

STEREOTYPES

The Misrepresentation of Native Americans in Fiction

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1. Introduction

Disney is known for its many child appropriate movies. Many are adaptations of dark stories written by the Grimm brothers that have been turned into fairytales with a happy ending.

Legends such as Mulan and Pocahontas have been dramatized into softened and beautified versions that appeal to a broader audience. The Disney movie *Pocahontas* (1995) introduces a Native American girl as a sexy young adult female who betrays her people for a lover, the blond Adonis John Smith, only to see him wounded and whisked back to England as she waves goodbye from an overlooking cliff. The movie portrays a romantic and misrepresenting version of the original story of Pocahontas. Consequently, the movie sparked a backlash from historians seeking to recount the real story (Dutka).

The legend of Pocahontas illustrates a larger problem concerning the representation of Native Americans in modern media. In the words of late Chief Roy Crazy Horse of the Powhatan Renape Nation: “It is unfortunate that this sad story, which Euro-Americans should find embarrassing, Disney makes ‘entertainment’ and perpetuates a dishonest and self-serving myth at the expense of the Powhatan Nation.” (*sic*) Chief Crazy Horse speaks out for his heritage, which is a tragic story to Native Americans, but is turned into a story with a goal that serves no greater purpose than mere entertainment and at the same time dishonors the actual history. The Disney movie is the Pocahontas story that the masses remember, taking the Powhatan Nation heritage away from Powhatan Indians. The recurring misrepresentation of Native Americans has contributed to over-generalized contemporary misperceptions, misconceptions, and stereotypes (Wilson, 2). On the other hand, a positive effect of the movie was that attention turned to Native American History, a topic which is not normally taught in public schools in the United States of America. In addition, some of the main aspects of the movie are based on historical consensus, such as the racism by English leaders, the setting of 17th century Virginia, and Pocahontas saving John Smith’s life (Native American Indian

Resources). That being said, the sugarcoated truth and fairytale quality of the Disney story in no way represents true history.

Native Americans, according to Walter Fleming, suffer from a circulation of seven or more myths (Fleming, 214-215). These stereotypes taint the way Native Americans are perceived. This thesis will examine stereotypes in general and those pertaining to Native Americans. Through an analysis of discourse and the power of language the threat inherent to stereotypes and the way media use them will be illustrated. Furthermore, examples will be given of misrepresentations of Native Americans in fiction and how these lead to stereotypes but also pass them on and enhance them. These illustrations will be made from diverse media such as movies and the subsequent portrayal in Hollywood, to portrayals in fiction novels and how these can lead to misperception in non-fiction instances. To further illustrate the real life experiences resulting from the misrepresentation of Native Americans, a short story is included. This short story will deal with perception, i.e. how different points of view can offer conflicting images that can easily be misinterpreted and lead to misperceptions. The short story, "Jane Running Doe", further deals with the power of language and the effects of an uneven balance between the parties involved.

Despite progress made in relations between cultures and races, ethnic minorities such as Native Americans persistently suffer from real life consequences of misrepresentations in modern media and fiction. This does not only threaten the way they are perceived, but shows how perceptions have changed and evolved over the years from one misrepresentation to another and have yet to portray an accurate account of the true Native American as simply that.

2. Theoretical Framework

In order to clarify the themes which will be discussed in relation to the short story mentioned above, this section will review existing literature concerning the topic of misrepresentation of Native Americans.

2.1. Ideology and Discourse

‘The pen is mightier than the sword’ is one of many idioms that deal with the power lines between words and action. The pen represents the power to convince people through written texts, whereas the sword requires force and is less effective in fully changing a person's mindset. When communicating through speech or writing, “...we are constantly tapping the lexical and grammatical resources of language to find ways of making our composition flow fluently while at the same time expressing the nuances we wish to convey” (Crystal, 287).

The distinction that is made between variations of power in discourse is a place where relations of power are exercised and enacted: power in ‘face-to-face’ spoken discourse, power in ‘cross-cultural’ discourse where participants belong to different ethnic groupings, and the ‘hidden power’ of the discourse of mass media (Fairclough, 43).

Firstly, there is an issue in the relation between ideology, racism and discourse. Each is “prominently reproduced in social practices and especially through discourse” (Van Dijk, 92). Discourse reproduces systems of dominance and unequal social groups, which is where racism occurs. Racism stems from a basis of ideology, but requires a separate definition in terms of various forms that result from different social practices (Van Dijk, 94). Ideology is defined as “visionary theorizing, as the set of ideas and beliefs of a group or political party” (Merriam-Webster). However, since racism deals with social inequalities on more than one level, it requires a further definition to account for both individual as group thinking. Van Dijk argues that there are several fields on which racism operates. In this paper, the following

three are highlighted: ideologically based social representations of groups, everyday discriminatory discourse and other social practices, and power relations between dominant white and ethnic minority groups (Van Dijk, 94). The combination of ideologies and political discourse dealing with stereotypes, highlight the features of racism and its reproduction.

Ideologies are fairly general, abstract mental images and representations of certain social groups. In daily context, ideology has become a marked term that is associated with extremist or terrorist groups (Mooney, 18). However, everyone has an ideology that entails what they perceive to be natural beliefs and actions. In combination with language, ideology can encourage a person to take specific action. Rather than having a command of a superior be the motivator, the values taken from ideology are the motivating factor in this case (Mooney, 17). Language is crucial for not only the creation, but the maintenance of a common-sense ideology. Ideologies start in childhood, both at home and at school, and are further developed through certain elite groups such as journalists, politicians and teachers (Van Dijk, 94). Ideology is in essence a belief system and is characterized by its social practices and discourse. These characteristics make ideological belief systems social, and thus defined for social groups and shared on a cognitive level (Fraser and Gaskell). This then means that ideologies are not individually developed, but within social groups.

A further distinction needs to be clarified between these beliefs founded in a social group, and the general, culturally shared knowledge that is taken for granted and rarely disputed (Van Dijk, 93). Through conflicting notions of what is good and bad for people, different social groups may have conflictual and competitive experiences expressed through discourse. These notions tend to be polarized and form an Us and Them mentality within a social group (Van Dijk, 93). However, social groups learn about these different ideologies during socialization with other social groups. Discourse is a large part of this and is not only based on mental models of events that people have or speak about but also on mental models

of the communicative situation in which they speak, write, read or listen (Van Dijk, 95).

There are three different forms of discourse: face-to-face, cross-cultural and the hidden power (Fairclough, 43). The power in face-to-face discourse comes from “a powerful participant controlling and restraining the input of non-powerful participants” (Fairclough, 46). This can create restrictions in what is said, to whom and the topics which are discussed. Furthermore, there is the power in cross-cultural encounters, which occur when the more dominant and powerful participants have a different cultural and linguistic background from the non-powerful people, creating an inequality (Fairclough, 47). The results are usually miscommunication, misrepresentation of the non-powerful. This may lead to them being discarded. Due to the complex nature of these cultural differences, the non-powerful person may even know the right answers, but may not understand the questions or the way they have been asked (Fairclough, 47). Rejections of people based on cultural differences, very easily transition into judgment based on factors such as skin color or lifestyle. In this perspective, power in discourse becomes an element in the domination of minorities by a white majority, and one of “institutionalized racism” (Fairclough, 49).

A considerable amount of discourse takes place through media involving participants at different times and places. The nature of power relations in mass media is less clear than that of face-to-face discourse, which is why it is seen as involving hidden relations of power (Fairclough, 49). The most discerning feature of one-sided media, is the distance between producer and receiver, which leaves a lot of room for different (mis)interpretations. Furthermore, media are solid in their messages compared to face-to-face discourse. Media rely on systematic tendencies in news reporting and other media activities (Fairclough 49). A single text alone can be insignificant compared to the much larger and further reaching power of the media. Through repetition and specific techniques in their approach, media achieve cumulative effects on their listeners. This hidden power is most notable in advertisements,

which are often backed by scientific animations and played out by celebrities. Advertisements play on ideology, implying you have to be or look a certain way, by portraying ideals such as celebrities. To western civilization this is common sense, but it is not a natural state: it is a set of naturalized beliefs, an ideology (Mooney, 22).

Taking this into consideration, portrayals of stereotypes in both literature and modern media obtain a deeper meaning. For instance, there is much misconception surrounding the reason Native Americans live on reservations. Many seem to think it was because Indians were so violent and savage they had to be corralled far away from the decent people trying to settle in the United States. This is evident in works such as John Wayne's Indians, where Native Americans are said to scalp people, throw tomahawks at heads, steal white women, and do not even speak English. These are enduring stereotypes, even though scalping was introduced by Europeans (Axtell). In addition there is the case of the Disney version of *Pocahontas*. A movie that is seen as an accurate portrayal but has in actuality taken a huge amount of liberty with historical accounts (Dutka). Another example is the idea that all Native Americans own a casino that is, although seemingly farfetched on paper, quite commonly taken as accurate. To really understand what effects power and language truly exercise on stereotypes in daily life, the ramifications brought on by the application of stereotypes will be looked at.

2.2. Stereotypes

“A stereotype is a fixed, over generalized belief about a particular group or class of people” (Cardwell). Stereotypes exist to simplify the social world by reducing the amount of mental processing which has to be done when meeting new people by using preconceived notions based on appearance to form an opinion. Stereotypes may turn out to be true, but more often they are not. This social categorization can lead to prejudiced attitudes, and an Us and Them mentality. Although there are positive stereotypes, most tend to convey a negative impression.

Stereotypes exist in many forms and are most commonly based on race, culture, background or ethnic group. A well-known study on racial stereotyping consists of a report on the results of a questionnaire completed by Princeton University students (Katz and Braly). The questionnaire involved pictures of ethnic groups with stereotypical features. Jews were portrayed as “shrewd and mercenary” with large noses, “the Japanese as shrewd and sly, Negroes as lazy and happy-go-lucky” while white Americans were most often portrayed as “industrious and intelligent” (McLeod). Racial stereotyping favors the race of the majority and tends to belittle and diminish other races (Padgett). Every ethnic group has racial stereotypes of other groups. This may help in identifying with one’s own ethnic group as well as in finding protection, and promoting the group to a winner status (McLeod). However, as there has been no substantial evidence to support this claim, it has been argued that stereotypes are merely a way to justify racist behavior (McLeod).

Stereotypes play an active role in everyday life, and find their origins at school. As the former president of the American Psychological Association (APA) Ronald F. Levant states:

The use of American Indian mascots as symbols in schools and university athletic programs is particularly troubling because schools are places of learning. These mascots are teaching stereotypical, misleading and too often, insulting images of American Indians. These negative lessons are not just affecting American Indian

students; they are sending the wrong message to all students. (American Indian Mascots)

Even so, Florida has approved a new policy that places lower achievement goals for African-Americans and Hispanics. An article in *The Huffington Post* elucidates: “these are testing benchmarks based on race, plain and simple” (Bernee). There is a threat inherent to stereotyping, which Bernee explains: “Hispanics are lazy, Asian Americans are good at math, women do poorly in math and science and African-Americans do poorly on any type of standardized test”. These types of social segregation happen, and at some point stereotypes became self-fulfilling prophecies that students, and humans in general, live up or down to (Bernee). In addition, these stereotypes emerge in literature and other media. While students are encouraged to read, they are confronted with the stereotypes in the literature on their reading list. For instance, *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, a novel written by Harriet Beecher Stowe, tells the story of the slaves’ plight, and introduces the reader to many stereotypes. Examples consist of the “pickanniny” black children, the affectionate and dark-skinned mammy and the magical Negro. Despite its anti-slavery message, the stereotypes occurring in the book have had the most lasting impact.

The same thing seems to have happened to Native Americans, who are now synonymous with either the picture of a mysterious sidekick offering sage but mysterious advice meant to help the white hero, or with a slightly savage and simple outlook on life and incapable of living in the modern world. It is not just the African-Americans suffering from preconceived notions based on their skin color. Native Americans in the 18th and 19th century were most often portrayed as killing and/or capturing white people, usually women (Fowler, Stereotypes). These images, often found accompanying novels or accounts of former “captives”, showed brutish Indian males overpowering terrified white women who would suffer unimaginable horrors. Walter Fleming, professor and head of the Native American

Studies Department at Montana State University, identifies seven main myths around Native Americans (Fleming, 214-215). Firstly, the idea that they “prefer to be called Native Americans” (Fleming, 214). Fleming goes on to explain that this name is too broad to encompass all the different tribes that make up the Native American population. Secondly, the myth that Indians receive special privileges, as previously pointed out to not be the case (Fleming, 214). The third myth states that “American Indians are a dying race” (Fleming, 215). While there has been a decline in their population, Fleming takes care to note that as of July 1 in 2003 the estimated number of the population with Native American heritage numbers in the 4.4 million, which is “hardly a sign of a dying race” (Fleming 215). The fourth myth is that all Native Americans are “easily identifiable”, meaning they all fit the physical stereotype seen in movies and described in literature of a “dark skinned people with high cheekbones and braided black hair” (Fleming, 215).

Myth five deals with the idea that “all Indians live on reservations” (Fleming, 215). In the late 19th century, the Indians on reservations were entitled, by treaty, to economic assistance (Fowler, Treaties). They were portrayed as deprived: lazy, incompetent and immoral, when in reality they worked for very low wages and helped the white settlers settle in the regions the Native Americans had been driven away from (Fowler, How We Know). Indians worked hard to supplement their low wages by hunting and fishing, traditional exploits that the United States tried to restrict (Fowler, How we Know). They were exploited and their poverty was fuelled by the failure of the US to fulfill treaty agreements. While Indian leaders tried to prevent or at least obtain compensation for these abuses, much of the Indian imagery ignored the realities of their economic and political reality and portrayed them negatively. Public opinion was against them. Congress and the Supreme Court supported tribal sovereignty in the 1970s, recognizing tribes’ right to self-government and economic self-support through management of their own resources (Fowler, Property). They continued

to be misrepresented, and were even presented as no true Indians. This stemmed from Native Americans not conforming to the stereotypical image people had of them, but instead grew to show interest in making money. This growth has not deprived white people of their identity, therefore, Native American identity should not have been affected by it either.

As with all things, there is more to the stereotyping of Native Americans than can be described as simply black and white. There is a long history to the positive imagery of Native Americans, if stereotyping can ever truly be called positive. Indians were occasionally portrayed as noble savages, guileless or simple, strong and helpful to the Americans (Fowler, Indian Imagery). They appeared in awe of the white Americans and signed cessions and removal treaties as willing participants when, in reality, this was often done under duress. At the time they were portrayed as hunters only, laying waste to perfectly good land the Americans could use for farming (Fowler, Indian Imagery). However, the Native Americans were actually farming successfully, even commercially. By the late 19th century the portrayal of Indians evoked pity, as it was clear to the settlers that their extinction was inevitable, the Indians were “doomed” (Fowler, How We Know).

Native American stereotypes have been well entrenched by Wild West shows and Hollywood films, they are perpetuated by almost a hundred years of mass media that started in the 1920's in which Native Americans appear as savage warriors or wise elders. There are still cartoons that show warlike Indians, comedic bosses of casinos, strange survivors that walk around with a dead bird on their head like Tonto in the 2013 released movie *The Lone Ranger*. A Native American CEO does not fit with this image received from mass media. Furthermore, once in place, a stereotype can take on a life of its own. As authors Poupart and Becker say: “Many interactions between American Indians and non-Indians serve to affirm stereotypes because people are looking for information to confirm their stereotypes. Non-Indians overlook an abundance of information and interactions that run counter to stereotypes

and there is not really an *interaction* going on.” To this day, there are both positive and negative stereotypes of Native Americans. Myth seven concerns the idea that “American Indians feel honored by Indian mascots” (Fleming, 215). Indian imagery is popular with groups trying to identify themselves with heroic past traditions, such as Scouting organizations and athletic teams. Universities in the United States of America have mascots for their sports teams, which represent a single unifying characteristic, to inspire sympathy with the crowd. Most are harmless, such as representations of animals, while others portray strong stereotypical images. The University of Illinois has had a mascot of a costumed Native American named Chief Illiniwek. Accompanied by a Hollywood version of Native American music, the mascot would perform a stereotypical Native American dance. In doing this, Caucasian Americans seemed to feel they honored American Indians and their traditions (Chancey). This desire to honor Native Americans seems rooted in wanting to portray authenticity, as if it is the Caucasian Americans that are showing their roots and heritage. In doing so, they are not only replacing the heritage of Native Americans but changing and ignoring history.

In 2007, the mascot was retired, but to this day many students and alumni write petitions to bring their mascot back. Chancellor Phyllis Wise issued a statement saying this would not happen as they had to move forward. This action should be considered a step in the right direction, but seeing that the implications of a mascot like Chief Illiniwek have gone unnoticed for over a 150 years, it seems to be a confirmation of the bigger issue instead. In fact, the American Psychological Association recommended the retirement of all Native American mascots in 2005 (American Indian Mascots). Dr. Stephanie Fryberg from the University of Arizona talks about the negative impact these mascots have on Native American children: “American Indian mascots are harmful not only because they are often negative, but because they remind American Indians of the limited ways in which others see them. This in

turn restricts the number of ways American Indians can see themselves.” Non-Indian organizations that honor Indians by appropriating and revamping Indian symbols, like headdresses, woodcarvings, dances and so on, contribute to an image that in reality does not represent Native American life at all.

2.3. Native Americans Misrepresented

As the previous chapters have shown, there is power to be found in both language and image, and thus in varying forms of discourse. This can lead to stereotypes, preconceived notions and even prejudice through the use of stereotypes in media, both fiction and non-fiction. This paper will focus on fiction since these images are what lead to non-fictional usage. By first looking at Hollywood movies and how Native Americans were portrayed in them, this paper will explore how this image has bled onto other avenues, such as romance novels. The image of the noble savage has become the Native American equivalent of the Magical Negro archetype and appeared in many forms, Tonto in *The Lone Ranger* being but one of them. This phenomenon is not exclusive to older movies, such as *Peter Pan* (1953), or book series, like Karl May's "Winnetou" novels from the late 19th century, that perpetuate the misrepresentation. New books with misrepresented Native Americans are still created; popular series like Stephenie Meyer's "Twilight Saga" books which are even adapted to screen. This section will expound on these examples and show the many forms in which misrepresentation happens, and how these popular movies, books and series can influence common perceptions.

Director Neil Diamond made a documentary in 2009 that shows the history of the depiction of Native Americans in Hollywood. *Reel Injun* takes a look at how the myth of "the Injun" influenced and characterized the way the world sees and (mis)understands Native Americans. Stereotypes are shown in many different forms, from the noble savage to the wise elder to the drunk Indian. It also shows many Italian American and American Jews being used to portray Indians in the movies. Clint Eastwood, known for *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, discusses how the image of Native Americans in Westerns and cowboy-and-Indian sagas has influenced the way Americans perceive Native Americans. He remembers, "Once we were on a set, the director said 'I want a real native, upfront. I want to see the real thing.' We couldn't

find one!” (*Reel Injun*). The Italian American Espera Oscar de Corti was just one of many who made a career out of portraying himself as Native American, even going so far as reinventing himself under the name Iron Eyes Cody. He claimed a Cherokee ancestry, but sometimes changed that to include other tribes, and claimed differing places of birth. He is even featured on an ad campaign for the nonprofit organization Keep America Beautiful. On this poster he is dressed as an Indian, looks directly at the viewer and has a single tear rolling from his eye with the words “Get Involved Now. Pollution Hurts All of Us.” prominently displayed next to his face. The irony of him being anything but American Indian yet advertising as one, dressed in the “traditional” chief garb, is something which is not often grasped by the masses. Using a figure commonly associated to be in tune with mother earth and concerned with her health is, on paper, a positive idea, having had a true Native American on this poster would not have detracted from the message but added to the intended message instead.

Hundreds of classic and more recent movies are further shown in clips during the *Reel Injun* documentary, as well as interviews with both Native and non-Native celebrities but also activists and historians. Jim Jarmusch, an American Indie filmmaker, further defines Eastwood’s quote on real Indians later in the documentary: “That is a genocide that occurred and the [American] culture wanted to perpetrate the idea that these people [the natives] are now mythologic, you know, they don’t even really exist, they’re like dinosaurs” (*Reel Injun*). It is Adam Beach, a member of the Saulteaux First Nations and famous actor, who puts in words what prolonged stereotyping has done to Native Americans: “We’ll never be able to change the fantasy of who and what Indians are. That fantasy will always be there. We’ll be... we’ll always be on covers of novels saying ‘Cheyenne Warrior’” In addition, there are many romance novels that depict the savage Indian warrior kidnapping a white woman. While at first the two hate each other, the novel then typically deals with the pair falling in love. Books

such as Catherine Anderson's *Comanche Moon*, Madeline Baker's *Lakota Love Song* and many more, all speak to the idea of Indians being noble and misunderstood savages waiting to be tamed.

The noble savage is but one of the archetypal representations of Native Americans that occur in fiction. One of the more popular images is that of the Indian as a mysterious wise man offering sage advice to the white hero. As said earlier, this seems to be a Native American version of the magical Negro with Tonto as, perhaps the most famous, example. *The Lone Ranger* is about a fictional masked former Texas Ranger fighting injustice in the Wild West with his Native American sidekick Tonto. Tonto brought the Lone Ranger back to life after an ambush in which five other Texas Rangers were killed. Tonto was named "wild one" in the local Native American language, however, in Spanish the word means "foolish" or "silly". Therefore, he had to be renamed in Spanish speaking countries (Lone Ranger). Tonto is portrayed speaking broken English, fragmented and incomplete sentences, incorrect syntax and inappropriate diction, emphasizing his mysteriousness and air of a sage wise man as well as planting the suggestion of him being unintelligent and incapable of learning proper English. In Disney's *The Lone Ranger* from 2013, Tonto has distinctive face paint and a dead crow on his head that serves as penance for the massacre he perceives as his fault. He often talks to the crow, further reinforcing the image of him being incapable of restraining his thoughts. The movie is ambiguous about whether Tonto is a true wise man with magical insights and powers or just insane. Whatever the movie intended, the result is that of a Native American depicted as a slightly unhinged sidekick solely there to help the white hero achieve his vengeance for the deaths of his fellow Texas Rangers.

In the late 19th and early 20th century Christian missionaries were first implemented on reservations and founded boarding schools for those who were not near one already (Indian Residential Schools). These were meant to educate Native American children and

youths to the standards of Euro-Americans (Indian Residential Schools). The Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) had an assimilation model of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School on which they based the founding of additional boarding schools (Paul). Capt. Richard H. Pratt said “Kill the Indian, and save the man” (Paul). These boarding schools were the means to achieving this goal and “provided vocational and manual training and sought to systematically strip away tribal culture. They insisted that students drop their Indian names, forbade the speaking of native languages, and cut off their long hair” (Paul). The schools also introduced Christian religion to Native Americans. Considering the way this occurred and the loss of culture and history that was the consequence of it, Native Americans were not pleased and often resisted (Paul). Against this historical context, Karl May’s “Winnetou” novels suddenly take on another meaning. Although the Native Americans were portrayed as heroes, they had little to do with actual Native American cultures, but seemed to draw on German culture instead (Foreign Views 7):

Winnetou is noble because he combines the highest aspects of otherwise “decadent” Indian cultures with the natural adoption of the romantic and Christian traits of Karl May’s own vision of German civilization. As he is dying, the Apache Winnetou asks some settlers to sing an Ave Maria for him, and his death is sanctified by his quiet conversion to Christianity (Foreign Views 7).

It is ironic that May’s novels are described as dealing with the relationships between racism, anger, and religious intolerance, as he himself created a Native American character that was very unlike a Native American. Winnetou’s right hand, Old Shatterhand, is a German American and Karl May’s alter ego, even though May did not come to America until most of his Westerns were written. This is rather ironic since his novels are classics and often thought to be accurate representations of the Old West.

The Disney movie *Pocahontas* has been mentioned as portraying an inaccurate version of historical events. It can be argued that this is a movie in which some artistic liberties can be taken. However, the way Disney portrays Native Americans in *Peter Pan* goes beyond mere inaccuracy. Peter, Wendy, John and Michael Darling end up with the Indians and the question arises why the Indian's skins are red and not white. What follows is a song that is catchy and easy to sing along with, but is also quite offensive. The Chief explains how the "Injuns" first said ugh: "When the first brave married squaw, He gave out with a big sigh, When he saw his Mother-in-law". He also explains how they are so red-skinned: "the very first Injun prince, He kissed a maid and start to blush, And we've all been blushing since". To adults this is obviously fabricated, but the target audience is small children, who are still quite impressionable, naive and willing to believe what they see on TV. The Chief ends his song with: "You've got it from the headman, the real story of the red man. No matter what's been written or said, now you know why the red man's red!" These are images that can last for quite some time as the medium is a catchy song, from a Chief saying he is telling the truth while portraying Native Americans as simplistic and rude, savages.

A series of books which includes Native Americans targeted at young adults, a crowd maybe even more impressionable in their own way, are *The Twilight Saga* novels by Stephenie Meyer. Jacob Black, the best friend and almost love-triangle interest of protagonist Isabella Swan, is a Quileute Indian and lives on a reserve nearby. Their fathers are best friends so it is logical for them to become friends when Bella moves to the small town. From the beginning it is established that Jacob is Native American. All the male Quileutes Bella encounters throughout the four novels are portrayed as handsome, strong, silent and russet colored. It can even be said that the Quileutes were intentionally made to be as large, fearsome and animalistic as possible. There are several scenes in which Jacob and Edward confront each other, which Bella describes to show that Jacob is the reckless bad boy and

Edward is the good and heroic one restraining himself. These confrontations in the novels stereotypical lines such as “My money’s on the big Indian” (Eclipse, 90). The difference continues to grow throughout the novels and much attention is devoted to appearances. Bella is pale, Edward sparkles with white perfection and the Quileute men are lauded with praise for their physique.

Apart from the physical descriptions there is also a lot of name-calling between vampires and werewolves, the latter of which are all Native American. The werewolves call the vampires by their real name, the Cold Ones, but also leeches, bloodsuckers, Dracula, etc. The vampires give the Native American werewolves names as mongrel and dog, insults that seem to reflect back on comparisons with animals and savagery. Bella stays neutral in this verbal battle until Jacob angers her too much and she calls him a dog and mongrel as well, insults she would never give to Edward. It can be argued that vampires are the heroes of the story. For example, Meyer makes every effort in praising the restraint and civilization of the Cullens family and their ability to not only deny their natural instincts but to rise above their animalistic ones. In contrast, the Quileutes are often described as having great difficulty with their animalistic sides and seem to be ruled by their inner animal. Apparently Meyer decided that werewolves who, by their very nature, are close to nature could not be white but had to be represented by Native Americans. One can say the struggle between the civilized white vampire and the primitive Native American werewolf is a direct reference to American colonial history. This image goes further: the werewolves who eventually become allies and friends to the protagonist are those that form close relationships with the vampires. The ones that stay close to their wolf family are described as close-minded, dangerous animals and are only redeemed when they are shown how good the Cullens really are by the werewolves that befriended the vampires first.

The stereotype that Native Americans are savages and will violate white women occurs in the novels. Jacob kisses Bella without her consent and laughs at her when she hurts her hand hitting him in retaliation for the kiss (Eclipse, 331). Although it is not rape, the inclusion of this threat does not seem to serve a deeper purpose other than to have Jacob and Edward be hostile towards each other and have Bella call Jacob a dog and mongrel, before moving further towards the civilized and controlled Edward. Jacob's focus on Bella in the books is somewhat inexplicable as well; his character lacks depth and understanding because no reason is given for his obsession with Bella. His character does not stand on its own but rather seems to serve as a metaphor for Bella to compare human life and an immortal life with Edward.

Furthermore, the theme that really stands out is the lack of cultural awareness exhibited by the Quileutes. From the beginning of their friendship, Bella is welcome to join in all the meetings, storytellings and gatherings that occur on the reserve even though she is white. In addition, nothing about her race, or other interracial relationships, is ever mentioned. That being said, there is no mention of powwows or social dances at all, something that is intrinsic to Native American culture and should occur at least once in the Quileute community. (What is...) If research had been done by Meyer that showed the Quileutes are a tribe without these things, mention of this exception should have been made at least once to account for the lack of tradition.

The above mentioned instances of Native Americans in fiction are one-sided and flat misrepresentations of a rich and oppressed culture. The examples shown here are chosen because they cover a wide variety of age and social groups. Disney movies such as *Peter Pan* and *Pocahontas* have been popular with children ever since they came out. Stephenie Meyer's *Twilight Saga* novels have become a worldwide phenomenon that became even more popular when they were picked up by Hollywood and turned into blockbusters, meaning the reflection

of Jacob Black reached more (young) adults. Karl May's novels are considered to be classic literature and his characters of Winnetou and Old Shatterhand are recognized even beyond actual knowledge of the books. Hollywood's reach is global, its movies going far beyond the borders of the United States. Consequently, this leads to certain typecasting and image setting of Native American stereotypes percolating beyond America's borders too. Characters such as Jacob Black are one dimensional and fail to show the depths and dimensions of Native life. Hollywood's portrayal of Native Americans has given life to many well-known classics, but many of these classic Native Americans were portrayed by non-Native Americans. In conclusion, Native Americans suffer from a misrepresentation in fiction, a misrepresentation that influences the real world with stereotypes, prejudices and a diminishing of their heritage.

3. Jane “Running” Doe

The police officer didn't look like he'd be able to chase after a suspect. He was medium height, around five foot eight, his skin looked like he didn't much care for the outdoors and his belly protruded over his belt quite a bit. His cheeks were chubby, his face jovial but for the sneer on his lips and the cold light in his eyes. She shook her head. Some people you just didn't expect to have a certain job, be a specific way. He seemed to embody the very image of the lazy, donut eating, corrupt policeman. The policeman in question grabbed a small notebook from his pocket and flipped the pages.

“We have ourselves a mystery here, yes? Miss Jane Doe over there was dumped in front of the ER, we have been unable to find any identification near here and her face is bruised and swollen beyond recognition.”

Dr Shephard nodded in agreement, consulting his own notes before looking at her.

“Nurse Jones, what do you think in terms of recovery time?” She considered all she knew of the patient, the head trauma, the broken ribs, the collapsed lung and consequent breathing tube down the patient's throat that wasn't safe to remove yet. Then there were the broken wrist bones and fingers, the torn muscles and ligaments... “I think we are looking at a very long recovery time and some time before the patient will wake from her coma, if at all. When she does wake, we will have to determine whether the ventilator can safely be removed, but in all likelihood she'll need it for some time still.”

“So...” the policeman interrupted her, “what you're saying is that even when she wakes up there is no guarantee she'll be able to tell us who she is?”

Shephard and she looked at each other for a second, then looked back at the policeman and nodded.

“Yes, that's exactly what we are saying.” Shephard said.

“Is there anything you can tell us about her, other than she was dumped in front of the ER without ID?” She asked next, wondering how they were to treat someone without the most basic information about them. The bald man shook his head, ruddy cheeks swaying almost separately from the rest of his face. “Maybe in your little notebook? Any observations someone made you’d care to share?”

The balding man scratched his head, retrieved the little notebook he’d stuck back in his pocket and flipped through the thing again.

“Looks to be in her twenties, what we could make of her clothing she appears a typical Native, cheap knock offs, some defensive wounds on her arms and fingers suggest she put up a struggle with whatever it was that happened.” He paused, scratched his head again and went on. “Our Jane... hehe... Our Jane *Running* Doe is truly a mystery. Hehehe.” He chuckled at his own wit, his belly dancing and the lines at his eyes wrinkling in amusement.

“That seems a bit offensive,” Shephard said in his cold tone, then, pondering, “if at all accurate.”

She shook her head, as so many times before amazed at the lack of people skills the brilliant surgeon possessed. Although, it *was* a fun play of words. Jane Running Doe, heh, who knew the balding Santa had it in him.

“Call me if anything comes up, or when she’s capable of providing any information” And with that he handed off his card and left them standing in the hallway.

“Well then. I am off too, our Running Doe needs a check-up and I have other patients to attend to. She will be placed in room 7 of the ICU, please make sure to check up on her regularly. Also, what is a typical Native?” He looked at her with genuine interest and she swallowed, wondering what answer would be suitable here and if she was the person to explain things to him.

“A typical Native is like the absolute stereotype of how people see them.”

“I am not dumb, I understand the definition of typical Native, what I require are these typicalities.”

“Sorry.”

“No offense taken. Now, explain.”

“Like the mystical elder, the strong mother earth type, the drunk wastrels, they all have a casino. Stuff like that.”

“This is illogical, these things have nothing in common and they do not make sense to belong only to a certain race.”

“I didn’t say I believed these things, I said these are stereotypes that exist.”

“Hm.”

She rolled her eyes at his skeptical tone, annoyed at the way he made it seem as if she was the one believing all these stereotypes when she’d only been trying to explain which kinds there were, and at his own request no less!

“I think the one our friendly neighborhood police man meant was the one of Native Americans being deadbeats and never amounting to much.”

“The ridiculousness of that statement astounds me.” His face held a look of disdain as he shook it slowly to the side. “See that you treat her fairly, despite her so called heritage and whatnot.” He harrumphed, turned around and walked away. As he left she could hear him muttering, his tone one of disdain, “judgmental busybodies, accursed plebeians, humbug!”

She was left alone in the hallway, her mouth open in affronted annoyance. The nerve of that guy! She marched off in his opposite direction, time for some coffee in the hopes that she would calm down and then off to check on their Jane *don’t-add-running* Doe.

She checked on the other patients in the IC-unit first, giving one an extra dose of morphine and decreasing the dosage of another one, updating charts, and seeing if all lines

and fluids were still okay. Finally, all other patients seen to, she went to Jane Run-*damn it*, Jane Doe's room and picked up the chart. The ventilator made its weird Darth Vader like noise and the heart monitor provided a steady beep in the background. Her right foot tapping on the floor she meticulously checked every single line, reread some as the handwriting became more atrocious by the word and finally put it back down.

Not yet time for another dose of painkillers or fluids, she checked all levels and statuses anyway. When she was done she didn't immediately leave, instead standing next to the patient and looking down at the battered face. Demographically speaking, it was a certain type of person that found themselves in the ICU all bruised and beaten up. She wondered though, was it that the woman was poor and making bad choices that led to her being here, or her being Native American, poor and making bad decisions. Did it even matter?

She frowned, "I just wish we knew who you were, that we could give some pictures to the public and have someone come and claim you. Surely there is someone missing you, going crazy with concern for you. What were you *doing* that made you end up here like this? I am so sorry about your hair, we had to be quick but I am sure someone will be able to fix it. Please wake up soon and tell us who you are."

She turned around, hesitated, turned back. "What is it like? Being a Native, having everyone have opinions about you? I hate being called a dumb blonde but, you know what I hate more? Having them be right about me being a dumb blonde so often."

She bit her lip as she looked at the patient, trying to see some sign of life, some hint to personality that could maybe tell her why she had become a Jane Doe. Black winged eyebrows, straight nose, tan skin behind all the bruises, lips that had no recognizable shape. She petted the patients hand and left the room.

It was the heart monitor that first woke her. That and a sudden pain that took over her mind and body until it was all she was, all she knew. The beeping sound increased, became

almost a continuous sound, it woke her from her dreams. She went from the freedom of flight, the weightlessness of pure freedom and peace, to the scary reality of being bedbound. Why? She blinked her eyes. Tried to move but found she couldn't move a single limb, tried to open her mouth and speak but something obstructed her throat, made it impossible. The beeping sound went ballistic as the edges of her vision blurred. The next thing she knew people rushed in, did things, injected her with fluids, talked to her, moved her body around. Animalistic sounds escaped her mouth and she was embarrassed by them but couldn't stop. Finally the beeping sound calmed, became steady and recognizable as a heart monitor. She loved watching *Grey's Anatomy*, had a degree in anthropology, thought she knew her medical basics because of it. But, what the doctor was saying? That didn't make any sense.

Close to every bone in her body broken, tears in her lungs from fractured ribs which was why she needed the ventilator to keep breathing... Cardiac arrest on the operating table hence the heart monitor now... Intensive physical therapy to look forward to if she wanted to walk again, and that only if the breaks in her legs and hips ever healed well enough to make that even a possibility... And then to hear they didn't even know her name. A Jane Doe, found in front of the ER without any identification whatsoever save her clothing that looked remarkably similar to that of the tribe living close by.

This was not her life. Not her reality. She closed her eyes, tried to flee back into the dreams of flying and blissful unknowing. It didn't work. So, she opened her eyes and looked at the doctor standing beside her bed in remote coldness. His face closed and unfeeling, his entire demeanor one of superiority. Surely this was nothing but a nightmare she would wake up from any moment now. But no, the heart monitor kept its steady beeping and the doctor gave her a cold nod before leaving and the nurse looked at her with something indefinable in her eyes before leaving too. Leaving her alone. She could not remember ever having felt *this* alone. Not even when she had been denied entrance to a restaurant because her father refused

to conform to the dress code, or when the school mascot had singled her out during a rally to join his dance. People had been awful to her and she had felt like the scum of the earth but she had always been reassured by knowing her family was there for her. If they didn't know she was here then how would they know to be there for her now?

Her eyes, the only part capable of moving, followed the nurse as she joined up with two other nurses in the hallway. The glass partitioning her off from the hallway was closed and her room was silent but for the ever beeping heart monitor. The nurses were talking together, laughing, clearly a group of friends discussing something funny. Their body language was furtive, their posture secretive and guilty as their eyes kept straying back to her, lying in this bed incapable of the slightest movement. She was a vegetable, a living, breathing and aware vegetable.

“So she is awake then?”

“Clearly.”

“Okay, so, what's she like?”

“Marissa, really, she can't talk and she just found out her entire body is a broken mass. We didn't start with the questioning but told her the facts and that we would give her time to process.”

“Yeah, but, surely...?”

“Surely what? Surely we removed the ventilator she needs to breathe so we could ask her questions that don't matter?”

“Don't matter? Of course they matter! We need to know who she is, don't we!”

“Girl, that is none of your business!”

“Oh shush Rita, as if you aren't dying to know who our Running Doe is!”

“Where did you hear that?” She looked around, trying to spot the not so PC police officer. Rita and Marissa just looked at her, finally done with the bickering and unified in

their purpose to get all the information from her that they could. This was a disaster waiting to happen, Running Doe? Wait till the board heard about that nickname. “You know what, never mind. I am going to get some coffee and you two need to do something other than loitering in the hallway as if this is high school and gossip is the order of the day.”

She shook her head and left her friends standing there, heads swiftly bent together to gossip further. She scoffed, annoyed at the world and in need of her coffee so she could deal with it all. Minutes later, cup of coffee warming her hands, she worked on updating the files in the computer. Her fingers worked furiously as her feet danced to a tune in her mind. She paused, observing the whiteness of her fingers against the black keys, suddenly so very grateful she was able to move. Dr Shephard walked up to her, motioning her over with a hand. She saved her files, logged off and followed him.

Watery sunlight was streaming through the windows, signaling her shift was almost over. As she and Dr. Shephard neared room 7 she could already hear the agitated beeping of the heart monitor, despite the calming drugs they kept giving to their Jane Running Doe. Drat, apparently the name was catchy. She shook her head and entered the room. Jane was obviously awake, her entire body seemed tensed, aware, clenched with some inner conflict. It was sad that the patient didn't just relax and trust them to do their best work and relax in the care of their doctors and nurses. All this tensing and nervousness just hindered the healing. She would have thought an Indian of all people to understand that, weren't they all into spiritual healing and the power of positive thinking and all that? She shook her head over her own thoughts and walked to the foot of the bed, grabbing the charts to see if anything had changed in medication or care since the last time she'd been here.

“Miss, I was hoping to ask some questions now that you have had time to take in your situation. Unfortunately the ventilator is not be taken out just yet because of the bruising in

your throat so if you could blink once for yes and twice for no we'll see how far that gets us, yes?" He nodded as the patient blinked once, then he shifted his body and bent closer to her.

"You are in the hospital, obviously, but do you know what happened to you?" rapid blinking followed that question. Dr. Shephard turned to her so she shrugged.

"Maybe that is confusion?"

"Last night we had to operate on you and..." she looked away from his explanation. That part she understood just fine, thank you very much, what she was less sure about was how she had gotten here in the first place. She took a deep breath, or tried to what with the ventilator hindering her, and gathered herself, looking back at the doctor and nurse standing beside her bed. The annoyance on the nurses face took her aback, what did she have to be annoyed about? She wasn't the one all broken up, lying in a hospital bed without knowing why or a single loved one next to her to help ask the questions she needed answers to.

"Do you know who you are?" she blinked her eyes once, annoyed at the ridiculousness of the question. She was incapable of speech, not incapable of rational thought.

"Do you understand where you are?" she blinked her eyes once more, wondering how stupid he thought she was.

"Do you understand why you are here?" she considered rolling her eyes but managed to refrain, instead she blinked once. Considering her broken body and the ventilator and heart machine that were still necessary it was pretty clear why she was in the hospital.

"Do you know what happened to you?" she blinked twice at that. Maybe she vaguely remembered squealing brakes and flipping but she wasn't sure. It could have been a work-related accident easily enough but then why was she dropped before the ER and was there no ID on her? It had to be some kind of hit and run, but why her? She had no enemies and the town and reservation were finally on good enough terms. She blinked again, twice. No. No she didn't know what happened to her. Her eyes widened and, somehow, despite the

ventilator, she started panting and panicking. Good grief no one knew what had happened to her, the heart monitor spiked and the nurse gave a sigh, measured a shot and injected it into her IV.

“Okay, that is enough for now. Nurse Jones here will check on you regularly. The moment the bruising goes down we will send out a picture of your face. In the meantime, try to relax and heal, and please, do *not* try to speak. It will only abrade your throat further and keep from removing the ventilator that much longer. All clear?” He looked down at her, his face all cold remoteness and need to be somewhere else. She blinked once, he nodded, turned sharply and left the room, the nurse close on his heels. Leaving her alone. Again.

“Do you really think someone will come forward who knows her?”

“Nurse Jones, although deeply injured, our patient’s ears work just fine. Unless you want a mark on your file I suggest you not indulge in idle speculation where our patient’s can hear you, if at all.”

“Yes sir, sorry sir,” she mumbled, “I’ll notify you the moment our Doe starts running.”

“What was that?”

“Nothing, sir.”

The nurse made many appearances throughout the day, appearing more haggard every time. She lay in bed, still as stone, drifting off and on with nothing to occupy her mind but the occasional panic attack that inevitably set off the heart monitor and made the nurse come running. She looked more annoyed every time it happened and kept mumbling, updating the chart and pushing stuff in her IV-drip. At one point the nurse even turned on the TV to some foreign channel and patted her on her arm cast. She tried to look at the show but the synchronizing was horrible and the language illegible, so she looked at the ceiling and tried to ignore the overly animated voices.

“TV show not to your liking?” She looked at where the voice came from and saw her nurse standing there with another nurse, this one with blond curls and a perky attitude that seemed a strong contrast to the first one’s gloom and annoyance. She picked up the remote and finally turned the TV off, leaving her in blessed silence. Then, to her horror, yet another person appeared in her room with a large basin of water, a washing cloth and soap. She looked at the nurses and pleaded with her eyes, the indignity of being washed by complete strangers was too much for her right now. She needed to deal with being unable to move and being alone and not being able to communicate before yet another choice was taken from her. They lowered her bed so she lay flat and unhooked her arm from the pulley system. The orderly put the basin and other washing stuff on the table next to her then left her alone with the two nurses who were pulling the blankets away from her. She kept waiting for a question but it never came so she started to make some noise.

Animalistic noises escaped the patient’s throat and Marissa looked up at Jane Running Doe.

“Please stop making those noises, it is bad for your throat. The ventilator could harm your airway if you aren’t careful.”

“Hmffmgmm.”

She tsk-ed, “What did Nurse Rogers just say?” She said without looking away from organizing the bedding and making sure all was ready for the sponge bath. “Be happy you are about to be clean again, this smell is terrible.” They chuckled at that and turned to the water basin, grabbing the sponge and wetting it with soap and water. “Marissa, lift this please so I can,- yes that’s it exactly.”

She made quick work of rinsing Jane Doe’s body, having Marissa lift limbs when necessary to make it an easier job. She looked up from Jane’s lower body to begin rinsing her upper body to see a tear glinting in Jane’s eye. She frowned at that, annoyed at the other

woman's resistance to getting rid of the smell and getting clean. She made a sound to attract Marissa's attention and when she had it pointed her chin toward Jane Doe's face. Marissa looked up and when she looked back annoyance was on her face as well.

"Girl, be grateful we are cleaning you."

"Marissa." Her friend glanced back at her, rolling her eyes, so she gave a pointed glare and tried to make it clear the other was to be professional.

"I don't know, I thought cleanliness was a big thing for them but I guess not. It's that I really can't abide the stink or I'd leave it be. Come on, let's just finish and go." She shook her head, maybe asking Marissa for help hadn't been the smartest idea. What was supposed to be a kind gesture suddenly started feeling like a bad decision, she frowned, suddenly worried. What if the tear had been of emotional and not physical pain? Damn. She needed to speak to Dr. Shephard and explain this or her ass could be on the line.

Finishing quickly they put the patient in a new Johnny and left the room. Before she could close the glass partition Marissa was already wisecracking again.

"I guess once a savage always a savage," Marissa joked with a wink, she couldn't help but snort. As she closed the partition Marissa made to walk away so she halted her friend with a hand on her arm to ask a question; "Riss, I am clocking out in fifteen minutes, will you look after our Jane Running Doe for me for the rest of your shift?"

Her friend nodded and they parted ways, as she walked away she cursed to herself. Why did the nickname have to be so damn catchy? She blamed it on the stress of a double shift and went to look for Dr. Shephard and tell him about the sponge bath, hoping he would understand her thinking and not be mad.

Jane Running Doe? As if being a Jane Doe wasn't bad enough they had to make a joke about it too? She had to admit being somewhat clean felt nice, and being naked normally didn't bother her. But normally she had a voice and a choice and could do it on her own.

Lying there, helpless, having to listen to two people chat over and around and about her while they did with her body what they wanted to felt too much like a violation. She wondered at their abruptness and why they couldn't have done the blinking thing. She liked the blinking thing, it gave her a small voice, a *choice*. Her throat did hurt, maybe she had been stupid to try and get their attention by making noises when she had been warned against doing so.

The silence was broken only by the sound of her ventilator breathing for her and the heart monitor continuing its steady beeping. Once every so often the curly haired blond, Nurse Marissa, popped in to check her vitals and see if her IV drip was doing okay. She nodded off now and then as there was nothing to do but lie there and think. At some point someone else came in and took pictures of her before leaving her alone again. Her IV was changed next and other bags were added to the many already hanging on the pole next to her bed, she tried to see everything that happened but was hindered by her neck brace. Eventually the light changed from the soft glow of the sun to the more artificial one of electric lights. Nurse Rogers came back on shift and Marissa left and she just lay there, wishing she would sleep more and hating the itch left behind in the track of the few tears she hadn't been able to stop from leaving her eyes. Finally she became really tired and closed her eyes and when she opened them again the light was once again that of natural sunlight.

The sound of rushed footsteps and excited voices broke her reverie and she got up, curious and anxious about the noise. She left the nurses' lounge and saw an elderly couple rushing towards her.

"Ma'am! We just saw the news, there is a Jane Doe here? She looks like our daughter, please say it is our daughter!" The words tumbled after each other in a torrent almost too quick to make sense of. The small woman couldn't be taller than five foot five, her black hair pulled back in a severe knot that pulled her eyes slightly tilted. She was wearing a navy blue

skirt and light blue blouse with black pumps, the very picture of controlled elegance. Her husband was almost a foot taller than his tiny wife, dressed in an impeccable black suit and starched white shirt with blue stripes. His eyebrows were ominous, rising in a winged shape over cold blue eyes and high cheekbones. His hair was mostly grey at the sides, giving him Richard Gere like distinguished look that somehow didn't diminish through the agony displayed on his face as he clutched his wife's hand and they awaited her answer.

She swallowed, suddenly nervous though she couldn't tell why. "Yes, there is a Jane Ru-" she broke off, shaking her head and starting again. "We have a Jane Doe here, yes, follow me please." She led them to the room of Jane Runn, *really need to stop thinking about her like that*, she told herself firmly. "Please understand, she is very injured and can't talk yet. Be careful and try not to agitate her too much, her heart and lungs can't take the strain. I will leave you alone but you can only stay for fifteen minutes, understand all that?"

The couple nodded and paused in the doorway to visibly gather themselves before going in. The woman gasped, her tiny hand going to her lipstick-ed mouth in shock.

"Oh my baby! What happened to you!?" Reassured that the couple really was the parents of their Jane Doe, she left them to their reunion and started walking back to the lounge.

"Nancy!" she looked up, seeing where Marissa was calling from she waited for her to join her. "What bug crawled up your ass to make you look this nauseous?" Her friend laughingly asked her. She rolled her shoulders, not quite sure how to formulate her answer. Before she could the other started talking again; "Did you see the power couple enter just now? Wonder who they were visiting, normally old isn't my type but he was really something. Nance? Now what's wrong!" She pulled her friend through the door she was holding open and rushed to a chair before falling down in it.

“Well, it seems our Jane Doe has a slightly better background than we believed her to have.” She shook her head, suddenly worried about the real name of their Jane Doe and what profession her father held, he sure did look like a lawyer...

3.1. Behind Jane “Running” Doe

As mentioned in the theoretical framework, racism and stereotypes are influenced by the way people see things. Misperceptions about an entire ethnic culture are founded because of a widespread belief of the wrong characteristics given to this ethnic culture. The way Native Americans are portrayed in fiction have influenced the way they are perceived in daily life and the expectations people have about the way they act, react and respond to certain situations.

In my short story, I decided to have a girl with a background that could be Native American be found in front of an ER without ID. Her injuries meant she couldn't be ID-ed by facial recognition and a breathing tube would prevent her from talking. This then leads to the medical staff being ignorant of her particular background which leaves it open for speculation and interpretation. By opening with a politically incorrect police man with an inappropriate nickname I inserted a train of thought that was about traditional Indian names, reverting back to savageness and an inability to see the patient as a modern person on her own but instead as a throwback to the past and someone bound to a culture without her ever saying she is a part of it. Because this is what stereotypes lead to, it takes but a glance at someone for an opinion to be set which makes certain expectations inevitable. In some cases these stereotypes sneak into people's subconscious and become an image unshakeable from their perception of an unknown person, while others not only accept these stereotypes, but revel in recognizing and indicating them. This is best exemplified in the two different nurses.

Stereotypical remarks have different effects on bystanders or the target of the remarks, but in general these effects are negative. Onlookers will generally feel various forms of discomfort or embarrassment, as seen in the case of Nurse Jones. The effects are often more severe for the target as they can cause much emotional distress. The negative results are especially felt through the powerlessness of not being able to change an opinion that is based

on a black and white view. The power of beliefs, expressed through language, that is founded on images the mass takes as fact. I wanted to show not only what the power of language can do in expressing stereotypes and callous remarks, thus the power of face-to-face discourse, from the nurses that influenced the way Jane (Running) Doe was treated and felt. There is also the power of cross-cultural encounters, in that the medical staff are all white and feel they have a certain right to think things about their Jane Doe, make remarks that are inappropriate but, as they feel, accurate so okay. By taking away the patient's ability to communicate I increased the inequality of the encounters. Not only was there a sense of white majority versus colored minority, the latter feeling alone and powerless, Jane Doe literally *was* alone and powerless. I tried to show how power in discourse can become an element in the domination of minorities by a white majority, one where institutionalized racism can occur without (severe) consequences.

I introduced the Jane Doe as the victim of an unidentified crime because that meant speculation could run free. This in turn meant I could play with an increased sense of superiority towards the patients displayed by the police man, Dr. Shephard and the nurses. The unsubtle introduction of her parents after the eventual discovery as being well off and possibly a lawyer was meant to showcase one cannot judge a book by its cover. Situations where facts are unknown do not give leave to jump to the worst conclusions, yet this is what misrepresentation, and the inevitable stereotypes following this misrepresentation, leads to, and that is what I aimed to portray.

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