

Laura Wexler

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## Tender Violence: Literary Eavesdropping, Domestic Fiction, and Educational Reform

### I

Upstairs, a long time ago, she had cried, standing on the bare floorboards in the front bedroom just after we moved to this house in Streatham Hill in 1951, my baby sister in her carry-cot. We both watched the dumpy retreating figure of the health visitor through the curtainless windows. The woman had said: "This house isn't fit for a baby." And then she stopped crying, my mother, got by, the phrase that picks up after all difficulty (it says: it's like this; it shouldn't be like this; it's unfair; I'll manage): "Hard lines, eh, Kay?" (Kay was the name I was called at home, my middle name, one of my father's names).

And I? I will do everything and anything until the end of my days to stop anyone ever talking to me like that woman talked to my mother. It is in this place, this bare, curtainless bedroom that lies my secret and shameful defiance. I read a woman's book, meet such a woman at a party (a woman now, like me) and think quite deliberately as we talk: we are divided: a hundred years ago I'd have been cleaning your shoes. I know this and you don't.

Carolyn Kay Steedman  
*Landscape for a Good Woman* (1986)<sup>1</sup>

The widely influential Douglas-Tompkins debate on the literary value of American domestic fiction attributes a broad range of cultural effectiveness to nineteenth-century sentimental novels. Ann Douglas began *The Feminization of American Culture* by asserting the moral primacy of Puritan culture in the northeast United States and the tragedy—rather than merely the melodrama—of the terms under which it gave way. The Edwardsean Calvinist school of ministers was the "most persuasive example of independent yet institutionalized thought to which our society has even temporarily given credence," and its members "exhibited with some consistency the intellectual rigor and imaginative precision difficult to achieve without collective effort, and certainly rare in more recent American annals." The invaluable intellectual "toughness" of this theological establishment, however, was disastrously undermined by, among other things, the "sentimental heresy" of the cult of the victim perpetrated by "literary men of the cloth and middle-class women

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writers of the Victorian period.” “Feminization” of American culture encouraged the idea that appropriate notice of the painful social dislocations of nineteenth-century capital and urban industrial expansion could be given symbolic expression in literary rather than theological works. The ultimate effect of this change of venue to literary representation was not, as the writers of these works often alleged, to foreground and correct social inequities but rather to provide an emergent middle-class readership with permission for a kind of aesthetic and emotional contemplation that was underwritten precisely by its refusal actively to “interfere” in civil life. Sentimentality became a way to “obfuscate the visible dynamics of development.” It also functioned as an “introduction to consumerism” and as the herald of a “debased” American mass culture through which we have learned to “locate and express many personal, ‘unique’ feelings and responses through dime-a-dozen artifacts.” The principal literary exemplum of the Douglas thesis was the death of Little Eva in Harriet Beecher Stowe’s *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, a “beautiful death, which Stowe presents as part of a protest against slavery [which] in no way hinders the working of that system.” Adherence to nineteenth-century sentimentalism’s “fake” standards had “damage[d] women like Harriet Beecher Stowe.” Even just from studying sentimentalism, Douglas herself “experienced a confusion” of identity that separated her painfully from the “best of the men [who] had access to solutions” and associated her uncomfortably with the women writers, whose problems “correspond to mine with a frightening accuracy that seems to set us outside the processes of history.” American Victorian sentimental fiction was, she concluded, “rancid writing”; it was her duty as a feminist to be “as clear” as possible about that fact.<sup>2</sup>

Jane Tompkins, in *Sensational Designs*, vigorously attacked Douglas’s thesis that the spirit of nineteenth-century domestic fiction was destructive, and she opened an expansive alternative perspective. Instead of mourning the “vitiating” of a rare, tough-minded, communal, Calvinist “male-dominated theological tradition,”<sup>3</sup> Tompkins took the ideological and commercial ascendancy of nineteenth-century women’s writing as a mark of “the *value* of a powerful and specifically female novelistic tradition.” Turning the tables on the Douglas scenario, Tompkins argued for the coming-into-being within this literature of a coordinated, specifically female, evangelical tradition, whose principal figures concurred and strategized with much the same serious, socially engaged intention that Douglas’s Edwardsean school evinced. It followed that the most consequential difference lay not between the ministerial tradition and the women themselves but between our own reevaluation of the kinds of social knowledge and goals for reform generated from

the perspective of Victorian female engenderment and those of the contemporary intellectual establishment. "The very grounds on which sentimental fiction has been dismissed by its detractors," Tompkins wrote,

grounds which have come to seem universal standards of aesthetic judgment, were established in a struggle to supplant the tradition of evangelical piety and moral commitment these novelists represent. In reaction against their world view, and perhaps even more against their success, twentieth-century critics have taught generations of students to equate popularity with debasement, emotionality with ineffectiveness, religiosity with fakery, domesticity with triviality, and all of these, implicitly, with womanly inferiority.

In other words, what Douglas saw as the usurpation of the chief source of serious social criticism in the northeastern United States prior to the Victorian period by a sentimentalism that was a passive and hypocritical "rationalization of the economic order," Tompkins scripted as a move towards greater scope and democratization by a sentimentalism that was profoundly "a political enterprise, halfway between sermon and social theory, that both codifies and attempts to mold the values of its time."<sup>4</sup>

For Tompkins, this "sentimental power" spoke to and of the interests of the "large masses of readers," at least some of whom were, presumably, the same persons who were suffering under the new urban industrial regime. Tompkins developed a provocative reassessment of the social function of literary stereotypes, whose "familiarity and typicality, rather than making them bankrupt or stale, are the basis of their effectiveness as integers in a social equation." The contemplation of such literary moments as Little Eva's death, she postulated, provides readers with comprehensible examples of "what kinds of behavior to emulate or shun" and thereby "provide[s] a basis for remaking the social and political order in which events take place." Sentimental fiction, in this view, offered a practical, quotidian, grass-roots politics that the more abstract, theological, patriarchal Calvinist tradition tended to disdain. Nor were the authors of this literature simply apologists for the corruptions of the capitalist order. They reached down to the "prejudices of the multitude," which those who stood upon the Yankee Olympus wanted only to "uplift," and spoke words of resistance and encouragement in the mother tongue. Interestingly, as a result of her study, Tompkins, like Douglas before her, found herself surprised to be allied with "everything that criticism had taught me to despise: the stereotyped character, the sensational plot, the trite expression."<sup>5</sup> But the recognition of her bond with the women did not provoke the same

identity crisis it produced in Douglas, whose preference for “the best of the men” made her afraid that her empathy with the women could be seen as “siding with the enemy.”<sup>6</sup> Rather, as a “woman in a field dominated by male scholars,” Tompkins decided strategically to discuss “works of domestic, or ‘sentimental,’ fiction because I wanted to demonstrate the power and ambition of novels written by women, and specifically by women whose work twentieth-century criticism has repeatedly denigrated.” In *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* and *The Wide, Wide World*, Tompkins found intellectual nourishment that was not “rancid” but “good.”<sup>7</sup>

Clearly, to decide the merits of one of these arguments over the other is simultaneously to arrive at a position on such a large number of nineteenth- and twentieth-century social, economic, cultural, and critical practices that the task is beyond the reach of a single essay, and even, perhaps, beyond the wishes of the relatively more modest reader who feels prepared at this juncture only to form an opinion on literary sentimentalism. Exactly this enlargement of the notion of what it would take fully to understand nineteenth-century American sentimentalism or to write its history is, however, one of the chief accomplishments of Douglas’s and Tompkins’ scholarship, as well as the early supporting work by Alexander Cowie, Barbara Welter, Henry Nash Smith, Helen Papashvily, Gail Parker, Dee Garrison, Nina Baym, Mary Kelley, and Judith Fetterly, among others, which prefigures, surrounds, and amplifies the basic insights codified by the more famous exchange. Jane Tompkins recognized the primary and essential contribution of this dilation herself, when she wrote of her interlocutor that, “although her attitude toward the vast quantity of literature written by women between 1820 and 1870 is the one that the male-dominated tradition has always expressed—contempt—Douglas’ book is nevertheless extremely important because of its powerful and sustained consideration of this long-neglected body of work. Because Douglas successfully focused critical attention on the cultural centrality of sentimental fiction, forcing the realization that it can no longer be ignored, it is now possible for other critics to put forward a new characterization of these novels and not be dismissed. For these reasons, it seems to me, her work is important.”<sup>8</sup> A revision of the traditional critical contempt was what Tompkins was attempting, but for writing that Douglas had put on the map. It is evident, therefore, that in one crucial respect both Douglas and Tompkins are in absolute agreement. This is on the issue of the active and productive social function of domestic literature—the “cultural work within a specific historical situation” that Tompkins values and the “intimate connection between critical aspects of Victorian culture

and modern mass culture” that Douglas castigates.<sup>9</sup> For both critics, sentimental fiction is a “power” and a political “force” too considerable to be neglected; it is a “protest” (Douglas) and a “means of thinking” (Tompkins).<sup>10</sup> Both critics see the task at hand as a readjustment of our notions of cultural history by way of a reexamination of this particular literary material and its effect upon its readers.

It bears recalling, however, that this mutual vision of cultural history as centered in literary history itself has roots in the Victorian era, in the birth of the critical profession; and that, whatever evaluation of the productions of domestic culture the critics hold, their methodology equally prioritizes a particular segment of white, middle-class, Christian, native-born readers and their texts as the chief source of information about the culture. “This book,” wrote Douglas, “while focused on written sources, might be described in one sense as a study of readers and of those who shared and shaped their taste.”<sup>11</sup> Tompkins, who had earlier edited an important collection of essays on reader-response criticism, might easily have said the same. But what is meant by a *reader*? The readers Tompkins invokes in *Sensational Designs* are both “the widest possible audience” in the nineteenth century and “twentieth century critics.”<sup>12</sup> Douglas has in mind “American girls socialized to immerse themselves in novels and letters.”<sup>13</sup> What this emphasis on “readers” suggests is the presence of an historically determined agreement between Douglas and Tompkins more essential and more important even than their mutual choice of material or the joint perception of its moral urgency and social consequence: an agreement on how it is and to whom it is that reading matters; an agreement that instruction of the literate middle class is the chief object as well as the chief subject of domestic narrative. It seems evident that this agreement operates within the Douglas-Tompkins debate to focus, and also to circumscribe, the material that it can coordinate. The direct and indirect effect of the widespread reading of mid-nineteenth-century sentimental fiction upon those who were *not* either critics or white, middle-class, Christian, native-born readers is by and large left out. This omission makes for a kind of repressed margin even within a critical discourse whose impulse it always was to examine seriously the composition and function of the fringe.

Lest it seem that such an agreement bears only a general relation to the issues, I want to point out its material function in the coincidence of two anecdotes that both Tompkins and Douglas independently offer their readers—two strikingly intimate stories about reading *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* which are in themselves attempts to represent, each in a fine, vivid, domestic style, the impact of this “power” and “force” on their

own personal lives as readers. Without in any way softening the edge of the disagreement between the two critical positions, I would like to propose that the coincidence of these reflections on reading Stowe is important to the debate on sentimentalism beyond their decided narrative value and the generally helpful, concretizing effect they have on the clarity of the critical arguments. As specific representations of the scene of the incorporation of domestic fiction and its social effect, these anecdotes exemplify the homology of the two critics' assessments of how such fiction functions in the real world, in actual people's lives. They indicate both the range and the limitation of the debate as it has so far been staged.

For her part, Ann Douglas asserted that "today many Americans, intellectuals as well as less scholarly people, feel a particular fondness for the artifacts, the literature, the *mores* of our Victorian past. I wrote this book because I am one of those people." She recalled that "as a child I read with formative intensity in a collection of Victorian sentimental fiction, a legacy from my grandmother's girlhood. Reading these stories, I first discovered the meaning of absorption: the pleasure and guilt of possessing a secret supply. I read through the 'Elsie Dinsmore' books, the 'Patty' books, and countless others; I followed the timid exploits of innumerable pale and pious heroines. But what I remember best, what was for me as for so many others, the archetypal and archetypically satisfying scene in this domestic genre, was the death of Little Eva in Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*." Douglas amplified the confessional thrust of this memory:

Little Eva is a creature not only of her author's imagination but of her reader's fantasy; her life stems from our acceptance of her and our involvement with her. But Little Eva is one of us in more special ways. Her admirers have always been able to identify with her even while they worship, or weep, at her shrine. She does not demand the respect we accord a competitor. She is not extraordinarily gifted, or at least she is young enough so that her talents have not had the chance to take on formidable proportions. If she is lovely looking and has a great deal of money, Stowe makes it amply clear that these attributes are more a sign than a cause of her success. Little Eva's death is not futile, but it is essentially decorative; and therein, perhaps, lay its charm for me and for others.

Finally, she felt forced to admit that her beloved Little Eva did not rest innocuously within the pages of an old-fashioned book but reappeared as the figure "of Miss America, of 'Teen Angel,' of the ubiquitous, everyday, wonderful girl about whom thousands of popular songs and movies have been made." Thus her "pleasure" in Little Eva was "historical and practical preparation for the equally indispensable and dis-

quieting comforts of mass culture.” To describe Little Eva’s Christianity as “camp,” which Douglas had one page earlier done, was really a way to “socialize” her “ongoing, unexplored embarrassment” at the strength of a persistent emotional attachment to such figures.<sup>14</sup>

Jane Tompkins also referred to a scene from her younger days when, “once, during a difficult period of my life, I lived in the basement of a house on Forest Street in Hartford, Connecticut, which had belonged to Isabella Beecher Hooker—Harriet Beecher Stowe’s half-sister. This woman at one time in her life had believed that the millennium was at hand and that she was destined to be the leader of a new matriarchy.” And her memory also quickly turned confessional, although for the opposite reason from that of Douglas. What Tompkins felt defensive about was not the length and durability of her connection to the writers of nineteenth-century domestic fiction but the overlong *absence* of that connection, prior to the entry of feminist criticism into the academy:

When I lived in that basement, however, I knew nothing of Stowe, or of the Beechers, or of the utopian visions of nineteenth-century American women. I made a reverential visit to the Mark Twain house a few blocks away, took photographs of his study, and completely ignored Stowe’s own house—also open to the public—which stood across the lawn. Why should I go? Neither I nor anyone I knew regarded Stowe as a serious writer. At the time, I was giving my first lecture course in the American Renaissance—concentrated exclusively on Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman—and although *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* was written in exactly the same period, and although it is probably the most influential book ever written by an American, I would never have dreamed of including it on my reading list. To begin with, its very popularity would have militated against it; as everybody knew, the classics of American fiction were, with a few exceptions, all succès d’estime.<sup>15</sup>

Where Douglas betrayed her scholarship by responding to the women, Tompkins betrayed her womanhood by siding with the men.

Notable in both stories is the engaging particularity and lively individuality of the speakers. They respond to the literary and sociological problems raised by Harriet Beecher Stowe in the well-trained, observant, mildly ironic, and self-confident voices that are characteristic of our educated middle class. Personal anecdotes embedded within critical discourse are a form akin to gossip in the “function of intimacy” that Patricia Meyer Spacks has described.<sup>16</sup> This means that even the rhetorical register of the stories communicates how the social legacy of sentimentalism is something that may be explored in a private, personal space between readers who are middle class and their books, which either do or do not incite them to ideas, actions, and loyalties of one sort or another. The problem of reading and responding to sentimen-

talism takes shape largely as an intimate matter, a question of the individual's training and sensitivity. It becomes, by extension, a question for us even of our own particular taste, rather than our historical positioning. The theater of operations in which the act of reading is depicted in these anecdotes as occurring and having its effect is only either private or professional life, as it is inflected by personal ambition. Alternative perceptions of the social action of literature, different class orientations, or other points of connection that map a differently organized social formation than the tightly knit circuit between the individual middle-class reader, the critical profession, the book, and the shifting vogue of the literary marketplace are not illustrated or implied. It is in both cases as if the issue of the moral stimulation of sentimentalism raises questions for a literary consciousness alone, more or less observant, more or less well educated, more or less discriminating.

## II

But this picture neglects, and the Douglas-Tompkins debate as a whole has tended to elide, the expansive, imperial project of sentimentalism. In this aspect sentimentalization was an *externalized* aggression that was sadistic, not masochistic, in flavor. The energies it developed were intended as a tool for the control of others, not merely as aid in the conquest of the self. This element of the enterprise was not oriented towards white, middle-class readers and their fictional alter egos at all, either deluded and hypocritical *or* conscious and seriously committed "to an ethic of social love," as Nina Baym characterizes the theme of domestic fiction.<sup>17</sup> Rather, it aimed at the subjection of different classes and even races who were compelled to play not the leading roles but the human scenery before which the melodrama of middle-class redemption could be enacted, for the enlightenment of an audience that was not even themselves. While sentimental pietism most certainly did "cripple" numerous ministers and lady writers, as Ann Douglas contends, and make them servants of their own oppression, it is arguable that it disabled other people more.<sup>18</sup> If sentimentalism is, as Nina Baym usefully defines it, a domestic ideal set forth "as a value scheme for ordering all of life, in competition with the ethos of money and exploitation that is perceived to prevail in American society," then those who did not have, could not get, or had been robbed of their "homes" would be, of necessity, non-participants in the pursuit of this ideal.<sup>19</sup> This fact would irredeemably dehumanize them in the eyes of those who came from "homes" and leave them open to self-hatred and pressure to alter



their habits of living in order to present themselves as if they too might lay claim to a proper “domestic” lineage in the way that the nineteenth century understood that genealogy. “In the abolitionist movement,” writes Dorothy Sterling in *We Are Your Sisters: Black Women in the Nineteenth Century*,

the black women who worked with whites were caught between two worlds. Only a generation or two removed from slavery themselves, hemmed in by the same discriminatory laws that poor blacks faced, they nevertheless strove to live up to the standards of their white associates. No one’s curtains were as starched, gloves as white, or behavior as correct as black women’s in the antislavery societies. Yet the pinch of poverty was almost always there. Light-skinned Susan Paul, an officer of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society and a welcome guest in white homes, did not tell her white friends of her desperate struggle to support her mother and her four orphaned children until she was on the verge of eviction from her home.<sup>20</sup>

It is demonstrable that the progressive educational reform movements for blacks, Indians, and immigrants in the later nineteenth century built lavishly on this kind of social disparagement, while attempting to elicit from all students a concession of the universal superiority of the middle-class, white, Christian “home” that erased the history and the recent defeat of their own alternative modes of living. In “Sparing the Rod: Discipline and Fiction in Antebellum America,” Richard Brodhead has traced that complicated interfiliation of sentimental values and educational policy at midcentury. What he terms “disciplinary intimacy” is a dense cross-wiring of “bodily correction . . . the history of home and school . . . and the field of literature” that develops in the writings of Horace Bushnell, Catherine Beecher, Mary Peabody Mann, Lyman Cobb, Lydia Sigourney, Catherine Sedgwick, Lydia Maria Child, Horace Mann, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. This set of texts sets forth an argument for the replacement of the corporal discipline of children at school and at home by an internalized model of loving, middle-class parental authority which the child would be loathe to disobey. We may think of the novel and of disciplinary intimacy together, Brodhead writes, “as being taken up inside a certain formation of family life in the early nineteenth century, [as] . . . being placed as another of those adjacent institutions (like the public school) that the middle-class family recruited in support of its home-centered functions.” “Sparing the Rod” significantly enlarges the parameters of the debate on sentimentality by recognizing the ways in which the ideology of domesticity infiltrated precisely those public institutions that are gatekeepers of social existence. But Brodhead is principally interested in pointing out how this

“theory of discipline through love had its force” (through the medium of novels) in the establishment of the middle class, rather than in the disestablishment of others. In Brodhead’s analysis, what this literature did was to supply “an emerging group with a plan of individual nurture and social structure that it could believe in and use to justify its ways.” He adds that “it helped shape and empower the actual institutions through which that group could impress its ways on others,” but this is not the history he chiefly studies. Although he recognizes its aggressive potential, Brodhead focuses on the majority: “At a time when it was in no sense socially normal the new middle-class world undertook to propagate itself as American ‘normality’; and it is as a constituent in this new creation of the normative that the complex I have traced had its full historical life.”<sup>21</sup>

Therefore, it needs to be further investigated how the fierce devaluation of the extra-domestic life implicit within the terms of this monitory framework was just as productive as the cult of domesticity, except in another way. In his elegant *Hard Facts: Setting and Form in the American Novel*, Philip Fisher has shown that the politically “radical methodology” of sentimentality is that it “experiments with the extension of full and complete humanity to classes of figures from whom it has been socially withheld. The typical objects of sentimental compassion are the prisoner, the madman, the child, the very old, the animal, and the slave.” This extension of the self is “experimental, even dangerous,” Fisher writes, convincingly, from the perspective once again of the white, middle-class critic. But mustn’t we ask, radical and dangerous for whom? The prisoner, the madman, the child, the very old, the animal, and the slave already have selves that are poised over the social void. Self-recognition is not dangerous for them; to themselves, they are not “novel *objects* of feeling,” as Fisher puts it, but *customary objects* of feeling. The extension towards them by others of newly perceived “normal states of primary feeling” can only make for bewilderment since primary feeling *is* their normal state, though its style will not necessarily match up with the new offering. The conclusion must be that the full and complete extension of “humanity” that facilitates sentimental politics is dangerous for the sentimental reader. And in addition, that it is the sentimental reader who is dangerous for his or her “novel” object, precisely *because* he or she newly discovers in that object the possibility of a primary relation to a self that has been there all along but must then be denied its history so that the discovery can be made. Furthermore, any meaningful enlargement by sentimentality of the percentage of the population who can come “inside” this magic circle still leaves behind the vast numbers who cannot qualify for entry under

moral standards determined by arbiters who remain in power. Sentimentalism encourages a large-scale imaginative depersonalization of those outside its complex specifications at the same time it elaborately personalizes, magnifies, and flatters those who can accommodate to its image of an interior.<sup>22</sup>

In the nineteenth century this construct did social work. It supplied the rationale for raw intolerance to be packaged as education. Without the background of the several decades of domestic “sentiment” that established the private home as the apotheosis of nurture, the nineteenth century interracial boarding school could probably not have existed, since it took as its mission the inculcation of domesticity in former “savages” and slaves. It is furthermore a matter of record that in at least some of these schools the Indian and black children who were the students received domestic training not as the future householders and sentimental parents they were ostensibly supposed to become but as future domestic servants in the homes of others. Such a vast institutionalized pandering to middle-class domestic labor requirements obviously extends far beyond whatever hypocrisy or naivete the single middle-class, feminized, literary imagination, working intimately on perfecting its own image, may or may not have adopted. It may be useful to speak in this connection of sentimental fiction not only as a literary genre but as a generic cultural category on its own—that is, as *the* sentimental fiction. It would designate the alliance of the double-edged, double jeopardy nature of sentimental perception with the social control of marginal domestic populations. The sentimental fiction, then, would be the myth that widespread instruction in domesticity and vigorous pursuit of social reform based explicitly and insistently on affective values were ever really intended to restore the vitality of the peoples that domestic expansion had originally appropriated.

How can we begin to reclaim this territory? To start, it should be remarked that along with the democratization of literacy, the expanded market framework, and the heightened interest in fiction characteristic of American mid-Victorian culture necessarily came the “unintended reader.” By this term I mean to identify readers who were *not* the ones that sentimental authors, publishers, critical spokesmen, or the nascent advertising industry had in mind. They were readers who read material not intended for their eyes and were affected by the print culture in ways that could not be anticipated and were ungovernable by the socio/emotional codes being set forth within the community-making forces that literature set in motion. Occasionally in the nineteenth century, although more commonly in the twentieth, the unintended reader has left testimony to the effect that such an experience of reading has had

on him or her. One such is the young Frederick Douglass whose chance encounter with a popular anthology called *The Columbian Orator*, in which he found an invaluable dialogue between a master and a slave and “one of Sheridan’s mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation,” was a piece of great good fortune “[that] gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance.”<sup>23</sup> Another is Margaret Fuller, a voracious reader of masculine texts whose classical education and intellectual appetite were carefully orchestrated by her father but contradicted the expectations and desires of her society. Reading adventurers like these, a woman and a slave, did not necessarily harbor a deluded faith in middle-class values. Literary eavesdropping could lead to stunningly vibrant political insights into the nature of class distinctions when the unintended reader compared his or her own life and even habits of reading to the situation of the reader who was deliberately being addressed. We can see from the syncopated experience of the unintended reader how the range of social practices surrounding the reading of sentimental fiction precipitated not merely class formation but class conflict. These experiences illustrate how any instrumental role played by the sentimental genres of poetry, short fiction, inspirational essays, journalism, and the domestic novel in the formation of the new middle-class self-consciousness might have a no less forceful corollary in its disregard and disorganization of the people who were displaced by the in-gathering of this new class formation, because it was against their humanity, or out of the raw material of their right to information, self-esteem, and possible life choices, that this new identity was furnished and then maintained.

In addition, as fiction supplied the increasing demand for accessories to self-absorption throughout the middle period of the century and underwrote other mechanisms of middle-class consolidation and domination such as educational theory, sentimental ideology continued to mature in power (past midcentury) even while the sentimental mode itself was waning. The last quarter of the nineteenth century has generally been avoided in studies of literary sentimentalism, which conscientiously stop around the 1870s when the production of texts is perceived to have slowed down.<sup>24</sup> But if one excludes from the theory of the cultural work of domestic fiction the afterglow of sentimentalization—on the grounds that the literary genre had by then run its course—one distorts the history of its concrete social institutionalization in schools, hospitals, prisons, etc., whose building, staffing, and operation quite naturally had to lag behind the literary imagination. This foreshortened periodization is especially ironic given

that the question of social and institutional productivity was the reason advanced in the first place for expending serious attention on the sentimental aesthetic. To begin to recover its submerged lineaments, then, it seems that a more liberal understanding of the extent and solid permanence of the consequences of the sentimental campaign must be sought.

### III

The evidence for these wider effects of sentimental fiction often lies outside of the purely literary realm or even of the material world of the middle-class sentimental reader as it has been defined and investigated by literary historians. There is a rich and largely untapped source in visual form, in the many photographs that were made during this period of black, Indian, and immigrant students and readers. These have come down to us sometimes with documentary testimony attached, sometimes with literary referents, sometimes without. Ethnic (as distinct from simply regional) writing, which began in earnest during this period, is another. Together they make it possible to envision the scene of the imposition of sentimental modalities on people who were in no sense the intended beneficiaries of domestic fiction but who were nonetheless as powerfully directed by its dictates as its most highly preferred audience. What I am suggesting, then, is the usefulness of elaborating the debate on the consequence of nineteenth-century sentimental fiction even beyond the extended borders that have come only recently, in the aftermath of the Douglas-Tompkins exchange, to seem both appropriately strenuous and natural to the subject at hand. To map the power of the word in the hands of nineteenth-century, middle-class literary women and their retinue, it is helpful not only to develop new theories of language and a fresh sense of the sociology of literature but to leave even writing itself temporarily, if strategically, behind.

Two photographs, made in the 1880s at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Hampton, Virginia by an unknown photographer, will begin to illustrate this point. The Hampton Institute was an agricultural and mechanical trade school, as well as a teacher's training school, that was founded in 1868 by the American Missionary Association and northern Quaker philanthropists. It was headed throughout much of the nineteenth century by Colonel Samuel Chapman Armstrong, who had been the white commander of the 8th and 9th US Colored Troops during the Civil War. Armstrong had a decided vision of the education of the freedmen; under his control, the Hampton

curriculum was to emphasize the trade over the academic curriculum, despite the fact that spokesmen like William Roscoe Davis, a leading black citizen in town, had called it the “height of foolishness” to teach a people who had been slaves all their lives how to work.<sup>25</sup> Originally charged only to serve the former slave population, in 1878 Hampton began admitting Indian students in keeping with the rising enthusiasm throughout the country for enforced assimilation of that part of the Indian population that had failed to vanish. Armstrong’s paternalistic approach to the school, his disciplinary policy, and his educational vision fit exactly the requirements of the new middle-class pedagogy described by Brodhead. Historian Robert Francis Engs remarks in *Freedom’s First Generation: Black Hampton, Virginia, 1861–1890* that, according to the catalogue,

the Hampton student’s life was programmed from “rising bell” at 5:15 a.m. to “lights out” at 9:30 p.m. They attended chapel twice daily. Male students were organized into a cadet corps. Uniforms were required of all male students, which was a boon to most of them as they could not afford other decent clothing. The corps marched to classes and meals: inspection of each student and his room was performed daily. Women students were not as regimented, but were as closely supervised by their teachers and dormitory matrons. The girls were taught to cook and sew, to set a proper table, to acquire all the graces that would make a good housewife—or housekeeper. Habits of neatness and cleanliness, never required of many slaves, were insisted upon for both sexes.

Colonel Armstrong himself taught a course in moral philosophy in a series of “Talks” after Sunday evening chapel, which emphasized the “practical conduct of life.” He even supported coeducation because he believed the “home aspect” of the school to be its most important function since “those on whom equally depends the future of their people must be given an equal chance,” and “the interest in schools like this is that the teacher has a far more decisive formative work to do than among more advanced races.” Engs concludes that the Hampton Institute

was to be a “little world” in which all the proper attitudes of morality, diligence, thrift and responsibility were to be assiduously cultivated. Among the factors which made Hampton unique was the school intensive program to indoctrinate its students in the proper way of life. The teachers at Hampton were educated, middle-class Northerners; naturally their concept of the “proper way of life” was the way that they lived themselves. Thus, they stressed to their pupils the need to acquire middle-class styles of behavior, perhaps more intently than they emphasized middle-class goals and aspirations.

Armstrong's own formulation of what was needed was a "tender, judicious and patient, yet vigorous educational system" for the black man. "The darky," as Armstrong habitually referred to his students, needed an experience of "tender violence" to "rouse him" from the passivity of his race. The program for Indians seems to have been oriented no differently.<sup>26</sup>

Despite its obvious constrictions and condescensions, Hampton benefited the black community in a number of ways and was very successful in the goal of equipping and certifying large numbers of Southern blacks to educate their own race. Almost ten thousand Southern black children were being taught by Hampton graduates by 1880. The outcome was dramatically different for the Indian graduates because the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the reservations to which they eventually returned made much more erratic provision for schools even than the rural South, and jobs on the reservation for trained teachers were brief and few. Indian Hampton graduates were often not employed in the field for which they had trained. Nevertheless, the Hampton administration, the trustees, and the United States government considered its Indian training program a success precisely because of its indoctrination in the middle-class, Christian, domestic lifestyle. Apparently it was a patriotic service just to intervene between an Indian and his/her tribe.

The two photographs (figs. 1 and 2) made by the anonymous photographer sometime in the 1880s were intended to advertise that capacity to intervene, for publicity and fundraising purposes. They follow the common formula of the "before" and "after" shot. (This had been a staple of Victorian charitable and educational institutions at least since Dr. Thomas John Barnardo experimented with similar sets of photographs of the street urchins taken into his "Home for Destitute Lads" in Stepney Causeway, England, in the 1870s.) The first photograph is entitled "On arrival at Hampton, Va.: Carrie Anderson—12 yrs., Annie Dawson—10 yrs., and Sarah Walker—13 yrs." The second is entitled "Fourteen months after." In the first photograph, three little girls huddle close together. They sit on a bare tile floor and lean against a wall, keeping their plaid blankets gathered closely about them. Carrie Anderson, Annie Dawson, and Sarah Walker are Indian children who have just arrived at Hampton from out West for a term of education that, given the then current thinking of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, was likely to last for several years without respite or visits home. "The policy of the Bureau of Indian Affairs [was] that Indian children would more rapidly assimilate into American society if they were kept away from the reservation for long periods of time," writes Dexter Fisher, an Indian historian and literary critic.<sup>27</sup> The children probably did not



FIGURE 1 Photographer unknown, ca. 1880s. Albumen print. "On arrival at Hampton, Va.: Carrie Anderson—12 yrs., Annie Dawson—10 yrs., and Sarah Walker—13 yrs." Reprinted by permission of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University.





FIGURE 2 Photographer unknown, ca. 1880s. Albumen print. "Fourteen months after," Hampton, Virginia. Reprinted by permission of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University.

yet know at this point how long they were likely to be separated from their families and the customs with which they were familiar, but they look glum and fairly suspicious, if not exactly frightened of their new environment. It is quite possible that they are not able to understand a single word of English. The smile has not yet appeared in American popular culture as a necessary facial arrangement for getting one's photograph made, but the deep, downward turn of the three mouths is quite pronounced even in comparison to the stoic expressions then elicited in portraits of members of all races.

The photograph is exceptional in the individuality and distinct personality it suggests for each girl. Carrie Anderson, the smallest though not the youngest, wears her blanket like a Victorian shawl; a certain angle of the head and glimmer of the eye might portend a less defensive interest in what is happening to her than the others indicate. Annie Dawson, the youngest and the tallest, has the long straight limbs of the strong, free Indian girls made famous by sentimental poets like Longfellow. Her wide eyes stare directly at the camera; her moccasined feet are held to the front, which gives her a fight/flight capability. Of the three, she seems the readiest to be openly confrontational, but she is clearly puzzled. Sarah Walker looks the least like a little white girl. Her broader cheeks and narrower forehead fit more closely her racial stereotype; perhaps, though not necessarily, she has the most Indian in her background. Whatever the genetic truth, if she retained this aspect in person it would almost certainly have distanced her somewhat from her racist white supervisors, guaranteeing an extra measure both of loneliness and of privacy. All three girls have the long plaited hair that, more than anything else, emblemized their social condition.

In the "after" photograph much has changed and much remained the same. The challenge is to figure out what has done which, and why. It is the same floor, for instance, and the same wall, but now the children sit, like civilized beings, on chairs, around a table that holds a game of checkers. Or, rather, Annie Dawson and Carrie Anderson sit. Sarah Walker is displayed standing behind the table, one hand on the back of Annie's seat and one shoulder of her white pinafore slipping down over the other arm. It is obvious that all three have been carefully posed. The spontaneous and revealing postures of the first image are long gone; they have been overridden by the imperative to dress up the Indian children in white children's outfits, place their hands upon white children's games, set their limbs at white children's customary angles. A decidedly informative balance has been achieved between the awkward symmetry of the seated figures, the rigid, standing girl, and the doll tossed into the crook of the miniature rocking chair. The picture

fairly shouts that in the most crucial respect the Indian children are just like the white doll: they are malleable to one's desires. Dressed in tightly fitting Victorian dresses with lace collars, lacking their blankets, wearing leather boots in lieu of their old soft mocassins and, perhaps most important, having had their plaits cut off and their hair arranged to flow freely down their backs like a Sir Arthur Tenniel illustration for *Alice in Wonderland*, Carrie Anderson and Sarah Walker replicate exactly the ideal image of Victorian girlhood. The only contradiction is their darkness, which one might easily pretend could have come from the underexposure of the photographic plate. Annie Dawson has somehow managed to retain a braid, but except for this she is similarly transformed.

Annie, Carrie, and Sarah simultaneously collaborate with all of this and resist. The hands go where they are told but the shoulders, heads, and eyes refuse the pantomime. The book lies on Carrie's lap like a stone or like the handwork that Huck Finn didn't know what to do with when he was masquerading as a girl. Her left hand lies across her lap, not even touching the pages that might close, except that she holds the book in a valley of her skirt that she makes by awkwardly opening up her legs. Absurdly, her right hand pretends all the while to be playing checkers. Only Annie Dawson looks at all like she could be considering the checkers game with comprehension and some authentic interest in its strategy. By a remarkable historical coincidence, it was Annie Dawson who was reported by the Hampton newspaper, *The Southern Workman*, some twenty-odd years after these photographs were taken, to be "a leader upon the reservations and in the schools. Such an one is Anna Dawson Wilde, an Arickaree, field matron at Fort Berthold, whose work among the Indian women has made for their progress in wholesome living."<sup>28</sup> The long-legged, ten-year-old girl in the blanket, balanced on a hair trigger between resistance and restraint, turned out to be able to play the game and make the system work for her when many others failed.

The second photograph was taken fourteen months after the first. In fact, the school authorities are so proud of this fact that it alone is given as the title of the image—"Fourteen months after." No longer are the children named or any information transcribed about their lives, as it had been upon entry. The important point is now only that they have successfully completed a process: they are the picture of "after." Fourteen months is a very brief time to make a change of the magnitude of this pantomimed journey from aboriginal to industrial life, and it is of this speed as well as thoroughness that the school is boasting in the photograph and its caption. Whereas many believed that the "red man"

was simply incapable of making the change to civilized life, Hampton was able to raise a great deal of money on the more enlightened premise that not only did it know how to bring this change about but it knew how to do it quickly. It is of great importance that the symbols of this change are, without exception, also the chief symbols of nineteenth-century, middle-class children's lives—hair, dress, doll, game, and book. The Indian girls are being reconstituted not just as imitation white girls but as white girls of a particular kind. They are being imprinted with the class and gender construction of the future sentimental reader. Given this, it is probably the book that is the most crucial symbol of enforced acculturation in the photograph. Ann Douglas reports that

numerous observers remarked on the fact that countless young Victorian women spent much of their middle-class girlhoods prostrate on chaise longues with their heads buried in "worthless" novels. Their grandmothers, the critics insinuated, had spent their time studying the Bible and performing useful household chores. "Reading" in its new form was many things, among them it was an occupation for the unemployed, narcissistic self-education for those excluded from the harsh schools of practical competition. Literary men of the cloth and middle-class women writers of the Victorian period knew from firsthand evidence that literature was functioning more and more as a form of leisure, a complicated mass dream-life in the busiest, most wide-awake society in the world. They could not be altogether ignorant that literature was revealing and supporting a special class, a class defined less by what its members produced than by what they consumed.<sup>29</sup>

Through teaching reading, intimates the photograph, institutions like Hampton would be able to do what the persuasive powers of the entire United States Cavalry had tried and failed: to persuade the western tribes to abandon their communal, nomadic way of life, adopt the prizes, mores, and values of consumer culture, and turn their little girls into desirable women on the middle-class commodity plan. Girls should read, wrote Lydia Maria Child, because "a love of reading [w]as an unmistakable blessing for the American female." She explained ominously, if honestly: "[Reading] cheers so many hours of illness and seclusion; it gives the mind something to interest itself about."<sup>30</sup> Now Hampton was offering Carrie Anderson, Annie Dawson, and Sarah Walker equal opportunity.

The real travesty pictured here, however, is not truly the game of dress-up, no matter how intense a matter it became for the girls and the school. It is not even the fear and the regimentation of the body that are so painful to behold. For Annie, Carrie, and Sarah were at Hampton in the 1880s because they wanted to get a white education,

they wanted and needed to be able to function in the white man's world. The ambivalence they radiate is exactly that—ambivalence—not rejection of what Hampton had to offer. Most of all, they needed to be able to read as an absolute prerequisite both for protecting themselves and their families from the legal swindles that enmeshed the western tribes and, maybe even more urgently, for gaining entry as socially recognizable beings into the new world they now had to face. Thus, the book that is placed on Carrie's lap is not simply a public relations device depicting the job the school can do. It is not even purely a logo of the respectable veneer that the school is committed to convey. In its most important aspect, that book is a promise to the girls themselves that what they have come so far and suffered so much to get will, with hard work, be theirs. Yet here is where the photograph lies. Fourteen months is not long enough for an illiterate, unintended reader even to begin to read such a book, much less to manipulate the many cultural codes it embodies. And chances were that a lifetime of reading would not be long enough to transform the social chances of an Indian in white society in the late nineteenth century. There is nothing casual about the fact of the placement of a book in the lap of the little girl. Neither is there anything casual in her perplexity about what to do with it. On one side, the callousness, on the other side, the need are beyond measure.

#### IV

Despite the fact that it underwent, and survived, a major federal investigation in 1888 on charges that its treatment of Indian students was inadequate and inhumane, the Hampton Institute was not the only or necessarily the most authoritarian of the nineteenth-century Indian boarding schools. Hampton was distinguished by being an interracial institution; indeed, it was one of the country's earliest large-scale experiments in interracial education. This, in turn, gave it a distinct atmosphere. The multiethnic composition of the student body made for the presence of a vocal, internally generated critique. In general, the black students were eager and willing to demonstrate the degree to which they could cleave to Victorian social standards and leave the imprint of their recent past behind, while the Indian students showed a greater reluctance to foresake traditional patterns. In practice this meant that black and Indian students were educated together in a program that made little distinction between the differing desires and abilities of each group, and Hampton had a continual struggle to maintain an equilib-

rium between them. The Carlisle Indian Industrial Training School in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, founded in 1879 on the Hampton model by Richard Henry Pratt (a longtime friend and former army associate of Colonel Armstrong), is perhaps the most famous of the other schools, although there were many more, both in the east and in the west, that adhered to the policy of enforced acculturation with an equal if not greater exactitude. Carlisle was a flagship school for Bureau of Indian Affairs policy; like Hampton, it was well funded, well attended, and closely supervised. But it did not have an explicit interracial factor except, of course, between its students and its faculty; the distinctions between students of different Indian nations did not reach the same level of official concern as did those between Indians and blacks. "Indians from more than seventy tribes have been brought together and come to live in utmost harmony, although many of them were hereditary enemies," blithely stated the 1902 catalogue. "Just as they have become one with each other through association in the School, so by going out to live among them they have become one with the white race, and thus ended the differences and solved their own problems."<sup>31</sup> Carlisle historian Lorna M. Malmshemer has pointed out the human implications of such an ideology. "It involved first of all an education in white racial consciousness," she writes.

The children of culturally diverse tribes had to learn that they were Indians, the very same kind of people as their "hereditary enemies." Concurrently they learned that by white standards they were an inferior race, which led in turn to the cultivation of race pride to spur competition with whites. One of Pratt's most important reasons for the development of Carlisle's famous athletic program was to prove that Indians were not inferior. Finally, they learned that the ideal white man's Indian would "become one with the white race . . . solving their own individual problems." That such problems may have required Indians to become far more individualistic than any of their middle-class white contemporaries never seems to have occurred to Pratt.<sup>32</sup>

The other schools usually enjoyed fewer material resources and a lower level of visibility and evinced more circumscribed pedagogical goals tailored to their more local identities. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to imagine that comparative shelter from the spotlight in Washington resulted in an ethos substantially different from that of the leaders. Rather, smaller and relatively more homogenous student populations probably provided less of an opportunity to stage or imagine the politics of difference. In all, the numerous Indian schools across the country (Pratt had recommended five hundred, but there were fewer than that) accounted for a major strain in the orchestration of late

Victorian Anglo-Saxon racist theory and domestic virtues into a truly national hegemony. Hundreds of easterners took jobs as teachers and administrators in the system, thousands of Indians from the western tribes, including the families of the children if and when they returned home, were exposed to their teachings, and millions of taxpayers and private donors applauded the results.

A series of remarkable autobiographical essays published between 1900 and 1902 by Gertrude Bonnin, a Dakota Sioux of the Yankton band, whose Indian name was Zitkala-Ša, or Redbird, shows the degree to which a provincial school, White's Manual Institute in Wabash, Indiana, enforced the same, or even a greater, conformity to sentimental culture, despite its distance from eastern social centers. It is essays like these, taken along with the hundreds of available photographs, that help to make plain the scope of the cultural reorganization and consolidation then underway. Lacking such supplements, it is difficult for a twentieth-century reader of nineteenth-century fiction to grasp how vast was the interlocking chain of sentimental influence and how hard people were trying on many fronts to name its multiple functions. For her part, Bonnin's writing covers so exactly the kind of situation dramatized in the before and after photographs at Hampton that it seems almost uncannily to be the experience of Carrie, Annie, and Sarah themselves, revealing what the captions hide about what they have just gone through. It is an authentic voice of the Indian's history. But it is narrated in a distinctly gendered, individualistic, emotionally luxuriant, and acculturated idiom—more reminiscent of Ellen Montgomery in Susan Warner's *The Wide, Wide World* than of the great, terse speeches by the defeated Indian chiefs of the era, such as Chief Joseph. Zitkala-Ša was one of the first American Indians to begin to write personal narrative, as well as to record some of the oral tradition of the tribes, in an attempt to preserve Indian history and what remained of Indian culture. "By the end of the nineteenth century," writes Dexter Fisher, "a written literature based on tribal oral traditions was beginning to emerge that would reach fruition in the 1960's and 1970's in the works of contemporary American Indians."<sup>33</sup> If so, it is probably some kind of unutterably triumphant index of the absolute penetration of the middle-class culture disseminated by these schools and represented by the genteel tradition in American letters that these very early writings by a Native American were suitable to be—and were—published in *Harpers* and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

When children arrived at an Indian school after the long train ride east from the reservation, the local newspapers were apt to report the event in terms like these:

About twelve o'clock on Sunday night Captain Pratt arrived at the junction with eighty-six Sioux children . . . varying in age from ten to seventeen. Their dress was curious, made of different cheap material and representing all the shades and colors. Cheap jewelry was worn by the girls. Their moccasins are covered with fancy bead work. They carry heavy blankets and shawls with them and their appearance would not suggest that their toilet was a matter of care. Some of them were very pretty while others are extremely homely. All possessing the large black eye, the beautiful pearl white teeth, the high cheek bone, straight-cut mouth and peculiar nose. The school is made up of 63 boys and 23 girls. The reason that there were more boys than girls is that the girls command a ready sale in their tribes at all times, while no value is attached to the boys. About 3000 savages assembled at the agency the night previous to the departure of the party and kept up a constant howling throughout the night. On the cars and here they have been very orderly and quiet. . . . The majority of the party are made up of the sons and daughters of chiefs. . . . The boys will be uniformed in gray material similar to that worn by the two Indians and instructors who have been here for some time. The girls will wear soft woolen dresses. (*Valley Sentinel*, 10 October 1879)<sup>34</sup>

This particularly bizarre combination of society page, fashion report, and outright racist fantasy can only be accounted for as an amalgamation of semiotic traditions plundered from the women's sections of the newspapers and the periodical press. The writer, strained beyond original expression by the idea as well as the appearance of the children, has resorted, as if by some lucky instinct, to the very traditions of sentimental domestic representation that are about to have such a major political role in the children's actual lives. But, of course, the conjunction of these terms is not arbitrary. Rather, this initial representation marks the exact social space into which the children are going to have to learn to fit. It bears only one major difference from the social space of sentimental characters. When children are torn from their parents in domestic fictions, from Charles Dickens to Kate Wiggin, it is the occasion of nearly unbearable grief; but here the same grief is not unbearable—it is, literally *unhearable*, as in the “constant howling” of “3000 savages.”

At this point, also, a photographer would make a picture of “before,” such as the one we have examined. These pictures, and the “after” shots, were collected to be sent to recruiting agents, benefactors and potential benefactors, political figures, federal bureaucrats; they were also sold as part of stereographic slide collections used for popular and family entertainment. Once, from Carlisle, an especially vivid set of three pairs was sent “as a complimentary gift to each contributor who donated enough money to ‘pay for one brick’ in a new dormitory at the school.”<sup>35</sup> The pictures were also sometimes sent to the children's



parents back home in an attempt to allay their anxiety. They were, however, unlikely to accomplish this last purpose.

## V

In her autobiographical "Impressions of an Indian Childhood," Zitkala-Ša's most vivid accomplishment is the representation of the depth of pain it caused her mother to part with her to the recruiting agents of White's Manual Institute, and her to go. She was eight years old; the missionaries promised her "all the red apples [she] could eat" and "a ride on the iron horse." Prior to their appearance, she recalls, she and her mother lived a closely united although far from simple life. Their straightforward daily routines of cooking, fetching water, sewing beadwork, watching the plants and animals around them, telling and retelling the old stories, sporting, and ministering to their neighbors were punctuated by moments of memory so terrible for the mother that they must never be spoken of. "My little daughter must never talk about my tears." Years earlier, during an enforced removal of the tribe to a remoter location, Zitkala-Ša's little sister and uncle had died, a direct casualty of the move and a constant personal reminder of the cruelty of "the paleface." Her mother had not ceased to mourn, nor was she able to feel secure where they had now made their home. Zitkala-Ša's light-hearted predictions about the future were sometimes answered by the worried proviso, "if the paleface does not take away from us the river we drink."<sup>36</sup>

Nevertheless, her life within and without the teepee was full of pleasant moments and a special kind of linguistic tenderness between mother and daughter that epitomizes the broad differences in childraising practices between the Indian tribe and the conquering white culture. Zitkala-Ša reports many incidents which convey the extraordinary forbearance and gentleness of her mother's customary use of words. To use the terms that Margaret Homans has illuminated in *Bearing the Word*, Zitkala-Ša portrays herself and her mother as inhabiting a virtually limitless domain of literal, pre-oedipal, pre-figural speech. "At this age I knew but one language, and that was my mother's native tongue." Other members of the tribe reinforced this rich, essentially linguistic security; the old ones called her "my little grandchild" and "little granddaughter." Her aunt "dried my tears and held me in her lap, when my mother had reproved me." Even the pace of speech was slow enough for many tones and the implications of many kinds of silence to be heard as people measured their requests and waited patiently for replies. The most

important social rule that the child was taught was not to impose herself upon others but to “sense the atmosphere” into which she entered. “‘Wait a minute before you invite anyone,’” her mother would caution her. “‘If other plans are being discussed, do not interfere, but go elsewhere.’”<sup>37</sup>

With their figure of the apples, the missionaries spoil this paradise and came between the mother and the child. Zitkala-Ša wanted to go with all her friends to the “wonderful Eastern land” that she had not seen, to the place of knowledge that forfeited this garden. “This was the first time I had ever been so unwilling to give up my own desire that I refused to hearken to my mother’s voice.” Yet even still, the mother was required to give her consent, and she eventually did so, apparently with all the foreknowledge that the child herself was unable to command. “Yes, my daughter, though she does not understand what it all means, is anxious to go. She will need an education when she is grown, for then there will be fewer real Dakotas, and many more palefaces. This tearing her away, so young, from her mother is necessary, if I would have her an educated woman. The palefaces, who owe us a large debt for stolen lands, have begun to pay a tardy justice in offering some education to our children. But I know my daughter must suffer keenly in this experiment.”<sup>38</sup>

Without thought, the child “walked with my mother to the carriage that was soon to take us to the iron horse. I was happy. I met my playmates, who were also wearing their best thick blankets. We showed one another our new beaded mocassins, and the width of the belts that girdled our new dresses.” The mother’s state of mind as the carriage departs is not directly represented, but that does not mean that it is simplified or slighted. Instead, too distressed to find words, the silent child mirrors the magnitude of the loss in miniature. When the little girl “saw the lonely figure of my mother vanish in the distance, a sense of regret settled heavily upon me.” She continues:

I felt suddenly weak, as if I might fall limp to the ground. I was in the hands of strangers whom my mother did not fully trust. I no longer felt free to be myself, or to voice my own feelings. The tears trickled down my cheeks, and I buried my face in my blanket. Now the first step, parting me from my mother, was taken, and all my belated tears availed nothing. . . . We stopped before a massive brick building. I looked at it in amazement, and with a vague misgiving for in our village I had never seen so large a house. Trembling with fear and distrust of the palefaces, my teeth chattering from the chilly ride, I crept noiselessly in my soft mocassins along the narrow hall, keeping very close to the bare wall. I was as frightened and bewildered as the captured young of a wild creature.<sup>39</sup>

But she wasn't, of course, the young of a wild creature; she was simply a small child who was being treated like an animal. In as much as this account is mythic, it is the self-congratulatory myth that modern Western culture has been telling itself about language since its inception: that educated speech begins when the bond with the mother is broken. With reason, then, after this "first step," the narrative turns entirely to Zitkala-Ša's accommodation to school. As a sentimental writer, she will learn her literary lessons well. On the other hand, this is not merely myth but trauma, barely achieving years later the delineation of speech. The "howling" of three thousand "savages" on another of these occasions is yet another rendition of the same literary intention: to pursue the semiotic of physical closeness and mental connection even into where the law of the great white father has made its terrible cut. It was the destiny of Zitkala-Ša as a real-live, nineteenth-century, Indian child to play out this constitutive Wordsworthian drama in the most literal of ways. It would be three years before she saw her mother and her home again.

On the train, she writes in "The School Days of an Indian Girl," further violation followed, this time not only of verbal but also of visual space:

Fair women, with tottering babies on each arm, stopped their haste and scrutinized the children of absent mothers. Large men, with heavy bundles in their hands, halted near by, and riveted their glassy blue eyes upon us. I sank deep into the corner of my seat, for I resented being watched. Directly in front of me, children who were no larger than I hung themselves upon the backs of their seats, with their bold white faces toward me. Sometimes they took their forefingers out of their mouths and pointed at my moccasined feet. Their mothers, instead of reproving such rude curiosity, looked closely at me, and attracted their children's further notice to my blanket. This embarrassed me, and kept me constantly on the verge of tears.

But by far the worst moments had to do with sound, so different from her quiet mother's world. On arrival, "The strong glaring light in the large whitewashed room dazzled my eyes. The noise hurrying of hard shoes upon a bare wooden floor increased the whirring in my ears. My only safety seemed to be in keeping next to the wall." Just at this point, the regime of sentiment made its dreadful entrance:

As I was wondering in which direction to escape from all this confusion, two warm hands grasped me firmly, and in the same moment I was tossed high in midair. A rosy-cheeked paleface woman caught me in her arms. I was both frightened and insulted by such trifling. I stared into her eyes, wishing her to let me stand on my own feet, but she jumped me up and

down with increasing enthusiasm. My mother had never made a plaything of her wee daughter. Remembering this I began to cry aloud.

Zitkala-Ša, doubtless an exceptionally pretty girl by Anglo-Saxon standards, had just become, though she did not know it yet, an ersatz Victorian child, the doll-baby of the Hampton photographer, the toy of her female tamer. It would take her many years to figure out what had happened and more to learn how to respond. At the time, all she understood was that “I pleaded; but the ears of the palefaces could not hear me.” At night when she climbed “the upward incline of wooden boxes, which I learned afterward to call a stairway,” she was “tucked into bed with one of the tall girls, because she talked to me in my mother tongue.” But to no avail: “I fell asleep, heaving deep, tired sobs. My tears were left to dry themselves in streaks, because neither my aunt nor my mother was near to wipe them away.”<sup>40</sup>

Meanwhile, no violence against her sense of personal integrity passed unreckoned. One recalls the dresses in the “after” photograph of Carrie, Annie, and Sarah with greater comprehension for having read Zitkala-Ša’s initial reaction to the school dress code: “The small girls wore sleeved aprons and shingled hair. As I walked noiselessly in my soft mocassins, I felt like sinking to the floor, for my blanket had been stripped from my shoulders. I looked hard at the Indian girls, who seemed not to care that they were even more immodestly dressed than I, in their tightly fitting clothes.” She became a bright but rebellious pupil. Sometimes she managed a small revenge that gave some satisfaction. Once, she broke a jar in which she had been ordered to mash turnips for the students’ supper. Once, after a nightmare inspired by vivid religious instruction about the danger of the devil, she scratched a hole in *The Stories of the Bible* where his frightening picture had appeared. But in general, the pain of that period was unmitigated and enduring; it eluded, she felt, even her considerable later powers of expression. “The melancholy of those black days has left so long a shadow that it darkens the path of years that have since gone by. Perhaps my Indian nature is the moaning wind which stirs them now for their present record. But, however tempestuous this is within me, it comes out as the low voice of a curiously colored seashell, which is only for those ears that are bent with compassion to hear it.” This failure, I think, is debatable, for the haunting low voice of these tales not only speaks her own story but tells the sorrow of a hundred silent pictures, of which the “before” and “after” Hampton photographs are but two. On the other hand, her voice was certainly now a “shell,” for mother and daughter were never to be completely comfortable together again.<sup>41</sup>

Clearly, by the time that she came to write these autobiographical stories, Zitkala-Ša's self-conception had been so effectively ensnared within the codes of sentiment that there was no Indian in them that was left untouched by Western codes. Even her own increasing inability to straddle the contradictions between the two societies is figured within her autobiography again and again as nothing more or less middle class than an increasing inability to *read*. To take a single instance, when she returned home on a visit:

My mother was troubled by my unhappiness. Coming to my side, she offered me the only printed matter we had in our home. It was an Indian Bible, given her some years ago by a missionary. She tried to console me. "Here, my child, are the white man's papers. Read a little from them," she said most piously.

I took it from her hand, for her sake; but my enraged spirit felt more like burning the book, which afforded me no help, and was a perfect delusion to my mother. I did not read it, but laid it unopened on the floor, where I sat on my feet. The dim yellow light of the braided muslin burning in a small vessel of oil flickered and sizzled in the awful silent storm which followed my rejection of the Bible.<sup>42</sup>

Nonetheless, even at this early point in her development, the memories she nourished of her childhood show an acute sensitivity to the devoured territory outside of reading, as well as an awareness of her mother's (in addition to her own) personal struggle and rebellion against the social renunciation exacted by submitting to the dictates of a sentimental education and to the gratuitous cruelty of those who used force to encourage her and her companions to comply. Although the moral structure and often the melancholy of the stories merge with that of the sentimental heroine, and many of the remembered incidents with those of the blond girls of popular fiction, their tendency is nevertheless iconoclastic. Unlike Ellen Montgomery, Zitkala-Ša was able to find through her tears no virtue or transcendence in the Bible, no soul sister in the kitchen where she must labor, no dashing suitor in the dazzling institutional halls. Whereas the white heroine gains much, eventually, by subscribing to a program of inspirational reading and the "tender violence" of her rather sadistic and didactic mentor, the red heroine nearly loses her health and her spiritual footing by her determined and lonely adherence to the lessons of her books.

At enormous personal cost Zitkala-Ša graduated from White's Manual Institute, completed two years of Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana, taught at Carlisle, and studied violin at the Boston Conservatory of Music. She even embarked on a literary career, writing these sketches and short fiction that spoke within and to sentimental forms. She

received reviews like the following “Persons Who Interest Us” column in *Harper’s Bazaar*:

A young Indian girl, who is attracting much attention in Eastern cities on account of her beauty and many talents, is Zitkala-Sa. . . . Zitkala-Sa is of the Sioux tribe of Dakota and until her ninth year was a veritable little savage, running wild over the prairie and speaking no language but her own . . . She has also published lately a series of articles in a leading magazine . . . which display a rare command of English and much artistic feeling.<sup>43</sup>

But following an extraordinarily successful three-year period as the beautiful and famous Indian authoress and “the darling of a small literary coterie in Boston,”<sup>44</sup> having given public, oratorical recitations of Longfellow’s poem “Hiawatha,” and having had her portrait made with her book on her lap by the famous Fifth Avenue photographer Gertrude Kasebier (fig. 3), Zitkala-Ša quite suddenly rejected the slippery pathway of white women’s style of achievement and white men’s style of praise. Forsaking New York and literature, she married Captain Raymond T. Bonnin, also a Dakota Sioux, moved to the Uintah and Ouray reservation in Utah and became, eventually, an early and pugnacious Indian activist lobbying in Washington, DC for the rights of her people.

The coming-to-consciousness that underlay this eruption is foreshadowed in the last of the early autobiographical stories (entitled “An Indian Teacher”) where Zitkala-Ša, by then herself a teacher at Carlisle, literally forsakes the pseudo-literacy of “the white man’s papers” and rebels against her years of sentimental indoctrination. Here, I think, she is finally ceasing to apply the ill-fitting model of domestication and beginning to seek another, sterner tongue. And so ends the extraordinary account of the struggle of one unintended reader who was later to become, in marked contradiction to the quiescent, feminized, and assimilationist standards in which she had been trained, a quite unintended kind of success. She writes:

In the process of my education I had lost all consciousness of the nature world about me. Thus, when a hidden rage took me to the small white-walled prison which I then called my room, I unknowingly turned away from my one salvation.

Alone in my room, I sat like the petrified Indian woman of whom my mother used to tell me. I wished my heart’s burdens would turn me to unfeeling stone. But alive, in my tomb, I was destitute!

For the white man’s papers I had given up my faith in the Great Spirit. For these same papers I had forgotten the healing in trees and brooks. On account of my mother’s simple view of life, and my lack of any, I gave her up, also. I made no friends among the race of people I loathed. Like a slender tree, I had been uprooted from my mother, nature, and God. I was



FIGURE 3 *Zitkala-Ša*, c. 1898, by Gertrude Kasebier. Platinum. Reprinted by permission of the Division of Photographic History, National Museum of American History, Smithsonian Institution.

shorn of my branches, which had waved in sympathy and love for home and friends. The natural coat of bark which had protected my oversensitive nature was scraped off to the very quick.

Now a cold bare pole I seemed to be, planted in a strange earth. Still, I seemed to hope a day would come when my mute aching head, reared upward to the sky, would flash a zig-zag lightning across the heavens. With this dream of vent for a long-pent consciousness, I walked again amid the crowds.

At last, one weary day in the schoolroom, a new idea presented itself to me. It was a new way of solving the problem of my inner self. I liked it. Thus I resigned my position as teacher; and now I am in an Eastern city, following the long course of study I have set for myself. Now, as I look back upon the recent past, I see it from a distance, as a whole. I remember how, from morning till evening, many specimens of civilized peoples visited the Indian school. The city folks with canes and eyeglasses, the countrymen with sunburnt cheeks and clumsy feet, forgot their relative social ranks in an ignorant curiosity. Both sorts of these Christian palefaces were alike astounded at seeing the children of savage warriors so docile and industrious.

As answers to their shallow inquiries they received the students' sample work to look upon. Examining the neatly figured pages, and gazing over their books, the white visitors walked out of the schoolhouse well satisfied: they were educating the children of the red man! They were paying a liberal fee to the government employees in whose able hands lay the small forest of Indian timber.

In this fashion many have passed idly through the Indian schools during the last decade, afterward to boast of their charity to the North American Indian. But few there are who have paused to question whether real life or long-lasting death lies beneath this semblance of civilization.<sup>45</sup>

In this story, Zitkala-Ša has presented as finally finished what previously, as a sentimental reader, she could not accomplish or even imagine. Her long slavish education is over; she has escaped from the schoolroom. "It was a new way of solving the problem of my inner self. I liked it." She has set herself a whole new course of reading which, it is implied, is of a different order. And her myth of origin has also undergone a subtle but crucial change: in recognizing how falsely "figured" were the students' "pages," how superfluous "their books," and how unnecessarily she has forfeited her mother, nature, and God, she renounces, at least experimentally, the treacherous dream of Western Romanticism, of restoration through literature to the pre-linguistic garden of authentic expression that, apparently, was what had been taught to her to motivate her studies and offer restitution for her loss. Newly, she can bear to recognize not only how thoroughly she has been "uprooted" but also how small were her chances this way of getting replanted in any good earth. Henceforth, in the city, armed with this perception, her clearer vision can become truly historical, for the first



time, and redemptive so that she can now “look back upon the recent past [and] see it from a distance, as a whole.” That this new center, also, will not hold is knowledge buried in the future. In her “hidden rage” she is potent and prophetic. Given the time at which she wrote, her renunciation of sentimental fiction—and that in many senses—was clearly a precondition of “real life” over “long-lasting death.” But given the time in which we now must read, the almost total disappearance from our literary history of the achievement of anti-sentimentalism in women writers like Zitkala-Ša can only propel us deeper into illusion.

By the turn of the century, the enabling partnership sketched out in the antebellum era between reading and household moral training, on the one hand, and educational and rehabilitative theory, on the other, could be taken for granted. More, it was finding an unexpectedly effective adjunct in new, state-of-the-art techniques of visual demonstration, whose verisimilitude left even the persuasive capacities of “sensational” fiction, as Jane Tompkins terms it, behind. Especially important in terms of public instruction were the related uses of the living diorama and the documentary photographic display. These exhibitionary practices had evolved since the mid-1880s from earlier, simpler forms into veritable mass-market media. They entailed prodigious feats of technological and social engineering. Native Americans, for instance, whose genocide during the nineteenth century paved the way for the *fin de siècle* “revival” of their traditions, were recruited at that time to convene a spectacular simulacrum of Plains culture known as Buffalo Bill Cody’s Wild West. Buffalo Bill toured this country and Europe regaling millions with an “educational” message about the noble defeat of the Indian way of life that rivaled any production of sentimental fiction for either righteous passion or bad faith. Filipino peasants, whose status as objects of exchange between United States and Spanish imperial forces in 1898 obliterated their own recent attempt at self-determination and overrode any vision of their suffering in American eyes, were sanctimoniously imbued with an aura of domestic exoticism, which climaxed when authorities set up a forty-seven acre reservation at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904; the reservation was populated by nearly one thousand two hundred temporarily imported tribal Filipinos, in an effort “to illustrate to the American public the islands’ rich natural resources and many native types, who had reached varying stages of ‘civilization.’”<sup>46</sup> Images of eastern European and Asian immigrants living in the tenements of New York and other major cities, whose “crime and misery” formed the subjects of “humorous or adventuresome anecdotes”

described in slide lantern shows, were exhibited to genteel native-born audiences in simulated educational “tours” of the slums led by the photographer Jacob Riis for the purpose of recalling the duty of domestic instruction and settlement house “reform” to the “benevolent, propertied middle class” of landlords, who needed to be reached (although Riis did not say this in so many words) before the immigrants themselves rose up and destroyed both the opportunity and the property.<sup>47</sup> In all these spectacles and numbers more consciousness of the social and historical reciprocity of those who see and those who are seen is effaced precisely along the lines of deflection that sentimentality entrenched.

Ann Douglas, then, was not wrong in linking Victorian domestic literary pietism causally to the depredations of mass culture but merely misguided in her animus against Victorian women as women. The women’s culture of 1820–1870 that she derides was dangerous not because it was *feminine* but because it was *racist*, just like the culture of the men. This point was often made by the black women intellectuals of the time. Successful appeal to the bipartite structure of (1) impoverishment of the sense of history and (2) purely emotional remediation that characterizes the sentimental reflex relies not only on the years of private behavioral tutoring absorbed by individual readers at the hands of the authors of domestic novels but (equally) on the predictability of the widespread cultural acceptance of that evoked response as the normative, public disposition toward the socially stigmatized. Sentimentalization is a communal, not just an individual, disposition. It expands within the group to make individual awareness in fact unlikely, just as if our whole society encouraged without comment our children blithely to play “concentration camp” or “gas chamber”—or indeed “cowboys and Indians”—in the quiet twilight streets after dinner, with Indians and Holocaust survivors alongside our fond selves to witness. As long as the arena of the sentimental encounter is imagined mainly as a private, contained, bookish, housebound space, typified either by “the basement” of Jane Tompkin’s anecdote or the figurative attic of “a legacy from my grandmother’s childhood,” as in Ann Douglas’s confession, the deeper tracings of its terrorism against non-readers and outsiders cannot be conceived.<sup>48</sup>

Sentimental “power” struck its outright victims differently from its middle-class audience. We are fortunate to have some record of the reactions of those on the receiving end of the racially instrumental side of a nineteenth-century domestic education, in both written and photographic form. From this record we can at least partially assess both the disarray produced on impact and the strategies of resistance that

appeared in its wake. In a major reconsideration of the political history of the domestic novel in England, *Desire and Domestic Fiction*, Nancy Armstrong reasons that “as the official interpreters of the cultural past, we are trained, it appears, to deny the degree to which writing has concealed the very power it has granted this female domain. It is no doubt because each of us lives out such a paradox that we seem powerless to explain in so many words how our political institutions came to depend on the socializing practices of household and schoolroom.”<sup>49</sup> How can we tell a “good woman” from another kind? What kind of house is “fit for a baby”? How should a “good woman” raise her child? Armstrong demonstrates that it is a notable feature of English-speaking culture over the past two centuries that not only has it been bent on supplying definitive, professional, and prestigious answers to these questions, but it has produced and sustained an enormous imaginative literature designed to keep the urgency of these always already answered puzzles in the forefront of consciousness. This is the tradition of domestic fiction.

But it would be imperceptive to maintain that this tradition concerns domestic matters “merely.” Since the late eighteenth century, many of the most central political engagements of our society have been shaped and even fought upon that ground, all the while passing themselves off as romantic engagements instead, private affairs of kith and kin, heart and hearth. The development of an esthetic of sentiment, therefore, is largely the story of how the values of middle-class women came to occupy both the “private women” and the “public stage” of popular consciousness, to borrow Mary Kelley’s terminology.<sup>50</sup> It is the story of how one specific social formation, composed of men as much as women, learned to use a wide variety of representations of the “good woman” to identify, enlarge upon, and then protect its interests. It is additionally, I have been arguing, the story of how such representations actively and materially empowered the many “massive” and “amazing” brick buildings where the curriculum of race was the subject of merciless indoctrination, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and reading, its vehicle.

Armstrong closes her study of the English tradition by reminding us that “if one stresses the particular power that our culture does give to middle-class women rather than the forms of subordination entailed in their exclusion from the workplace and confinement to the home . . . then there is clearly a great deal of work to do.”<sup>51</sup> It is also to be hoped that some of this work will be a corrective to the violence that we, as twentieth-century feminist reconstructionists—despite *our* instincts of

tenderness and good will—may be doing to the full story of reading, writing, and domestic fiction in the United States, for the purposes of our own partial notions of educational reform.

### Notes

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Throughout this essay I have used the term “Indian” rather than “Native American” or “tribal people” because it conforms to the usage in the nineteenth-century texts that I discuss. I am aware, however, that this is something of a compromise.

- 1 Carolyn Kay Steedman, *Landscape for a Good Woman: A Story of Two Lives* (1986; reprint, New Brunswick, 1987), 1–2.
- 2 Ann Douglas, *The Feminization of American Culture* (New York, 1977), 6–7, 11, 10, 13, 12, 13, 5, 12, 11, 256, 13.
- 3 Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 7, 13.
- 4 Jane Tompkins, *Sensational Designs: The Cultural Work of American Fiction, 1790–1860* (New York, 1985), 123, 12, 126.
- 5 Tompkins, *Sensational Designs*, 122, xiv, xvi, xvii, xviii, xiii, xvi.
- 6 Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 11.
- 7 Tompkins, *Sensational Designs*, xiv, 187.
- 8 Tompkins, *Sensational Designs*, 217 n. 3.
- 9 Tompkins, *Sensational Designs*, 200; Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 5.
- 10 Tompkins, *Sensational Designs*, xiv, 200; Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 12.
- 11 Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 9.
- 12 Tompkins, *Sensational Designs*, xi, 123 and passim.
- 13 Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 61 (ellipsis deleted).
- 14 Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 3, 4, 5.
- 15 Tompkins, *Sensational Designs*, 122.
- 16 Patricia Meyer Spacks, *Gossip* (Chicago, 1985), 5.
- 17 Nina Baym, *Woman's Fiction: A Guide to Novels by and about Women in America, 1820–1870* (Ithaca, 1978), 25.
- 18 Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 12, 11.
- 19 Baym, *Woman's Fiction*, 27.
- 20 Dorothy Sterling, ed., *We Are Your Sisters: Black Women in the Nineteenth Century* (New York, 1984), xiii.
- 21 Richard Brodhead, “Sparing the Rod: Discipline and Fiction in Antebellum America,” *Representations* 21 (Winter 1988): 70, 90–91, 76–77 (ellipsis deleted).
- 22 Philip Fisher, *Hard Facts: Setting and Form in the American Novel* (New York, 1987), 92, 99, 98, 100.
- 23 Frederick Douglass, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave* (1845; New York, 1982), 83–84.
- 24 Baym, *Woman's Fiction*, 13.
- 25 Robert Francis Engs, *Freedom's First Generation: Black Hampton, Virginia, 1861–1890* (Philadelphia, 1979), 147. William Roscoe Davis is also reported to have said that “if Negroes don't get any better education than Armstrong is giving them . . . they may as well have stayed in slavery!”; quoted in Engs, 147.

- 26 Engs, *Freedom's First Generation*, 149–50, 151, 144, 151, 145, 149 (ellipsis deleted), 151, 143.
- 27 Dexter Fisher, foreword to Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories* (Lincoln, 1979), x.
- 28 Quoted in Melissa Banta and Curtis M. Hinsley, *From Site to Site: Anthropology, Photography, and the Power of Imagery* (Cambridge, 1986), 105.
- 29 Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 10.
- 30 Lydia Maria Child, *The Mother's Book* (Boston, 1831), 86; quoted in Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 62.
- 31 *Catalogue of the Indian Industrial School* (Jamestown, New York, 1902): 4; quoted in Lorna M. Malsheimer, "Imitation White Man: Images of Transformation at the Carlisle Indian School," in *Studies in Visual Communication* 2, no. 4 (Fall 1985): 69.
- 32 Malsheimer, "Imitation White Man," 69–70.
- 33 Fisher, foreword to Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, v. Fisher's excellent work in rediscovering, republishing, and contextualizing the life and writings of Zitkala-Ša has been crucial to my own formulations.
- 34 "The Indians," in *Valley Sentinel* (10 October 1879): 5; quoted in Malsheimer, "Imitation White Man," 56–57.
- 35 Malsheimer, "Imitation White Man," 64.
- 36 Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, 41, 42, 7, 9.
- 37 Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, 39, 27, 34–35, 13.
- 38 Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, 43, 44 (ellipsis deleted).
- 39 Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, 44–45.
- 40 Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, 47–48, 49–50, 50–51.
- 41 Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, 52, 67–68.
- 42 Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, 42.
- 43 Fisher, foreword to Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, vii.
- 44 Fisher, foreword to Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, vii.
- 45 Zitkala-Ša, *American Indian Stories*, 96–99.
- 46 Quoted in Banta and Hinsley, *From Site to Site*, 18.
- 47 Maren Stange, *Symbols of Ideal Life: Social Documentary Photography in America 1890–1950* (Cambridge, 1989), 13, 16, 4.
- 48 Tompkins, *Sensational Designs*, 122; Douglas, *Feminization of American Culture*, 3.
- 49 Nancy Armstrong, *Desire and Domestic Fiction: A Political History of the Novel* (New York, 1987), 27.
- 50 Mary Kelley, *Private Woman, Public Stage: Literary Domesticity in Nineteenth-Century America* (New York, 1984).
- 51 Armstrong, *Desire and Domestic Fiction*, 255.