Reading from Experience:
Toward an Ethnography of Reading at Tulalip Today

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Introduction

Snohomish storyteller Martha Lamont told a story that Leon Metcalf, who tape-recorded it from her in 1953, called "Crow with Seagull Slaves Looks for a Husband." About ten years later she told it again to Thom Hess (Lamont 1991), and there exist in typed versions at least two English-language analogues, one about a Grouse girl told by Harriette Shelton Dover (Rygg) and one about the human figures depicted on the Totem Entrances to the Tulalip Reservation set up in 1940, each one consisting of a canoe carrying a girl and her two slaves held up across the road by two poles (Hatch).

In Martha Lamont's 1953 story, Crow has never been married. The way Martha tells it, she just takes it into her head one day to go and snag herself a certain well-to-do young man.

ʔiʔistaʔəb tsiʔiɬ ƛaʔƛaʔ:
dxʷqaləp tsiʔiɬ ƛaʔƛaʔ.

huy gʷəl abs(s)tudəq tsiʔə ƛaʔƛaʔ ʔə tiʔəʔ qyuuqʷs.

huy ƛuʔuǩʷ tsiʔiɬ stadeyʔ ƛ(u)absčisčtxʷ dxʷʔal kʷədi diʔiʔ bədaʔ ʔə kʷi xʷčiɬqs
siʔab, cicǩʷ siʔab ——
qa(h)aɬ tala gʷəqa(h)aɬ talaʔs
tiʔə bədaʔ ʔə kʷi xʷčiɬqs [. . .]
huy cutəxʷ tsiʔəʔ ƛaʔƛaʔ, ƛubəxʷ čəd ʔuʔuǩʷəxʷ. xʷiʔ gʷəƛuǩaƛtub ʔə kʷi cədiɬ.
xʷiʔ kʷi gʷat gwəkʷədxʷ.
huy ʔuǩʷəxʷ tsiʔəʔ ƛaʔƛaʔ gʷəl cutəbəxʷ cədiɬ dˢəɬ kʷi gʷəkʷədxʷ kʷədi siʔab, tsiʔəʔ ƛaʔƛaʔ.

This is how it was with that Crow:
That Crow had never been married.

Now, she had some slaves who were seagulls.

And this young lady Crow was going to go and get a certain man to be her husband, the son of someone named xʷčilqs,
a man wealthy and well-known —

a lot of money, whatever amount of money he had,
this son of xʷčiɬqs . . .
So now Crow said, "I'd better get going. This man doesn't seem to have his heart set on anyone, and no one seems to have gotten ahold of him yet."
So now Crow goes around thinking of herself as just the person to get ahold of a wealthy man like this one.

As we know from the ethnographic literature about Puget Sound and regions nearby, as well as from the recollections of elders, this is not the way for a young lady to come by a husband of good family. Setting off unchaperoned except for her slaves would destroy her ability to gain the regard of an eligible young man's family: and in Crow's day prestigious marriages were arranged by the families of the young people.

But Crow even goes along singing a song about her behavior:

ləbəqixʷqixʷ kayəyəʔ [. . .]
dxʷʔal ti bədaʔ ʔə xʷəyaliwəʔ, xʷəyaliwəʔ

"Crow's going around husband-hunting . . .
(Going) in the direction of the son of xwəyaliwəʔ"

(We are not sure why the story says her husband-to-be is xʷəyaliwəʔ and the song says he is the son of xʷəyaliwəʔ.)

Perhaps this song is a parodic power song, a blueprint of how not to do something that will help her achieve success as she sets about doing it wrong.

As she goes along, various young men deck themselves out in their finery and come down to the shore hoping to be the one Crow will chose. Crow orders the slaves to take the canoe in so she can look each young man over – she seems to have no idea where he lives or what he looks like – and the slaves are the ones to recognize each time that whoever it is is not the right one. Thereupon, Crow orders them to shove off, and she shouts insults at the rejected suitors, perhaps to mask the fact that if she were left to her own devices she wouldn't know enough to have rejected them. If the hopeful young man has prepared himself a certain way to win her heart, as Raccoon does by painting his face, Crow directs her insult toward these preparations:

ʔəƛ ləǩalus tiʔəʔ ʔacəc ləxʷliq̓ʷus tiʔəʔ stubš.
ʔəxʷscutəb diɬ gʷədəxʷǩaƛildub ʔə tsiʔəʔ ƛaʔƛaʔ; gʷəl xʷiʔ ləcədiɬ.

huy cucutəxʷ tiʔəʔ qyuuqʷs: "ƛal mələliʔ
ǩal bələliʔ, ləliʔ
bələliʔ, bələliʔ"

"čagʷustxʷ ɬi ʔə tə gədu? —— cədiɬ dˢəɬ kʷi cəxʷʔudəxʷʔah, əxʷbalgʷusus."

He comes onto the beach marking his face, this man with the painted face.

He thinks of himself as just the person Crow might fall in love with; but no, it won't be him.

For the seagulls all call out: "Once again, not the right one,
Still not the right one, right one,
Not the right one, not the right one!"

"Shove off, you slaves! Away from that jerk – as if I'd come here on account of someone like him, that Scribble—Face!"

His self-delusion, "think[ing] of himself as just the person Crow might fall in love with," is signalled by the verbal parallelism with the storyteller's comment about Crow's good opinion of herself ("[she] goes around thinking of herself as just the person to get ahold of a wealthy man like this one"). In all, twelve suitors are investigated, rejected and insulted before Crow gets to x^{w}čilqs' longhouse. In other stories, indulging in insults like this can be fatal to young woman. Harriette Shelton Dover's Grouse girl says, "What makes you think I'd marry an ugly old thing like you?" and gets shot. The lesson that Mrs. Dover draws from the story, that beautiful girls shouldn't be mean and selfish, was reinforced in the Shelton household by the rule that girls should not eat pheasant or grouse. [The connection between the rule and the story was made by Mrs. Dover in her own mind as a child, not explicitly by her Grandmother, who enforced the rule (Rygg, 52-54).] But Crow seems to thrive on her insult-making and is rewarded for her behavior at the end.

Finally, Crow sees someone else coming down to the water's edge. There are a lot of houses over there where he is coming down. The audience and the seagulls know who this is before Crow does: "It's him, it's him, it's him, it's him, it's him, it's him, it's him, it's him, it's him," the seagulls point out to her. x^{w}čiłqs spreads a mountain-goat wool weaving from the canoe all the way up to the house for the bride to walk on. His wealth is again noted in a statement that echoes the one about his money at the beginning of the story:

hik^{w} ʔàlʔal g^{w}əstabəs ʔalʔal tiʔiɬ ʔalʔal ʔə tiʔiɬ x^{w}čiłqs.

a big house, whatever kind of house it was, that house of x^{w}čiłqs.

I

In the course of working on a transcription of the story from the Metcalf tape, we often discussed with Marya's family this story along with the version of it told to Thom Hess ten years later. From these discussions there emerged a clear sense of the cognitive dissonance between the storied world of opportunity for Crow in her youth and the remembered hard times women faced in the years when the storyteller and the oldest member of her audience today were young. According to what people remembered, it seems that during the early part of this century most women could find their way to a marriage of choice only by breaking up previous marriages, abandoning children or being left by husbands. The Crow story contests not only the ethnographic record with its appeal to precontact custom, but people's current sense of what their relatives' experiences were. We came to feel that the best audience for the Crow story would come to the account of her entrepreneurship with words such as these sounding in their ears: "Do you remember when they sold Georgina's grandmother to the man from La Conner?" "Yeah, he give a horse and wagon for her; that was a lot in them days."

In what follows all the personal names (as well as Georgina's above) are fictitious, except for those of the authors of this article and the storyteller. The passages headed with Marya Moses' name have been edited by her from transcripts of tape-recorded discussions; the passages headed with an asterisk or enclosed within square brackets were drafted by Toby Langen and co-edited with Marya Moses, and the passages headed with her name were written by Toby Langen.

Marya Moses

[Marya Moses married in 1928 at the age of seventeen. Her husband came from the Sauk River region, up in the mountains, and she went there to live with him and her in-laws. When she arrived there, some young men began to tease her about another marriage, one in which the arrangements had been made by the bride's parents, in which a much older man had gotten a young wife from Tulalip.]

I heard them — there were a bunch of young fellows when I first got up there about 66 years ago, 67 —— they were all laughing, and they said," I guess we'll have to wait until we're old men before we get a young girl." They said, "How do you like that, them old men get them girls?" Walter was about ten years older than me.

But they were really referring to long ago, before even that [1928] time. Maybe over a hundred years ago. The girl would bayʔsx̌əb (have her first period) and they'd put her with this old man. Not any man, someone who would be a good provider.

And I said, "Why did they put a young girl with an old man?"

And they said, "To prevent her from going boy-crazy."

Not in our day, now. That was in the old days. They were just kind of joking about it up there.

But to go up to Sauk River in those days [1928] was like going back two hundred years. Now, when I got up there, women — my mother-in-law, sisters-in-law -- didn't eat at the table with the men; they waited until the men got through. Down here at Tulalip our men treat us equal. You sit with them. So I went and sat with the men at the table. I said to my mother-in-law, "Aren't you going to eat?" But I didn't know. When I did catch on, I said, "I've got a stomach too, not only you folks. And I get hungry too, so I'm going to eat." I wouldn't change.

At gatherings, the women did sit with their husbands. They were called to the table by couples according to rank.

The women didn't look around and talk to the men, they just sat back. Being up there was just like going back two hundred years. Long ago, the girl had no say in her marriage. Now, this didn't apply to every family. It was among the people who had higher standards for themselves. They lived a little bit better, not meaning they came from chiefs, but they were above the average. Now, they would notice a girl when she just bayʔsx̌əb. If the girl was trained by the family to be a good worker, to make baskets or cook and to behave (you stayed back quietly), then the boy's family would pick a friend of the family that was known for his eloquence to go and speak to the girl's family. This friend would tell them what a fine young man he was, what skills he had, how he could be a help to the girl's family. Then they would offer gifts to that family, a horse or whatever they had. And the girl's family could accept it or reject it. But usually they always felt it was kind of an honor, I imagine, to be selected, so they accepted the gift.

The way they would recognize the marriage would be with a gathering. They would have the couple stand up, and they would feed the people. That's one way.

There are others. Willard tells me that when he took Francine, he built a fire. She was not to accept it right away; she was to kick it and put it out. Then he was to build it again, in front of all those

people. That's a different way; I can't really talk on that.

But I think the way they recognized a marriage then was most often a big gathering. They would feed the people -- not fancy, just whatever they had: fish, berries, dried berries, dried salmon, deer meat, ducks, clams, according to the season. If there was food left over, they'd distribute it. Ladies would wrap it in whatever cloth they had and take it home.

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Ten years after telling the Crow story to Leon Metcalf, Martha Lamont offered a sort of commentary on it in remarks she made in the early 1960s on the traditional upbringing of Snohomish children (Lamont 1963). This was only a few days before telling what has been called "The Marriage of Crow" (Lamont 1991), a revision of the Crow story that takes it from the realm of light satire to the realm of cultural credo. (For a discussion of "The Marriage of Crow" see Bierwert 1991; for a discussion of the revision see Langen, forthcoming.) In her remarks on the upbringing of children, Martha Lamont values the arrangement of a good marriage equally with the training of youngsters for the spirit quest as a way for parents to ensure a happy life for their children. Arranged marriages, according to Mrs. Lamont, grow out of a long-standing regard that the parents have had for each other's families, as well as from careful observation of the prospective bride and groom as they have been growing up. Community life makes this careful planning and observation possible. All of these elements of the well-conducted marriage process are missing from "Crow with Seagull Slaves Looks for a Husband" and yet, despite doing everything wrong (or, perhaps, living as if she were two or three centuries ahead of her time), Crow evidently ends up with the best husband any parent could want for their daughter.

The story, lightheartedly revolving around its central irony of undeserved success, seems to have had great appeal for women of Martha Lamont's generation and of the one following it, the generation of Marya Moses. In the decades around the turn of the century, when Martha Lamont was a young woman, the community structures that made the traditional arrangement of marriages possible had all but broken down. In the late 1920s, when Marya Moses married, the support offered to young people by the system of arranged marriages was no longer always available. But young married couples without the support of an extended family network were often nonetheless expected -- or expected themselves -- to carry on as if that network were intact: to be generous and hospitable even though there were only one or two people to provide food, to be patient in the face of a spouse's failings even in the absence of advice or emotional support from older family members, and to take care of however many children came along even though there were fewer and fewer family members available to share in the duties of childcare. The topsy-turvy plotline of the Crow story might well be perceived as alluding to the breakdown of the system without particularly evoking nostalgia. In the course of such allusion, it may have offered to women of Mrs. Lamont's and Mrs. Moses' generations the opportunity for whatever irreverence arose out of their awareness of this breakdown to come into play free of anger and regret.

The custom of arranged marriages continued in diminished form at Tulalip into the 1950s. The arranged marriages from that era most often talked about today were arranged for men who were having difficulty in their lives, and they are viewed as unusual solutions to a problem. Although widowed or divorced women were traditionally free to choose husbands according to their own inclinations and did not have to have family approval, they could still be asked for like a young bride; and this custom also survived at Tulalip well into this century. In the 1950s, Emma, a widow with a grown daughter named Maryanne, was out in the fields picking berries. She saw two men, who had evidently been drinking, making their way toward her: Enoch, who had recently lost his wife, and his friend Roy, a well-known

public speaker. They came up to Emma and tried to stand decorously before her, but Enoch kept falling over and had to prop himself up on Roy. Roy said, "My honorable relative has asked me to speak for him. He wants to know if you would consent to become his wife." Emma answered, "You'll have to ask Maryanne" —— elegantly invoking a traditional constraint on behavior (the need for family approval of such arrangements) to get herself out of an embarrassing situation.

The traditional literature paints a much darker picture of the effect of constraints on women's behavior. Most often a woman is seen as exercising power over her own destiny only by leaving a bad situation, rather than by being able to avoid it. Susie Sampson Peter's story of the adbuction of the dutiful but neglected Sockeye wife comes to mind here. Mrs. Peter invokes a traditional motif, the woman who is bathing in a river and looks up to find a strange man sitting on her clothes, and opens it up to display the conflict between the neglected wife's injured pride, which prompts her to go with the stranger, and her unwounded pride in her domestic skills and good relations with her in-laws, which prompts her to stay in the marriage. Whatever course of action the woman takes will lead to pain of one kind or another, a circumstance Mrs. Peter has the woman act out by marking each stage of her disobedience with an icon of her obedience: before she abandons her home, she cleans it up; as she deserts the old people, she worries about who will get their firewood for them now; as she disappears into the woods with the stranger, she rips up a piece of the clothing she is famous for making and drops bits of it along the trail. (The story is translated in Hilbert 1985 and discussed in Langen 1992; for a discussion of the kidnapped bather motif, see Langen 1991.) The story is from the Upper Skagit, but it examines a knot of interwoven and conflicting themes that surface frequently in Tulalip narratives as well.

Marya Moses

[When Marya Moses, temporarily defeated by the constraints of life on the Sauk River, returned to Tulalip several years after her marriage, her mother had a story for her.]

Well, Mom kind of cut it short. It's a lesson to some men that don't appreciate a good woman, I imagine.

Well, this man had a woman. He came and got her from somewhere down here, sx̌ʷəlč, the salt water, and brought her up there. She must have been up there quite a while, and she was a good homemaker -- good cook, could do all that. And after a while he spots a real goodlooking girl, I guess. Not only that, he gets her. Then he brings her home and says to this woman, "Well, uh, I've got another woman; I guess you can go home now."

And she said, "ƛ̓ub, ƛ̓ub" [all right, fine].

So this woman went around and she started dismantling her house, took the mats -- there were mats all around -- started taking them down, taking her cooking utensils, took her blankets -- because she was a worker. And she came on home.

And after a while, pretty soon that man comes back down there and he asks her to go back, because that young woman couldn't cook. He was hungry, he was cold -- no blankets.

And instead of answering him, she just started singing a song: "Am I a salmon that I should go back up again?" Because she was already up there once and came back.

Mom sang the song. It was in Indian, of course. What do you use, təyil [going upriver]? Because the salmon goes up and spawns and then they die and they drift back. But she wasn't a salmon, she wouldn't go up again.

It must have been a couple of generations before my mother, long ago, because they came down in a canoe. During my mother's time they didn't go up and down in a canoe. So that must have been

oh, about two, three hundred years ago. The woman couldn't pack all her mats out, made out of cattails. See, she made a lot of them, and I imagine she'd make baskets, too. That's what they cooked in. She was a woman that could work. Usually, if a man had a brain, they chose that kind of woman. And another thing, if there were a couple of brothers, if one died and his wife was a good worker, the other brother could take her. If she was a good worker, he would.

It must have been long ago: they traveled in the shovel-nosed canoes, so you can see. In Mom's time, when she was a little girl, they traveled on ʔutx̌s [ocean-going canoe]. X̌əlayʔ is a river boat. Now, no one, I think, has ever seen any of that. So you could just judge how long ago that was. It was an old, old story.

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The information offered here about traditional marriage customs and women's deportment is not intended to be complete or definitive of Lushootseed practice. The value of this information is rather that it is a record of the responses to Martha Lamont's Crow story that came up in the course of several months' discussion within one family group.

There is, as a matter of fact, no definitive study of Lushootseed marriage. Each ethnography (Haeberlin and Gunther, Smith, Collins, Waterman, Tweddell, Amoss) contains information contrary to that provided in another. To a question like "Who gave the marriage feast" the answer seems to vary from place to place, indicating perhaps that attempts to portray any one answer as standard for the people of the region merely disguise the fact that there was no pan-Lushootseed way.

Although we know that there were and continue to be variations in marriage customs among classes within tribes, most of the ethnographic information available concerns upper class families. Marya Moses' family was not siʔab, and her information reflects that. In the literature, Lushootseed society is often schematized as comprising three classes: the siʔab people, who held the wealth and power and whose behavior was supposed to reflect the highest moral values; those who were not siʔab, and slaves. Today the position of one's ancestors within those class divisions still influences the way people are valued within the reservation community at Tulalip, but it is only one of a number of factors that contribute to a person's status. The somewhat changeable nature of "siʔab" in the twentieth century may be seen as providing much of the surface fun in the Crow story.

II
Toby Langen

Even in the context of Tulalip Reservation life, which provides a running commentary on what everyone says and how they say it, Marya Moses stands out as a commentator on discourse in general, especially as it reflects cross-cultural differences, and she is unremittingly self-conscious when it comes to her own speech. One of the habits she criticizes most in herself is the way she tends to get off the subject. Since in my view one of the glories of traditional Lushootseed storytelling is the ability to manage artful departures from and returns to topics, I have been especially interested in the way Marya Moses' self-consciousness about this practice in her own speech affects her ability to appreciate the repetition and the circular structuring of discourse in traditional narrative. The role of the Indian-Language policy of the Tulalip Indian School in shaping the attitudes of its students toward both Lushootseed and English has been the subject of much comment recently at Tulalip as a committee of elders and teachers has worked to incorporate the memories of former students into a tribal history for use in schools. Many people described the process of being educated at Tulalip Indian School as being

rendered inarticulate. Not only was Lushootseed prohibited, but the English that students learned at home was criticized. Such lessons about voice did not stop when students left the school. When Marya Moses draws attention to the fact that she has gotten off the subject of a conversation, she often refers to the following experience, which took place when she was serving on the Tulalip Tribes Board of Directors, decades after she had left the Tulalip Indian School:

Marya Moses

I don't know what year it was that the Bureau -- I think it was the Bureau of Indian Affairs -- invited us [tribal officers] to a meeting. We didn't know at the time what their intention was, that they wanted to see if we were ready to be self-governing. They invited me as the chairman of the Health, Welfare and Education Committee. Teresa, my daughter, went with me. The meeting was held at Bremerton, I think it was; you had to cross the ferry to get to that place, what would it be -- a university or college? There were professors there, real smart men, but we didn't know what we were getting into. They didn't tell us.

As we entered we signed our name, what tribe we were, the like. There were all different tribes, from Montana, Idaho, Oregon. They separated us: they took one Yakima, one Spokane, one Snohomish, like that; they didn't want two from the same tribe in one group. They gave us a set time: "Now you folks get together and choose a subject. We give you so many minutes. Then from there you pick out a chairman." That was all right.

But I sat beside a woman and the first thing we did was start asking each other, "Where are you from?" And all that while, I guess, that panel from the BIA or whatever, they were monitoring what we were doing. They were watching. Of course, I asked her where she was from, and we got to exchanging addresses. As women, we were introducing ourselves, and that man [chairman of the group] started getting real nervous. He said, "What will be our topic?" He had to give his report.

I spoke on education. I said, "I think the trouble with this education is that the teacher's place is to help those that need it, but it seems like they place the emphasis on the ones who are smart and let these others go. Just on this already smart one they focus attention, and then they pass these others on condition."

Then they closed the meeting. Then we knew now: the professors and all the head people there told how we didn't even know how to conduct ourselves. We started out talking about the weather, or started in on one thing and went way off on another thing. It showed right there we weren't able to take care of business.

I think we proved to them beyond a shadow of a doubt that we weren't ready, because some of the groups couldn't come to any conclusions, couldn't even decide on who should be their chairman or on the problem they wanted to discuss. But anyway we proved that we weren't ready.

Toby Langen

As I listen to this story I think I hear that it was the women's insistence on greeting people before starting a meeting that got one group into trouble, that some groups fell into factional disarray (possibly mirroring tensions already existing between some tribes and bands), and that other groups came to grief because their discussion took the recursive shape that is typical of much oral traditional discourse, whether in English or in an Indian language. I also hear with amazement Marya Moses' characterization

of herself as not ready for self-government at the very time when she was being instrumental in securing a reliable water supply for the reservation and in instituting the Head Start program at Tulalip. What is it about those professors that is more convincing to her than the achievements of her own life experience? I can only conclude that criticisms of one's way of speaking are very powerful.

For a number of reasons, then, Marya Moses does not take pleasure in the repetitions and digressions in Martha Lamont's storytelling. The one discussion about such matters that I have on tape followed the narration of the trip to Bremerton quoted above. I tried to suggest that conversations that proceed a-b-a-c-a-d, with "a" the problem that needs to be resolved and "b," "c," and "d" periods of digression during which people can regroup their thoughts, operate as a successful process for consensus decision-making; and I tried to go further and suggest that recursive structures in traditional storytelling provide a kind of ear-training for audiences that increases their ability to take in information. But Mrs. Moses decisively rejected any kind of bridge between storytelling and doing business. (In the passage that follows, I have lettered the paragraphs for ease in referring to them later. Other than the lettering, the passage is an unedited transcription.)

Marya Moses

[A] Now, you're talking on two different things. I think you're applying this repeating over -- it's on Indian stories and on your behavior, how you behave at funerals or other times like that: now, that doesn't apply to business. I think you didn't quite understand what I'm saying.

[B] What I'mtalking to you about is the Indian way. The old Indians that were illiterate -- you know, nothing to go by -- told you again and again.

[C] I'm not saying each household did that, because they didn't. Very few people that cared enough to want it, to carry on, did that. Not everyone; there were very few. It's the same way today. How many follow our Indian ways? No one, no one. They think you're nuts.

[CORE] I'm very careful, because they'll take your words and change them around and maybe make fun of you. It's like I could say "Yeah?" [amazement] or "Oh, yeah" [sarcasm], you know, like that, sit here and change your tone. "Is that so?" [curious]; "Is that so!" [sneering], just by the way you say it.

[C'] But on the Indian stories, they told the same story -- not all the time, I'm not saying they told it every day, every month, every year, because that didn't happen that way. Just like certain people, not all people, made canoes; just certain people, not all people, were Indian dancers; it's just certain ones. It's a gift to those same people. And usually the family that it went to handed it down, told their children.

[A'] Mom always told us about our conduct at funerals, at different times like that.

[B'] You get tired of hearing about it, but there was no written language to go by, you know, so they told you.

Toby Langen

While denying the usefulness of recursive structures of discourse for the conduct of business, Mrs. Moses here conducts her business in a three-part concentric structure with a pendant:

[A] repetition of stories, advice on funeral behavior
{not business; you don't understand}

<u>way in</u> [B] illiteracy leads to repetition
[C] only certain people lived a traditional way
[CORE] changing the meaning of a person's speech by falsifying intonation
[C'] only certain people had certain gifts
<u>way out</u> [A'] Mom told us how to behave at funerals
{You got tired of hearing about it}
[B'] no written language to go by
[PENDANT] (not quoted) people today are falsifying the old ways and deliberately misunderstanding advice

A perfect concentric structure would have the shape ABC core C'B'A', in which the <u>way out</u> would be the reverse of the <u>way in</u>. But in conversation people often repeat the "way–in" order of some elements (perhaps in this case conceptualizing them as two parts of a single element, i.e., "illiteracy leads to repetition about behavior," rather than as two elements, "repetition about behavior" and "repetition because of illiteracy"). This happens in the rhetoric of traditional storytelling, too, but less frequently than in conversation.

The brackets {} enclose what I term "breaches of frame". Their function is to reach outside the shape of the structure by an appeal to the way the listener is feeling about what is being said; note that here one appeal is to the listener right there in the room and one is to the listener of yesteryear. And note the symmetrical placement of the breaches of frame in the structure as a whole.

Mrs. Moses increases the cohesion of her structure by verbal echo in B and B' ("nothing to go by, so they told you again and again": "no written language to go by, you know, so they told you") and various forms of rhetorical coloring in C and C'. C uses verbal echo ("very few," "very few") and asks a rhetorical question ("How many?") whose answer is a more extreme form of "very few," "very few": no one, no one). C' uses parallelism ("every day, every month" and "certain people, not all") to further comment on the concern about "very few" expressed in C.

What looks like a digression in the middle of the structure, the "core'" is in fact an introduction to the topic thay Mrs. Moses is leading up to and that she takes up in detail at the close of the structure in the pendant: the fact that even the very few traditionalists nowadays are changing the old ways to suit themselves, as evidenced in a catalogue of abuses, chief among which is that they don't listen. In this succession of topics Mrs. Moses may seem to be getting off the subject of repetition's not being suitable for business. But at the end of her catalogue of ways in which young people are changing things she asks, "Now, to come back to it, what was it you didn't understand [note the verbal echo of the first breach of form {you don't understand}] about the repeating? Ask me again." By the time she asks me to ask her again, I know that the pendant's discussion on change and not listening is her way of saying that she feels I am in danger of changing her testimony because I have ideas of my own that prevent me from hearing what she is really saying. The whole structure has been a way of advising me without directly criticizing me, and the message is conveyed by the circularity of her rhetoric, by the words as they are perceived to participate in an aesthetic architecture, not by the words as lexical entities or as constituents of syntactic patterns alone.

It seems to me that one way back into an appreciation of traditional rhetoric for readers of Lushootseed stories at Tulalip today is to encourage people to value the way they speak their own English.

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