



FRACTURED HISTORY IN LOUISE ERDRICH'S TRACKS

Mr.R.Kaliyaperumal

PhD, Research Scholar, Department of English, Annamalai University, Annamalai Nagar, Tamil Nadu.

Louise Erdrich (1954) is one of the predominant Native American writers of the previous fifteen years and one of the most comprehensive and promising novelists of any heritage now working in the United States. Her fiction has received many awards and has attracted a loyal readership among lay as well as academic readers. Erdrich's ability in developing and constructing fictional characters is a primary part of her success as a creator. She will fruitfully be in comparison with William Faulkner, who peopled the imaginary Yoknapatawpha County in Mississippi with a rich form of men and ladies of a couple of races. Similarly, in what we would call the Matchimanito saga of her first five novels, Erdrich has created imaginary vicinity established round her fictional North Dakota reservation, whose heart is Matchimanito Lake, and peopled it with a assorted staff of men and women of white, Indian, and blended-blood heritage.

Erdrich's inconvenience in fleshing out this valid endeavor is indicative of a crisis: the immeasurability of making standard history in a postmodern, post representational period. It gives off an impression of being epistemologically sincere today to place stock in the vicinity of a past to which a historian or fiction writer has unmediated access. Basic in the poststructuralist improvement, language and linguistics have not recently provoked distrust concerning access to the past furthermore influenced an open consultation about whether historical narratives can be target representations or are (basically) subjective improvements of a general public's conviction frameworks. Taking after Lacan, Saussure, and Althusser, obvious poststructuralists have without hesitation or thoughtfulness verified the textuality of history- -that there is no prompt access to the past, simply plan of activity to messages about the past. For sure the truths of history are inherent language, as Barthes observes the Discourse of History : "It turns out that the only feature which distinguishes historical discourse from other kinds is a paradox: the 'fact' can only exist linguistically, as a term in a discourse, yet we behave as if it were a simple reproduction of something on another plane of existence altogether, some extra-structural 'reality'"(Nancy 9).Likewise deconstructing the linkage of history and the real, Derrida shows in *Of Grammatology* the degree to which dependability is associated with creating: "Before being the object of a history- -of an obvious science- -making opens the field out of history- -of chronicled becoming"(Derrida 28). And some place else in *Of Grammatology*,Derrida makes the now famous decree "there is nothing past the substance," which exhibits to a couple of perusers a radical ontological and epistemological suspicion that effects the world always flawless fiction, with no referential association with events of the past. In the light of this social educated heading, which significantly destabilizes history, it is no huge amazement that Erdrich contemplated the difficulties and possible results of telling a historical story.

Getting away from history, regardless, is grand design not available to the people who have never been in it, as Diana Fuss observes. Object troubles White's position by hawkishness that "[s]ince women as historical subjects are rarely included in 'History' to begin with, the strong feminist interest in forging a new historicity that moves across and against 'his story' is not surprising." (Nancy) The same case can be made in light of a legitimate concern for diverse social affairs that have been conventional historical accounts -Native Americans, Asian Americans, African Americans, Latinos and Latinas, and so on. Without a doubt, the heap of history is extraordinarily assorted for researchers from such social events since a nonappearance of certain representations can be as troublesome as an excess. For writer, for instance, Erdrich, an area Chippewa woman, the chronicled setting of America has often been exclusionary- -a monologic story of male Anglo-American progress that creates others as people without history. Creating history (as certain books and in diverse structures) has thusly transformed into one way for belittled society to counter their impalpability. Be that as it may at the definite moment when they are making their own specific records of the past, the probability of forming history seems to have been able to be out-dated.



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Writers like Erdrich thusly defy a vexing plan of issues: unrepresented or contorted in conventional historical narrative, they make their own particular stories out of the past just to observe that they must find an alternate system for affecting the world always, a strategy forging a new historicity," in Fuss' terms. Erdrich moves toward an alternate historicity through the novel.

For Native Americans, area was the birthplace of life, the wellspring of force, and the home of their hereditary sprits. Louise Erdrich's *Tracks* was the record of this area losing process and results and impacts of it. Yearning, apprehension, avarice, childishness, loss of force, and broken personality were all the consequence of this excruciating misfortune.

“I know about law. I know that ‘trust’ means they can’t tax our parcels.”
He [Damien] shook his head now, unwilling to deliver what he had to tell.
Nector jumped in and said what poor Damien found difficult.
“If we don’t pay they’ll auction us off!”. (174)

As Larson clarified, “in spite of that fact that the land was held in trust for Indians by the federal government, the states and others could step in and claim it under certain circumstances” (6). "The states and others" were the individuals who looked for benefits in this area managing business. Subsequently, not just did the administration urge them to pay charge, however the industrialist association wanting to construct a resort alongside lake Matchimanito additionally undermined their inhabitancy. The twofold dangers constrained numerous Native individuals to at last surrender their property.

Another method for the area getting technique was the administration’s interest through misleading, “ There were so few of us who even understand the writing on the papers. Some signed their land away with thumps and crosses” (99). The authorities exploited the guileless individuals’ absence of education, making them transfer ownership of the area without an expression of clarification of what the paper was for and what the results of signing would be. The Indians lost their property for the reason they didn't comprehend when, and even after, the time they lost it.

Hence, on account of the vast entirety of area relinquish, the Indians endured craving as it were. Larson started that “[w]hen the Indian people were coerced into giving up their land , it was at a time when they were literally at the point of starve to death in an environment that provided few alternative means of survival to the hunting culture that was destroyed” (6). Local individuals depended a ton ashore for sustenance; thusly, once the common supporting spot for nourishment was obliterated or taken away, tribal individuals lost their "tracks" to discover nourishment, or they basically had no spot to get it. The issue of appetite penetrated this novel as to cabin a challenge against the administration's adventure. Not just did Nanapush, Margaret, Fleur, Lulu, and Eli starve, yet all the tribal individuals did also. “People stood on ice for hours, waiting, slapping themselves, with nothing to occupy them but their hunger and their children’s hunger”(130).

Accordingly, Native individuals couldn't however depend on proportion to stay alive. Yet the proportion was really a trade for their territory, which was not for the most part known for the Indians:

The day the rations arrived, we knew that one of us would have to go into town and register for food with the Agent, yet nobody moved. We let our weakness overcome us n [. . .].
Then he pulled out the annual fee lists and foreclosure notice sent by the Agent and showed us how most families, at the end of this long winter, were behind in what they owed, how some had lost their allotments . We traced the list until we found the names we sought-Pillager, Kashpaw , Nanapush. All were there , figures and numbers , and
All impossible . We stated out feeling at the amounts due before summer. (172-73)



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The sums that they owed the administration shocked them. It was not until this minute did they at last perceive that "snare" the legislature held out to trap them. Nanapush called attention to out ahead of schedule in this novel, "We stumbled toward the government bait, never looking down, never noticing how the land was snatched from under us at every step" (4). The government set the cost of the proportion so high that it was past what the Indians could manage. Along these lines, Native individuals had no real option except to comply with the "law", they either worked amazingly difficult to acquire the obliged aggregate, or they could do only offering the area. Now and again, hunger drove their brain feeble that they sold their valuable area for just an unequally little measure of sustenance. "Starvation ma[de] fools of anyone. In the past, some had sold their allotment land for one hundred poundsweight of flour" (8).

In this area lossing process, the Euro-American thoughts of private property and the pessimistic piece of the industrialist attributes, ravenousness and childishness, started to flourish in the more youthful Indian era's brain, which expanded the torment of the entire tribal individuals. Previously, for the Indian, "their tribal traditions, languages, ceremonies, stories create a relation to this land that [was] unmatched by others" (Weaver 46). Nanapush also "announced, [I] and [was] the only thing that lasts life to life" (33). As such, land gave everything extending from the physical to the profound. The Indian life interlaced hard with the wide earth. Land itself was a creature. It was literally nothing to be sold. Notwithstanding, for the white people, they added to no such "close connection" with area; land for them was simply a bit of motionless property which was replaceable and buyable. It was there for human utilization, for private occupation, and for picking up benefit. What's more, the free enterprise white individuals additionally brought with them the ideas of cash and profit and squeezed them on the psyche of Indians by "purchasing" their property. "We're offered money in the agreements, cash for land" (98). Thus, the reasons for alarm of losing their territory, of venturing far from "their tribal traditions, languages, ceremonies, and stories" (Weaver 46) and of deserting their cause of life were secured by the clunking sound of cash. "Doller bills cause the memory to vanish, and even fear can be cushioned by the application of government cash" (174). Though loads of Indians sold their property off out of lack of awareness, in the same way as other "old Chippewas [who] did not know how to keep [their land]" (63), yet there were other people who sold it as a result of their covetousness for money.

Besides, with the expanding control of the white individuals on the Indian land, one of the changes that made the "old time Indians" (180) mourn was that the area got from the hand of tribal individuals turned into the private ownership of the Euro Americans. "My concern was the lapping pink, the colour of the skin of lumberjacks and bankers, the land we would never walk or hunt, from which our children would be barred" (174). In the old times, had never happened to them that they were "banned" from voyaging anyplace before the white intrusion. Then again, as the homing of the Euro-Americans, the "mutual area" vanishes little by little. The idea of "area ought to be private property" debased the Indian mind as time passed by. Some of them got to be forceful and insatiable when there were chances to claim a parcel:

My [Nanapush's] old home and fragment of land had stood empty and foreclosed upon for less than a month when a pack of Lazarres moved in and hung their mission clothes out the windows. (184).

The Indian monetary surroundings were imperiled, Native individuals confronted the problem of either sparing their own property and endeavoring to pick up cash or staying before, thinking back the wholeness on the planet and compounding their current condition, actually starving to death. Under these circumstances, childishness appeared to be need for their survival. Besides, the white government's and entrepreneur organizations' tricky and possessive approaches to the Indian area exhibited how for self-centeredness could go. Therefore, some of the Indians "scholarly" to item and profit just themselves and grabbed each open door protecting just their property, paying little mind to the scrape and torment of their people:

In a weak, with their cleanliness, her methodical handwriting, and her way with sums, she had found a way to save her land. In spite of the first consumptive signs in her lungs, Bernadette kept house for



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the Agent, recognized his property records, and mailed debt announcements to every Indian in arrears.(179).

Like the Lazarre, Bernadette's musing was acclimatized into the predominant standard, that it was underestimated that an individual ought to have his/her own private property in survival, that the mutilated identities of avarice and self-centeredness were worthy, and that there was no compelling reason to consider “the well-being of one’s people” (Weaver 109).

Notwithstanding being acculturated into the standard philosophy, a percentage of the experienced character emergency. “In the Chippewetraton the mother [wa]s not merely one’s biological parent; she’s all one’s relations (male and female, human and animal, individual and tribal); she [was] connected to the earth” (Tanrisal 68). For Native Americans, the earth was weaved as a mother figure. Consequently, it was troublesome for them to completely cut themselves from their property. Additionally, Indians had the traditions of covering their diseased relatives on their country. Their parentage was sticking to the earth. Weaver affirmed, “When Natives [we]re removed from their traditional lands, they [we]re robbed of more than territory, they [we]re deprived of numinous landscapes they [we]re central to their faith and identity, lands populated by their blood relations, ancestors, animals, an beings both physical and mythological. A kind of psychic homicide [was] committed” (43). This "psychic crime" brought about the lost feeling of having a place and broken character. In their personalities; their ancestral spirits would be scattered, and they would be betrayed “it was then they my relatives and friends took final leave, abandoned me to the living” (220).

Under these circumstances, the Indian attitude encountered challenges. The old ones, who had been supported by the mother earth and the Indian traditions sufficiently long, picked up quality to battle back. They dissented not just in the method for protecting their own custom, yet in the better approach for experiencing governmental issues. “For I did stand for tribal chairman, as you know, defeating Pukwan in that last year. To become a bureaucrat myself was the only way that I could wade through the letters, the reports, [...] to [...] draw you home” (225). Nanapush exploited governmental issues to make Lulu home, showing her their tribal conventions through the old method for narrating to safeguard their way of life.

A percentage of the more youthful ones displayed diverse responses toward the predicament of this loss of area. They either struck to the old traditions and propensities yet had not increase enough quality to stand firm, or they brought with them the broken character and the lost feeling of fitting in with join the white. In spite of the fact that Fleur distinguished herself with the tribal convention, she was “beaten down”(Larson 11). By the disappointment she could call her own energy, which was the aftereffect of the trepidation of “the uncertainties of facing the without land to call home” (187).

Because of her young age. Fleur did not sufficiently ingest sustenance from the mother earth and created sufficient certainty to the way of life, therefore “She staggered now beneath the burden of a life she was failing to deserve” (178). Nanapush once gave his remark right on time in the novel, “She was too young and had no stories or depth of life to rely upon. All she had was raw power [...]” (7). In this manner, at last, when she lost her property to the eager specialists and the industrialist timber organization , she couldn't help succumbing to the white command, abandoning her country and family, and sending her girl, Lulu, to the white men's life experience school.

Uniquely in contrast to Fleur, Pauline looked to recoup her broken personality by changing over to Christianity“ If I did forsake Jesus in His extremity, then He would have no other choice but to make me whole” (195). She utilized each conceivable means tormenting her so as to sanitize, to cleanse herself of her "Indianness" in the trust of building a sound personality in the predominant white society. In her pipedream of God, she hoodwinked herself into accepting that she was not in any manner an Indian “I was not one speak of Indian but wholly white” (137).



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She thought she could recapture her entire personality through denial toward oneself and anecdotal picture. Yet, however hard she attempted, all she got were a more misshaped attitude and a tormented body “How many days of purgatory? How many days of joy? Gad measured the latter with a teaspoon into my life (151).

Pauline's misery was one of the extremes among Native individuals. She fancied to be cherished and to be imperative in the white-barged in and white overwhelmed area. At last, she even left her name and received another one, Leopolda, which was named by the sisters in the cloister. She thought she was "reborn" along these lines without imagining that her character was Infact everlastingly broken without an approach to return.

“ Our land is our strength, our people the land, one and the same, as it always has been and always will be”(Weaver 109). Local American society connected firmly to the area under their feet. In this way, the American government's and the entrepreneur associations' expelling them from their territory misleadingly and intriguingly was similar to cutting their umbilical string from their mom. They inescapably lurched and fell. The disappointment and dissatisfaction they had experienced rolled out them endure extraordinarily and improvement a great deal. They starved and dreaded, they felt deceived, they get to be ravenous and egotistical, they lost their certainty, and their personality was broken down. Succumbing to or occupying into the prevailing white administration were not the most ideal path for them to continue. Toward the end of this novel, through the character Nanapush, Erdrich educated us that just by grasping the tribal custom and using the method for the white world could the Indians stand firm to battle against the sufferings triumphantly.

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