

performance itself" (1983:207). That is, if one may extend the point, considerations of truth and belief will vary and be subject to negotiation within communities and storytelling situations. This would suggest that if we are interested in the place of narrative in social life, it is the dynamics of variability and negotiation that we should investigate; the issue should be transformed from a typological comparative one to an ethnographic one. Abstract, a priori, and universalistic truth-value criteria or classificatory systems for oral narrative based on them have revealed themselves to be no more empirically productive than such a priori etic schemes have proved to be in other cultural spheres. Still, evidence indicates that truth and lying may well be of social and cultural concern to members of communities with regard to stories. What is needed are closely focused ethnographic investigations of how truth and lying operate as locally salient storytelling criteria within specific institutional and situational contexts in particular societies (e.g., Heath 1983:149-89; Rickford 1986). That is what I have attempted here, in an exploration of storytelling and dog trading in Canton, Texas.

Canton is a small town of approximately 3,000 people, located about sixty miles east and a little south of Dallas. Its principal claim to fame is that on the Sunday preceding the first Monday of every month Canton becomes the scene of a large and very popular trading fair. The average attendance is about 20,000—perhaps double that on Labor Day. The fair draws traders and dealers from as far away as New York, California, Oregon, and Minnesota.

First Monday at Canton—for so it is still called, although the action has shifted to Sunday in accommodation to the modern workweek—fits into a long tradition of American trade days. These seem to have originated in this country before the middle of the seventeenth century, in conjunction with the sitting of the county courts (Craven 1949:167). These courts met as often as once a month in some convenient spot, corresponding to the shire town of England or New England. Court day was a holiday, an occasion on which county residents came into town not only in connection with court functions, but to transact all kinds of business: to discuss public affairs, hold auctions, trade, and visit on the courthouse green (Carson 1965:195-6; Fiske 1904:62-6; Verhoeff 1911:7n). County courts usually met on the first Monday of the month—hence the term "First Monday." Although the sitting of the court was the nucleus around which the court days first developed, the occasion became a social institution in its own right; Sydnor (1948:34) calls it one of the most important in the antebellum South. As political organization changed, however, and county courts developed other schedules, trade days often disengaged from court sessions to become autonomous occasions; they continued to be economically and socially important to the people of the regions in which they were held.

From the beginning, an important commodity in the trading that went on during First Mondays was horses and mules. Professional horse and mule traders were called "jockies"; thus "Jockey Day" and "Hoss Monday" are other names for the occasion, and "jockey ground" or "jockey yard" designate the area in which the

9 "Any Man Who Keeps More'n One Hound'll Lie to You": A Contextual Study of Expressive Lying

RICHARD BAUMAN

"There are two kinds of tales, one true and the other false," Socrates proposes to Adeimantos in the course of exploring the proper place of literature in *The Republic* (376e), and the truth value of narrative—one dimension of the relationship of stories to the events they recount—has been a basic typological criterion in the classification of narrative ever since. Folklorists, for their part, have relied rather heavily on the truth factor in classifying oral narrative forms. For some, the basic distinction rests on "the extent to which a narrative is or is not based upon objectively determinable facts" (Littleton 1965:21), whereas others are more pragmatic and relativistic, relying on local distinctions made by members of the societies in which the tales are told between "narratives regarded as fiction" and "narratives . . . regarded as true by the narrator and his audience" (Bascom 1965:4).

Recently, however, there have been increasing expressions of unease about the empirical basis and reliability of such truth-value criteria. Herbert Halpert, for example, reports frequent baffled disagreement between himself and his students in the application of the truth-fiction distinction to the sorting out of jests and anecdotes, local legends, tall tales, and personal narratives (1971:51). Robert Georges, in turn, sees the truth-fiction question as so empirically clouded in actual cases that "the only *meaningful* answer would have to be an ambivalent one" (1971:17, emphasis in the original). Arguing from a most revealing transcript of a storytelling event, Linda Dégh and Andrew Vázsonyi take a preliminary step toward formulating an empirical basis for investigating the problematics of the truth value and believability factors, at least with regard to legends. "Objective truth and the presence, quality, and quantity of subjective belief are irrelevant," they maintain (1976:119). What is important is that legend "takes a stand and calls for the expression of opinion on the question of truth and belief" (1976:119). As observed by José Limón, "In some instances 'belief' may be quite secondary to

trading was conducted (Sartain 1932:253). Numerous local histories and personal documents testify to the high degree of interest and excitement generated by the action on the jockey ground during the height of the trade days in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. But, as horses and mules declined in importance with the mechanization of Southern agriculture, First Monday trade days declined as well, to the point that very few now remain. Still, some trade days have been in continuous existence since they began, whereas others have been revived, reincarnated as flea markets.

First Monday in Canton, like most others, began in conjunction with a county court day; Canton is the county seat of Van Zandt County. The event developed in the years following the Civil War, probably during the early 1870s (Mills 1950:191-2). Like most others, too, this trade day became as much or more an occasion for coming to Canton as for attending to court business. Until 1965, the trading took place in the courthouse square, but by the mid-sixties the crowds simply got too big, and separate grounds were set aside. More than 1,000 lots are available on the trading ground, and more are being added all the time. The entire event is now sponsored by the Canton Chamber of Commerce.

Although an occasional mule or two is still hauled to Canton for trade and a considerable amount of domestic poultry is sold there as well, where animals are concerned, coon dogs are the real focus of interest during First Monday. This dog trading was an early feature of Canton First Monday. No one seems to know precisely when it began, but my oldest sources, who are past eighty years of age, remember it from their earliest visits to Canton. In 1960, a few years before the general trading left the courthouse square for separate grounds, the dog trading was moved to its own site across the highway from the main area, down on the river bottom. The dog grounds and dog trading are not part of the Chamber of Commerce operation. The grounds are privately owned, and the dog trading generally has a very different tone from the flea-market atmosphere across the road.

First, whereas many of the flea-market dealers and public are women, the people on the dog grounds are almost exclusively men. Again, the flea market attracts many urban types as well as townspeople from surrounding towns. On the dog grounds one sees mostly rural people—farmers, hunters, more blacks, and more people of lower socioeconomic status generally. The activity on the dog grounds begins in earnest on Friday night, when people begin to gather, set up tents and campers, stake out their dogs, drink, play cards, shoot dice, talk dogs, go off into the surrounding countryside to hunt, and generally have a good time.

At the peak of the trading, there are hundreds of hunting dogs of all kinds on the dog grounds, although coonhounds are clearly predominant. Some coon-dog men are as serious as other dog fanciers about breeding, standards, registration, papers, and the other trappings of "improving the breed." Most dealing in dogs at this level involves fancy stud fees, careful records, big money—into the thousands of dollars for a top dog. Many hound-dog men, however, are far more pragmatic. They just want good, working hunting dogs, and cannot afford to pay a great deal

of money for them. These men tend to be less careful about the niceties of breeding, record keeping, and so on; they are satisfied with whichever dogs get together behind the shed, breeding "old Handy to old Ready." This is the group of dog traders that comes to Canton, and as a group they tend not to be highly regarded by the serious coon-dog breeders or by the townspeople in general. One citizen of Canton described dog traders to me as people for whom "making a living gets in the way." Some are professional dog jockies; most are amateurs. Their motivations for coming to Canton are various and often mixed. Some come to get "using dogs," whereas others just like to "move their dogs around" or "change faces." The professionals come to make some money, but many traders just want the activity to pay for itself—that is, to pay for the trip and for the dogs' feed.

The dominant reasons for coming to Canton, though, are to get together with other hound-dog men to talk about dogs and hunting, and to trade for its own sake, as recreation. For most traders at Canton, the economic motive is far from the top of the list; dog trading for them is a form of play, a contest of wits and words. Some men actually keep one or two dogs around at any given time just to trade and, not surprisingly, these are usually rather "sorry" dogs, "old trashy dogs that ain't worth a quarter for nothin'." One trader put it this way:

My experience is, I'll be in Canton in the morning, be there Sunday all day, I've got a dog trade always. Reason I want to go because a man's gonna meet me there and demonstrate his dog and I'm gonna take mine. Course the one I'm gonna take ain't much of a dog. . . . Now and then I get a good dog, then I get one that ain't worth bringin' home, but still it's trade that I like to do. (Recorded by Thomas A. Green, Blooming Grove, Texas, May 31, 1968)

In other words, Canton is "where the action is" (see Goffman 1967). Of course, no dog trader is averse to making some money, and one of the stated goals of any swap is to "draw boot"—that is, to get a dog and some cash for your dog. One man told me that his fellow traders would "trade with you for ten when ten's all they got in their dog, then they'll make five on your dog." These are small sums, though. In most cases, cash profit stands as a token of having played the game well; it is a sweetener that enhances the encounter. It is also true that many of the transactions at Canton are straight cash sales, but the dynamic of these transactions is the same in all essentials as trading, and they are considered to be and labeled trades.

When I asked what brought him to Canton, one old trader, who has been coming to First Monday for more than seventy years, replied, "Well, I enjoy trading and enjoy seeing my old friends." For him, as for most others on the dog grounds, the essence of First Monday is trading and sociability. I propose in the remainder of this chapter to explore some of the interrelationships between the two activities.

As a point of departure, let us consider the following two excerpts from dog-trading encounters at Canton. The first involves two participants: John Moore, a

black man in his early forties, and Mr. Byers, a white man in his early fifties. John Moore has the dogs, and Byers has just walked up to look them over.

Byers: He strike his own fox? [That is, can he pick up the fox's trail by himself?]
Moore: He strike his own fox. Strike his own fox. Clean as a pin, strike his own fox. [Pause] And he'll stand to be hunted, he'll stand to be hunted

[Byers interrupts—unintelligible]. What is that?

Byers: He run with a pack good?

Moore: Oh yes, oh yes. And he'll stand . . . he'll stand three nights out a week.

He has did that and took off—ain't seen him waitin' behind that.

[Unintelligible.] He'll stand three nights out a week. I've known that to happen to him. [Pause]

I try to be fair with a man 'bout a dog. Tell the truth about a dog. Tell you what he'll do. If there's any fault to him, I wanna tell the man. If I get a dog from a man, if there's any fault to him, I want him to tell me.

I bought . . . we bought some puppies from a man, we asked him, said, "they been vaccinated?" Said, "now we gonna buy the puppies," say, "now if they been vaccinated, we wanta know if they ain't." Say, "now, what we's gettin' at, if they ain't been vaccinated distemper's all around." We wanted 'a vaccinate 'em.

And he swore they was vaccinated and after we bought 'em they died, took distemper and died. Then he told a friend o' ours, he say he hate that he didn't tell us that the dogs, the puppies, wasn't vaccinated.

See, and I begged him, "I tell you somethin' man, we gonna buy the puppies, gonna give you a price for 'em," I said, "but there's one thing we just wanta know if they been vaccinated." And then turned right around . . . then turned right around and told the man that they hadn't been vaccinated. And here I begged him, "I'm beggin' you, gonna buy the dogs, puppies, at your price."

Byers: I traded two good coon dogs for two Walker dogs [a breed of hounds]—

Moore: //Mimm hmm.

Byers: //—supposed to be good fox dogs.

Moore: Mimm hmm.

Byers: Sumbitches wouldn't run a rabbit.

Moore: You see that?

Byers: Boy, I mean they wouldn't run nothin'.

Moore: I tell you for . . . what is your name?

Byers: Byers.

Moore: Mr. Byers, this here is John Moore, everybody know me here. I can take you to some people in here any day—I'm talkin' about some rich, up-to-date people—I have sold dogs to, and they'll tell you . . . I'm talkin' 'bout for hunnerd dollars, some hunnerd dollar dogs, seventy-five dol-

lar dogs, fifty dollar. . . I haven't got a dog over there for fifty dollars. You can't raise one for that, 'cause a sack o' feed down there where we live cost you four fifty for fifty pounds, what we feed the hounds on, we feed the hounds on, and then we get scraps from that slaughter pen to put in. And if I tell you somep'n 'bout a dog I'm not gon' misrepresent him. Not gonna misrepresent him.

You see that little ol' ugly gyp [bitch] there? She'll git in the thicket. . . We was runnin' the Fourth o' July, I think it was, runnin' a big gray fox. Across the road runnin' right down 'side this culvert, oh, 'bout like that. [Unintelligible.] You've seen it where, that's what, briar, you know, you know briar up under there, you know, know what I'm talkin' 'bout—these ol' . . . where . . . got them stickers on, 'bout like that [holds up his finger], 'bout that size, got that runner, big runner to 'em. And just had the place solid.

And we had a fox under there, and got him under there 'bout three o'clock, and he stayed there till it got daylight, he stayed under there to daylight. The road on east side o' that place.

And daylight come and them ol' feet comin' out from under round there drove her all buggy. He just walked in them briars. Place he could get in, you'd just see him every while just walkin'. You could hear that gyp now smell that fox. He got him hot, he just walk in them briars.

That little gyp come up in now, and she come up, man, there, like this fox, far like to the middle o' this pickup, quite that far—come out, shot out from under there, wasn't long before she come out just sprawled on her belly.

There she is, right there. There she is right there. [To dog] Yeah, come over here. (Recorded Canton, Texas, July 31, 1971)

In the second encounter there are three participants, only two of whom are heard in this excerpt: Homer Townsend and Herrman Smith. Townsend's son is interested in Smith's dogs, but his father does the talking.

Townsend: Will them ol' dogs you got catch a rabbit?

Smith: Yeah.

Townsend: Really get up there and catch one?

Smith: Yes sir. I'd buy another one that'll outrun 'em.

Townsend: Well, a man told me a while ago they wouldn't hardly run a rabbit.

Smith: I tell you what I'll do. I'll take the man out here and show him.

That's all I can do. . . that's the best way, is to take him out and

show him. I'll buy another 'un that can run with 'em . . . uh, keep 'em or sell or buy another 'un that could run with 'em, see. . .

Townsend: [Interrupts] He's interested in some dogs, some greyhounds, and, uh, that man says they wouldn't hardly run a rabbit.

Smith:

[Angrily] I'll show you! That's all I can do. You know me, I don't lie about these dogs. I tried 'em out, see, I tried them dogs out before I ever bought 'em, see. And I do the *coon* dogs thataway. I wouldn't give a dime for nary a dog I didn't know on this ground until I hunted him.

I sold one last . . . uh . . . summer and the man asked me what I'd take. I said, "I won't even price him till you go huntin'." I said, "I sell mine in the *woods*!" And when we went huntin', he treed three coons. Come out, and he said, "Whatcha want for that dog?" I said two-fifty. And he went countin' out them twenty-dollar bills.

I got a little ol' gyp out there I've had three years. And she's three years old—she's been treenin' coons ever since she was a year old! And she's still in my pen! And I got one o' her puppies mated to that 'un yonder . . . that's the one over there. Took him out the other day, just started trainin' him, you know.

That's the reason I got them greyhounds, 'cause I can see 'em, see? I can't hear a thing outta this ear. I gotta go with somebody and they got a bunch of trash and . . . No, somebody got one to run with 'em, I'll buy 'em this morning.

Townsend:

[Leaving] Well, we'll talk to you a little bit . . . after a while.

Smith:

[Loudly] I'll take 'em out here and show you! That's the way I am. I don't lie about these dogs. I ain't . . . I don't believe in it.

I bought a dog here 'bout three or four months ago down here from an ol' man and ended high nigh walkin' him! And he was tellin' me about that dog, trainin' young dogs and this 'n' that, and I give him thirty dollars for it, and I give him to that little boy down there. That hound don't tree. I give him to him. I wouldn't lie to him, I give it to him! I don't lie about it. I'll buy 'em on the tree or sell 'em on the tree, I don't care about the money. I don't lie about these dogs. You hear anything very long and you'll say it's all right, you know what I mean? (Recorded by Donna West, Canton, Texas, November 1, 1970)

For our purposes, two features stand out from these excerpts. First, the participants clearly devote a considerable amount of interactional attention to the issue of truthfulness and lying; and, second, one of the devices they resort to in addressing this issue is telling stories. Anyone who is at all familiar with hound-dog men, coon hunters, or otherwise, will feel no surprise at hearing they have some involvement in lying and storytelling. Georg Simmel suggests that "sociological structures differ profoundly according to the measure of lying which operates in them" (1950:312), and coon hunting certainly ranks fairly high on this scale.

To an audience familiar with coon hunters, the association between lying and coon hunting is so well established that it constitutes an expressive resource for

performance. The humorous monologue of the featured speaker at a Fourth of July celebration in Pekin, Indiana—an area near the Indiana-Kentucky border that is full of coon hunters—included the following introduction to a series of hunting stories:

You know, now, somebody's accused me of lying, and I told somebody one time how bad it hurt me to lie, and they said, "you must be in awful pain, then, buddy." But I have had to lie some just to get by, you understand? I didn't want to lie, I was pushed into it. I done a lot of coon hunting, and when you go out with a bunch of coon hunters you got to lie just to stay with 'em.

I can see by looking that there's no coon hunters in this audience today. I'm glad I did, I didn't want to insult anybody. But when you get out there in the field with a bunch of coon hunters, and get you a chew of tobacco in your mouth, and the dogs start running, you better start telling some lies, or you won't be out there long. (Byron Crawford, recorded Pekin, Indiana, July 4, 1978)

Or, as summed up for me with artful succinctness by a Texas coon hunter, "any man who keeps more'n one hound'll lie to you."

One type of lying associated with coon hunting, and of long-standing interest to folklorists, is the tall tale, the traditional tale of lying and exaggeration. Hunting has always been a privileged domain for tall tales: *The Types of the Folktale* (Thompson 1961) established the hunting tale as a special subgroup of tales of lying (types 1890–1909), and the standard American tall-tale collections are full of hunting windies (see Baughman 1966: types 1890–1909 and motifs X1100–1199, and references therein).

Traditional tall tales are told at Canton, but not often. Since the regulars have heard them over and over again, they tend largely to save them for newcomers not yet fully integrated into the coon-hunting fraternity (cf. Toelken 1979:112). The following tale, widely recorded, was addressed by a veteran hunter to a nineteen-year-old novice in the group:

This ol' boy, he had him a coon dog. He had him a little coon [hide-] stretcher, looked like a piece of wire, V-shaped. He'd bring it out of the house, he had that coon dog, and it'd go out in the woods, kill him a coon, bring it back to the house, and all that boy had to do was just skin that coon out, put on that stretcher and skin. He was doing that for about two or three years, and was plum proud of his dog, and everything, and was telling everybody in town how good that dog was.

One day his mama told him to take the ironing board outside to fix it; there was something wrong with it. That dog seen that ironing board and that dog hadn't showed up yet. (Recorded Canton, Texas, June 2, 1973)

Tall tales such as this one play upon the generic expectations of another type of story which is ubiquitous among hound-dog men: narratives of personal experience about the special qualities and hunting prowess of particular dogs. The story

of the dog and the ironing board/hide-stretcher followed closely on the heels of this one:

A: I run a coon down the creek back down home at Fred's a couple weeks ago. . . .

B: Yeah?

A: And I couldn't get him out, couldn't get in there to him, so Speck and I got . . . I caught Speck to lead him off now, "let's go, Speck."

Went on down there, struck another coon and treed it. He jumped it out, and old Speck just whirled and left there, and I didn't know where in hell that sumbitch went.

First time I heard him opened up back down on the tree. He went back there and checked the hole, that coon had come out and he treed that sumbitch down there [laughing].

C: Yeah.

D: Sure did. Dog's smart.

A: That darn coon came outa that hole. He went and treed that coon.

C: Yeah. That's what me and Bud done one night. Treed one down there. . . .

A: [Interrupting!] He was thinkin' about that coon, wasn't he? (Recorded Canton, Texas, August 1, 1971)

Stories like this one dominate the sociable encounters of coon hunters wherever they come together, including the dog-trading grounds at Canton. These accounts stick close to the actual world of coon hunting and to the range of the possible—though not, in the best of them, to the ordinary. The extraordinary, the "re-portable" in Labov's terms, is necessary if a personal narrative is to hold the listener's attention (Labov and Fanshel 1977:105). A dog like old Speck that can remind itself of a piece of unfinished business and go back to finish it off after treeing another coon is special, though believable. Why not, then, a dog that will catch a coon on order, to fit his master's hide-stretcher? The more common story of personal experience, told straightforwardly as truth, contextualizes the tall tale; it contributes to the latter's humorous effect by establishing a set of generic expectations that the tall tale can bend exaggeratedly out of shape. The effect is reciprocal, of course: The obvious exaggeration of the tall tale creates an aura of lying that colors the "true" stories as well.

When we juxtapose the personal narrative and the tall tale, actually two dimensions of "lying" become apparent. First, the unusual but not impossible events of the former are transformed into the exaggeratedly implausible events of the latter. Thus tall tales are lies, insofar as what they report as having happened either did not happen or could not have happened.

There is more, though. The tall tale presented above is told in the third person, which distances it somewhat from the narrator, and contrasts with the characteristic use of the first-person voice in the personal narrative. A common feature of

tall-tale style, however, is also the use of the first person (Brunvand 1978:136-7), either directly ("I had an old coon dog that would go out in the woods. . . .") or as a link between the narrator and the third-person protagonist ("I knew an old boy, he had a coon dog. . ."). This device occurs in the second traditional tale we will consider below. When the first-person voice is employed, a second dimension of "lying" comes into play. The use of the first person brings the tall tale closer to personal narrative; it allows the story to masquerade for a while as a "true" personal narrative, until the realization that what is being reported is impossible shatters the illusion. In other words, these first-person tall tales are what Goffman calls "fabrications," "the intentional effort of one or more individuals to manage activity so that a party of one or more others will be induced to have a false belief about what it is that is going on" (1974:83). What appears to be going on is an account of actual events; what is really going on is a lie masquerading as such an account—a double lie. The man who tells such a tale in the third person is a liar; the man who tells it in the first person is a tricky liar, a con man. Thus two potential dimensions of "lying" enter into the expressive ambience of coon hunters: outright lies and fabrications.

As I have noted, though, traditional tall tales are not very common at Canton. But even without them, the aura of lying persists around the personal dog stories because, although recounted as true, they are susceptible to creative exaggeration, another dimension of "lying," for at least two major reasons. First, like all natural sociable interaction, the encounters of coon hunters are at base about the construction and negotiation of personal identity. In them, sociable narratives are a vehicle for the encoding and presentation of information about oneself in order to construct a personal and social image (Bauman 1972). In Watson and Potter's apt formulation, "social interaction gives form to the image of self and the image of the other; it gives validity and continuity to the identifications which are the source of an individual's self-esteem" (1962:246). The way to establish that you are a good coon hunter is to show that you have good hounds and are thus knowledgeable about quality dogs—even more so if you have trained them yourself. Thus, because hunting stories are instruments for identity building, for self-aggrandizement (Labov and Waletzky 1967:34), there is a built-in impulse to exaggerate the prowess of one's dogs with hyperbole ("When he trees, hell, if you ain't give out, you're plum gonna get him of starvation before he comes away from there"), or by selection (omitting mention of the faults of a dog you're bragging on) as a means of enhancing one's own image (cf. Gilsenan 1976:191). This tendency toward "stretching the truth," as it is often called, has been widely reported in men's sociable encounters (see, e.g., Bauman 1972; Bethke 1976; Biebuyck-Goetz 1977; Cothran 1974; Tallman 1975). It is one more factor that gives hound-dog men the reputation of being liars.

The other factor that promotes the expressive elaboration of the hound and hunting story is that, whatever its referential and rhetorical functions, it constitutes a form of verbal art. That is, it is characteristically *performed*, subject to eval-

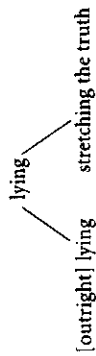


Figure 9.1

uation, both as truth and as art for the skill and effectiveness with which it is told (Bauman 1977:11). The aesthetic considerations of artistic performance may demand the embellishment or manipulation—if not the sacrifice—of the literal truth in the interests of greater dynamic tension, formal elegance, surprise value, contrast, or other elements that contribute to excellence in performance in this subculture. “Stretching the truth,” which chiefly exaggerates and selects, is not exactly the same as the outright lying of the tall tale. Nevertheless, although the two activities can be terminologically distinguished to point up the contrast between them, they are usually merged, and the term “lying,” in an unmarked sense, is used to label both (see Figure 9.1). Fabrication, our third analytically distinguished type of lying, has no folk label.

For these reasons, then, some expectation of lying attends the telling of these stories about special dogs and memorable hunts. Realizing this, the tellers frequently resort to various means of validating their accounts (cf. Ben-Amos 1976:30–2). These range from verbal formulas like “I guarantee,” to the testimony of witnesses (as in the above story), to offers to demonstrate the dog in action. One man concluded a lengthy story about the hunting prowess of his hound as follows:

You don't believe it, take and let your dogs run a coon loose, and I'll lead her, anybody tonight, anybody got their damn good cold-nose dogs, and if she don't run that coon and tree that coon, it's gonna be somethin' that ain't never happened. She'll run that sumbitch till by god, she'll tree that sumbitch. (Recorded Canton, Texas, August 1, 1971)

But even such emphatic attempts at validation often contain elements that subtly undermine the intended effect. In the statement just quoted, the owner backs up his previous claim about his dog's ability to follow a cold trail to the tree by stating that it has *never* failed to do so. Whereas the dog in question did in fact have a far higher success rate than most others, both the owner and several of the onlookers knew of times when it had failed, as any dog must once in a while. So, despite these attempts at validation, the expectation persists that hound-dog men will lie when talking about their dogs.

Occasionally, among intimates, someone may make a playful thrust at discrediting a story. To cite one example from Canton, a man, spotting an old friend who was giving an account of a recent hunt to a circle of fellow hunters, called out as he approached, “What you doin', lyin' to these people?” This is joking, however. The interesting and noteworthy thing about the sociable storytelling of hound-dog men is that, although it is strongly recognized as susceptible to lying, the lying is overwhelmingly licensed as part of the fundamental ethos of sociability. That is,

by not challenging the truthfulness of another's stories, one may reasonably expect to be accorded the same license in presenting one's own image-building narratives and crafting one's own artful performances. Then too, it is only susceptibility we are talking about; not every personal narrative about dogs and hunting involves lying, nor is it always clear or consciously recognized as to which do and which do not. There is merely a persistent sense that every story might. To call another man a liar in this context, then, is to threaten his “face,” with some risk and no possible advantage to oneself; whereas to give apparent acceptance to his accounts is to store up interactional credit toward the unchallenged acceptance of one's own tales.

Hunting tall tales and ordinary dog stories do not exhaust the repertoire of storytelling at Canton. The special character of First Monday for the hunters who attend is that it is an occasion for dog trading; not surprisingly, then, trading itself constitutes an important conversational resource for those who gather there. Like the hunting tall tales, some of the trading stories are traditional fictions, part of the national—even international—treasury of lore about shrewd trades, deceptive bargains, gullibility, and guile. To underscore his observations about a smart fellow trader, a dog jockey from Oklahoma who almost never misses a First Monday at Canton told the following story:

And they're smart, too. I know an ol' boy, by god, he fell on a damn scheme to make some money, you know? Got hisself a bunch o' damn dog pills. 'Stead o' them damn . . . he called 'em “smart pills,” you know, and by god, he'd sell them damn things, and an ol' boy'd come along, and he'd sell 'em a little to 'em, and tell 'em how smart they'd make 'em, you know, an' he'd get a dollar a piece for 'em.

An ol' boy come along, and he sold him one.

He said, “hell, I don't feel any smarter than I did.”

He said, “I found sometimes when you're pretty dumb it takes several of 'em, by god, to get you smartened up.”

He bought another one, took it, stood around there a few minutes, and said, “now, I ain't no smarter than I was.”

“Boy,” he says, “you're something, you're just pretty dumb. You . . . you've got to take four or five for you.”

Well, he bought another one, took it, so he stood around, and the said, “man, them things ain't helping me a damn bit.”

He said, “I told you, you was pretty dumb.” He said, “by god, you're gonna have to take another one.”

So he bought another one, by god, and he took that son of a bitch and rolled it around in his damn hand, and he reached up to taste it, and he said, “that tastes just like dog shit.”

He said, “boy, now you smartenin' up.” (Recorded Canton, Texas, June 5, 1977)

Let us examine this story in the light of our discussion thus far. Linked to the conversation that precedes it, and opened in the first person (“I know an ol' boy . . .”), the story appears at first to be a conventional personal narrative of the kind that is told as true. Ultimately, it is revealed as a humorous fiction. Like the tradi-

tional tall tale told in the first person, then, this story is both a lie and a fabrication. Its content, however, endows it with an additional dimension of deception. The trader here has clearly swindled the dupe by playing on his expectation that the "smart pills" would make him wiser by virtue of their medicinal powers. That, after all, is how pills work. The trader, of course, has made no such explicit claim. He has merely advertised his wares as "smart pills," and they do in fact make the dupe smarter—he wises up to the fact that he has been paying a dollar each for pellets of dog dung.

This story is one of a type of traditional tale in which the shrewd trader, although not actually telling an untruth—and thus not lying in a limited, literal sense—lies in effect nevertheless, at least in the sense set forth by Charles Morris (1946:261): "lying is the deliberate use of signs to misinform someone, that is, to produce in someone the belief that certain signs are true which the producer himself believes to be false." In the story above, the trader's ploy is actually a kind of fabrication, insofar as he induces the dupe to believe that he is taking pills that will affect him medicinally, whereas in fact such effect as they have is the result of his realization that this belief is false. The tale thus underscores in expressive form the semiparadoxical fact that traders can lie by telling the truth. The "smart pills" deception is at least arguably a "benign fabrication," in Goffman's terms (1974:87), leading as it does to the enlightenment of the dupe. However, "exploitive fabrications" (ibid.:103) also abound in this body of folklore and, as we shall see, in actual trading as well.

My impression, unverified by conclusive data, is that traditional tales about trading, like the one I have just presented, are less generally familiar to the population of the dog grounds at Canton than are the traditional tall tales about dogs and hunting. The latter are appropriate, in a general sense, whenever coon hunters come together sociably, whereas the former are more likely to be familiar to those with a regular involvement in trading, a much smaller group. In the setting of a First Monday, though, trading tales are highly appropriate, and I have heard more traditional stories about trading than traditional tall tales about hunting on the dog grounds.

Still more common are personal narratives about trades in which the teller himself was involved. Some of these, interestingly, are about being taken. Dog trading is, after all, a contest, and even the canny trader can be bested occasionally, as in the following account:

A: That's that little Trigg [a breed of hound] I's tellin' you about.

B: I bought one o' them one time, Cal, was the funniest thing I got in.

When I swapped for her, and give some money, in Texarkana, old boy said, "I guarantee her." Said, "she's one of the finest coon dogs I've ever had in the woods in my life."

I carried that dog home, I pitched her out, first thing she hit was a deer. I think a day or two later, I finally found her. And I mean she wouldn't run *one* thing on earth but a deer, not anything.

"Any Man Who Keeps More'n One Hound'll Lie to You"

So I carried her back to Texarkana and just give her away. Yes sir. And five minutes after the boy drove off with that dog, a guy drove up and said, "do you know where I can find a deer dog anywhere for sale?"

C & D: [Laugh]

B: I'll bet he hadn't got two mile outa town, when . . .

D: [Interrupting] Outa town dog and all?

B: Yeah. Ain't no tellin' what he'd give for the dog, and she was perfect. I mean she was a straight deer dog. Wouldn't run nothin' else. But that's my luck. (Recorded Canton, Texas, August 1, 1971)

In this story, the teller loses out not once, but twice. He is victimized by being lied to outright by another trader—note the inevitable preoccupation with lying—and then compounds the problem by giving away the deer dog, worthless to a coon hunter, moments before he is presented with a golden opportunity to sell it at a handsome profit. Still, he is philosophical about it; he introduces the story as the *funniest* experience he has had with Trigg hounds and chalks up the whole experience to luck.

Whereas admitting that one has been taken in a trade might seem to expose one to some risk of losing face, the risk is apparently offset by the reportability and performance value of a good story. And, after all, it did take an outright lie on the trader's part to accomplish the deception. Moreover, any trader worth his salt has plenty of stories about how he bested someone else in a trade by the exercise of wit, cleverness, or deception. The same man who lost out twice on the deer dog told the following story, recounting a classic example of the short con, a fabrication par excellence.

Last time I went over to Canton, I had a dog I called Blackjack. He was just about as sorry a dog as I ever had owned. He wouldn't do nothin' but eat. Take him huntin' and he lay out under the pickup.

So I decided I'd take him over to Canton, and I did, and I met a friend of mine over there, named Ted Haskell, out o' Corsicana. I told Ted, I said, "now, you go up that alley up yonder and meet me 'bout half-way where they's tradin' dogs yonder, and then we'll introduce ourselves. You . . . we'll . . . sell this dog, and I'll give you half what I get outa it."

I met ol' Ted, and he says, "well, ol' Blackjack," he says, "I haven't had a coon race since I sold him," he says, "where'd you get him?"

"I got him over to Palestine."

"Well, I declare, I wisht I had him back," he says, "what are you askin' for him?"

I said, "I'll take thirty dollars."

Well, they began to gather 'round and listen and listen. We kept talkin' 'bout him. He'd brag on Blackjack. And finally, an ol' boy eased up and called me off and says, "I'll give twenty dollars for him."

And I said, "Well, pay me." Well, he paid me.

Course I told Mr. Haskell mighty glad I'd met him, and he turned and went one way, and I went the other way, and we met at the pickup and divided the money. I come home, and he come back to Corsicana.

So I'm sure that man felt about like I did when I bought him, 'cause he wasn't worth carryin' a huntin'. (Recorded by Thomas A. Green, Blooming Grove, Texas, May 31, 1968)

Stories like this one manifest a significant ambivalence about lying and other swindles, especially about lying—whether outright lying, stretching the truth, or fabrication—in conducting the trading itself. As I have noted, dog trading is viewed by the confirmed traders as a game of strategy in which, like many other games of strategy, deception occupies a central and accepted place. There is a long tradition in American folklore and popular literature of admiration for the shrewd trader, from the Yankee peddler to the Southern horse trader, who makes his way through the world by wit and words, part of “the traditional sympathy which storytellers have for rascals and crooks” (Benjamin 1969:106; cf. Dorson 1959:47–8; Ferris 1977; Green 1968, 1972). The numerous entries in Baughman's *Type and Motif-Index of the Folktales of England and North America* (1966) under K134, Deceptive horse sale (or trade), as well as such literary pieces as the horse trader in Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* or the recent popular collections of horse-trading tales by Ben Green (1968, 1972; see also Welsch 1981), suggest that Americans enjoy hearing about shrewd traders and therefore, at some level at least, accept their crooked dealings (cf. Boatright 1973:146). The interplay between the trader's verbal skill in trading and his verbal skill as a storyteller is probably significant here; the two are complementary aspects of his overall image as quick-witted and shrewd, one who manipulates men and situations—whether trading encounters or social gatherings—to his own advantage (cf. Benjamin 1969:101). Good traders are not reluctant self-publicists; one Canton regular told me with obvious pride: “I'll tell you what you can do. You can put me right out there on that road, barefooted, if it wasn't too hot, and before I get home, I'll have a pair of shoes, I want to tell you.”

Nevertheless, whereas chess, for example, is unequivocally and only a game, in which such strategic deception as may occur is completely contained within the play frame, dog trading is not so unambiguous. Whereas trading is certainly engaged in as play by many of the participants at Canton, the play frame is almost never overtly acknowledged. The only instances I observed that were openly marked as play were framed by such obviously inappropriate offers as five dollars plus a toothless old dog for a proven hound in prime condition. Otherwise, the public construction placed upon the trading encounter depicts it as a serious business transaction, and it is *always* susceptible to being understood as such by one or both participants.

Here is the crux of the matter. The traditional American ideal demands, if not absolute honesty in business transactions, at least the maintenance of the public fiction that the participants are telling the truth (cf. Simmel 1950:314). Thus lying does not accord with the public construction of a dog-trading transaction, nor is it consistent with the actual understanding of those who consider a dog trade straight business, not a game. The trader who lies about a dog during the conduct

of a trade may see himself and be seen by some other traders as a master player, gulling the marks as they deserve, but he may also be despised as a swindler who cheats honest people. No harm is done by telling stories about shrewd or crooked trades—indeed, such accounts may be relished for their performance value—but actually hoodwinking someone is a different matter. It makes the difference between Goffman's benign and exploitative fabrications (1974:87, 103).

At the same time, therefore, that a trader is telling a well-formed and entertaining story in which he beats someone by a classic confidence trick, he may also be at pains to disavow any dishonesty. The veteran trader who unloaded Blackjack by trickery and obviously relished telling about it had just a few minutes before beginning his story made a gesture at resolving the moral dilemma by framing his trading swindles as the excesses of youth: “Most men my age won't lie about a dog; but just before you get to my age, they'll lie and tell you any kinda tale just to get to sell you a dog.”

Having explored the relationship between lying and storytelling among the dog traders at Canton to this point, we can now return to the excerpts from the trading encounters with which we began our exploration. The strong preoccupation with lying and storytelling that characterizes both encounters should be relatively more comprehensible in light of the preceding discussion.

The rich expressive tradition of storytelling associated with hound-dog men and dog traders—the tales of hunting and trading and the personal narratives about both activities—as well as the conception of dog trading as a game of strategy in which the goal is often to get rid of a worthless dog at a profit help endow dog trading at Canton with a considerable aura of lying and deception. These expressive forms both reflect and sustain the sense that misrepresentation of one sort or another permeates the institution, and many participants can confirm from first-hand experience that lying is indeed a factor to be reckoned with. It is not at all surprising that parties on both sides of a dog trade should enter the transaction anticipating that the opposite party might lie about a dog and expect to be lied to in return. At the same time, either man (both parties if a trade is involved, only the seller if it is to be a cash sale) might in fact be ready and willing to lie to unload a dog. Yet even if one is ready to lie, to acknowledge as much is impossible; it would violate the public construction that dog trading is an honest business transaction and would very likely undermine the interactional foundation of the trading relationship itself.

The strategy that emerges from the expectations and conventions of dog trading is that one should take pains during an actual transaction to *dispel* the aura of lying that surrounds it. The most direct means of doing so is by explicit insistence on one's truthfulness and by disavowal of lying (cf. Bakhtin 1968:162). In the encounters under examination, both John Moore and Herman Smith employ this means of establishing their trustworthiness. John Moore volunteers early in the encounter: “I try to be fair with a man 'bout a dog. Tell the truth about a dog, tell you what he'll do. If there's any fault to him, I wanna tell the man.” And then, employing the pow-

erful rhetorical device of identification (Burke 1969:20–3), Moore puts himself in Byers's position: "If I get a dog from a man, if there's any fault to him, I want him to tell me." A little later, to validate the information he is providing about his dogs, he insists: "If I tell you somep'n 'bout a dog, I'm not gon' misrepresent him. Not gonna misrepresent him." In the second encounter, Herman Smith is rather seriously challenged by Homer Townsend; he reiterates with some vehemence throughout the encounter, "I don't lie about these dogs!" These are all disclaimers of outright lying or of stretching the truth by selection or distortion. I have not recorded or observed any instances in which a participant disavowed pulling off a fabrication, although it is conceivable that such disavowals might occur.

Another means of establishing one's veracity in a trading encounter is to offer to let the dogs prove the claims made for them, just as the tellers of dog stories do in sociable encounters. This is Herman Smith's main trust; he offers repeatedly to "take 'em out here and show you." He also resorts to the identificational strategy of putting himself in the place of the buyer. When he is buying dogs, he tries them out: "I wouldn't give a dime for nary a dog I didn't know on this ground until I hunted him." By trying out the dogs he is offering before having bought them, Smith has, in effect, already acted on Townsend's behalf, and Townsend is safe in buying them now.

For our purposes, perhaps the most interesting means by which the dog traders seek to establish and substantiate their identities as honest men is in telling stories. If we examine these stories, we see that they are closely related to the sociable narratives discussed at length earlier in this chapter—specifically, to personal narratives about the performance of particular dogs and to personal narratives about trading experiences.

Three narratives appear in the excerpt from the first trading encounter—two told by John Moore and one very minimal one told by Mr. Byers. Moore clearly tells his first story, about being victimized in a trade by buying some puppies that the seller falsely assures him had had their shots, as a rhetorical strategy to convey his negative attitudes toward a trader who would tell an outright lie about a dog. By implication, he emphasizes his own trustworthiness in a context wherein trickery and deceit are widespread. Moore's central rhetorical purpose is to distance himself from dog traders who lie, and his story is obviously and strongly adapted to that purpose. Much of his narrative is given over to establishing this polarization (Labov 1979) between the dishonest trader and Moore himself, as customer. The trader's lie is doubly destructive because it was both unnecessary, since Moore was going to buy the dogs whether or not they had had their shots, and cruel, since it resulted in the death of the dogs. The evaluative dimension of the narrative is heavily elaborated, both through repetition (both the query to the trader about whether the puppies were vaccinated and the narrative report of those queries are repeated) and lexical intensifiers (emotion-laden words like "swore," "hate," "begged") (Labov and Waletzky 1967:37–8). The point is that Moore gave the trader ample and repeated opportunity to tell the truth, but he remained firm in

his lie; and everyone suffered as a result, even the liar himself, since the death of the puppies brought him remorse ("he hate that he didn't tell us . . .").

Byers too has been taken in a trade. He comes back with his account of having traded once for two dogs that were supposed to be good fox dogs and then discovered that the "sumbitches wouldn't run a *rabbit*." This story establishes that he has already been victimized at least once in a trade and, by implication, that he does not intend to let it happen again. As he is not the one whose honesty is on the line, however, having no dog to trade, his story is rather minimal—just long enough to make his point, without attempting to be strongly persuasive. Still, there is not a clause in his narrative that lacks a clearly evaluative element.

Moore goes on to reaffirm his bona fides by mentioning his satisfied customers, including "some rich, up-to-date people." Then, picking up on Byers's apparent interest in fox dogs, Moore points out a fox dog among his own string, and proceeds to tell an extended story about her prowess in a recent hunt in order to build up her credentials—a sales pitch in narrative form. Stories of this kind are especially motivated during trading transactions because one cannot tell from merely looking at a dog what its hunting abilities are. Straightforward enumeration of the dog's qualities could also get the information across, but corroborating narratives, convincingly told, may add verisimilitude to the seller's claims. Skill in storytelling may thus enhance the overall rhetorical power of the sales pitch. One must maintain a delicate balance, however, because stories are also considered vehicles for creative or duplicitous misrepresentation. Hence the usefulness of combining such narratives with additional claims to honesty, as Moore does both directly and by telling his story about a dishonest dog trader in order to distance himself from such practices. As the one offering the dogs, Moore has to tell stories that are persuasive enough to establish both his honesty, as in the first story, and the dog's quality, persistence, toughness, and so on, as in the second. In sociable interaction, there is no immediate negative consequence if your audience does not accept the truth of your story; in trading encounters, others must accept your story sufficiently to be persuaded to *act* on it (it is hoped by trading for or buying your dog).

The second excerpt contains two stories, both told by Herman Smith, the man with the dogs. Townsend has rather seriously challenged him with offering dogs that won't perform. Smith accordingly counters with a story to demonstrate that, far from being willing to risk a customer's dissatisfaction or skepticism, he would actually *refuse* to conclude a sale until the dog has proven itself in the woods. This is not just honesty, it's superhonesty. Smith's second story is in the same vein: Having been taken in by an unscrupulous trader who lied about the treeing ability of a dog, Smith would not himself stoop to selling the worthless hound, but gave it away to a little boy. Any man who gives dogs to little boys can't be all bad. Here is another instance of extreme polarization between the dishonest trader and the honest man: The unscrupulous trader places profit over honesty, whereas Smith values honesty over profit ("I don't care about the money. I don't lie about

these dogs"). Just so there is no question about his own honorable values, he repeats the relevant points again and again.

Honesty . . .

I wouldn't lie to him.

I don't lie about it.

I don't lie about these dogs.

Over Proft

I gave him to that little boy down there.

I give him to him!

I give it to him!

Interestingly, this story compromises one of Smith's earlier claims to Townsend—that he himself tries out all the dogs he acquires before buying them. If he had done so in this case, he would not have had a worthless dog fobbed off on him. But it is more important to tell an emphatic story for its rhetorical effect than to worry about a minor inconsistency like this. Should Townsend pick up on it, this inconsistency could undermine Smith's claims to scrupulous honesty.

This second story of Smith's so closely parallels the story of the deer dog, discussed earlier, that a brief comparison can highlight certain significant differences generated by the differing contexts in which they occur and their respective functions within these contexts. In both stories the narrator acquires a dog from someone who lies to get rid of it and then, discovering that the dog does not perform as expected, gives it away. The story of the deer dog, told for entertainment in sociable interaction, is connected to the discourse that precedes it solely by the fact that the dog in question was a Trigg hound, and the previous speaker had pointed out a Trigg in his own string of dogs. No more is needed for the story to be appropriate in this sociable context. The extra twist at the end of the story, in which a customer appears for the dog immediately after it has been given away, makes the tale unusual and endows it with entertainment value. There is credit to be gained, as a performer, in telling it. The event sequence consists of six principal episodes, most of which have subepisodes:

1. Trading for the dog in the expectation that it was a coon dog
2. Taking it home
3. Taking it on a disastrous trial hunt, in which it turns out to be a deer dog
4. Having to search for the now apparently worthless dog
5. Returning to Texarkana to give it away
6. Being approached by someone looking for a deer hound exactly like the one just given away

The evaluative dimension of the story serves to highlight the reportability of the experience, the humor and irony of the situation.

Herman Smith's story, however, is more strongly motivated and rooted in its conversational context. Smith's prospective customers are leaving, apparently because they don't believe his dogs are any good, and he is very concerned to establish his trustworthiness as a dog trader. The narrative line of the story is minimal:

1. Trading for the dog

"Any Man Who Keeps More'n One Hound'll Lie to You"

2. Discovering that it won't perform as promised
3. Giving it away

More important by far is the rhetorical impact. The rhetorical power of the story resides in the fact that, unlike the unscrupulous trader, Smith spurned the opportunity to swindle someone else with a worthless dog; instead, he gave it away to the little boy. This is the point that he emphasizes most strongly in his story. Most of the work of the narrative, the thrust of its heavy evaluative dimension, aims at a polarization between the dishonest trader and the honorable narrator. Note, however, that this story, like those of John Moore and Mr. Byers, does also involve a trader who is not as honest as Smith presents himself to be, one who lies outright about a dog. Thus we come full circle: The very story that is told in the course of a trading encounter to dispel any suspicion of the trader's dishonesty reinforces the aura of lying that surrounds trading in general. Any man who keeps more'n one hound'll lie to you.

Dog trading at Canton First Monday brings together and merges two important figures in American tradition, the hunter and the trader. Both are strongly associated with storytelling as subjects and performers, and both are major exponents of the widely noted (though not exclusively) American predilection for expressive lying. Since at least the time when a distinctive body of American folk humor first emerged during the early years of the American republic, the hunter and the trader have occupied a privileged place in American folklore. Dog trading at Canton is a thriving contemporary incarnation of this American folk tradition. The tall tales and personal narratives of its participants place them in unbroken continuity with the generations of hunters, traders, and storytellers that have given American folklore some of its most distinctive characteristics. At the same time, First Monday dog trading offers a richly textured arena for the ethnographic investigation of the nuances of expressive lying, the negotiation of truthfulness and lying as action and evaluation in the conduct of social life.

The narratives that are the instruments of these negotiations do not fall into clear-cut categories of factual and fictional, truthful and lying, believable and incredible, but rather interweave in a complex contextual web that leaves these issues constantly in doubt, ever susceptible to strategic manipulation whenever a trade is joined.³

Notes

1. Baughman (1966), motif X1215.8 (aa): Master shows dog a skin-stretching board; the dog brings in a raccoon just the size of the board. Master's mother puts ironing board outside one day. The dog never returns.
2. Thompson (1955-8), motif K114.3.1: *Virtue of oracular pill proved*. The dupe takes it. "It is dog's dung," he says, spitting it out. The trickster says that he is telling the truth and demands pay.
3. An earlier version of this chapter appeared in Bauman (1981).

References

- Bakhtin, Mikhail M. 1968. *Rabelais and His World*. Hélène Iswolsky, trans. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.
- Bascom, William. 1965. "The forms of folklore: Prose narratives." *Journal of American Folklore* 78:3-20.
- Baughman, Ernest W. 1966. *Type and Motif-Index of the Folktales of England and North America*. The Hague: Mouton.
- Bauman, Richard. 1972. "The LaHave Island General Store: Sociability and verbal art in a Nova Scotia community." *Journal of American Folklore* 85:330-343.
- . 1977. *Verbal Art as Performance*, repr. ed. 1984. Prospect Heights, IL: Waveland Press.
- . 1981. "Any man who keeps more'n one hound'll lie to you: dog trading and storytelling at Canton, Texas." In Richard Bauman and Roger D. Abraham, eds. "And Other Neighbourly Names": *Social Process and Cultural Images in Texas Folklore*. Austin: University of Texas Press, 79-103.
- Ben-Amos, Dan. 1976. "Talmudic tall tales." In Linda Dégh, Henry Glassie, and Felix J. Oinas, eds. *Folklore Today*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 25-43.
- Benjamin, Walter. 1969. *Illuminations*. New York: Schocken.
- Bethke, Robert D. 1976. "Storytelling at an Adirondack inn." *Western Folklore* 35:123-139.
- Biebuyck-Goetz, Brunhilde. 1977. "This is the dyn' truth': mechanisms of lying." *Journal of the Folklore Institute* 14:73-95.
- Boatright, Mody C. 1973 [1961]. "The oil promoter as trickster." In Ernest Speck, ed. *Mody Boatright, Folklorist*. Austin: University of Texas Press, 145-162.
- Brunvand, Jan. 1978. *The Study of American Folklore*, 2nd ed. New York: Norton.
- Burke, Kenneth. 1969 [1950]. *A Rhetoric of Motives*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
- Carson, Jane. 1965. *Colonial Virginians at Play*. Williamsburg, VA: Colonial Williamsburg.
- Cothran, Kay L. 1974. "Talking trash on the Okefenokee Swamp rim." *Journal of American Folklore* 87:340-356.
- Craven, Wesley Frank. 1949. *The Southern Colonies in the Seventeenth Century, 1607-1689*. Baton Rouge, LA: Louisiana State University Press.
- Dégh, Linda, and Andrew Vazsonyi. 1976. "Legend and belief." In Dan Ben-Amos, ed., *Folklore Genres*. Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 93-123.
- Dorson, Richard M. 1959. *American Folklore*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- Ferris, Bill. 1977. *Ray Lum: Mule Trader, an Essay*. Memphis, TN: Center for Southern Folklore.
- Fiske, John. 1904. *Civil Government in the United States*. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin.
- Georges, Robert. 1971. "The general concept of legend: some assumptions to be reexamined and reassessed." In Wayland D. Hand, ed., *American Folk Legend: A Symposium*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1-19.
- Gilsenan, Michael. 1976. "Honor, lying and contradiction." In Bruce Kapferer, ed., *Transaction and Meaning: Directions in the Anthropology of Exchange and Symbolic Behavior*. Philadelphia: Institute for the Study of Human Issues, 191-219.
- Goffman, Erving. 1967. "Where the Action Is." In E. Goffman, ed., *Interaction Ritual*. New York: Doubleday Anchor.
- . 1974. *Relations in Public*. New York: Harper and Row.
- Green, Ben K. 1968. *Horse Tradin'*. New York: Knopf.
- . 1972. *Some More Horse Tradin'*. New York: Knopf.
- Halpert, Herbert. 1971. "Definition and Variation in Folk Legend." In Wayland D. Hand, ed., *American Folk Legend: A Symposium*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
- Heath, Shirley Brice. 1983. *Ways with Words*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Labov, William. 1979. "A Grammar of Narrative." Lecture presented at the University of Texas at Austin, October 10, 1979.
- Labov, William, and David Fanshel. 1977. *Therapeutic Discourse*. New York: Academic Press.
- Labov, William, and Joshua Waletzky. 1967. "Narrative analysis: oral versions of personal experience." In June Helm, ed., *Essays in the Verbal and Visual Arts*. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 12-44.
- Limón, José E. 1983. "Legendary, metafolklore and performance." *Western Folklore* 42:21-27.
- Littleton, C. Scott. 1965. "A two-dimensional scheme for the classification of narratives." *Journal of American Folklore* 78:21-27.
- Mills, W. S. 1950. *History of Van Zandt County*. Canton, TX.
- Morris, Charles. 1946. *Signs, Language and Behavior*. New York: Braziller.
- Rickford, John R. 1986. "Riddling and lying: participation and performance." In Joshua A. Fishman, ed., *A Festschrift for Charles A. Ferguson*. The Hague: Mouton.
- Sartain, James Alfred. 1932. *History of Walker County, Georgia*, vol. 1. Dalton, GA: A. J. Showalter.
- Simmel, Georg. 1950. *The Sociology of Georg Simmel*. Kurt Wolff, ed. and trans. Glencoe, IL: Free Press.
- Sydnor, Charles S. 1948. *The Development of Southern Sectionalism, 1819-1848*. Baton Rouge, LA: Louisiana State University Press.
- Tallman, Richard. 1975. "Where stories are told: a Nova Scotia storyteller's milieu." *American Review of Canadian Studies* 5:17-41.
- Thompson, Stith. 1955-1958. *Motif-Index of Folk Literature*. 6 vols. Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press.
- . 1961. *The Types of the Folktale*, 2nd rev. ed. Helsinki: Folklore Fellows Communication no. 184.
- Toelken, Barre. 1979. *The Dynamics of Folklore*. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin.
- Verhoeff, Mary. 1911. *The Kentucky Mountains*, vol. 1. Louisville, KY: John P. Morton.
- Watson, Jeanne, and Robert J. Potter. 1962. "An analytic unit for the study of interaction." *Human Relations* 12:245-263.
- Welsch, Roger, ed. 1981. *Mister, You Got Yourself a Horse*. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press.