *hervor* suggests that, on some level, Orfa is Paula is the bay is the unnamed prostitute is Diego the fox.

After the scene of the prostitutes climbing the sand dune, the two foxes interrupt the story, and we find that the fox from down below—whom Don Angel signals is usually called Diego in Andean mythology—has been narrating the story. The fox from down below also boasts to the fox from up above, "puedo también, como tú, ser lo que sea" / "I can also, like you, be anything whatsoever" (63/55), which suggests that he could transform himself into the prostitute-companion on the dunes who dances in town, but also validates the reader's suspicion that the prostitutes were somehow blurring individual identities by turning into other beings as well.[185] In the foxes' dialogue interrupting the first *hervor,* they themselves comment on how confusing the story is. When asked if he understands the fox from down below's report, the fox from up above says, "Confundes un poco las cosas" / "You mix things up a bit" (60/52). The other replies, "Así es" / "That's the way it is." The foxes go on to contrast two styles of communication to account for the confusion of the story, which we will look at more closely below. But for now, suffice it to say that to mix things up is the point, not an error. To mix the identities of the characters, including the bay and the mythological fox, is to a large extent the motivation of Diego's style of narration in relaying this account of life in Chimbote. And to mix qualities up, like grace and bird feces and a sweet little heart and a hustled pussy, is also the point, so that the reader can catch on that everything is simultaneously the same but manifested or located differently.

The affect and structure of the sameness in difference experienced in the double is reminiscent of Freud's elaboration of the uncanny: we will remember that Freud traced the etymological evolution of the German term *heimlich* (homey) to find that it carried the meaning of its antonymic term *unheimlich* (unhomey) at the same time. Through its reference to a familiar interiority, *heimlich* comes to refer to that which is so intimate that it is actually unfamiliar, hidden from view, such as Jehovah's unknown knowledge. "*Heimlich* thus increasingly becomes ambivalent, until it finally merges with its antonym *unheimlich"* notes Freud.[186] This style of ambiguous merging typically affects people as a "species of the frightening"[187] irreducible to simply fear because of an added fascination with strangeness. In Tomkins' language of affect theory, the uncanny would be a cocktail, then, of fear, surprise, and interest. Classic stimuli of the uncanny are marked by the “intellectual uncertainty” of wondering whether something is alive or dead, as elaborated by Jentsch, as well as unexpected repetitions, and the double or doppelganger, which Freud describes as prompting a “defensive urge that ejects it [the double] from the ego as something alien.”[188] So in Freud's psychoanalytic terms, the uncanny repels because of a strangeness in a repetition. An affect-emotion that had been repressed arises again, seeming simultaneously novel and familiar; Freud gives a philogenetic example of the uncanniness of something that awakens “residues of animistic mental activity” such as superstitions of ghosts or fairy tale realities of talking animals that we had repressed through our progressive civilization.[189] As Freud is always careful to point out, the mere presence of ghosts or such does not guarantee an experience of the uncanny because everything depends upon a person's expectations, such as if they are reading fantasy or realism when an animal talks. What counts is ambiguity or uncertainty of whether the talking animal is real or not for the uncanny to emerge.[190]

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[185] However, I don't believe that there is a stable "fox from up above" or "fox from down below" identity that can morph into other bodies in the sense that they would "incarnate" as a human or possess an already-existing human. Moreover, I would argue that the fox who can transform exists as several different identities at once, just as Orfa, Paula, the bay, and the unnamed prostitute-fox exist as doubles to each other but maintain distinctions, somewhat, to talk to each other all at once. The reason for seeing a simultaneous existing together and apart in the characters is elaborated below.

[186] Sigmund Freud, *The Uncanny,* Trans. David Mclintock, (London: Penguin, 2003), 134.

[187] Ibid., 124.

In Freud's thinking on the uncanny in the essay by that name, there is a range of affective responses within that category, moving from a low-intensity feeling of entertainment when one receives letters from two men with the same name during the same week to a high-intensity experience of terror in realizing that the Sand Man has stolen one's beloved's eyes which ultimately results in Hoffman's Nathaniel committing suicide. But consistent throughout this range of reactions is the presence of affect responses like surprise-startle, interest-enjoyment, and fear-terror, which is very useful for thinking about how *Los zorros* is primed to affect its readers decolonially. If the text's uncanny doublings can secure the interest of readers and address the fear of the other supporting colonial hierarchies, it can then “reset” the fearful associations through the affect response of surprise, which Tomkins describes as an auxiliary affect whose sole purpose is to clean out affect assemblies so that new kinds of combinations can be formed.

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[188] Ibid., 143.

[189] Ibid., 217.

[190] Though Freud uses the example of talking animals in his explanation of uncanny experience, the clear references to the Huarochirí mythological foxes in *Los zorros,* as well as the novel's polyvocal narrative styles, prevents the foxes from appearing uncanny based upon their ability to talk. Rather, the foxes' strange ways of moving or glowing or possessing characters register as uncanny, as is detailed below.

To change the ways readers are affected by colonial identities, *Los zorros* uses a narrative language poised to make a racial spectrum of characters uncanny—doubling them, confusing their names, and riddling them with contradictions. Whenever I read the scene of the prostitutes on the sand dune, I am impressed not only by the highly confusing character description but also by an eerie quality to the women walking up a large sand dune from a brothel house in the sand below, in the early morning, looking at the factories on the bay spouting smoke while voicing, rather aggressively, fears about pregnancy. Just like the images of the hairy worms growing from soap-suds water in the courtyard between the Pink and White wings, the sand dune scene always strikes me as strange and eerie: uncanny. Later passages of the novel repeat this strangeness, and many characters observe that others, usually dancing characters, are very strange.

Character doubling is not restrained to the characters within the story of Chimbote. The author Arguedas, the diarist, the mythological foxes, the narrator(s), and the characters through whom the narration becomes focalized all become confused, and it becomes very difficult to identify any one of the major characters as separate and distinct from the others. To begin with, it is never very clear who the diarist who is interrupted by the foxes is, nor who the narrators of the *hervores* are, though at times it seems the foxes are narrating. Though the diary entries interspersed throughout the Chimbote narrative are often read as the thoughts of Arguedas the historical man—understandably as they are attended by Arguedas's actual acceptance speech for the Inca Carcilaso de la Vega Prize in 1968 and deal with the same travel itineraries and thoughts of suicide that Arguedas was known to have—we can also attribute the diaries to the author-function of Arguedas. Christain Fernández even reads them as expressive of the fictional foxes' story-telling, noting critical reception that views the *hervores* as entirely narrated by the foxes themselves, even when they are not overtly identified as such.[191] Martín Lienhard reads Don Angel and Don Diego as manifestations of the foxes, sometimes understanding Diego as the fox from down below, as others have, and other times seeing him as the fox from up above.[192] Diego is a slippery character, not only because he is the double of the divinity Tutaykire with supernatural powers to appear as a man or to run up a sand dune impossibly quickly, or because he is described as belonging to both the highlands and the coast, but because he functions as the most recognizable embodiment of a commonality running through all the characters. The uncanniness achieved through narrative techniques of ambiguous characterization, naming, and doubling becomes sedimented in a narrative language of plot repetition that associates characters with Diego and thus, malleable identity.

A NARRATIVE LANGUAGE OF THE UNCANNY: DOUBLING THROUGH PLOT REPETITIONS

In addition to using vague and contradictory descriptions to double characters and merge their identities, *Los zorros* uses another technique in its narrative language of the uncanny to affect its readers' neat, colonial identifications. The novel doubles characters on another level by repeating a narrative frame that cycles characters through the positions of the fox from up above talking with the fox from down below. This has the effect of establishing the characters as, on some level, identical within an Andean social aesthetic model as they cycle through the same fox identity. The genre of the foxes' discussion is first presented at the end of the first diary in the format of dramatic form, as though “THE FOX FROM ABOVE” and “THE FOX FROM BELOW” were characters in a play whose dialogue is set off from each other. This dialogue between the two foxes actually repeats a dialogue in the Huarochirí myth cycle between a fox from the sierra with a fox from the coast who meet to see how things go in their respective lands and discuss matters of hubristic wealth and sexual promiscuity. Notably, the foxes' conversation gives wisdom to the deity Huatyacuri in the highlands but not to his brother Tutaykire, who is seduced and detained in the coastal region.[193] This genre of the useful report between foxes concerning the effects of exploitative wealth from the Huarochirí myth becomes a frame through which various characters of *Los zorros* occupy the position of Diego to discuss capitalistic exploitations in Chimbote as though trying to make sense of them.

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[191] Christian Fernández, "The Death of the Author in *El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo*," *The Fox from Up Above and the Fox from Down Below,* Trans. Frances Horning Barroclugh, Ed. Julio Ortega, (Pittsburg: University of Pittsburg Press, 2000), 304.

[192] Beasley-Murray pokes fun at this, as well as providing an itinerary of critics' reception of Don Diego in Jon Beasley-Murray, "Arguedasmachine: Modernity and Affect in the Andes" *Iberoamericana* 8:30 (2008), 115.

In the third *hervor,* the foxes seem to appear in the guise of Don Diego, the visiting manager of Braschi's, and Don Angel, the Nautilus anchovy plant manager. One way the narrative of this section suggests Diego and Angel are the foxes is by having them repeat the style and objective of fox reporting from the first *hervor,* which begins with the fox from below asking if the one from above has understood. But first of all, Don Angel pauses to ask Diego if he knows that in the stories “Indians” tell “aquí en la 'patria'” / “here in the 'native land'” the fox is called Diego. This interruption alerts knowing readers to a connection between Don Diego and the fox Diego, within the context of Angel reporting to Don Diego. Don Diego says he knows, and as they walk on, Don Angel asks, “-¿Comprendió?” / “Did you understand it?” and Diego replies, “-Sí, todo está claro” / “Yes, everything's clear” (144/128). Just as the fox from below was reporting to the one from above in the first *hervor,* so one fox is reporting to another here in the third *hervor* according to the reproduced genre and style of the report that asks for understanding.

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[193] Cf. Claudette K. Columbus, “Oracular Foxes, Archaic Times, Twentieth-Century Peru: J. M. Arguedas's *The Fox from Above and the Fox from Below,*” *Dispositio,* 21.48, (1996), 142.

Not only are these men doubling as foxes, but the roles seem reversed as Don Angel says he's never talked so much before but now he understands the factory so much better having talked about it to Don Diego, to the effect that Diego will understand the factory better. Diego—traditionally the fox from below—receives a report instead of giving one. But finally, determining which man is which fox is very difficult, suggesting again an interesting flow of identity between their bodies. Ultimately their two identities become blurred in a performance of a commonality flowing through the characters. The language used to describe these “men” confuses the boundaries of their bodies according to the ways in which they affect each other. Diego's first dance in Angel's office, which comes from Angel's hometown is said to be “como diluyéndose en todo el cuerpo de don Angel; sintió que se le extinguía yéndose hacia la nariz, la cabeza y los cartílagos externos de las orejas” / “diluted all through Don Angel's body; he felt it was being dimmed and going off toward his nose, head, and the outer cartilage of his ears” (134/119). What might it mean that Diego's dance affects Angel corporeally in this way, traveling through his body? And does the focus on Angel's face, particularly his nose and outer ears point towards his own foxiness? A little bit later, Angel says no one pulls on a man's tongue for information like Don Diego does with his questions, and Don Diego says he doesn't pull; he *goes in*. Angel likes this idea of *going in* instead of pulling, responding, “-¡Eso! Nos hemos metido, usted en mí y yo en usted.” / “'That's right! We've gotten in—you into me and me into you'” (150/135).

Diego's dance is described as going through Angel's body, and to go into someone sounds akin to demon possession, wherein a foreign spirit occupies a body that wasn't originally its own. We do see something like this happen when Diego apparently ventriloquizes Stut outside the Black Cat. Stut tells Don Diego he's "the fox," asking if he's the one from up in the mountains or down in the reedbeds of a district of Chimbote. "¿O yo soy tú y por eso no tartamudeo?" / "Or am I you and that's why I'm not stammering?" he adds (152/137), suggesting that Diego the fox is now speaking through him, which registers as a lack of stuttering that the man usually experiences. A couple of lines later Stut/Diego says nobody would do what Stut did to the prostitute Caprice, using a form of self-address: "Nadie, amigo Tarta" / "Nobody, Stut old pal," which does indeed sound like Diego is addressing Stut, but oddly, with Stut's voice. Diego finally identifies himself as Stut at the end of his description of what we have already reviewed as Chimbote's sickness, addressing "the fire of life" in turmoil "como la de ese hongo maldito de humo rosado que se eleva de Chimbote, que sí es una chucha en la que estoy metido hasta el cuello pero sin pudrirme. Veda entre cholos disparejos, criollos chaveteros y chimpancés internacionales chupadores de toda sangre, de mar, aire y tierra, amigo, amigo Tarta. […] Usted no necesita que yo me despida. Yo soy el Tarta" / "like that damned mushroom cloud of pink smoke rising from Chimbote, which really is a cunt I'm into up to my neck, but without becoming rotten. Life among *cholos* of various kinds, knife-fighting thugs from the coast and international chimpanzees who suck all the blood out of air, land, and sea, Stut my friend, old friend. […] You don't need me to say goodbye to you. I am Stut" (153/137). Many readers of *Los zorros* describe this passage as Stut speaking without stuttering, due to Diego's influence. Grammatically, however, the self-addresses indicate that Diego is speaking to Stut, only with Stut's body. The tension between two identities here regarding who is speaking renders the men's identities ambiguous. The provocative question from Stut's mouth, “am I you?” follows his questions about who Diego is, the fox from above or below, so the whole passage is thematically centered on trying to pin down identity, concluding with the assertion, “I am Stut.” To claim to *be* someone else is not the same model of intermingled beings that demon possession poses. Rather, Diego and Stut speak as though they are simultaneously the same and different, occupying two positions at once according to their sensorial experience of each other.

The confusion of sameness in difference á la *heimlich* is repeated in Diego's warning to Stut, to watch out for Don Angel because he's not a chimpanzee's ear but *the ear* of that ear, “el oído del oído de los chimpancés” / “the ear of the chimpanzee's ear,” (153/137). To be part of the chimpanzee's ear is to be complicit with the international businessmen, but to be the ear of the ear is another bizarre doubling. It is interesting that Diego warns Stut about Angel because, as we have seen, there is some confusion regarding where Diego ends and Angel begins. Angel perceives them as getting into each other, perhaps similar to the way Diego enters Stut, whom he ultimately claims to be. Confusion between Diego and Angel continues in that Diego is presented alternatively as sometimes from up above, and sometimes down below, such that he is, to a degree, both foxes simultaneously. When a factory worker asks where he is from, Diego responds that he is from the coast but “from up above *and* down below” because he knows, now, from his brother's report, what is happening everywhere, even though he understands nothing of the jungle from up above: “-Yo soy de toda la costa, arenales, ríos, pueblos, Lima. Ahora soy de arriba *y* abajo, entiendo de montañas y costa, porque hablo con un hermano que tengo desde antiguo en la sierra. De la selva no entiendo nada.” / “I'm from all up and down the coast, from sandy places, rivers, towns, and Lima. Now I'm from up above *and* down below; I understand the mountains and the coast, because I talk with a brother I've had since the olden times in the high Andes. Of the jungle I understand nothing" (141/126, emphasis added). Diego's contradictions in his identification of himself are bewildering. Either he's the fox from down below on the coast, who is traditionally named Diego, which means he understands the highlands from his brother's report, but he has been getting a report on the coast from Angel all this time. He even appears in Angel's office as affiliated with the highlands, actually. Don Angel notices light shining on Diego's buttons, moving the same way that the velvet of jungle caterpillars moves. He also observes a transparency in Diego's eyes that he correlates with the highland lakes, and smells the pollen of highland flowers on Diego's palm when the latter puts his hand to his face. Perhaps Don Diego is merely appealing to Don Angel's senses by bringing him memories from his highland childhood, as he does when he dances the Cachabamba dance. But Diego appears and smells *as though* he comes from the highlands, even though he says he knows all about the coast. Don Angel, too, remains ambiguous in his fox identity as he is giving a report to Diego but is characterized as the listener at the end of the *hervor.* To be the *oído* of the ear suggests that Angel is the listening action of the ear, the listening fox.

Using the scenario of an interview in which to double the foxes and their positions of listener and reporter so that it becomes impossible to tell who is from the highlands—the colonial position of the Quechua speakers—and who is from the coast—the colonial position of the Westerner—, goes on to become something of an established genre within *Los zorros,* to the effect that several more characters come to feel like the foxes without being traceable to a colonial location, as highlander or modern coastal inhabitant. The exchange between Don Diego and Don Angel in the factory is only the most obvious reproduction of the genre of the foxes' interview. In all but the second *hervor* there is an interview, and in each case we can see the genre of the report that the two foxes traditionally give each other reproduced in the characters' "reports" to each other. In Part 1, Paula tells her woes to an unnamed prostitute; in Part 3, Don Angel reports on Chimbote politics to "Braschi's assistant," Don Diego; in Part 4, Moncada interviews Don Esteban about his sufferings as a miner in the highlands; and in the "Second Part," Father Cardozo hears Maxwell's report about leaving the Peace Corps and learning the traditional music and dances of the highlands—an interview throughout which they repeat the logic of the foxes referring to each other as brothers by addressing each other as "my fellow American." In each case, we can see identifying characteristics of the foxes in those characters giving the reports and listening to each other, not simply through the repeated logic of the interview. There is a change in the energy level of the listener that is consistent throughout these encounters as well. At the tour of the anchovy factory, "The visitor gave Don Angel a nuetral look" (91) but then also dances quite wildly. The unnamed prostitute silently observes the bay on Paula Melchora's face, and then she abruptly runs into San Pedro to sing and dance, which Don Diego is prone to do. Moncada listens to Don Esteban with a neutral expression, but then Moncada will alternate between listening intently and "becoming impersonal." And Cardozo is described as listening very intently to Maxwell, who, when he recounts the music of the highlands, speaks in a different tone of voice. In each case, the listener or teller becomes strange, which suggests that each *hervor* is another instance of the foxes talking to each other about life in the highlands and life on the coast as the character's identity exceeds itself to indicate the presence of an identity more profound, not immediately apparent on the surface. Here, we have storytelling as healing to the extent that the requests for reports and the stories furnished serve to point towards a common vitalism linking the characters despite their colonial stratifications.

There is something "off" about these characters positioned as foxes; their telling and listening are made distinctive as slightly uncanny. Maxwell hints at an immanent, vibrant life force conveyed in metaphors of water when he recalls Lake Titicaca as the setting for traditional dances he was a part of, saying, “vi treinta danzas distintas, en música, trajes y coreografía, distintas; y un 'agua de fondo, un espejo de azogue común que refleja cada cosa como diferente pero con lo que en sus naturales tienen de vibramiento, de salvación y nacimiento común'” / “I saw thirty different traditional dances, all different as to music, costumes, and choreography; and a watery background [of Lake Titicaca], which—like an ordinary mirror with mercury backing—reflects each thing differently but also captures whatever there is in their natures of common origin, vibrancy, and salvation” (254/230). We see music, dancing, and water “reflecting each thing differently” while also capturing “whatever there is in their natures of common origin,” (or in the Spanish, a common birthing), bespeaking a commonality moving through each individual. And in the original Spanish, we notice scare quotes around part of Maxwell's speech, indicating that he is quoting someone else. At this point, the narrative reports, “-y desde la palabra 'agua' hasta 'común' el timbre de la voz de Maxwell sonó de un modo muy especial, como la de un animal entusiasmado” / “from the words 'watery background' to 'salvation' Maxwell's voice took on a special timbre, sounding like that of an enthusiastic animal.” His voice “changed tone” again later in the meeting with Cardozo when he talks about the sky reflecting in the water of the lake. Cardozo points out that Maxwell changes his tone of voice “en referencias especiales que [hace]” / “in the special references [he makes]” (258/234). But he also makes himself conspicuous as an unsettlingly loud laugher and an intense listener, asking Maxwell, “¿Te das cuenta cómo te escucho?” / “You notice how I'm listening to you?” (257/233). Cardozo is further described as having “conseguido que toda su atención y sus nervios se mantuvieran a la expectativa” / “managed to remain attentive and nervously expectant” (263/238). As we will see below, it is Maxwell's approach towards acknowledging a commonality in all the beings through his references to Andean water and sky that intensifies both characters, making them enthusiastic animals or nervously loud.

Perhaps the oddest character positioned as (one of?) the foxes is Moncada, whose status remains ambiguous throughout the novel. Moncada is uncannily positioned as a fox when he interviews Don Esteban about his sufferings as a miner in the highlands. But his characterization further marks him as strange when the society of Chimbote labels him a madman, which demonstrates how the uncanny, fluid identity of the fox characters is illegible within the normal colonial framework. Moncada is strange to the point of being hailed as a madman by the other characters, but, importantly, his madness remains ambiguous, and there is reason to believe that, contrary to popular belief within the colonial landscape, he is actually one of the healthier, more knowledgable, and more ethical characters according to the logic of the novel. The Black fisherman/activist/preacher, who is usually identified by the characters and critics of *Los zorros* as the local madman, is prone to theater, sometimes dressing as a fisherman, a dandy, or an Arab. Like the foxes, then, he is able to turn into anything he wants, and he does so in a calculated, predetermined manner, putting together his costumes the night before he plans to go out "preaching," which belies a level of strategy and intentionality in his public performances. However, a first-person narrator surfaces through the texture of the *hervor* to introduce Moncada to the reader as crazy by saying "Pero esta vez que *cuento"* / "But on this occasion *I am recounting*" Moncada's story, and then explains that Moncada works carrying fish from the boats to the beach "en sus días sanos; no era loco continuo" / "on the days when he was well; he was not insane all of the time" (69-70/60, emphasis added). Here, the narrator is instructing us to view Moncada as insane, and to regard his theatrical protests as symptoms of feeling unwell.

Admittedly, Moncada's extreme behavior does sometimes solicit a feeling of revulsion, as when he eats the remains of the rooster and guinea pig who were crushed in their cages when the boxcar of the train hits them. But Moncada eats raw “la mezcla de sangre, carne, tablas y plumas” / “the mishmash of blood, flesh, slats, and feathers” and “un trozo más de carne mezclada con tierra y pelos de cuy” / “one more piece of flesh mixed with dirt and guinea pig hairs” in the marketplace as part of his political protest of highlanders being run over by capitalists (72-3/62-3). While all the various onlookers hail him as a pig, a Christian, a “Holy black lunatic” and so on, Moncada relays to the reader a series of accusations against the local and foreign powers running Chimbote that render him impressively knowledgeable and articulate as he demonstrates detailed awareness of the political players in town, naming American priests and bishops, local union leaders, the Peruvian president, senator Kennedy, and the full names of oil, steel, and mining companies in his performance of eating up the dead just as these powers eat up the people. No one else in the novel speaks with such awareness aside from Don Angel, the *cholo* fish-meal factory manager from Cajabambo in the highlands and then Lima, and we have seen that there is reason to believe that Don Angel is to some extent one of the mythological foxes, too.

So while Moncada is hailed as a madman by characters in the novel and critics alike, he does not *feel* mad in the sense of being psychologically ill because his status remains ambiguous. The novel heightens this sense of ambiguity by repeatedly hinting that there is more to him than being a mere madman. First of all, there is a sense that his onlookers generally misunderstand him, rendering their assessment of him as crazy less credible. In the scene of the poor removing their crucifixes from the newly-gentrified cemetery, the narrative gives us a picture of Moncada entering the cemetery holding a large cross he has fabricated for the protest. After Moncada “ingresó por el arco y siguió de frente” / “came in through the archway and kept right on going,” moving decisively through the cemetery and seeing the mourners, we get the mourners' perspective: “-El negro Moncada, el loco -dijo alguien que formaba parte de un grupito que aguardaba o parecía aguardar cerca del arco” / “There's the black Moncada, the crazy one,” said somebody from a little group of people who were waiting, or seemed to be waiting, near the arch” (77/67). A woman feels pity for him and develops an explanation for Moncada's theatrically large cross: “-¡Pobrecito! Se le habrá perdido, pues, la cruz de su muerto y ha traído esa grande, para siempre -dijo una mujer” / “Poor little thing. He must have lost his dead person's cross and he's brought that big one, to last forever,' a woman said” (78/68). And another person remarks, “-¡Loco ha de estar de la pena! / “'Grief must be makin' him crazy!'” It turns out that grief does seem to make Moncada crazy, as he typically develops what the novel calls “a neutral expression” and goes out on preaching activist tirades after he spends time listening to his best friend Don Esteban's history of suffering in the coal mines in the highlands. But here, in the cemetery, the onlookers develop a narrative of Moncada that has him crazy with grief over someone who as died, which is not the case at all. His histrionics carrying the large cross through Chimbote and preaching in the streets are part of a political protest organized by Don Gregorio Bazalar, a delegate of the San Pedro shantytown, in resistance to the Chimbote elite kicking the dead of the poor out of the cemetery to be buried in a sand dune farther away. He appears as a madman but is actually an informed social protest leader.

Ironically, while Moncada is said to be mentally ill, all of the allegedly sane characters remarking on Moncada's behavior appear so beaten-down and lonely as to be the truly sick characters: “los perros, sentados, con belfos salivosos, miraban. Los niños también miraban, solos, sin pegarse a las faldas de nadie, cualquiera que fuera su edad. Miraban la fila de cargadores de cruces, guardando silencio, a pesar de que muchíisimos hombres y mujeres se habían echado al hombro hasta dies cruces. No se acercaron, no se manifestaron" / "the dogs sat with their muzzles driveling, looking on. The children, too, were all on their own as they watched, without hanging onto anybody's skirts, regardless of age. They watched the line of crossbearers in silence, even though quite a few men and women had shouldered as many as ten crosses each. They did not move in close, or make a show of themselves" (71). The onlookers of the procession of people moving the crosses of their dead to the new cemetery appear passive and lacking in vitality: the dogs drool, the adults watch in silence without taking any action to help, and the children are isolated, unconnected to any mother who would guide them. One of the spectators, the prostitute Orfa secretly descended from a well-to-do family in Cajamarca, describes the scene of the procession as "'Asco, asco ¡ay! como no habrá jamás de los jamases'" / "more revolting than anything else will ever, ever be" and resolves to drown her son and commit suicide that evening (82/72). In the aesthetic landscape of the shantytown, Moncada is associated with a vitality that appears crazy to others, as well as the political power of resistance that will appear strong to the reader, and the power of these associations with life and strength over-rides the conventional assumption that he is mentally ill.

In another ironic twist about Moncada's strangeness, he is the only character in the novel to care and act on highlanders' sufferings, which puts him in the position of a healer rather than one who is ill. Don Esteban says of Moncada that "Su atención estaba fuerte, creo, vivo estaba" / "He was really payin' attention, I think; wide awake he was" (163/145). Moncada helps his weak friend who is dying of black lung disease from working in the coal mine by going with Don Esteban to buy new onions and potatoes to sell in the market, and he even carries him back to his house the evenings when Don Esteban's coughing fits are so severe that he can't walk. Moncada's caring nature is further exemplified in the fact that he used to defend the dying pelicans from the children who would dismember them during their death throws (143), and he must be the "madman" that Don Angel refers to in the story of the prostitute climbing a cyclone and yelling to all the "supertwats" to leave the fishermen's orgy at the unveiling of the St. Peter statue Braschi erects in the bay as a means of pacifying union leaders (107). Though all the characters in the novel dismiss him as mentally ill, Moncada is presented as the most physically and morally strong character in Chimbote. He is said to be sick because his activist behavior exceeds people's expectations for normal everyday life, but he does not *feel* sick to the reader. And the people who pay the most attention to him do not think he is sick, either, encouraging readers to feel differently about him. Señora Rincón, Don Angel's wife, is the only person who remains curious about the *zambo* after he is removed from the Grand Hotel for peeing on the floor as a demonstration of coal-polluted blood running out of the dead bodies of miners in the highlands. The señora remarks, "'-Moncada es algo muy especial, original. Habla como un hombre que hubiera recibido mucha instrucción, ese negro" / "Moncada is something quite special and original. He speaks like somebody with considerable education, that darky does" (170/152). Don Esteban, who gives Moncada a place to sleep and feeds him, notes, "En el ojo de me compadre, cuando no hay su locura, es tranquilo, querendoso." / "In me *compadre*'s eye, when there's none of his craziness, it's peaceful and lovable," and he goes so far as to connect Moncada with the kind of nurturing a father would provide: "Ahora me compadre pregontaba por me vida mejor que Hermano, mejor que. . . ¿acaso hey tenido padre?" / "Now me *compadre* was askin' about me life better'n the Brother did, better'n . . . did I maybe have a father?" (172-3/154). Moncada is sick only to the degree that he seems to become another person when he preaches, but we know that even that is within his control as he lays out his costumes with great care the night before he goes out. I would argue that Moncada is hardly sick at all, but that playing a role from another position in the Chimbote social aesthetic renders him so uncanny that the other characters can only understand him in terms of being psychotic—belonging to another, idiosyncratic reality. But *Los zorros* establishes this alternate reality as more salutory than not in more direct terms than the question of Moncada's sanity, through its play of metaphors of water.

WATER METAPHORS TO ERODE BOUNDARIES

Characters become strange to the point of becoming uncanny when they display the vital force connecting everything, which is described in *Los zorros* as a secret. Nothing excites interest like a secret. Don Diego most clearly conveys images of this secret commonality in descriptions of him becoming transparent, sparkling like mirrors, and exhaling blue smoke. All of these images connect him to water, which the foxes describe in terms of a secret, a song, and the purifying *lloqua*. Diego is described as giving Don Angel

> una mirada lúcida; sus dos ojos adquireron la transparencia más profunda, que no es la del aire o el cielo, sino la circunscrita y viva, sin topes de color, de los lagos de altura o de un remanso, la verdadera transparencia profunda que transmiten al entendimiento y la esperanza los gusanillos que allí bullen, se retuercen, que hacen carreras a lo hondo y a través y los peces de brillo suave que se precipitan a velocidades diferentes según la voluntad o el ansia de los animales. Don Angel creyó encontrar en esa mirada transparente algún secreto. (124)
>
> a luminous look; both eyes took on the deepest transparency, not that of air or sky, but the enclosed, living kind, with unbounded color, of the highland lakes or a pool, the really deep transparency transmitted to understanding and hope by the little worms that are seething there, twisting and racing downward and sideways and by the glistening fish that dart about at varying speeds, according to the whim or eagerness of the animals. Don Angel thought he had found some secret in that transparent look." (110)

This transparency in Don Diego's eyes feels like a secret connection to not only highland lakes but also the joyfulness of life in the “whim,” “twisting and racing,” and “glistening” of the animals there. We could describe the worms and the fish referenced here as dancing, which characters associated with Diego do throughout the novel. And this movement, together with the vibrancy of the highland lake, has been referenced in the novel before, when the foxes speak of the ducks' songs in the highland lakes as better than words: “nos hace entender todo el ánimo del mundo” / it makes the whole spirit of the world understandable” (60/53). The duck song, like the transparency in Diego's eyes, is related to a whole ecosystem of plant, mineral, and animal beings. It “repercute en los abismos de roca, se hunde en ellos; se arrastra en las punas, hace bailar a las flores de las yerbas duras que se esconden bajo el *ichu”* / “re-echoes from the rocky abysses, and sinks down into them; it's swept over the bleak high country, making the flowers of the tough herbs hidden under the *ichu* dance” (59/52). Furthermore, the duck song is “grueso, como de ave grande; el silencio y la sombra de las montañas lo convierte en música que se hunde en cuanto hay” / “deep-toned, like a large fowl's; the mountain's silence and shadow transforms it into music that sinks down into everything there is” (60/53). Throughout these descriptions of the highland duck's song, all of nature is presented as interconnected as the song echoes off of rocks, transforms into mountain silence, sweeps over flowers to make them dance, and seeps down deep into the earth “into everything there is.”

This song, intimated as a secret in Diego's eyes, is associated with water in both cases, which accounts for descriptions such as transparency, clarity, and brilliance that echo through character descriptions, linking them to both Diego and this common force. Diego's clothes and whiskers take on transparent and bluish qualities while turning into mirrors and crystals in his dance, referencing qualities of water that symbolizes the unity of all that is: “su gorro se había convertido en lana de oro cuyos hilos se revolvían en el aire; los zapatos, en sandalias transparentes de color azul; la leva llena de espejos pequeños en forma de estrella; los bigotes, en espinos cristalinos en las puntas" / "his cap had been changed into golden wool whose strands were swirling in the air, his shoes into transparent sandals of a bluish hue; his frock coat was full of little star-shaped mirrors; his whiskers became thorns clear as crystal at the tips" (133/119). Maxwell's appearance is also likened to water when he dances at the whorehouse: "Como el agua que salta y corre, canalizada por su propia velocidad en las pendientes escarpadas e irregulares, y cambia de color y de sonido, atrae y ahuyenta a ciertos insectos voladores, así el cuerpo de Maxwell temblaba el aire en el salón" / "Like water channeled by its own velocity that leaps and flows down over steep, jagged slopes, changing sound and color, attracting and putting to flight certain insects—that's how Maxwell's body was making the air seethe in the large hall" (40/33). In both dance scenes, we have the play of water reflecting, becoming crystalized, leaping and flowing, "changing sound and color;" water indicates a dynamism, a transformative force, that fascinates the viewers, both in the case of Don Angel and all the fishermen and prostitutes at the whorehouse who watch the dancers.

Critics of *Los zorros* interested in affect theory have already pointed out the presence of some kind of similarity, a commonality, flowing through the characters of that novelistic world. Jon Beasley-Murray uses Deleuze and Guattari's concept of "immanent life" in terms of a vitality prior to territorialization or phenomenological appearance to read *Los zorros* as a "techno-indigenist narrative" that perpetually remachines bodies in flux upon lines of flight. Beasley-Murray thinks of immanent life as "pure affect" in *Los zorros,* and it is through the affective sculpting of bodies based upon characters' desires that we get a picture of what Deleuze and Guattari called "a social assemblage of desire" in Peru, "for a modernization whose results that are emphatically new, unheralded and manifestly unpredictable."[194] Thus Arguedas's writing becomes a charting of affect as a flow of an immanent vitality shared between everything, an accounting of how everything in Peru is becoming-animal, becoming-machine, etc. Beasley Murray explains further that Arguedas "therefore provides an affective topography of the highlands, and is concerned above all with gradients or folds, with charting the more or less sudden switches between different affective states: from sadness to happiness, fear to pride, cowardice to bravery, and so on."[195]

By describing the text of *Los zorros* as an affect-machine, Beasley-Murray is able to repackage the Andean indigenous world-view of an interconnected divine and physical world as philosophical rather than religious. Acknowledging the highland indigenous belief that "the hills have personalities and character traits (for instance, as deities or *wamanis*)," Beasley-Murray argues that "divinity, especially in Arguedas, is very seldom seen in anthropomorphic terms." He continues: "So his is not so much a personification or humanization of nature as, by contrast, a recognition of an impersonal, but responsive and vital, common substrate that underlies the human and the inhuman alike."[196] Within the interpretive frame of "immanent life," communication between people and the heavens becomes a matter of shared, circulating affect rather than a community of cosmic beings. Beasley-Murray wants to save the relationship between the human and nature in Arguedas' work from sloppy cultural translation that he terms as an anthropomorphizing of the natural. He argues that Arguedas's narratives have "little or nothing to do with" recuperating Andean "mysticism" or modeling a utopian community *because*

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[194] Jon Beasley-Murray, "Arguedasmachine: Techno-Indigenism and Affect in the Andes," unpublished paper available at http://posthegemony.blogspot.com/2006/06/arguedasmachine.html. Page numbers cited in the text refer to the page numbers of the pdf document, and this was presumably an earlier draft of "Arguedasmachine: Modernity and Affect in the Andes" *Iberoamericana* 8:30, (2008), 113-128.

[195] Jon Beasley-Murray, "Arguedasmachine: Modernity and Affect in the Andes," *Iberoamericana,* 8:30, (2008), 120.

[196] Ibid., 121.

the distinctions between human, machine, and natures were not there to be begin with. Moreover, as Arguedas' writing breaks down, even thematizes breakdowns, he represents the dismantling of affective flows rather than mapping out a positive social project.[197] So there is no clear non-human object to make humanlike, in the gesture of anthropomorphizing a mountain as a spiritual leader, for example. "Nature, human structures, groups, and individuals all variously affect and are affected. And in the contagion or influence that connects these different bodies, the distinctions between these different categories (the human and the divine, for instance) come to seem less important than ever," concludes Beasley-Murray.[198]

Annette Rubado also reads *Los zorros* as representing untethered or "deindividualized" affect-structures that do not coalesce into clear bodies, but she relates that disconnection to the destructive forces of an extractive industrialization rather than any ontology. For her, the affective environment through which subjectivity might take form is perpetually deterritorialized because characters are removed from their preindustrial lifeways, cosmology, and lineage when they are turned into a labor force supporting the production of capital. She describes "echoes" of affective intensities in various characters throughout the novel that appear most strikingly in the movements of dance scenes, but she emphatically resists admitting an "homology" between the characters because the shifting affective landscape of the novel does not allow for the creation of anything stable, much less a master narrative. She does not want the echoes of the novel to be read as "embodying the resistance of the newly proletariat, the worldview of a homogenous indigenous group or a uniform process of becoming-rationalized and modern" because "the movement of affects and the transparencies they spread disrupt signifying processes."[199]

Beasley-Murray understands Arguedas to be interested in an immanent energy that variously manifests itself as a “an affective topography” in the worlds of Arguedas's fictions, but he stops short of mapping specific mechanics of affects in *Los zorros,* such as the abrupt switches in affect he suggests. Rubado does map very specific scenes of affective flow in terms of sensory experience, vibrancy, movement and emotion, but she rejects any notion of a homology between the characters (including landscapes) because she wants to lay claim to an epistemology beyond the phenomenological model of an immanent Being that manifests in particular beings. Rather, she suggests that *Los zorros* presents “an attempt to define a different mode of knowing—one that departs from sensoria and so understands by participating in the transformations.”[200] Both critics contribute something valuable to thinking about how the novel is trying to work on readers at the level of affect by attending to the transformations of an energetic force moving through the bodies and the necessity for a participation that takes place through bodily interactions.

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[197] Ibid., 126.

[198] Jon Beasley-Murray, "Arguedasmachine: Modernity and Affect in the Andes," 120.

[199] Annette Rubado, "Dancing Death: Performing Dispossession in Arguedas' *Los zorros*," *MLN*, 127.2 (2012), 336.

I would argue that Arguedas does in fact present something homologous shared between all of the entities in the novel that is indeed vitalistic, perhaps something like “immanent life” insofar as it is the source of growth and movement for the characters in *Los zorros.* Given Arguedas's background and particularly his identification with Quechua speakers' cosmology in which mountains and rocks, for example, can actively influence humans' feelings and well-being,[201] this immanence is an important ingredient for the healing potential of his novel in that the common experiences and even *substance* that the characters share underlines their common identity in the face of colonial hierarchies. A force or intensity shared amongst characters in *Los zorros* is recognized in Sara Castro-Klarén's reading of the novel, which also draws upon

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[200] Rubaado, 338.

[201] In “Arguedasmachine: Modernity and Affect in the Andes,” Beasley-Murray reads a mutual contamination of affect between nature and people in the short story “Los escoleros” as the narrator feels happy looking at the stars and threatened by the large rock Jatunrumi that feels as though it will keep him, absorb him (120-121).

Deleuze and Guattari to discuss an "irreducible dynamism" shared by all the beings associated with the novel, from the characters to the landscape, animals, and even the historical man Arguedas.[202] Drawing upon the notes of the translator of the Huarochirí mythology, Castro-Klarén relates an Andean shamanistic understanding of spirituality in which there is a concept of *camac,* the vitality of all worldly beings, which manifests in greater intensities in particular beings (people, rocks, trees, water sources) called *huacas*. Castro-Klarén identifies what she calls "Arguedas's strange joinings" of animals, waterfalls, and human characters in the novel as examples of *huacas* in the world of *Los zorros,* and then relates this Andean conceptualization of the *camac* imbuing all beings to Deleuze and Guattari's concept of becoming, the action of transcending categories and species. Finally, using Deleuze and Guattari's definition of affect, Castro-Klarén correlates *camac* with becoming with affect, describing affect as the realm of the shaman, "a moment of consciousness affected by expansion, occupation, and contagion with multiplicity." The uncanny element underlying the strange doubling and sparkling of characters in *Los zorros* is, in Castro-Klarén's final analysis, nothing short of a power associated with shamans and sorcerers, revealed to Arguedas in his translation of the Huarochirí myths before he wrote *Los zorros* and overwhelming him to the point of suicide. "The writer is under the spell of affect," she concludes, citing Deleuze and Guattari's assertion that "'affect is not a personal feeling, it is rather the effectuation of the power of the pack that throws the self into an upheaval and makes it reel.'"[203] This conceptualization of affect as force, as transformation within a community of vibrant beings, sits nicely with our understanding of affect derived from Tomkins and Ahmed, as the process of defining self and other through a history of psychic transcriptions that are necessarily written with a society of objects affecting each other. Rubado's insight that participation as "*alcanzada"* or being touched might constitute an innovative way of knowing, beyond an epistemology that operates by taking objects as belonging within static forms—this insight need not end in her conclusion that *Los zorros* performs "community as a precarious everyday inhabiting of the contradictions [between people, animals, gods, etc.]" or that the novel "asks readers to consider what kind of community is suggested when community cannot be conceived as common belonging."[204] I agree that Arguedas is asking us to rethink community in *Los zorros,* but it is still a community of belonging according to the logic of *huacas* sharing *camac,* and I would go further than Castro-Klarén to argue that indeed the homologous force traveling through and defining the bodies of *Los zorros* is working in alignment with the author's vision of Peru becoming one whole community, healing its colonial dualism through the posture of cooperation Arguedas advocated in the roundtable discussion, even if the conceptual richness of *camac*-becoming-affect is erased in the gross definition of ethnic groups.

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[202] Sara Castro-Klarén, "Like a pig when he's thinkin,'" *The Fox from Up Above and the Fox from Down Below,* Trans. Frances Horning Barroclugh, Ed. Julio Ortega, (Pittsburg: University of Pittsburg Press, 2000) 316-118.

[203] Castro-Klarén, 318.

CONTRADICTION AND ENJOYMENT

It is important to point out that the vital energy running through the characters of *Los zorros* protects them from any neat categorization or identity such that apparent contradictions often emerge, and the reader is invited to *enjoy* contradiction. That is, we are asked to enjoy messy identification as a way of decolonizing capitalism's hierarchies. Moreover, we are asked to enjoy everything, the good and the bad, as it becomes apparent that the life force of the novel applies to *everything,* not just ideal or positive entities. The bug that Diego kills in Angel's office is called *Onquray onquray* in Quechua, "Enfermedad de enfermedad" / "sickness of sickness," which he explains "ha brotado de esa laguna cristalina que hay en la entraña del cerro de arena.

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[204] Rubado, 339.

De allí viene a curiosear, a conocer" / "has arisen from the crystal-clear pool which is deep inside the sand mountain. From there the bug comes out to snoop around, to get to know his surroundings" (107/93). Insofar as the bug comes from crystal-clear water to snoop around and learn what is happening in its environs, it is a double of the highlander fox who sparkles when he dances. But at the same time, it is called sickness. In a similar example of contradiction, Don Esteban describes for Moncada the *mayu,* the Quechua-referenced river passing by the coal mine that, upstream, has water that is "crestalino, claro, como el espejo era" / "crystal clear; like a mirror it was" but downstream "carbón salta saltando, negreando las piedras. . ." / "the coal leaps leapin', blackenin' the stones . . ." (163/145). Moreover, Esteban recalls the nosebleed that Jésus, his fellow minor, has at the moment of his death in contradictory terms as both the vital river and the toxic coal flow from the same blood: "el carbón, río *mayu,* de su nariz ha chorreado" / "the coal, *mayu* river, flowed from his nose" (164/146). So the vibrant force represented in water and celebrated above in terms of sparkling mirrors and illuminative transparency is also associated with sickness, pollution, and death. And it is especially associated with the *lloque,* the purifying, violent deluge in the highlands that Don Diego describes as "La avalancha de agua, de tierra, raíces de árboles, perros muertos, de piedras que bajan bataneando debajo de la corriente cuando los ríos se cargan con las primeras lluvias en estas bestias montañas. . . " / "an avalanche of water, earth, tree roots, dead dogs, and stones that comes rumbling down on the bottom of the current when the rivers are loaded with the first rains in these beastly Andean foothills . . ." (106/91). The *lloque* carries everything it sweeps up and cannot be contained. Furthermore, it is capable of breaking all the molds in Chimbote, Diego says. The universality of this vital flow does not discriminate between bodies, which results in contradictions regarding who is who and what is beautiful and ugly at the same time. We will recall how Don Angel voices conventionally immoral views celebrating his complicity in tricking and exploiting the impoverished fishermen, but Don Diego's clothing glows as “muestra de su aplauso a don Angel, de su admiración a don Angel, de su comprensión y afecto” / “proof of his applause for Don Angel, of his admiration for Don Angel, of his comprehension and affection” (118/103). These contradictions even become comical at times, as when Don Angel assures a worker that Don Diego is one of Braschi's assistants by saying he “no ha trabajado jamás en circos” / “has never worked in circuses,” and Don Diego responds, “-Jamás, todo el tiempo” / “Never, all the time” (141/126).

The contradictions necessary within an immanent flow are then funny in a comedic sense as well as an uncanny sense. As readers are set up to be surprised and interested by these complicated characters, there is also room for enjoyment. *Los zorros* addresses the multivalency of funniness to unsettle and entertain in the exchange between Don Diego and the factory worker Policarpo, who distinguishes himself from another Policarpo who is a *zambo* thug who knifes people. Again, there is potential for mistaken identity. Because of this potential for mixup, Policarpo the factory worker disagrees with Don Diego's suggestion that “Hay correspondencia entre el nombre, la voz y el corazón, ¿no es cierto?” / “A person's name, voice, and heart go together, don't they?” (142/126). Don Diego says, as if he knows, “-ese chavetero tenía otra voz distinta que la suya, amigo Policarpo” / “That knife-fighter had another voice, different from yours, friend Policarpo,” to which Policarpo replies, “¡Qué gracia!” / “How funny!” (142/127). When Don Diego replies inexplicably, “-Así es la gracia, ¿no es cierto?” / “That's how funniness is, right?” Policarpo says maybe, and then “en tono completamente familiar” / “[with] complete familiarity:” “La gracia es, pues, de cada quien.” / “Every guy has his own ideas of what's funny” (142/127). This exchange points towards a funniness that I understand to lie in the odd familiarity between characters who have ostensibly just met, and one is from out of town. Yet

Diego presumes to know both Policarpos and their voices, and Policarpo speaks familiarly with Diego. This familiarity that is funny points back to their shared vital force—they know each other because they share the immanent vitality flowing through everything. This familiarity is odd because riddled with contradiction and exceeding the boundaries of neat identities. But it is funny in the sense of interesting, even as it is uncanny, because there is also enjoyment in this familiarity as well.

According to the narrative language positioning characters as foxy or in touch with the common life force that all the beings in the novel share, even if the vital force flows with both the good and the bad, *Los zorros* displays a special interest in the joy of its clarity. The novel suggests that encountering clarity or transparency gives pleasure, perhaps pleasure of recognition. The repeated fox-reporting narrative frame pretends, at least, to search for understanding, just as Don Angel says excitedly that, by talking to Diego, "se me ha aclarado mejor el panorama de todo y por todo" / " the picture of everything and through everything has become clearer" (143/128). Characters throughout the novel are pleased or fascinated by glimpses of the clarity manifested in Diego's appearance, though sometimes an uncomfortable or strange feeling accompanies that pleasure, because the flow of clear vital force is abnormal on the plain of defined bodies. Diego has a "sonrisa que producía agradables cosquillas en toda el alma del señor Rincón" / "smile that sent thrills of pleasure all through Señor Rincón's soul" but "Algún rasgo especialísimo de la cara del forastero preocupó al jefe" / "There was something very special about the stranger's face that troubled the manager" (103/89). Again, the narrative registers Don Angels' pleasure in the radiance of Don Diego's clothing, which we can associate with the radiance of reflective water: "lo astornasolado de la felpa de su leva agradó los ojos del señor Rincón; le agradó mucho" / "the iridescence of the velvet on his frock-coat was pleasing to the eyes of Señor Rincón; it pleased him very much" (117/102). Other workers in the factory are similarly affected. The "desigual"/ "disproportionate" shape of Don Angel's body and his "levita" / "long-tailed coat" that shines "fueron bien recibidos" / "were well received" by the two workers, who address him informally, "casi sin darse cuenta" / "almost without realizing it" (141/126). Like Policarpo, the workers feel unaccountably familiar with Diego as well as pleasure in his fox qualities, and without realizing it, they experience an unconscious recognition of him that Diego, in the next turn, validates. When Don Angel disapproves of their familiar style of address, Don Diego says they were "correcta e irreprochable" / "correct and blamelessly well-mannered" (142/127). Registering and responding to the shared vital force is deemed "correct" by this likable and powerful character.

Inversely, when characters cannot see or feel the vital force, there is a lack of excitement and vitality. For example, when Don Diego stops dancing, the light fades from his whiskers and the mirrors on his coat. And Don Angel recognizes Chimbote in Don Diego's description of the violent *lloque,* saying "-Asé es ahora Chimbote, oiga usted; y nadies[205] nos conocemos" / "That's exactly how Chimbote is now, you hear? And none of us know each other" (106/91). Don Angel conveys the idea that the chaotic, deadly qualities of the Chimbote social "deluge" are associated with a lack of knowing, specifically, a lack of recognition amongst the inhabitants. The "sickness of sickness" that Don Diego squashes is most fundamentally the problem that "none of us know each other," put in terms similar to descriptions of the clear flow of vital energy. Thus, while *Loz zorros* affects readers with a democratically disgusting social aesthetic and a narrative language that confuses characters with uncanny descriptions likely to provoke surprise, interest, and fear to shake up colonial identities, there is also a strong orientation towards joy in this novel that is associated with breaking out of neat identities, as contradictions and recognizing commonalities are presented as acceptable and desirable.

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[205] A performance of Don Angel's bad Spanish, to hint at his indigenous background?

HEALING NARRATIVE LANGUAGE

All of the literary techniques for rewiring readers' affective responses to colonial identifications discussed above—the descriptions of all characters as disgusting, the character doublings and contradictory descriptions, the diegetic accusations of madness, and the thematization of a shared, clear, vital energy—all these techniques are used so extensively in *Los zorros* as to appear strategic, to the extent that I am characterizing them as components of the novel's narrative language. My interest in defining such a language of narrative is motivated from concerns for subaltern ways of storytelling that might decolonize some of the ways bodies appear and are felt, as well as Arguedas's own interest in creating a new language that would bring Spanish and Quechua speakers together.

Considering that literature is verbal art, we can expect the style of the artifice to matter, and *Los zorros* thematizes the importance of style itself. The foxy character Maxwell directs the reader's attention to the importance of style when he displays attention to *how* things are said. Maxwell tells Don Cecilio to talk to Cardozo, encouraging him with, “Siga, don Cecilio, así, con ese hablar sosegado que siempre ha tenido” / “Keep on talking like that, Don Cecilio, in the same quiet, calm way you've always had” (267/242). And Maxwell himself is described as listening to Bazalar “tan atentamente como Ramírez, pero sin protegerse la oreja con una mano abierta, como Cardozo, para entender bien el estilo y el relato, para concentrarlo en el oído...” / “as intently as Ramírez, but without putting an open hand to his ear to concentrate the sound in order to better understand what was said and the way it was told . . .” (239/216). As Don Angel relates regarding the efficacy of his high school Spanish teacher, style is what makes an impression. His description of his Spanish teacher seems applicable to *Los zorros,* too. He tells Don Diego,

> Se enredaba un poco al hablar, como yo, pero el entusiasmo o la inspiración con que hablaba se le contagiaba a uno para siempre y creo que el fondo de lo que decía de autores y obras más que en el cerebro se le quedaba a uno en la memoria y en. . . en. . . no es la ética, ni al estética, ni la fritanga. . . Bueno, digamos en los reñones. Así es. (118)
>
> He used to get sort of tangled up when he talked, the way I do, but he was so enthusiastic and so inspired when he was talkin' that it was contagious, and it stayed with a person forever and I believe the deepest part of what he had to say about the authors and their works, instead of stickin' in a person's brain, it sticks in your memory and in . . . in . . . it's not in your ethics, nor your aesthetics nor your epizootics—well, shall we say *in* your kidneys? That's the way it is." (104)

Just as the *style* of Don Angel's Spanish teacher's instruction made the lessons *stick* to the students without sticking in their brains as conscious knowledge, so the uncanny style of *Los zorros* can stick in someone's kidneys, so to speak, rather than their conscious mind, by emphasizing its aesthetic style. Style of address is identified as central to affective education in Tomkins' work, too. Tomkins discusses the importance of a tone of voice in the education of children for them to be affected in specific ways by certain stimuli. In the case of instructing children in modes of contempt towards those of different races or economic backgrounds, he writes, "A contempt ideology which is expressed without affect may or may not have an affective impact on the child."[206] That is, if a parent voices a racist statement without a tone of disgust or contempt, the statement is unlikely to make much of an impression on the child. Tomkins continues to explain that if there's a "lack of affective display," then the child may see the parent's contemptuous judgement as one opinion amongst many. It also matters if the subject matter is found relevant, interesting, to the child. But the optimal way of instructing a child in contempt-disgust is for them to *observe a parent's affect of contempt in acting out their contempt*

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[206] Tomkins, 477.

ideology in a "wide variety of circumstances." I understand *Los zorros* to be working against contempt-disgust in a very similar way, even as the novel uses disgust strategically to underline a commonality within the characters. *Los zorros,* like the parent in Tomkins' analogy, instructs readers to associate an interest-enjoyment affect with blurred colonial identities by presenting for them repeated experiences of doubled characters cycling throughout the novel, marked as uncanny and thus interesting, more than simply "modern" or "indigenous."

By setting up the plot to cycle through a consistent interview frame to create correspondences between the two foxes and the characters in the novel, by referring to characters according to their positions rather than their names, and by describing characters as all mutually repellent and disgusting on a certain level, *Los zorros* begins to establish a new narrative language to form that which José Saldivar calls a "new epistemological ground" for telling a decolonial story of life in Peru. Saldivar discusses the postcolonial need for new language by exploring how subaltern writers have tried to create a new grammar to get out of the modern/Indian dialectic that was created and popularized by colonial narratives up to the present, embedded even in our geographical terms. Saldivar attempts to track "the various ways in which their stories of global coloniality of power seek to create an epistemological ground on which coherent versions of the world may be produced."[207] To say that a new epistemological ground is needed for understanding the world from subaltern positions is to say that we need not only *alternative stories* of development or "the good life" but also *alternative language for telling those stories* so that the way of understanding the stories can be different. The process—that is, the narrative language—through which the stories create meaning must change.

As Saldivar correlates epistemological restructuring with a new grammar, I am inclined to look for ways in which operations of narrative could change by turning to the operations of transformational grammar, wherein a verb can become a thing, moving from "She *is reading*" to "*Reading* affects her," for example, or an adjective can morph into a thing as well, from *happy* to *happiness,* and function completely differently within a sentence. By changing position, through the addition of a modifying clause for example, an object can come to occupy the nominative position, as in "The book, which he had given her, was lying on the table." Considering the ways in which terms operate according their positions to function within in a sentence, changing their structural definitions as verbs become nouns, objects become nominatives, and so on, we are reminded of how the position, *the order,* of words matters for their definition.

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[207] José Saldivar, *Trans-Americanity: Subaltern modernities, global coloniality, and the cultures of greater Mexico*, (Durham: Duke, 2012), xx.

Roman Jakobson described the role that the position of a word plays for communication to happen in terms of two poles or axises ordering all verbal language: the metaphoric pole that confers meaning according to the selection of a term within its relation to other, similar terms known in the linguistic code (synonyms and antonyms), and the metonymic pole that confers meaning according to the placement of the term within a syntactical arrangement with other words, in the creation of a phrase or sentence, for example. Though Jakobson describes these two processes in terms of "the bipolar structure of language" and consistently discusses them as two separate operations—selection and combination—there is a way in which both the metaphoric and metonymic poles of language are ultimately predicated on combination alone. Position is everything. When a speaker selects a term amongst metaphors, she selects from a set of alternatives that are *positioned* in relation to the term according to degrees of similarity and dissimilarity; categories of synonyms and antonyms are predefined for her, already positioned and combined along a spectrum of similarity. The root difference between selection and combination, then, is that the terms providing context in the process of metaphor selection remain invisible, whereas the terms contiguous to the selected word in a sentence are apparent.[208]

If I have belabored the issue of positionality for creating meaning in language, it is because changes in language, and therefore in thinking, happen within the realm of combination, and *Los zorros* plays with putting characters into each other's positions to ascribe new meanings to the characters' positions. Jakobson explains how we cannot simply create a new word but we can change its meaning by changing its context. There is a fundamental lack of freedom within language at the moment of selection, he explains: “the speaker is by no means a completely free agent in his choice of words: his selection (except for the rare case of actual neology) must be made from the lexical storehouse which he and his addressee possess in common.”[209] Jakobson continues to explain that, in thinking about communication—we we could call it *understanding*—we must assume that “in the optimal exchange of information the speaker and the listener have at their disposal more or less the same 'filing cabinet of *prefabricated* representations': the addresser of a verbal message selects one of these 'preconceived possibilities,' and the addressee is supposed to make an identical choice from the same assembly of 'possibilities already foreseen and provided for.'”[210] Just as within Tomkins' conceptualization of affect-associations that crystalize into scripts such that past reactions to stimuli become correlated with those stimuli, a person's history of experiencing a word in specific relationships to other words crystalizes into script that comes to define that word. We carry within us

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[208] Roman Jakobson, “Two Aspects of Language and Two Types of Aphasic Disturbances,” (1956) *On Language,* Ed. Linda R. Waugh and Monique Monville-Burston, (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1990), 115-133. That Jakobson himself struggles somewhat to keep the “two polar poles” separate is evident in the structure of his essay on aphasia in that he begins by speaking in terms of selection and combination and then reverses the order by which he address those operations, expressing “the two modes of arrangement for any linguistic sign:” as 1) Combination, 2) Selection (119). His explanation of combination, occupying the position of the first pole that was previously selection, sounds a lot like the process of selection: combination refers to the fact that every sign is already both contextualized by and serves as a context for other signs. Choosing amongst synonyms and antonyms would be the perfect example here of contextually-based definition.

[209] Jakobson, 117.

[210] Ibid., 117-118. The filing cabinet metaphor comes from MacKay 1952.

"prefabricated representations" and "preconceived possibilities" that we may choose from. So to change the way we understand "Indian" or "woman" or "white person," then, we have to make changes in the invisible filing cabinet by which we unconsciously—that is to say, more quickly than we can be conscious of—select terms as meaningful.

Decolonization must redirect unconscious, normative processes of selection and association, then. But rewiring unconscious processes is hard, as Jakobson intimates when he characterizes the one possibility in language to exercise freedom by putting words in new contexts as a "relative freedom." "Of course, this freedom is relative, and the pressure of current clichés upon our choice of combinations is considerable," he writes, continuing: "But the freedom to compose quite new contexts is undeniable, despite the relatively low statistical probability of their occurrence."[211] It is possible to manipulate language by putting words into different combinations with each other, changing their positions, and thus developing even an individual style. So style is a way of recontextualizing terms to assign them new meanings. Style bespeaks a person's "verbal predilections and preferences," Jakobson observes, going on to note that it is most obvious in "verbal art," that is, literature.[212] Stylized language, then, works to refresh the normal combinatory options in everyday language.

We have already examined how *Los zorros* is highly stylized and plays with the positions of characters in the novel to utterly confuse colonial distinctions, much in the way that Jakobson describes possibilities for renewing language, and thus, thought. Arguedas was also very interested in the transformative potential of language, identifying himself as stuck between a different kind of bi-polar language—the cognitive-linguistic terrain between Quechua and Spanish. Arguedas, as happy demon, describes himself as a Peruvian who speaks "in Christian and in Indian, in Spanish and in Quechua." He continues: "I longed to transform this reality into *artistic language*."[213] Arguedas perceives that a divide between Spanish-speakers and Quechua speakers needs to be transformed by an artistic language, one generated by a writer who considers himself a link between two cultures. According to possibilities for transformation within language as outlined by Jakobson, we might look for this artistic language to produce strange recontextualizations that hold multiple possible meanings.

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[211] Ibid., 118-119.
[212] Jakobson, 130.

Interestingly, I hardly find Arguedas referring to those who live in the highlands as "Indians;" he is interested in the language by which people are understanding the world, distinguishing between Quechua speakers and those "que ya no hablan quechua / who no longer speak Quechua," between which "hay una diferencia cultural bastante seria. / there is a rather serious cultural difference."[214] And when the roundtable sociologists deny that there is an Indian anymore, remarking that everyone is mixed to some degree and that the Indian is a colonial invention, Arguedas retorts in his diary that that night that he will go up to the highlands and hear Quechua. He will re-position himself within a language to get greater clarity about the issue of identity.

Arguedas perceived a need to hear the Other in its language, its social-aesthetic mapping system, and he indeed gives passages of Quechua in *Los zorros*, which is otherwise written in Spanish. The mythological foxes, one from up above in the mountains and one from down below on the coast, speak to each other in what feels like a very energetic Quechua interrupting the writer in the first diary, for example, and many have noted a Quechua grammatical style in the foxes' Spanish. But considering that most of Arguedas's audience could not access Quechua themselves, there was a need for another language to mediate between Quechua and Spanish. So *Los zorros* creates a story-telling language, a narrative language, to mediate between the two cultures by unsticking the usual colonial affects attached to colonized bodies.

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[213] Arguedas, "I am not an acculturated man . . .," 269.

[214] Arguedas, *La mesa redonda,* 46. Translations mine. During the round-table discussion regarding what it means to be Indian, Arguedas remarks, "entre este indio y un campesino de Huarochirí, o de Yauyos, que ya no hablan quechua, o del valle del Mantaro, hay una diferencia cultural bastante seria" (46). He also remarks that he understood the good he wanted for society when he spoke Quechua, before becoming acculturated.

That the creation of a language that would achieve cooperation between different cultures was Arguedas's intent has been widely acknowledged by critics in books carrying titles like *José María Arguedas: Poética de un demonio feliz* and *Arguedas, o la utopía de la lengua.* The question of *how* the narrative language of *Los zorros* might work decolonially to heal Peruvian culture has not been clearly addressed, however. In fact, several critics read the novel as evidence of Arguedas's inability to achieve his goal of modeling a cooperative relationship between indigenous and Western culture. Claudette K. Columbus remarks that, in contrast to the Huarochirí myth in which the nature deity Huatyacuri is edified by overhearing a conversation between two trickster foxes and develops wisdom to solve his social problems, neither Arguedas nor his characters are bettered by the dialogue between the foxes in *Los zorros.*[215] Alberto Moreiras's very popular reading of *Los zorros* understands it to perform *the failure* of Latin American literature's project of transculturation, which was at least one method of resolving cultural difference by giving the subaltern voice in what Mary Louise Pratt described as "more-than-the-other's-other."[216] But I would argue that if *Los zorros,* together with the biographical fact of Arguedas's suicide before the novel's completion, represents a failure to heal colonial divisions, it also represents a mode of artistic language that tries to shift the epistemological ground the reader walks on to see an undivided, profound terrain that mixes the colonizers with the colonized. By radically recontextualizing colonial identities in uncanny and enjoyable ways, even including the European understanding of the self as an autonomous individual, *Los zorros* begins to restructure the problem of “the West” vs. “the Indian” by affecting readers' feelings and thus their understandings of that traditional division. Whereas Antonio Cornejoy Polar identifies the “chaotic” elements of indigenous novels as stemming from the interuption of lyric and mythical components central to the indigenous symbolic system, I have tried to show here how such strangeness in *Los zorros* affects readers' colonial distinctions between a perceived dualistic symbolic ordering in Peru divided between indigenous and Western culture.[217]

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[215] Claudette K. Columbus, "Oracular Foxes, Archaic Times, Twentieth-Century Peru: J. M. Arguedas's *The Fox from Above and the Fox from Below,*" *Dispositio,* 21.48 (1996), 141-2.

[216] Alberto Moreiras, "The End of Magical Realism: José María Argedas's Passionate Signifier (*El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo*)," *The Exhaustion of Difference: The Politics of Latin American Cultural Studies,* 184–207. Cf. Mary Louise Pratt, "Transculturation and autoethnography: Peru 1615/1980," *Colonial discourse/postcolonial theory,* Ed. Francis Barker, (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1994), 24-46, 45. Louise Pratt is actually talking about autoethnography when she describes possibilities for "an assertion not of self-as-other, but of self-as-another's-other, and of self as more-than-the-other's-other" (45). This is not the place to weight the degree to which Arguedas's semi-autobiographical novel *Los zorros* plays with the genre of authoethnography, but to the extent that Arguedas considered himself to represent highland culture for a metropolitan elite, there is very much something like the position of the auto-ethnographer in his last novel.

Suggesting a shared suffering that evokes democratic disgust is a first step in *Los zorros* towards eroding the colonial stratification of bodies that is ailing all of the characters: human, animal, and otherwise. Working with conventional scripts of disgust that readers likely already have, the novel invites readers to respond negatively to characters at every level of colonial existence. Then, again without making any explicit arguments, the novel goes further to confuse individual colonial identities by working with strangeness and doubling. That is, *Los zorros* capitalizes upon the operations of affectual responses to the uncanny (interest, fear, surprise, pleasure) to deepen and strengthen associations between the characters such that readers may feel that all the characters share something in common, even their identities at times. The uncanny presentations in *Los zorros* amount to a style of *narrative language,* an artistic language, designed to disrupt the colonial identities ailing everyone in the novel and point towards a decolonial commonality associated with joy. As democratically shamed and uncanny doubles of each other, the characters of *Los zorros* resist being stratified across a colonial social landscape of racialized and gendered and human-centric hierarchical divisions as the novel suggests over and over again that there is a commonality that exceeds the characters' social differences, which they could use to build the nation of Peru together.

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[217] C.f. Antonio Cornejo Polar, *Literatura y sociedad en el Perú,* (Lima: Losantay, 1980).

CONCLUSION

Healing as Destiny in the Cosmological Frames of Decolonial Novels

I have framed the question of healing offered in the decolonial novels of Vizenor, Silko, Momaday, and Arguedas in terms of how literature can affect readers' unconscious associations of specific bodies with either shame and contempt in their conceptualizations of the good life. In the work of each writer, indigenous or minority characters come to represent the good life by affirming traditional beliefs in the healing power of storytelling and reconnecting with the land. Stone Columbus and the other heirs promote alternate histories of Europeans comically healed through contact with powerful Mayan ancestors, and the heirs seize land on the Canadian border to build a healing center that uses entertainment, storytelling, and free food to heal the exploited children of the Western “chemical culture,” despite interference from administrators from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, jealous reservation leaders, the CIA and the FBI. The many minority characters of *Almanac of the Dead* who run drugs and weapons across the U.S./Mexican border to save up money for the days when White culture crumbles, or who organize homeless people to occupy vacation homes, are presented as the most sane and agential characters because they are prepared to take back the land from wealthy property owners and government administrations according to their knowledge of the prophecies foretelling the vengeance of angry ancestral spirits that will drive the heirs of the Europeans insane. Abel and Benally, in *House Made of Dawn,* and Tayo, in *Ceremony,* find healing from the traumas of going to war and living off the reservation by engaging in chanting ceremonies that reference stories reconnecting them to their origins as part of their ancestors' landscape. And Arguedas's characters in *El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo* who exhibit the qualities or story-telling positions of the mythological highland foxes are all marked by a powerful, clear, vibrancy associated with the interconnectedness of rock, plants, animals, and water in the Andes. In each novel, pathology is placed on the side of colonial mainstream culture, and characters are healed through a return to an indigenous worldview in which storytelling and regard for the land are central for well-being.

While success in terms of the good life is unanimously placed on the side of indigenous and minority lifeways in these works, shame is redirected towards colonial culture as the novels satirize and disparage private property, national security, anthropology, government administration, masculine sexual desire, real estate development, social climbing, military service, social services, and wage labor, to name some of the targets already discussed. With the exception of Arguedas's unfinished *Los zorros,* each of the novels discussed ends with healed characters or characters who at least look forward to decolonial healing, as Abel's second home-coming in *House Made of Dawn* reconnects him with the ritualistic running that converses with the landscape of his childhood and ancestors, ending on a hopeful note, and Sterling at the end of *Almanac of the Dead* interprets the stone snake formation at the uranium mine on the reservation as looking south towards the arrival of millions of people marching towards the U.S. border to demand both respect for the earth and the return of the land to the people. The optimism of these novels' closing chapters suggests that, even in the wake of the subject—even if we follow Terada in considering ourselves as palimpsests of psychic inscriptions—there is still tremendous agency we can exercise to free ourselves from colonial lifeways, even if that agency is one of unsettling our affect-chains of associations to feel differently about land rights, racial hierarchies, national governments, wealth-based success, and other tenets of colonial everyday life.

But as these decolonial novels rewire affect at the level of making indigenous lifeways enviable and White thinking shameful, these works at the same time mark the limits of our ability to heal ourselves by containing the drama of the characters within cosmic frames that unfold within a temporality dwarfing day-to-day activity. Each writer circumscribes the characters' daily existences within a play of supernatural forces operating on a vaster temporal scale, which has the effect of trivializing human agency to a certain extent. And the effect of this cosmic framing in the novels already discussed is that the supernatural frame suggests that healing is inevitable or at least perpetually on offer.

In this conclusion to the many ways in which these authors' novels work with affect to change readers' feelings about colonial versions of the good life, I will look at how ultimately, the novels look beyond human agency to make healing a matter of destiny. The novels do not entrust their decolonial projects to human agency alone—neither that of the human characters or the human readers—, referring instead to cosmic forces whose powers exceed those of individual people or movements to enact political change. Moving to a greater temporal scale has the effect of diminishing the stature of human drama and makes the novels increasingly optimistic about the potential for indigenous understandings of the good life to heal because the use of cosmological frames suggests that if the novels' literary techniques for decolonizing affective tendencies fail, and humans fail to develop a good life for themselves and other inhabitants of the world, at least cosmic forces will remain in place to restore balance. Because the frames are often disclosed subtly and as sub-plots, they function largely as supplemental insurance policies to the novels' decolonial aims. They allow the reader to relax and be affected, because ultimately, the framing suggests, decolonialism will happen with or without them.

After reviewing the different kinds of cosmic frames that the decolonial novels use to limit human agency, I will put their optimisim into conversation with another decolonial novel that is markedly neutral about what constitutes the good life as well as the potential for colonial lifeways to be transformed through affective rewiring. While decolonial healing is predetermined to win out in one way or another in the novels already discussed, the bilingual Mayan-Spanish novel *X-Teya, u puksiikal koolel/Teya, un corazón de mujer* by Marisol Ceh Moo tackles directly the question of cosmological forces determining decolonial resistance by investigating the meaning of destiny, and the novel reaches quite a different conclusion than that change is guaranteed. Interestingly, *X-Teya* resists Mayan cosmology and instead references a concept of destiny that is more Western and does not necessarily guarantee characters political success. In fact, fate in *X-Teya* is classically tragic, and the line between shame and the good life is muddied through the novel's attempt to present the protagonist and antagonist as moral equals. Finally, I will end by considering how the history of psychic inscriptions upon the mind acts as a kind of destiny for readers and review how unconscious affective work can create more options for living well within the parameters of the thinking we have been fated to follow.

COSMOLOGICAL FRAMES

While Vizenor's *The Heirs of Columbus* uses the humor of trickster story-telling to loosen negative affects readers associate with racialized indigenous bodies and make Native American values and lifestyles affect readers positively, the novel has as a backdrop an on-going game of chance with the mythological, evil, cannibalistic windigoo water spirit who is capable of killing the whole world at once. When the windigoo plot line is introduced in the novel through Truman Columbus's contribution to the story-telling session at the stone tavern in chapter 2, he seems mythological in the sense of pertaining to another time or existing more as a traditional cosmic story rather than a historical being. Truman relates that at the game between the windigoo and the "tribal dreamers and animals,"[218] the windigoo was a skeleton who appeared as a handsome blond with a perfect smile who demanded to play the people for their children. Truman relates, "No one has ever beat the wiindigoo in a moccasin game" (21), and the tribal people proceed to lose the first two rounds of the mocassin game. But then another supernatural figure, the ice woman, intercedes on the tribe's behalf and freezes the windigoo with her breath before he can win a third time. She keeps the windigoo together with the four mocassins in her cave, thawing the mocassins and coins every summer.

Because the story of the windigoo is involves a supernatural woman who can freeze him with her breathe, and because her victory over him is celebrated seasonally, the story reads as lore or myth. So when the windigoo appears at the very end of the novel as the final obstacle for Stone Columbus and his friends to survive (rather than defeat), the reader discovers that the windigoo is an actual being in the historical present of the novel. In fact, the U.S. government is said to be responsible for unleashing him. Hearing testimony in federal court from Chaine Riel Doumet (a double of the French metís resistance leader Louis Riel) concerning his undercover observations of Point Assinika on behalf of a rival tribal president and U.S. government intelligence, the heirs learn that military operatives found the frozen windigoo in a cave and thawed him, out of vengeance for the stones the heirs had stolen back from the CIA. The heirs have to accept and contend with a cosmic risk of losing everything in order to secure the success of their healing project at Point Assinika. We see that human agency is limited as the success the heirs have already enjoyed at the healing center they created is suddenly threatened by a more powerful cosmological force that they must play with in order to continue on.

This stand-off between Stone Columbus and the windigoo at the Point is a re-telling of an important Ojibwe myth in which Naanabozho, one of the creators of the world, becomes involved in a game of chance with a dark gambler. A. LaVonne Brown Ruoff relates that Vizenor tells versions of this myth in several of his essays and pieces of fiction, having published a collection of ancient Anishinaabe myths as well. In this particular myth of a game of chance, the fate of tribal people is at stake as Naanabozho and the gambler shake a bowl of four images of humans to see if the statuettes will fall or not. After losing three times, Naanabozho plays a fourth game and whistles to make the figures fall down. LaVonne Brown states that the myth is important to Vizenor according to how it stages a battle between good and evil forces that "illustrates both the power of the culture hero/trickster to save himself and humankind and how temporary this victory is."[219] As the windigoo states on the last page of *The Heirs,* "The game never ends" (183). And truly, Stone Columbus and the windigoo do not finish the mocassin game because Stone, who occupies the place of Naanabozho in this mythological retelling in *The Heirs* has placed a deathly herb with the winning coin that will wipe out all life on earth, leaving the windigoo without anything but robots. The windigoo hesitates at this news, but then it is actually the beginning of Almost Browne's laser show at the precise moment the windigoo reaches for the winning moccasin that stalls the game. Two causes are assigned to the windigoo putting off winning: the novel states that "The mere mention of the soldier weed caused the cannibal to reconsider his choice of moccasins," and then in the next paragraph, we have a statement that he stopped playing when he was "pleased with the robots, the laser dancers in the night sky, and the soldier weed games at Point Assinika" (183). Stone's trickster move of making the mocassin game an end-game for the windigoo as well, coupled with the pleasure and humor of Almost Browne's laser show, games of chance, and interesting robots save the planet from destruction.

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[218] Gerald Vizenor, *The Heirs of Columbus,* (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1991), 20. Henceforth, cited in the text.

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[219] A. LaVonne Brown Ruoff and Gerald Vizenor, "Woodland Word Warrior: Introduction to the Works of Gerald Vizenor," *MELUS* 13.1 (1986): 25.

The stalling of the fatal game of chance allows the heirs and the children they are healing to continue developing a haven from colonial mainstream culture, and I would add that in both the myth and *The Heirs* the tricker's ability to make his own luck, so to speak, is applauded. For Naanabozho does not simply hope to get lucky but intervenes in the game, manipulating it with his breath to get his way, while Stone and the heirs find ways of persuading the windigoo to keep playing instead of taking everything, in the absence of the ice woman's help.

Framing the heirs' adventures within the drama of an ongoing game of chance with a mythological figure who threatens to defeat life on earth has the effect of reinforcing the power of trickster maneuvers but also dwarfs the heirs' decolonial struggles by threatening the end of the world. In order for Point Assinika to survive, the heirs must accept and deal with the perennial threat of annihilation that is symbolized in the figure of a demon who can't be beaten but can be put on ice. While the heirs' survival is accomplished through the same kinds of trickster maneuvers that the novel uses for encouraging alternate histories that recode affective associations of shame and contempt, reinscribing affective responses to colonial bodies is hardly the objective within the windigoo storyline. Rather, though the cosmological frame appears to threaten healing rather than guarantee it to the extent that the windigoo threatens to end Point Assinika by taking all the children, the windigoo games move colonial issues to a cosmic level of simply living or dying and thus underscore the limited agency of the heirs to escape from precarity and win once and for all. The cosmological frame therefore limits the power of the heirs to surviving rather than winning, while at the same time providing an opportunity for them to demonstrate that accepting and playing with the ongoing threat of death is necessary for decolonial projects to survive.

Another type of cosmological frame limiting human agency is found in the concept of a powerful wholeness associated with the Andean highlands and marked by clarity and delight, which runs throughout the characters of *Los zorros,* confusing their day-to-day identities and societal roles, while a timeless wholeness associated with the Kiowa landscape in *House Made of Dawn* is conceived in terms of an elegant and healthy aesthetic design of beings' relationships to each other, which quietly imbues and organizes Abel's individual drama. The scope and endurance of the land's power in these novels presents its healing power as factually existent and available but ultimately beyond the management of humans.

According to Susan Scarberry-Garcia's knowledge of Navajo/Dine cosmology, which she finds organizing *House Made of Dawn* according to Momaday's use of the Navajo Beauty-way chant and mythological parallels with the plot, chanting is a way of making present *the organization of the land within the being of the person* to be healed. That is, the form of language spoken can reproduce or manifest a healing organization held by the land. Scarberry-Garcia explains that according to Dine worldview, there are "inner" and "outer" people: the inner people are known as "Holy People," they are associated with breath, and they endure, but they appear as various outer people, evident in landforms like the four mountain peaks demarcating Navajo country but also living in animals, plants and sacred places. Quoting naturalist Barry Lopez, Scarberry-Garcia relates that, "[T]he land is thought to exhibit a sacred order. That order is the basis of ritual. Rituals themselves reveal the power in that order."[220] This is to say that the form of the ritual, from sand art to chanting, channels the order of the Holy Person to the people involved in the ritual. Scarberry-Garcia explains in more specific terms by describing a Chant-way ritual that involves sand art, too:

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[220] Susan Scarberry-Garcia, *Landmarks of Healing: A Study of The House Made of Dawn,* (Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1990), 11.

> [W]hen a singer (medicine man) identifies one-sung-over (patient) through a sandpainting with the Holy Person whom he or she had offended, the strength of that Holy Person is internalized. At such epiphanal moments the Holy Person's ill will is transformed into benevolence and healing takes place. Inner form of the holy Person merges with inner form of the ill person, as the one-sung-over is brought toward a whole reintegration with the land, through association with specific places and phenomena such as Mt. Blanca, who is the embodiment of the Holy People White Shell Woman and Talking God. The rupture between inner and outer landscapes is closed and illness recedes."[221]

Scarberry-Garcia goes on to describe this healing reorganization of one's inner form as "reanimating" the "inner wind" of the sick person.

The healing on offer in Dine chant-ways through their reconnection of ailing persons to the spiritual power of the landscape should not be understood as a purely psychosomatic phenomenon. Scarberry-Garcia explains that the Navajo theory of disease concerns itself with "fragmentation and reassemblage,"[222] and so it follows that encountering a representation of wholeness would heal a diseased person. There is direct contact between the ailing and the ameliorative Holy People in that the representation or symbol of the Holy People's inner beings can be physically experienced by the sick; in fact, symbolism is necessary to make the inner being's constitution accessible to the outer being. Scarberry-Garcia thus qualifies symbolic processes as "natural" or "organic" when she describes how such representations are understood to *convey* the healing being of Holy People to humans who experience the representation sensorially (singing, listening, gazing):

> The sacred order in the land, reflected in story, ritual, and healing is communicated by means of natural or 'organic' symbols. A symbolic process such as singing or running may be a means of making a seemingly remote reality present or of conveying a concept. It is a means of traversing worlds and distance, and of identifying people with landforms and the Holy People. A song of a sacred mountain, such as Blanca Peak Song from Blessing-way, brings the mountain

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[221] Ibid, 9-10.
[222] Ibid., 16.

> within the singer and listeners, so they can experience its character directly.[223]

Scarberry-Garcia goes on to say that chant-ways do not necessarily need to be said over "the broken" but can emanate through the world to touch them, and Momaday's insistence upon the aesthetic form of his writing impacting readers suggests that written literature could reproduce the healing effects of live chanting. But we see here that the healing power of the chants stems from its ability to connect humans with cosmic beings whose lives expand much longer than ours. And while *House Made of Dawn* does not mention the sacred organization of earth's beings held by the Holy People of landscape formations, it does emphasize the land's power and endurance and establish it as key to Abel's ability to find himself at the end of the novel. The healing quietude of *House Made of Dawn* is largely established through the landscape descriptions that affirm the land in terms similar to that of gods, as "old and everlasting," beginning on page one.

Robert Nelson observes that the landscape in *House Made of Dawn* becomes something like a character itself, rather than simply setting or background.[224] In Momaday's hands, the landscape's divinity is hinted at as it does not become a family member or an emotional being but remains an object of the narrative perception that is very powerful. I have argued that its muteness is essential to the healing function Momaday wants the land to play both within the novel, for Abel, and without, for readers, as the mood of quietude that emerges allows the land to appear as simply a factual co-presence in the novel, a presence that is, as Momaday describes it in the novel, "very old and everlasting" and thus an important support for the human's place in the world. Moreover, we have seen that the manner of describing human bodies as quiet physical objects in *House Made of Dawn* links them inextricably to the landscape, as parts of the whole. The implication is that humans are *already* connected to the landscape's cosmic power but may or may not realize that connection. The cosmological frame of the everlasting, old, and quiet land establishes healing as perpetually on offer if only the human characters can correct their perception of their place within that realm.

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[223] Scarberry-Garcia, 11.

[224] Robert M. Nelson, "Snake and Eagle: Abel's Disease and the Landscape of *House Made of Dawn*," *Studies in American Indian Literatures*, 1.2 (1989): 1.

In Arguedas's *El zorro de arribe y el zorro de abajo,* the landscape is also powerful and formative of the characters' understandings of their situations in ways that exceed human control, but not exactly by merit of hosting specific spirits. There is, in Quechua-speaking communities, an understanding of specific deities associated with specific landforms. In Marisol de la Cadena's analysis of the encroachment of "earth beings" into state politics in Bolivia and Peru, local politicians and fellow activists that she interviews refer to the landform-beings they are intent on protecting as having familial relations and/or emotions. When the Awajun-Huambisa group organize protests against removing protections for a river in northern Peru, they speak of the river as a brother they cannot stab.[225] When the *pampamisayoq* or "ritual specialist" (337) in Ocongate (Peru), Nazurio Torpo, describes the difference between two mountains in the Andean chain, Ausangate and Macchu Pichu, he says, "I know Ausangate much better; I know what he likes, he knows me too. I sort of know Machu Picchu because I am going there with tourists now. I am beginning to know him. But I am not sure what he likes, so I do my best to please him" (351). When the university-degree-holding mayor of Ocongate, Graciano Mandura, explains his involvement in anti-mining efforts that would harm the mountain Ausangate, he not only points to a threat to the tourist industry but also says that it is his responsibility as mayor to protect his people from the punishments that would surely ensue if Ausangate was not shown respect (339).

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[225] Marisol de la Cadena, "Indigenous Cosmopolitics in the Andes: Conceptual Reflections Beyond 'Politics,'" *Cultural Anthropology,* 25.2, (2010), 363. Hereafter, cited in the text.

Clearly, in the Andean context, "earth beings"—de la Cadena's translation of *tirakuna* or "world things," referring to sentient beings known through individuals' interactions with them (341)—earth beings act according to an ethics that humans can recognize. They expect respect and are worthy of family protection.

We have already seen in Sara Castro-Klarén's discussion of *Los zorros* representations of vital *camac* energy that is concentrated in special beings defined as *huacas,* which can include landscapes but are by no means limited to them.[226] Considering that *camac* in the Huarochirí myths is understood to run through everything on earth, distinctions between people, rocks, water, and plants fade on the plane of the cosmological. The effect of highland streams, wasps, caterpillars, foxes, men, and women sparkling and dancing *like each other* in the narrative world of *Los zorros* attests to the Andean cosmological vision of *camac* that erodes the colonial distinctions between the characters to the effect of flattening their colonial differences, to a point. As even the more capitalistic and exploitative characters like Father Cardozo and Don Angel become associated with the vitality of *camac,* the cosmological frame of the novel suggests that there is already a certain fraternity and equality running through the characters, even when their lives in Chimbote are so miserable from the inequalities of colonial politics, economics, knowledge, and lifestyle. Above the dramas of colonial inequalities between highlanders and creoles, men and women, humans and animals, city and landscape, hints of *camac*'s healing interconnectedness already shine through these pathological differences and affirm that the characters of *Los zorros* already have a healing interconnectedness available to them. The cosmological frame implied in the novel establishes a decolonial society as something already accomplished on some level.

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[226] Sara Castro-Klarén, "Like a pig when he's thinkin,'" *The Fox from Up Above and the Fox from Down Below,* Trans. Frances Horning Barroclugh, Ed. Julio Ortega, (Pittsburg: University of Pittsburg Press, 2000) 316-118.

Silko's *Almanac of the Dead* is perhaps the clearest demonstration of an cosmic, alternate temporality marking the limits of self-healing for individual characters, considering its thematization of angry ancestral spirits that will speak to people in their dreams to direct them towards political resistance against national governments, White entrepreneurs, and their police forces. Contextualizing the dramas surrounding the lives of the Yaqui twin sisters Zeta and Lecha within the cosmological panorama of the angry spirits of the enslaved and murdered victims of European colonization has an effect of shifting responsibility for decolonial activism from individual people to spiritual forces. Towards the end of the novel, more and more characters tell each other that they need do nothing, but if they want to do something, they can just listen for the voices of the spirit ancestors and allow themselves to move "instinctively."

At the wholistic healers' conference in Tuscon, Arizona, the prison activist known as "the Hopi" announces that spiritual forces known in Africa and the Americas as the giant snakes Damballah and Quetzalcoatl, respectively, are intervening in contemporary human life to save the earth and mankind from destruction by speaking to people in their dreams. The Hopi explains, "The snakes say this: From out of the south the people are coming, like a great river flowing restless with the spirits of the dead who have been reborn again and again all over Africa and the Americas, reborn each generation more fierce and more numerous. Millions will move *instinctively*; unarmed and unguarded, they begin walking steadily north, following the twin brothers.'"[227] By invoking hero twins, the Hopi simultaneously references heroes *Nayénzgan and Tobadzîschíni* from Dine mythology who save the people from monsters and drought caused by a giant Cloud-Swallower, as well as the twin brothers Hunahpu and Xbalanque in Mayan mythology who kill the arrogant and too-powerful macaw god Vucub Caquix and his sons, associated with earthquakes and volcanoes, as well as overcoming the powers of the dark underworld, Xibalba. The Hopi's message to follow the twin brothers is thus an exhortation to trust in the same kinds of heroes who have always delivered tribal peoples on both continents of the Americas from death and destruction. Here, they will deliver humans from toxic, colonial government systems that have exploited the earth and her people. People need only follow divine deliverers and move "instinctively," says the Hopi.

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[227] Leslie Marmon Silko, *The Almanac of the Dead,* New York: Penguin, 1991, 735, emphasis added. Hereafter, cited in the text.

This passive mode of political resistance is reiterated when Angelita takes the stage and tells the attendees of the wholistic healing conference that they need not do anything.

> The message was quite simple. There was nothing to fear or to worry about. People should go about their daily routines. Because already the great shift of human populations on the continents was under way, and *there was nothing human beings could do to stop it.* [...] All the people needed to remember was the twin brothers and the people from the south were coming to stop the destroyers. Converts were always welcome; Mother Earth embraced the souls of all who loved her. No fences or walls, would stop them; guns and bombs would not stop them. They had no fear of death; they were comfortable with their ancestors' spirits. They would come by the millions. (735-6, emphasis added)

In Angelita's address to the convention audience, again, people are encouraged to do nothing. The force possessing millions to walk from Chiapas to Tuscon is named here "Mother Earth," and there is "nothing human beings [can] do to stop it," avers Angelita. Together with this sense of inevitability in a spirit-led resistance movement, we are to understand the snake gods and Mother Earth to be connected or at least aligned in their desire to dismantle colonial life in the Americas. 300 pages before the Hopi's announcement of snake spirits directing a continental resistance movement, the reader has already been introduced to the African American war vet Clinton's analysis of how "madness and meanness everywhere in the United States" is the result of forgetting about ancestral spirits, particularly the "great serpent spirit, the pure and gentle Damballah" who acts as a messenger spirit (424). Clinton is said to know that "his life, body and soul, belonged to the world of the spirits.” He relates that Native Americans were talking to their ancestral spirits in clay jars when the African slaves arrived, and that they died off “deliberately” when the Europeans arrived to “roam at will and to help other powerful ancestor spirits already set loose on the slave masters” (424). And Clinton explains how vengeful spirits can work, seducing White overseers to become debauchers to the point of neglecting their financial responsibilities and falling into ruin. From this point on, rumors of political instability and remembrances of old prophecies of vengeful spirits begin to punctuate the last half of *Almanac,* such that the reader becomes immersed in repeating prophecies of White culture dying.

Almost 200 pages before the Hopi and Angelita speak at the wholistic healing conference, the reader has already encountered the same prediction of a spirit-led vengeance against European rule in the Americas in one of the twin brother's recollections of his ancestors' prophecies. Tacho remembers old prophets in the village arguing over how Whites would disappear, remembering that the elders “were adamant; the disappearance would not be caused by military action, necessarily, or by military action alone. The white man would someday disappear all by himself. The disappearance had already begun at the spiritual level” (511). *Almanac of the Dead* then proceeds to convey what spiritual political action will look and feel like as more and more characters start to become aware of political turmoil in Tuscon and throughout Mexico, understanding financial ruin and rioting as the effects of spiritual decline on behalf of the Whites and spiritual aggression on behalf of indigenous peoples' ancestors. More and more characters understand White homelessness, efforts to coordinate a nation-wide prison strike, eco-terrorism, and the deaths of racially-empowered characters like Menardo, Max Blue, and Trigg as effects of spirit activism.

Both Paul Worley and Yvonne Reineke point out that the forcefulness of the past prophecies of the almanac in the present time of Lecha's and Zeta's lives in Tuscon makes the apparently dead texts of their inherited almanac live in the present, as the almanac's stories are not only remembered and discussed and embellished but also used to make political and psychic predictions. Because the past is present and the present has been foretold, critics often identify a circular temporality in the text that, for Worley, lends an experience of "indigenous" understanding of time to readers.[228] Worley considers the repetition of prophecies throughout the novel "a gesture that deconstructs Western linearity,"[229] but in the repetition of spiritual prophecies given and remembered by characters in *Almanac,* the reader not only experiences history as a text that circles back on itself, composed of an amalgam of losses and revisions and transmissions of narratives. The circular temporality of the novel repeats a Mayan conception of time, yes, but it also transmits a cosmological temporality that destabilizes colonial structures of power founded upon linear time. Reineke goes to great lengths to show how the altered temporality of *Almanac* functions to put pressure on White colonists' sense of entitlement, which is based upon colonial understandings of linear time. Citing from the novel, she points out how indigenous characters remember events from over 100 years ago as if it were yesterday, arguing that

> This conception of time both clashes and competes with the legal notion of "repose" relied upon by the other characters who make up the tapestry of the novel: "speculators, confidence men, embezzlers, lawyers, judges, police and other criminals, as well as addicts and pushers" who have called Tucson home "since the 1880s and the Apache Wars" (Almanac, map). These characters use the passage of time to justify their right to land, and power over indigenous peoples, and other marginalized and oppressed groups. For them, the passage of time provides a real, as well as a kind of moral, statute of limitations. Nevertheless, the novel's insistent message is clear: the passage of time does not diminish

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[228] Paul Worley, "Pan-Maya and 'Trans-Indigenous': The Living Voice of the Chilam Balam in Victor Montejo and Leslie Marmon Silko," *Studies in American Indian Literatures*, 28.1 (2016): 14.

[229] Ibid.

> indigenous people's call for justice through the return of their homelands.[230]

By incorporating Mayan cosmology into *Almanac of the Dead* through performances of cyclical time wherein the dead are still active in the lives of the living, both in terms of texts and spirits, Silko destabilizes the colonial temporal logic that says settlers' descendants have held and administered the land of the Americas for so long as to legitimize their claim to it. Changing the temporal logic of the narrative on a cosmic plane changes the validity of the logic that rested on a linear model of unidirectional progress, and this change does not need the human characters of the novel to happen. Cyclical time is registered in the ways that characters remember and respond to ancestral history, but the human characters do not enact Mayan temporality. Their everyday dramas are instead framed by a cosmology of repetitions that exceeds their agency. Thus by cycling through similar prophecies and asserting the political efficacy of the spirit-led revolution they foretell, *Almanac* creates a temporal experience of history according to a Mayan cosmology that itself unsettles colonial thought-structures. As characters continue to shake their heads over strikes, riots, and looting in major U.S. cities and then, later, throughout Mexico, the reader becomes immersed in a world of “what if” in which a trans-indigenous resistance movement materializes primarily from the inevitable rage of ancestral spirits.

Another effect of the cosmological frame of *Almanac* is that the reader is set up to experience prophecy and anticipation of its fulfillment repeatedly to the point of performing prophecy herself as she experiences the interest, surprise, suspicion and anticipation associated with that genre of discourse. Just as Vizenor's alternate history of Columbus as a Mayan Jew healed by a blue Caribbean bear-woman starts to take on some credence in a fictional world of “what-if” that is buttressed by actual historical citations, the march of prophecies in *Almanac of the Dead* seems an attempt to lull the reader into accepting spirit-led revolution as a real possibility. And this appeal to a prophesied resistance rests upon the novel's framing of the plot within a cosmological politics of vengeful spirits eager to restore balance and order to the world of the living.

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[230] Yvonne Reineke, “Over-turning the (New World) Order: Of Space, Time, Writing and Prophecy in Leslie Marmon Silko's *Almanac of the Dead,*” *Studies in American Indian Literatures,* 10.3, (1998): 71.

The possibility of a spirit-led activism becomes legitimized in *Almanac* not only through repetition but also by having characters presented as thoughtful and solid entertain the possibility of its verity. The aging Mexican-Indian drugs and arms trafficker, Calabazas, considers rumors he has heard about political upheaval in Mexico. He has heard that the indigenous Yaquis and other people

> once more headed for the high mountains where they had fled during the last revolution. In their mountain strongholds the people had already begun the vigil; the people were praying the white men would kill off one another completely. All the people had to do was be patient and wait. Five hundred years, or five lifetimes, were nothing to people who had already lived in the Americas for twenty or thirty thousand years. The prophecies said gradually all traces of Europeans in America would disappear and, at last, the people would retake the land. (631-2)

A couple of lines later, the novel relates that Calabazas knows this story of the White peoples' self-destruction “by heart” but isn't sure if he believes it anymore, lending a sense of doubt to the reader as well. But then a new chapter begins with Calabazas's employee Mosca hearing a “spirit voice” in his right shoulder that he discovered after listening to the political organizing speeches of the Hopi in prison, and Calabazas's other worker, Root, doesn't doubt that there is a spirit voice in Mosca's shoulder because he hears creaking and “popping sounds” from the shoulder even when Mosca doesn't move. So doubt in the power of the spiritual world to enact change on a grand temporal and political scale is immediately juxtaposed with belief in spirt voices issuing from the body, and Mosca is rewarded for acting on the spirit's instruction to try to kill the scions of the local mafia boss Max Blue, even when he misses and shoots a British poet instead. Even missing his mark by taking out a representative of canonical literature in the U.S., Mosca nevertheless picks up and makes off with Sonny Blue's suitcase of cash in the ensuing scuffle, profiting from listening to the spirit voice in his body.

A supernatural, spirit-led revolt is legitimized further as a more practical political strategy for revolution. The twin brother El Feo laughs at news stories labeling rioters as part of a single, organized group, thinking that the government wants resistance to be isolated within one group so it can buy off the group leaders.

> But this time the story was going to be different because the people no longer believed in leaders. People had begun to gather spontaneously and moved as a mob or swarm follows instinct, then suddenly disperses. The masses of people in Asia and in Africa, and the Americas too, no longer believed in so-called "elected" leaders; they were listening to strange voices inside themselves. Although few would admit this, the voices they heard were voices out of the past, voices of their earliest memories, voices of nightmares and voices of sweet dreams, voices of ancestors. (513)

Because spirit-led political organizing acts through "instinct" instead of resting in the hands of a few organizers, the strength of the resistance movement becomes powerfully dispersed, and people listening to the voices of their ancestors can act in a coordinated movement. 100 pages later, Mosca says the spirit doesn't need to speak; it "put the idea into your head out of the blue." He goes on to project that a mass of people will be mobilized by spirits guidance as he has, saying that "When the spirit had filled the people, then all at once the people would know what they must do" (627).

Even while *Almanac* places the power and agency of decolonial political resistance largely within the hands of the spirit world, it still operates affectively on the reader to offer an experience of Mayan cyclical time in which humans need not do anything but allow themselves to be affected, affected by instinct and spirit voices in their dreams and bodies. This manner of being affected is quite different from the novel's recalibrations of shame and enjoyment discussed earlier in relation to Silko's use of trickster storytelling and alternate history; instead of isolating affective associations to make indigenous people attractive and Westerners contemptible, in relation to the recurring prophecies, the novel's protagonists actually urge passivity, placing political action in the cosmological realm.

The passivity made possible through the cosmological frame would, if adopted by the reader, have the effect of making the reader more receptive to the affective associations proposed in the novel. I have quoted so much of *Almanac* to convey a sense of how closely the operations of spirit voices and instinct are similar to the unconscious affective tendencies of a person, considering the research reviewed by Massumi concerning the delay of conscious choice following the unconscious fulfillment of that choice prior to consciousness. Just as the affect complexes of associations tying basic responses to remembered objects produce paths of least resistance in the mind to direct later affect-responses through the same route, the ancestral spirits of *Almanac* instruct characters to act in a way described as “instinctual.” The spirit voices will speak, and people can either go along their daily routines, as Angelita counsels, or join the march. But those who join will likely not do so through any political mobilization but by opening themselves to listening to the voices that possess them. By considering the real possibility of ancestral spirits organizing a decolonial resistance independently of human contributions, characters in *Almanac* become *destined* to join the resistance movement or not, and readers encountering the prophecies over and over again become destined to consider the indigenous characters' cosmological outlook.

Vizenor's insistence upon games of chance constituting the backdrop of everyday life underlines a precarity that must be accepted in order to be healthy, suggesting that healing is always provisional according to the ongoing nature of threat, symbolized by a mythological demon who cannot be beaten. The panoramic and timeless qualities of the landscapes in

Arguedas's and Momaday's novels suggest healing through reconnection to ancestral spiritual relationships is perpetually available or already exists without humans having to create it. Silko draws upon Mayan cyclical time to suggest that decolonial healing is inevitable. So in each novel, a supernatural force demonstrates or even guarantees the possibility for decolonial healing by establishing a primary force above or behind everyday life that moves rather independently of human agency. Throughout the novels, readers are guided to play with, quieten, and even flatten affective associations they have with Western and indigenous lifestyles, but the novels at the same time suggest that humans' participation in decolonial activism is ultimately secondary to a cosmological reality that supercedes the power of colonialism. Within the context of the cosmological frames of these decolonial novels, the indigenous protagonists are all *destined* for healing in one way or another.

The bilingual Mayan-Spanish novel *X-Teya, u puksiikal koolel/Teya, un corazón de mujer* by Marisol Ceh Moo tackles directly the question of cosmological forces determining decolonial resistance by investigating the meaning of destiny, but this novel reaches quite a different conclusion than that decolonization is guaranteed. It also appears to trade an indigenous cosmological framework for a Western one, as *X-Teya* is known for resisting Mayan cosmology and instead references a concept of destiny that is more akin to the Greek understanding of fate. In fact, fate in *X-Teya* is classically tragic; like Oedipus, the hero-protagonist Emeterio knows his fate but wants to avoid it.[231] In Greek thought, fate is a cosmological principle rather than a matter for the gods to decide, for we will remember that Zeus punishes Prometheus, in part, for not telling him his fate. Similarly, the principle of fate or destiny working in *X-Teya* remains mysterious; the novel suggests that it is simply Emeterio's character or his historical situation that predetermine his death. But this cosmological idea of a life predetermined by something beyond human control still has the effect of removing agency from the decolonial protagonist, putting destiny beyond the hands of the Marxist activists of the novel, which results in an ambiguous, even somewhat pessimistic, portrayal of decolonial activism. We will also see that Emeterio's fate blurs the line between shame and the good life when he meets his future murderer and appears as his moral equal.

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[231] This Greek concept of fate is also interestingly aligned with the colonial, unidirectional model of temporality in which Europeans are further advanced than nonEuropean peoples.

X-Teya actually schematizes two kinds of fate that its characters struggle with negotiating, trying to decide which is actually “the good life”: there is both the Marxist activist Emeterio's fate to fight the exploitation of Mayan laborers living in shanty towns around the unnamed state capital, and there is the strong pull of everyday life under colonial power structures, which remains attractive to the activist characters who live in fear of dying for their resistance to capitalist exploitation. The prospect of giving into the life they are destined to live as middle-class Mexicans is presented as a version of the good life that is pitted against the precarity of living with the threat of being attacked by political leaders resistant to protecting Mayan's legal rights. But *X-Teya* places destiny on the side of political activism: even if the Marxist leader Emeterio wants to retreat into private life, his friends remind him that correcting exploitation is his destiny. Because the novel presents Emeterio's martyrdom as something foreseen and inevitable, the primary struggle in the novel is not to avoid dying but how to accept one's fate. Such acceptance happens, the novel suggests, not through any affective seduction but through a neutral acquiescence to the decolonial fight, as represented in the reaction of the eponymous character, Teya Martín.

Unlike the other healing novels we have looked at, which try to reorganize colonial affect-chains by unsticking shame and contempt from indigenous bodies and associating them instead with surprise, interest, anger, enjoyment, and joy, *X-Teya* does little to solicit strong affective reactions from readers. While we have seen how *House Made of Dawn* also dampens affect through its investment in creating a mood of quietude, which would have the effect of suspending or slowing down affective responses, the tone of narration in *X-Teya* can be described as more journalistic, and the plot actually thematizes the evacuation of affect. In fact, the novel investigates a remarkable stoicism that it associates with accepting one's fate as if to say that decolonial activism requires more of a conscious decision to accept responsibility and sacrifice rather than developing a feeling for decolonial viewpoints based on strengthing affect associations with interest or enjoyment. While *X-Teya* demonstrates interest in decolonial activism via its celebration and exploration of Marxist protest against Mayan exploitation, its literary aesthetic makes a marked departure from the maneuvers of the other decolonial novels in terms of their techniques for reorganizing affective structures and their use of cosmological framing to make decolonialism an ongoing affair exceeding the control of humans. Because it takes destiny as a factual endpoint rather than cosmological order of unity, chance, or circularity, and because it attaches relief from anguish to the absense of being affected rather than a recalibration of affect, the Mayan novel serves as an interesting touchstone for exploring how a denial of affective response can fit into a decolonization project.

FLAT AFFECT AND PESSIMISTIC DESTINY IN *X-TEYA*

Ceh Moo has been celebrated as the first Mayan novelist identifying as female, and *X-Teya* is billed by her publisher, La Colección Letras Indígenas Contemporáneas (The Collection of Contemporary Indigenous Literature), as “una historia de amor maternal construida sobre el tejido de otras historias: la lucha de un joven, la política, la traición y la muerte. Vista desde un mundo femeninno, de la casa, la cocina, lo cotidiano. El lector sabe que Emeterio está muerto, pero asiste al relato de lo ocurrido desde la mirada de la madre."[232] *X-Teya* is supposed to be interesting because it is from a female indigenous writer who gives us a female perspective on political activism, then. However, the narrative of *X-Teya* is only occasionally focalized around the protagonist's mother, Teya Martín. The novel opens in her home and her kitchen, for sure, and introduces us to the protagonist Emeterio as the light of her life, but then there are only occasional interactions with her from the perspectives of other characters throughout the following 26 chapters. Teya Martín's perspective on the political assassination of her son is indeed an important frame for the novel, but not because it is a female perspective. Teya Martín models a kind of flat affect in the wake of her son's murder that is striking to other characters and conveys an idea about how to feel about fate.

Ceh Moo is also celebrated as the first Mayan writer not to overtly incorporate elements of Mayan mythology into her novel. I interpret this notable absence of Mayan mythology as a resistance to being defined as the exotic, Mayan Other of Mexican literature. But I also believe that Ceh Moo excludes Mayan mythology and specifically its cyclical forms of temporality in order to address a question of fate in terms that Western readers will be more familiar with. For fate is not simply a Mayan concern or an ancient Greek concern for that matter; as Reineke points out regarding Silko's use of Mayan concepts of destiny in *Almanac of the Dead,* fate is also embedded in the colonial everyday expectation that the West is on a path of "development,"

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[232] "a story of maternal love constructed through a weave of other stories: a young man's fight, politics, betrayal, and death. It is a scene from the feminine world, from the home, the kitchen, the quotidian. The reader knows that Emeterio is dead, but approaches the story of what happened from the mother's perspective," translation mine, from the back jacket cover of Marisol Ceh Moo, *X-Teya, u puksiikal koolel. Teya, un corazón de mujer,* (México, D. F.: Dirección General de Culturas Populares, 2008). Cited hereafter in the text with my own translations: no published English translation is yet available.

"civilization," and "progress."[233] It is this Western notion of being fated to better society that prevents Emeterio from leaving his Marxist organizing to lead the quiet life he wants. Rather, he says that he has given up life altogether. Early on in the novel in chapter 2, the scene in which Teya hears of Emeterio's death is followed by a scene from the previous night when Emeterio delivered what turned out to be his last address to his Marxist cell. Here we have the tension between "the good life" of the private life and the ethical life of political activism simplified into terms of life and death. Emeterio tells his followers

> […] ésta no es una lucha personal. Somos un grupo de visionarios, de idealistas, que creemos que podemos construir un mundo mejor […] Un mundo donde no sean unos cuantos los que tengan todo y muchos no tengan nada. Esa conciencia revolucionaria nos hace diferentes de los demás, pero al mismo tiempo nos compromete a entregar lo más valioso que tenemos: la vida. La muerte es lo único seguro que tenemos, si es antes o después, eso es nimio. Ayer, anteayer y demás días pasados, he sido amenzado de muerte. La verdad es que no tengo miedo porque esta causa es digna de morir por ella.

> […] this isn't a personal struggle. We are a group of visionaries, of idealists, who believe that we can make a better world […] A world in which there aren't some who have everything and many who have nothing. This revolutionary consciousness makes us different from the others, but at the same time it commits us to handing over the most valuable thing we have: our lives. Death is the only sure thing we have; if it's earlier or later, it doesn't matter. Yesterday, the day before, and all the other days past, I have been threatened with death. The truth is that I'm not afraid because this cause is worth dying for. (214-15)

Emeterio's commitment to Marxism leads him to give up not only a comfortable "good life" but life altogether. He plans on dying, and everyone in the novel understands his death as his inevitable fate. His mother, cleaning his office in which hang the pictures of past revolutionaries like "Che" Guevara, Salvador Allende, Julio Jaramillo, Emiliano Zapata, Tamar Bunker, Marx, Lenin "y otros a quienes no identifica" / "and others she didn't know," sighs, saying she hopes she won't see her son's photo on the wall of "Puros muertos, pobres de sus mujeres y de sus hijos" / "The pure dead, their poor wives and children" (206-7). We see here that Emeterio is not the only one giving up "the good life" because his mother is suffering in her worry over him. She says later that she has been crying "cada noche en la soledad de madre predestinada a enterrar mi vida misma" / "every night in the solitude of a mother predestined to bury one who is her very own life" (210).

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[233] Yvonne Reineke, "Over-turning the (New World) Order: Of Space, Time, Writing and Prophecy in Leslie Marmon Silko's *Almanac of the Dead,*" *Studies in American Indian Literatures,* 10.3, (1998): 65-83. 74.

X-Teya appears preoccupied with the question of how to respond to fate, then, especially when fate means sacrificing what looks like the good life for decolonial struggle, for both Emeterio and his mother Teya. Emeterio is a middle-class Mexican lawyer who leads a chapter of Marxist activists in his hometown but has networks in the unnamed capital city where he represents the interests of Mayan shanty-towns. In particular, he has organized bus drivers into a union to demand better compensation from the transportation owner and local mafia overlord, Tiburcio Galaz, and he again stands in the way of Galaz's profits when the *cacique* appropriates Mayan lands through shady deals with the leaders of the communal lands, planning to resell the land at high prices to the government to build a highway through that area. Emeterio and his bilingual Marxist friend Indalecio Uitzil organize the Mayans to occupy the land under dispute while fighting the sale of communal lands in court, thus holding up the deal, and Galaz pressures local political leaders to organize the assassination of Emeterio. Throughout the ordeal, Emeterio delivers very eloquent speeches on Marxist philosophy and is admired by all except Galaz. He also admits, proudly, that he plans on dying a political martyr several times throughout the novel when his mother or comrades worry over him.

The novel invites the reader to share a sense of Emeterio's fatedness through heavy foreshadowing and repeated descriptions of the fateful day as "El día de la muerte de Emeterio Rivera" / "The day of Emeterio Rivera's death" (200, 203). Because Emeterio's death is given from chapter 1, the novel's emphasis on repeatedly pointing out that Emeterio will die seems calculated to convey *feelings* associated with accepting fate rather than the knowledge of Emeterio's fate.[234] The novel opens on the day of his death, and Teya, who is always the first one up, oversleeps. This bizarre event stuns her. Her son is walking out the door when he leaves, calling to her to see a doctor before he disappears around the corner.

> Durante algunos segundos se quedó petrificada, con sus pensamientos aún confusos. Cuando se ubicó en tiempo y forma se percató que estaba en medio de la acera, vestida con su bata de dormir. En sólo unos minutos había hecho dos cosas que nunca pensó que pudiera realizar: la primera fue quedarse dormida y, la segunda, salir a la calle en bata de dormir. Ambos sucesos estaban reñidos con las buenas constumbres que ella se había autoimpuesto.
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> For a few seconds she remained petrified, with her thoughts still confused. When she oriented herself in due time, she realized she was in the middle of the sidewalk dressed in her sleeping gown. In only a few minutes she had done two things that she never thought she would do: the first was over-sleeping, and the second, leaving the house in her dressing gown. Both were at odds with the good habits she followed. (201)

The novel has already told us that Emeterio will die, so why bother with the heavy foreshadowing in this premonitory moment with Teya? We already know that this day is different and momentous, but the novel continues along this vein of emphasizing the singularity of the day when Emeterio meets his fate. Another chapter opens with, “Para Emeterio la víspera de su meuerte no fue un día normal” / “For Emeterio, the eve of his death was not a normal day” (291), and when Emeterio playfully shoots all of the ammunition from his pistol in the countryside before going into town, we have, “Lo que él ignoraba es que estaba entregándose sin oposición a los brazos de la muerte" / "What he didn't know is that he was handing himself over to the arms of death without opposition" (224). Emeterio writes an article on death to be published in a socialist magazine the night before he dies, and the article is said to be published posthumously as "Visión de la muerte" / "A Vision of Death" (306). All of this heavy foreshadowing has the effect of putting the reader in the position of Teya, who, like the reader, knows that her son will die but cannot help but look for clues as to when it will happen, perhaps secretly hoping that it will not. That is, Teya resists Emeterio's fate as well as her own as a mother predestined to grieve her son when her ignorance of when the fate will be sealed keeps her hoping that perhaps it will not come to pass after all.

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[234] There are remarkable parallels between the overall plot structure of *X-Teya* and Gabriel García Marquéz's *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*: the deaths of both Emeterio and of Santiago are announced at the beginning of the novels, and their mothers fail to recognize the ominous signs marking the fateful days. Lois Zamora Parkinson understands this manner of structuring *Chronicle of a Death Foretold* as an attempt to use the genre of apocalyptic writing to narrativize history, but in *X-Teya* remembrance of Emeterio's end is canceled by the cessation of protests against his death after only one week and the government's later unwillingness to officially acknowledge the merit of his fight against corruption. C.f. Lois Parkinson Zamora, “Ends and Endings in Garcia Marquez's *Cronica de una muerte anunciada* (*Chronicle of a Death Foretold*,)” Latin American Literary Review, 13.25 (1985): 104-116; Gabriel García Marquéz, *Chronicle of a Death Foretold,* Trans. Gregory Rabassa, (New York: Knopf, 1983). Thank you to Adriana Johnson for pointing out this intertextual link.

Knowing one's fate and accepting it are presented as two different things as the novel dramatizes the mother's resistance to destiny, for all of the foreshadowing descriptions reinforcing knowledge of the death are balanced with statements about the characters' ignorance of the fateful day. The mother and son know and don't know their fates, and they hope even to escape from their fates. After the *cacique* and known murderer, Tiburcio Galaz, tries to buy off Emeterio and threatens him at his home office, Teya enters with her younger children and the Marxist Indalecio to hear what happened. After a moment, "Teya Martín, que no ha expresado nada, se les queda viendo y levanta las manos al cielo mientras dice: -Por ahora no ha pasado nada, pero que va a pasar, va a pasar. Ustedes no escarmientan." / "Teya Martín, who had not expressed anything, stands looking at them and raises her hands to the sky, saying, 'Nothing happened now, but something is going to happen, is going to happen. You never learn your lesson" (279). They hear a song drifting out of a nearby tavern that says death is coming but don't fear it, and "Los versos premonitorios son como dardos en el corazón de la madre / The prescient verses are like darts in the mother's heart." Teya tears up but then hides her fear to appear strong: she is torn between accepting and grieving Emeterio's impending death and the desire to continue living on as though it will not happen soon. This desire and necessity to keep living, even when Emeterio has given up his life, is conveyed through all the passages emphasizing the characters' ignorance of the fateful day. To keep living, they have to remain ignorant of when death will come. Chapter 13 begins by thematizing this ignorance with "Lo que Teya Martín no supo el día que se quedó dormida es que su hijo pasó la noche prácticamente en vela." / "What Teya Martín didn't know the day that she overslept is that her son had practically stayed up all night" (303). When Emeterio arrives in town for his meetings, we have, "Ajeno a la sentencia de muerte que pende sobre su cabeza, Emeterio se encamina al edificio de la Cámara de Diputados" / "Unaware of the death sentence hanging over his head, Emeterio approached the Congress Building" (255).

The effect of knowing Emeterio's fate while not knowing when or if it will actually come to pass is that Teya is constantly anxious. She knows that Emeterio will die, but she seems to hope that it will occur in an ever-distant future, and this shred of hope of evading that fate makes her miserable. Once Emeterio is dead, and her daughter Betty asks how she can suffer so much, Teya replies that she has been living with "todo el dolor del mundo" / "all the pain of the world" for many years (237). The pain of living with such worry leads Teya to reject, at least momentarily, the activist life in favor of a quiet, private life. When Indalecio arrives after finding out about Emeterio's death, he chokes up and cannot speak. Teya tells him to cry while he can because he, too, is "llamado al sacrificio sin razón" / "called to a senseless sacrifice" (331). She continues to call the Marxist resistance a fight without end because "el mal no está en el sistema, el mal está en el corazón del hombre" / "evil isn't in the system, it in man's heart." Teya continues, "-Profesor, salva tu vida. No quieras cambiar el mundo y morirás de viejo" /

Professor, save your life. Stop trying to change the world and you will die old" (331). Whereas Emeterio has fervently advocated giving up life to fight colonial exploitation, Teya, here, advocates saving one's life at the expense of letting colonial structures stand.

Teya's concerns for living well could be easily dismissed according to the way that Indalecio measures her up after these statements. He

> descubrió en ella a la mujer acostumbrada a recibir órdenes, a bajar la cabeza, a soportar estoicamente la crueldad del marido y el desamor de los hijos. En el fondo de sus ojos atisbó el conformismo de aceptar las cosas como parte de un designio divino. Como ráfagas visuales, el profesor se vio senil pero feliz, próspero en lo material y en lo familiar. Las imágenes no le resultaron atrayentes. Se sintió de pronto molesto contra la mujer, sin compasión le dijo: -Hay demasiado conformismo en el mundo, por eso la pobreza crece, la injusticia campea por doquier sin que nadie la denuncie, sin que nadie se rebele.
>
> discovered in her a woman accustomed to receiving orders, bowing her head, stoically enduring the cruelty of her husband and the indifference of her children. In the depths of her eyes he discerned the conformism of accepting things as part of a divine plan. As in bursts of visions, the professor saw her as senile but happy, content in a familiar and prosperous life. The images were not attractive to him. He suddenly felt upset with the woman, and without compassion he said, "There is too much conformism in the world, and so the poverty increases, injustice unfolds everywhere without anyone denouncing it, without anybody rebelling." (331)

Indalecio's vision of Teya reduces her to "a woman" in the Marxist ideologies he often espouses, erasing her particular qualities that have been established in the novel. There is no evidence that Teya is so subservient or that her family has treated her callously; in fact, she is often described as looking at characters "fijamente" / "intensely" (226, 233), and she orders the Marxists to bring Father Aristeo to conduct Emeterio's mass regardless of the long drive it will take. While she does attend mass, she is hardly senile or even happy. Throughout the novel, up to Emeterio's death, she has been nervous but putting on a strong face, supporting her son's activism. She is seen as strong by the women who gather to comfort her, for while everyone else is crying, "de su boca no salió el mínimo sollozo, en sus ojos no se vislumbró ni por asomo el brillo de una lágrima." / "not the smallest sob escapes from her mouth, and in her eyes there isn't the slightest trace of a tear" (237). Thus Indalecio's understanding of Teya's grief is flawed within the logic of the novel; his superficial assessment of her resistance to political sacrifice is put in tension with her actual character. There is more to Teya's desire for a quiet life than the simple conformism that Indalecio associates with women and religion. Teya's doubts about political activism being the good life are ambivalent, as we will see below. Further underlining this problem of how to decide on the good life is the fact that we find out later that Teya is not the only person doubting the value of sacrificing everything for social equality: Emeterio himself has been contemplating taking a break from his activism.

Because Emeterio is such a model of articulateness and leadership and dedication within the communist community of *X-Teya,* it is very surprising to find him admitting to an old activist school friend, El Lucas, moments before he is shot in the back, that he would really like to exit his Marxist organizing to live a quiet, private life, with wife and children, as Lucas has. Lucas responds, "-Tú no estás hecho para eso, mi hermano. Lo tuyo es genético, es una malformación social irreversible y sin posibilidades de rehabilitación." / "You aren't made for that, brother. Yours is a genetic problem, an irreversible social deformity without possibilities for rehabilitation" (308). We find out chapters later that Emeterio had also been talking to his friend, the priest Aristeo Cáceres about this same desire to opt for a different good life. Emeterio tells the father, almost in the style of a confession in that he begins after a long pause and then hesitates, that "he pensado en dejar momentáneamente todo esto. Quisiera casarme, formar una familia que no viva en la zozobra en la que estoy metido, pero tengo tantos compromisos que no encuentro cómo salirme." / "I have been thinking of leaving all of this for a while. I would like to get married, form a family that doesn't live in all this uneasiness that I'm caught up in, but I have so many obligations that I can't figure out how to leave" (356). Aristeo responds by saying that Emeterio is "predestinado" / "predestined" to his torment: "No creo que puedas vivir viendo todas las desdichas y explotación que hay en el mundo sin mover un dedo para cambiar lo que te es dado cambiar." / "I don't believe that you could live seeing all of the misfortunes and exploitation that there is in the world without lifting a finger to change that which you are given to change" (357).

Just as Teya's desire for a peaceful life is put into conflict with Indalecio's rebuttal that injustice must be addressed, Emeterio's idea of the good life is also pitted against the necessity of fighting exploitation, which his friends believe he feels and is even defined by. *X-Teya* thus stages a conflict between a good life under colonial oppression and a miserable but ethical good life fighting to decolonize society, without suggesting that one or the other is better. This tension unfolds on the level of plot as well, when "the way things are" is eventually reinforced at the close of the novel: after only one week of student protests calling for the resignation of the governor for Emeterio's political assassination, classes resume at the university, and the governor comes back to town. The protests are unsuccessful. When Indalecio later joins the state government as the congress's first communist deputy, he is unable to memorialize Emeterio because the congress deems it inappropriate. The novel ends there, as though suggesting that Emeterio's decolonial activism was unsuccessful on both political and personal levels: the political players he confronted with injustices will continue operating with impunity, and he will be forgotten.

There is something stoic about this ending, as though *X-Teya* is designed to keep the tension between two concepts of fate—the colonial everyday and the exigency of decolonial activism—in suspense. The novel remains relatively quiet on which is the better "good life," just as it surprisingly remains quiet regarding who is the more admirable character between Emeterio and Tiburcio Galaz. At the meeting of these two men, *X-Teya* describes Emeterio the sincere, communist activist and Galaz, the corrupt and ruthless mafia lord as simply respresenting "Dos visiones distintas del mundo." / "Two distinct visions of the world," (272). Even as Galaz shows up with armed men to intimidate and buy off the esteemed communist leader to continue with his seizure of Mayan land for personal profit, the narration refers to them mildly as

> Dos personajes que de ninguna manera significaban el bien y el mal. Los dos tenían mucho de bueno y bastante de malo. Para mucha gente don Tiburcio era un árbol que daba buena sombra a los que se arrimaban a él; para otros, era un hombre malvado. Emeterio era medido de la misma forma: tenía sus seguidores y sus detractores. Su vida, salpicada de escándalos sexuales, era conocida en toda la región. […] Aun así, con sus semejanzas, dos visiones distintas del mundo.
>
> Two people who in no way signified the good or the bad. Both had a lot of good and plenty of bad in them. For many people, Don Tiburcio was a tree that gave shade to those who leaned on him; for others, he was an evil man. Emeterio had the same measure: he had his followers and his detractors. His life, sprinkled with sexual scandals, was known throughout the region. […] Even so, with their similarities, two distinct visions of the world. (273)

Because Tiburcio Galaz has been described only as a menace up to this point—someone who keeps politicians in fear of him, who arranges assassinations, who is furious to have to pay his workers benefits, who has a wife who never wanted him and still hates him—it is highly surprising to have the narrative describe him as simply representing an alternative viewpoint. Galaz will in fact have Emeterio killed after this meeting between two visions of the world: one in which grabbing all the power and wealth possible is necessary to survive, and one in which giving up the security and comforts of family life is the only ethical way to live. This ambivalence is the final destination of *X-Teya;* the novel ends with the same question it began with: how does one live between two competing versions of the good life?

Despite its relative silence in resolving this matter, *X-Teya* does suggest that one can escape anguish only by giving into fate completely. Such an experience of accepting fate is not correlated with peace, exactly, but rather the evacuation or dulling of emotion, which is explored most thoroughly through the predominant characterization of the eponymous character, Teya, as stoic. Teya remains “static” or “fixed” once she has accepted Emeterio's death. We will recall how, when she sees Emeterio leaving for the day right after waking up, “Durante algunos segundos *se quedó petrificada*, con sus pensamientos aún confusos. *Cuando se ubicó en tiempo y forma* se percató que estaba en medio de la acera, vestida con su bata de dormir.” / “For a few seconds *she remained petrified*, with her thoughts still confused. *When she oriented herself in due time*, she realized she was in the middle of the sidewalk dressed in her sleeping gown” (201, emphasis added). When Teya has a premonition of this day being strange, even if she is still unconscious of the fact that it is strange because it is the day Emeterio and her reach their fates, she is described as being temporally disoriented, as though out of time. And during this moment, she cannot move.

Teya is described as “estático” or frozen several times, in fact. Upon hearing the news of Emeterio's assassination: “está estático. Se ha quedado mudo, sus ojos se mueven y sus manos van mecánicamente a su cabeza, como tratando de asimilar el infame dolor de la desgracia.” / “she is frozen. She stays mute, her eyes move and her hands go mechanically to her head, as if trying to process the infamous pain of the tragedy” (209). Teya's movements here suggest that she is experiencing, in affective terms, extreme surprise, in which current psychic inscriptions are halted and evacuated—the mind goes blank, so to speak—and there is a moment of having to restart the process of being affected and processing those affects into new assemblies that can be made sense of when associated with past assemblies stored in memory. In this split-moment of evacuated affect in Tomkins' model of the mind's experience of surprise, there would be silence, emptiness: no affect. It is like the idea of the impossible present moment that is not connected to the past or the future and is therefore invisible or unknown. Does this idea of an affectively-flat, empty moment also motivate the use of the present-tense narration that appears throughout *X-Teya*? Narration in the present tense gives the reader the impression of sharing the static, fixed moment with Teya, divorced from worry over what the future will bring.

These moments of fixity, in which thought is confused and then stops, and Teya feels nothing, define the experience of accepting fate in the novel. For Teya becomes remarkable for not crying once she knows Emeterio is dead, and says repeatedly that life was much worse before when she lived in constant anxiety. She does throw the dinner she had made in the trash "con furia" / "with fury" and yell "con coraje de fiera herida" / "with the rage of a wounded beast" that her son's body better be brought to her, but all of this without tears: "pero sin lágrimas" (210). That Teya feels great pain is not denied in the novel, but she is primarily characterized as being strangely serene after this initial outburst. The Marxist Manuela Mendizábal expresses pity for Teya for enduring Emeterio's death "sin derramar ni una lágrima" / "without shedding a single tear" (228). When Indalecio arrives, his eyes well with tears as he falls to Teya's knees where "La mujer, templada en el fuego de la serenidad, lo mira y le alarga los brazos" / "The woman, mild in the fire of serenity, looks at him and opens her arms" (330). Indalecio looks into her eyes and sees that "detrás de ellos no hay dolor alguno por el hijo perdido" / "there is no pain for her lost son at all." He asks if she isn't suffering, to which she replies, "-El dolor no está en perder lo que amas, el dolor duerme en la angustia y la incertidumbre de vivir con un condenado a muerte." / "There is no pain in losing someone you love; pain lies in the anguish and incertitude of living with one condemned to die" (331).

The anguish of incertitude issued from Teya's hope that Emeterio would not die, from her resistance to his fate. She reiterates this point directly upon hearing the news of Emeterio's death.

Teya “rechaza suavemente la protección de sus hijos” / “softly rejects the protection of her children,” asking them to leave her alone:

> “A sus ojos no acuden lágrimas, no porque ella no quiera, sino porque vivir cotidianamente con un hombre que retaba a la muerte en cada acción política contra los detentadores del poder; por las denuncias, con nombres y apellidos, que hacía semanalmente en sus artículos periodísticos; por su decisión de llevar a los tribunales los casos de injusticia que se cometen en contra de los más desprotegidos; pero sobre todo, por su pública militancia comunista que lo había convertido en un auténtico líder popular, le causaba un dolor, una angustia siempre mayor a la que ahora sentía. Ella no desaprobaba las convicciones de su hijo, al contrario, se sentía la madre de un ser privilegiado y se llenaba de orgullo, pero vivía inevitablemente con el alma en un hilo.

> No tears came to her eyes, not because she didn't want to cry but because living daily with a man who challenged death in every political action against those who held power, through the denunciations with first and last names made weekly in his newspaper articles, through his decision to take cases of injustice committed against those most vulnerable to court, but above all, through his public communist militance that transformed him into a true populist leader. It caused her pain, an anguish that was always greater than that which she felt now. She did not disapprove of her son's convictions; to the contrary, the mother felt privileged and full of pride, but she had inevitably lived with her soul on a string. (209)

When Teya was resisting fate by hoping that Emeterio's death would never come, she was miserable. But the pain of his death that she feels now is better than the misery of living with him as a dead man, she says. And her pain after having to accept fate becomes mitigated through a “fire of serenity” in which she feels pride, now, for the good life of her son that she catalogues in detail.

Even while *X-Teya* dramatizes an ambivalence between two antagonistic versions of the good life, it does ultimately hint at the necessity of accepting the activist life by leaving Teya proud and in some kind of dull emotional state vacant of anxiety. There is also the light presentation of Emeterio as a Christ figure. When he delivers his speech on dying for the cause to his comrades, Emeterio is described as a “joven de treinta y tres años” / “young man of 33 years" (215)—the same age as Jesus Christ, who sacrifices himself for the redemption of mankind. And finally, *X-Teya* puts fate on the side of the political activists instead of the colonial everyday, as if to say that while fighting colonialism requires great personal expense, it is a necessary fate that must be taken up through flat acceptance. Teya's stoicism signals that she has finally accepted this fate, and the evacuation of affect seems to be key to arriving at that acceptance. *X-Teya* suggests, then, that decolonialism requires not the right feelings about indigenous peoples or White elites, but requires putting feelings aside to simply take responsibility for one's destiny to address injustice.

Rather than becoming discouraged by the ways in which a social aesthetic organized by colonial power predestines us to reproduce the way things are, *X-Teya* suggests taking up the decolonial struggle as one's rightful fate, and in a neutral, matter-of-fact manner. Emeterio may not go down in the annals of history, but by following his destiny he does publicly symbolize resistance to exploitative state and mafia power. The novel's investment in the cosmological idea that people's lives are predetermined suggests that decolonialist activism is a something already accomplished, beyond Emeterio's personal decision-making. But at the same time, while the novel does side more with the Marxist characters, it is also ambivalent about everyone sharing a decolonial destiny. The cosmological frame of personal destiny also legitimates Tiburcio Galaz as simply following his destiny when he appropriates Mayan land and orders Emeterio's execution. The cosmological frame of *X-Teya* makes no guarantees about the success or nature of decolonial struggle, then. Rather, it focuses on how to accept one's destiny and promises affective relief through such acceptance.

The other healing novels from indigenous writers we have examined suggest simultaneously that there is a long road of affective remapping and healing to travel before people are able to take up such a fate as Emeterio's, and that possible failure can be accepted because balance will be restored or has already been established on a higher, cosmological level. In *X-Teya,* we find an argument that destiny is something to bear rather than play with or discover or passively accept, and this burden is bearable through the evacuation of affect. I would counter, however, that before decolonial activism can become possible for those not already interested, affective remappings are necessary to destine them towards that work. It is as though the novels in the previous chapters aim to work on readers who are at the beginning stages of recognizing the historical and exploitative methods of valuing people, animals, and earth that were established in the Americas by European colonists, while *X-Teya* models a mode of dealing with affect and competing versions of the good life *within* decolonial activism, which would become useful to readers after they had already begun to feel differently about the colonial good life. Before accepting political activism as our destiny, we need strategies for resisting our own colonial forms of consciousness.

PSCYCHIC DESTINY

Decolonial novels focused on shifting structures of affect can be seen as working against their naive readers' destinies to carry out a good life of enjoyment or shame, depending upon where they are located in the colonial heirarchy. That is to say that the colonial consciousness that we have already inherited is a kind of destiny to be overcome if we want to validate nonWestern ways of knowing and living. Our objective in decolonizing our social structures, our economies, and what counts as knowledge cannot simply be to make others more aware or more conscious of ways in which colonialism still makes us ill; decolonialism must include strategies for *resisting our current psychic destinies*. I will take the title of this study as an example. To be more legible, more understood, it would be better to title this work *Decolonial Narrative Techniques in Healing Novels from Wisconsin, New Mexico, Peru, and Mexico,* using the terms of state governments to locate the authors and their narrative worlds. Who will know that Shaugawaumikong is the Ojibwe name for the last stopping place of the Anishinaabe migration west upon the advice of the radiant, spiritual being, the seventh *miigis,* who warned the people of growing encroachment of White settlers upon the land? Who will know that Walatowa is the Jemez word for town named “Jemez” in central New Mexico, or that Kawaika is the Keresan name for the town given the Spanish name, Laguna, from which Silko comes from? Chimputi, the Quechua name for Chimbote, and Calotmul, both the Mayan and political name of Ceh Moo's birthplace, are also likely unknown to Western readers. When I have presented these place names to undergraduate students, their reaction has typically been one of dismissal: “Why didn't you just say where they *really* come from to begin with?” We cannot even say where people come from in decolonial terms without being dismissed.

The Australian poet, novelist, and professor, Kevin Brophy, considers literature to be key in resisting that which we might call the colonial destiny of our consciousness. Brophy looks at studies in cognitive science from the 1990's to the early 2000's confirming a 500-millisecond delay between physically reacting to a stimulus and becoming conscious of reacting to it (much like the cognitive science that Massumi uses) and concludes, “It seems to me that these discoveries might bring us to resist our experience of consciousness or at least to trust it differently and use it differently.”[235] Our conscious knowledge of our experiences and even our awareness of our decisions cannot be trusted because it is all essentially an after-effect of “thinking” already done and decisions already made unconsciously, according to the scripts already laid down by our history. Brophy explains further,

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[235] Keven Brophy, “'Peculiarities and Monstrosities': Consciousness, Neuro-science and Poetry,” *Creative Writing: Theory Beyond Practice,* Ed. Nigel Krauth and Tess Brady, (Teneriffe Qld: Post Pressed, 2006), 144, 147.

> From the point of view of outside observation and measurement (and even from the point of view of introspection) consciousness does not *do the work,* that is, it does not enter into the processes that provide insights or solutions. We can be aware of the presence of a problem, and we can be aware of the strategies that are likely to provide solutions, but this does not mean that consciousness enters into the processes of memory retrieval, pattern recognition, information transformation, and the massive task of scanning that is involved in achieving a solution or a creative insight. Consciousness receives the results of this work but it is not clear that it is an agent in it.[236]

Of course, as a poet, Brophy recommends poetry as a tool for "learning to resist our own consciousness" since poetry manipulates language, the most common tool for communicating the presence of consciousness. By disrupting normal prosaic forms of speaking, poetry can facilitate a slowing-down of the "tendency for consciousness to provide a too-narrow, too final interpretation" as students give focused, conscious attention to how meaning is being created in the poem, using consciousness to re-examine preliminary conscious understandings. Brophy is also interested in possible methods of helping students hear their unconscious reactions to works of art, to help students respond to a work of art "in such a way that its *strangeness* and *possibly multiple meanings* are articulated" rather than dismissed or ignored.[237] I underline Brophy's interest in strangeness and ambiguity as it is precisely those kinds of meanings that we need to fill out and diversify the unconscious filing cabinet of terms ordering our thought. That which is strange and ambiguous hinders understanding, for sure, but it can also enrich—that is, change—language.

Vizenor, Momaday, Silko, Arguedas, and Ceh Moo have produced works that function decolonially by putting into circulation amongst their readers virtual experiences of how to live well in ways that depart from Western colonial standards. They also demonstrate specific literary techniques for affecting readers to shift colonial codes of shame and good life fantasies such that indigenous lifeways come to feel more legitimate. Most of these authors have considered their novels healing for the possibilities they offer to provoke shifts in what we have called the "aesthetic regime," "ecology of emotions," or "affective topography" of individual readers. And such a micropolitical intervention that could begin to address macropolitical organizations if mood environments antagonistic to colonial social norms came to be held by enough people to alter the weather system of a society justifies interest in the novel as a decolonial tool that would inspire activist, performative lifestyles, not so much through ideological indoctrination but rather by opening indeterminate, low-stakes psychic fields for playing with both familiar and foreign concepts and formulations, defamiliarizing one's understanding of the social aesthetic field and feeling differently about it, stepping into a strange mood environment so as to become amenable to being attuned to novel ways of seeing and living with each other.

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[236] Brophy, 147.

[237] Brophy, 151. Emphasis added. Brophy's ideas for teaching to and with the unconscious are fascinating in that they would require an entirely different self-regard on the part of all participants. He asks, "How might it affect education more broadly if students were directed to work with the larger and more active unconscious processes through viewing and accepting the passivity of consciousness? It would require a different kind of trust in the self, wholly different approaches to understanding difficult texts or appreciating creative works" (151).

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