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Erdrich's earlier fiction. It is very much about the need to give up what we love and move on. Blue Prairie Woman refuses to give up her daughter Matilda, and pays with her own life for temporary reunion with that daughter. Klaus refuses to let his antelope wife, Sweetheart Calico, return to the open spaces, and pays the price for his selfishness by becoming a miserable alcoholic; only when he lets her go does he become free himself. Richard refuses to let Rozin go, and pays the price for holding on with his daughter's life and, eventually, with his own. Frank Shawano, on the other hand, by letting Rozin come to him of her own free will and by not insisting too much on his own needs, is rewarded with a woman he can both love and respect. In *The Antelope Wife* Erdrich refers to a sense of humor as "an Indian's seventh sense" (p. 115). It is encouraging that Frank, whose loneliness had caused him to lose his ability to laugh, regains it on his first anniversary.

Perhaps what is most new—and most welcome—in *The Antelope Wife* is the philosophical bent to the novel. The metaphor of beadwork takes us to the enigmatic core of the meaning of life and death in the novel. As the beads appear, disappear, and reappear in varying designs, we struggle with Cally to make sense of a chaotic world. How can a novel that starts with the pointless killing of defenseless Indians in a miscalculated Cavalry raid on a sleeping Ojibwa village, that proceeds through misery and near starvation and disfiguring disease and death-in-childbirth and death-by-suicide, end in love and peace and laughter? At the end Cally asks, "Who is beading us? . . . Who are you and who am I, the beader or the bit of colored glass sewn onto the fabric of this earth? All these questions, they tug at the brain. We stand on tiptoe, trying to see over the edge, and only catch a glimpse of the next bead on the string, the woman's hand moving, one day, the next, and the needle flashing over the horizon" (p. 240).

In this new novel, as not before, we sense that Erdrich herself is seeking the larger pattern in the mixed-up beadwork of human existence. We can all be pleased that one of America's finest writers continues to grow, even out of personal tragedy, that she continues to write, and that she continues to keep the sharp silver of her own pen flashing over the horizon.

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Apocalypse of Chiokoyhikoy: Chief of the Iroquois. By Robert Griffin and Donald A. Grinde, Jr. Preface by Denis Vaugeois. Laval (Québec): Les Presses de l'Université Laval, 1997. 271 pages. \$27 cloth.

The *Apocalypse* reclaims a 1777 French text from near oblivion, reproducing the original pamphlet along with commentaries on its historical, cultural, and archivist significance by Grinde, Griffin, and Vaugeois, respectively. Masquerading as an Iroquoian vision, the apocalyptic prophecy was actually a foil for a satirical critique of Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, British, and French colonial politics, ultimately advocating French support of the American Revolution.

Since I have long urged moving beyond the monolingualism so doggedly promoted by the U.S. academy, the bilingualism of the *Apocalypse* snared me immediately. Its first worth is its sheer challenge to the insularity of the literature and, especially, history departments of U.S. universities, with their tendency to elevate what the English might have said, thought, or done to the status of literature and history, while slighting—or worse, ignoring altogether—what the French, Dutch, Spanish, Seneca, Pequot, Cherokee might have said, thought, or done. The jingoism of this Anglophilia would be funny if its parochialism were not so hazardous to scholarship. Thus, I welcomed a work that underscored the eighteenth-century French and (however shakily) Iroquoian point of view.

The first portion of the work was bilingual, the French of the original pamphlet and the archival preface by Vaugeois translated into unstilted English in an arrangement both useful and inviting to scholars. Unfortunately, this approach was abandoned with the English-only commentaries of Grinde and Griffin. I recognize that a fully bilingual text would have added to publication costs, but the result would also have increased the resource value of the book. As it stands, Francophones were left high and dry midway through, although they were not the only ones to suffer. Once the text turned to Griffin, Anglophones were also in dire straits: he quoted French passages, sometimes at length, without bothering to translate them. As an experiment, I read for several pages, skipping the French as I came to it; then I re-read, French and all. The effective difference was important enough that Griffin should have translated, at least in footnotes.

The most intriguing part of this book (at least to hard-core scholars) was the original pamphlet, consisting of an “Iroquoian” vision, followed by the 1777 commentary of the unknown French author, who had unquestionably concocted the vision, himself. There can be no doubt that this mysterious author had a good sense of humor and a solid grasp of contemporary political debates. Not only was he intimately acquainted with both the cultures of the French salon and the Canadian settlements, but whoever wrote this text—and my vote is with its clandestine publisher, Fleury Mesplet—expected his readers to recognize a sophisticated spoof when they saw one.

The provenance of the *Apocalypse* was its first joke, soberly purporting to have been the vision of a fictitious Iroquoian “chief,” Chiokoyhikoy, “translated” by the author into French from a 1305 C.E. text inscribed on “*Ecorces d’arbre*” (tree bark) and kept squirreled away in an “*Armoire*” (cabinet) in a cave. The author piled up the lunacy by posing the rhetorical question—a hot topic among eighteenth-century Europeans—of whether “savages, then, have writing?” and innocently answering himself, “Until now, no one has thought so.” No one of “good sense” would even ask, he decided, pompously adding that he did not write for “*imbécilles*” (pp. 38-9). Having thus transparently wiggled past the central question, he rushed on wide-eyed to his text, in a procedural satire that neatly skewered the blithe methods of many French *philosophes*. As if all this zaniness were not amusing enough already, the puzzling vision of Chiokoyhikoy, itself a parody of Christian scriptures, was fulsomely interpreted by a parrot, an oracle the author treated as an unassailable authority.

The author's elaborate jokes extended across the text, often creeping up on a punch line in a sly manner reminiscent of Benjamin Franklin (who might have had a hand in the work). In one section, I actually laughed out loud, however unbecoming the feminist in me. After tweaking the intellectual rule of the female-led salons of Paris—comparing the ramblings of their *philosophes* to the prating of trained parrots (pp. 116–7) and bemoaning the disasters brought down by past female leaders (Eve, Balaam's ass)—the author sideswiped the arrogance of British crowing over British greatness in crying up the ease of their 1776 victories, the superiority of their military, "*l'habileté de Mrs. Howe ...*" ("the cleverness of Mrs. Howe"), wife of the commander of British forces in 1776 (pp. 148–9).

The vision itself was presented in terms familiar to readers of the Book of Daniel or the hair-raising Revelations of John of Patmos. Its superficial similarities to Iroquoian traditions were, however, sufficient for the readers of Mesplet's time, Indian buffs who devoured the sensationalized *Jesuit Relations* whole and were particularly titillated by Native visionaries. That Chiokoyhikoy's vision should so neatly have fulfilled European expectations of one (Native death and millennialist calamity); that it should furthermore have involved the fates of the main *invaders* of America, leaving the Iroquois bit players in their own prophecy; and that the revelation should have promoted what I call "Monster Vision"—the we = humans/they = monsters mentality of Europe so crucial to its colonialist enterprise—gave no one pause at the time.

The ridiculously precise vision also allowed the author to satirize the seer craze so popular among the idle affluent of Europe, the New Agers of their time. Worse, from the devout Christian point of view, the text accorded a "heathen" dream vision naïve reverence, treating it as the Iroquoian equivalent of Christian revelation. This last spoof helped get the work proscribed by the Catholic Church (pp. 15, 29), as did repeated, reverential tributes to "the great Oka," whom the author brazenly contended was "*ce que nous appellons Dieu*" ("what we call God," pp. 66–7, 134–5). Oka—a misrepresentation of *uki*, one half of the Iroquoian *uki/othon* interplay of positive and negative spirit forces—was construed as the Satan, not God, by French missionaries and church officials.

I had a mixed reaction to the modern commentaries. Within his field of colonial-Iroquoian relations, Grinde cannot be beat. His historical contextualization of the *Apocalypse* was well presented, particularly in its exploration of the work's actual authorship and the political pressures of the Revolution that inspired it. Also absorbing was his discussion of the missionaries' bark books and their popularity among assimilated Iroquois. Both discussions could only expand appreciation of the significance of the text. Griffin likewise spoke with erudition in his areas of expertise, literature and European conceptualizations. His reconstruction of the Euro-debate on Ig/Noble Savagery and his deconstruction of Monster Vision were valuable.

Would that Griffin had stopped there, for when he turned to Native American cultural concepts in his discussion of mythology, he displayed all the dangers of a *little* knowledge. It never ceases to amaze me that people who

would never dream of stepping out of literature to write for publication on chemistry or Chinese grammar feel perfectly comfortable day-tripping through Native American studies, as if there were no established discipline there.

I shuddered every time he used "Huron," an archaic French slur term meaning "pig-haired lout," not "Wyandot." Beyond words, Griffin mixed and matched elements of utterly unrelated Native cultures, an approach impatiently eschewed by scholars in Native studies and one that has not been respectable in Euro-dominated ethnology for at least twenty years.

Worse, instead of acknowledging that superficial similarities between Iroquoian and European spirituality were accidental, not revealing, Griffin intellectualized Native meanings in terms of European values and images in a damaging process I have elsewhere dubbed "Euro-forming the Data" (*Debating Democracy*, Clear Light, 1998). Iroquoian imagistic content is simply not comparable to Christian revelatory mythology.

Yes, comparisons of Chiokoyhikoy's vision to European sources *were* appropriate, but *not* because "visions" transcend culture. It was because the *Apocalypse* was never authentically Iroquoian in the first place. It was always the European product of a French mind working from a Christian base. The broad use to which birds, serpents, water, etc., were put in the *Apocalypse* showed only that the author was vaguely aware of such figures of Iroquoian speech, not that his use of them was invested with genuine Native meaning. As Grinde conceded (after wasting several pages on the matter himself), the value of *Apocalypse* lay "not in ethnological 'correctness'" (p. 204).

On the contrary, the value of the *Apocalypse* is in its window onto a uniquely French view of colonial politics circa 1777. Its hilarious satire of the parrot-sophes and mesmerizers of the Parisian salons was, alone, worth the reading time, but its unequivocal articulation of what invasion meant for Natives—Euro-visited death and destruction—is what merited special scrutiny. It bespoke a consciousness of European culpability for genocide that I found more telling than any pseudo-Indianness in Chikoyhikoy's vision.

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Dissonant Worlds, Roger Vandersteene Among the Cree. By Earle H. Waugh. Waterloo, Ontario, Canada: Wilfred Laurier University Press, 1996. 344 pages. \$24.95 paper.

Dissonant Worlds reviews the life and ideas of Roger Vandersteene (1918-1976) a Flemish missionary among the Cree in sub-Arctic Canada. From 1946 to his death in 1976 the Oblate priest sought to unite Cree tradition and Roman Catholicism. To describe Vandersteene's vision, his attempt to create a church "fashioned out of Cree tradition rather than adding a little Cree tradition to Christianity" (p. 4), biographer Earle Waugh uses the word *interstitial*. Professor of the history of religions at the University of Alberta and author of