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# *Transmotion*

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We are grateful for the support of the University of Kent, the European University of Cyprus, California State University, San Bernardino, and the University of Georgia. *Transmotion* is hosted by the University of Kent.



CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

*Transmotion* will publish new scholarship focused on theoretical, experimental, postmodernist, and avant-garde writing produced by Native American and First Nations authors, as well as book reviews on relevant work in Vizenor Studies and Indigenous Studies.

The broad use of Vizenor-created theoretical terms in many different academic fields (e.g. law, literature, anthropology, sociology, museum studies, etc.) highlights the fact that Vizenor Studies represents a significant interdisciplinary conversation within the broader field of Indigenous Studies. As such, the editors of *Transmotion* will look for submissions that do any of the following:

- Look at Vizenor's work directly, as well as the work of related authors and theorists in the field
- Employ Vizenor's theory to look at other writers
- Continue Vizenor's project of bringing together traditional indigenous knowledges and Asian or European continental philosophy
- Explore the inter-relation of image and text, art and literature, in Vizenor's work
- Contribute to recent developing conversations in contemporary Native American art and literature, in relation to questions of visual sovereignty, visuality, and ethics.
- Offer innovative, surprising, unexpected and creative critique of American Indian literatures or other creative arts
- Emphasize experimental, theoretical, and avant-garde Native North American work

The journal will also accept creative or hybrid work, provided that such work aligns aesthetically with the aforementioned editorial emphasis. The editors particularly welcome submissions of innovative and creative works that exploit digital media.

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Enquiries regarding submission are welcome and may be sent to the editors at transmotionjournal@gmail.com Scholarly articles should be 20-25 pages in length, prepared according to the MLA Style Manual. Creative work can be of any length. We are also very keen for scholars to put themselves forward as potential book reviewers and to volunteer to be anonymous peer reviewers.

Information regarding on-line submissions of full drafts can be found at:
http://journals.kent.ac.uk/index.php/transmotion/about/submissions#onlineSubmissions

To contact the editors: transmotionjournal@gmail.com

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**Editorial**

"Canterbury," announces the narrator of *Hotline Healers*, "was the start of my stories, the place where my parents met… and the actual place of my conception" (40). Standing in for his cousin, Almost Gegaa Browne, the narrator's arrival at the University of Kent to guest lecture at the invitation of Professor Robert 'Bricky' Lee, represents the briefest of forays into England—a country the author knows well. Only in *The Heirs of Columbus* does the UK feature to any greater extent in Gerald Vizenor's work, when Filippa Flowers appears in Gravesend (also in Kent) on her quest to find the remains of Pocahontas. These two brief excursions to the country and indeed county of *Transmotion*'s host University reveal only the most tenuous of connections between that site and the genesis of this journal's inspiration. Nevertheless, they fold Canterbury, Gravesend, and Kent more generally, into the multiply storied world of Vizenor's fiction—part of a transnational landscape that threads connections between the lakes and woodlands of the Midwestern USA, France, China, Japan, and more. Kent's part in that world may be small, but as a node in the intellectual and physical odyssey of the Vizenorian traveler, it has its own significance, taking the brunt of a parodic beating as its status as the seat of the Anglican Church is positively unsettled, and ironic home of homes to the narrator's origins and thus, of course, to the narrative itself.

The contributions to this, the second issue of *Transmotion*, speak in a variety of ways to the broader theme of travel and transmotion, whether in terms of transport, (dis)location, intercultural influence and exchange, transitional and transformative space, or the broader arcs of globalization. So, in "'By My Heart': Gerald Vizenor's Almost Ashore and Bear Island: The War at Sugar Point,' Molly McGlennen takes specific starting points in linguistic, historical, and geographic locations to analyze the conceptions of nationhood Vizenor's recent poetry constructs that, while forging a distinct—and distinctly Anishinaabe—sense of nationhood, resists the hierarchical and dichotomous archetypes that term connotes. Thus, she demonstrates a key unsettling in Vizenor's work of the binaries of 'urban' and 'reservation' community, showing ultimately that relocation does not necessary equate to dislocation. In "The Columbian Moment: Overcoming Globalization in Vizenor's *The Heirs of Columbus*," David J. Carlson moves beyond the nation, to consider the transnational nexus forged by and through the "Columbian moment"—a moment that is increasingly, urgently, put under scrutiny through the recovery of Indigenous histories. Where Carlson shines a light on an often-neglected novel, Billy J. Stratton introduces us to the vivid but under-appreciated poetry of Nora Marks Dauenhauer in "'Carried in the Arms of Standing Waves:' The Transmotional Aesthetics of Nora Marks Dauenhauer". Drawing aptly and invigoratingly on Kim Blaeser and Vizenor's own work on, and in, the haiku form, Stratton's article opens the lens on the "transmotional fidelity" between the Tlingit aesthetic sensibility Stratton discerns in Dauenhauer's poetry and the Japanese Zen poetic tradition.

Taking a lead from the deft transitions Vizenor himself makes between different forms of writing and tones of discourse, we include a more reflective piece of non-fiction in each issue—work that, whether implicitly or more explicitly ruminates explores the nature of American Indian writing, the place of Native writers in the world, representations,

landscapes, and any other theme that may catch our invited writer's eye. In this issue, Kim Shuck's poetic-road piece "Going Home," provides just such a function. In it, Shuck brings a variety of questions—from identity and community, through (mis)identification and expectation, to the importance of place whether "there" or elsewhere—to bear on the experience of taking a road trip from her San Francisco home to the family homeland in Oklahoma. An affective journey in space and memory, the road-trip—as all good road-trips do—catalyzes meditation on the histories and geographies of here and now. In our final, creative piece, meanwhile, Denise Low offers a wildly funny parodic sketch of a reading by a certain Anishinaabe intellectual in a certain well-known art gallery next to a certain bookshop in a certain city. Why the evasive attempt to generate mystique? Read the story to see spaces transform from 2D representations to actual spaces producing actual crows to irritate an audience already entranced and baffled by a speaker-come-bear-in-waiting… Curious? We hope so.

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David Stirrup November 2015
James Mackay
David Carlson
Laura Adams Weaver

# "By My Heart": Gerald Vizenor's *Almost Ashore* and *Bear Island: The War at Sugar Point*

MOLLY McGLENNEN

> *"I grew up at Little Earth (officially Little Earth of United Tribes). Aki- earth, Akiins- Little Earth. I don't know how many relocation programs were geared toward Mpls. Seems too close to home for it to be an effective site. That's probably what drew many Anishinaabe to that city. I still tell people I'm from Akiins [because] I think it would be dishonest or deceptive to say that I'm from Waswaaganing (Lac du Flambeau) or Bwaan Akiing (Enemy Territory, Marty, SD), I only stayed at those places for weeks or months during the year. So to be totally clear I always say I'm from Little Earth and my parents are from... If they want clarity I explain. I know there are problems that go with saying you are not from a particular rez but I think a bigger problem is portraying myself as if I have intimate knowledge of a place where I haven't lived. The way I see nationhood you have to have a homeland. For this to happen in the city, Anishinaabe must claim the city as their territory. This is a little of why I claim it as where I'm from….*
>
> *Gigawaabamin Miinawa,*
> *Ben"*

The quotation above derives from an email my friend and scholar Ben Burgess sent to me a few years ago, and I include it here as it has prompted some questions I have had in recent years toward Native literary nationalism, Indigenous transnationalisms, and claiming homelands. Ben and I both graduated from UC Davis's PhD program in Native American Studies, and we are both born and raised in Minneapolis, Minnesota, though because of our scholarly/creative professions and our family obligations, neither of us resides there currently. We both go back and visit often, however, as our extended families still live in the Twin Cities. It is within this setting that our conversation about how we view home (Minneapolis) and what that place means more broadly for Anishinaabe peoples began and continues. Ben has helped me think more critically about how Anishinaabe people unsettle and complicate urban and off-reservation life through various ways and practices, whether through ceremony, physical activity, creative

expression, or alliance building. And I want to cite his wisdom and honor his words here before I continue.

How do we who are invested in Native peoples and their communities, as well as those working from Native American Studies frameworks, critically access and assess Indigenous definitions of nation, sovereignty, and citizenship, when those definitions are actively determined and granted nuance by Indigenous peoples themselves in ways contrary to colonial and even tribal definitions—by Indigenous peoples, as Burgess suggests, who think critically and creatively about "connection to place?"[1] Two recent collections of poetry by the ever-prolific Gerald Vizenor, *Almost Ashore* and *Bear Island (both published in 2006)*, illuminate these sets of questions about Anishinaabe nationhood, but perhaps not in the way American Indian literary nationalists or even Anishinaabe Studies theorists might imagine. Through the creative medium of poetry, Vizenor reveals de-territorialized concepts of tribal identity and, at the same time, the continuance and resilience of a sovereign nation firmly located in Anishinaabe homelands. Though this creative exploration of an at-once rooted *and* destabilized citizenship could be viewed as a contradictory framework, Vizenor's poetry anchors this paradox in a particular landscape, set of stories, relationships, and memories, which ultimately demonstrates Anishinaabe peoples defining their own sense of transnational mobility and their own relationships to their nation.

In short, what I argue ahead is that Vizenor's poetry offers a blueprint for Anishinaabe definitions of nation and citizenship marked *not* by states' attempts to regulate movement of people across borders, but rather by the people themselves determining the locales and ideals of the nation. Vizenor's poetry specifically evokes this through the term "by my heart" in his epic poem *Bear Island: The War at Sugar Point* and then extending the concept, albeit in less explicit terms, in his poems in *Almost Ashore*. Read in translation from the Anishinaabe word *bagwana*, "by my heart" shapes the integrity of Anishinaabe storytelling as historical narrative and political mapping through geographical and relational rather than temporal means. By examining his epic work *Bear Island* as well as three poems from *Almost Ashore* (a trio I call his "Minneapolis poems"—"Family Portrait," "Guthrie Theater," and "Raising the Flag"), I suggest that Vizenor's poetry depicts Anishinaabeg self-determining their realities and

their definitions of their nation, even in the midst of horror. The poems reveal Anishinaabe defiance, subversion, and valor in the face of those who would act to ignore, minimize, and stamp out a people's autonomy.

**"By My Heart" as Anishinaabe GPS**

Vizenor first presents the phrase, "by my heart," in the Introduction to *Bear Island* as the transcription of Bagwana or Bugaunak, a Pillager warrior, and translates it as "at random, by chance, anyhow, and by heart" (6). Vizenor, in the epic poem that follows, evokes this phrase throughout many of the lines of the lyric. I use Vizenor's phrase as a meaningful poetic marker that provides definitions of the political and social constructions of Anishinaabe nationhood and citizenship at the same time it gestures toward what it means to be a member of or have a connection to a heart-center that has no colonial or tribal boundaries, no matter where that member resides. Although Anishinaabe language speakers will read and understand *bagwana* as "by random chance," and that definition suggests a particular way to unpack the lines of poetry, it is crucial to remember that Vizenor writes in English, for the most part, and that the phrase "by my heart"—while it is Vizenor's translation of *bagwana*—also exists in lines of poetry in English. Thus, I argue that my cooptation of the phrase "by my heart" as a critical lens suggests two ways of understanding Anishinaabe citizenship, nationhood, and connection to place. First, it alludes to poetry by heart, as in the memorized or memory-based language one carries with oneself—language as a determining factor of a sovereign body of people. From this, "by my heart" signals a heart-center that supplants colonial and tribal mappings of territory with storied and peopled "mappings" of territory. Second, the phrase points to a transliteration of stories through poetry. *Bagwana* uttered in story and in conversation, captured on paper, and finally translated into English signals Vizenor's notion of chance, or narrative chance, in which ambiguity and nuance (playfulness) replace the logic of cause and effect and the "traumatizing, monolithic 'terminal creeds' perpetuated by social science discourses" (Madsen 69), narratives that embrace irony over predetermined courses of demise. "By my heart," then, communicates the aliveness of Anishinaabe peoples, the active presence of a nation, and

not the tragic, flatness of *indians* within the narrative of Euro-American progressivist history.

Sugar Point (where the battle takes place near Bear Island on Leech Lake on the Leech Lake Reservation in Northern Minnesota) and Minneapolis, Minnesota,[2] are two locations where Vizenor's poetry illustrates Anishinaabe nationhood with bounded social and cultural actors who at the same time create physical, spiritual, and philosophical connections that extend beyond both colonial and Indigenous borders. Understanding these transnational practices of the Anishinaabe through Vizenor's creative writing is to understand poetry as a meeting place of sorts, a mechanism that resists narratives that taxonimize Native histories and realities and pushes against the limits of equation that enclose Native peoples one dimensionally and fix discourses of domination; as such, Vizenor presents Anishinaabeg functioning in self-determining ways—not as inevitably globalized peoples or nations, or those with "multicultural" identities, but sovereign Anishinaabe peoples who, by their heart, control and bolster Native presence across lands, borders, states, and lines.

***Bear Island Traces***

In the introduction to his lyric history, Vizenor indicates some of his motivation for wanting to write such a poem:

> Sugar Point is a trace of creation and the modern site of a war enacted by the United States Army in 1898. The Anishinaabe had resisted the arrogant and capricious federal marshals and then routed, by imagination, natural reason, stealth, and strategy, the imperious officers and immigrant soldiers from the Leech Lake Reservation. The defeat is seldom mentioned in military histories. (4)

Galvanized by Hole in the Day, the Pillager warriors resist the Third Infantry on October 5, 1898 in the War at Sugar Point, and decidedly win the battle. For the Pillagers, it marked vehement opposition to "federal policies that spurned their Native rights and eroded their sacred land" (10). While the defeat itself is "seldom mentioned in military histories" (10) and in many ways underscores a fierce Anishinaabe nationalism located in the heart of the Leech Lake Reservation—a nation advancing self-determination as it decried flooded rice beds and degraded grave sites as well as illegal timber harvesting—

the defeat also demonstrates the transnational sites of presence for the Anishinaabe in interesting ways. For instance, Vizenor's foregrounding of Anishinaabe diplomacy, military moves, and cosmopolitan sensibilities as well as his echoing the legacy of Anishinaabe resistance and resisters throughout the text underscores his insistence on the international pursuits and transnational "boundedness" of the Anishinaabe. Guarzino and Smith assert in "The Locations of Transnationalism" that "the actual mooring and, thus, boundedness of transnationalism by the opportunities and constraints found in particular localities where transnational practices occur" resonates with the colonial experience of Indigenous peoples in North America, and specifically with mid-19th century (and beyond) realities of Anishinaabe peoples (12).

In his *Introduction* to the poem, Vizenor foregrounds Anishinaabe movement across the continent, and the spiritual presence with which that migration continued to occur—from their eastern migration from the Atlantic Ocean to Lake Superior following the *miigis* to the Grand Medicine Society's permeations in Anishinaabe cultural philosophy and day-to-day life. Vizenor is also purposeful in chronicling the line of Anishinaabe spiritual and military leaders, from Chief Flat Mouth to Keeshkemun to Black Dog to Bugaunak to Hole in the Day. Taken altogether, this provides a legacy of resistance that spans Anishinaabe history and provides a map of Indigenous experience. Anishinaabe create translocal and transnational practices and relations that provide both "opportunities and constraints" within those systems. Vizenor depicts national alliances rooted not in bordered nation-states but in migrations of many kinds, from the Midewewin spiritual practices to the journeying of the *miigis* shell.

Anishinaabe points of origin appear through various locales and, in Vizenor's narrative, as necessarily preceding particular accounts of Anishinaabe nation-building. In this manner, the *Introduction* frames the entire epic so that the Pillager military victory is neither isolated nor accidental, but a sign of the enduring global designs and transnational practices of the Anishinaabe nation. Migration, then, is not linear, progressivist action as much as it is relational, widening movement: "The Anishinaabe envisioned their associations with the earth by natural reason…an imagic sense of presence in the time and seasons of the woodland lakes" (3), says Vizenor in the *Introduction*. Scott Lyons in *X-Marks* notes how migration is fundamental to the Anishinaabe: "If anything can be

considered an enduring value for Ojibwe people, it has got to be migration [starting with] the legend of the Great Migration passed down through the oral tradition…" (3). In *Bawaajimo*, Margaret Noodin echoes Lyons' emphasis on migration. Drawing first on Roger Roulette's assertion countering the idea that indigenous peoples were 'nomadic,' Noodin ties that to the Anishinaabe concept of *nametwaawaa:*

> *Long ago the Anishinaabeg moved around and left a presence while transporting things; they traveled for three to five years at a time and always kept in mind the places they had been* (interview).
>
> This practice of *nametwaawaa*, which is the verb that can describe a relationship with a place, not random wandering, but enlightened stewardship that allowed people to circle a vast homeland, learning when to be where. Many stories speak of places visited in dreams or visions, places like the sky or a cave at the bottom of the lake, or the kitchen table of *nokomisba*, who is no longer living. This ability to visit elsewhere, perhaps stepping out of time, is part of many Anishinaabe stories and can be found in the writing of contemporary Anishinaabe authors as frequently as the lakes and forests" (37).[3]

Vizenor's poem, then, excises the War at Sugar Point from dominant discourses, the terminal creeds that lock and flatten Indian people as non-agents, by creating a narrative that circles and widens by "natural reason" and is concerned with "the provenance of story" (36).

The poem's prelude, "Overture: Manidoo Creations," forecasts the battle only after it moors the Anishinaabe as "natives of the miigis"; descendents of the "crafty trickster / naanabozho / created natives / bear and cranes / muskrats"; and, beneficiaries of "manidoo creation / blood totems / bear covenants / of native survivance" (13-14), as if to say the initiative of history writing in this narrative is located in and grows out of Indigenous sensibilities to what constitutes nationhood for the Anishinaabe and how their "boundaries" are etched out. "Bagwana: The Pillagers of Liberty," which is the first of five movements in the lyric poem, establishes the Pillager clan as the ancestral antecedent of the line of warrior Anishinaabeg, illuminating for the reader a current of resistance which seems to have always been moving in and beyond Anishinaabe physical and cultural territoriality. The Bagwana portion of the narrative sets a foundation to

conceptualize the War at Sugar Point because through it the reader understands more deeply this inheritance that Hole in the Day calls upon. Early in this first section, Vizenor offers a prelude to the battle:

six soldiers dead
bones cracked
muscles torn
bloody wounds
by winchesters
over the turnips
cabbage and potatoes
in a ragged garden
cultivated near shore
by bugonaygeshig
hole in the day
midewiwin healer
and elusive pillager (20).

Quickly, Vizenor connects this narrative to one of its cultural precursors:

solitary spirits
marvelous sentiments
of shamans
court and tradition
under the cedar
set by names
ravens and bears
visual memories
traces of bagwana
turned in translation
by my heart
a native warrior
and natural presence
at the tree line (20-21).

Vizenor relays to his reader that Bagwana and fourteen other Anishinaabe warriors, led by Black Dog, seek vengeance on some "Dakota riders" for killing a Pillager child. Bagwana is the only warrior to "survive the war" and "by my heart / returned a shaman / silent and alone / to bear island" (23). Throughout the narrative, there is a visual and philosophical conflation of the warrior and the shaman, vengeance and spirituality, with Anishinaabe leadership pushing against colonial acts. What sets the stage for narrating Hole in the Day and the War at Sugar Point, then, is not only the "greedy factors / caught in the dirty / mirrors of civilization," the "frontier justice / contrived by grafters" (29), and Christianity's role in "manifest manners" and acts of genocide, but also the visionary leaders "forever honored / by the anishinaabe" (28).

It is through this frame, then, the reader comes to follow the story of Bear Island. Vizenor repeats "by my heart" fifteen times throughout the poem, each time indicating a unifying citizenship of the descendants of "native liberty," inheritors bequeathed a shared story of experience that characterizes their sense of nation as eternally "natural reason / anishinaabe survivance" (46). And because Vizenor so closely links Hole in the Day and other Anishinaabe leaders to the Mide and Anishinaabe religion, the concept of citizenship, which reveals the ideals of Anishinaabe nationhood, shifts the reader's perception of historical renderings and readings of war and colonial oppression. In the section "Bearwalkers: 5 October, 1898," Vizenor says,

> nineteen natives
> bear island warriors
> shrouded at home
> in the brush
> under the maples
> winchesters ready
> to scare and menace
> untried soldiers
> back to the steamer
> and recover
> the pleasures
> of native stories

and medicine dances
by my heart
and hole in the day
alight as birds (61).

"By my heart" echoes throughout the poem, each time preceded or followed by an Anishinaabe presence, whether Hole in the Day, Bagwana, Keeshkemun, Chief Flat mouth, Pillager warriors, bear clan, an "elusive raven," "trace of native shamans" or "manidoo bounty" (73, 25), as the phrase in many ways implies a legacy of resistance and warriors, and signals Anishinaabe culture and homelands. As such, it is the genealogies of Anishinaabe stories and histories that transform national alliances, transgress borders, and re-order western understandings of militarization. And the phrase "by my heart" communicates that shifting because of its associations to extant peoples.

This complicated reorientation of how to perceive and understand Indigenous historiography, nation-building, and global presence is precisely the work in which Vizenor's poetry is engaged. *Bear Island* reveals Anishinaabeg mapping out the territory of their nation by rendering not a place compromised by its federal trust status but a place defended by five totemic alliances and specifically the leaders of the Makwa clan (bear, the warriors) and the Ajijaak clan (crane, the orators). Whether through militancy or diplomacy, Vizenor illustrates the Anishinaabe as envoys crossing colonial borders to defend their lifeways. For example, in "Gatling Gun: 6 October 1898" Vizenor says,

chief white cloud
waubanaquot
anishinaabe ogimaa
white earth reservation
a native patriot
of natural reason
died at the agency
on his way
to mediate peace
with the army
pillager warriors

and federal agents (81).

Here, in the middle of narrating the battle, Vizenor insists on telling the stories of Anishinaabe leaders, their diplomatic pursuits, transnational moves and cosmopolitan interests. Using the term "native patriot," Vizenor shifts the reader's perception of "national allegiance" and common understandings of "U.S. history," as he reveals Anishinaabe leaders demonstrating their mediatory intentions.

Anishinaabe military procedures, too, are cast in stark contrast to historical meta-narratives of United States military might and progress.

the native warrior
who fired the shot
was only fifteen
the pillager son
of hole in the day
he waited
with his Winchester
at the tree line
in the dark maples
for a wild soldier
and fired once
to forewarn
the military poachers
the second round
was the last and deadly
shot of the war
that cold morning at sugar point (80).

Native survivance depends on a "native mercy shot" which the white soldier survives (79); it is only after the soldier continues to rummage through Hole in the Day's garden looking for sustenance that the Pillager son fires a second fatal bullet. Vizenor narrates the war in a way that scrutinizes the colonial tendency to sanctify manifest destiny and the conqueror's military might. In addition to the scene with the "native mercy shot," Vizenor ends the epic poem with the section "War Necklace: 9 October 1898," in which

the master narrative of U.S. history based on "cultural conceit" and "constitutional trickery" is turned on its head (93). Vizenor provides a final litany of dead white soldiers subverting western ways of remembrance of valor, making real and very ugly the realities of war. He foregrounds the litany, however, with Hole in the Day's continuance as an "undaunted warrior" (85), able to peacefully attend to his garden once again and his practices as a Mide member: he fashions "a memorial / war necklace / native survivance / remembrance / a defeated army / overcome by winchesters / and fierce irony" (86). The litany of U.S. soldiers, then, reads not as a legacy of U.S. military prowess, but as fierce commentary on a "treacherous / emissary war" and its "cruel renunciation / of native reason / treaty rights / and continental liberty" (93). By the end, the poem has provided a narrative that works to show the Anishinaabeg working transnationally—across clan, tribe, and colonial lines—and engaging a level of indigeneity not as an evanescent phenomena but as consistent philosophical and political design.

In this way, the War at Sugar Point does not signify the closing of the frontier or the last chapter for Native Americans, as mainstream U.S. history would have it, but instead it marks a turning point, albeit a complicated one, for the Anishinaabe. Similarly, Vizenor's Minneapolis poems from *Almost Ashore,* as I argue ahead, mark defining moments in recent Indigenous history.

**Minneapolis: the 8th Rez[4]**

The urban (off-reservation) realities of the latter half of the 20th century, like the contentious realities for the Anishinaabe at the turn of the 20th century in *Bear Island*, demonstrate the resilient nation-building efforts of threatened and dislocated peoples. Writing about these historical experiences, Vizenor exposes just how insufficient the colonial construction of the city/reservation dichotomy is to understand Native American nationhood or to unlock the bindings of colonially imposed definitions of citizenship. In *Native Hubs: Culture, Community, and Belonging in Silicon Valley and Beyond*, Renya Ramirez aptly asserts that the "traditional-community/reservation-member" versus the "modern-urbanite" not only lacks paradigmatic utility, but it is also constructed in part as a tool for continued colonial attack, a means to diffuse Native cultures. Further, in his essay "The Urban Tradition among Americans," Jack Forbes stresses that "what many

non-native writers do not realize is that the First Americans have, in fact, gone through periods of deurbanization and reurbanization on various occasions in their history and that urban life has been a major aspect of American life from ancient times" (5). Indigenous alliance building is something Native peoples practiced before Europeans ever arrived in the Americas (made evident in mounds, earthworks, architecture etc.); indeed, Anishinaabe nation-building is also an age-old practice, which included ways by which the Anishinaabe differentiated themselves between clans, other tribes like the Dakota, and early European groups, like the French and Norwegians. Vizenor's Minneapolis poems reveal various types of what I have elsewhere called *dislocations*[5], which Native peoples have continually experienced as they evoke the idea of "by my heart" as a means to express unique forms of continuance and connection despite urbanity, destabilized citizenship, and military action.

To be sure, this construction of the transnational is not one formed by postcolonial concepts of "the center and its margins" or by the experience of the quintessential unbounded transnational migrant, but rather one that takes very seriously something Robert Warrior asserted nearly five years ago in relationship to the growth of Indigenous studies: the "mere invocation of the transnational is not enough. As an analytical category, transnationalism is, to put it mildly, all over the place" (120). Instead he argues that, "In effect, our [Native] nationalism is born out of native transnationalism, the flow and exchange of ideas and politics across our respective nations' borders" (125). Vizenor's poems impart a framework that is flexible and nuanced enough to recognize the perviousness of nation-state and tribal borders, the complication of nationalist alliances, and the observance of Anishinaabe people as actively determining their "place" in North America and in the world, wherever they might be.

Indeed, modern definitions of the citizen and the state as shaped by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648 and similar and ongoing iterations of international relations[6] thoroughly complicate and vex contemporary tribal notions of sovereignty, nationhood, and citizenship—as the collision suggests a particular dialectic of an official national narrative that creates static and secure boundaries around the nation-state. I believe the Minneapolis poems prompt a critical study of these types of normalizing dialectic constructions and dominant discourses, ultimately demonstrating what Scott Lyons in *X*-

*Marks* sees as "discursive formations, or ways of speaking that are traceable to institutions, the state, and dominant cultural understandings, and always associated with power and hierarchies" (23-24). In fact, if one takes Shelley Fisher Fishkin's idea of "interrogat[ing] "the 'naturalness' of some of the borders, boundaries, and binaries" that have accounted for the "multidirectional flows of people, ideas, and goods" as a working definition of transnational studies (22), then the Anishinaabe experience as expressed in Vizenor's poetry can be more affectively framed as a transnational project, albeit a necessarily Anishinaabe one.

*"Family Photograph"*

In her essay "Picture Revolution: Transnationalism, American Studies, and the Politics of Contemporary Native Culture, Shari Huhndorf asserts that "Native Americans present the most radical challenges to U.S. nationalist myths and imperial practices…Contained by neither place nor time, this on-going process [of colonization] cannot be marginalized; instead it implicates all nonindigenous peoples in conquest" (368). While the storied inheritance of colonialism as experienced in the Americas incorporates all peoples—colonists and Indigenous peoples alike, the process of colonization cannot be limited to a particular location or era for Native peoples in general; notwithstanding, individual Indigenous families and communities certainly have specific narratives of colonial impact and conquest that add to the legacy of Native peoples' struggle and resistance. Stories are vehicles for capturing or mirroring that on-going process because of the ability language holds to move beyond the dichotomies that structure the colonial experience (e.g. conquered vs. conqueror, outsider vs. insider, reservation-based vs. urban-based, traditional vs. assimilated). For instance, in "Family Photograph," Vizenor portrays the legacy of colonial impact on a young man and his family departing from the reservation toward life in the city:

my father
turned away
from white earth
the reservation
colonial genealogies

and moved to the city
with family
at twenty three (lines 10-17).

Here, a White Earth community member (who we understand as Vizenor's father) chooses to move his family to the city of Minneapolis; up to this point, a colonial context frames the spaces of the reservation and the urban locale within the poem. A racialized space, the city is portrayed with forgotten and overlooked individuals. For instance, Vizenor's father and other Indigenous city "immigrant[s]" are "deserted twice" and "by combat / and crusades / thrown back / forever / to evangelists / and charity" (74, 36, 48-53). Despite this, Clement Vizenor's story does not end with obscurity or isolation (though we know from Vizenor's autobiography Clement is mysteriously murdered); rather, Vizenor enlivens his father's figure in specific Anishinaabe ways: "native tricksters / teased his memory / shared dreams / and chance" (28-31), in which Anishinaabe culture is actively represented "by my heart." More than planting Indigenous cues in the Minneapolis setting, Vizenor's poem reveals through the figure of his father an active Anishinaabe territory, a place of Native "immigrant" diaspora, positioning a generation of Anishinaabeg not as "removed" peoples but as those "deliver[ing] / the first / white earth / native stories / in the suburbs" (81-85). In other words, through the poem, Vizenor reveals how the Anishinaabe determined and continue to station themselves in places not delineated by colonial boundaries but by Indigenous notions of mapping.

Understandably, in her essay "Picture Revolution," Huhndorf points toward the challenge Native texts pose as they assert the "national and transnational dimensions of Indigenous politics" (369), and she leans on J.B. Harley in *The New Nature of Maps: Essays in the History of Cartography* to assert Native communities' vexed relationship to the nation-state through the role cartography continues to play in notions of empire:

> '[M]aps have been the weapons of imperialism': not only are they essential for claiming, settling, and exploiting land; they also establish boundaries for the 'containment of subject populations' and 'create myths [to] assist in the maintenance of the territorial status quo.' As graphic renderings of Europe's conquests, maps remain, Harley concludes, 'preeminently a language of power, not protest.' (Huhndorf, 359)

Unlike western cartography, however, Indigenous mappings of place render far more dimension. According to Mark Warhus in *Another America*, "maps were not created as permanent documents in Native American traditions. The features of geography were part of a much larger interconnected mental map that existed in oral traditions…Native American maps were pictures of experience" (3).[7] "Family Photograph" illustrates an Indigenous way of reading and framing the city by poetically recording human experience in relationship to a place, a landscape the Anishinaabe have always known through stories, trade routes, seasonal migrations, and intertribal relationships. In fact, the poem helps reveal how nationhood for Indigenous people was and is supported by transnational tribal formations. What links Anishinaabe people is not the geo-political spaces mapped by colonial boundaries, but the cultural and spiritual foundations that give rise to a peoplehood and that challenge the many standard dichotomies colonial narratives have produced.

Still, for Clement Vizenor, Minneapolis becomes a place of poverty and "racial shame" (71). The poem, however, seems to erupt from these creases of despair, enlivening the landscape of Anishinaabe lifeways via transnational Indigenous connections:

> native stories
> masterly
> during the great
> depression
> inspired survivance
> in unheated
> cold water rooms
> stained by kerosene
> city blisters
> memories in exile
> and the fate
> of families
> burst overnight (91-103).

In Vizenor's *Almost Ashore*, Minneapolis is understood not as an Indigenous space constructed as a result of Relocation legislation of the 1950's, but as a "nationalized" homeland of the Anishinaabe—a heart-center, thereby suggesting the transnational identities of Anishinaabe people. In this poem, Minneapolis becomes a location transformed by Anishinaabe people because of relocation, but it is also a place recuperated by the Anishinaabeg as traditional homelands. In each way, Anishinaabe life ways are marked by bold political moves and acts of resistance. Though Clement Vizenor ultimately "lost at cards" (116) (and, again, we know from Vizenor's autobiographies that Clement dies in obscurity), the figure in the poem just as compellingly persists as an active presence, an agent of Anishinaabe culture, perpetuating stories, bloodlines, and defiance toward "colonial genealogies" (14). This active presence evokes the poetic marker "by my heart" in the ways the poem unflattens the colonial terminal creeds of relocation.

*"Guthrie Theater"*

In the second of Vizenor's Minneapolis poems, Vizenor uses the site of the famed Guthrie Theater in downtown Minneapolis and the image of the theater more generally to expose the playing of *indian* in stark contrast to an Indigenous homeless veteran outside of the Minneapolis institution. While school children file into the building, american Indian / … limps past / the new theater // wounded indian / comes to attention / on a plastic leg / and delivers / a smart salute // with the wrong hand" (lines 1, 11-18). This image of the veteran saluting with "the wrong hand" recurs at the end of the poem as well and signals the *indian's* subversion to colonial depictions of the fallen Native, despite the U.S. government's utter betrayal of Native people, especially toward veterans of war. Once again like in *Bear Island*, empty promises echo the recurring "treaties [broken]" and disillusioned populations of Native people illustrated by "forsaken warriors / [who] retire overnight / in cardboard suites / under the interstates" (52, 42-45).

While in Vizenor's poem the theatrics of posing come from the actors within the theater in the form of the ultimate romanticization and fetishization of the *indian* simulation (the rehearsing of Wounded Knee as "night after night / the actors / new posers / mount and ride / on perfect ponies / out to the wild / cultural westerns / hilly

suburbs / with buffalo bill" [54-61]), the Anishinaabe veteran "salutes the actors / with the wrong hand" (49-50), suggesting perhaps his disoriented state but also, and more powerfully, his politics of subversion and his defiance in the face of being disregarded. Here, outside of the Guthrie, a space lauded for ingenuity and creativity, it is the homeless veteran that makes transparent the on-going colonial legacies of playing *indian* and non-Indigenous people's investment in and perpetuation of that role.

In fact, through this poem readers are reminded how Indigenous peoples have continually remade urban spaces as sites of resistance and invention. Renya Ramirez says in her essay "Healing through Grief: Urban Indians Reimagining Culture and Community" that urban areas exist as Indigenous "hubs," information centers "where Indians from all the different tribes can share and then send this information back home" (259). Cities exist as Native cultural, communal, and imaginative hubs that "challenge acculturation theory" and foil dichotomous means of registering Native life as either "traditional" (reservation-based) or "modern" (urban-based). Therefore, cities as Indigenous hubs where ideas and life ways ebb and flow, continue and adapt, thrive and evolve can "strengthen Indian peoples' collective voice and ability to mobilize for social change" (259). Thus, in "Guthrie Theater," Vizenor is able to assert "culture wars / wound the heart / and dishonor / the uniform" because the Anishinaabe veteran's strength and rebellion stand in stark contrast to the colonial imaginings of the forgotten *indian* under the highway or simulated *indian* on the theater's stage (38-41). As in "Family Photograph," the urban space of Minneapolis in "Guthrie Theater" is marked as Anishinaabe territory on an Indigenous map of experience, a transnational space that—like any Ojibwe homeland—fosters social forces for change and anchors the Anishinaabeg in powerful moments of adaptability. The urban warrior with incredible military intelligence is in this poem a dimensional human being, one whom Lyons may cite as making a "signature of assent" against "discursive formations" of dominance (24).

"*Raising the Flag"*

Luis Eduardo Guarnizo and Michael Peter Smith assert in their introduction "The Locations of Transnationalism" to *Transnationalism from Below* assert

> Transnational practices do not take place in an imaginary 'third space' abstractly located 'in between' national territories. Thus, the image of transnational migrants as deterritorialized, free-floating people represented by the now popular academic adage 'neither here nor there' deserves closer scrutiny. Intermittent spatial mobility, dense social ties, and intense exchanges fostered by transmigrants across national borders have…fed the formulation of metaphors of transnationalism as a boundless and therefore liberatory process. However, transnational practices, while connecting collectivities located in more than one national territory, are embodied in specific social relations established between specific people, situated in unequivocal localities, at historically determined times (11).

While these scholars present a scope of analysis that leaves out Indigenous notions of transnational practices as it relates to the geo-political realities of Native American and First Nation tribes under the auspices of the U.S. and Canadian governments, their assertions still formulate helpful connections to the ways in which Vizenor's Minneapolis poems express Indigenous transnational experience; as such, Anishinaabe people (on the U.S. side of the nation-state border in this case) create autonomous spaces in which the U.S. government has limited access and control. If we are to read the transnational turn into narratives of Native resistance, we realize a context that signifies intertribal experience less as a result of colonial dominance or oppressive policy making and more as a comment on the global designs of Indigenous groups. In fact, Huhndorf makes note of these broader designs when she says, "indigenous transnationalism arises from connections that supersede and contest colonial national boundaries." (369).

What this means is that other mechanisms for recognizing, recording, and experiencing nationhood exist. Walter Mignolo in *Local Histories / Global Designs* asserts that the nation-state runs on hegemony and the "coloniality of power" over its citizens (16), works toward the imperial deployment and naturalization of mono(theistic) culture while still publically delivering the rhetoric of multiculturalism (229), and invests its interests in guarding and militarizing its borders. On the other hand, Indigenous notions of the nation (as we understand them through Vizenor's writing) grow out of the landscape-based ("earthed") and storied origins, genealogies of "manidoo creations," "blood totems," and "natural presence" (lines from *Bear Island*), the pre-subaltern

context of which Mignolo defines as a diverse, plurilogical, and pluritopical set of temporalities "that moves in all possible directions" from its local history and epistemology outward (202). Vizenor's Minneapolis poems, moreover, narrate nationhood in Anishinaabe-specific ways, in ways in which narrative chance denaturalizes colonial definitions.

Within this framework, Vizenor's "Raising the Flag" depicts a "Native urban experience" in which a woman once held in esteem by her community now finds herself alone and poor in Minneapolis's "Indian" neighborhood:

native woman
once a healer
by a thousand years
anishinaabe time
shivered alone
in a telephone booth
at the corner
of tenth and chicago
in minneapolis (lines 1-9)

Vizenor's poem continues from there to signal recognizable U.S/Native federal policies and practices that accompanied Relocation, such as generations of Native people as recipients of "federal school[ing]," being "outed" to white farmers, being subject to "federal agents," "separation / and cultural / dominance," "charity shoes," and racial defamation (13, 16, 21, 26-28, 33). But Vizenor unfastens these supposed tightened effects of conquest by centering the heart of Anishinaabe people in revealing the women's defiance, valor, and sense of continuance:

she was down
with a sacred name
alone forever
in a telephone booth
unbearable marks
of civilization
waiting to hear

the voices
of her children
stolen by welfare
security agents (55-65)

The poem turns here (literally with the word "turned") to soothe the pain of and heal from the "marks of civilization:"

she turned
at the winter bar
raised a flag
of eagle feathers
and honored
by song
hole in the day
pillager warriors
at bear island
and sugar point (66-75)

The flag in the title evokes the U.S. flag, and thus a certain type of loyalty, but by the last stanza one understands an Anishinaabe sense of nationalism, which anchors a transnational Anishinaabe politic, marked by an allegiance to a "flag / of eagle feathers" and to traditional ways; and in this moment, the reader recognizes her fierce and resistant ancestors who champion her valor, as the woman in the poem recognizes and recalls her traditional (and ongoing) honoring practices. In "Raising the Flag," Vizenor characterizes her as heart-filled, good-hearted, and led "by her heart": Though alone, she searches for ways to connect with her children "stolen by welfare agents"; though separated from her community and her traditional ways and language, she attempts connection with phone calls; though freezing and starving, she perseveres with her "patent red / charity shoes" and "check[s] twice / the coin return" (32-33, 38-39); and finally, though "teased," "cursed," "mauled", and defamed (44, 49, 52), she honors and calls for strength from a legacy that she as an Anishinaabe women has inherited, a legacy, specifically, from the powerful and diplomatic Ojibwe leader, Hole in the Day.[8] And she is emboldened by memories, which store and register Anishinaabe people not as broken and downtrodden,

but as powerful bands of people that have resisted and continue to resist colonial forces. Finally, the figure in "Raising the Flag" illustrates the undoing of homogeneous nationalities as she delineates a kind of autonomous Anishinaabe territory that also includes non-Anishinaabe peoples.

Indeed, all three of Vizenor's Minneapolis poems, "Family Photograph," "Guthrie Theater," and "Raising the Flag," narrate moments of resistance that echo the Pillagers at Sugar Point. Each figure in Vizenor's poems from *Almost Ashore* ultimately defends a nationalism, a territory (Minneapolis, or *Gakaabikaang* in Ojibwemowin) because of his/her Indigenous understandings of land and movement, defined by experience, cultural traditions, and spiritually-rooted connection. This resistance suggests a transnational understanding of their place on the continent and in the world. For the Anishinaabe according to Vizenor, homeland is found at the crossroads of redefining and Indigenizing understandings of colonial versions of tribalism and nationalism. At the very least, Indigenous transnationalisms challenge definitions and realities of the nation-state and its colonial reach. As such, Vizenor's Minneapolis poems suggest alternative modes of mapping Indigenous experience. Whether it's Clement Vizenor's bringing White Earth stories to the suburbs, an Anishinaabe veteran advancing subversive political moves, or an Anishinaabe mother honoring and calling upon her inheritance of powerful resisters, each narrative embodied in the poems shapes the integrity of Anishinaabe storytelling and historiography, a communally shared contract that originates from the center, the "heart," and moves outward to all Anishinaabeg, no matter where they reside. When understood from the heart—or "by my heart" as Vizenor presents it in *Bear Island*—Anishinaabe nationhood and historiography construct cartographic guides through storied geographical locations rather than linear timelines or colonial boundaries. In his poems, then, Vizenor creates an Indigenous cartography to understand Anishinaabe territoriality—one that undoes the natural order of conquest.

If we understand these two moments in Anishinaabe history (a military victory at Bear Island and post-relocation recuperation of Minneapolis as Anishinaabe territory), we see transnational politics at work at the same time Indigenous peoples are asserting national sovereignty. Considering the framework of "by my heart" throughout Vizenor's poetry allows for the mapping of Anishinaabe experience as perpetually adaptable as it is

rooted in its specific epistemological belief systems and spiritual practices. As creative documents of Anishinaabe testimony, *Bear Island* and *Almost Ashore* are key sites of political struggle for Anishinaabe peoples; in this way, Vizenor's literature makes transparent the colonial tendency to obfuscate conquest and naturalize ownership of "the nation.

*Notes*

[1] In his email, Burgess continued to write: *...But I understand too that I'm just one person who is of mixed Nakota/Anishinaabe heritage. What I think about also is the connection to place. I have walked/ran the edge of the Mississippi river so many times that I feel a connection to the river. On those runs I'd often make offerings to the river and say a prayer. I went there to meditate and think about things when I felt lost or discouraged about things. I can still maintain that connection up here in Bemidji because the river runs through the lake. In fact my office looks right out on the lake. I can still make my offerings and have daily interactions with that river. That to me is how you build nationhood by relating to a particular place.*

*There are also thoughts people have about the city ruining or destroying the sacredness of place. I have some thoughts on that subject as well… One of the main things would be that if we think of Earth as our Mother than all parts of Earth are parts of our mother. When we are born as humans sometimes our human mother is permanently scarred and that is symbolic of the sacrifice that our mother's make so that we might live. We also leave scars on our Earth Mother and that is hard to deal with because sometimes it is because we make bad or wrong choices. This makes me think of the creation story with the hero twins arguing inside their mother's belly over who gets to be born first. In their arguing they kill their mother. But I truly believe that our Earth Mother still loves us and that we should continue to honor all the places throughout her body even when we have made poor choices and have scarred her. If this means making an offering to the Mississippi in the middle of all the pollution that the city inflicts on that river, then so be it. I'll still do it.*

[2] According to The Minneapolis American Indian Center's website, Minneapolis is home to perhaps 7,500 or more Ojibwe people. There are over 35,000 American Indian people in the broader Minneapolis metro area.

[3] Mii gwech to the reader of an earlier draft of this paper for his/her extremely helpful advice about the practice of *nametwaawaa* and its relationship to "by my heart."

[4] The 8th Rez is a term of which Ben Burgess made me aware. Fond du Lac, Grand Portage, Leech Lake, White Earth, Red Lake, Net Lake, Mille Lacs are the official seven Ojibwe reservations in Minnesota. He shared this mnemonic device to help me remember: "**F**at **G**eese **L**ike **W**ild **R**ice **N**ear **M**arshes."

[5] In my book *Creative Alliances: The Transnational Designs of Indigenous Women's Poetry*, published by University of Oklahoma Press in 2014, I create and employ the term *dislocation* as a key term that encompasses the many types of displacements

contemporary Native people experience from "non-recognition, disenrollment, diaspora and migration, destabilized citizenship, intertribalism, queer identity, and, more broadly, transnational experiences" (4).

[6] Sociologist Barry Hindess, in his essay "Citizenship and Empire," points out the "glaring asymmetry" of globalization, the contemporary global order. He asserts that empire is the "emerging form of sovereignty" and that empire "does not rely on territorial boundaries"; however, "there is a radical discontinuity between our present condition and the earlier world order" (241), which, he argues, grows out of the standard of civilization that emerged from the Treaty of Westphalia. While Hindess is not specifically alluding to contemporary Native American experience, his model of how the organizing principle of imperial rule was and is a civilizing mission remains helpful in the framework for this paper.

[7] Though Warhus explores the "traditional" notion of Native American mapping, the trajectory of that notion is still viable today, I believe, in the way Native peoples creatively engage the imaginative means of writing as a continued version of recording oral documents.

[8] There is some controversy around Hole in the Day's leadership and death. See Anton Treuer's history *The Assassination of Hole in the Day* for more.

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# The Columbian Moment: Overturning Globalization in Vizenor's *The Heirs of Columbus*

DAVID J. CARLSON

## I. The Columbian Moment and the Meanings of Globalization

At the end of Gerald Vizenor's 1991 novel *The Heirs of Columbus*, one of the aforementioned heirs, Admire, punctuates a deadly game of chance (a moccasin game) played against a cannibal Wiindigo by whistling a tune from Antonin Dvořák's *New World Symphony* (*Heirs* 183). Not surprisingly, for readers familiar with Vizenor's work, this is not the only reference to that particular piece of music in the novel. Admire whistles the same tune earlier in the narrative to commemorate the founding of the sovereign tribal nation of Point Assinika (located in the Strait of Georgia between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia), which forms the primary setting for the novel's second volume (123-4). Former international model and repatriation expert (the book designates her a "trickster poacher") Felipa Flowers also whistles Dvořák as she enters a churchyard at Gravesend on a mission to recover the remains of Pocahontas (115). This takes place just before she is murdered by a vengeful mixedblood artifact collector, Doric Michel. And the symphony is also played over casino loudspeakers at the end of a successful hearing concerning the repatriation of remains (90), a hypothetical example of what Vizenor has termed elsewhere a "Bone Court." In these ways, then, Dvořák's masterwork provides a leitmotif to Vizenor's subversive meditation on the Columbian quincentenary.

As one might expect from Vizenor, however, the repeated invocation of Dvořák in *Heirs* goes well beyond some form of playful narrative ornamentation. I would suggest that we view the New World Symphony as a keynote figure that introduces us to a central tension in the novel, one that will be the focus of my discussion here. *The Heirs of Columbus* is a meditation on the ambiguous nature of *modern* globalization for American Indian people. In making this distinction between "modern" globalization and a more general definition of the concept, I am influenced by both economist Amartya Sen's and political philosopher Giacomo Marramao's writings on this topic. In his 2006 book

*Identity and Violence*, Sen has argued that today's globalization is, in fact, part of a larger historical movement or pattern that can take different forms. Much contemporary scholarship on globalization, of course, holds that the phenomenon is *essentially* a product of Western capitalism and modernity and thus should be viewed either (1) positively, as a marvelous contribution of the West to the rest of the world or (2) negatively, as an extension and continuation of Western imperialism. In contrast, Sen maintains, globalization is neither particularly new nor necessarily Western. This qualification makes considerable sense, if one understands globalization to refer to the emergence of networks of exchange where goods, ideas, and symbolic systems circulate in ways that bring about an intensified consciousness of the interpenetration of the local and global.

When seen in that broader perspective, as Marramao's work suggests, globalization can be reimagined as a force structuring human experience in a manner not necessarily overdetermined by the exploitative mechanisms and systems of capitalism and imperialism. (This is not, of course, an authorization to blithely ignore the ways that such systems have in fact functioned in such a manner.) Globalism, for Marramao, can involve a "passage to the Occident of all cultures," by which he means, not an experience of universal colonial absorption into a hegemonic west, but rather the radically transformative experience of a mutual penetration of "alterity" that affects all cultures in more positive ways (14). A similar utopian sensibility regarding the political and artistic possibilities of a retheorized globalization appears in much of Vizenor's work, particularly in *The Heirs of Columbus*. At two specific points in *Heirs*, Vizenor deploys Dvořák's New World Symphony in a manner that suggest his awareness of the kind of tensions surrounding the concept of globalization that we can track through the work of thinkers like Sen and Marramao. At the start of the book, he incorporates the piece into the fabric of the novel and the collective history of the Anishinaabeg trickster-heirs by reimagining its very composition. Vizenor places the genesis of the work "at the headwaters" of the Minnesota River (a sacred place for his own Anishinaabeg people) and notes further that the Czech composer "heard tribal music in the stones" as he brought his great work into being (10). In this way, he reinscribes the symphony as a highly positive (albeit fictionalized) image of transcultural inspiration and artistic

production, one reflecting a dynamic of mutual recognition between Europeans and indigenous people coming into contact in a "global" setting.[1] In the epilogue to *Heirs*, however, Vizenor also offers us a rather different take on Dvořák's masterpiece, one that is grounded in the actual historical experience of colonial modernity rather than in imaginative fancy. There, he reminds us both that Dvořák was the director of the Conservatory of Music in New York City when he composed the New World Symphony and that the work was written expressly for the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago. That event, of course, stands as one of the more retrograde examples of the history of cross-cultural mediation and representation of American Indian people in the United States (187).[2] In pointing out the historical link between Dvořák's piece and an exhibition that trumpeted the cultural and technological superiority of American modernity while offering sad tableaus and patronizing recognition of the "vanishing" Indian tribes in the United States, Vizenor highlights the fact that there is no guarantee that the moments of mutual discovery and reinvention characteristic of globalization (Vizenor sometimes calls these "imagic moments") will lead to reciprocal altruism.[3] The history of western dominated modernity often suggests, quite to the contrary, that such moments lead to colonial domination, cultural appropriation, and genocide.

*The Heirs of Columbus* is not about Antonin Dvořák, of course; it is about Columbus. But much of the same dynamic and tension that I have been discussing thus far also pervades the novel's treatment of the "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" and his Indian heirs. In that treatment, I would argue, Vizenor tries to open up an imaginative space between (1) the historical reality of a form of globalization overdetermined by colonization and conquest, and (2) a fantastic reimagining of the encounter with the other that offers alternative, utopian possibilities for what globalization *could* mean. In the end, then, I would refine my earlier statement and suggest that it is the "Columbian moment" of mutual discovery between Europeans and indigenous peoples that is Vizenor's primary subject matter. Columbus, in this respect, becomes the central signifying figure in the novel (as opposed to merely a historical personage) standing in some sense for the divergent meanings and functions of globalization.

Vizenor makes his intention in this regard fairly explicit at several key points in the text. In the epilogue, he indicates that *Heirs* is not to be read as a direct study or

literal critique of the historical Columbus: "Columbus arises in tribal stories that heal with humor the world he wounded; he is loathed, but he is not a separation in tribal consciousness. The Admiral of the Ocean Sea is a trickster overturned in his own stories five centuries later" (185). "Overturning" here represents something different from parody, and in my reading Vizenor is engaged in something much more complex than merely mocking the explorer. Having been remade as a trickster in this particular "tribal story," Columbus the man is available to be allegorized or transformed in other ways. Lappet Tupis Brown, a private investigator hired by the tribal government within the novel, speaks for Vizenor in this regard when she testifies at the "Bone Court" hearing that tricksters are not real people, but "figures in stories" or "language games" (80). Remade by Vizenor into an element in a fictional language game, then, Columbus becomes a tool for the analysis of the ideology of discovery, which initiates the modern phase of globalization that turns away from the more positive possibilities of global encounter. Quoting Steve Woolgar's book *Science: The Very Idea* in the epilogue to *Heirs*, Vizenor notes that "the sense of discovery is mediated by social conditions, [persisting] as a 'process rather than a point occurrence in time.'" Significantly, too, "the discovery process extends in time both before and after the initial announcement or claim'" (188). Following this line of thinking, "the Columbian moment" of discovery is not represented in *Heirs* as a discrete one, something limited to a specific set of events taking place in 1492. 1492 is one particular instantiation of a much larger force moving through human history and imagination, in other words. Vizenor's contribution to the quincentenary, then, is not to create another monument to conventional western history and its linear sense of time, nor is it to offer a simple critique and deconstruction of that history. Instead, he engages his readers in a mediation regarding the ongoing structural and imaginative effects that not only *did*, but hypothetically *could*, both emerge from the experience of mutual discovery and from the interpenetration of the global and the local.[4] The Columbian moment represents an archetypal experience of encounter and "glocalization" (the interpenetration of local and global self-awareness described by Roland Robertson in his 1992 book *Globalization*) rippling through time. And Vizenor's narrative techniques of reiteration, irony, and inventive signification provide a mechanism both to critique its instantiations and to explore its effects. When read in this

manner, we can better make sense of what might otherwise seem a puzzling decision made by a major American Indian writer—the decision to observe the Columbian quincentenary, in part, by reimagining a figure largely reviled throughout the indigenous new world as somehow, himself, being "Indian."

**II. The Globalizing Mirror: The Columbian Indian/The Indian Columbus**

*The Heirs of Columbus* abounds with narrative threads that establish a pattern of resemblance linking Christopher Columbus, his Anishinaabeg trickster-heirs, and other indigenous figures. The first of these appears right away, in the opening chapter's initial introduction of the contemporary Anishinaabeg trickster, radio host, and political leader Stone Columbus.[5] Christopher Columbus, we are told, began his life as an "obscure crossblood," whose fame was based on his efforts to found and extend an empire (3). One might note, here, that the narrative takes seriously the hypothesis advanced by some scholars that Columbus might have had Jewish ancestry, while also presenting his nomadic career as a kind of archetypal diasporic experience. In this, he and his modern namesake Stone resemble each other, for the latter is a typical Vizenorian "crossblood" trickster with a similar career path. Stone achieves his own renown through the founding of, not one, but two "nations," which stand, at least for a time, as extensions of Anishinaabeg sovereignty. These are the "Santa Maria Casino" of the first half of the novel and "Point Assinika" (part casino and part genomic research facility) of the second. We might also take note of other coincidental details, such as Stone's wearing of a golden-eyed, blue mask of Columbus and Columbus's own record of his delight at receiving a golden mask from a local Taino leader when he founded his first settlement in what is now Haiti on Christmas day in 1492, La Villa de la Navidad. Through these, and other examples, Vizenor makes clear that he is interested in exploring a connection between these two figures that goes well beyond a mere nominal echo. The strong parallels between the modern trickster and the early modern explorer make it difficult, then, to read Stone simply as a parody of his ancestor, and to read the novel simply as a piece of satire. Put in typical Vizenorian parlance, *Heirs* represents not mockery, but rather a *tease* of Columbus. And teasing, for Vizenor, always emerges from, and expresses, a deeper sense of relationship.

It is worth remembering, in this context, that Vizenor has frequently written of his sense of the existence of a pan-Indian or indigenous inclination toward exploration, discovery, and reinvention through encounter. Vizenor opens his essay "Ontic Images" with the following claim: "Native American personal and cultural identities have always been strategic maneuvers, and in that sense, *modernist*, names and singularities that arise from and are created by both communal nominations, collective memories, and by distinctive visionary experience" (159). This modernist "maneuver" of identity formation is effected through the processes of "analogical thinking," a term Vizenor adapts from Barbara Maria Stafford's book *Visual Analogy*. Analogical thought may be characterized by both its "uncanny visual capacity to bring divided things into unison or span the gap between contingent and absolute" and its "move to *tentative* harmony" in that process (159). This "tentative," transformative, gap-spanning process is "modernist" in so far as modernity signifies *any* moment in which our reality is altered as a result of an encounter that induces a shift in our paradigms for organizing/thinking about it. In this respect, the "Columbian moment" represents an archetypical example of modernity, provided we understand that the latter term has been transformed from a chronological marker into a signifier of a transhistorical structure of human experience.

Vizenor sees the modernist impulse of globalization as deeply embedded in native traditional cultural practices, noting that Indian stories "have always been the imagic moments of cultural conversion and native modernity" ("Ontic" 161). He makes this point explicitly through the example of Crazy Horse. In the spirit of Crazy Horse, Vizenor notes, Native storiers have always evinced an openness to encounter the new and to move towards a "tentative harmony" with it in a way that allows for a perpetually modernizing sense of self. Most suggestively, Vizenor grounds this claim in a general ethnographic assertion regarding the customary globalization of tribal peoples: "natives have always been on the move, by necessity of sustenance, and over extensive trade routes. Motion is a natural right, and the stories of visionary transformation are a continuous, distinctive sense of sovereignty" (162). Significantly, here, we begin to see how Vizenor indexes sovereignty to the ability to create one's stories/identity through a process of analogical encounter with others. The phrase "Native identities are stories that arise from the common tease of cultures" becomes a Vizenorian creed (163).

With this critical context in mind, it is less surprising to find that the numerous connecting threads between Christopher and Stone Columbus in *Heirs*, including actual bloodlines linking them, consistently interfere with the reader's ability to maintain an entirely comfortable sense of imaginative distance between them. Indeed, *Heirs* offers a number of details that emphasize Christopher's "Indianness" and his Indians descendants' "Columbian" natures. One of the most striking of these is the depiction of Columbus's relationship to the Mayan people. "The Maya created Columbus," Stone declares matter-of-factly, though this assertion can be construed in a number of ways (20). Stone could be suggesting that the Maya foretold Columbus's coming through their own prophetic traditions. Taken further, he might even be suggesting that those stories made Columbus happen, in a ritually performative manner. This would not be surprising in a text that clearly takes seriously and represents the power of story and storytelling, tellingly represented in the novel through the figure of "stones." But in another sense, the novel also suggests that the Maya *begat* Columbus, in both figurative and literal senses, through their own prior migrations to Europe.

Vizenor imagines that in the ancient past Mayan shamans and "hand talkers" actually voyaged to the Old World, providing evidence of a pattern or structure of global migration and encounter (of indigenous modernism) dating far back into ancient history. The novel imagines a long historical trajectory of globalization and "Columbian moments," in other words. Readers of *Heirs* are also told that the Mayans produced a "Bear Codex" describing themselves and their journeys. This book came into the possession of the Emperor Ptolemy, who ordered it to be translated and included in the collection of the Great Library of Alexandria. From there, before it was lost in the great fire that destroyed that ancient wonder, we are led to suppose that it exerted an imaginative influence on the thought of the ancient western world. Perhaps the Bear Codex was co-influential, along with the ancient Greek authorities referenced by explorers of Columbus's era, in reshaping the western understanding of the spherical world and their place in it? In this way the novel implies that the self-awareness and self-understanding of Old and New World peoples were entwined from the earliest periods of history.[6] And even if those connections became muted or forgotten over time, a potent enough trace of them remained to reappear in future manifestations of globalized

consciousness. In this way, Vizenor recontextualizes and reimagines the significance of the way that Columbus writes in his own journals of the inspiration of ancient authorities (like Ptolemy) who reinforced his own intuition that a passage to the east could be found by traveling west. The fact that the Mayan "radiant presence" is also linked in the novel to the global spiritual cause of Christ (as an aspiring world religion) and, later, to the diasporic movement of the Sephardic Jews serves to reframe the seemingly discrete moment of Columbian exploration as a manifestation of a larger force and pattern in human history (28).

As the preceding discussion suggests, then, like all of the other major elements in *Heirs*, the Maya function in the novel as a figure, offering evidence of an earlier phase of globalization that is intended to liberate our thinking to allow us to reconceive its nature and possibilities. Vizenor's Maya represent one indigenous instantiation of the "Columbian moment" that is meant both to structurally resemble and also literally plant the seeds for future imaginative manifestations of the impulse for discovery. The novel's assertion of a Maya-Sephardic genealogical line that includes Columbus himself is suggestive in this respect. The book presents Columbus as being maternally Mayan, with his mother, Susanna di Fontanarossa, as the bearer of a "signature" of survivance—a "blue radiance" passed down to her through her Mayan ancestors. There is a clear intimation, here, that the echoes of the globalizing impulse of his Mayan past represented a key driving force behind Columbus's own aspirations and journeys, influencing him through this line of blood memory. Columbus recalled the New World before he had even seen it, through dreams. In this respect, he appears to have inherited the Maya gift for prophetic storytelling and imagination. And this trace of a Maya past within him literally guided Columbus toward the fulfillment of his ancestor's prophetic anticipation of him. The novel opens by quoting from, and then reinterpreting, a passage from the *Journal of the First Voyage* as evidence of these traces of Maya cultural memory. Columbus remembers seeing a blue light in the west, though "'it was such an uncertain thing,' as he wrote in his journal to the crown, 'that I did not feel it was adequate proof of land'" (*Heirs* 1). Vizenor characterizes Columbus's perception in that moment as a half-formed insight that he is, in fact, part of a larger world historical process whose meaning and trajectory he only vaguely understands. "That light was a torch raised by the silent hand

talkers, a summons to the New World" (3). The historical tragedy that subsequently unfolded, though, was tied directly to Columbus's only partial recognition of the significance of the experience in front of him.

It is at this point, then, that we need to step back from a discussion of how *Heirs* works systematically to depict strong lines of connection between the indigenous world and the western world, in order to also acknowledge that Vizenor does not collapse all sense of difference between them. Indeed, if I am correct in seeing part of the novel's subject matter to be an exploration of the manifestations of a globalizing impulse that can be mutually and positively constitutive, it is nevertheless clear that Vizenor also wants readers to be aware that not all forms of globalization are equal. The different forms that the Columbian moment takes in historical time must be considered critically, in other words. We can turn back to the connections between Stone Columbus and Christopher Columbus to begin to illustrate this point, for these two central figures in the novel are presented as imperfect replicas of one another, as opposed to being pure dopplegangers. Frequently the patterns of repetition and coincidence in *Heirs* are slightly off. This sometimes creates a sense of dissonance, and at other times a literal form of mirroring built on reversal. Take, for example, Columbus's founding of La Villa de la Navidad, mentioned earlier. Columbus was forced into that act—the first moment that fully transformed his voyage of trade and exploration into a voyage of colonization and conquest—when his flagship, the Santa Maria, was wrecked on a reef, due to the inattentiveness of a crewman. With much of the foundering ship's goods and material saved, largely through the assistance of a local Taino leader, however, Columbus interpreted this apparent disaster as an act of providence. He chose to cannibalize his vessel in order to build a permanent settlement, in which many of its crew would reside until he was able to make a return voyage. La Villa de la Navidad failed to survive the period between the first and second voyages, however, owing in large part to the acts of violence and predation on the part of its Spanish occupants toward the local Indian population. They elected to manifest the globalizing impulse in an early form of colonialism, imperialism and incipient genocide, rather than experiencing imagic moments of analogical recreation.

Looking forward, we find that Stone Columbus has his own "Santa Maria," too,

and that this also experiences a wreck. His floating casino, a replica of the Spanish carrack that Columbus sailed, lies anchored at the international border between Minnesota and Ontario, near Big Island in Lake of the Woods. Stone presides over the Santa Maria Casino from its sterncastle and cabin, like the "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," and he watches the decks for signs of exuberance that mark the discovery of sudden wealth (another echo of Columbus' long wait for signs of the rich lands of Cathay). Stone's "flagship," too, is wrecked, in this case by a violent storm that causes it to crash on a reef and sink near the Big Island. But unlike the earlier disaster off the coast of Haiti, Stone's shipwreck marks only the temporary collapse of a *legitimate* space of sovereignty, as opposed to the founding or extension of an imperial one. The loss of the Santa Maria casino brings to an end four summers of casino operation (echoing the four voyages, perhaps?) carried out "in the name of the great explorer" (11). Significantly, though, where Columbus's accident represented the inauguration of a global system of violence and depredation, the modern wreck of the trickster's casino-state leads to a peaceful reiteration and extension of the Anishinaabeg nation, this time into the Pacific Northwest (with the founding of Point Assinika). The trajectory of Stone's career (and of that of his fellow heirs) suggests that it is possible to experience a de-territorialization, extension, or relocation of tribal sovereignty that somehow avoids Columbus's path towards empire. The vector of the Columbian moment is fundamentally different in each case. As readers, though, we are encouraged to ask why this is the case.

**III. Global Survivance versus Global Empire**

As I have suggested, Columbus bears the mark of an indigenous (Maya) past that represents one form that the globalizing impulse might take, but in his historical enactment of that impulse he clearly turns towards another form, with dire consequences for the indigenous peoples of the new world. Vizenor's novel seeks to analyze these two forms of globalization with an eye toward developing a critical sensibility that allows the positive to overcome the negative. To fully illuminate this point, we need to look a bit more closely at the novel's depiction of these two instances of the "Columbian moment," beginning with the Maya-indigenous one. *Heirs* represents the spirit of Mayan globalization through a series of repeated symbolic figures—among them "blue radiance"

and the moccasin game mentioned above. Throughout the novel, the color blue stands in general as a sign of the power of "survivance." Many people bear its "signature," including the Maya, the Sephardic Jews, the Moors ("once a nomadic people"), as well as the modern Heirs/tricksters (34). But what does it mean to be marked by "survivance" in the context of a narrative focused on voyages of discovery and global encounter? Despite being one of Vizenor's most familiar neologisms, "survivance" is a word that defies straightforward definition. As I have argued elsewhere, though, one of the central meanings embedded in the concept is the ability to be "recognized" (see Carlson, "Trickster"). In this respect, we might understand those who carry with them the "blue radiance" of survivance as those who are able to endure over time and whose endurance is tied both to their assertion of autonomy and their ability to have that autonomy acknowledged by others—a process that involves mutual or reciprocal recognition which allows for change and growth.[7] Survivance, in this respect, is an integral component of sovereignty. And for Vizenor, interestingly enough, the moments that seem to provide both the clearest indices of survivance, as well as their most vigorous tests, are journeys of exploration and mutual encounter (along with the stories that commemorate and disseminate them). We might remember how, in the opening lines of his essay "Postindian Warriors," Vizenor describes the journals of the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804-6 as "the most notable literature of tribal survivance" (1).

Developing an awareness of these kinds of associative links surrounding the "blue radiance" of survivance allows us to perceive another interesting pattern underlying the novel's symbolic use of the mocassin game. Felipa Flowers's signature *blue* moccasins set up a basic link between that symbol and the concept of survivance through mutual recognition. Felipa's work as a negotiator who effects the repatriation of tribal remains is an expression of this sense of survivance, for that work is built on negotiations that only succeed when they take place in legal, cultural, and personal frameworks that allow for mutual recognition and respect that also acknowledges cultural difference. The theft of Felipa's moccasins from her own body when she is murdered by agents working for Doric Michel (the artifact poacher and member of a colonialist "Brotherhood of American Explorers" that meets regularly in a "Conquistadores Club" in New York City) is deeply suggestive in this regard. For that criminal act represents quite clearly a

distinction between two models of how the global human encounter might take shape. For one heir of Columbus, Felipa, the experience of globalization is built on the reciprocity of survivance. For the other, Doric Michel, it is built on exploitation, dehumanization, and colonialism.

The novel's use of the moccasin game as a recurrent plot motif goes even further in elaborating this idea of contrasting forms of the Columbian moment. Here, again, we see Vizenor using a recurrent symbol to explore two different sides to the global encounter with the other. On the negative, imperialist side, interestingly enough, we have a figure from *inside* the tribal world, the Wiindigo, whose ongoing predatory game against the Anishinaabe forms the centerpiece of one of Vizenor's most frequently invoked traditional cultural narratives. (Vizenor relates the story of the contest between the Wiindigo and tribal tricksters in many of his books, both fictional and nonfictional.) The Wiindigo, of course, might be thought of as a person who has become a monster through the failure to recognize his commonality with other people; this is one of the symbolic meanings of his cannibalism. Consequently, his encounters with tribal peoples, in relation to whom he has become an alien other, take the form of predatory games—attempts to dupe, defraud, and destroy the people in whom he should see "relation."[8]

If the Wiindigo's moccasin game metaphorizes the dark side of the Columbian moment (its negative instantiation), *Heirs* also includes a suggestive counter-example in the 'Bone Court' hearing in the novel. The Bone Court is presided over by Judge Beatrice Lord, a character whose sympathetic responses to tribal claims of sovereignty and autonomy and whose ability to fully imagine the Indian other suggests a great deal about the utopian potential of the experience of mutual recognition. During the hearing, which focuses on the ongoing contest between Doric Michel and the heirs over the right to possess the remains of Columbus (a trope for Vizenor's own engagement with the legacy and meaning of the Columbian moment, perhaps), the trickster and technologist Almost Browne offers Lord the chance to experience a "Virtual Moccasin Game." Putting on a pair of electronic moccasins and other equipment enables Lord to "enter the shadow realities of tribal consciousness" (84). Figuratively, then, this section of the novel offers an illustration of the way that an openness to the direct realization and experience of the power of stories of the other creates the possibility for the mutual recognition of

commonality and difference that would characterize a positive encounter between differing localities within the framework of global space. In the virtual global environment of Almost's technological system, Lord is able to bring a range of narratives, localities, and perspectives together in a manner that enhances her respect for tribal sovereignty without leading her to totally abandon or repudiate her own traditions. As she plays the game, she comes into contact with an intense experience of Anishinaabeg locality (visiting the sacred headwaters), feels the power of intersubjective identification (observing shamanic bear-to-human transformations), and gains insight into the larger political and colonial contexts surrounding the criminal issues involved in the specific repatriation case before her (witnessing a reenactment of the disappearance of Columbus's bones from Doric Michel's vault). Through this process, she discovers that "the legal issues of standing in federal court could be resolved through simulations," and she thus learns deeper lessons about the importance of the interpenetration of imagination and of mutual recognition in ensuring that the Columbian moment becomes one of survivance (87). The experience of a moment of global encounter becomes, for Lord, an opportunity for ethical breakthrough and a chance for self-reinvention.

My reading here of the figural presentation of the elements involved in overcoming the imperial form of the Columbian moment is also reinforced, I believe, when we consider Vizenor's reimagining of Columbus' initial moment of encounter with the New World. Building upon those elements discussed earlier regarding the traces of blue radiance within him, Vizenor tellingly depicts Columbus as having been presented with an opportunity to choose between different paths in the first phases of his career as an agent of globalization. And by allowing us to re-read that moment against the matrix of symbols and figures that run throughout the text, Vizenor encourages his readers to view that choice as a paradigmatic one that speaks to the broader history and potentiality of global encounter. Traces of the potential for Columbus's New World encounter to mimic and recreate the positive legacy of his indigenous ancestors are thematized in the form of a series of references to blue puppets. Early in his life, Columbus witnesses and is moved by a group of Sephardic Jewish women puppeteers he sees on the Island of Corsica. He is haunted by this memory, which the novel ties to his early experiences of the call of the ocean. That relationship is further explained as an older Columbus

encounters the blue puppeteers again, this time at the Convento dos Santos in Lisbon. This is the place where, historically, Columbus first saw a well-born nineteen-year-old, Felipa Moñiz, whom he would later marry, but Vizenor transforms that fairly mercenary encounter with an other into something more prophetic and potentially transcendent. It is at this stage, too, that Columbus discovers that the blue puppets have been carved out of the wood of trees carried from the New World before wild storms, washing up on the Azores. Echoes of blood memory and the pull of a voyage promising self-recognition through an encounter with the other thus lay the foundation for what *might have been* in those fateful months and years after Columbus boarded his Santa Maria.

The moment of truth in the novel is marked by the third appearance of the puppets, which by this point in the narrative clearly represent the trace of something hidden underneath the bloody actuality of the history of conquest, something that might be recovered through an act of imagination. Columbus hears the voices of the puppeteers at the moment of his encounter with "Samana" (37). Here is another complex and interesting example of linguistic and imaginative play on Vizenor's part. At this point in the novel, the literal event he (through Stone) is reimagining is Columbus's landing on October 28, 1492, at Bahia de Bariay in what is now Cuba, the first moment he set foot on New World soil (10). Vizenor changes this history in a variety of suggestive ways. He plays with the historical controversy regarding whether Columbus first landed in Cuba (which he called San Salvador) or at Samana Cay (an island sixty five miles south of there). For the novel both names his landing place Samana Cay and posits an erotic meeting between Columbus and an Indian woman of the same name (whose descendant, not surprisingly, is one of the moderns heirs). This represents both a witty joke evoking the notion of Columbus's fundamental lack of understanding of his location as a global subject and an imaginative means of opening up a space to reconstruct an alternate history. Vizenor multiplies that effect by having Stone immediately change the date of the event he has just described, because "Columbus is ever on the move in our stories" (10). In the end, we have a series of potential Columbian moments, some historical, some imagined, that took place somewhere between October 28, 1492, at Bahia Bay or Samana Cay, and October 29, 1492, at Rio de la Luna (11).

Wherever and whenever Columbus landed, *Heirs* does maintain that his encounter

with the Indian woman Samana represented a historical crossroads and a choice between two types of globalizing moments. Samana, who is also described as a tribal hand talker (both an imaginative link to the earlier blue puppeteers and a clever evocation of the likely dynamics of communication that persisted between Columbus and *los indios* in this period of first contact when they spoke "through signs") swims out to the Santa Maria and makes love to him. Part of Vizenor's intent here, of course, may be satirical, playing with standard iconographic depiction of the New World as exotic Indian woman in European travel literature and the later colonial trope of Virgin land. In this case, though, both a figure of the Indian subject and the land (she pulls together both the human and cartographic elements of global encounter), Samana has considerable agency and a capacity for survivance (5). The novel explicitly suggests how Columbus's brief encounter with her represented a missed opportunity for an experience of mutual self-discovery that might have been justly celebrated by both worlds. It is worth recalling that, generally in Vizenor's fiction, sexual and erotic pleasure also signifies the imagination, imaginative pleasure, and liberation. Clearly, then, Columbus's night with Samana can be read allegorically. Columbus's family curse of a "twisted penis" makes perfect sense in this context (30). The novel suggests that it is a curse laid on (old world) men as revenge by women who were burned along with the bear codex in Alexandria. That burning, within the narrative framework of the novel, would represent a blindness to the existence and equal subjectivity of the other, a denial of key parts of the universality of human experience (for example, the fact that the globalizing impulse can manifest itself in others besides western man), and a foolish castration of imaginative capacity.

Columbus's twisted penis, then signifies more than persistently painful erections. It represents the move by western man to define himself through the subordination and then the erasure of the indigenous world. This fundamental act, which underlies the colonialist form of globalization, represents a colossal failure of imagination, one that in the case of our novel costs Christopher Columbus dearly as well. His night with Samana represented a moment of breakthrough where the mental structure of colonialism gave way to an alternative form of global encounter. Columbus experienced release with Samana, whom the novel (recalling the Codex) describes explicitly as a bear shaman possessing a healing touch and as characterized by that familiar symbolic blue radiance

(12). The text repeatedly references the idea that she healed Columbus. Regrettably, though, the healing did not last (19). Despite the emotional and existential pull he feels towards her (Vizenor invokes the Journals' most positive and enraptured descriptions of both the people and land of the new world at these points in the novel), Columbus turns away from this type of modernizing encounter of self-recreation. Instead, he soon founds his first colonial settlement (Navidad), initiating a system of slavery and murder while continuing to chase gold throughout the Caribbean. In a touch of wonderful lyricism, though, Vizenor notes that Columbus hears the voice of the blue puppeteers one last time on the deck of his ship during the stormy winter return to Europe at end of the first voyage (44). He will remember them many times after that, up to his death, by which time most of his honors and wealth had been stripped from him by his own people.

So what might have happened if the Columbian moment of 1492 had taken another shape, the shape it takes, imaginatively, in the indigenous world of this novel? We get a hint of an answer to this in Stone Columbus' reenactment of his ancestor's career. It is significant that *Heirs* presents Stone's nation-building activity, both at the Santa Maria Casino and at Point Assinika, as expressions of tribal sovereignty built on reciprocal altruism and expansive networks of cross-cultural relations. Initially, it would seem, Stone opens his casino as a kind of provocation and a parody of the European law of discovery. He asserts his "right to operate a casino as a new reservation moored to an anchor as long as the waters flow in the New World," in a manner that clearly plays off of the language used by Ferdinand and Isabella in granting title to his ancestor Christopher at the time of the first voyage (7). This is an absurd claim, of course, but its very absurdity raises the obvious point that the basis for non-Indian title claims under the law of discovery is equally strange. In the end, though, I think the key point to realize is that Stone's act of global legal consciousness here leads to the kind of liberating reinvention characteristic of Vizenorian survivance.

It is no surprise that Stone's initial formulation of, and claim to, sovereignty would be challenged, but the end result of that challenge is to trigger some important reformulations of the concept, with positive implications for both tribal and non-tribal peoples. On July 4$^{th}$, three years after the first launching of casino, Stone is arrested for violation of state tax and gambling laws. Subsequently, the question of the nature of the

sovereignty of the Santa Maria Casino ends up in federal court, in a case presided over by Beatrice Lord. In the end, Lord sanctions the "reservation on an anchor," in no small part because she admires the imagination involved in its creation. Even more suggestively, though, in announcing her decision from the casino's sterncastle (on Columbus Day), she redefines tribal sovereignty in a way that detaches it from formulation of title rooted in discovery law. "The notion of tribal sovereignty is not confiscable, or earth bound," Lord writes. "Sovereignty is neither fence nor feathers. The essence of sovereignty is imaginative, an original tribal trope, communal and spiritual, an idea that is more than metes and bounds in treaties" (7). Following this logic, "The court...ruled that an anchor and caravel is as much a tribal connection to sovereignty as a homestead, mineral rights, the sacred cedar, and the nest of a bald eagle" (7).[9] In this way, Lord signals that, despite its western legacy and baggage, the concept of sovereignty remains valuable because it can be stretched and adapted, imaginatively, in a way that takes it out of the realm of possessive property law (the reference to "metes and bounds") and into a larger sense of relation and intersubjectivity.[10]

Lord's experience of legal globalization (her opportunity to preside over a Columbian moment of contact between the U.S. legal system and Stone Columbus's innovative assertions of tribal autonomy) allows her to continue forward with the process of deterritorializing and reframing the concept of sovereignty. She recognizes, of course, that Stone's sovereignty claims exist in a political framework that, at present, limit them. In a nod to U.S. Indian law and the Marshall Court's use of the law of discovery in defining Indian communities as "domestic dependent nations," she comments that "The *Santa Maria* and the other caravels are limited sovereign states at sea, the first maritime reservations in international waters..." (8-9). And yet, the fact that Stone has created a "sovereign casino" that does, in fact, function surely highlights the idea that a tribal nation need not be synonymous with a sovereign state in the post-Westphalian sense of the term. The "new casino tribe" is more like what political scientist Nina Caspersen calls an "unrecognized state," a kind of sovereign entity that relies on support from outside of itself and is characterized by its economic and cultural permeability (8). A "casino nation," in other words, cannot exist without a constant dynamic of exchange between itself and those outside of it. It cannot stand alone or imagine itself in a way that cuts it

off from the broader totality that surrounds it. It must embrace the dynamic of global encounter in a way that sends its people down a very different historical and political path from that of the Europe of Christopher Columbus. And in doing so, Vizenor suggests, with his characteristic hopefulness, indigenous people might offer guidance on how the modern world can redeem the Columbian moment and overcome the bloody legacy of its instantiation five centuries ago. Judge Lord's observation regarding the wisdom and imagination that led Stone to placing his sovereign casino on an international border is wonderfully suggestive, for it urges the reader to consider how currently emerging international legal norms and a redefinition of the relations of power between local and global bodies are becoming increasingly important tools in the work of decolonization. Through Lord, Vizenor teases us into a recognition that the imaginative relocation of the "nation" and its claims to sovereignty into a globalized space might, in fact, be liberating. Reimagining the nation as something constituted in the exchange between global and local, then, can create the political conditions that allow for new definitions of legal status, new claims of sovereignty, and new ways in which those claims might be recognized. Indeed, Vizenor's work on the recently ratified revised Constitution of the White Earth Nation highlights the "real world" applicability of that idea (see Carlson, "Trickster"). If such change can be broadly achieved, the Columbian moment might indeed be worthy of global commemoration.

*Notes*

[1] This idea, incidentally, forms a central theme in Vizenor's more recent novel *Shrouds of White Earth*, in its depiction of a narrative triptych composed of Marc Chagall, the fictional Anishinaabeg painter Dogroy Beaulieu, and Vizenor himself.
[2] For a general overview of the Columbian Exhibition, see Bolotin and Laing.
[3] See Vizenor, "Ontic Images." Examples of other critics who have begun to take up Vizenor's terminology would include Martinez and Schweninger.
[4] This idea can be usefully connected to Jodi Byrd's concept of "transit." Byrd explicitly links her work with Vizenor in *The Transit of Empire*.
[5] There are many other versions of this pattern of imperfect reiteration and echoing throughout the novel. The part of the plot focused on Felipa Flowers, for example, makes a great deal out of the similarities between her experiences and those of Pocahontas, down to the fact that both meet their end at Gravesend. Stone is also compared to the Métis leader Louis Riel, who is likewise recalled in the form of another character, a retired military intelligence officer, now turned private-investigator and double-agent named Chaine Riel Doumet. American Indians are compared to the Sephardic Jews, who

are, in turn, linked to the Mayans. However, in order to contain the complexity of the narrative a bit, for the purpose of the present argument, I want to maintain a narrow focus on Stone Columbus as the primary heir and to consider, through him, what the significance of this representational patterning in the novel might be.

[6] In this respect, Vizenor gives readers an imaginative extension of historical realities explored recently by Jace Weaver in his book *The Red Atlantic*.

[7] Vizenor offers another formulation of this idea in the second half of the novel, in his discussion of the (metaphorical) work being done at the Genome Pavilion at Point Assinika. There he writes that "...the chemical of genes can be touched in meditation and memories, that blue radiance is a wondrous instance in human creation, *and those who can imagine their antimonies and mutations are able to heal with humor*" [my emphasis] (Heirs 134).

[8] It is no wonder that many contemporary indigenous writers invoke the Wiindigo-figure as a trope for colonialism and empire. Louise Erdrich does so in her novel *Tracks* in her characterization of Pauline Puyat, who turns on herself and her own people in a fury of misrecognition and assimilationist-driven self-hatred. Joseph Boyden explores wiindigo sickness in his WWI novel *Three Day Road*. Jack Forbes has also suggestively linked the Wiindigo with the origins and spread of imperialism and colonialism in *Columbus and other Cannibals*.

[9] Vizenor clearly signals the importance of this definition by reiterating it later in the book. When Almost Brown is celebrating the repatriation of Columbus's remains with a laser show, the loudspeakers on the casino mask boom out the following words: "The notion of sovereignty is not tied to the earth, sovereignty is neither fence nor feathers...The very essence of sovereignty
is a communal laser. The *Santa Maria* and the two caravels are luminous sovereign states in the night sky, the first maritime reservation on a laser anchor" (Heirs 62).

[10] On this type of dialectical transformation of sovereignty, see my forthcoming book *Imagining Sovereignty* (2016).

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# "Carried in the Arms of Standing Waves:" The Transmotional Aesthetics of Nora Marks Dauenhauer[1]

BILLY J. STRATTON

In October 2012 Nora Marks Dauenhauer was selected for a two-year term as Alaska State Writer Laureate in recognition of her tireless efforts in preserving Tlingit language and culture, as well as her creative contributions to the state's literary heritage. A widely anthologized author of stories, plays and poetry, Dauenhauer has published two books, *The Droning Shaman* (1988) and *Life Woven With Song* (2000). Despite these contributions to the ever-growing body of Native American literary discourse her work has been overlooked by scholars of indigenous/native literature.[2] The purpose of the present study is to bring attention to Dauenhauer's significant efforts in promoting Tlingit peoplehood and cultural survivance through her writing, which also offers a unique example of transpacific discourse through its emphasis on sites of dynamic symmetry between Tlingit and Japanese Zen aesthetics. While Dauenhauer's *poesis* is firmly grounded in Tlingit knowledge and experience, her creative work is also notable for the way it negotiates Tlingit cultural adaptation in response to colonial oppression and societal disruption through the inclusion of references to modern practices and technologies framed within an adaptive socio-historical context. Through literary interventions on topics such as land loss, environmental issues, and the social and political status of Tlingit people within the dominant Euro-American culture, as well as poems about specific family members, Dauenhauer merges the individual and the communal to highlight what the White Earth Nation of Anishinaabeg novelist, poet and philosopher, Gerald Vizenor, conceives as native cultural survivance.[3]

She demonstrates her commitment to "documenting Tlingit language and oral tradition" in her role as co-editor, along with her husband, Richard, of the acclaimed series: *Classics of Tlingit Oral Literature* (47). In this groundbreaking cultural revitalization project, the Dauenhauers reinforce the importance of Tlingit language in the shaping of specific cultural practices. Because indigenous knowledge is commonly conceived as an interpenetrating totality, which eschews the systems of categorization

and disciplinary division between history, oral tradition and fiction, or the sacred and secular that typifies Western knowledge, the relationship between such research and Dauenhauer's creative production remains much more fluid. In both *The Droning Shaman* (1988) and *Life Woven With Song* (2000), Dauenhauer addresses time-honored themes from Tlingit storytelling, such as their relationship to the natural environment and the life forms that dwell there, the importance of traditional cultural and spiritual practices, the nature of mortality, and the ways in which the Tlingit have adapted to the changes brought by colonialism. She is also able to cultivate a poetic voice that is generative of a transnational literary aesthetic through an engagement with the work of non-native writers, including Han Shan, Setcho, Bashō and e.e. cummings. The unexpected and varied array of literary interests produced by native and non-native writers that influence Dauenhauer's work is reflected in the production of a cosmototemic aesthetic that, nonetheless, remains grounded in her own Tlingit subjectivity. For Vizenor, "the visionary and totemic stories of creation are instances of literary transmotion, and the continuous variations of origin stories create a discrete sense of presence and survivance" ("Literary Transmotion" 17). Dauenhauer's poetry demonstrates a similar approach through her capacity to adapt Tlingit narratives of totemic and visionary transmotion to contemporary concerns and create new modes for the expression of indigenous knowledge. The engagement with Tlingit historical experience with colonialism in the past and present that is evinced through Dauenhauer's work offers valuable insight into the function of Tlingit literary expression and allows readers to better understand the multivalent role of contemporary native writers as storytellers and tribal historians who, according to Vizenor in *Fugitive Poses*, testify to "that sense of presence in remembrance" (15). The ephemerality of memory gains traction through what he goes on to term, "the connotations of transmotion," which are encapsulated in "creation stories, totemic visions, reincarnation, and sovenance" (15).

In the poem, "Anchorage," by her friend the Mvskoke Creek poet and songwriter, Joy Harjo, in which Dauenhauer is also present, the legacy of intergenerational trauma implicit in colonial history becomes an anchor for the manifestation of Native sovenance through the image of "someone's Athabascan / grandmother, folded up" on a park bench, "smelling like 200 years / of blood and piss " (14). As Harjo and Dauenhauer walk

together along the streets of this Alaskan city "made of stone, of blood, and fish," Harjo's narrative poem bears witness to the ineffable nature of colonial experience signified by the anonymous native woman, "her eyes closed against some / unimagined darkness, where she is buried in an ache / in which nothing makes / sense" (14). Through the emblem of collective trauma that this woman characterizes, along with "the 6th Avenue Jail of mostly native / and Black men," the poem further testifies to the injustice and oppression to which native people have been subjected since contact (14). Refusing to relegate native people to the role of victims, however, the poem ends with an invocation of morose humor and ironic astonishment:

> Everyone laughed at the impossibility of it,
> but also the truth. Because who would believe
> the fantastic and terrible story of all of our survival
> those who were never meant
> to survive? (15)

The intensity of this poem, which illustrates the vital importance of native literary production as a means of decolonization, lies in Harjo's reinscription of the despair and hopelessness that many native people experience into an affecting narrative of cultural survivance. The active sense of presence conveyed in the work of Dauenhauer, Harjo, and Vizenor combines to give renewed emphasis to the critical importance of sovereignty and amplifies the emancipatory potential of native literature to serve as a corrective to the "literature of dominance" that seeks to define native people through the tropes of tragedy and victimry.

While the works of Joy Harjo and Gerald Vizenor[4] have been long afforded canonical status in Native American literary studies due to the contributions they have made to tribal communities and the causes of intellectual and political sovereignty, Nora Marks Dauenhauer's contributions carry these concerns into new theoretical and geographic locales. The invocation of these simultaneous qualities allows Dauenhauer to formulate a more thorough picture of Tlingit aesthetics that serves as a framework for the expression of cultural survivance and the imperatives of decolonization within a storied cartography. One that also acknowledges the important value of transpacific cultural exchange.

Dauenhauer's utilization of Tlingit cultural memory as a prominent feature of poetic work that evokes connotations of transmotion is especially prominent in her first collection of poetry, *The Droning Shaman*, acting to transgress overdetermined social and cultural categories. This book is divided into seven sections with the first six consisting of original poems that reflect on Dauenhauer's experiences and the importance of family, which necessarily recall broader themes that are vital to Tlingit identity and culture. Dauenhauer draws on these creative insights in the final section to inform Tlingit translations of works by non-native poets, giving the whole a cosmopolitan appeal. For the purposes of this study, my primary focus in regards to these translations will concern Dauenhauer's sustained engagement with issues vital to Native American cultural expression as manifested through aesthetic reciprocity between Tlingit and Zen philosophy. The first section will explore the influence of Bashō's work on Dauenhauer's poetic style, necessitating a fuller exploration of the sense of native transmotion that is operant in her work. From this methodological foundation I move on to a consideration of the ways in which Dauenhauer developed a unique poetic style by drawing on Japanese haiku and imagistic poetry to conceive of Tlingit memory and experience within a more holistic transpacific aesthetic independent of "mere comparitives and performative acts" (*Fugitive* 183). The appeal to both native and non-native epistemological frameworks and aesthetics in Dauenhauer's work further operates as an effective counter-discourse and critique of the stagnant conceptions of traditionalism in which native cultures are viewed as anchored to an irretrievable past that is widely perpetuated by social science discourse and the legacy of colonial subjection.

**Tlingit and Zen Poetics: Permanence and Change Along the Pacific Divide**

Before I move on to an examination of Dauenhauer's work some preliminary words about haiku and its development seems useful. The development of haiku into a distinct poetic form was the result of a process that took place over the period of nearly a thousand years involving both Chinese and Japanese poets. One of the earliest ancestors of modern haiku in Japan can be found in the form of the waka,[5] which was structured by lines of 5-7-5-7-7- syllables ("Disuse" 711). The next forerunner to the haiku was the renga, which Koji Kawamoto explains as "a linked poem . . . which comprises of 36 or

100 verses composed in turns by two or more persons at one sitting" ("Basho's Haiku" 246). According to R.H Blyth, the renga "thus became an extended waka, and in intention a very high and difficult art" (*History* xiv). The haiku as a distinct form was then created out of the renga by separating the opening section of the renga, which retained the waka 5-7-5 arrangement (xii). Developing out of this more rigid and aristocratic form of the renga in the late sixteenth century, as Kawamoto further notes, the haiku's "very raison d'être, was . . . its flashing divergence from the traditional genre, not in form but in vocabulary and subject matter" ("Disuse" 711). The divergence in form was driven by a desire among poets to liberate themselves from the restrictive conventions of these previous classical forms. The primary way that this distinction was emphasized was through the use of a language that in its suggestiveness was more accessible and open to comic insights and associative play, while continuing to engage with the themes of "seasonal changes, love, grief for the dead, and the loneliness experienced on journeys" ("Disuse" 711). Of these, it is the enduring presence of the natural world as a unifying foundation where force, sentiment, memory, and desire are deftly melded within a haiku to create meaning. "Its peculiar quality," asserts Blyth, "is its self-effacing, self annhiliative nature, by which it enables us, more than any other form of literature, to grasp the thing-in-itself" (*Haiku* 980). This function was made explicit by Masaoke Shiki, who, as Carl Johnson notes, "coined the term 'haiku'" in which the goal of this new form was the "depiction of objects as they were" (172).

Within less than a hundred years the haiku was well on its way to overtaking the waka and renga as the favored mode of poetic expression in Japan. This shift was made evident by the refinements in style and spiritual resonance of works produced by Bashō following the famous travels throughout Japan that served as the subject matter for his most famous works, with the first of these published in 1684 as *The Record of a Weather-exposed Skeleton* (Yuasa 29). Among the most significant features of Bashō's work, according to Nobuyuki Yuasa, was the insight into the relationship between change (*ryukō*) and substance (*jitsu*), which figure prominently in the foremost concerns of the haiku (37-38).

While the meaning of such terms may initially seem self-evident, as Keiji Nishitani points out, the notion of substance presents the human mind with a particularly

fraught set of other questions. "Whether animate or inanimate," Nishitani observes, "man or even God, insofar as an entity is considered to exist in itself, to be on its own ground, it has been conceived as substance" (110). The critical insight that Nishitani brings to our attention, however, is the indispensible role that human subjectivity plays in this matter, requiring a consideration of "the field where the mode of things as they are in themselves is grasped eidetically and where the concept of substance comes into being" (113). Thus, when thinking about substance and its disposition towards change, whether that be through the forces of entropy or temporality, this problem is of "a twofold character: on the one hand, it is the field on which *things* come to display why they are in themselves; and on the other, the field on which *we* grasp what things are in themselves" (113). It is this critical awareness that lies at the center of haiku, and provides the dramatic effect of the *kireji*, the cutting word, that opens the natural world to new associations and intuitive insights.

It is the poet's ability to seamlessly combine the force of change upon substance within the fragile unity that allowed haiku to develop beyond its strictly reactionary and parodic origins. Bashō is a significant figure in this development because it is in his works, culminating in *The Narrow Road to the Deep North*, that the substance (in this case, the words themselves) was deftly combined with the essence (*kyo*) of the work in an elegant unity that reflected "the hidden vital force that shapes the work into a meaningful whole" (Yuasa 38). The conception of the natural world as an inherently interrelated system of elements created out of substance and change—an understanding shared between Zen Japanese and native cultures—serves as a generative space for artistic exchange and transcendent intuition. As Vizenor observes in his introduction to *Favor of Crows*, "Haiku from the start turned my thoughts to chance, ephemerality, and impermanence, the very traces of a creative tease and presence in nature" (ix).

Dauenhauer's *The Droning Shaman* presents the incipient development of a similar poetic voice that highlights the relation between Tlingit culture and the land, while providing a dynamic venue for exploring the intersections between native and Zen philosophy and literary expression. She displays a serious interest in formulating a transpacific aesthetic in this work through the bilingual composition of works in both Tlingit and English, in addition to Tlingit translations of the work of the Zen poets Bashō

and Setcho. The presence of these translations distinguish Dauenhauer as an innovative storier within the context of native literary production in which the exploration of Tlingit culture and its relation to the flows of transmotion are shown to be prominent features in her poetic work. Dauenhauer further extends the reach of Tlingit storytelling and poetic form in her second collection of poetry and prose, *Life Woven With Song*, in which poetry and prose operate in a similarly organic way to the *haibun* composition style as refined by Bashō in *The Narrow Road to the Deep North* where "prose and *haiku* illuminate each other like two mirrors held up facing each other" (Yuasa, 39). A strong sense of literary synthesis is created in Dauenhauer's work through the incorporation of the unifying themes of seasonal change, mortality and human interactions with the natural world, which are central to the philosophical foundations of both Tlingit and Zen cosmologies. Presented within a cohesive whole, her aesthetic vision explores the elemental function of storytelling that binds the interrelations between people, temporality and the land through personal meditations on the themes of human presence and absence.

Far from being derivative of Bashō's style, however, Dauenhauer indigenizes the imagistic poetic form by grounding it in Tlingit experience and native peoplehood, highlighting fertile sites of transnational literary exchange. Although Tlingit oratory and storytelling convey a precise expression of Tlingit indigeneity, Dauenhauer asserts, as with Bashō's poetry, it "is also universal in its concern for grief and the ability of the human spirit to transcend death" (xi). Furthermore, Dauenhauer's poetry and creative non-fiction testifies to what Vizenor calls the "shadow survivance" of indigenous peoples and exemplifies the specific ways in which the Tlingit have negotiated cultural disruptions wrought by colonialism and technological change. Interestingly, Vizenor goes on to associate this capacity to persist with a fundamental element of the haiku form, noting that it "ascribes the seasons with shadow words: the light that turns a leaf, a bird, a hand. Shadow words are intuitive, a concise meditation of sound, motion, memories, and the sensation of the seasons" (*Manifest* 65).

Dauenhauer's Tlingit translations of the haiku of Bashō, whose influence is perceptible in many of her own poems, seems natural given the emphasis on the conception of holistic interconnectivity prominent in their perceptions of the natural world. The poems appearing in the opening section of *The Droning Shaman* display

similarities to the haiku translations, drawing attention to inherent points of intersection with her own Tlingit subjectivity. In the poem, "Kelp," for instance, Dauenhauer succinctly moves from the substance to the essence of the Arctic Ocean by ascribing to it animate qualities that are further highlighted and reinforced in subsequent poems: "Ribbons of iodine / unrolled by fingers / of waves" (7). The juxtaposition created by the use of "fingers" as a cutting word between kelp and the ocean allows readers to better understand the significance of this time-honored natural resource, which is rendered as passive, ephemeral "ribbons of iodine" that drift in the literal grasp of ocean currents. The attribution of both the ocean and kelp with its own totemic and transmotive force, which Vizenor would distinguish as "an active spiritual presence," offers a subtle reminder of Tlingit ecological practices that are demonstrative of the connection that is maintained with their coastal environment. Growing to lengths as long as three hundred feet and once commonly used throughout the Northwest coast as receptacles for the storage of dogfish oil, kelp has been an essential resource for Tlingit people for generations, and by including such a description in her poetry, it remains so in the memory and stories of the people.

Dauenhauer, of course, is not the only native writer who has displayed an aesthetic appreciation for Japanese haiku and imagistic poetry. More than two decades before the publication of *The Droning Shaman*, Gerald Vizenor explored the latent transpacific philosophical and aesthetic linkages between Native American and Asian cultures, and has most recently published several new volumes of haiku and imagistic poetry including *Almost Ashore*, *Favor of Crows*, and the privately published *Calm in the Storm/Accalmie*.[6] As Vizenor explains in his *Favor of Crows* "haiku scenes are similar, in a sense, to the original dream songs and visionary images of the *anishinaabe*, the Chippewa or Ojibwe, on the White Earth Reservation in Minnestoa" (xi). He elaborates on the indelible influence the haiku form had on the development of his own literary aesthetic stating, "truly, haiku enhanced my perception and experience of dream songs, and my consideration of Native reason, comparative philosophies, and survivance" (xix). Reflective of these implicit cultural connections, other Anishinaabe writers such as Kimberley Blaeser and Gordon Henry have also employed the haiku to great effect in their works. One crossblood Anishinaabe character in Henry's *The Light People*, for

instance, uses haiku as a means to reclaim the ability to speak after having "lost" his voice "in a distant government boarding school" (61).

Within a broader transnational literary context, the poetry of Vizenor, Blaeser, Henry and Dauenhauer serve as vital bridges that span geographic and temporal boundaries, native oral tradition and written literary discourse. The connection to the land conveyed in Dauenhauer's poetry parallels the personal engagement with the natural world found in haiku, and reflects the amaranthine nature of the interrelationship between human beings and the natural world that is exemplified in every aspect of Tlingit experience. As translator and poet, Dorothy Guyver Britton, observes, "a good haiku should rouse in the reader's mind a deeply subjective response and set in motion a world of thoughts" (17). For Dauenhauer, however, there is no need to distinguish an orientation in and with the natural world, as such already comprises an inherent feature of Tlingit cultural identity and peoplehood. Dauenhauer testifies to the vital role of the concept of interconnectivity that is evident in *Life Woven With Song*, stating, "I am trying for a more quiet 'inner dialogue,' and for conflict not among the characters, but within the individual, as the individual finds himself or herself in the natural and cultural environment" (xii). Given the similarities between Tlingit and Zen conceptions of the natural world, it is not surprising that the manner of literary expression Dauenhauer articulates in this passage displays many points of correspondence with the deeply reflective aesthetic vision that is imbued in Bashō's work.

Like other native writers, such as Leslie Marmon Silko, Dauenhauer grounds her literary aesthetic in a culturally-specific sacred cartography. In one such example she utilizes the image of a woven basket as a central metaphor that informs and intensifies the power and meaning of her work. Returning to *Life Woven With Song*, a traditional basket operates as a metaphor of the life-affirming nature of artistic creativity and the cultural survivance of native people, while emphasizing the indelible connection the Tlingit maintain with their natural environment. Recalling memories of a childhood outing with her grandmother in the rainforest of southeastern Alaska to gather spruce roots from which these baskets are fashioned, Dauenhauer writes, "this is the earliest I remember going for natural materials to be made into art" (31). The remembrance of this occasion formed such a significant experience in Dauenhauer's maturation that it remained a

"haunting image" that "kept coming back" (31). The relationship between the people and the land revealed through the Tlingit art of basket-making functions as a unifying narrative motif, while subtly reinforcing an imperative philosophical principle common to indigenous culture, while also reflected in Zen cosmology

Dauenhauer's creative work enacts a transnational, transcultural exchange of ideas and experience, while reinforcing her critical role as a tribal storyteller. She successfully combines these discursive roles through the integration of many of the themes and narrative techniques employed in oral storytelling since the beginning of Tlingit history. The sort of literary fluidity that these congruent roles engender contribute yet another level of meaning to the metaphor of basket weaving. Dauenhauer brings emphasis to these connections in her descriptions of childhood experiences with storytelling within her own family: "This is when I would be pulled in and woven along into the stories. I imagined every incident and tragic ending as real. If we listened carefully, we kids could practice telling the stories to each other later. I usually fell asleep listening to the storytelling" (33). It bears noting that the notion of veracity expressed here is fundamentally different from the function afforded to literature in Western culture. Stories are not *just* stories in Tlingit culture, but a people's shared reservoir of knowledge where the distinctions between literature and history have little significance. Tlingit stories, whether found in oral tradition or written literature, convey and confirm the epistemological system that forms the very foundations of reality itself.

Conjoining the literary traditions of her own Tlingit culture with those of Japanese Zen poets such as Bashō, Dauenhauer deftly traverses the space between national and cultural boundaries by accentuating a shared sense of historic immanence, totemic association, transmotion and holistic reciprocity. In another of the austere imagist poems appearing in *The Droning Shaman*, "Alux the Sea," for example, the cold, uncompromising waters of the Bering Sea are brought to life and personified as "a droning shaman," who "puckers spraying lips" (3). The poetic transfiguration of the arctic sea into a benevolent spiritual being that showers the Tlingit with kisses conveys an affirming recognition and appreciation for the ocean's power and spiritual force. "We Tlingit have always been eating salmon," declares Dauenhauer in the essay that opens *Life Woven With Song*, and it is the life-giving ocean, this "droning shaman," that has

provided the Tlingit with this vital source of food since time immemorial (3). As Dauenhauer's description of the Bering Sea reveals, however, the relationship between people and the environment is not one predicated upon the exploitation of resources, but founded upon the principles of reciprocity and mutual respect.

The practice of salmon fishing is viewed by Tlingit as an act of sacred communion with the ocean, and one of the primary means by which this relationship is maintained is through creative acts of storytelling. The critical standpoint of both Tlingit and Zen epistemology conceives non-human species as possessing equivalent standing to human beings, a view that contrasts sharply with hierarchical conceptions of non-human sentient life in Western epistemology. John Bierhorst, writing in *The Way of the Earth*, notes that in Tlingit culture one does not just speak of fish, "One speaks of *xat qwani*, 'fish people'" (23). The implication of this axiomatic epistemological distinction is that not only are salmon and other creatures understood to be a type of "people" of equivalent status to humans, but that salmon, like humans, are inherently dualistic, consisting of both physical and spiritual elements that are specified by the word "*qwani*."

Moreover, Dauenhauer's use of the Eastern Aleut word Alux as a signifier for the Bering Sea emphasizes a Tlingit conceptualization of place. Much more than representing a direct translation, however, Dauenhauer's use of Alux is intended to emphasize the complexity of Aleut linguistic practice and its broader philosophical implications for native people who maintain long-standing historic connections to specific landscapes. The complex ways in which language, place, and storytelling operate in both Tlingit and Zen poetry reveals yet another intriguing instance of transpacific, transhistoric, transmotive ecological synergy between these two cultures. As Yuasa observes, "in *The Narrow Road to the Deep North*, we often find that even place-names are made to contribute to the total effect" of the poetry (38). This is illustrated in one episode in which Bashō traveled to Mount Haguro, a place he described as "one of the three most sacred shrines of the north" (125). Meditating upon the spiritual significance of this place, Bashō observes, "indeed the whole mountain is filled with miraculous inspiration and sacred awe. Its glory will never perish as long as man continues to live on the earth" (125). While Mount Haguro may be viewed as inherently sacred in Zen culture, it is the reciprocal relationship that is implied and enacted through Buddhist ceremonial and

storytelling practice that makes the sacredness of the mountain most clear and meaningful.

Similarly, the landscape of Alaska accumulates sacred cultural meaning from a Tlingit perspective through the interconnected activities of storytelling and ceremonial practice, activities that serve to reinforce attachments between human populations and particular sacred places. One way that merging of the physical and metaphysical is achieved in Tlingit culture is through the concept of at.óow, which denotes an "owned or purchased thing or object" (*Haa Shuká*, 25). At.óow takes the form of many different substances and essences in the unity of things that form Tlingit reality such as "land (geographic features such as a mountain, a landmark, an historical site, a place such a Glacier bay) a heavenly body, a spirit, a name, an artistic design," as well as, "an image from oral tradition such as an episode from the Raven cycle on a tunic, hat, robe or blanket" (25). Within this deeply animated ontological framework, according to Thomas F. Thornton, "clans or their localized segments, known as house groups, owned and maintained rights of exclusive use to physical property (including salmon streams, halibut banks, hunting grounds, sealing rocks, berrying grounds, shellfish beds, canoe-landing beaches and other landmarks)" (296). The complex organization of knowledge illustrated in this practice creates a site of resonance and unity with Vizenor's conception of the world in which "native memories, stories of totemic creation, shamanic visions, burial markers, medicine pictures, the hunt, love, war, and songs are the transmotion of virtual cartography" (*Fugitive* 170). Viewed from within a Tlingit worldview it becomes apparent that while the place name for the Bering Sea can be translated into Aleut as Alux, due to the complexity of the meaning that is inherent to this term the reverse simply does not apply. For speakers of the Tlingit language the mere mention of this place name would likely call to mind an entire body of associated and interrelated stories that serve to anchor it in Tlingit culture and history in much the same way that haiku plays on the inherent linguistic and metaphorical connections between substance and essence in linked verse.

Perhaps one reason that Dauenhauer's poetry is so compelling lies in her capacity to produce multiple layers of meaning through unexpected associations within a field of natural imagery. For poets like Bashō, the capacity to succinctly distill the fundamental

essence of reality and experience was viewed as the highest measure of artistic achievement. In another of Dauenhauer's imagistic poems found in *The Droning Shaman* titled, "Fur Seals," the notions of a holistic natural environment and the play of natural motion and transmotion is made explicit thorough a vivid description of seals in their natural environment:

> Carried in the arms of
> standing waves,
> gliding to the head, breaking
> through the frothing mouth. (4)

As with the significance of kelp discussed previously, the fur seals simultaneously function as the subjects of the poem, swimming, hunting and playing in their natural environment, while also the implied objects, seemingly cradled like sleeping infants in the sea's, the droning shaman's, protective embrace. Here again, Dauenhauer directs her poetic energy to a vital constituent of the marine ecosystem that the Tlingit have relied upon as a natural source of sustenance and as a material resource for centuries. The custom of imbuing things in the natural world, such as oceans, streams, mountains and trees, with human qualities and emotions is commonly characterized in Western literary terminology by the pathetic fallacy. In many indigenous and non-western ontological systems, however, such a designation would itself be a fallacy. For the Tlingit, as well as other native groups of the Northwest coast, who have cultivated a reciprocal relationship with the natural world, which is reinforced through storytelling and ceremonial practice, it is only natural that the Bering Sea would be characterized through such dynamic and even sanctified totemic associations. The manner by which Dauenhauer honors the life-giving force of the ocean in her poetry, as well as the other life forms that share its space, conveys a deep sense of respect and gratitude. Such a perspective also seems to affirm what Vizenor calls "native sovenance," which is "a sense of presence in remembrance" vital to the interpenetrating matrix of sacred reciprocity that persists beyond mere written history (*Fugitive* 15).

**Crossing into the World Beyond: Tlingit Elegy as Regenerative Poetic Form**

The comprehension of a virtual cartography where the physical and spiritual

world merge forms the basis of Dauenhauer's writings and is also reflected in the work of Zen poets, leads naturally to issues concerning life, death, and mortality (171). This concern is particularly apparent in the haiku Bashō produced following his journeys throughout Japan, which includes numerous poems that memorialize people who have died. In one such poem inspired by his experience at a memorial for a promising young poet, Bashō writes: "Move, if you can hear, / Silent mound of my friend, / My wails and the answering / Roar of autumn wind" (133). The statement composed by Bashō in honor of the deceased poet, and imbued with powerful emotion by the interplay between his weeping and the rushing wind, draws attention to a cyclical conception of human mortality where death is posited as a transformation rather than a cessation. Likewise, in Tlingit spirituality, death is not viewed as the end of one's being-in-the-world, but instead as an inviolable feature of the infinite cycle of existence in which the distinctions between past, present and future are understood in ways much different from those posited in the scientific rationalism or religious doctrines of the West. As the ethnologist, Frederica de Laguna, observed, according to Tlingit spiritual belief, the soul maintains an "indefinite temporal extension, comprising not simply the present life, but running through the after-life and pre-life to include other incarnations" (172). In a note accompanying "a cycle of poems about grandchildren," Dauenhauer refers to the Tlingit understanding of "reincarnation," which is best understood in the context of a cyclical conception of time (*Shaman* 71).

In the poem, "Don't Grieve," Dauenhauer addresses the nature of kinship and interconnectivity as the focus of major concern. Keenly aware of the divergence of cultural viewpoints on mortality brought on by the forces of assimilation and deculturation, Dauenhauer's work functions to assuage the grief felt for relatives who have passed away.[7] All such relatives are, as Dauenhauer expresses in the poem, "present even now" in the spiritual dimension of reality and, thus, always by our sides (*Shaman* 36). The concise articulation of Tlingit spiritualism in this poem provides readers significant insight into Tlingit culture, epistemology and storytelling. This poem also transcends the local and particular to address the broader concerns of a wider pan-indigenous audience. By urging readers "not to grieve" for the loss of loved ones, Dauenhauer illustrates the ontological principle of spiritual immanence that de Laguna

ascertained from his Tlingit contacts, which included Dauenhauer's own great grandfather, Frank Italio.

In addition to her response to the encounter with grief, in another poem titled, "Grandpa Jakwteen In Eclipse," the poem's narrator suggests that death should not be met with fear or dread, but embraced. Here, Grandpa Jakwteen recalls a day hunting on the beach when "he was caught in a midday / eclipse of the sun," which "according to Tlingit folk belief . . . could turn you / into a stone" (*Song* 58). Dauenhauer's re-telling of this family story is notable as the meaning does not rest solely upon the nature of Tlingit spiritual belief, but more importantly, upon Jakwteen's reaction to it. Instead of pitying himself for his bad luck or, still worse, fleeing the beach in terror, the poem continues, "so he climbed up / on a high rock / where he could easily be seen" (*Song* 58). His calm acceptance and sacred reverence for the merging of vital energies serves as an instructive example of how to maintain dignity in the face of impermanence and mortality, as the narrator adds parenthetically: "(If he had to be a stone, / he wanted to be seen)" (*Song* 58). While Grandpa Jakwteen displays a clear acceptance of his journey upon the Tlingit path of life, however, his transmutation into stone was not to be. The poem concludes, instead, with an expression of Dauenhauer's appreciation for the stories through which Jakwteen continues to live:

> Lucky for us,
> he lived to tell the story.
> No stone,
> and his descendants
> are like sand. (58)

Through the subtle play on the idea of a stone overlooking the beach and its inevitable erosion into sand—its natural offspring produced from the forces of the wind and ocean—Dauenhauer transforms what is in itself an extraordinary personal experience into one with deeply spiritual significance. This poem emphasizes the dialogic function of storytelling, which as Trinh T. Minh-ha evocatively suggests, maintains the "power both to give vividly felt insight into the life of other people and to revive or keep alive the forgotten, dead-ended, turned-into-stone parts of ourselves" (123). The layering of complex meaning that Dauenhauer creates in her poetry through the interplay of

substance, words and essence illustrate the immediacy and continued relevancy of Native American oral tradition and indigenous knowledge. On a more intimate level, the use of conventional storytelling themes within modern poetics allows her to demonstrate the complexity of Tlingit thought concerning their spiritual and material orientation, while celebrating the richness of kinship relations, environmental connectedness, community and tribal sovenance.

Readers familiar with both volumes of Dauenhauer's poetic works may notice that many of her poems are written as dedications or take as their subjects various family members and close friends. Although this very personal feature of her work may help readers to identify the literary relationships she maintains and the influence of fellow native writers such as Leslie Marmon Silko and Joy Harjo, it also functions to reinforce Tlingit kinship patterns and conceptions of indigenous spirituality, binding her work to traditional Tlingit oratory. "Eva, *Ax Kéek'*, My Younger Sister," presents readers with a particularly poignant example:

> Eva,
> waiting for you,
> calling to you,
> "Hurry, Papa, Hurry!"
> Laughing, happy to see you
> following her
> into the land beyond. (*Shaman* 37)

Although similar in style and substance to the elegy form, this example resists the function of bringing closure through the poet's use of images that evoke spiritual resolution and persistence. Despite the deeply personal subject matter that addresses the ostensible death of one's sibling, Dauenhauer reinforces the fragile balance between life and death, the physical and metaphysical worlds in which Eva greets their father in "the land beyond" (37). The reference to "land" here acts as a subtle reinforcement of the shared immanence between these worlds, and the ability of people to transition from one to the next in the cycle of unceasing existence. Poems such as these work to reinforce the dynamic of transmotion that binds people, the land and each other, while evoking feelings of continuation and anticipation rather than of loss and mourning. In an effort to

span the distance between historic and contemporary native experience, as Peter Nabokov observes, such poems dealing with the nature of death represent modern adaptations of traditional mortuary speeches, which "affirm the Tlingit sense of historical continuity, provide therapy for close relatives, and integrate social subsets of the community" (50).

In the introduction to *Life Woven with Song*, Dauenhauer appeals to the universal experience of loss and extends notions of mortality beyond the culturally specific conception of kinship and oral tradition to one that is transnational and emancipatory in nature:

> I think that everyone is left with memories of their heritage, and these memories continue to teach us. They are a gift that keeps giving. In a way this is what my writing is, my poems, plays, prose. My family left me these images and memories, and I would like to keep them alive. (xi)

As these examples illustrate, words are inherently powerful and Dauenhauer's creative work provides further testimony to Tlingit cultural survivance and acts to preserve the sacred history of her own family, clan and tribe, while offering insights that reflect the collective experiences of other native and indigenous people as well. Through the use of memory in the service to storytelling, Dauenhauer's work traverses the boundaries between oral tradition and written literature to bring about the dissolution of an artificial dichotomy between stories about the world and stories as being *of* the world.

**Closing the Circle**

In a broader literary context, Dauenhauer's poetry also confronts fundamental challenges that threaten indigenous knowledge and sovereignty through the use of irony and scathing social commentary. A particularly effective example is found in her poem "Cross Talk:"

> When asked by the
> census taker
> how old she was
> Gramma replied,
> "Tleil dutoow, tleil dutoow."
> The census taker says,

Fifty two. (*Shaman* 32)

In a scenario all too familiar to native people throughout the United States, the census taker's dismissal of Gramma's reply seems indicative of the systemic repression of native languages exacted through the deployment of colonial power relations. The footnoted translation of Gramma's response, tleil dutoow*,* meaning, "it's not counted," is indicative of a different relationship to time, while reinforcing the sense of persistent cultural insensitivity and ambivalence experienced by indigenous people in their interactions with Euro-American culture (32). As a not-so-subtle reminder of the continued repression of native languages, this poem also underscores the vital importance of language preservation, for as Vizenor starkly reminds us, "when a language dies, a possible world dies with it" ("Survivance" 20). The strong sense of indifference to Tlingit knowledge and being evoked by the official's reaction in this poem, while documenting the common experience of Tlingit people, reveals a deeply entrenched colonial consciousness that sublimates native culture into a monolithic group with little agency or relevance in the modern world.

The attendant consideration of the subaltern status of native writers *vis-à-vis* the American literary establishment is confronted in "Listening for Native Voices," and dedicated to Joy Harjo. Drawing parallels to the census taker's inability to communicate with Gramma in the native language of the place, in this poem native writers are presented as: "Trapped voices, / frozen / under sea ice of English" (*Shaman* 28). While this poem articulates a succinct but potent critique of the lack of esteem afforded to native writers within the literary establishment, it serves also as a commentary on the challenges inherent to producing work in a colonial language. For many native and indigenous people, the imposition and adoption of English and other European languages is inextricably tied to the devastating effects of colonialism and assimilation, whereby native, First Nations and aboriginal languages in the United States, Canada, Australia and elsewhere were systematically oppressed and eliminated. Dauenhauer experienced the effects of these policies first hand at the age of eight when she began attending a parochial boarding school where "the first memories are of being rapped across the knuckles with a ruler for speaking Tlingit, and of always being blamed and punished for reasons I didn't understand, for which I didn't know enough English to explain or defend

myself" (*Song* 42). Despite the cruelty of such acts, neither Dauenhauer, nor other native writers of whom she speaks, were reduced to passive subjects or stripped of agency by such actions. Instead, native writers who speak out against colonialism and oppression represent courageous voices of decolonization engaged in active resistance against the force of colonial hegemony, and are always "surging to be heard" (*Shaman* 28). The assertion of literary and intellectual sovereignty Dauenhauer brings to bear in all of her work encapsulates what Joy Harjo and Gloria Bird have famously called "reinventing the enemy's language" (24). Just as Dauenhauer's choice of the active verb, "surging," functions to reveal the effort by native writers to produce anti-colonial counter narratives, the poem simultaneously makes an appeal to non-native audiences to be more responsive to both native subjectivities and the natural world in which we all live: "Listen for sounds. / They are as important / as voices" (*Shaman* 28). By extending the interpretive register with associations to the Tlingit interconnection to the coastal environment of the Pacific Northwest, the denotative potential of the poem is opened to diverse readerships. This strategy gives Dauenhauer's play on the inherent ambiguity between words and meaning, whereby the invocation of the "sounds" of nature becomes a referent to a foreign language such as Tlingit, as well as the hum of the droning surf, effectively transcribes the idea of transmotion as "a spirited and visionary sense of natural motion and presence" into the linguistic and aesthetic realms ("Transmotion" 17).

The emphasis placed on multilingual exchange apparent in Dauenhauer's poetry is indicative of the resiliency that native people have displayed in order to persist as distinct peoples. What makes Dauenhauer's work so effective is her ability to address the traumatic legacy of oppression and cultural misunderstanding while eschewing the politics of victimry that might otherwise seem a natural response for Native American people burdened with the weight of more than 500 years of colonialism. In a poem entitled "Genocide" Dauenhauer is able to render the shared traumatic experience of native and indigenous people by reference to a strikingly mundane, yet compelling, example:

> Picketing the Eskimo
> Whaling commission,
> an over-fed English girl

stands with a sign,
"Let the Whales Live." (*Shaman* 26)

The stinging irony displayed in the message on the protester's sign is not lost to native peoples facing high rates of unemployment and poverty, along with the continued and systemic suppression of traditional ways of life. Written ostensibly in response to events surrounding the Makah whaling controversy and the affirmation by the U.S. Supreme Court of the Treaty of Neah Bay, this poem provides an excellent example of the use of satire and juxtaposition as a means of bringing attention to the ongoing suppression of native cultural practice and political sovereignty. Implicit in the "over-fed English girl's" appeal to the Eskimo whaling commission is her well-meaning but utter ignorance concerning the devastating historical effects of commercial whaling on native cultures and the essential role that whales have in the maintenance of sustainable environmental practices of the Northwest coast. This poem serves as a sobering reminder that acts of cultural genocide are not confined to the violent events that took place in centuries past, but are deeply embedded in contemporary policies and beliefs that fail to discern the essential cultural practices from commercial destruction of natural resources that threaten to deprive native peoples of their ways of life.

Dauenhauer acknowledges the centrality of everyday experience when reflecting on the writing process, recalling "memories of seasons, and of stories that were told at many places: in clan houses, in hunting and trapping camps" (*Song* xi). In both form and content Dauenhauer's poetry shares much common ground with Bashō, whose work celebrated "the humble and unpretentious imagery of everyday life" (Yuasa 24). As Kawamoto similarly observes, Bashō's poetry stands out for his ability to invest the mundane and up-to-date with the deep meaning of serious poetry," and it is likewise Dauenhauer's capacity to reconcile the sacred with the profane, tradition and modernity that is most striking in her work (717). The events and memories that inspire and give meaning to Dauenhauer's writing belong not just to herself, or even the Tlingit, but to a broader indigenous consciousness that challenges colonial hegemony and seeks to (re)define native experience on its own terms. In the preface to *Life Woven With Song,* Dauenhauer meditates upon the relationship between memory and identity, stating, "most of the memories recalled here are happy ones. Where the images are neutral, negative, or

discouraging, I like to think that they reflect our ability to continue as individuals, as a family, as a community, as a people" (*Song* xi). Implicit in her role as a Tlingit storier, Dauenhauer ensures that the memories and local knowledge contained in her writings will not be lost or forgotten, but passed on for the benefit of future generations, while also serving as a source of inspiration for other native writers and storiers.

"Salmon Egg Puller—$2.15 an Hour," Dauenhauer's most anthologized poem, exemplifies what it means to be a Tlingit person in contemporary American society where native people struggle to maintain cultural continuity and the system of interconnections that have defined their experience in a socio-historical context marked by rapid technological change and adaptation. Just as Dauenhauer and other native writers have adopted and appropriated foreign languages and literary forms to their own purposes, the ongoing cultural survivance of native peoples necessitates constant adaptation to a rapidly globalizing world. This situation is exemplified by the experience of modern salmon egg pullers who must, "learn to dance with machines, / keep time with the header" (*Song* 63). Whereas the activities of previous generations of Tlingit fishermen and storytellers took place during particular time periods that were aligned with the changing of the seasons in both fishing camps and clan houses, these activities have now undergone radical transformation. Through the ever-shifting contexts of indigenous knowledge and experience, the practice of storytelling continues in village tract homes and automated processing plants, requiring a constant negotiation between the responsibilities of work and family:

> Go home for lunch.
> Attend to kids, and feed them.
> Work four hours in the afternoon
> with a fifteen minute coffee break.
> Go home for dinner.
> Attend to kids, and feed them. (63)

Despite the disruptions to native cultures wrought by modernity, environmental destruction and globalization, as the work of writers such as Harjo, Vizenor and Dauenhauer testify, native nations will continue to persist and thrive. Although many of the activities related to salmon fishing will continue to be effected by the tension between

traditional knowledge and the advent of modern ways of life, the cultural traditions that connect indigenous people to the land and each other will remain, just as storytelling practices are extended across different literary and linguistic frontiers. It is this resiliency and determination, enacted through acts of native self-expression and cultural survivance that animates the memory of the past in the present:

> Next morning, if your fingers are sore,
> start dancing immediately.
> The pain will go away
> after icy fish with eggs. (64)

While some might consider the monotonous routine of the contemporary egg puller's existence an ignoble one, through this poem it can be more productively read as an answer to Vizenor's call in celebrating native cultural continuity and survivance. "The first European and Euro-American explorers to southeast Alaska," as Dauenhauer reminds her readers, "found us Tlingits in various places drying salmon," emphasizing the sacred covenant implicit in their relationship with the natural world that defines them as a people (*Song* 3). In a sublime articulation of the effects of colonial oppression and the ongoing challenges of ecological preservation and assimilation, "Egg Puller—$2.15 an Hour" embodies the capacity of native people to persevere and confront these challenges on their own terms. As one who, perhaps, sometimes laughs herself "at the impossibility of it, but also the truth," Nora Marks Dauenhauer creates a unique vision of native transmotion, demonstrating that life and experience in a world defined by interconnectivity really are woven with song.

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*Notes*

[1] Special thanks to Luci Tapahonso for her encouragement of the original production of this article and the valuable feedback and advice provided on the initial drafts. The generosity of your poems, stories and teaching continues to inspire.

[2] Aside from reviews of Dauenhauer's work the critical attention to her poetry has thus far been scarce. See, Russell Caskey's "Tools of Self Definition: Nora Marks Dauenhauer's 'How to Make Good Baked Salmon,'" *Studies in American Indian Literatures* 16:3 (2014): 29-46; and James Ruppert's "'Listen for Sounds': An Introduction to Alaska Native Poets Nora Marks Dauenhauer, Fred Bigjim, and Robert Davis," *The Northern Review* 10 (Summer 1993): 86-90. A note on terminology: Gerald Vizenor originally initiated the use of *indian*, lowercase and italicized, to denote the "absence of real

natives–the contrivance of the other in the course of dominance" (*Manifest Manners*, vii). He has also commonly rendered the term "native" in reference to people and culture as lowercase, and I follow these practices throughout this essay.

[3] Vizenor coined this term to signify a combination of survival and persistence/resistance as a means of highlighting the historical agency of Native people in the face of centuries of colonial oppression. In his essay, "Aesthetics of Survivance: Literary Theory and Practice," he defines survivance as "an active sense of presence over absence, deracination, and oblivion; survivance is the continuance of stories, not a mere reaction, however pertinent" (1). This concept also figures prominently in several of Vizenor's other works, including *Manifest Manners: Narratives on Postindian Survivance* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994), *Fugitive Poses: Native American Scenes of Absence and Presence* (1998), and *Native Liberty: Natural Reason and Cultural Survivance* (2009).

[4] Craig Womack offers a strong reading of Joy Harjo's contribution to Creek national literature in his widely influential work, *Red on Red: Native American Literary Separatism* (1999). Robert Warrior provides an insightful analysis of Harjo's poetics and Native conceptions of space and place in "Your Skin Is the Map: The Theoretical Challenge of Joy Harjo's Erotic Poetics," in *Reasoning Together: The Native Critics Collective*. Eds. Craig S. Womack, Daniel Heath Justice, and Christopher B. Teuton (2008). For some excellent discussions of the work of Gerald Vizenor, see for example, Kimberly M. Blaeser's, *Writing in the Oral Tradition* (1996) and Deborah Madsen's *Understanding Gerald Vizenor* (2009).

[5] A classic verse poetic form popularized by aristocratic poets in Japan that thrived from the eighth century well into the twentieth. With its 5-7-5-7-7 syllabic pattern, it is also the source of the more open and inclusive comic form of the haiku. See Donald Keene's *The World Within Walls* (1976) for a comprehensive account of the history and development of these related genres.

[6] For an analysis of Vizenor's adaptation of the haiku form see, Kimberly M. Blaeser, *Gerald Vizenor: Writing in Oral Tradition* (1996), and Karen Ford Jackson, "Marking Time in Native America: Haiku, Elegy, Survival," *American Literature* 81.2 (June 2009): 333-359.

[7] From a Tlingit and Native perspective, this would not only include members of one's immediate family, but also those of the same clan as well.

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# Going Home 2015

KIM SHUCK

From above the ponds and
Creeks and
Rivers have gone
Feral and hold hands

I always forget how humid Oklahoma is, how, in the heat, the Tulsa airport is the tropics with wild aggressive plant smells. I've come because of family, home and rain. They're not, on the face of them, complicated ideas. Still, two of the three have become major features in constructing identity for Native Americans, American Indians, First Nations People… whatever we're being called these days. As for the rain, Oklahoma had been awash for weeks. On the ground waiting for my luggage there was no evidence of the reported flood. The sunlight was loud and hot, not a cloud to the western horizon.

Route 66 was the river we all
Lived with knowing its
Habits and fauna the
Sacred diners and
Cafes on its
Shores and the
Seasonal overflow over
Flow

The map that came with the rental car was a cartoon, similar to those given out at amusement parks. Still, it's not that difficult to find north in Oklahoma. Up through the Port of Catoosa, past the whale, the area around Tulsa unfolds along 66, and although

there is a Turnpike that will spit you out finally in Vinita, my heart belongs to the long way through, I lost it there as a child and haven't bothered to collect it back.

Grandpa had a
Bronze American
Leviathan the
Horehound drops
Jerky moccasins gas and the incandescent constellations of
Towns at night telling their very own stories

My family is an assembly of shared tales: linguistic, chemical, and behavioral. I could have never even visited Oklahoma and still I'd have wanted to call it home because my father called it home. As a child I made myself a mental necklace with more than a few meanings for this word: the way I had to tug upwards on my grandmother's doorknob to make the key turn, fishing, locusts, the hills in San Francisco, bay water and creek water and lake water. Our stories, our definitions are not tidy things unless we sacrifice some of our selves to the imagined order. It is up to the individual to decide if being multidentified means eternal exile or frequent belonging. For myself, well, I slip into Oklahoma as if it were one of grandma's flannel nightgowns.

It's just a river but the name
Trips me up the
Bridges the mythology of
Route 66 all of the family
Stories running those shores

This was Indian Territory when my grandma Mae was born. I have pictures of her on a buckboard with her sisters along some of these very routes to and from. Her grandfather, David Rowe, was a Cherokee court judge born in the east in 1820. On some paperwork he is called Oo-sut-sut-ee. His son, Mae's dad, was named David Lucullus. Lucullus was a Roman politician and general. His brother, Mae's uncle, was named Napoleon. If

naming is a kind of wishing we can guess at what was wanted for these boys. In life they were called Pol and Cull.

Chasing Horse Creek north and
East north and east and back to the 70s it
Runs back and forth dancing the
Road under old bridges and the
Flickers perch on
Slouching thigh high
Fences

Here was the flood. Horse Creek was more enthusiastic than I remember it, up on the tree trunks. Pecan, butternut, black walnut: they aren't just a collection of botanical curiosities, but another part of the family. They are dye and food and calendar and map. I have to smile at how green the pecans are with their feet in splashing water. I can see squirrel nests and think of soup and climbing. All of the flood worry of coming back here was fading and I was coaxed into an expectation of play. The hot wet relentless air talks me out of my half century and replaces it with coneys and creek water and trees and trees and flickers and hawks like bait for fishing and I was happy to be the fish, glad to strike on familiar treats.

WPA bridge over the Neosho I
Stood on it in full flood with my
Dad the water just
Kissing the underside of the boards the
River moans shivering up my legs it stood until a
Flood licked out the
Footings they
Replaced it but when I dream the Neosho the old bridge is there

Oklahoma is a unique place in Indian Country. There are lots of us in many varieties here and the non-Indian people know it too. Oklahoma was the giant relocation camp for Eastern Indigenes, but that's too simplistic. The best horror stories keep the victims on edge and make them somewhat complicit in the process of their terror. The Cherokees were moved here smack into other peoples' territory, they landed us in the middle of Osage and Kaw and Quapaw and others as unwilling invaders. We fetched up in these woods and by these rivers wracked with illness, loss and lack of food, and then we rebuilt. It took a lot to bring Cherokees down: a collection of wars, influenza epidemics, small pox epidemics… the usual theft and lies and then allotment. It's easy to write the misery of colonization. It's just as easy to write the romantic frosting of connections with the land, of religions that seem mysterious to outsiders, of the exotic. Unfortunately for a storyteller some of each of those things is true and contributes in varying degrees. There is a traditional story telling style that I've heard called 'walking around the tree', in which you indicate where the tree (truth) is without nailing it too firmly down. Unfortunately at this writing many of the trees in Oklahoma are a few feet into water and walking around them is a daunting proposition fraught with potential snakes. What's more there are a lot of trees.

We who steal ourselves back
From the songs and
Laws and habits that
Claim us and
Everything about us the
Long men the wide
Hipped and
Generous bays
Protective as any
Mother

There is a surprising lack of road kill at the moment. I caught sight of one dead armadillo but none of the usual dead possums, dead raccoons. There were more dying roadside

buildings than I remember. Considering the current state of that part of Oklahoma I'm not surprised. I suppose that I should come clean. My family is from Picher OK. If you are a particularly avid environmental activist you may know that when Love Canal was also on the EPA most polluted list Picher was at the top of that list. It sits on an old lead and zinc mine. There is radon gas and cadmium. There are huge piles of mine tailings that we called chat and used to ride down on pieces of cardboard. After playing we'd blow our noses and my nose would kick out material that was orange or yellow. That's the cadmium. It's not exactly a health aid. Anyway, Picher was toxic, had been forever. Then the mines started falling in more frequently. Well, it wasn't the first time. Downtown had been fenced off since the 50s I think, before my time anyway. The final nail in the coffin was a tornado. The government condemned the place a while back. I've heard that there are ten or so people still living there. I'm probably related to all of them. My grandpa told me that in my lifetime it's likely that there will be a cave-in from Joplin, Missouri to Miami, Oklahoma which will then fill with water and be the tri-state area's own Salton Sea. I suppose we'll find out.

They took the zinc out until they hit the
Daylight of 3rd street you could
See the crack in the pavement
Looked like another pothole and there was
Sunlight in the mine
Sunlight just there with the
Dull ache of lead and the grim
Scowl of jack

My uncles and grandpa worked the mines. Grandpa died of esophageal cancer and Earl died of… I don't know, stomach cancer. David died in WW2 when his ship was torpedoed. I think Larry died from something heart related. Frank and his wife Eb lasted the longest. It's embarrassing that I don't remember what took each of them. If I had a think I'd probably remember. There's a whole culture of death. I know people who collect those prayer cards from wakes, pictures of the dead in their coffins. They should

be commemorated, celebrated. I remember grandpa's funeral quite well. One relative may have been selling meth at that. Here's what I remember better, the Shuck boys were stunners in their time and into old age. They were athletes, coordinated and in shape. People would turn to look at them. Larry was thought to be the prettiest. Frank, or Tede as he was called more often, told the best stories and at the risk of betraying my grandfather's memory I thought that he was the most adorable. My point here is that I'm not unaware of the deaths but maybe I'm just wired wrong because I like to remember who they were happy and healthy and strong. They were thought of as good men, did things for people. They weren't perfect but they were good, very good.

They were the hearth ends the
Ones who grew up in that house
Lead miners by day until 4pm
Branch hobos
Would drop a hooked line into every bit of
Water in the county

Maybe it's been done already but I've always thought that there should be a Native poetry anthology about trains. Not just those ledger art images of plains people chasing the train on horseback, but also the 20th century childhoods spent alongside tracks. We can lose the bridge walking cliché, but there are a fair few moments that I spent fishing near collapsed trestles or cutting between roads by hopping from wooden tie to wooden tie. I like trains. I know that their split note cries make some people lonely but for me the sound makes me think of my grandfather and my great grandfather's railroad pocket watch.

State Highway is
Charting the weeds just there she is
Alone
Busy we
Hit Ottawa County near the

Railroad crossing complete with
Red lights and the train looked as
Shocked as I was

There is something appropriate about trying to navigate a place I haven't been in years, in a state of flood, at dusk. It takes some focus, is exhausting. Some of my navigational aids have weathered out, fallen down. Some are under floodwater. Cannibal retail has taken over from small stores and more than one remembered main street has a ghost town feel to it. Sometimes there are visible people. The man chain smoking in a rattan chair on the corner in downtown Afton reassured me. People, there are still people. The Avon Motel, also in Afton, is a series of roofless rooms full of old tires and trees. An equally roofless restaurant still advertises free coffee refills. There is no shortage of space here, no need to pull down the bones and reclaim the land. My eyes and memory replace the flesh and I recognize family history.

Branches pulling at the old
Ceiling studs just outside of
Afton can just about make out the
Name on the sign the
Free coffee refills the
Old red bridge near Vinita

I found cousins on a social networking site. It was an accident, I wasn't looking for them, but there they were, threads of family leading off in other directions. We admired one another's thoughts and work from Florida and California and Indiana. We compared, shared, basted each other in stories we all knew, if not true at least consistent. We passed information hand to hand as if it were an eyeball we took turns with, a way to view ourselves in the mirror of family history.

Among those hatched turtles
One found his way

Not into Grand Lake but to the
Screen door of gran's old house she
Fed him with fried catfish and
Biscuits
With crayfish and that turtle was
Your Grandfather

At some point anyone's family story becomes more mythology than reality. For Native people this mythologizing gets a helping hand from other peoples' expectations and, I think their hopes. For most families the myth probably takes hold at the point just past living memory, just around the corner. When I was a kid all it took was for people to meet my dad for them to start asking what my "Indian" name was. I did an arts residency at a museum once where I was asked if I'd killed the deer whose hide I was beading. Not many deer at large in San Francisco. I imagine them wandering down Market street past cafes and strip joints and 'fell off the truck' stores. I wonder how many painters are asked if they make their own paint.

We will stand in the
Very center of the sacred lake and
Blaze so brightly that our
Enemies cannot help but see us

My uncle Rufus ran a Wild West show. Ok, Rufus was my great grand uncle. To be absolutely clear Rufus was married to my great grand aunt Goods, my great grandma Mae's sister. Anyway, Rufus had a few career high points in his life. He is in the cowboy hall of fame for riding two hall of fame horses. The Marty Robbins song "Cowboy in the Continental Suit" was based on a true story about Rufe. He also drove the first getaway car used in a bank robbery, but I can't remember if it's the first in the country or the first in Oklahoma. Either way he was driving for Henry Starr, who is related to the Rowe family so everything comes around in circles. Rufe taught my dad how to spin a rope, which he can still do at over 70 and counting. Wild West Shows have their own answers

to give for the rewriting of the American west and I guess that Rufe had a hand in it, though I suspect that his was more a display of riding and roping than the kind of storytelling that Buffalo Bill lumbered us with. When they used to introduce Rufe at the rodeo they called him a 'squaw man.'

*Simian grip against*
*Equine lunge*
He waits for the slippery shift of muscle
Waits for a
Fluid denial of the
Idea of cowboy
*Ride against*
*Toss*
Rufe waits for the buzzer

I can read Oklahoma. I know the weather, the creeks, the roadside food. I know bingo games and pecan trees and unexpected berry bushes. As much as I know Oklahoma it's also a closed book. My father's mother was adopted. She had been born into a large family and during her lifetime had found a brother and a sister. After she died we were contacted by the children, or grandchildren of another sister. They were scattered. It's possible to tell any story about her background. The name of her birth father is pretty generic and if I were moved to do so, I could choose from a variety of Native and non-Native men who might have been her dad. If early life sets our character, my grandma was always going to be confused and needy. She didn't have an easy, or even understandable path.

That year the wind took the
Topsoil and the children the
Maps all changed and not
Everyone found a pair of
Magical shoes or good

Company

My grandmother's is a classic Native story with no ending whether or not she's Native. There are no welcoming songs, no family eating macaroni salad around a kitchen table, no clan beading patterns. She just was and then she stopped being. She wrapped herself around my grandfather and held on until he passed away. She left no one for us to tell. Pat was a complicated person and I can't say that I liked her, but I'm here to sing for her and I do. We're often curios, we indigenous Western Hemispherians. We're accused of hanging on to a legacy of sorrow while these things are still happening to us, while the fallout of these things is still happening to us. I have no idea how this helps me to map the Oklahoma roads and waterways. It's just more pictures of little girls in flour sack shirts. Pictures that look as scoured by dust storms as any of the fall down buildings they also took pictures of. She was stolen from herself, whatever the reasons for it. She had a collection of Avon sales awards. She was a scrabble wizard. At her funeral there was an honor guard of Hell's Angels on their bikes, her remaining long-term friends, her children and people from her church.

Renewing the dust
Baptism the dry pink
Making its way into my shirt my
Thoughts

We ramble down through Grove. A pair of round hay bales float in the floodwater and two angry oaks surrounded by pecan trees. The string of streetlights vanish into Grand Lake. A no parking sign is adrift ten feet out from the current shore. The lake has a selective memory. We drive over another bridge, water stretching up nearly to the road. Two boys fish from a boat. My grandfather may have been born in this town. One of the stories says so. We're headed to Talequah. There are things to do there.

Young girl in
Temporary escape from the

Upper middle class the
Pipes in her apartment are loud and two men
Sleep on her stairs with their
Things a
Museum of lives she has no
Decoder ring to understand but I
Talk story talk Cherokee
Navy story and she tells me why it's wrong
Tells me that if we don't visit the
Battlefield there is no battle she
Explains war to me is
Earnest has
No crackerjack replacement cypher
No window
No insight

We visit the Cherokee Veteran's Center. My family is not unique, not unusual, not even one standard deviation off. It may be, as has been suggested, that we always feel at war, or that we are brave and need to express it or maybe that we're angry and need an outlet. It may be a way to get educated. We do this. We do it individually and in families. We are pretty good at the military. Look at the records.

Ozark roads spool out and
Out and
Storefronts and
Cinder block churches painted white and the
Water can't wait to tell you
Can't wait in
Every voice it can think of these
Foothills have news there is news

My Dr. Pepper habit has reasserted itself. I can't bring myself to drink the sugar free version, so I sit there with my feet dangling off of the stone wall and sip my sweet soda like a kid. The heat is. A child catches a wild baby rabbit and brings it over to us. It's scared and probably won't survive now. It pants in his hands. We tell him to put it down in the roots of a tree and it pants there for a while. There we are, three or four Cherokee women talking family and forced relocation each with an eye on a scrap of bunny pretending to be tree roots. I sip my pop. We figure out how we are related, because we're always related. Suddenly the bunny rubs herself in the dirt. Rubs and rubs and then jumps straight up, four feet or so into the air and runs off to the brush. Maybe she'll live.

Some people die and some
Become a day a
Street a
Church festival some people become a
Day a
Definition a punishment a
Curse that can mean half of a
Planet

"Who do you write for?" This is the classic question for authors, for poets. This thing that we do, this message, where is it meant to go? The all too easy answer is that I mean my writing for other women like me: educated, mixed-Ndn, over 40. I'm writing what I'd like to read, not always with the clarity that I'd choose. Then again, everyone is part of more than one conversation. Who are the voices in my head? They change daily but some characters are more persistent than others. I write to the creeks and rivers and puddles. I write to my mom, my daughter, my sons. I write to my dad and my grandfather. I write to the grandma who was proud of me and to the one who was always disappointed that my poems don't rhyme. I write to ceremonies that were banned and to the everyday ceremony of family supper. I write to ideas and places and people, both living and dead. I write to the weather, to gravel roads and dirt roads and Grand Lake. I write to silly people

and to angry people and to willfully ignorant people. I write for myself. I only ever speak for myself.

# JACKALOPE WALKS INTO A MINNEAPOLIS ART GALLERY

DENISE LOW

On the phone the medicine man whispers directions—Bockley Gallery on 21st Street. The voice had an odd quality, almost a soft growl, but not unfriendly. Cousin Leland highly recommended this northern spiritual healer, so Jack decides to take the plunge. He has come this far.

A light snow begins to fall, covering the streets. He turns the ignition of the rental car and it catches, no problem. After following twisting roads around Lake of the Isles, he finally finds the art gallery, a small place tucked into a neighborhood shopping center. Birchbark Books, with a huge blue sign, is next door. The bookstore looks inviting, with bright windows, but the art gallery is murky. Just like a medicine person to choose a film noir setting as a place to meet.

Jack reknots his muffler and hops out of the car. He takes a deep breath, then regrets it immediately. The zero-degree temperature is not lung-friendly. Sifting white dust blows into his eyes and stings his exposed cheeks. He is becoming a sissy, too comfortable in his car with heated seats. Jack shifts to Warrior mode and skitters up the snowy sidewalk.

Inside, the gallery is not much warmer, although a space heater blows loudly. As he scans the room, no one looks like his contact. A few people mill about the room. Folding chairs fan out from a podium. On the back wall, a poster shows *Anishinaabe* author Gerald Vizenor's face, set in a thoughtful expression. Jack reads, "GERALD VIZENOR & HIS NOVEL *BLUE RAVENS*, 7:00." That is just a few moments away, and still no medicine man. He looks at the poster again, at the writer's eyes, which bore into him. He turns away.

On the walls, bright colors come into focus, neon-bright paintings. Not since a Fauvist exhibit in Paris has Jack seen such an eruption of bright hues—orange, scarlet, teal and cerise. He checks a tag next to a painting: "Jim Denomie, 'Vatican Café.'" Bold outlines depict a Last Supper scene, with a Jesus figure in the center holding a goblet and a fork. Next to him are the Lone Ranger, Tonto, and Elvis Presley. On the other side sit

monkeys, one with a priest's collar. Beyond them, Ku Klux Klan members circle a cross. People surround a woman burning at the stake. A military tank smolders red. "What's good here?" asks Tonto in a thought bubble.

Jack steps back. Yikes. Ouch. Wow. Postcolonial angst to the max.

A tap on his shoulder interrupts his response. Jack turns around to see Gerald Vizenor in person. "Are you Jack?" he asks in a throaty voice.

"Why, yes."

"I'm the man you are looking for. I have to give this talk, and then I can see you."

"Okay, no problem."

"We start in a minute. There's a bit of wine in the office area if you want some refreshment."

What a surprise to discover Gerald has a double life as a medicine man. Jack finds red wine on a back table, pinot noir from the Mendocino Coast. The label shows an ant pushing a grape uphill, Anthill Farms. Perhaps ants burrow somewhere below this tundra, but right now the image is out of context. Jack pours himself a glass and takes a chair.

At 7:04, Louise Erdrich, from Birchbark, brings the audience to order. She introduces Gerald, author of *Trickster of Liberty, Fugitive Poses,* and *Word Arrows*. She gives basics of the bio, stops, and says, "I'll just read the first paragraph of the new novel *Blue Ravens*:

"'Aloyisius Hudson Beaulieu created marvelous blue ravens that stormy summer. He painted blue ravens over the mission church, blue ravens in the clouds, celestial blue ravens with tousled manes perched on the crossbeams of the new telegraph poles . . . .'"

As she reads, he understands what power Gerald has with words. Even when Jack closes his eyes, images of blue Ravens continue to circle. The White Earth reservation of northern Minnesota becomes real—the small downtown, church windows, a gate to the hospital.

Louise finishes and starts to sit down, but stops, "I want to recognize a special guest tonight, in the back row. Frances Densmore, a musicologist, is visiting from Red Wing. She has been doing field work at White Earth, about the same time period as this novel." Polite applause, and a gray-haired, blue-eyed woman dwarfed by her overcoat stands briefly and sits back down.

Gerald walks up and quietly commands the front of the room, creating an invisible proscenium. Jack heard on the moccasin telegraph that the grand gentleman 'Shnob just turned eighty. The old man looks great, fit and crackling with energy. He sits and settles in a chair. He puts on glasses and rustles papers. They wait.

Behind Gerald's largish nose, Jack notices a yellow owl in the "Vatican Café" painting. Funny he did not see that earlier. Also, squares of bright blue in the foreground start to move, as if they were alive.

The author's voice brings him back to the moment, "This novel is set during World War I, before Native people were United States citizens." He tells more about White Earth Ojibwa relatives who served in the Great War, including a great aunt who was a nurse. The story follows two brothers' travels in France, during the war and the Spanish influenza outbreak.

He continues to talk, but Jack is distracted by the painting again as a blue winged figure takes shape, a crow. It steps delicately out of the painting's frame. It ruffles its feathers a moment and then takes wing. Worst of all, it flies to the chair next to him. People stare. It perches, preens a moment, and says in a very audible voice, "Hi, you look like a stranger, Mr. Jackalope. I'm your translator for the evening."

"Thanks, but I'm okay on my own," he whispers.

Jack turns back to Gerald, who is much more interesting than a blue blackbird. "Let me add," says Gerald as he pulls out some notes. "The soul dancer in me celebrates transformations and intuitive connections between our bodies and the earth, animals, birds, ocean, creation."

The blue crow tugs at jack's sleeve. "What he means is decolonization against monologic oppressors ruptures narratives inserting themselves into a hybrid recuperated space. . . ."

Jack glares. "That's enough, Mr. Blue Crow."

"Oh, okay. Just trying to be helpful."

Jack turns back to Gerald's talk. "The street dancer in me is the trickster, the picaresque survivor in the wordwars, at common human intersections, in a classroom, at a supermarket, on a bus," he says.

Students in the audience bend to take notes, and the crow flies to a small group of them. The first brushes it away, and it flies to the next. Gerald pauses to take a drink of water as more audience members notice the crow.

Jack reflects on "picaresque," one of his favorite words. It describes his life, a series of episodes stitching together fragments of dreams, aromas, words, and memory. He relates to the *picaro,* the low-born Spanish hero who is something of a rascal but always honest. Trickster roams everywhere, tells discrete and related stories, even when disguised as Rabbit or Spider.

Gerald turns a page in another notebook and finds his place. He clears his throat and reads so softly Jack has to lean forward to hear, "The word dancer in me is the imaginative performer, the mask bearer, the shield holder, the teller in mythic stories at the treeline." The word "Mask" strikes Jack, another favorite word, from French *masque* or Latin *masca*, a "face covering," and before that a "specter," and from some pre-Indo-European language, the "dark cloud before rain." Mask. He knows how he distances himself from even his closest family members, his own dance of survival and pain, by wearing a joker's mask. Mask, unmask. Jack understands, as Gerald continues to speak, how words are strong medicine.

"Caw! Caw! Caw! Caw!"

The blue crow startles Jack as it flutters about the room with cries of alarm. It darts over Gerald a moment, almost suspended, then dive bombs him.

"Begone!" yells Gerald. Everyone laughs as the author shoos it away.

The crow flies to the ceiling light fixture, clings a moment, then heads back into the painting, where it flattens into an indistinct blue blob under Tonto's feet.

Gerald waves goodbye to the crow, then continues, "The last dancer in me practices alone, in silence, to remember the manners on the street, the gestures of the soul, and the words beneath the earth." Jack thinks over the term "words beneath the earth." He imagines syllables as subject to primal gravity, as immutable elements of creation, as phonemes sinking into sedimentary layers. An irreversible force tugs them downward.

Jack waits for the next teaching from this Warrior. Gerald takes out the new novel. It has on the cover a huge green and blue Raven, static and in motion at once.

Gerald opens it and begins, "Aloyisius Hudson Beaulieu created marvelous blue ravens that stormy summer." The cadence of the writer's voice pulls Jack into the story, following the delicate filigree of interrelationships between French and *Anishinaabe* relatives at a precise latitude and longitude intersection, the early 20th century war.

Jack rouses from the storyteller's trance when the audience applauds. Gerald smiles. Louise stands and says, "We have time for a short question-and-answer session." Hands rise.

Afterwards, Jack walks slowly around the gallery. He cannot make small talk after Gerald's overwhelming presentation. Students surround the author and pepper him with questions. A few have books for him to sign. They chatter like sparrows on the ground pecking at seeds. Jack waits for the crowd to disperse.

Behind a water cooler Jack stops cold. He finds a painting directed toward him, as if the painter expected a wandering western Jackalope to find it, even in this north woods city. "Dream Rabbit #5," says the placard beside a midnight-blue landscape. Two plateaus rise from the darkness. On one sits a white Rabbit. On the other are three Deer heads, bucks with seven-point antler racks. Jack feels like he has been split in two, with the jackrabbit side facing the antelope. How stunning. He stands before it, thinking nothing, for long moments.

Soon most of the hangers-on leave, with cold gusts blowing each time the door opens. Jack shivers. He turns as Gerald approaches and says, "I've given you my best." He tugs his way into a brown wool overcoat.

"That was exactly what I needed to hear. I have a lot to think about and a lot to forget. Thanks." Jack remembers his manners, "I meant to give you this small gift of tobacco." He takes a red tobacco tie package from his vest pocket and presents it.

"Of course. I appreciate it. Well, I must be off. Take care of yourself, Jack."

They shake hands. Close up, Jack notices unusually thick hair beneath Gerald's collar, and his breath is unexpectedly fetid. He steps back as the author raises his arms to untie something on his head. Gerald's face tilts. Pointed ears poke out. Big eyes appear. Big teeth.

Then the Gerald mask is off, and before him stands a Bear in a man's coat.

Jack's eyes widen.

"Oh, didn't you know?" asks Bear, as he puts on a fedora. "Life is a chance, a story is a chance. That I am here is a chance." He puts on large mittens and wraps a red cashmere scarf around the lower part of his face, covering his snout. His eyes smile. "Frances, where are you?"

Bear turns to Frances Densmore, who has been waiting beside him, and takes her arm. "We need to be getting back home before it snows too hard," he says to her. Jack stares, speechless, and feebly waves. They walk out the door into the thickening snow. In a moment, they have disappeared.

The gallery owner is stacking the folding chairs onto a cart. "Are they all right out there?" he asks him.

"Of course. They know the North winds well. They know the roads."

Jack takes one last look at "Dream Rabbit #5" and heads out the door. He watches his step, careful not to slip. In the partly shoveled path, he follows their tracks, bear prints and her boots. Then the sky collapses onto earth and everything is frozen white.

"Life is a chance" quotation, Good Reads, accessed 12.24.14
http://www.goodreads.com/quotes/347818-life-is-a-chance-a-story-is-a-chance-that

Other quotations are from the Native American Writers, "Gerald Vizenor, Chippewa," a biographical online article about Vizenor, accessed 12.24.14
http://nativeamericanlit.com/vizenor.html

**Reshaping American Indian Autobiography**

**Elissa Washuta. *My Body is a Book of Rules*. Pasadena, California: Red Hen Press, 2014. 189 pp.**

http://washuta.net/index.php/book/purchase

American Indian autobiographies have been a popular genre of American Indian literatures since the publication of William Apes' (Pequot) *A Son of the Forest* in 1829. Mainstream American readers from the 19th century through the present have had an ongoing fascination with the insider perspective on Indian life. However, there are in reality at least two different genres, perhaps three, that have fallen under this category. A number of Native-authored autobiographies would somewhat fit the usual definition of the word—writing one's own life story. Samson Occom's (Mohegan) "A Short Narrative of My Life," may be the earliest written in English dating back to September 17, 1768, though it lay unpublished in the Dartmouth archives until 1982. George Copway (Ojibwa) published his *Life, History, and Travels of Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh* in 1847. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins (Pauite), perhaps the first American Indian woman to do so, published her *Life Among the Piutes* in 1883.

At this point in the chronology of the genre, however, the definition of the word "autobiography" becomes more problematic in regard of the agency of the subject in creating the text, with the autobiography of Charles Eastman (Santee Sioux), whose non-Native wife Elaine acted as his collaborator on both *Indian Boyhood* (1902) and *From the Deep Woods to* Civilization (1916). She says of their process: "'Dr. Eastman's books left his hand . . . as a rough draft in pencil, on scratch paper.' She then typed copies, 'revising, omitting, and re-writing as necessary'" (qtd. in Brown Ruoff 56). Luther Standing Bear was similarly assisted by E.A. Brininstool with *My People, the Sioux* (1928). Zitkala-Ša (Gertrude Bonin) published her autobiographical pieces in *Atlantic Monthly* in 1900-01, the ones reprinted in *American Indian Stories* in 1921, during her marriage to Raymond T. Bonnin, but her career in literature ends after their marriage, with the exception of a collaborative effort with William Hanson on *Sun Dance*, an Indian opera, leaving a question about the degree of collaboration on her earlier work. But for most scholars of American Indian literature, these still fall under the category of autobiography. They are categorized with later sole-authored works such as those of Francis La Flesche (Omaha), John Joseph Matthews (Osage), N. Scott Momaday (Kiowa), Janet Campbell Hale (Coeur d'Alene), Gerald Vizenor (Ojibwa), Delphine Red Shirt (Lakota), and Joy Harjo (Muscogee Creek). Indeed if Eastman's, Standing Bear's, and Zitkala-Ša's works and the later sole-authored works depart from the genre expectations of autobiography, those departures regard form and content rather questioning whether the primary creator of the text is the self. American Indian autobiographies, like other Indian narratives, are not necessarily chronological in structure, and they have tended, particularly since the Amerian Indian Literary Renaissance, to include stories of one's people and not just of the self, stories of tribe and family, oral traditions, and ethnographic accounts.

However, some texts considered American Indian autobiographies in reality make up a sub-genre of narrated autobiographies. In fact, according to Duane Champagne, "Native American autobiography is a unique literary form in that over 80 percent of what is usually referred to as American Indian and Alaskan Native autobiography has been collected and edited by non-Native[s]" (756). Much of the non-Native collected and edited material, usually gathered and prepared by anthropological method, grew out of the notion of the "Vanishing Indian," the need to "preserve data" about these "dying cultures." *Black Elk Speaks*, told by Black Elk to John Neihardt, published in 1932, is the most famous of these. Raymond J. DeMallie's work has shown serious questions about whose text this really is, given the amount of shaping Neihardt did of Black Elk's account. This has been true of a number of texts created in this manner. Unfortunately, the impact of this has been to validate for outsiders through this popular genre static notions of Indianness, the reinforcing of stereotypes cloaked in the deceptive forthrightness of autobiography. These texts purport authenticity, but are really designed to historicize and exoticize the other for mainstream consumption.

Cowlitz and Cascade writer Elissa Washuta's *My Body is a Book of Rules* subverts all three of these genres as well as audience expectations, taking the reader on a discomforting, but enlightening and ultimately healing journey through a painful reality, giving us a level of authenticity that we actually may be unprepared for, but need. Washuta has had enough narratives constructed by others attempt to control who she is or who she "should" be. Her innnovation of this genre's structure, mindbogglingly innovative, yet organic to her content, creates an unflichingly honest self-portait of an American Indian young woman in 21st century America. Moreover, her content has such import for an entire generation that I firmly believe it should be required reading for every college student, not merely those interested in American Indian literature. An Indian girl, it turns out after all, isn't so different from other American young women today: objectified, vulnerable, confused, and abused both by those males who have been taught to internalize the dominant cultural narrative of conquest, seeing the female body as territory to exploit, and by herself. Washuta's story utilizes the power of words in the tradition of Scott Momaday and endless generations of Indian storytellers to flip the script, change the narrative, and take possession of herself—body, mind, heart and spirit—as her own sovereign nation, both as an Indian and as a woman.

Washuta begins her book setting us up as readers to see the sharp contrast between traditional value systems and the struggles she faces as contemporary American Indian female college student, a survivor of genocide and assimilation. She juxtaposes a quote from Mourning Dove's autobiography: "A girl who guarded her chastity was considered valuable in the eyes of our warriors. A man would willingly give many ponies and robes for such a wife" (1), with an account of the executions of several Cascade leaders on March 28, 1856 at the order of Colonel Wright, including one of her own ancestors, Tumalth. Washuta records her geneaology as "begats," echoing the Bible carried to Indians by Christian colonizers, a "Book of Rules" that still greatly impacts lives such as Washuta's today. Washuta's life today plays out in a different relation to colonization and assimilation than Mourning Dove's does in an earlier era. The "rules" have all changed.

Like many American Indian people and tribal descendants today, Washuta grew up almost as distanced by diaspora from her Indian self as from her land and people. Her mother's people were from the West Coast, Cowlitz and Cascade Indians, and Washuta was a non-phenotypically Indian Catholic school girl in Maryland, growing up in a good home, born to good people, doing well in school, but struggling like all young women do today with the messages that society and media continally scream into their brains, messages that dictate what one must do to be valuable to men, worthy of what is spun to young women as "love." Largely, these "rules" proscribe how young women must conform their flesh, mold their bodies and their actions for the pleasure of men. These rules are put in schizophrenic contrast with the values of the church that America holds up on the other hand as a purportedly Godly nation, rules that discipline and control female sexualty, that divide "good" women from "bad" based on its suppression or expression.

This volume focuses in on Washuta's college years, beset by bi-polarity, a prescription pill roller coaster with loops, bends, and sharp drops, and an eating disorder resulting from a societal preference for the sketal complicated by medication-related weight gain and loss. Sexual violence and alcohol overconsumption round out Washuta's schedule as she takes the course I call "Freedom 101," the class that makes or breaks eighteen year olds emancipated from home. Her story is all too common, an experience shared with many young women today, as academics know. Research tells us that one in five women are raped while in college (White House Council on Women and Girls). Likewise, we aren't surprised with the alcohol consumption detailed in the book. We know many rapes reflect an environment we see from the margins. Forty percent of college students report having engaged in binge drinking in the last thirty days. *Ninty-seven thousand* college students between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four are victimized in date rapes and sexual assaults in situations involving alcohol abuse each year. More than one hundred thousand students of that age say they have been too drunk to know if they consented to sex or not at least once in the past year (National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism). Elissa Washuta is far from alone, and her decision to speak out, to take control of her own story, is a cry for help from an entire generation.

Washuta's book traces her surivival of ancestral genocide, assimilation, and misogyny through a unique structure. Washuta's travels through memory toward healing can be dizzing in their nonlinearity, but though there twists and turns along the way, we, like she, can see the light at the end of the tunnel. A numbered series entitled "A Cascade Autobiography" frames the book and separate the chapters, a miscellany of forms. It is in this series that Washuta mostly addresses the "histories embedded in [her] bones" (4), her connects to her ancestors, most directly. Nevertheless, the straight A student's highlighting of her ethncity to "make [her]self special" during her interview with the scholarship committee along with her stated goal to "do something for [her] people" (7) force her to confront the complexities of her identity and *identifying* throughout both the book and her college years. "Part 2" says: "I look white. You might think that means I am white. You are wrong. I have a photo ID that says OFFICIAL TRIBAL above my Indian grin" (8). Despite this bravado, Washuta grapples, with cultural marginality and low

blood quantum and tries to reconcile these with her federal recognized status as she comes to terms with her identity, taking control of her colonized Indian body as she takes control of her raped female body through language.

The first chapter, "The Dread," gives us our exposition in a standard enough form. The second, "Note," however, consists of a barely edited and frank letter from the psychiatrist who treated her while she was in graduate school that acquaints us with her depression, anxiety, and PTSD, the latter stemming from a "sexual assault in January of 2005" (8). We begin to get a glimpse of the medication merry-go-round Washuta was subject to in treatment and the wide ranging impacts on her physical and mental well-being. Yet another chapter, "Please Him," is an exploration of the antipodal influences of Catholic schooling and schooling in American popular culture via "sex tips from *Cosmopolitan,*" which includes, among other forms, a list of new "Commandments" Washuta internalized, such as "you will never snag a husband if you don't know what to do with his dick" (17). This is paralleled with a Q and A *Cosmo*-style, questions Washuta thought were "important when she was twelves, eight years before [she] lost [her] virginity" (17). Both gave me pause as a reader, beginning to realize exactly how unsheltered young girls growing up twenty to thirty years my junior had been—even before taking into account the internet, even girls were sent to Catholic schools—and what a huge impact this has had on the psychology of college aged women today. The schizophrenic messages directed at her cause Washuta to contemplate: "To be a sinful woman is to be a whore" (24). She combats this message through tracing a more accurate history of figures such as Mary Magdalene and Jezebel as she reflects on her relationship with her high school boyfriend, with whom she stayed in a relationship two years into college, keeping her virginity intact (24).

The next chapter, "Faster Than Your Heart Can Beat" traces her encounters with the subsequent twenty-four men, "counting backwards" (28). As we work back to "#1," we work our way back through compulsive behavior to initial trauma, realizing Washuta's sexual choices had as much if not more to do with this date rape as they did with the dictates of media. "Preliminary Bibliography" details various literary influences on Washuta growing up, from books about mermaids—the only images of women sexualized subtly enough for Washuta to be allowed access to them as a "small girl" (40)—to books about sharks and shipwrecks. Washuta reveals a correspondence between danger and her attraction as a young girl to the female body that redirects to males as she reaches Joanna Cole's *Asking About Sex and Growing Up*. Wally Lamb's *She's Come Undone,* read prematurely at fourteen, makes Washuta say, "I wanted to be raped, too, so that people would know my pain was real and rooted" (41). We see the pattern. Literature in its varied forms, not just mass media, fetishizes the female body for all of us, transforms it as vulnerable to danger, makes it the territory to be conquered. As teenaged Washuta moves on to poetry with *I Was a Teenaged Fairy,* Francesca Lia Block glorfies "beautiful, underweight tragic girls . . . starved, mentally ill, tortured from the outside in and the inside out" (42). While Block led Washuta to conclude that society idolizes women as victims, Richard Wright's *Native Son* and Bigger's decapitation of a woman's body, read in the class where she was "teacher's pet," guide her to connect attraction to

her by "much older men" to "dismembered bodies," making both Washuta and the reader connect societal obsession with young women with the victimizing of them. This is reinforced by her reading of diet books and a book on sororities. While each work she surveys fills in a gap in our understanding of her, I have to admit that the academic in me bemoans her youthful dislike of Silko's *Ceremony*, of Shakespeare, and of Faulkner. Washuta was far more impacted by Mark Danielewski's *House of Leaves*, his breaking of the "rules," his use of different fonts and colors and alternative layouts. Other books, expectedly at this point in our reading, connect with her experience of rape—"When we are raped, we want to read about rape" (48)—move us through changes in pysch meds, and take us across the continent with Washuta to Seattle for grad school in an attempt not merely to connect more with her ancestral roots, but also with the ground sacred to her erstwhile idol, Kurt Cobain.

At this point, the book turns more to treatment, as does Washuta when she relocates. We begin as readers to understand her attempts to control her body through eating as not just societal influence, but the result of the loss of control of one's own body in rape. "Prescribing Information," one of the chapters most disturbing for me as the parent of an adult autistic daughter and the daughter of a multiply vicitmized mother with bi-polar disorder, surveys twelve medications tried on Washuta by physicians, giving excruciating detail of the impact they had on her mentally and physcially. As a woman who has experienced rape, the added complication of weight gain and loss caused by medications robs her yet further of control. When Washuta has an allergic reaction to the medication that had the best effect for her with the least negative impact, the reader mourns along with Washuta and her doctor, realizing that nothing that comes in a bottle can cure what ails her, whether the contents be alcohol with its numbing effect or something that professionals thought would "fix" her. We as readers, both as part of the world that has served Washuta and other young girls up for dinner and as victimized ourselves, know there's no easy fix for us either.

Other chapters include series of diary entries; a mock academic study based on real interviews Washuta conducted with other young people about their sexual experiences (complete with citations and explanatory footnotes); and a *Law and Order: Special Victims Unit* episode Washuta wrote featuring herself; her rapist, "The Villian"; Good Cop; Bad Cop; attorneys; and a Psychiatrist. This chapter not only clarifies the details of Washuta's initial trauma, but also introduces us to a subsequent violation, an experience all to common to those who have been raped. Another includes an excerpt from Washuta's first rapist's blog, demonstrating that he considered their experience merely a failed relationship, and flash fiction pieces by Washuta that indirectly communicated her experience to others. However, the real heart of the chapter consists of the footnotes that detail the online conversation Washuta had with a friend after her first rape, the conversation that actually made her accept that rape is what had taken place. "Many Famous People Suffer from Bipolar Disorder" educates us on the depression of Kurt Cobain, long Washuta's obsession, though she has repeatedly denied at this point in the book having been suicidal as he was. Washuta then turns to Britney Spears to demonstrate the effect of mania to us. Finally, she turns to herself, showing her own condition to be somewhat in between the two, "dysphoric mania, agitated depression, or a

mixed state" (139). She draws out comparisons to these icons of hers, then mock interviews Cobain before moving on to Saint Dymphna and reminding us of the Catholic roots of her outlook on sexuality. Dymphna, dismembered by her mentally ill and grieving father for resisting his attempts to rape her, stands as a metaphor for all young women in mainstream American culture, raped symbolically and literally on a daily basis by those who should protect them because of the systemic nature of the violent objectification and commodification of the female body in our society.

As Washuta moves toward healing, she includes longer interchapter sections in the series "A Cascade Autobiography," able finally to write her Indian self whole despite her fractionated blood quantum. We see further healing in "I Will Perfect Every Line Until My Profile is Flawless," a mock Match.com profile. Though we may be disturbed she would even consider going out with anyone she met online after we have learned of her experiences, the extensive commentary in footnotes lets us know she is in a much better space. By we reach "Please Him, Part 2" and "The Global Positioning Effect," we see a Washuta who loves herself, who chooses herself over sainthood as she continues to wrestle with her complex relationship with God and the church, who chooses herself over dysfunctional behavior as she continues to seek "Mr. Right," and most of all, who writes herself and her Indian life even though she continues to find no easy resolution to her own struggles with mixed, marginalized identity. Though the journey is traumatic as we follow Washuta down the winding paths of memory through multiple genres, it is worth it, as life, despite pain, is worth it, "the most important thing God gave you" (172). For both those who have experienced trauma themselves and those who are merely part of a world where we allow such things to happen, this book is a necessary read, particularly for those in their college years and those of us who parent or teach them. This book does what a book about the impact of rape and rape culture on a young woman's life ought to do for readers: it makes us want to find a cure for all of us that parallels her own. It forces the realization that it is we who must fix ourselves.

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**On Idle No More**

**Yale D. Belanger and P. Whitney Lackenbauer. *Blockades or Breakthroughs?: Aboriginal Peoples Confront the Canadian State.* Quebec: McGill-Queen's U P, 2014.**
http://www.mqup.ca/

**Ken Coates. *#IDLENOMORE and the Remaking of Canada.* Regina: U of Regina P, 2015.**
http://uofrpress.ca/

**Kino-nda-niimi Collective. *The Winter We Danced: Voices from the Past, the Future, and the Idle No More Movement.* Winnipeg: ARP Books, 2014.**
http://arpbooks.org/

Kisukyukyit, hu qakɬik Angela Semple. I am a member of the Ktunaxa nation located in Southeastern British Columbia, and a status Indian according to section 6.2 of Canada's Indian Act. I choose to open this review by positioning myself as an "insider" when it comes to Indigenous people in Canada: an important starting point, as it has become well-accepted practice within Indigenous studies to acknowledge our positionality as writers, activists, scholars, and community members. I will focus strongly on this concept of positionality throughout my discussion of the three texts reviewed.

Following the footsteps of many of the authors under review, I'd like to share a bit about my own experience with the Idle No More movement. When I was approached to write this essay, I was immediately brought back to the winter of 2012/2013, where I followed and participated in the movement in various ways, from attending gatherings (Park Royal Mall, Vancouver) and marches (Elsipogtog Rally, Vancouver), speaking at events (Idle No More Rally, Simon Fraser University), all the while tweeting and Facebooking the hashtag along with thousands of people across the world over the past three years. Never in my lifetime have I experienced this kind of Indigenous pride and unity, and I am eternally grateful for the experience, which will follow me through a lifetime of being "idle no more."

But what is "Idle No More?" While the social media posts and gatherings that happened worldwide were life-changing for myself and many other Indigenous people in Canada, the majority of Canadians still have little to no understanding of the events that took place, or of their continued impact on our communities. Often, not surprisingly given the historical coverage of Indigenous resistance, the media "went wrong" (*Winter,* 294) in regards to Idle No More. This illustrates a necessity for literature such as the three books in review. "Idle No More" as a catch phrase was coined by four women in Saskatchewan: Jessica Gordon, Sylvia McAdam, Sheelah McLean, and Nina Wilson. In 2012, these women found themselves "fed up" with the Canadian government's omnibus Bill C-45, a "massive piece of impenetrable federal legislation" (Coates, XIII), taking particular issue with proposed changes in environmental protections and Indian Act legislation. Gordon, McAdam, McLean and Wilson decided to hold a "teach-in" on November 10 to garner

support in their protest. They advertised the teach-in through a Facebook event under the title "Idle No More" as a "grassroots movement for solidarity which welcomes all community members!" (Coates 3). The women also took to Twitter, with Jessica Gordon using the hashtag (#idlenomore) for the first time on October 30, later tweeting it to Sean Atleo, then Chief of the Assembly of First Nations (4). The response was immediate, as Indigenous people from all over Canada began sharing the Idle No More hashtag and planning their own events, from teach-ins to round dances to a "National Day of Solidarity and Resurgence" held on December 10, 2012 (Kino-nda-niimi Collective 391).

I cannot remember the first moment I heard about Idle No More, though I do remember an early conversation where a friend of mine shrugged it off "oh, right, we shouldn't leave our cars idling…" (many cities and towns have "Idle-Free zone" signs posted in parking lots and pick-up zones, an almost unattainable goal during Canadian winters). I giggled, wondering myself about the title. I echoed the sentiments shared in some of the works under review that we, as Indigenous people, had never been "idle," and I questioned the connotations that "Idle No More" had when thinking about our Elders and their own fights and movements (ie. Oka or AIM). But as time went on, I came to view it as an immediate call to action rather than a reflection on the history of Indigenous protest. As Coates explains, "Gordon, McAdam, McLean, and Wilson decided to do something. This, among all the things that happened over the coming months, was the most radical step" (Coates, 3). And that is the heart of "Idle No More": Of course, we, as Indigenous people have been doing good work in our communities since time immemorial, but with this current (2012) federal government and their secretive and destructive omnibus bills, it simply wasn't enough. "Idle No More" became our rallying cry.

What is truly fascinating, though, is how Idle No More grew to encompass much more than a specific protest about a specific piece of legislation. As the events spread through cities, small towns, and Indigenous communities, it was clear that Indigenous peoples and our allies had simply been waiting for a spark to start the forest fire that became Idle No More. This metaphorical forest fire spread far and wide in the milliseconds it took to click thousands of "retweet" and "share" buttons. It burned in our hearts as we sang, drummed, and danced together. It left any sense of apathy behind in its ashes, clearing a path for a renewed empowerment of Indigenous voices within Canada. At each Idle No More event I attended, and every time I logged in to check the progress of the hashtag on Twitter, I was inspired and uplifted by the connections Idle No More was making all over the world. I was born more than a decade after the height of the American Indian Movement, and was only two years old when Oka happened. For me, Idle No More created a sense of Indigenous community that I had never been a part of before, and it did so through social media. Known in Indian country as our newest form of the "moccasin telegraph," social media has transformed the way Indigenous communities across North America are able to communicate with each other, connecting our Elders, children, aunties, and uncles from all different nations in mere seconds, and allowing us to find solidarity on issues we care about, as seen through Idle No More.

Here I want to return to the discussion of positionality. As I mentioned, I have placed myself in the role of the "insider": someone who participated in the Idle No More

movement as a status Indian in Canada. I've identified myself by sharing my nation with you (Ktunaxa). This is protocol within Indigenous communities. In certain settings, for example at a community gathering, I would follow this up by naming my grandmothers (Patricia Sam and Sabina Cote) in order to situate myself further within the community. Because this protocol is so well established, it is a natural progression for Indigenous scholars to continue this form of introduction through our academic work. It is important to note here that Indigenous Studies is a relatively new field within the academy, and to also acknowledge that Indigenous-authored scholarship within the field is an even more recent advancement. I point this out, as until 1960 it was illegal for a status Indian in Canada to obtain a university degree unless they were willing to give up their status.

Under those conditions, non-Indigenous people created virtually all research done about Indigenous people. This concept of control over representation is not a new one, but I want to stress it to the context of the three books being reviewed here, at a time when thousands of Indigenous academics, writers, artists, filmmakers, Elders, teachers, community leaders, and even politicians have emerged to tell our stories from our point of view. This is inherently important when it comes to Idle No More, as each of the texts explains issues with media coverage of Indigenous resistance and resurgence. When, for a century or more, we've seen non-Indigenous people continuously get it wrong, it is important that we share our own stories, and that those stories get heard. This is not—I repeat, firmly, *not*—to say that non-Indigenous people cannot participate in Indigenous Studies. Instead, I am arguing for a careful examination of work on or about Indigenous people that includes awareness of the positionality of the author or editors. To explain this further, I want to draw upon Ken Coates' description in *#IDLENOMORE and the Remaking of Canada*:

> In fact, Idle No More was not meant for non-Aboriginal Canadians. It was not an attempt to persuade, convince, or direct political change. Idle No More, it seemed clear as time went on, was by Aboriginal people, for Aboriginal people, and about Aboriginal people. For the first time in Canadian history, non-Aboriginal Canadians were relegated to the sidelines (xxi).

So, if the movement was by us, for us, and about us, who better to look to for an explanation than the "insiders"?

I have outlined the concept of positionality here in detail because I think it is one of the major defining factors between the three works in review. *The Winter We Danced* is an anthology edited by the Kino-nda-niimi Collective, (Kino-nda-niimi means "we are dancing"[1]) described as "a group of Indigenous writers, artists, editors, curators, and allies…" with the lead editors listed as Niigaanwewidam James Sinclair (Anishinaabe), Leanne Betasamosake Simpson (Anishinaabe), Tanya Kappo (Nehiyaw), Wanda Nanibush (Anishinaabe), and Hayden King (Anishinaabe), who—along with many colleagues, relatives, friends, and organizations—assembled this collection together over the summer and fall of 2013." (Kino-nda-niimi Collective, 439). *The Winter We Danced* illustrates its "insider" status right from the outset. Using the term "we" in the title creates an important union between the editors of the anthology, the writers of each piece, and

the reader. The dedication of the book reads "for those who danced…and are still dancing" (Kino-nda-niimi Collective, 5). It is clear that this book is intended, in the spirit of Idle No More, as an offering to those who have been inspired by the movement. The next few pages of *The Winter We Danced* hold a photo by Hannah Yoon of two women in regalia lighting a sage bundle, and a poem titled "A Healing time" by SkyBlue Mary Morin. Opening with this dedication, photograph, and poem illustrates the centering concept of the anthology: sharing Indigenous voices on Idle No More through art, poetry, and essays.

If you decide to read only one of the books reviewed here, I wholeheartedly hope that you choose *The Winter We Danced*. This collection showcases a multitude of Indigenous voices sharing their thoughts on the movement *as it happened*. Many of the essays were actually published in various blogs, newspapers, and journals over the course of the winter of 2012/13, and have been republished here in order to provide an overview of Idle No More as a whole. As the Kino-nda-niimi Collective explains "What is striking is that never before have Indigenous writers and artists had the capacity to write the movement, alongside the movement taking place taking place, and the result is a diverse collection of voices and perspectives that represent our experience of the movement" (439). Here we have insights into the movement created by the participants in real time, as they lived and breathed the growth of Idle No More.

I want to share another story of my experience in the movement. In the winter of 2012, I had attended and worked at Simon Fraser University (SFU) for over five years. Throughout my time there, I had never once seen a police officer on campus, even when we had more controversial (for example, pro-life) demonstrations, campus security handled these events solely on their own. Yet when I stood up to speak at the Idle No More event on campus there were two uniformed (and armed) police officers in the audience. It turns out the RCMP were under orders to be present at *every* Idle No More event held in Canada. In an internal RCMP report on Idle No More, the movement was deemed a "bacteria."[2] When I read those words, just as when I saw armed police at the events I attended, my heart sank. This is exactly the kind of misunderstanding of Idle No More that *The Winter We Danced* works to combat. Instead of violence and anger, our movement aimed to share love of our communities and our mother earth, and, most importantly, to show our hope for the future. The collection captures the spirit that was (and is) present throughout Idle No More. Essays explore the power of Indigenous peoples and our ceremonies, photos celebrate the gatherings that we held to create space for ourselves within the colonial nation state of Canada, while poems speak of the intergenerational trauma from which we are healing.

*The Winter We Danced* is a collection made up of scholarly essays, poetry, photography, and other forms of visual art. The inclusion of more creative works is unique to this collection, among the three books reviewed. While the majority of the book is made up of scholarly essays, it would not be complete without the inclusion of photos that capture the movement (again, in real time), and the artwork from various Indigenous artists. The choice to give voice to the artists is an incredibly important one, as it acknowledges something that is inherent within Indigenous knowledge: we are all connected. Each part

of the community must necessarily be involved for us to move forward. So, we have essays from well-known academics like Pam Palmater. We have poems, songs, and personal reflections on the movement from artists including Tara Williamson, we have visual art from Sonny Assu alongside a historical timeline from the editors of the collection. All of this illustrates the broad spectrum of the movement that is Idle No More. Including visual art and poetry alongside the scholarly, historic, and political essays is inherently important because there is so much art that was inspired and created during the movement. To ignore that aspect is to re-define the movement in terms that would miss the point, and again, "get it wrong."

Finally, this inclusion of creative works acknowledges a fact that is often explored within Indigenous Studies; the personal cannot be separated from the academic. Rather than strive for some mythical objectivity, we share our own personal experiences in various mediums in the hopes that we can give you the "gift" of a greater understanding of Idle No More and Indigenous peoples, my own coming in the form of this essay, and of course, the Kino-nda-niimi collective with their beautiful contribution that is *The Winter We Danced*. Just as it was when we gathered over the winter of 2012/13, we are reaching out with our words in the hopes that we can change the future for our children, our grandchildren, and our ancestors who are always with us. One final note about the book, is that all of the royalties from the sale of the book go directly back into the community, specifically being donated to the Native Youth Sexual Health Network. (Kino-nda-niimi Collective, 411). The Kino-nda-niimi Collective's dedication to community here is shown through action, not simply through the words of the anthology.

As I have stressed throughout this essay, examining the positionality of the author in the field of Indigenous studies is of great importance. By explicitly sharing your position as an Indigenous or non-Indigenous person, you are respecting the protocols of our communities, and creating space for Indigenous understandings (the practice of introducing yourself and your place in the community) within the academy. While this may not strike a chord with academics who continue to strive for objectivity or lack of bias, I believe that Indigenous scholars place less importance on objectivity, and a much greater importance on responsibility and relationality. How you situate yourself within a community is of utmost importance, then, not because of a bias that could make you unreliable, but instead because reliability is based on your relationship to the community you are addressing. Part of this responsibility to community comes from a long-standing history of non-Indigenous people researching and, in effect, "stealing" from Indigenous communities, telling our stories without our control and "spinning" the truth to fit political agendas of assimilation and colonization.

Again, I'm not arguing that only Indigenous scholars should do research about Indigenous people. The important part, in my opinion, is that researchers identify themselves and their experiences in relation to the community they are talking about. This gives readers the ability to discern their reliability in the context of information they are sharing, especially when it comes to talking about Indigenous communities and issues. Ken Coates provides us with a perfect example of the kind of self-reflexivity that I

would call responsible and respectful scholarship. At various times throughout his book, *#IDLENOMORE*, Coates identifies himself as non-Indigenous, for example:

> As a non-Aboriginal man who watched from the sidelines and did not participate in any of the organized activities or demonstrations associated with Idle No More, I am, in many ways, far removed from the centre of the movement. I have, however, worked on Aboriginal issues for decades… (xiv).

Further on, Coates makes an important academic distinction: "I do not like being described as an 'expert' on Aboriginal affairs. I am, instead, always a student, and I have been blessed by the willingness of many Aboriginal people to share their stories, experiences, and perspectives with…" (xv). As an Indigenous academic myself, I have often experienced difficulties forcing the academy to understand, respect, and value Indigenous knowledge. As an example, when our Elders speak of their knowledge, they will often say, "I do not know much" or "I know nothing." This show of humility does not mean that they are not "experts," or that they have no wealth of knowledge. Instead, it illustrates that we are always in a state of learning, as Coates so aptly captures in the above quotation.

I recommend *#IDLENOMORE* for two reasons. First and foremost, as a companion to *The Winter We Danced.* I believe Coates would agree with me on this, as he speaks about the Kino-nda-niimi Collective anthology as an inspiration for his own work, and he points to needing to listen to Indigenous voices to get a better understanding of what is an inherently Indigenous movement. As a companion piece, this work gives an extensive overview of the Idle No More movement as it follows the progression through Coates' research: "In the pages that follow I will offer my view of what happened, gleaned from hundreds of YouTube videos, thousands of Facebook postings, and tens of thousands of tweets, newspaper accounts, and other evidence of a movement that refused to follow the rules of both Canadian politics and global protest" (xix). If I were to teach a course that included Idle No More, I would pair the timeline chapters from this book with some of the more personally involved pieces in *The Winter We Danced*.

Secondly, this is an important book for allies. In telling his own story, as a non-Indigenous person growing up in Northern Canada, Coates describes being almost completely unaware of Indigenous people and issues. This personal background provides important insight into Indigenous/Non-Indigenous relations in Canada. While *The Winter We Danced* provides a brief timeline of the Idle No More movement, I would look to this to provide more detailed research into how the movement grew, and into specific moments (such as Chapter Four: "The Ottawa Distraction and the Complicated Evolution of Idle No More"). Coates gives us a detailed look at how the movement formed, and it's implications in wider Canadian society. While his writing style is generally self-reflexive, Coates has done his homework. Even though I don't always agree with all of his statements regarding the movement, for example, Teresa Spence's request to speak to the Governer General, although it may seem "confused" to non-Indigenous peoples makes sense when you consider our treaties being signed with the Crown, Coates work is thorough and respectful. For those looking for chronology as well as a more thorough

examination of the "technologies of mass mobilization" (Coates, Chapter Seven), this is a highly useful text.

Finally, the anthology from Yale D. Belanger and P. Whitney Lackenbauer titled *Blockades or Breakthroughs?: Aboriginal People Confront the Canadian State*. As I have outlined, acknowledging our place as researchers in Indigenous Studies is becoming increasingly mainstream, and as far as I can tell, the editors and contributors to this anthology are exclusively non-Indigenous. This is an assumption based on a clear lack of positioning throughout the anthology, as well as my Googling each contributor. I do not mean to police identity in any way, so I do hope the contributors forgive me if I am mistaken. That being said, my argument centres not on the actual identity of a person (I've already discussed Coates as a non-Indigenous ally), but rather on how they present themselves when discussing Indigenous issues.

From the outset, *Blockades or Breakthroughs?* left me wanting. The cover of this book displays an iconic photograph by Ossie Michelin taken from a protest in Elsipogtog. The photo shows a woman, kneeling before a wall of police officers in combat gear (shields and masks), holding up a single eagle feather. Oddly enough, the titled caption states "Aboriginal peoples *confront* the Canadian state." The image jars, as we see, in fact, the Canadian state confronting this Indigenous woman, peacefully holding up a feather. For those who do not know about Elsipogtog, it is another moment in our history where Indigenous people took action (peaceful occupation) of their traditional, and in this case *unceded* territory, and the army was sent in to uphold an injunction for a multi-national fracking company. This, of course, is simplifying the conflict, but I take issue with language such as "confront" or "protest." Indigenous people involved in actions such as blockades, or even Idle No More gatherings, are defenders of our relation, the land. As per the goals of the Idle No More movement, the Canadian state has done very little to honour its treaties with Indigenous nations, and has actively and genocidally sought out our destruction as Indigenous peoples. In our eyes, then, Canada has always been "confronting" or worse yet, "attacking" who we are, and we are simply standing up, celebrating our survivance, and saying we will no longer let these attacks happen.

The other issue I take with this anthology is the question itself: "Blockades or Breakthroughs?" This question removes the agency of Indigenous nations by questioning their tactics from an outsider perspective. Each contributor examines the "facts" of an individual land dispute in a singular chapter. In this sense, the overarching picture gets missed for a discipline specific (i.e. historical or political science based) approach as Western academics discuss the outcomes of various displays of Indigenous resistance. The title question here, I argue, misses the point. Each of the disputes in question comes out of a colonial history that sought to get rid of us as Indigenous people. While contributors to this anthology may feel that they have the right to decide the "success" of a movement, or whether an Indigenous blockade succeeded as a "breakthrough," they do so through a lens that privileges non-Indigenous academic concepts over Indigenous knowledge and "insider" voices. Works like *The Winter We Danced* and *#IDLENOMORE* instead illustrate how everything that we do as Indigenous people, including just the simple act of existing in the face of desired cultural genocide, is a

breakthrough. We have already succeeded, and now we are celebrating, educating, and creating together through movements like Idle No More.

In closing, I'd like to leave you with a bit of the spirit of Idle No More, as shared in the opening poem of *The Winter We Danced*:

> We dance
> to soften the hard lumps
> that have formed
> in the heart,
> the hurt inside[3]

The Idle No More movement allowed us, as Indigenous peoples, to come together in ceremony—our jingle dancers leading the way, our sage bundles lit, our drums connecting us to the heart beat of mother earth. For a community that is continuously faced with colonial violence, these moments spent dancing together are vital for our healing, and for rekindling the fires within us for future generations. In Ktunaxa, we say hu sukiɬ k̓uq̓ni. Thank you.

*Angela Semple, Trent University*

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[1] Schwartz, Daniel. "Idle No More prepares for day of action" *CBCNews*. 7 Oct 2013. Web. 25. Sept 2015. http://www.cbc.ca/m/touch/news/story/1.1913429

[2] Barrera, Jorge. "Idle No More movement was like 'bacteria,' says internal RCMP document" *APTN National News*. 7 May 2015. Web. 17 September 2015 http://aptn.ca/news/2015/05/07/46350/

[3] from "A Healing Time" by Sky Mary Morin, *The Winter We Danced,* page 9.

**Cathy Covell Waegner, ed. *Mediating Indianness*. East Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 2015.**

http://msupress.org/books/book/?id=50-1D0-3473#.Ve5Ups4zDOo

This collection grows out of a four-panel session at MESEA – The Society for Multi-Ethnic Studies: Europe and the Americas biennial conference held in Barcelona in 2012. Its goal is "to offer fresh insights into interpretation of pertinent cultural and historical phenomena, drawing from both sides of the Atlantic" (x). As the preface explains, "The unusual project team combines (Native) American and European (German, British, Romanian) scholars, an interdisciplinary group of both senior and junior academics from the fields of cultural and literary studies, anthropology, rhetoric, and creative writing" (x). The collection coheres around its eponymous idea of mediation, albeit loosely. The idea of mediation recurs throughout, and certainly we can recognize that Indianness as applies to the indigenous peoples of the Americas represents a concept introduced through contact and reinforced through colonialism that has never existed outside of multiple layers of mediation. In as much as this is true, the essays in this collection, indeed all of Native American Studies, could be read through the discourse of mediation, as cosmopolitan critics have been noting for years. This cosmopolitan thread certainly runs throughout the majority of the essays in this collection, though the term cosmopolitan remains largely absent. This is not a critique per se; it is clear that many of the authors in this collection opt out of cosmopolitanism as a structuring force in their work—though the absence of a discussion as to why seems notable for the collection as a whole. The unifying theme of mediation does feel a bit forced at times, shoehorned into introductions and conclusions but disappeared in the body of certain essays. These moments are noticeable, but they don't entirely detract from the quality of all of those essays.

The scope of the subjects and disciplinary approaches in this collection is impressive, ranging from history, sculpture, biography, literature, postmodernism, orthography, hip-hop, film, photography, dance, ceremony, drama, painting, poetry, mixed genre artists, and documentary. Approaches favor the humanities, but also encompass the social sciences. If this striking breadth were not enough, the collection concludes with a free-form epistolary round table replied to by Gerald Vizenor. This concluding work fits the bill particularly considering the ways that Vizenor (who the preface calls "a grandmaster of Native American studies" and to whom the collection is dedicated) informs so many of the pieces herein (xi).

Billy J. Stratton's essay, "You Have Liberty to Return to Your Own Country: Tecumseh, Myth, and the Rhetoric of Native Sovereignty," begins the collection, and it does so on a strong note. This essay ostensibly studies a pair of sculptures depicting the death of Shawnee leader Tecumseh. However, its primary focus is in fact the "ways in which native American historical experience has been instrumentalized in the construction of national identity" (3). This essay examines a variety of historical records and documents to demonstrate the specific ways that the United States' settler narratives wield the images of Native leaders to signify "not only the tragic, yet inevitable, vanquishing of native American peoples but also the broader conquest of the North American

wilderness" (3). This thesis, of course, is not groundbreaking; the equation of Native people with the land reverberates throughout the US's rhetorical traditions and all scholars of Native American Studies understand that. However, Stratton's writing is unrelenting on this front, refusing to let the settler state off the hook not only for its egregious crimes of the past but also for its failure to acknowledge the violence of itself in the past and present, the denial that those crimes of the past continue to the present. Stratton calls this a "farce [that] is only made possible by an American public's unwillingness to acknowledge the violence and traumatic nature of collective history" (6). In contrast to such a farce, and alongside the ways it has concretized itself within American consciousness, Stratton examines the recorded words of Tecumseh himself, demonstrating that they "can be seen as efforts to articulate claims of tribal sovereignty, while also serving as some of the earliest vehicles of decolonization" (11). Stratton's claims of primacy notwithstanding (and this claim does seem to require qualification), the wresting of the Shawnee leader's words from the settler project stands out as an important anticolonial move. Stratton concludes, "The reclamation of native historical figures such as Tecumseh from the status of instrumental colonial signifier demands a renewed approach to historical narrative and the posting of alternate lines of critical inquiry" (20). Stratton notes that Native claims have often faced a greater scrutiny than those of settlers and their histories, which are far more likely to be taken at face value. Stratton urges an equal questioning of those settler narratives, including the "primary documents of American colonial history" (21). Stratton's essay represents what this collection does best: it offers readings that seem to be interdisciplinary, but in fact demonstrate how disciplinary boundaries have never held up; it offers a new mode of reading across those supposed boundaries, of mediating them, I suppose, but more in simply ignoring them. These moments that cut across fence lines matter-of-factly rather than reactively offer Native American Studies as a series of intellectual acts that exist with or without colonial modes of framing.

A. Robert Lee's pair of short essays, which are best read together as a linked dyad, take the form of creative meditations on the works they address, the fiction of Stephen Graham Jones and, to a lesser extent, D.L. Birchfield in the first, and Vizenor's latest novel, *Blue Ravens*, in the second. Vizenor inspired as ever, Lee's essays truck in postmodernism as a descriptive term for the works he addresses. We can think of Vizenor's 1989 edited collection *Narrative Chance: Postmodern Discourse on Native American Indian Novels* as a forerunner of such analyses. There, Vizenor posits, "Postmodernism liberates imagination and widens the audiences for tribal literatures, this new criticism rouses a comic world view, narrative discourse and language games on the past" (6). For Vizenor, postmodernism offers an alternative not only to literary or artistic modernism, but also to a brand of modernity driven by social science discourses that posit the indigenous as a form of premodern other. Vizenor contends, "The instrumental language of the social sciences are tragic or *hypotragic* modes that withhold communal discourse" (9). Vizenor goes on to baldly assert, "the trickster is postmodern" (9). Expanding such an idea places indigenous narrative traditions (by which I mean narrative modes stretching far into the past and continuing through the present and into the future, altered however they might be altered by their communities in the process of existing) as postmodern before that term came into being. Lee, then, rides Vizenor's reclamation to

the work of Jones and Birchfield. Certainly, both authors craft playful narratives that mock reader expectations of linearity and gravity. But, of course, postmodernism has proven notoriously difficult to define, and perhaps nothing is less postmodern than identified texts that present themselves as "Native American literature" (*Ledfeather*, *The Bird is Gone: A Manifesto*, and *The Fast Red Road: A Plainsong*) to his "genre fiction" (*It Came from Del Rio*, *Zombie Bake Off*, and the utterly masterful *Demon Theory*, among others). Lee's move in bringing back postmodernism, a strucuting body we have largely moved on from, works to canonize the under-read authors. Birchfield's *Field of Honor*, for example, needs to be read alongside *Catch-22* and *M.A.S.H.* It also must be read alongside *First Blood* and its novelistic and filmic spin-offs starring their "mixedblood" Native protagonist John Rambo (his father is Diné). The melding of popular culture influences, popular film and music as well as postmodern literary classics establishes each of these authors as part of the postmodern continuum.

Returning to the connection between trickster and postmodernism, Vizenor asserts "Silence and separation…are the antitheses of trickster discourse" (9). Trickster stories, operating in a comic mode, emphasize such connections as Jones's and Birchfield's texts do, connections between and across genres, connections of "high" and "low" art, of literature and pop culture. Moreover, they work against silence, the tragic vanished Indian stereotype, sure, but also the silencing of stories by Native authors that comes in readers' expectations that they keep replicating the homing plots of the Native American Renaissance. Lee's move from there into his second essay reveals the interconnection of his pieces, as he slyly reminds the reader that Vizenor, perhaps the most staunch advocate for the recognition of Native literature as postmodern, has placed his latest novel within a modernist milieu, further connecting the movements and modes across time and space, connecting Anishinaabe characters with the land of their colonial ancestors, another bridge between the seemingly disparate we will revisit in this review's conclusion.

The collection moves from these interesting pieces to a string of others. Ellen Cushman's examination of Cherokee writing serves both as an introductory history of Sequoia's development thereof as well as the values and worldviews that the language embeds within itself. Cushman argues that "the instrumentality of the writing system itself acts as a decolonial rhetoric" (103). Her claims are bold, perhaps overly sweeping, but certainly worthy of being addressed by other scholars of the language (an ongoing robust engagement that is itself a decolonial statement). Chris LaLonde presents yet another very strong essay in his examination of hip-hop artist Quese IMC's three-album oeuvre. LaLonde deftly weaves textual examination of song lyrics with analyses of rhythm, musical allusions and subversions in Quese's choice and use of samples, and expansion of his music into film and art. In a refreshing move reminiscent of Cushman's piece, LaLonde offers his essay with a brief introduction to his subject but without any need to justify it as important or worthy of academic pursuit. LaLonde's essay, which begins with and incorporates many references to Native film, including the work of Sterlin Harjo serves as a well-placed transition to a series of essays engaging other films: Jim Jarmusch's *Dead Man* as examined by Christine Plicht and Chris Eyre's movies, by Ludmila Martanovschi—each a tangible addition to the scholarship of these works.

Kimberly Blaeser offers a truly outstanding article, "Refraction and Helio-tropes: Native Photography and Visions of Light." She begins with a brief survey of the ways that Native people have been written out of their contemporaneous presents in sepia-toned images of disappearing and victimry, what Blaeser terms "time-bound, romantic stereotypes of primitive warrior, noble savage, tragic half-breed…vanishing Indian (154). Building off of Chanette Romero's concept of "visual sovereignty" (which Romero wields in relation to Victor Masayesva's photography—also studied by Blaeser in this essay), Blaeser offers a diachronic reading of Native people *in* photographs as well as Native people taking them, reading acts of survivance not only into the latter but also the former. As both a scholar and a practitioner of photography, Blaeser renders her essay even stronger by including her own photography and artistic decision making. We see a similar attention to the visual in Kerstin Schmidt's piece on Minda Martin's documentary film *Free Land.* Schmidt focuses on a series of tropes within this film as emblematized by particular visual moments—an almost photographic sensibility in addressing moving pictures. A pair of essays examine Eric Gansworth's generally under-studied work, Nicholle Dragone's focuses on his dramas, while John Purdy's devotes attention across Gansworth's multi-genre oeuvre. Sally McBeth's essay examining the Nuche (or Northern Ute) Bear Dances seems somewhat out of place not for its quality but only for its discipline, as the only anthropological piece in the collection.

About two-thirds of the way through the text, the reader encounters the Interlude, which comes in the form of a pair of creative pieces by Evaline Zuni Lucero and Jane Haladay. These works engage on a meta-conference level, speaking to the experiences of their respective authors (in concert) during, as well as in the environing time of the MESEA conference. Befitting an interlude, they serve as a break in the collection, but also as a reward for those who have read it, making many allusions to the essays that have come before as well as the issues including therein (both muse upon Columbus's memorialization throughout the conference's site of Barcelona, for example).

The collection concludes with a free-wheeling "two-year creative roundtable discussion" carried out via email between Blaeser, Haladay, Gordon Henry Jr., Molly McGlennen, and Jesse Peters, collectively labeling themselves members of the "Crow Commons." Haladay, or perhaps her roundtable persona Jane explains, "we intend to rework methods that normally define conference panels by delivering an exposition of our exchanges leading up to the conference and our creative responses to these conversations; we foresee our roundtable as an evolving engagement with Anishinaabe poets in culturally specific formations of knowledge-building" (282). Molly continues, "We imagine the theory of the cultural commons and literary/ personal filiations/ affiliations to be our vision for a new kind of conferencing that is dynamic, collaborative, ongoing, teasing, personal, intellectual, and resonant with patterns in and the motion of the natural world" (282). No doubt there are those who will roll their eyes as such a structure, certain that this approach must be lacking in academic rigor (and probably at its core some new-agey drivel unbefitting intellectual pursuits). On the contrary, this collective work represents the traditional approach of the essay as Montaigne imagined it, a meditation on a theme by which the authors work through a particular issue: connection in literature (What does that look like? In what forms does it come? What and how does it mean to different

people?) As such, this essay does not seek a thesis, but rather riffs off of hypotheses and experiences. To conclude, Vizenor responds to the Crow Commons in prose and verse, drawing parallels between this collective and Anishinaabe stories of crows as well as between his writing, Anishinaabe narratives, and Haiku. This last piece teases a narrative thread of seemingly unlikely connections represented throughout these essays and works, as throughout the 2012 MESEA conference and the shared narratives leading up to and surrounding it, connections that stretch across continents and centuries as well as across genres and disciplines.

This collection lacks an index, demonstrating its participation in an unfortunate trend among some edited collections. We understand that such end pieces are expensive to produce, either in terms of the money or manpower it takes to do them well, but they are also invaluable addenda for academic research. Moreover, just as some of the essays integrate the framing concept of mediation more thoroughly than some others, it is also safe to say that some of the essays are significantly stronger than others. The overall quality is very good, but a small few seem like the work of scholars who are very new to Native American Studies, unengaged or unfamiliar with the canon of work in the field. That said, the majority of the pieces are quite strong. Indeed, despite the collection's shortcomings, one nonetheless appreciates its daring and scope. The essays demonstrate the diversity of Native American Studies as a field, and is one of few collections that reflects the breadth of work engaged in by its scholars.

*John Gamber, Columbia University*

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**Neal McLeod, ed. *Indigenous Poetics in Canada*. Waterloo: Wilfred Laurier University Press, 2014. Vi, 416pp.**

http://www.wlupress.wlu.ca/Catalog/mcleod-n.shtml

There is poetic justice, to use a clichéd phrase, in the fact that just as the Truth and Reconciliation Commission was beginning its closing events in Ottawa, blocks away on the campus of the University of Ottawa, *Indigenous Poetics in Canada*, edited by Neal McLeod, was awarded the 2014 ACQL Gabrielle Roy Prize for excellence in English language Canadian criticism. While the border that divides Canada from the United States has been rightly described by Thomas King as "a line from someone else's imagination" (Rooke 72), as a settler woman who has written about Indigenous literatures for close to twenty years, the reality is that the 49th parallel has led to false divisions between Indigenous literatures and cultures south and north of the border; some tribes literally straddle the border. Despite this, and while I am uncomfortable with the tendency to categorize Indigenous texts based on a Western version of imposed nationalism, I remain impressed by the thoughtful and innovative work done by writers situated on the north side of that artificial line, work that all too often get overlooked in American discussions of Indigenous literatures. For instance, while *Speak to Me Words: Essays on Contemporary Indian American Poetry* (2003) makes a compelling case for the need to rethink poetry as traditionally defined through the lens of Western genres, it does not enact the generic diversity or present the depth and breadth of perspectives that are integral to *Indigenous Poetics*. *Indigenous Poetics* builds upon a foundation of strong connections between writers and scholars—many of whom work in both worlds—who trust each other and listen attentively in order to find ways to articulate individually and collectively their visions of how and what an Indigenous poetics might look like. As with *Looking at the Words of Our People: First Nations Analysis of Literature* (1993), a book that I still return to regularly for its incisive and elegant exploration of Indigenous literatures, *Indigenous Poetics in Canada* promises to radically shift approaches to and understandings of Aboriginal poetries.

This book began, as McLeod explains in his "Preface" as a panel at the Ogamas Aboriginal Festival in Brandon, where the discussion of three poets—Louise Halfe, Randy Lundy, and Duncan Mercredi—provided the grounding for both a workshop on Indigenous poetics and the subsequent monograph which defies, in so many ways, the strictures of academic publication by incorporating a deeply compelling array of contributions that span four main sections: "The Poetics of Memory;" "The Poetics of Place;" "The Poetics of Performance," and "The Poetics of Medicine." As McLeod explains in his introduction, these sections reflect "an organic and contextualized understanding of Indigenous poetics" that is grounded in Indigenous beliefs and practices rather than relying on the "Anglo-môniyâw interpretive matrix" (3). Paradoxically, the collection is comprised of essays, stories, poems, and interviews with contemporary Native writers that at first glance appear decidedly scholarly, complete with Notes and Bibliographies. Ultimately, however, the collection resists such strictures in form and theme through its inclusiveness by encouraging readers to look beyond the notion of a "text" and instead employ the Cree concept of aniskwâcimopicikêwin, which as McLeod

explains, means "the process of connecting stories together" to recognize the "constant play between orality" (8) and the works on the page, which are never fully represented when treated statically. As a result, I found myself repeatedly reading sections of this book out loud in an effort to experience the sheer beauty of the poems that are included and in order to relish the range of viewpoints and forms of expression in the collection.

Divided into four sections that attain balance by facilitating a constant flow between and among them, *Indigenous Poetics* models for readers, Native and non-Native, the diversity and specificity of this exciting field. The collection tangibly demonstrates the need to be attentive to the particular nuances of individual tribal languages, spoken and written, and the importance of acknowledging and understanding tribal storytelling practices, both historical and contemporary. In addition, the collection makes a compelling case for engaging with Indigenous pictographs and classical narratives, and recognizing that Indigenous poetics are shaped by carefully crafted and sustained relationships to space and place. As part of the collection's mandate, McLeod includes several essays in the "Poetics of Performance" section that thoughtfully explore the intersection of Indigenous and dub poetries in Canada, developing the concept of "sound identities" and examining how Native and Caribbean Canadian poets employ precise and often shared language practices to "recover and reconstitute" their own distinctive voices (Gingell 273). The result is a book that enables readers to engage with issues thematically and couples creative and scholarly perspectives to encourage sustained conversations among and beyond the pages of this single monograph.

The depth and breadth of *Indigenous Poetics* is remarkable and a testament to the energy devoted to this project by the participants in the initial workshop, the editor, and Wilfred Laurier University Press. The book is comprised of longer essays by established and emerging Indigenous and settler scholars and creative writers, including Warren Cariou, Sam McKegney, Alyce Johnson, Susan Gingell, Jesse Rae Archibald-Barber, Tasha Beeds, Michèle Lacombe, Leanne Simpson, Gail McKay, David Newhouse, Lesley Belleau, Neal McLeod, and Niigaanwewidam James Sinclair, along with shorter pieces by contemporary poets including Marilyn Dumont, Daniel David Moses, Waaseyaa'sin Christine Sy, Rosanna Deerchild, Lillian Allen, Lee Maracle. Gregory Scofield. Joanne Arnott, Duncan Mercredi, Janet Rogers, and Lindsay "Eekwol" Knight. Finally, the collection offers interviews with three key Indigenous poets, the late Marvin Francis, Armand Garnet Ruffo, and Kateri Akiwenzie-Damm that powerfully convey how these writers employ playful language to explore serious subjects with humour and joy. The essays, poems, and interviews often are infused with Indigenous words and phrases, and while Cree dominates, the movement between and among Indigenous and colonial languages enacts the flexibility and ingenuity that is integral to the spoken and written words of these scholars and writers who so skilfully "re-sound identities for themselves and their people" (Gingell 280).

The result is a collection that stories and sings its way into readers' hearts and minds, offering an affective experience that is also rigorously intellectual. As Duncan Mercredi reminds readers at the end of his essay, part of the task of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission has been to gather "stories from the survivors of the residential school

experiment of indoctrination" (21). Those "emotional, gut-wrenching stories…were told in such a way that they would remain embedded in the memories of those hearing them for the first time. They were poetic" (21). Mercredi stresses the importance of retaining the power of these narratives through the poetic and urges readers to keep the "heart of the story" (21) alive by using Indigenous languages and cultivating oral traditions that put forward Native perspectives in all of their complexities. *Indigenous Poetics* enacts Mercredi's call to action by bringing the aesthetic and political together into a single volume that is worth savouring and returning to, again and again.

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**Nancy E. van Deusen. *Global Indios: The Indigenous Struggle for Justice in Sixteenth-Century Spain*. Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2015. 336 pp**.

https://www.dukeupress.edu/Global-Indios

We often tend to think that globalization is the sign of our own times, the key to characterize the contemporary world in contrast to earlier historical periods. Nancy E. van Deusen's *Global Indios* makes us reconsider this assumption with its interesting analysis of the play between the global and the local in sixteenth-century Castile. The aim of this volume, as the author makes clear from the beginning, is to give voice to the voiceless, more particularly the indigenous people who were imported as slaves into sixteenth-century Castile from America. As part of the massive inter-American forced migration in the period—at least 650,000 indigenous people were victims of the lucrative transatlantic indigenous slave trade that started in the 1490s—van Deusen discovers that more than two thousand indios reached the Spanish kingdom of Castile. After Charles V's New Laws were passed in 1542 stating that indios from the Spanish domains were free and could no longer be enslaved, and due to ambivalence and loopholes in the understanding and application of the law, a number of indigenous men and women decided to initiate lawsuits in order to acquire a piece of paper from the Spanish courts—la Casa de la Contratación or the Council of the Indies—saying that they were free vassals. Many of them became what van Deusen calls "trans-imperial" subjects with complicated identities (2) because of their forced crossing of Spanish-Portuguese borders. This is the side of the story that the author is set out to tell by studying the varied cases of 184 indio litigants between 1530 and 1585, and as she does so, she calls the readers' attention to the process of construction of these and other identity-related borders.

Van Deusen goes beyond the master narrative of the invasion period by focusing on the survivors rather than on the often studied disintegration and extermination of the indios. She is not particularly concerned with heroes either, although she acknowledges the role of Bartolomé de las Casas as well as of heroic indigenous individuals like Hatuey, Enriquillo or Manco Inca Yupanqui (18). She focuses instead on the stories of litigants, studying their cases in detail for excerpts of narrative that she then reconstructs in order to offer a wider view on the several thousand indio slaves living in Castile and how they made sense of themselves as they endured bondage. Because of the way she constantly emphasizes dialogues between America and Castile, the global and the local, the past and the present, her reflections on the scale of human bondage and the contradictions and meanings of slavery go beyond the sixteenth century Spanish context to acquire a much wider and contemporary relevance.

One of the expressed objectives of the text is to recognise the multiplicity and complexity of *indios*, "to argue against the sameness of those individuals called indios" (28). As van Deusen explains, over the course of the sixteenth century, the term *indio* "referred to people from the East and West Indies, China, the Moluccas, India, Brazil, Hispaniola, Mexico, and Peru. […] From its inception, *indio* was a homogenizing label that constituted difference based on unequal power relations" (11). Evoking Arjun Appadurai's neologism *ethnoscape*, van Deusen coins the term *indioscape*, which refers

to the high mobility of indios and their lack of connection to a given place in order "to argue that indio identities were no longer spatially bound or culturally homogeneous, but rather transimperially present in the imaginations of those slaves and masters whose own 'local' experiences […] were mirrored against the experiences of other slaves and masters" (12). Appropriately, she refers to how the notion of an indioscape includes both a sense of rootedness, "of belonging to places and cultures other than Castile *and* in Castile" (13), and rootedness, "or a distinct sense of time and space based on experiences of bondage and deracination" (13). The account of indios in this text underlines their mobile and dynamic nature and addresses their characteristic tensions between enslavement and vindication, deracination and newly formed connection, conquest and survival. The creation of indioness is understood as a series of global interactions which illuminate the process of construction and reformulation of self in relation to the other and it is precisely the dialogue between the local, transatlantic and global dimensions of indigenous slavery, which van Deusen constantly emphasises, that contributes to an understanding of identity politics with a relevance beyond the period she analyses.

In chapter 1 the author centers on the globalized Castilian village of Carmona, near Seville, to explore "how the four parts of the world could inhabit Carmona" (35). She studies the litigation suits of two indigenous women, who did not precisely embrace their transimperial identities but on the contrary, searched for a fixed definition as indias that would allow them to be free. Village and imperial politics are at play here, and the chapter offers a good view on transculturation without resorting to this useful term. Chapter 2 centers on the transition from free self to commodified object, the forced Atlantic crossing of slaves, their entrance into Castilian households and their reconnection into new communities of indios. Van Deusen's study of this dynamics of mobility, disruption and reconfiguration, together with her account of several acts of litigation, offer a good perspective on the intricacies of bondage and the fine line between freedom and slavery. Chapter 3 deals with the effects of the two royal inspections by Gregorio López Tóvar (1543) and Hernán Pérez de la Fuente (1549) in Seville. Of special interest here is the account of the changes in the discourse on slavery and the new meaning of the word *libertad* (freedom). Chapter 4 goes beyond the mere analysis of the narrative contents of documents or witness depositions and centers on the physical evidence used in the courtroom as an active site of power: bills of sale, travel documents, brands on the bodies of slaves, or the typology of witnesses are studied as what Hayden White would call "plot elements" in the metanarrative of bondage (126). Van Deusen also comments on the relevance of the strong belief in "papereality" and the difficulty to revert it by means of oral testimony. In Chapter 5 she centers on legal vocabulary—terms like *naturaleza*, *rescate* or *just war*—their relevance in the definition of indios, and the slaves' attempts to revert them. Chapter 6 studies the conventions, mainly physiognomic and linguistic, used to identify indios, and carefully examines the specific understanding of color in the sixteenth century. Chapter 7 focuses on transimperial indios and deals with litigations related to three distinct imperial sites which van Deusen characterizes as borderlands: the Moluccas (today the Maluku Islands), the borderlands of Brazil and Río de la Plata, and Pegu (now called Bagu, in Myanmar). In this chapter we get a good view of the broad conceptualization of indios, the tenuous nature of colonialism due to limited dominion over those territories and people, and especially, the disputes over the meanings

of sovereignty. I have found the introduction and conclusion particularly clear and useful. These, together with the opening and closing chapters, are the parts of the book that will probably be more useful to readers who are interested in extrapolating some of van Deusen's theoretical conclusions to other periods or contexts, for it is there that we can find the key to the theoretical framework of the text, whereas chapters 2-6 are more focused on the detailed analysis of the period.

Van Deusen adopts the methods used in microhistorical analyses, as she compares evidence from over one hundred litigation suits with other records "to access the global and local dimensions of slavery in individual lives" (14). Part of her merit lies in the way she uses information from the litigation suits and an outstanding amount of records from local and imperial archives in Spain and Latin America, extracting the narrative fragments in all of them. She also draws on a number of scholars who have studied indigenous slavery. In fact, van Deusen uses a rich variety of sources, which, apart from the extensive number of archives, includes a thorough bibliography of printed sources that covers the Hispanic world as well as some colonial and postcolonial theories from the Anglo-speaking world. I personally think the work might have benefitted from establishing some relations to US Native American studies, which would have positively illuminated the definition of Indianness. However, the author's familiarity with references on slavery and indigeneity is wide-ranging and authoritative.

As part of her analysis, Van Deusen offers a clear and pertinent discussion of relevant vocabulary: the definition, study and implications of "just war," "rescate," "naborías," "naturaleza," and others are particularly illuminating. Of special relevance in this respect is the fact that she is never afraid of facing complexity or ambivalence; on the contrary, part of the strength of her work derives from the way she addresses them directly. As a result of this critical attitude, the reader can extract several particularly useful theoretical implications from the text: By examining the changes of the global movements in the local practices, and the changing way Europeans looked at themselves and the world, van Deusen offers a relevant view on the construction of the self in relation to the other; Her attention to the constant complication of borders—geographical, like those between Portugal and Spain, or conceptual, like those between slavery and bondage—draws the reader's attention to the constructed, interested nature of those and other borders or rhetorical markers of difference; Her study of the journey into and out of slavery narrative counters the view of slavery as the natural order of things and emphasizes its process of construction. Last but not least, her appreciation of the textual structure and logic of the cases, their storytelling frame, her interesting study of the struggle for control of representation and the relevance of positioning—indios vs. masters—and the perceptive view of the invention, re-creation and revision of history provide a very useful reflection on representation. Needless to say, all of these are relevant issues which still require our critical attention at the beginning of the twenty-first century.

Van Deusen is not only a skilled historian and critic, but also a talented story finder and teller. I especially value her effort at tracing and extracting previously hidden stories and giving them back to us organized as solid, at times even gripping narratives. For example, the Preface tells the story of the slave Catalina de Velasco and her encounter with

Bartolomé de las Casas, who identified her as an india from the Spanish empire, after which she was freed. The anticipation that some stories of injustice could have a happy ending and the reflection on the complications of race definitions and relations makes the reader eager for more from the very beginning. The reading is especially gratifying when van Deusen focuses on the different stories of indios and indias struggling for their freedom, as in the cases of Beatriz and Felipa. One of the very few imperfections that I can mention about this text is that, because of the author's emphasis on her intention to give voice to the voiceless, I expected to hear more indios voices in the text, more quoted lines than the ones that are offered. In spite of this, it is obvious that van Deusen's narrative is the result of a careful job of research and reconstruction and its merit needs to be acknowledged.

*Global Indios* will be of interest to scholars in the areas of legal history, 16th century history, and civil rights history. It will also be welcome in the field of indigenous and postcolonial studies for its view on the diaspora and its pertinent observations on the process of race and ethnicity construction. All in all, this is a necessary study, and it tells a story that still needed to be told. As we learn here, the indios' talking-back voices were filtered and silenced, but that does not mean they were not there. Their words, like van Deusen surely proves with her own, "are not empty words" (29).

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**Dustin Tahmahkera. *Tribal Television: Viewing Native People in Sitcoms.* Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2014. 244 pp.**

http://uncpress.unc.edu/books/12737.html

In *Tribal Television: Viewing Native People in Sitcoms,* Dustin Tahmahkera introduces the key concepts of "decolonized viewing" and "sitcom sovereignty," which he then uses to analyze televisual representations of Indigenous peoples over the past seventy years. He draws upon theoretical approaches based in Indigenous studies, cultural studies, and television studies, bringing the three fields into conversation in order to offer a complex reading of both the "recognizably Indian" and the "recognizably Native" through "an Indigenous-centered lens" (15, 24, xv). Tahmahkera grounds his arguments in an ongoing discussion that includes the voices of respected Indigenous authors, scholars, and community leaders—including, for instance, commentary by Sherman Alexie, Oren Lyons, and Joy Harjo. Relying on these sources to demonstrate both the positive and negative influences of television in general and sitcoms in particular, Tahmahkera contends that Native peoples can not only "critique popular culture's contributions to colonialism," but, ultimately, that they can replace colonizing representations with "recognizably Native comedy" that "liberates by uncovering and analyzing the recognizably Indian" (13, 29).

Throughout the text, Tahmahkera traces the slow process by which televisual representations of the Indian, beginning with the Indian Head test pattern of the 1930s, have given way to the "recognizably Native" in contemporary broadcast and digital comedy. Deftly weaving together an analysis of American Indian policy since the mid-twentieth century, a discussion of the sitcom and its generic tropes, and a history of the complicated narrative of creation and production that takes place off-screen, *Tribal Television* makes a compelling argument about the ways that sitcoms reflect popular attitudes toward Indigenous peoples and, more importantly, about the ways that Native peoples take control of those narratives.

Early in the text, Tahmahkera explains that, "[w]hereas the recognizably Indian has largely marginalized, disavowed, and displaced the Native, the recognizably Native has labored to critically resist and creatively circumvent the Indian" (24). By drawing a distinction between the "recognizably Indian" and the "recognizably Native," he creates a framework for acknowledging the distinction between stereotypical representations—often created by non-Native writers and producers—and Native people's portrayals of themselves. Although *Tribal Television* situates the Indian and the Native at opposite ends of a spectrum, each chapter acknowledges the complexities and irregularities that accompany individual representations. Moreover, although the text moves chronologically, it does not simply assume that the oldest representations are the most offensive or, by the same logic, that more recent texts are necessarily more likely to be recognizably Native. For instance, Tahmahkera makes a point of discussing an unusual moment on the 1963 *The Beverly Hillbillies* episode called "Jed Cuts the Family Tree," in which "Jed questions Pearl's unchecked social hierarchy and implied white privilege"

(23). Similarly, a brief analysis of episodes of *Family Guy*, *The Simpsons,* and *South Park* illustrates that the recognizably Indian is alive and well in the twenty-first century.

The nuanced critiques that arise out of this critical framework are one of the text's great strengths. It would be easy enough to distinguish between "good" and "bad" representations of Native people: on one side of the line would be episodes of *I Love Lucy* and *The Flintstones* that feature characters trying to defend themselves against "savages," and on the other would be *Mixed Blessings,* the Aboriginal People's Television Network (APTN) sitcom featuring Indigenous producers, writers, and actors. But such a book might easily become both self-righteous and self-congratulatory without offering a substantial contribution to the discussion. Instead, Tahmahkera tackles murkier—and more interesting—questions of identity and representation. Even when discussing sitcoms that seem as though they could be easily divided into the binary categories of "Indian" or "Native," *Tribal Television* avoids demonizing or idealizing particular shows by situating them within a larger cultural and political landscape. Rather than simply condemning a particularly condescending and historically inaccurate episode of *The Brady Bunch*, for instance, Tahmahkera draws parallels between Mike Brady's problematic paternalism and the contemporary political rhetoric of Presidents Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, who espoused self-determination without following through in their policies. At the other end of the spectrum, *Mixed Blessings* is similarly situated within the narrative of both APTN's development as a network and head writer Drew Hayden Taylor's career as a Native humorist.

The convoluted and overlapping relationship between the Indian and the Native is most clearly illustrated in Chapter Three, "The Neo-Indian in *King of the Hill*." Here, Tahmahkera explores the on- and off-screen development of the character John Redcorn, a complicated process that has included not only the writers and producers of *King of the Hill* but also the increasing influence of Jonathan Joss, the White Mountain Apache actor who voices Redcorn. In early episodes, Redcorn clearly filled the role of the recognizably Indian: he appeared only occasionally and was identified as a New Age healer who shared sacred ceremonies with non-Native characters. As Joss urged writers to give Redcorn a bigger role within the "settler-dominated universe of *King of the Hill* . . . dueling processes of submission and resistance play[ed] out and overlap[ped] each other" (107). Ultimately, Tahmahkera situates Redcorn in an ambiguous space between the recognizably Indian and the recognizably Native. In exploring such nuances, *Tribal Television* illustrates the complexity of representation in popular culture; the finished product is an amalgam of information from many sources, both Indigenous and nonIndigenous, sometimes accurate and tribally specific, and sometimes ill-informed and problematic.

Despite the success—or lack thereof—of any individual representation, Tahmahkera argues that decolonized viewing must also involve "recognizing Native Peoples as long time producers, receivers, and traders . . . of a multitude of pop cultural practices and texts spanning generations" (13). The range of examples included in *Tribal Television*, which range from non-Native actor Max Gail's efforts to include Native storylines on *Barney Miller* to Charlie Hill's rewriting of a Thanksgiving episode of *Roseanne,*

reinforce the text's depiction of "a televisual tribalography that includes the Indigenous and their relations with the nonIndigenous" (25). Within this framework, Tahmahkera's lengthy analysis of John Redcorn's origins on *King of the Hill* contribute to a depiction of pop culture that blurs the lines between representations of the Indian and the Native in order to remind us that Native peoples are not simply victims of Hollywood but also active participants who retain agency—albeit rarely as equal partners—and have a voice in negotiating the "televisions," in Tahmahkera's terms, that ultimately appear on our screens.

Emphasizing the importance of Native voices not only in the creation of sitcoms but also within the text itself, *Tribal Television* draws on the work of contemporary scholars in Native Studies, such as Jodi Byrd and LeAnne Howe, to establish major theoretical concepts. In one of the most productive examples of this approach, Tahmahkera turns to Gerald Vizenor's definition of a simulation as "the absence of a tribal real," a concept that he applies to sitcom storylines that feature "guest-starring older male Indians [who] appear briefly and attempt to assert their agency before conveniently dying and leaving a temporary impact on settler characters" (19). Such characters may attempt to stand in for the authentically "Native," but, finally, they fail to demonstrate that they are "grounded in their contemporary familial and tribal ways of expressing indigeneity" (24).

Thanks to Tahmahkera's insightful analysis and cross-disciplinary approach to the topic, *Tribal Television* will appeal to audiences in both Native studies and critical media studies. Students of either field will appreciate the text's solid theoretical foundations, but it is also possible to follow Tahmahkera's argument with fairly little preparation in either area. Similarly, readers need not come to the text with an intimate knowledge of the sitcom in popular culture. Although audiences are likely to be familiar with at least some of the texts that are analyzed here, the easy balance of exposition and analysis welcomes readers of various backgrounds, including students working in multiple disciplines. Although much of the text consists of a critique of popular culture, *Tribal Television* never falls into the dangerous trap of shaming its audience. Tahmahkera makes it clear from the very beginning that he identifies, with Sherman Alexie, as a "sit-com kid" who has been deeply influenced by the material that he analyzes (xii). Perhaps because television is a collaborative medium, he never ends up shaking his finger at a particular actor, writer, or audience. Although the text certainly makes no excuses for the recognizably Indian, it remains focused instead on ways that the recognizably Native, from sitcoms like *Mixed Blessings* to digital media like the short videos produced by the 1491s, can respond to and replace such harmful representations. Ultimately, *Tribal Television* combines an emphasis on decolonized viewing and sitcom sovereignty with Tahmahkera's respect for and academically rigorous critique of his material in order to engage readers in a serious discussion of the sitcom.

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**Lionel Larré. *Histoire de la nation Cherokee*. Pessac: Presses Universitaires de Bordeaux, 2014. 285 pp.**

http://climas.u-bordeaux3.fr/publication/bibliographie/33-ouvrages/185-larre-l-histoire-de-la-nation-cherokee

Lionel Larré is a French academic who has edited writings by John Milton Oskison, as well as textbooks. This book is designed for use in courses on American Indian history for Francophone students. It consists of thirteen expository chapters in French, interleaved with thirty-nine documents in English, excerpts from primary sources selected to illustrate Cherokee history. The documents have been drawn from treaties and treaty negotiations, letters of colonial officials, memoirs of traders, reports by missionaries, and from books by Henry Timberlake, William Bartram, and James Adair. Larré emphasizes earlier periods—the chapter on the Trail of Tears or *piste de larmes* begins only on page 201. This emphasis reflects the strength of Prof. Larré's research, which analyzes the geo-politics of the Southeast in the eighteenth century, when English, Spanish, and French imperial ambitions collided in the Cherokee lands of southern Appalachia. Early sources such as Alexander Hewatt and James Adair have been used primarily by English-language scholars who have too easily accepted their anglophilic jingoism. Hewatt, in the first of the documentary excerpts, claimed that the Cherokee "despised the French, whom they called light as a feather, fickle as the wind, and deceitful as serpents; and, being naturally of a very grave cast, they considered the levity of that people as an unpardonable insult" (23). In truth the Cherokee, like other tribes, were fond of humor, and most successful when they were able to play one imperial power off against the others.

Among a few French sources on the 18th-century Cherokee is a narrative by Antoine de Bonnefoy, captured by the tribe in 1741 when he was involved in the French attacks on the Chickasaws, part of the aftermath of the Natchez attack on the French in 1729 in the town now known as Natchez. Bonnefoy was taken to the upper Tennessee River where he met Christian Priber (identified as "Pierre Albert" in Bonnefoy's writings), a German lawyer from Zittau erroneously labeled a Jesuit in some sources. He had sailed to Georgia at the time James Oglethorpe was creating the colony in the early 1730s. After 18 months in Charleston, Priber sold his possessions to leave for the mountains, where he assimilated into Cherokee society and earned their trust and support. Priber planned to build a utopian society, and to welcome refugees from English, French, or Spanish colonies. Bonnefoy reported he had already "got together a considerable number of recruits, men and women, of all conditions and occupations" as well as Cherokee people,

> …of whom a large number were already instructed in the form of his republic and determined to join it; that the nation in general urged him to establish himself upon their lands, but that he was determined to locate himself half way between them and the Alibamons, where the lands appeared to him of better quality than those of the Cherakis, and there he would be disposed to open a trade with the English and French; that in his republic there would be no superiority; that all should be equal there; that he would take the superintendence of it only for the

honor of establishing it. (Mereness, ed., 248-249)

Priber was apprehended by Creek warriors and brought to Frederika Island where he was held prisoner and interrogated by General Oglethorpe and by an anonymous journalist who signed his articles "Americus." As an egalitarian utopian socialist in a time of absolutist monarchy and mercantilist colonialism, Priber's story stands out, and underlines the contrast between Native egalitarianism and European despotism. To the British, Priber was suspected of trying to solidify Cherokee trade relations with the French at Mobile, and for this reason was described in very hostile terms by James Adair in his *History of the American Indians*.

Larré explains that Cherokee had a matrilineal kinship network and decentralized political structure, and nuances Priber's proto-communist vision of Cherokee society and its contrast to the monarchical visions of other traders and officers. For instance Alexander Cuming in 1729-30 travelled to the Cherokee, presented himself as the envoy of King George, and supposedly induced several towns' "kings" to each bow down and bear tribute to him and to the English. Cuming claimed for himself the ceremonial "crown" of feathers. Cuming's arrogance was exposed by Ludovic Grant's narrative of the 1730 travels, which includes a dialogue between "the Governor of South Carolina and Chuconnunta a head man of the Cherokkes whose name formerly was Ouconecaw" (a phonemic version of the chiefly title Attakullakulla). The latter insisted that there was no proposal to give away Cherokee lands to "Great King George" (89).

Larré uses these radically contrasting sources as an object lesson in the difficulties of interpreting colonial materials about the Cherokee, and the resulting historiographies. Cuming proudly claimed the traditional "crown" of Cherokee leaders. Following his tour, Cuming sailed for London, taking with him "the Crown of the Cherrokee Nation" and "He let the Secretary of State immediately know that he had full Power from that Nation to lay their Crown as his Majesty's Feet, and that he had brought over seven *Indian* Chiefs as an Evidence of the Truth" (5)

Larré's book is valuable for tracing the origins and evolution of Cherokee sovereignty, and helps one understand how Cherokee national identity developed out of a history of frontier imperial conflicts and post-colonial revolutions. Larré asserts that "the practicalities of treaties created the Cherokee 'nation' as such" (54), for by signing a treaty the British crown implicitly recognized the Cherokee as a sovereign state, even in the absence of any centralized authority or government among the tribe. A chapter titled "The Birth of the United States" explains how the revolutionary war divided Cherokees into a Chickamauga faction led by Dragging Canoe, who fought alongside the British, and a peace party led by Attakullakulla. The process of negotiating treaties asked the Cherokee to appoint a leadership empowered to represent the entire nation. The U.S. Constitution faced the difficulty of balancing the sovereignty of thirteen states, much as the Cherokee had to unite the Upper and Lower towns, and later balance five factions after the Removal period.

Larré's discussion of *métissage* is also valuable, and it is worth noting that the French

term has no direct equivalent in English, for whereas Métis identity is officially recognized in Canada and the adjective is increasingly used in scholarship on Native peoples in the U.S., the noun form has not been adopted into English. The word "mixed-bloodness" does not exist. Larré points out that, as elsewhere in North America, many fur traders married Cherokee women and produced offspring who might be perceived as "white" in appearance, education, and dress.

> *L'essentialisation prédominante dan l'historiographie des sang-purs ou* fullbloods *défini comme les traditionalistes et des métis comme des progressistes, est bien trop simpliste pour vraiment comprendre les complexités sociales et politiques des Cherokees.* (124)
>
> The essentialism dominant in historiography defines the *full-bloods* as the traditionalists and the métis as progressives. This is much too simplistic to really comprehend the social and political complexities of the Cherokees.

Francophone students will get an excellent education in Cherokee history from this book, and any reader of French can enjoy it as well.

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**Rebecca Tillett, ed. *Howling for Justice: New Perspectives on Leslie Marmon Silko's Almanac of the Dead*. Tucson: University of Arizona Press. 2014.**

http://www.uapress.arizona.edu/Books/bid2491.htm

As a collection that fills a gap in scholarship on Leslie Marmon Silko's body of work, *Howling for Justice* is broad in scope while maintaining a key focus in its analysis of Silko's epic 1991 novel *Almanac of the Dead*. Clearly grounded in an exploration of how both critical and scholarly responses to *Almanac* have differed from *Ceremony*, Silko's most widely-read and acclaimed work, this collection succeeds at diving head-first into some of the most controversial aspects of Silko's text. As editor Rebecca Tillett notes in the introductory chapter, "given the gentle lyrical beauty of Silko's first novel *Ceremony* (1977), which fed the expectations of readers and critics alike, *Almanac* unsurprisingly generated not only confusion but also a series of passionate and heated responses" (5). Because of this, *Howling for Justice* "analyzes and explores some of the key topics that critics and readers alike have identified as confusing, problematic, and divisive, and provides a means by which the reader can begin to negotiate the world of the text" (8). As a collection, these essays work together to explore the legacy of Silko's *Almanac* more than twenty years after its initial publication, reflecting collectively on the deep resonances between the text and the contemporary socio-political world. Tillett begins the collection with a series of chapters that provide an introduction to the text itself, as well as some useful contextualization of *Almanac* including its place in Silko's broader body of work, critical reception both now and at the time of its appearance, and milestones in scholarly engagements with the text. She also provides an analysis of the relationship between this text and contemporary political activism and social movements, noting the deep resonances between Silko's novel and the emergence of the Zapatistas in 1994, the ratification of the North American Free Trade Agreement, the 2008 financial collapse, and movements like Occupy Wall Street and Idle No More. In framing the collection, Tillett argues that *Almanac* is perhaps even more resonant now than it was when it was first published, that it is prophetic in vision, and transnational in scope. The collection follows this framework, maintaining an organization that focuses on grouping readings and analyses of *Almanac* in a way that highlights its relevance to anti-capitalist and environmentalist movements in the late 20th and early 21st centuries.

Building on Tillett's own reading of *Almanac* as a work of 'environmental and social justice' ("'Sixty Million Dead Souls Howl for Justice in the Americas!': *Almanac* as Political Activism and Environmental and Social Justice"), the second section of the text attempts to "situate *Almanac* within a history of multiethnic American literary resistance and revisionism" (9). Entitled "Tales of Trauma," this section includes essays that compare the critical reception of *Almanac* to that of Toni Morrison's 1987 novel *Beloved*, use the lens of disability studies to analyze Silko's commentary on Afro-Native histories and communities, and explore how Silko makes use of medical discourse to articulate the relationship between capitalism and the body. In doing so, this section engages the deep discomfort that many readers and critics seem to have felt in response to Silko's creation of what is often perceived as a traumatic and violent world. Expanding on the literary and political goals of representations of trauma, the third section focuses on Silko's allegorical examination of related structures of institutionalized oppression, especially those that have "capitalist, environmental, political, and sexual" dimensions (10). With chapters that place Silko's engagement with Marx alongside Cedric Robinson's *Black*

*Marxism* (2000) in order to explore the capitalist dimensions of American settlement of Native land and the enslavement of African peoples, critically engage her controversial representation of gay men through the lenses of Freudian psychoanalysis and French feminism, use ecocriticism to explore the relationship between 'natural' environmental and technological discourse in the geographies of Silko's text, and re-read the spatial dimensions of *Almanac* through the lens of urban studies, this section engages analyses of the trauma and violence of *Almanac*'s worlds in order to develop readings that illuminate Silko's philosophical contributions not only as a novelist but as a political theorist. The final section of the collection, "Transformation and Resistance," builds along the trajectory established by the earlier sections by extrapolating on the visions of the future incumbent within Silko's rendering of the spaces and worlds contained within *Almanac*. Through discussions of the gothic dimensions of language and resistance, a re-reading of Silko's representations of community as prophetically open rather than catastrophically destructive, and an exploration of the literary mechanisms Silko uses to interpellate the reader into activism, this section "calls upon readers to recognize and interpret contemporary struggles of indigenous groups against political, economic, and environmental injustices" (12). And, in what is perhaps the most exciting addition to this collection, this section ends with an extensive interview with Silko in which she reflects on the contours, the meaning, and the life of the novel after the twentieth anniversary of its publication.

The structure of the collection is extremely well thought-out and executed, following an overarching trajectory that begins by taking seriously the common criticism that *Almanac of the Dead* is a bleak, depressing text while offering a more nuanced analysis of it that demonstrates how carefully and thoughtfully it was crafted. True to the title, the collection maintains a central focus on the question of Silko's vision of justice with some essays that offer some extremely innovative approaches to literary criticism in general and Native literature in specific. For instance, Keely Byars-Nichols' "The Black Indian with One Foot: Reading Somatic Difference and Disability in *Almanac*" does an excellent job of arguing that Silko's novel provides an innovative framework for navigating the timely discussion of multiculturalism in numerous fields, including English and Ethnic Studies. She notes that "Silko defies the Eurocentric narrative of history and creates a new definition of multiculturalism that recognizes each separate culture as sovereign, while demonstrating that, for justice or political reversal to take place, there must be collaboration and a sense of a 'community of difference' among characters from different racial, cultural, and physical realities" (42). Contributing to a growing body of literature on the relationship between African-descended and Native peoples in North America, Byars-Nichols' essay offers an astute reading of the intersection of disability, race, and indigeneity in *Almanac* that can encourage broader discussions in the field more generally. Similarly, Amanda Walker Johnson's "Silko's *Almanac*: Engaging Marx and the Critique of Capitalism" engages the novel as a theoretical contribution to discussions of Marxism, slavery, and colonialism, arguing that "*Almanac* reenvisions the Marx of *Capital* as a storyteller testifying to the embodied impact of capitalist emergence and accumulation, as well as exposing the economy of desires, the 'thirsts' that fuel slavery and capitalism, mythologized as vampires and werewolves" (91). Placing *Almanac* alongside Robinson's *Black Marxism: The Making of the Black Radical Tradition*, Johnson is able to use Silko's discussion of Marx as another entry point into an exploration of her commentary on the relationship between the European colonization of Africa and the settlement of North America. Ruxandra Rădulescu's "Unearthing the Urban: City Revolutions in Silko's *Almanac*" is another bright spot which "investigates the role that cities

play in *Almanac*," demonstrating that "the minor role to which they are relegated by literary criticism creates a dichotomous view of types of human environment...which Silko's novel undermines to a large extent" (119). Rădulescu's urban studies approach to Silko's novel provides analyses of how previous literary engagements with the text reify the association of Euro-Americanness with the urban and indigeneity with the rural, offering instead a reading of *Almanac* that views cities as revolutionary spaces for indigenous peoples.

Despite strong organization and a number of well-executed and exciting essays, the collection does have some limitations. Perhaps the most glaring is the fact that, though the collection is ostensibly grounded in exploring the relationship between Silko's novel and contemporary social movements, there is very little engagement with the extensive scholarly literature on those social movements. This may be because much of the discussion of social movements is centered on the continued relevance of *Almanac* in the contemporary moment, rather than providing historical context relating to the time during which it was written. In fact, Silko is essentially the only one who provides this type of context, noting how Reagan's presidency affected her writing.[1] Given the extensive focus on questions of ecology, ecocriticism and environmentalism in the collection itself, it seems an oversight to not have any in-depth discussion of either the environmental degradation (especially the deforestation of the Amazon rainforest) or environmental justice activism that were both prevalent in the socio-political and cultural world of the Americas in the late 1980s and early 1990s, the era in which *Almanac* was both written and published. This lacuna seems to, perhaps, be due to a larger lack of interdisciplinary engagement throughout the collection—for instance, there is very extensive use of scholars of Native American literature, but very little engagement with scholars in Native American and Indigenous Studies more broadly. The result is that 'justice' ends up being a relatively murky concept throughout the text. Though there are some brief mentions of Native land reclamation, sovereignty, and self-determination, there aren't any more thorough uses of Native studies scholarship to flesh out what this concept of 'justice' might mean for Native communities and why.

Though no collection can carry out an analysis of every single aspect of a novel, especially one as extensive and complex as *Almanac*, the fact that 'justice' is proposed as a central tenet of both Silko's text and the authors' examination of it means that the reader needs a more concrete examination of it in both literary and conceptual terms. In the end, these limitations seem to be an issue rooted in a framing that isn't completely realized rather than in any lack of skill, precision, or originality. Rather than ending up as an interdisciplinary collection that deeply engages the root and expression of justice in Leslie Marmon Silko's *Almanac of the Dead*, it is an excellent demonstration of the breadth and depth of literary criticism on this text. It is, indeed, exciting to have a collection of essays that provide such a thoughtful and thorough look at a novel that does not seems to have received the amount of scholarly or popular engagement that is warranted by the level of its profundity, perception, and prophecy.

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[1] In the interview that finishes the collection, Silko herself notes: "At the beginning of the eighties, when I was first writing *Almanac*, Ronald Reagan got elected, and you could begin to

see terrible days were coming. And it was after Reagan got elected that they began to interfere with the Indian tribes located along the border with Mexico...And so I wasn't thinking about the readers at all, but about human beings and human communities, in the past, present, and in the future. If what came out was bleak and violent, I did not invent that: I only reported it, and I did not do it because I was trying to sell books or make people like me. I was only performing the work that a novelist does, which is to try to eluvidate the situation and try to reveal some kind of truth. Certainly in the Americas and in the U.S., that's what the big money-maker powers don't want: they don't want anyone to tell the truth" (206).

**Eniko Sepsi, Judit Nagy, Miklos Vassanyi and Janos Kenyeres, eds. *Indigenous Perspectives of North America.* Newcastle: Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2014. 527 pp.**

http://www.cambridgescholars.com/indigenous-perspectives-of-north-america

On opening *Indigenous Perspectives of North America*, I had hoped to encounter essays written by indigenous scholars describing their perspectives on North American history, art and culture, as the title would seem to indicate. This, I fear, is not the case, and the title is a bit of a misnomer.

What this volume *does* offer the reader is thirty-five research papers on Native American matters, written in English, French and Spanish, by specialists based in Central Europe and North America. It is divided into four sections. The first, titled "Wider Perspectives", is characterized as including articles which are more general in scope. The following four sections are single-topic essays on matters related to Indigenous issues. Section 2 focuses on representations of indigenous people and groups in cinema, fine art, and literature, while the third section looks at issues of culture and identity. The fourth and final section analyzes topics linked to history and Indigenous-related policy.

In a collection of this type, there are inevitably variations in the quality of the essays presented. Some, however, are well worth reading. In the "Wider Perspectives" section of the book, in his essay "Between Relativism and Romanticism: Traditional Ecological Knowledge as Social Critique", Nathan Kowalsky tackles the complex question of Indigenous knowledge of (and practices related to) the conversation of the environment. He argues that TEK, the inelegant acronym by which traditional ecological knowledge is designated in the discourse of Canadian conservation management, should be understood as social critique. He takes the bold step of proposing that the radical environmental perspective known as primitivism should be viewed as a basis to critique certain aspects of contemporary Canadian life. One may not agree with all of Kowalsky's conclusions, but he sets them forth with intelligence, even-handedness, and scholarly verve. Helmut Lutz, in "Aboriginal Literatures in Canada: Multiculturalism and Fourth World Decolonization", sets forth in admirably clear and lucid prose a history of aboriginal literatures in Canada in the context of both government policy and of critical perspectives such as postcolonial theory and Fourth World thought. Lutz's close readings of aboriginal texts are particularly insightful and sensitive. Agustin Cadena, in "Representaciones del mundo indigena en la literatura mexicana del siglo XX", offers a useful overview of representations of indigeneity in twentieth-century Mexican literature, though why this is included in the first section rather than in the following one dedicated to representations of indigenous peoples in literature is perplexing. An interesting aspect of this essay is its exploration of the porous and permeable boundaries between ethnographic writing and the literary.

In the following section of the book, other essays stand out, such as Katalin Kurtosi's nicely interdisciplinary "Indians and their Art: Emily Carr's Imagery in Painting and in Writing," and Emma Sanchez Montanes's excellent study of representations of

indigenous people in the accounts of the Malespina expedition at the end of the eighteenth century. The last part of the book, with its comparatist perspective, is particularly interesting, with special mention for Daryana Maximova's comparative analysis of indigenous policy in northern Canada and northern Russia and Tivadar Palagyi's study of multilingualism and indigenous identities among the Houma Indians of Louisiana and the Russophone Turks of Moldavia.

In conclusion: there is much to praise about this volume. Its interdisciplinary approach,and its cosmopolitan, multilingual character, are genuinely valuable. This review began, however, by expressing disappointment that the volume does not deliver what the title promises: aboriginal perspectives of North America, and this is the book's main failing. *Aboriginal Perspectives of North America* would have gained immeasurably by including essays from indigenous authors; so far as this critic can tell from the biographical notes at the end of the volume, not a single one of the contributors is from an indigenous background.

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**Jill Doerfler. *Those Who Belong: Identity, Family, Blood and Citizenship among the White Earth Anishinaabeg*. East Lansing, Michigan State University Press, 2015. ISBN: 978-1-61186-169-3.**

http://msupress.org/books/book/?id=50-1D0-33E3#.VfcRsM78tmo

Tribal membership remains a fraught question in Indian Country, cutting to the very heart of relations between tribal nations and the federal government, as well as deeply intimate issues of individual and family identity formation. Jill Doerfler's analysis of the impacts of blood-quantum requirements on the White Earth Nation is a timely and highly informative intervention in these conversations. The work is a finely researched study that brings into relation the historical and legal contexts for debates concerning the regulation of citizenship at White Earth, though this close focus on one tribal group has valuable implications for the broader issue of tribal citizenship. Some of these implications are sensitively drawn out in the very informative introduction to the book. The introductory chapter also considers such relevant topics as tribal nation sovereignty and the contexts of American "Indian" identity. Through these discussions, Doerfler intelligently and clearly places her own intervention in terms of prominent contemporary scholarly approaches.

Methodologically, the study draws on a number of paradigms, most clearly legal and constitutional studies, history and literature, to define an analytical method that is grounded in Anishinaabe tribal values. As she makes clear from the outset, Doerfler defines her approach in terms of the importance of storying as a means to convey tribal values and beliefs, philosophy, law, custom, history, and the like. Drawing her inspiration primarily from her own life-long commitment to the White Earth Anishinaabeg and from the writings of Gerald Vizenor, Doerfler argues powerfully for blood quantum as an strategic imposition by the colonizing US federal government, designed to reduce the numbers of enrolled or federally recognized Indigenous people with a view to the eventual demographic elimination of Native tribes and, in advance of that, to perpetuate the deracination, displacement, and dispossession of Anishinaabe people. According to Robert Gillespie's 2012 report to the Minnesota Chippewa Tribe, at current projections by 2090 there will be no individual who qualifies for citizenship of the tribe and so the Minnesota Chippewa Tribe will cease to exist; his projection for the White Earth Nation was that elimination of all qualified citizens (and so the nation itself) will occur by 2080 (Doerfler xxii). Such demographic disappearance would serve the interests of the US by eliminating federal trust responsibilities and making Native resources available to the federal government. As Doerfler argues, blood quantum works to abolish the distinctive Indigenous status of Native people by reducing them to one of many American "ethnic" groups with no specific entitlements such as those that are historically guaranteed to tribes by treaty. Blood quantum then is an insidious means to perpetuate historic efforts to assimilate Indigenous people into the US "melting pot" and, at the same time, to undermine Native nations by removing their sovereign right to determine their own tribal citizenship.

The pseudoscience of biological race, upon which blood quantum regulations are based, is undermined by Doerfler's observation of the religious, political, geographical, phenotypical diversity of the Anishinaabeg. In this context, she highlights the sinister

origins of racial identity theory in the work of nineteenth-century eugenicists like Francis Galton and works to show how eugenics offers the framework for the colonizing category of the American "Indian": an impossible racial identity construction that can never be realized by any tribal individual. The racialization of tribal citizenship through the bio-racial criteria of blood quantum is opposed to the Anishinaabe practices of adoption, naturalization, kinship, and intermarriage, all of which tie people to their lands and governments through systems of community relationships and responsibilities. These traditional practices form the core of Doerfler's argument that the rejection of blood quantum in favor of tribal citizenship by lineal descent is a powerful act of survivance, which she defines as "a reimagining of sovereignty that brings control to tribal nations and encompasses political status, resistance, cultural values, and traditions" (xxxii). She is refreshingly honest about her own personal investment in these determinants of tribal citizenship: although born and raised on the White Earth Reservation, she lacks the one-quarter blood quantum required for tribal enrolment. This personal investment in her project adds significantly to the motivation of her analyses, not least when she turns to the recent changes to tribal enrolment at White Earth, in which she has been intensely involved.

Her scholarship is as impeccable as her arguments are powerful. The three substantive chapters cover the historical period from the early twentieth century to the present. Starting in 1913, with the federal investigation into land sales at White Earth (a consequence of the devastating allotment process during the previous years), Doerfler interviewed hundreds of individuals to learn their attitudes towards tribal belonging and in particular blood quantum. The second chapter centers on the formation of the Minnesota Chippewa Tribe in 1936 and the move to a one-quarter blood-quantum requirement for citizenship in 1961 (the policy that excluded Doerfler from tribal citizenship). Here, she has researched exhaustively the holdings of the National Archives Records Administration to determine precisely the pressures to which tribal leaders were subject as they decided in favor of this key change in citizenship requirements. The final analytical chapter is structured around the events beginning in 2007 as the White Earth Nation began the process of drafting a new Constitution and reforming citizenship requirements to bring them into line with traditional Anishinaabe values. In this chapter, Doerfler draws on her personal experience of disseminating information about the process (through articles published in the tribal newspaper, *Anishinaabeg Today*, and presentations at constitutional conventions) and her participation in the drafting of the new Constitution, which was approved in November 2013 with a majority of nearly 80% in favor of the reforms.

The story that Doerfler tells, with elegance and precision, is deeply engaging as well as highly informative. The substantive portion of the book is relatively brief and, as a consequence, *Those Who Belong* represents not only a major contribution to scholarship but also promises to be a very useful teaching resource. The book is completed by a series of very helpful appendices: the revised Constitution and Bylaws of the Minnesota Chippewa Tribe and the Constitution of the White Earth Nation. These documents enhance the value of this outstanding book for scholars and students alike.

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**Chris Andersen. *"Métis": Race, Recognition, and the Struggle for Indigenous Peoplehood*. Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 2014. 267 pp**

http://www.ubcpress.com/search/title_book.asp?BookID=299174387

Métis writer Chris Andersen's book *"Métis": Race Recognition, and the Struggle for Indigenous Peoplehood* (2014) is a comprehensive analysis of colonial, racist interference in Métis identity and self-identification. The political and historic foundations on which the Métis Nation is built, most notably the Louis Riel led resistances of 1869-70 and 1885, expansion west, and the encroachment on Métis territories, are each vital parts of that self-identification, and nineteenth and twentieth century responses to processes of nation building in Canada. Rather than recognizing the Métis as a people of this Nation, however, the Métis are imagined, by certain governmental policies and by the majority of mainstream Canadians, to be all or any people who are of 'Indian' and white European descent. Debates in Canada regarding Métis identity are current and increasingly contentious, often centring on who, exactly, is Métis. That definition matters, both in terms of the historical treatment of people and communities defined as mixed, and in terms of government policies today. Andersen argues that those policies are predicated on racist categorizations, and calls for a definitive clarification over the political and cultural ambiguities surrounding the term Métis. In short, he eschews the racialization that "encompasses the hierarchical processes through which races are produced and legitimized" (15).

*"Métis"* is an important book that intervenes in the misunderstandings, confusion, and lack of knowledge surrounding Métis identity. Andersen challenges Canada's colonial, institutionalized racism that has formed "the worldview for most Canadians, who generally have only cursory knowledge of Aboriginal histories and communities in general and the Métis in particular" (30). He attributes the protracted misconstruction of Métis identity, in part, to academic, scholarly imprecision and scholars' failure to grasp, or explore, the prevalent misunderstanding of Métis identity as mixed-race. Andersen argues that many scholars "have seized upon" the historically ambiguous meanings of Métis identity "as evidence of the "natural hybridity" of the Métis" (43).

In order to understand Andersen's analysis and perspective, it might be wise to reconsider the complex historic and contemporary governmental policies and legislation that defined Métis identity and rights. Foremost among these are the revisions and amendments to both the Indian and Manitoba Acts. Devised, at various stages, to define, assimilate, and displace First Nations' and Métis peoples, these Acts eroded Métis rights, and eventually saw the people losing their status and their land. That situation lasted for more than a century, until Section 35 of the Constitution Act (1982) made provision for recognition of the Métis as Aboriginal, alongside First Nations and Inuit peoples. Even then the Court baulked at *defining* the Métis as a people and territory, too, is left undefined. The complexities of First Nations identities are recognized by more nuanced categories (regarding status, treaty, and band membership) than are granted the Métis in regard to culture and territory. Partly in response to the developments instigated by Section 35, the Métis National Council—formed in 1983 to represent the Métis Nation—convened in

2002 and defined "Métis" as "a person who self-identifies as Métis, is distinct from other Aboriginal peoples, is of historic Métis Nation Ancestry and who is accepted by the Métis Nation." The historic Métis Nation Homeland is recognized to include Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, sections of Ontario, the Northwest Territories, and the northern United States. In 2003, the MNC amended their identity criteria in order to incorporate the Supreme Court of Canada's judgement in the *R. v. Powley* case. This was a seminal Aboriginal rights case which debated the rights of two Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario hunters, the Powleys – who self-identified as Métis. As Métis the men had legal authority to hunt without a license, but they had been arrested for killing a bull moose nevertheless. Despite that, the Supreme Court judged that the two men could legally hunt, as Métis, under the protection of Section 35 of the Constitution. This right had previously been interpreted, under the Natural Resources Transfer Agreement, to mean that hunting and fishing rights of "Indians" did not include the Métis. Subsequently, the "*Powley Test*" was formulated to set parameters that would define Métis authority to determine who was legally entitled to these rights, and therefore protected under Section 35. The MNC amendments read, "Self-identification as a member of a Métis community, ancestral connection to historic Métis community whose practices ground the right in question, acceptance by the modern community with continuity to the historic Métis community" (*Métis Registration Guide*).

Andersen objects to the "ethnic origin" questions asked on past and current Canadian census forms, on the grounds that they do not make a distinction between national and racial concepts. Canadian Census forms have four questions in relation to self-identification as First Nations people, whether or not they are registered as Status/Non-Status or Treaty/Non-Treaty 'Indians'. The first query on the questionnaire asks the respondent to answer "ID _Q01: "Are you an Aboriginal person, that is, First Nations, Métis or Inuit?" (*Statistics Canada*) If the respondent answers yes to self-identifying as First Nations/Indian, they are then asked if they are a member of a "First Nation or Indian Band". Andersen points out those respondents "can conceivably self-identify as North American Indian, Métis, Inuit, and as a member of a First Nation/Indian band, with or without reporting "status" as a registered Indian" (79). The confusion fostered by these Census questions is that they are, as Andersen argues when referring specifically to the Métis, administrative terms that fail by their very design because: "historical and contemporary distinctions […] have never been so neat or categorical" (80). Andersen traces the history of Canadian census taking and finds that from 1886—after Riel's hanging as a traitor—and for more than half a century, "Métis communities remained administratively invisible as Métis to official policy makers" (81). The ambiguity within government Census categorizations is a result of exclusively classifying Métis people as a race rather than as a Nation for the purposes of assimilation into Canadian nationalism, at the expense of the development of the Métis Nation. While Andersen acknowledges a minority of scholarship that has examined "censuses as sites of political contestation," he censures it for seldom looking "inside 'the black box' of the census field itself to explore the manner in which statistics are created" (166).

Andersen describes Canadian governmental reasoning as being deeply flawed, primarily because it relies upon racial constructions and administrative classifications of the Métis.

If the Métis are categorized as mixed race/hybrid, he asks, then what separates them from First Nations people, who also intermixed with Europeans, and lived in close proximity to Métis communities? Why, Andersen wonders, is First Nations indigeneity often considered to "purer than Métis indigeneity"? (38) Or, put another way, why aren't *all* First Nations people racially identified as 'Métis'.

What is crucial in this judgement is the fact that the Court passed into law a definition of Métis peoples which was, in effect, based on a racialized colonial mandate; no real distinction was made between Métis from the historical Homelands and peoples of Indian/non-Indian descent. Moreover, no political representation was made by, or sought from, the MNC. Andersen quotes the Supreme Court's *Powley* ruling in its reference to Métis mixedness: "The term "Métis" refers to distinctive peoples who, *in addition to their mixed ancestry*, developed their own customs, way of life, and recognizable group identity separate from their Indian or Inuit and European forebears" (65; emphasis, Andersen's). This point is of extreme importance to Andersen's thesis, primarily because he questions the racialized logic that equates a mixed Indigenous/European ancestry with claims to the "historical Métis community" of the Red River.

Ethnohistorical scholarship is also reproached by Andersen for steadily incorporating *Powley's* logics as a rationalization for its own assumptions based on the racialization of the Métis. (Although he does note that latterly there have been scholars who have criticized the *Powley* decision for misrepresenting the historical community relations of the Métis (219).) When the Supreme Court recognized the Métis community in the Sault Ste. Marie region, it created increasing numbers of Métis rights conflicts that it had set out to resolve. Referencing *Statistic Canada* numbers, and calling the upper Great Lakes region of Ontario a "political hot potato," Andersen reports that between 1996 and 2006 the "Métis identity population" soared from 204,000 to almost 390,000" (83). Andersen stresses that he does not criticise the Powleys or their legal team for the Supreme Court's decision in the *Powley* case. What is problematic, he argues, is that the court reached its decision on a racialized mandate. Andersen's position is that the Sault Ste. Marie Métis "*are not Métis for the reasons the* Powley *court says they are*: their Métis-ness stems from—can *only* stem from—their connections to the Métis core of Red River… not their mixedness and historical separateness from tribal communities" (150; emphasis, Andersen's).

In her influential book *"Real" Indians and Others: Mixed-Blood Urban Native Peoples and Indigenous Nationhood*, the Mi'kmaw scholar Bonita Lawrence traces Métis history and the role that the Canadian government had in excluding Métis people from a collective Indigeneity. Lawrence criticizes the lack of understanding of the development of the diverse meanings and uses of the terms Métis and mixed-blood, likening it to the homogenization of distinct identities of Indigenous nations under the use of the term "Indian." She argues that the category "Métis" summarizes disparate "historical experiences" under the fur trade, and that it also condenses the immense divergence among contemporary Métis. Lawrence explores the complexities of Métis categorization and notes that since the Constitution Act of 1982, mixed-blood peoples are being "encouraged to join local Métis organizations, whatever their ancestral Indigenous

heritage" (85). Lawrence advocates caution in the protocol of naming any historical group of mixed-blood people as Métis that suggests that they have continuously "self-identified as such" (86). But she also believes that Métis people "should be free to embrace their hybrid distinctiveness as 'New Peoples' if they choose to," considering the arbitrariness of colonial categorizations, including the legal category of "half-breed" that had been created during the signing of the Numbered Treaties (87). In restricting MNC membership in 2002, Lawrence finds it striking that the Council issued strong statements "distancing themselves from their former constituency, calling them "wannabees" (in much the same way that status Indian organizations currently dismiss Métis people)" (85).

In response to Lawrence's work, which he describes as "justifiably lauded," Andersen remarks that her thesis is "not about Métis self-identification per se," but objects to her use of the terms Métis and "half-breed" "more or less interchangeably" (56). Andersen maintains that because of Lawrence's analysis of the Canadian state's historic definition of the term "half-breed" based on blood quantum and her epistemological correlation of the term with "Métis," that it is a "small step for her to dismiss differences between racialized and nationalist self-understandings" (57). While Andersen does not disregard Lawrence's logic for contemporaneous Métis self-identification, he does consider her arguments to be based on deeply embedded racialized concepts. He also sees Lawrence's cautious inclusiveness of self-identifying Métis outside of the Métis Homeland, and her challenges to the restrictions implemented by the MNC for membership, as "normative" racialization (58). Andersen does find that the MNC is inconsistent in its representation of the Métis Nation. He argues that politically, it "incompletely" represents a large number of people who self-identify as Métis and are able to "trace their roots" to the Métis historical Homeland of the Red River, but are "not members of the Métis provincial organizations." Andersen maintains that some members, conversely, are "admitted to Métis organizations under various racialized criteria" even though they "cannot trace their geologies back to Red River" (213 n.21). At the same time, however, he defends the MNC when it is criticised for excluding particulars of nineteenth and twentieth century details in its national narrative, claiming that the Métis Nation's memory is no more selective "than any other claims to nationhood, including Canada itself." Indeed, but there are double standards applied here when Andersen credits Canada's powerful claims to nationhood to its ability to "better hide their inconsistencies and ambiguities, and they often do so by shining a light on the apparent frailty of others" (130). The judicious reader may wonder if this question might also be applied to Andersen's argument for strictures against identification claims of those individuals and communities outside of the Métis historic Homeland?

Andersen takes a strong position on who has the right to claim a Métis identity. In his introduction he states that, from his perspective, if a self-identifying individual or group "lacks a connection to the historical core in the Red River region, it is not Métis" (6). He also anticipates censure and possible charges against him of "Red River myopia" and essentialism. Andersen answers these charges by emphasizing that those who make claims to the identity of a "Red River Métis" are not "necessarily" required to "produce Indigenous ancestors who physically lived in or, even, had ever been to Red River" (18).

Andersen, as does the MNC, recognizes kinship relations that tie Métis, for example, in Ontario, to Red River Métis, through a "people-based" examination of history that "reveals links and connections among these locales, as pre-existing kinship relations were cementing a broader fur trade community" (128). But he argues against the claims of self-identifying individuals and/or communities based solely on prior presence. That is, if there is an absence of consciousness as "Métis" prior to Métis nationalism, and no ancestral links to a Red River regional core, then they do not, "necessarily," have legitimacy as Métis (128).

Quoting Métis scholar Olive Dickason, Andersen points out that she "pinned the birth of Métis consciousness" on the unstable conflicts with white settlers who began to arrive in Red River in 1812, "rather than on the upper Great lakes fur trade, which catalyzed a mild awareness into conviction. From that point, the métis knew they were a distinct people with a way of life that was worth defending" (48). But Dickason has also indicated that the history of Métis people outside of Red River is less well-known than the "better documented Northwest" (24). There is a definite rigorousness in Andersen's views on Indigenous individuals and communities excluded from claiming a Métis identity, for which he makes "no apologies." He writes that although there is sympathy from the Métis for those ruled out of the Indian Act through its prohibitory requirements, the "category "Métis" is not a soup kitchen for Indigenous individuals and communities disenfranchised in various ways by the Canadian state." While recognizing the volatility of Métis "citizenship codes" he maintains that they grew out of necessity in reaction to and a consequence of Canada's colonialism and "they deserve to be respected" (24).

In Andersen's final chapter, he details the struggles of the Labrador Métis to define themselves, calling it a "case of (mis)recognition." Tracing an "evolving" claim to autonymity, Andersen bitingly catalogues this evolution of self-identification: "Labrador Metis Association/Labrador Metis Nation/NunatuKavut from Inuit to Metis to Inuit-Metis to NunatuKavummiut" (196). But he overlooks the history of pan-tribal collaborative tactics formed in the 1970s in order to counter colonial disenfranchisement as a consequence of the Indian Act policies affecting non-status, mixed Indigenous people, and the Red River Métis. The Native Council of Canada (from which the MNC formed, seceding from the NCC after Métis inclusion in the Constitution) welcomed people of mixed descent and galvanized them into self-identifying as Métis. Labrador Métis Nation scholar, Kristina Fagan Bidwell, recounts that mixed-blood people of Labrador did not start to self-identify as Métis until the 1970s, after the NCC's Métis president Harry Daniels "visited Labrador to encourage the people to organize as a Metis organization, and Labrador Metis delegates attended NCC national meetings" (130). She also points out that when the NCC was in negotiation with the federal government over Métis rights in the Constitution "a delegation of Labrador Metis was present at the talks" (130). Fagan Bidwell suggests that equal weight ought to be given to the standardization of Métis identity and "an understanding of Métis identity that is expansive, inclusive, and grounded in the experiences of those who call themselves Métis" (133).

"Métis" is an erudite analysis of the present tensions, controversies, and conflicts over Métis rights and identity. Andersen comprehensively confronts the lack of knowledge

and confusion amongst the mainstream population—and many Indigenous peoples—of Canada and opens up and broadens the discourse of who the people of the Métis Nation are, what being Métis means, and where the boundaries between race and nation might be. Andersen does not claim that there is an easy resolution to the discord rooted in Canada's colonial, racialized governmental policies. But it is disquieting that Andersen does not delve more closely into disparate communities outside of the historical Métis Homeland and how the resultant divisiveness that has been the consequence of these policies evolved. As Maria Campbell writes: "I believe that one day, very soon, people will set aside their differences and come together as one. Maybe not because we love one another, but because we will need each other to survive" (156-57).

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**Brenda Child. *My Grandfather's Knocking Sticks: Ojibwe Family Life and Labor on the Reservation*. St. Paul: Minnesota State Historical Society, 2014. Print.**

http://shop.mnhs.org/collections/books-american-indian-studies/products/my-grandfathers-knocking-sticks

The setting of Brenda Child's most recent book opens with a devastating description of her historical focus, reservation life at the turn of the 20th century. She reminds us that following numerous cessions, removals and blatant land theft, the reservation could only be described for many Ojibwe people as "the aftermath of catastrophic dispossession, like a swath of land spared in the wake of a tornado or flood" (3). Yet, as in the aftermath of any such catastrophe, we are reminded again and again of the determination of families and communities to rebuild, reconnect, and survive as some things stay the same, some are rebuilt stronger and others become dear yet distant memories of that time before. For Child, she chooses to tell the story of the reservation after the storm as "the place where Ojibwe labor was reorganized and redefined" (3), a choice that brings into focus the determination, strength and tough decisions that Ojibwe families faced as their homeland was remade along with their relationships to it, to work and to each other.

On its face, Brenda Child's book is an engaging history of Ojibwe families' changing labor practices during the first half of the 20th century, a period marked by many forms of dispossession and removal, increasing state intervention in traditional economies, and global disasters such as the influenza outbreak of 1918-19. It is also a deeply moving tribute to her Ojibwe maternal grandparents and the Red Lake community, who constitute the heart of a text that lovingly depicts the resiliency of everyday Ojibwe people struggling to survive the targeted destruction of their way of life by greedy and unjust officials, settlers and governments. Moreover, for this reviewer, Child's attention to the gendered impacts of these changes offers Indigenous feminists a nuanced history that effectively connects Ojibwe women's labor, status, and knowledge at the nexus of ongoing dispossession and more importantly, ongoing resistance.

By the end of her book, readers are left with a vivid understanding why women in Ojibwe communities often stood to lose the most in the transition from the seasonal round to a mixed economy that characterized life on the reservation from the 20th century onward. At the same time, however, Child summons Theda Perdue's critique of the "declension argument" or the assumption that Indigenous women in modern history are always in a space of perpetual victimhood and loss (185). Rather, she asks, in what ways did women (and men) alter their relationship to work in order to address the real challenges of reservation life and, at the same time, still maintain cultural values distinct to an Ojibwe perspective and philosophy? What develops in answer to this question is a measured and ever-fascinating collection of life stories from her family and others that challenge the easy binary of assimilation and traditionalism that too often over determines histories of

everyday Indigenous lives. Moreover, Child's methodological approach to place alongside personal memory, family and community oral history, and more traditional archival materials produces a masterful example of Indigenous (feminist) historiography that, above all, is as compelling to read as it is sound in its research.

The first part of the book is a mix of memoir and family history as Child examines the life of her maternal grandparents Fred Auginash (Nahwahjewun) and Jeanette Jones (Zoongaabawiik). Opening with her Grandpa Auginash's story, Child is able to tell the history of dispossession for Ojibwe peoples, beginning with the Treaty of 1837 and running through to the allotment era for Northern Minnesota peoples. Grounded in her grandfather's story of an allotment he never lived on and his subsequent removal from his family home, she is able to give this well-known history meaning beyond abrogation and policy decrees. Jeanette's part of her grandparents' story is one that underscores the importance of Child's attention to the role of patriarchal colonialism in women's lives at this time. Her investigation into Jeanette's early life uncovers letters from Indian agents and school authorities concerned over her grandmother's "fall from grace" as a Carlisle graduate, becoming pregnant "out of wedlock" a few years before meeting and marrying Fred. Yet what Child chooses to focus on in these letters is her grandmother's determination to control her life choices and power of her own body. Beyond condescension, the agents note Jeanette's refusal to marry her baby's father or deliver her baby in a hospital. Child recalls the family stories that when the time came Jeanette sought out her grandmother's care; years later, Fred would serve as Jeanette's midwife in her subsequent births (32).

Fred's marriage to Jeanette brought him to the Red Lake community and into a family still immersed in the seasonal round economy characterized by trapping, hunting, sugaring, berry picking and rice gathering. Yet, as Child demonstrates, the oncoming economic depression, war years, and an unfortunate accident which left Fred unable to attend to hard labor such as fishing, required her grandmother to enter into the world of social services, wage labor through commercial fishing and the underground economy of alcohol distribution. This practice led to her grandmother being given the affectionate title of Shingababokwe or "Beer Woman" by her Red Lake community.

The second chapter details Jeanette's and Fred's "criminal" activities, including charges of public drunkenness and welfare fraud respectively, two stories that underscore the surveillance of Indigenous lives and the total lack of regard on the part of colonial agents for the pain that underlie such "criminal" behavior. While the chapter's title suggests it is about religion on the reservation, it is more about the impacts of settler morality and attendant racism that made life more difficult though the criminalizing of Indigenous bodies, former modes of subsistence and traditional religion. In this storied chapter, we learn of Jeanette's struggle to overcome the loss of three children, her father and father-

in-law in a matter of a few years, and the added burden of taking care of a family when Fred could not. At the same time, we learn by way of court transcripts of one tribal judge's seeming sympathy to Jeanette's depression and alleged alcohol abuse. It is these stories that pull at Indigenous readers, myself included, as I recall traces of my own family memories alongside Child's, a connection that is bittersweet and profound.

The second part of the book moves into a more traditional history of work and life on the reservation, yet does not lose sight of the stories of everyday people. Specifically, it attends to three forms of labor in the larger Ojibwe constellation of communities in the region, though with a clear focus on Red Lake. These three forms of work life include fishing, healing and the cultivation of wild rice, all of which underwent major change in these years. Child's decision to focus on these three forms of labor are obvious in the first and final choice, but the chapter on healing is one that highlights a creative and attentive insight to women's contributions and knowledge that characterizes her perspective. It is this chapter that tells the story of healing through the story of the proliferation of the Jingle Dress dance and a new crop of Ojibwe nurses during this period.

Highlighting the resiliency of Ojibwe men, women and children in protecting traditional resources and creatively addressing the criminalization, loss of power and authority over activities they once did without intervention, these three chapters also place into context Ojibwe participation in commercial fishing, government programs during the war and the development in tribal enterprises such as the Red Lake Fishery Association and a wild rice cooperative that operated briefly at Cass Lake. Throughout these chapters, Child reveals the corruption and collusion that seemed to characterize relations between the State of Minnesota, game wardens, and others who came to regulate the harvest of both fish and wild rice in ways that favored white middle class sports fisherman/hunters, tourism and other settler enterprises. With each detailed set of stories, she ends these chapters with a focus on a single person whose life story brings home the human, legal and cultural costs of these injustices for Ojibwe peoples. For example in the fisheries chapter, Child ends with the story of "Naynaabeak and the Game Warden." Characteristic of Child's ability to beautifully weave Naynaabeak's story about her efforts to gain a fishing permit to fish where she always has into a larger narrative of both women and Ojibwe labor history, Child writes, "In Ojibwe culture, water was a gendered space where women possessed property rights, which they demonstrated through their long-standing practice of binding rice together . . . part of an Indigenous legal system that marked territory on a lake and empowered women. From every legal angle that mattered to Ojibwe women… Naynaabeak was obliged to set her fishing net in the Warroad River, despite the difficulties she faced in doing so by 1939" (122).

This excerpt and story resonates home in the end of the last chapter, one that recalls the titular metaphor of the book, Grandfather Auginash's knocking sticks. By the close of the

first part of the twentieth century, the impositions of settler economy, patriarchy and moralizing had its impact in transforming what was once the domain of Ojibwe women, the wild rice harvest, to the domain of Ojibwe men. At the beginning of the book, Child recalls that in her early life her grandfather's knocking sticks led her to believe that men were traditionally in charge of the harvest. In coming to know her community and family history as an historian, she recognized that "practices I considered 'tradition' were in fact new approaches to work" (12). In this century, Child notes the continued and new challenges that face the sacred food of the Ojibwe, including our people's changing relationship to it as a commodity, as well as the very real threats of pollution, habitat loss, and genetic research on the wild rice genome. However, Child concludes her careful weaving of family and community labor history with the reminder that knocking sticks, a technology once mocked by some newcomers to the region, are still used by Ojibwe peoples in the harvest and these sticks remain much the same in construction as her grandfather's—a fitting testimony to the endurance of a people, their culture and ways of life.

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**Andrew Cowell, Alonzo Moss, Sr. and William J. C'Hair eds. *Arapaho Stories, Songs, and Prayers: a Bilingual Anthology*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2015. Pp. x + 521 pp.**

http://www.oupress.com/ECommerce/Book/Detail/1891/arapaho%20stories%20%20songs%20%20and%20prayers

*Arapaho Stories, Songs, and Prayers* continues the collaborative work of linguist Andrew Cowell and Arapaho scholar Alonzo Moss along with the added knowledge and language skills of William C'Hair. In Cowell and Moss' previous work, *The Arapaho Language*, I noted that while the utility of that work would be of particular benefit to linguists, the authors could have been a bit more informative with their discussions about the Arapaho language in ways that could serve the language interests of non-linguist. *Arapaho Stories, Songs and Prayers* has accomplished this and more, making this an exceptional work that will serve the interests of linguist, students of Arapaho and the Arapaho people themselves.

*Arapaho Stories, Songs and Prayers*, has been divided into several sections that cross cut important aspects of Arapaho culture and society through various examples, analysis and discussions of creation stories, lessons derived from Nih'oo3oo (trickster) stories, legends and anecdotal stories, speeches, prayers, and songs. Cowell, Moss and C'Hair's work marks a major contribution to the field of linguistics by virtue of the linguistic richness of these stories, songs and prayers, and because the time period that many of these were collected was prior to the 1900s. A striking feature about these older stories is how the storytellers use the language in ways that is not commonly used by contemporary speakers, a fact noted by Alonzo Moss that I also marveled at when teaching the narrative of a monolingual Southern Arapaho speaker who was born in the late 1800s.

A notable part of this work is the introduction of each of the Creation Account stories where the authors discuss the morphological and symbolic relevance of how certain words and phrases are used. One such example is in "The Arapaho Migration Across the Missouri River…" (p. 55) when the authors explain how the statement, "wo'uu3ee3ein" could have multiple meanings as well as being used by a speaker to express exasperation and condemnation. Such valued discussion is continued in the introduction of the second section, "Trickster (Nih'oo3oo/White Man") Stories." An example of this can be found when the authors discuss the use of the morpheme "cécih" to denote "soft." In the story this is expressed as céciheinóón, and occurs when Nih'oo3oo hears a drum making a soft drumming sound.

In the story of Céboh'oowuníihou'oo'("Pemmican Floating Downstream" (p. 92)), told by Cleaver Warden in 1899, Cowell relates that a particular aspect of this story comes with the use of word forms that communicate insults, derogatory statements, as well as a speaker's particular view of a situation. In the introduction of "Nih'oo3oo Pursued By the Rolling Skull" (p. 102) within this same section, Cowell points out the manner in which the verb for rolling has been modified to elaborate on a variety of situations, such as; toyoni'oxuunotii'wo'oo – to smoothly roll along, no'otiiwo'oo – to reach a place by

rolling, and kohkotiiwo'oo – to penetrate something by rolling. All of these Nih'oo3oo stories are rife with such elements of Arapaho that would have been normally understood when the language was used daily by all Arapaho speaking age groups. The authors bringing to light of the subtle meanings of such words will be of great benefit to both scholars of Algonquian languages and students seeking to learn Arapaho.

The third section of the book is devoted to "Legends/Myths," many of which have implications for ceremonies. The majority of these are all quite long to tell, covering over 180 pages of text between sixteen stories, and were primarily collected from Cleaver Warden by Alfred Kroeber. While all of these stories provide a variety of linguistic diversity, of particular note is "The White Dog and The Woman" (p. 225), as it is within this story that a variety of old Arapaho terms for egotism, pride, and stubbornness, that for the most part have fallen out of use by contemporary speakers, is provided. Another story worth noting is "Open Brain or Tangled Hair" (p. 241) due to detailed explanations being given that are symbolically linked to culture heroes Found-In-The-Grass and Thunderbird, as well as to Sweat Lodge and Sun Dance Lodge ceremonies.

The section on "Animal Stories" begins with a familiar tale of a race between "The Turtle and the Rabbit" (p. 389), which is then followed by a tale of "The Skunk and the Rabbit" (p. 392). While all of stories within this section are filled with wonderful situational uses of Arapaho, I'll comment on the race between skunk and the rabbit. It is within this story that one finds polysynthetic words that create very comical expression that I also remember Jim Warden using while telling humorous stories to the delight of elder listeners during Sun Dance. An example from the story is when skunk quickly stops, turns around, and using a command form tells/insists that rabbit carefully look right in here, cihbébiisnei'oohóótoo. Of course Nih'oo3oo does and gets sprayed by skunk. This story, as Cowell explains, also gives reference to traditional medicinal practices at the end.

In the section on "Prayers and Ceremonial Speeches," of particular note are speeches composed by Cleaver Warden of a father for a son and daughter's wedding. I am sure that the inclusion of these speeches will find use by a number of Arapaho fathers at the weddings of their sons and daughters, which essentially will honor Cleaver Warden and the authors for including it in this collection.

Following the last section of the book - that includes songs sung as lullabies, love songs, songs for Age-Grade Society, Crow Dance, Ghost Dance, Sun Dance, hand games, and war - is an appendices section. This will be particularly useful for learners of Arapaho as it lists common prefixes, suffixes, particles and nouns.

The combined efforts of Andrew Cowell, Alonzo Moss and William C'Hair have produced an exceptional work on the Arapaho language. As I progressed through the book I thought how Cowell's gaining the combined guidance and knowledge of Moss and C'Hair has resulted in the perfect team to discuss and bring to light the complex subtleties of Arapaho, and found myself looking ahead in anticipation for their next collaborative work on Arapaho. It is thus with extreme sadness that on June 2, 2015 the Arapaho

people mourned the passing of Alonzo Moss Sr. and I felt the sadness that comes with the passing of a person I deeply admired and respected, and whose humor and company I immensely enjoyed. May *Arapaho Stories, Songs, and Prayers* stand as a lasting tribute to a man who spent the better part of his life as a true scholar of Arapaho working tirelessly in the interest of keeping Arapaho alive.

*Neyooxet Greymorning, University of Montana*

**Margaret Noodin. *Bawaajimo: A Dialect of Dreams in Anishinaabe Language and Literature*. East Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 2014.**

http://msupress.org/books/book/?id=50-1D0-3434

This book is a very important analysis of some of the better known modern-day Anishinaabe creative writers. The strongest point is the manner in which Margaret Noodin closely examines the use of Anishinaabemowin, the Anishinaabe language, by the authors under consideration. As such, this review will primarily focus on that aspect of the book. The authors Noodin studies are, in order: Louise Erdrich, Jim Northrup, Basil Johnston, and Gerald Vizenor.

Since the use of Anishinaabemowin by the given authors is the central theme of the work, Noodin begins with a discussion of the Anishinaabe language. This chapter was especially significant for the approach utilized by Noodin. Generally speaking, when scholars discuss Anishinaabemowin in attempting to explain the importance of the language, they usually take a linguistic approach. So, for example, they will include such basic aspects of the language as the division between animate and inanimate word classes and the variety of verb forms. In the latter case, the four types of verbs in Anishinaabemowin will be explained in detail, that is, the transitive, animate verbs (VTA); transitive, inanimate verbs (VTI); intransitive animate verbs (VAI); and intransitive, inanimate verbs (VII). For her part, instead of taking the linguistic approach, Noodin follows the path of the poet. So, even though she mentions there are four types of verbs, she does not delineate them, but instead discusses broader concepts associated with certain specific verbs (10-11). The same is very much true for the other aspects of the language she discusses. But, that is fine because Noodin does something that is very rarely accomplished by scholars in discussing Anishinaabemowin: she provides more of an emotional feel for the worldview generated by the language. Language has many aspects, and certainly the grammar structure and other linguistic considerations are important. However, the emotional affect of a language cannot and should not be ignored, especially in the case of Anishinaabemowin since that emotional aspect has an impact on the real-world attitudes and actions of the Anishinaabeg.

There is one aspect of Noodin's explanation that I found particularly important: the idea of centering (11, 16-17). As Noodin discusses, the structure of Anishinaabemowin provides a fascinating dynamic to the language. In some ways, words in Anishinaabemowin are not bounded. Instead, the language is highly agglutinative, meaning prefixes and suffixes can be added to words to greatly add subtleties and shifts in meaning (10). Pronunciation changes due to the syntax of the language, such as the initial vowel change to indicate the conjunct form of a verb, further complicate the picture. As such, it might be said the words in Anishinaabemowin dance with their high variability. As Noodin argues, this effects concepts involving the notion of centering. It really cannot be said there is one, static center at the heart of any given word in Anishinaabemowin. Instead, the center is dynamic in that it seeks to capture the flow and flux of the world, the dance alluded to above. This notion of a dynamic center has an impact on Anishinaabe concepts of the self as well, then, such that no one is ever seen as

forever being fixed in terms of both their actions and attributes. Instead, the dynamic center reaches out in many directions, constantly engaged in the dance of life. In fact, it is that dance that defines the Anishinaabe self. This is why it is so important that Noodin brought the insight of the poet to her analysis. It is one thing to explain the linguistic structure of Anishinaabemowin in great detail. It is quite another to capture the essence of the language and explain it in a way that is approachable for non-Anishinaabe people.

In some ways, though, therein lies the dangers, and dare we say subversive nature, of Noodin's writing. Although I would highly recommend the book be assigned for any variety of college courses dealing with Anishinaabe culture and literature, it needs to be acknowledged that the clear spotlight Noodin shines on Anishinaabe language, culture, thought, and worldview is so radically different from Western approaches, it might be extremely difficult for individuals not versed in the culture to fully understand and appreciate the gift Noodin is offering to the world. For example, in Western thinking, the concept of the soul involves a fixed entity. From the Christian point of view, there are really only two states for the soul, one of damnation due to original sin, and one of salvation through baptism. In Catholic theology, once an individual goes through baptism, that act can never be undone and one becomes forever a member of the body of Christ. The Anishinaabe approach is not better. It is simply different. But it takes a very open mind to fully appreciate the implications of the Anishinaabe worldview and how it is reflected in their worldview. For example, in my article from 2002, "The Comic Vision of Anishinaabe Culture and Religion," I discussed A. Irving Hallowell, who wrote about Anishinaabe sacred stories. Hallowell stated despite the fact they are sacred stories, they are often humorous. I countered by writing they are humorous not despite the fact they are sacred stories. They are humorous because they are sacred stories (449). One important aspect of Noodin's book is that, while not explicitly citing my work, it takes the sentiment informing that observation and demonstrates how it functions in the writings of Anishinaabe authors, most especially in terms of the often sexual nature of the their works. This is most clearly seen with Vizenor (172-73), but the phenomenon can be found in the works of Erdrich (67-68) and Johnston (127) as well. One of the realizations I had in reading Noodin's book, then, was to take my earlier thoughts about the comic vision of the Anishinaabeg and apply them to sex. Thus, my comments above about the humorous nature of Anishinaabe sacred stories could just as easily be changed to say: they have a lot of sex in them not despite the fact they are sacred stories. They have a lot of sex in them because they are sacred stories.

Now we can start to see the truly revolutionary nature of Noodin's writing. She presents us with a double whammy, in a matter of speaking. First, she presents a worldview that is radically different from the West, especially in terms of conceptions of the self. She uses the connection between language and worldview to explicate the writings of various Anishinaabe authors, often referring to the dynamic nature of the centering process. That alone is enough to challenge Western ideas and ideologies, and so is revolutionary in its own way. Then she goes beyond that by exploring all the ways Anishinaabe notions of centering result in completely different attitudes and actions by the Anishinaabeg, as expressed in the writings of these authors. In this review I have concentrated on issues related to sexuality as that topic represents perhaps the most extreme difference between

Anishinaabe and Western ways of thinking. Taken as a whole, though, what Noodin is saying is that the Anishinaabeg are different, and non-Anishinaabeg need to accept and deal with the Anishinaabeg just as they are. I admire her for standing up so strongly to assert the value of Anishinaabe culture.

To finish this review, I would like to say two things. The first involves her overview of Anishinaabe literature. In certain respects, Noodin is dealing with what might be called the "usual suspects" when it comes to scholarly criticism of Anishinaabe writers. But, in Chapter Two she goes into detail about all the wonderful Anishinaabe authors from across the years. This is a nice addition to the book and provides a good entrée for those wishing to further explore Anishinaabe literature. Second, it may seem odd I did not go into great detail about Noodin's actual explication of the Anishinaabe authors in question. In that regard, I decided to borrow from the approach of the oral tradition in which what is left unsaid is just as important as what is said. There is no need to go much beyond what I discussed above. Noodin has written an extremely insightful critique of some of the most important Anishinaabe writers of our time. Her approach is unique and challenges the reader on many levels. To find out how her insights pertain to the individual authors she examines, the reader will have to read the book for him or herself.

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**Catharine Brown. *Cherokee Sister: The Collected Writings of Catharine Brown, 1818-1823*. Ed. and intr. Theresa Strouth Gaul. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 2014. Pp. 289.**

http://www.nebraskapress.unl.edu/product/Cherokee-Sister,675763.aspx

Catharine Brown, letter writer, diarist, earliest native woman author, lived c1800-1823.

While still in her teens, Catharine enrolled in Brainerd Mission School near the present day Chattanooga, Tennessee. It was sponsored by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. She quickly "got with the program" and exceled in speaking and writing English. She saw education as a way to help her people into the new world that had come. She spoke of it and worked toward it with enthusiasm until her untimely death from tuberculosis.

In some, Christian conversion takes over with exuberance. In others, it remains more subtle. In some, it does not take at all. Catharine was exuberance.

> Brainerd, Oct. 25, 1819
>
> A few moments of this day shall be spent in writing to my dear brother. It seems a long time since you left us. I long to see you. I long to hear from you. I hope the Lord is with you this day, that you enjoy the presence of our dear Redeemer. My sincere desire and earnest prayer to the throne of grace, is, that your labours may be blessed, and that God would make you the instrument of saving many souls from eternal destruction.
>
> O how I feel for my poor Cherokee brethren and sisters, who do not know the blessed Jesus, that died for us, and do not enjoy the blessings that I do. How thankful I ought to be to God, that I have ever been brought to the light of the Gospel, and was not left to wander in darkness. O I hope that time is at hand, when all the heathen shall know God, whom to know is life everlasting.
>
> My dear brother, may we be faithful to our Master, knowing that in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Our pilgrimage will shortly be ended, and all our trials will be over. Do not forget me in your daily prayers, for I need very much the prayers of God's children. My heart is prone to leave my God, whom I love. From your unworthy sister in Christ,
>
> Catharine Brown. (195)

Much of the Christian walk is getting self out of the way, which she does in her letters. There are not many details of the individual person. The trials and dilemmas while maneuvering the new and foreign realm of Christianity are not as important as words from God's missive on how to live before him.

The book contains a 57-page introduction as Gaul looks at how to look at Catharine's writings through her own words, as well as those of other scholars. The 32 letters are pages 91-114. Catharine's diary, pages 115-123, followed by 19th century representation of her including poems, a play and other information.

At one point in the introduction, Gaul includes a passage recorded by a missionary. It is not addressed by Catharine in her letters or diary. It gives insight into the syncretism it must have taken to walk in the two worlds of Christianity and the Cherokee culture with its stories of little people.

> In my sleep I tho't I was travelling, & came to a hill that was almost perpendicular. I was much troubled about it, for I had to go to its top, & knew not how to get up. She said she saw the steps where others had gone & tried to put her feet in their steps; but found she could not ascend in this way, because her feet slipped—Having made several unsuccessful attempts to ascend, she became very weary, but although she succeeded in getting near the top, but felt in great danger of falling. While in this distress, in doubt, whether to try to go forward, or return, she saw a bush above her, of which she tho't, if she could get hold of she could get up, & as she reached out her hand to the bush, she saw a little boy standing at the top, who reached out his hand; She grasped his thumb, & at this moment she was on top and someone told her it was the Savior—She had never had such happiness before. (17)

The religious historian, Joel Martin, remarks of the dream: "A traditional Cherokee spirit protector had convinced a young Cherokee woman that she could make a safe approach to Christ" (66).

This reader wishes Catharine had not always ignored the temporal for the eternal. At the time Catharine was writing, Sequoyah was inventing the Cherokee syllabary, which he called "talking leaves." It consisted of 86 signs for syllables in the Cherokee language. But Catharine apparently was unaware of it, or ignored it, though Sequoyah also was born in Tennessee and lived in Alabama, as did Catharine. Whatever the reason for the slant of her writings, there are several insights into the reality of her life.

This is from Catharine's 1820 diary: "Have arrived at my Fathers—but am yet very unwell.—Have a very bad cold. Am sometimes afraid I shall not be able to teach school at Creek-Path. We slept two nights on the ground with our wet blankets before we got home.
Blessed be God he has again restored me to health. This day two weeks since, I commenced teaching the girls school. O how much I need wisdom from God. I am a child. I can do nothing—but in God will I trust, for I know there is none else to whom I can look for help" (116).

I am glad to have the book in my library. It is a sample of gratefulness for education, which includes my own gratefulness for education and Christianity, and maybe a longing to be more dutiful to Christ.

On the other hand, I think not only of the difficulty of learning a new language, but of the rough transformation of orality into written text. Catharine Brown lived in that upheaval of tectonic plates, so to speak. Whenever I pass the Arbuckle anticline in southern

Oklahoma on my travels between Kansas and Texas, I think of the force of rock layers jutted upward into curving, vertical masses. As I read *Cherokee Sister*, I longed for what didn't exist— a narrative in Cherokee of the collision.

"It wasn't just the words that were different. But the meaning of language "— The way it subsumed old ways and charged the way one looked at the world. I struggled with some of that in "I, Tatamy," in a 2013 chapbook, *Oscimal at First Light*, about Tatamy, the Munsee Delaware (1690-1760) who translated for the missionary, David Brainerd. How could Tatamy explain the Christian message to a people who had no words for it in their language? Who had to change their mind-set before the message could enter? Who had to be to see it? But who could see it without first hearing it? It was a tremendous undoing. But for Catharine and other converts, the message sufficed. Only the vehemence of Christ mattered, and sometimes, in the trough of a night, maybe it was not enough. But into that break, for the believer, Christ deposited a sparkling piece of his own broken light.

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**Elizabeth Cook-Lynn. *That Guy Wolf Dancing*. East Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 2014. 125 pp.**

http://msupress.org/books/book/?id=50-1D0-3454

The plot of Elizabeth Cook-Lynn's new novella is propelled forward by the bequest of a mysterious "Indian artifact" from a dying, Demerol-addicted socialite to its narrator, Philip Big Pipe. What is this artifact? Why did this woman leave it to one of her hospital attendants, whom she knows only as "the Indian?" How did she come to possess it? How will the presence of this object impact the life of a man who claims that his "great gift" is to "feel inconsequential" (19)? If these are the most obvious questions driving the story, there are also a number of other more subtle lacunae that highlight the depth and complexity of this fine work. In many respects, *That Guy Wolf Dancing* fits neatly in Cook-Lynn's oeuvre of fictions dealing with the Big Pipe tiospaye of the Crow Creek Reservation (the series of books now published together as the *Aurelia* trilogy). As in those earlier texts, Cook-Lynn here creates a distinctive and challenging form of tribally-specific realism which explores questions of jurisdiction and authority. What sets her new book apart from the older work, perhaps, is its particularly subtle treatment of the problem of individual alienation and agency in contemporary Indian Country. *That Guy Wolf Dancing* gestures more towards an existentialist politics of authenticity than one might first expect from an author who has famously rejected what she sees as the mere thematization of settler-colonial experience in narratives narrowly focused on problems of individual identity. Cook-Lynn's great success here, however, is in rethinking the existentialist dilemma through a tribally-specific lens. In doing so, she has produced her most satisfying and sophisticated work of fiction since the 1980 short story collection *The Power of Horses*.

One of the most striking features of this novella, to me, is its approach to handling place. A great deal is said in the text about the "white town" that serves as the primary setting for much of the narrative (1). Philip repeatedly comments on "this college town a mere couple of hundred miles from the Crow Creek Reservation" (1), "this little college town not too far from the Rez" (14), or "this river town [the Vermillion River] with its state college" (34). There is enough of this type of exposition sprinkled throughout the book to allow the reader to deduce that we are probably talking about Farmington, Minnesota (just outside of Minneapolis-St Paul). Cook-Lynn's recurrent recourse to this incomplete mapping of the setting is rather suggestive, however. Instead of being merely clumsy or repetitive, it actually serves to draw our attention to her dogged refusal to ever name this settler-colonial place. That omission is particularly striking when one notes both her contrasting specificity in discussing tribally-significant places (like the Crow Creek Reservation, the Missouri River, and the old Indian footpaths alongside it) and the novella's explicit invocation of the place-centered Dakota narrative genre of the *keyapi* tale in discussing the constellation and sacred place called *Zuzuecha*, the snake. (Zuzuecha, we will eventually learn, is intimately related to the mysterious artifact and its role in Dakota history.) Reflecting its narrator's own quiet defiance, *That Guy Wolf*

*Dancing* endeavors as much as possible to refuse to recognize colonial space and authority. Philip reinforces this sense of resistance explicitly in the book, both by referencing the Yankton Sioux Indians' possession of land "for, some say, thousands of years" and by offering only the most limited cooperation with authorities investigating the death of the socialite (euthanized by her husband in the hospital) based on his understanding of Yankton treaty-rights. The evasion of narrative conventions and external legal authority represents just some of the ways that Philip's story is a "wolf dance."

"Wolf Dancing" is never explicitly defined in the text, though its meaning emerges fairly clearly through context. A basic definition would be Philip's own: "trying to be something that I'm not" (9). Based on what has already been said here, however, it should be clear that this type of deviance is an ambiguous act, varying greatly in significance depending upon whether it is directed outward at the colonial society of the U.S. or inward at the Dakota community itself. Such ambivalence is central to the novel's complex characterization of Philip. His insistence that he is not a stereotype (not a "loser" or "stoic"), along with his apprehension of the empty materialism and violent heritage of American society, clearly represent positive aspects of his refusal to meet certain expectations of him (43). At the same time, he struggles in many respects to locate himself in contemporary tribal life, having fled the reservation to seek an alternative path that he cannot fully articulate or realize. Philip variously describes himself as a cynic, a nonbeliever, a transient, and an exile, and he clearly sees that one of the negative aspects of his "wolf dancing" is the way it separates him from his tiospaye. (It is no coincidence that the novella's title links his wolf dancing with the nameless anonymity of being simply "that guy.") Interestingly, though, Cook-Lynn is very careful to avoid depicting Philip as a familiar type of "tragic" Indian protagonist, caught between two worlds in a struggle for individual identity. (This is the kind of contemporary Indian narrative she loathes.) In the end, Philip cannot really be described as an alienated character. Rather, he is a philosophical man patiently, if somewhat passively, living his life in a quest for an authenticity that goes beyond mere individualism. "People think I'm just an Indian guy without much insight, 'just doing my thing,'" he observes, "but the truth is I'm a Santee Dakotah born and bred, which means is it my obligation to be something more than just a guy occupying space" (46). While he recognizes that he is struggling with deep personal grief (tied to the suicide of his uncle Tony), Philip regularly evinces a quiet confidence that he will eventually figure out what his obligations are. "In my heart," he notes, "I know the steps you take lead you nowhere unless you attempt to direct and control and develop the dance itself" (45). Philip is simply in no hurry to take control of that process of development.

The most explicitly stated theme in the novella is the idea of the accident. It is through various instantiations of this theme that Philip is able to reflect fully on the balance between fate and personal agency in the way that he, as a Dakota man in 1980s America, must confront personal and tribal history. In one telling moment, Philip's lover Dorothy brings him to an epiphany regarding his struggle with Tony's death by observing simply

that "some people survive and some don't" (93). This simple mantra allows Philip to begin to place *survival* at the center of his consciousness, instead of death: "It was clear then that I had been drifting in my own sorrow, 'by accident,' going about my so-called life emptying bedpans and changing sheets for people I didn't know, and I was doing it because I couldn't make sense of senseless death. And because I wanted an explanation for things that had no explanations" (94). At this point, it would seem that Philip's journey into an authentic, functional life might be a conventionally existential one—surrendering the search for transcendent meaning in the face of absurdity and chance and embracing the individual will to life. But Cook-Lynn is no Sartre or Camus (despite an epigraph in the novella from the latter), and so Philip eventually comes to feel that it is as problematic to embrace a radically individual liberation as it is to surrender to inactivity. What he comes to see is that history proceeds in ways that involve us in larger patterns of meaning and experience whether or not we seek them out.

It is at this point that the mysterious artifact reveals its centrality to the story. In time, Philip learns that he has inherited a buckskin war shirt (and war stick) adorned with a snake pattern. This regalia had been stolen from the grave of one of the wakicun, the "shirt-wearer" society of the Santee, over a hundred years ago. Significantly, it had been worn by one of the Mankato 38, hung by the U.S. government in the largest public execution on the nation's history at the conclusion of the Dakota War of 1862. Philip's recovery and repatriation of the shirt changes his relationship to his tribal community as well as his own sense of consciousness and purpose. The shirt creates a new sense of structure for the entire narrative. Understanding it allows him to ground his developing political consciousness (formerly rooted mostly in books) in a deeper awareness of Dakota history and relationship to place. The snake pattern also invokes both one of the key constellations of Dakota cosmology (and thus the Dakota origin story) and a sacred place located near Medicine Creek spoken of in a keyapi tale partially re-told in the novella. At the latter "Zuzuecha," the rocks have been arranged in the form of a snake "to commemorate those times of becoming, those times when the world was just becoming" (47). Significantly, at the end of the novel, Philip will be on his way north to this location, engaged in both a literal and figurative journey of becoming.

Cook-Lynn subtly develops the motif of the journey throughout the book, linking it broadly to Dakota identity through the traditional stories of their original migrations to earth as the "Star People," through invocations of prophetic knowledge regarding the nation's difficult journey during the historical period where the Sacred Hoop has been broken, and through Philip's own personal wanderings. Philip's grandfather Big Pipe reminds him that "when we were oyate wichapi we journeyed into the real world by the sky path," and that "the sky path is just a path to humanity" (44). Philip's increasing understanding of this path allows him to move beyond his sense of transience and develop a more complex understanding of how he must engage with the "accidents" of his life. To be sure, there remains at the end of the novel a tension between an existentialist quietism and a more active and tribally-grounded type of agency. Philip observes at the end of the novel that he "no longer asked the question of whether this was

history or just a series of 'accidents'; it if was destiny, or is it had any deeper meaning than the absurdity of being human" (121). What he has concluded is that "any man who believes in the power of ancient rock shrines, I knew then, could simple fade into the landscape" (123). This fading is not passivity in the face of traumatic history, though. It is a grounded sense of purpose, one that balances an awareness that by engaging with narratives larger than our own we shape our experiences and relationships. It also reflects a recognition that individual human beings possess the strength to endure the vicissitudes of chance.

Philip's ability to embrace two somewhat contradictory propositions--that "some people survive and some don't" and that "there are probably no accidents" is not an index of philosophical confusion, but rather of balance (95). By the end of the narrative, he is able to hold to the notion that there is a structure and purpose to Dakota life, even in a time of historic trial and transition. This awareness does not suggest a fatalist passivity, however. Philip's journey is nowhere near over at the end of the book (one wonders if Cook-Lynn plans another trilogy), but this seems appropriate considering the nature of his character and its development throughout the narrative. Philip's experiential process is that of an extremely thoughtful Dakota man engaged in the serious philosophical work of reconciling what he knows about the land and being Santee with the world that settler colonialism has made around him. He comes to embrace the burden of living with/through the time of the Broken Hoop and transcends his cynicism to remain open for deeper insights, insights that have not necessarily come by the final pages. The novel concludes with Philip heading north toward Zuzuecha "making it my business to find that dancing road…through history and difficult times…toward the shapes that are open to the sky, a cure for my own exile" (125). The lack of closure here, I would suggest, is both another facet of the realism that Cook-Lynn is striving for in the text and a reflection of the fact that she has written a book that truly celebrates the depth of Dakota thought—a Dakota philosophical novel, one might say. She is content, therefore, to end her narrative with the depiction of her reflective protagonist's emerging understanding of his relationship to a history that he can shape as well as endure. To the extent that this denouement challenges some readers' expectations of how a plot should resolve itself, the novella itself is wolf dancing just as much as its unusual hero.

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**Diane Glancy. *Fort Marion Prisoners and the Trauma of Native Education*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2014. 136 pp.**

http://www.nebraskapress.unl.edu/product/Fort-Marion-Prisoners-and-the-Trauma-of-Native-Edu,675967.aspx

**Diane Glancy. *Report to the Department of the Interior: Poems*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2015. 97 pp.**

http://unmpress.com/books.php?ID=20000000005780&Page=book

Although Diane Glancy, an author of German and Cherokee descent, began writing "late" in life by contemporary standards, in the thirty or so years since the appearance of her first chapbook she has written more than twenty-five books, many of which defy generic classification. Her body of work draws upon her life experiences, involves in-depth research, and features reoccurring themes: the gaps in recorded history, the reclamation of Native voices, the role of place, issues surrounding the written word versus oral storytelling, and tensions between Christianity and traditional religious practices, among others. Two of her most recent publications—*Fort Marion Prisoners and the Trauma of Native Education* and *Report to the Department of the Interior: Poems*—return to these subjects in thoughtful and challenging ways, pushing readers to think about the on-going repercussions of 19th century US Government actions on Native education, culture, identity, and fundamental well-being.

Glancy has retold or reimagined relatively well known historical events from Native points of view more than once, focusing on the Trail of Tears in *Pushing The Bear* (1996) and the Lewis and Clark Expedition in *Stone Heart: A Novel of Sacajawea* (2003), just to give two examples. However, in *Fort Marion Prisoners and the Trauma of Native Education*, she turns to what is perhaps a lesser known event, but one that has had far-reaching and long-term effects: the end of the Southern Plains Indian Wars in 1875. Specifically, Glancy concentrates on seventy-two of the "worst prisoners," who were ripped from everyone and everything that they knew, shackled, and shipped via rail from Fort Sill, Indian Territory (now near Lawson, Oklahoma) to Fort Marion in St. Augustine, Florida, where they were delivered into the custody of (then) Captain Richard Henry Pratt, who went on to found the Carlisle Indian Industrial School in 1879. Simply put, these prisoners were Pratt's initial experiment in cultural assimilation through education that would serve as the model for Native boarding schools for decades. It is, essentially, where he put his infamous philosophy of "[k]ill the Indian […] and save the man" into practice for the first time.

In 2005, after viewing their "afraid or defiant or passive" facial expressions preserved in "plaster casts or life masks" and locked away in storage at Harvard's Peabody Museum, Glancy became inspired to write about these prisoners (*Fort Marion* 43). It is there that she "felt their stories wanting to be told" (*Fort Marion* 43). In the nearly ten years between that moment and the publication of *Fort Marion*, as she reveals in the three sections entitled "The Process of Writing" (and as is her general practice), Glancy

traveled the land—mostly by car and preferably alone—visiting the places where the prisoners had been held—Fort Sill, Fort Marion—absorbing the physical realities of those locations. She consulted printed histories on the subject (many published by the US Government), as well as conducted research at numerous museums and archives (as her acknowledgments and bibliography attest).

Glancy weaves this "factual" information into *Fort Marion*, including photographs of the prisoners, multiple replications of their drawings from their "ledger books," and transcriptions of various historical government documents, which perhaps explains why this book is ostensibly thought of, or at least marketed, as (creative) non-fiction. However, the emphasis should be on *creative*, particularly as, throughout this work (and presumably throughout the entire process of writing it), Glancy was in search of the "history that was not in history books" (*Fort Marion* 60). *Fort Marion* is her attempt to give voice to those whose stories not only weren't recorded, but who have nearly been erased from memory.

In order to accomplish this, Glancy begins *Fort Marion* with an historical overview of the events, a partial list of prisoners, a stereograph of them in "native costume," and a collective "they," as the reader travels with the prisoners by train from Fort Sill to Fort Marion, stopping periodically to be paraded in front of the assembled crowds (*Fort Marion* 5). As the work progresses, Glancy moves from person to person (one may as well say from character to character) imagining their individual reactions to their imprisonment, surroundings, and experiences; she allows Pratt to speak from time to time, and occasionally interjects her own voice, drawing comparisons to her own life, particularly in relation to schooling. "Their voices" and the text also "carry the elements of all genres" (*Fort Marion* 88). Glancy consciously uses this style, because "[s]ometimes it takes an accretion of incongruous layers to reach the undercurrents of meanings in the structure of Native concepts and oralities" (*Fort Marion* 109).

For those unfamiliar with Glancy's work, this form may feel fragmented and circular (some might uncharitably think repetitive). However, Glancy believes it is necessary to reconstruct these events, as she explains:

> I'm interested in different versions of the same story—the telling and retelling of the story in different ways—moving from third person to first and back. It's how multiple retellings seem to work [….] the rewrite of a broken history broken into different narratives (*Fort Marion* 14).

Part of reconstructing this broken Native history involves addressing the issues that surround who is telling the stories and how those stories are told (orally or in writing). Consequently, this attention to form is not accidental. It is central to understanding what happened at Fort Marion: the place where the Native prisoners were stripped of their tribal identity, including language, given "ledger books in which to draw," and "taught to read and write" in English (1). It is also necessary to grasping what Glancy wants to do in this text, which is to "giv[e] voice to those marked with the long and sometimes cruel

history of Indian education" and "to *set right* a small part of America's history by recognizing the stains on America's self-appointed clean self-image" (*Fort Marion* 47). And in this work, it isn't just giving voice to the seventy-two prisoners of Fort Marion, whose drawings were overwritten with English "explanations" by Pratt, but also the opportunity for Glancy to testify to her own Native education, where she "was relegated to invisibility," "could not speak," and "learned [she] was nothing [and] would be nothing" (*Fort Marion* 71).

Although *Fort Marion Prisoners and the Trauma of Native Education* and *Report to the Department of the Interior: Poems* are separate works, they can be seen as complementary, as both address the impact of US Government involvement on Native education. Glancy signals this thematic focus with her poetry collection's title: since 1849, the Department of the Interior has overseen the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which, in turn, controls education on Native American reservations. Each year, the DOI releases its *Annual Report* to Congress, describing expenditures, progress, and other administrative details; however, they do not tell all. As Glancy explains in "To Say from Their Way:"

> Whatever they said
> was said in government reports
> and filed in drawers that might be read again.
>
> But schools cannot be contained on pages.
> Dear Sir, if only you were here
> you would know the conditions. (*Report* 28)

In *Report to the Department of the Interior*, Glancy is once again in search of history not found in the official US Government record. And while she kept *Fort Marion Prisoners and the Trauma of Native Education* focused on those initial victims of Pratt, with the occasional reference to her own experiences, through her poetry, Glancy stories others who were subjected to the "systematic effort to educate the Indians" inspired by Pratt into existence (*Fort Marion* 2).

*Report to the Department of the Interior* includes found poems taken from historical documents, but the poems are more than just a relating of "facts." They dive into the inner lives of those who have learned that "Indian education" means "[l]iving without part of oneself. Living outside oneself. Living with a smaller self," and not being "able to return to tribal life, or [be] able to make a living in the new world" (*Report* 39). They capture the experiences of those educated in a system that "demolished a sense of self and sent the fragments broken/into the world" (*Report* 82). To emphasize these points, Glancy does mention those who ended up at Pratt's Carlisle Indian Industrial School, but she spends more time exploring the interior landscape of even more marginalized, complicated, and sometimes controversial figures from Bull Head's Wife to Jeff Weise (although not explicitly named) to an anonymous, collective "we," representing contemporary American Indian women who have survived sexual assault.

These poems challenge readers on multiple fronts. They expect that the reader know (or be willing to find out) that Bull Head was the tribal police officer responsible for killing Sitting Bull while serving a warrant for his arrest (and who was himself mortally wounded in the process). They force the reader to see life from the point of view of the school shooter responsible for the "Red Lake Massacre." They drive the reader to drink deeply, "then [blot] out all that happened—taking it back as a report to our own department of the interior" (*Report* 79). But the tests aren't restricted to information recall or emotionally charged content.

Glancy's poetry—like all of her work—often breaks formal boundaries, but more often than not it can best be categorized as free verse, prose poetry, or even examples of concrete poetry, and this characterization is true of the work in *Report*. The poem "Bull Head's Wife Reads Cliff Notes of Indian History," for instance, is printed along the left-hand margin and is no more than an inch-wide at any point. The rest of the page is blank, reinforcing the image of "[t]he spider" making "herself/thin/as a/needle," and the point that Native American history has been pushed to the side in textbooks, education, and US culture, generally (*Report* 18). All of which is to say, Glancy has never been afraid to experiment to find the right form for her purpose, but a few of the poems in *Report to the Department of the Interior* seem to break new ground even for Glancy.

A case in point is "Bull Head's Wife Opens Ristorante Hortense Fiquet, Fort Yates, North Dakota," which reads like a menu featuring, among other things:

> Pan-roasted prairie rainbow trout wrapped in ham 22
> Oven-roasted pheasant with creamy horseradish-ramp risotto 24
> Grilled leg of elk with yellow-potato puree, grilled baby artichoke, and dried cherries 26 (14)

Facing a found poem entitled "Bull Head's Wife Studies Frances Glessner Lee's Visible Proofs, A Series of Crime Scenes Reconstructed in Miniature in the 1940s and '50s for Use in Forensics," one might be tempted to think that this is a found poem as well (and maybe it is). Found or not, it makes readers sort through an "accretion of incongruous layers." The title alone offers at least four: Fort Yates, located on the North Dakota side of the Standing Rock Indian Reservation, was the initial burial place of Sitting Bull in 1890. Sioux County, in which Fort Yates is located (according to recent census data), states that over 37% of the population lives in poverty.[1] Hortense Fiquet was Paul Cézanne's artistic model (and wife); one of his biographers notes that, as a result, "she was […] silenced: sitters are seen but not heard" (Danchev 152).[2] And while Fiquet was French, "Ristorante" is Italian. And then there's the menu itself. Needless to say, no such restaurant actually exists in Fort Yates (I googled it just to make certain). What should readers make of all of this? I'm not sure, although I have a few ideas.

All of which is to say, the poems in Glancy's *Report to the Department of the Interior* tackle difficult subjects; they are cerebral; they can be disorienting, disturbing; and, sometimes, they are dream-like, which is fitting in that they are an attempt to imagine a

person's interior world. They illustrate—in content, feeling, and form—what it might be like to be caught between "two world views that could not coexist" (*Report* 52). This collection, along with *Fort Marion Prisoners and the Trauma of Native Education*, give readers pause and make them think, which is good, because we might learn something.

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[1] See US Census Bureau "QuickFacts Beta" for Sioux County, ND available at http://www.census.gov/quickfacts/table/PST045214/38085,00 accessed 17 August 2015.
[2] Although published after *Report to the Department of the Interior*, for information on Hortense Fiquet, see Alex Danchev's *Cézanne: A Life* (New York: Pantheon, 2012), pp. 152-179.

**Trevino Brings Plenty. *Wakpá Wanáği, Ghost River*. Omaha, NE: The Backwaters Press, 2015. 81 pp.**

http://thebackwaterspress.com/our-authors/trevino-l-brings-plenty/ghost-river/

The title of Trevino Brings Plenty's newest book of poetry, *Wakpá Wanáği, Ghost River*, signals his close ties to his Lakota culture despite the disruptions of colonialism and removals from home and language that his body of work depicts. In this latest work, the focus becomes not just the urban poet and his personal concerns, but also extended family and the people he encounters in his role as a social worker in a large city. Even as the speaker of these poems notes the damage done by these relatives, people whose neglect or abuse will inevitably create heart-rending problems in the future, he treats them with respect for the ways in which they're doing the best they can, or doing what they know, given their resources and the ways in which their own lives have been affected by loss, addiction, and mental illness. The poems show us that these people, too, are worthy of compassion even while we recognize the danger of trusting them. In this way, whether they are literal blood relatives or not, the people depicted in *Wakpá Wanáği* feel like members of an extended family—the people you love and who break your heart, who are capable of great sacrifice and betrayal, people who give you the best and worst of who you are. That family is everywhere in this recent book, reminding readers of mitakuye oyas'in, the Lakota concept of the interrelatedness of all people and all things. If we are all relatives, the poems in *Wakpá Wanáği* show us how to think about the most troubled and troubling among us.

From the very first poem of the book, "The Well" (3) there is a sense of working together to move toward healing. The speaker addresses his cousin, and describes a well that is "deeper than you recalled" and that is "darkly filled with your family's story," its images causing tears that can't be extinguished. However, he offers his willingness to do the work together, to face the pain that will inevitably come from this process:

> Cousin, my back is strong.
> We will tend these waters together.
> We will dig wells for our neighbors.
> Cousin, we will pull through together.

By working together on this task, they can improve not only their own situation, but bring water (healing) to others. This first poem highlights the concept of being a good relative, an important Lakota value. It gives the reader a sense of hope, too: here is someone who is willing to lend a hand, to do the hard work of bringing healing. We are not alone, no matter how difficult the task.

But if that sounds romantic—like something from a Leaning Tree greeting card—the book's remaining poems show starkly the situations that will arise from taking seriously the concept of mitakuye oyas'in, situations so painful they will make digging a well feel like just about the worst idea anyone could come up with. There is a teenage girl who seems hell-bent on destroying herself in front of the speaker's eyes, and then he notes that

she is just one in a constant stream of suicidal young women. The details of her self-harm will haunt the reader. There is a boy who plays basketball, and whose poem nods to the possibility that basketball can be a metaphor for navigating life, or navigating the challenges of mental illness; but the poem's title also names him "The Kid I Fear" (35-36) and notes that he has experienced terrible violence, and may be capable of unleashing it even against someone trying to help him. There is a man who will go on smoking even after a cancer diagnosis, telling us the cigarettes smoke out the spiders in his throat, put there by Iktomi's woman. He calmly awaits his turn to traverse the Milky Way (the Wakpá Wanáği of the book's title). There is a grandmother who loses custody of her grandchildren because she leaves them alone while she hunts for a job; she turns to alcohol and prostitution in her grief. There is the poem about the celebrity who has committed suicide, whose last act will influence the speaker's clients. There are literal blood relatives, uncles who do nothing to stop a woman from being beaten, or who become grandfathers but do not take seriously the responsibility of the role. The people who are depicted in these poems push the reader to consider what it would mean to treat others with compassion and respect even as we see them fail.

In addition to creating a world of relatives, *Wakpá Wanáği* moves through time. The book's first section includes poems that feature the speaker's past and childhood memories of the reservation, of his grandfather, and of learning the new geographies of post-Relocation life in the city—learning to eat fast food, staying in hotels. Several poems in the book, especially in this section, depict a kind of hypnosis in urban Indians brought on by the blue flicker of the television screen, the constant buzz of social media. While the poet critiques compliance and complacency, he also notes the appearance of these motifs in his own childhood in the city. In his adult life, memory asserts and reasserts itself, sometimes in surprising moments, insisting on its ability to take the speaker out of the present moment, to make him lose himself for a time and meet the demands of the past.

Several poems in the book's last section look forward to the near or distant future—one that sometimes delves into the world of science fiction though it is still recognizable. For example, the poem "Simulacra Reconstructive Memory Therapy" (75-76) depicts a time when advances in artificial intelligence mean you can heal from personal trauma by having new experiences with a simulacrum of the loved one who has caused you pain—a replica you can love who does not, for a change, engage in neglect and abuse. But the stanzas also sound like the familiar cadences of a drug ad, promising that "these units are implanted with your memories and aid to transmute your traumas to give you that sense of safety and security" (76). Except you can't really get away from trauma: seeing pictures of Wounded Knee triggers a memory of grandparents, and the therapy is undone. It's as if, in some of these poems, the utopic future imagined by other writers is disrupted by the realities of colonialism that will persist.

A number of poems in this fourth section of the book address questions of identity and blood quantum, perhaps suggesting that, as we turn to the future, these issues demand some sort of resolution, or at least acknowledgement. These will be familiar subjects to readers of Brings Plenty's past work. In *Real Indian Junk Jewelry*, issues of identity and

stereotype take poetic center stage, as do the very personal topics of romantic relationships that cause acute pain and addictions that overshadow and overtake a life. While there is some continuity between the books, of course, *Real Indian Junk Jewelry*, particularly in its earlier half, feels more intensely focused on the self, compared to these new poems.

In addition to bringing new subject matter to his poetry, Brings Plenty engages new forms in *Wakpá Wanáği*. Many of the poems continue the narrative style of his previous works, featuring long lines that are unrhymed, and stanzas with no line breaks; these poems read more like lyric narrative than strictly formed poetry. But in many of these new poems, the narrative has been condensed into a smaller space. It's as if Brings Plenty deploys poetic alchemy to condense the concepts into shorter, more powerful lines. The lines gain power from the multivalent nature of the words; sometimes it's their connotations that multiply meaning in these lines, and sometimes it's the flexibility of their grammatical function. For example, in many poems, words that we usually think of as nouns become verbs: cup, bottle, womb, map, hem, story. Sometimes it feels as if Brings Plenty is creating a new kind of villanelle; sometimes it feels as if he's the long-lost Lakota cousin of Emily Dickinson.

Whether formally compact or more loose and flowing, Brings Plenty's work is undeniably rooted in Lakota culture. Even as they address life in the city and the ways in which colonial processes have destroyed home and culture, the poems in *Wakpá Wanáği* assert the continuation of that culture through references to Lakota values or figures or events. For example, Iktomi shows up in several poems; the number four is emphasized in some of the poetic forms (four stanzas, or stanzas of four lines) as well as the structure of the book overall (four sections). Poems describe Ghost [Dance] shirts, make reference to the Sun Dance, note that participating in ceremony makes a huge difference, or none at all. And of course, there's the title of the book—a reference to the path that souls use to reach the afterlife, following the river of stars in the sky. The last poem of the book, "Ghost River" (80), brings the reader back to the title and to water and family, to links with the past and tradition, and hints of trauma:

> I'm mostly water.
> There has been family swept under by raw currents.
>
> I'm from planters by the river.
> We dredged riverbed bones.

We end where we began, it seems, in the world of water that signals nurturing (crops being watered) as well as violence (family being swept under). The Ghost River connects the speaker to his relatives, his ancestors, his homeland, his language, even as he gives witness that these things yield pain along with survival.

There's a lot more in *Wakpá Wanáği* to be moved by. I haven't even told you about the poem from the point of view of a speaker who is deciding what belongings to take after his relationship fails, its ring made of Black Hills gold a symbol that tempted trouble. Or

the poem that depicts a boy locked in an institution whose "one-on-one" counselor is the poet; as they walk outside, the boy finds two snakes and tries to bring them inside. This turns out to be a perfectly understandable thing when you see, as the poet does, that this boy is trying to hold onto family. There's a whole world under this water that readers will find beautiful as well as painful, whose images and phrases will stick with you as you put the book down and think about your own place, your own family, your own time.

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**Frances Washburn. *The Red Bird All-Indian Traveling Band.* Tucson: Arizona UP, 2014.**

http://www.uapress.arizona.edu/Books/bid2476.htm

The opening chapter of Frances Washburn's third novel, *The Red Bird All-Indian Traveling Band,* is lyrical and down-to-earth, and thoroughly engrossing. We immediately want to know more about the kind of trouble in which the "gift or [...] curse" of "being a human wailing wall" entangles Sissy Roberts, and we want details about the death of Buffalo Ames (3-4).

Like her other novels, Washburn sets *The Red Bird All-Indian Traveling Band* in central-southern South Dakota, between Pine Ridge and Rosebud. The band and its fans travel among small towns that only those who have lived in or passed through Lakota country are likely to have heard of. But most days find Sissy in the fictional Jackson, an off-reservation town where local ranchers, both Lakota and white, do business, and where Indians and whites intermingle at school and work, and in cafes and bars. It's 1969, and Sissy is trying to figure out how to escape the ceaseless round of Saturday nights playing in the band or drinking too much, hanging with people she's known all her life, and working as a waitress. She can't imagine settling into marriage and child-rearing, yet her future seems just beyond the horizon, out of sight but tantalizingly immanent. Her dream of seeing the world is like the women's movement that Sissy almost embodies as she observes the competition and frustrations resulting from unexamined social norms, or like the American Indian Movement that is not quite behind the interracial tension and near riot that breaks out in a chapter titled "Red Power." Like Sissy's future, these social movements haven't yet arrived in South Dakota in the summer of 1969. Washburn portrays the restlessness, precursor to the sexual and ethnic revolutions, as she focuses on an array of interesting and flawed characters. By the end of the novel, the mystery of Buffalo Ames's death is solved and Sissy has found a way to get out of Jackson while maintaining ties to her family.

Sissy is an appealing character who stands out among her friends and neighbors; she is a little smarter, a little more interested in the world, a little more reliable, like the older Lakota women, despite the piles of dirty dishes and clothes she leaves in her wake. Sissy is witness to or part of a series of events that are both raw and entertaining, like the bull rider who is thrown into a soupy pile of dung. With its strong female protagonist and its engaging dramas of the everyday, *The Red Bird All-Indian Traveling Band* may be Washburn's most successful novel. Washburn has an unfortunate tendency of letting her narrators drift into lectures on Indian affairs; while it's not surprising that Hazel in *The Sacred White Turkey* or Oscar in *Elsie's Business* knows such details, and while the information may help readers new to Indigenous Studies understand the import of the serious issues–white violence against Native women and corruption in tribal governments respectively–that these earlier novels address, the asides are leaden. Except for a few scenes during which the FBI agent speaks like a crime report and a few unnecessary details in the early chapters, the writing in *Red Bird* is both graceful and hilarious. Washburn has a gift for humor that allows her to make even a topic like suicide

laughable, without undermining its seriousness. The suicide scene begins with urgency, a panicked girl seeking Sissy's help, a crowd of men pounding on a door, trying to talk their friend out of his desperate act, but the dialog quickly turns absurd. Quotes can't do the scene justice. It's better you read it yourself.

Like *The Lesser Blessed* by Richard Van Camp, *The Red Bird All-Indian Traveling Band* is rich in pop culture references, especially to music. Some may feel this makes it less a Native American novel than Washburn's first two books, which represent racism, traditional arts, living off the land, or ceremony. That would be a mistake. Sissy Roberts is a joy to spend time with, and the question of how a band can play country western standards and still be "all-Indian" is worth pondering.

*Martha Viehmann, Sinclair Community College*

**Stephen Graham Jones; ed. Theodore C. Van Alst, Jr. *The Faster Redder Road: the Best UnAmerican Stories of Stephen Graham Jones*. University of New Mexico Press, 2015. 408pp.**

http://www.unmpress.com/books.php?ID=20000000006088

*The Best UnAmerican Short Stories*. The subtitle streaks boldly across the book's cover with a truck's headlights in the distance, while the words and image hint at Stephen Graham Jones's underlying intention for his latest book—a journey into the unknown.

Thirty-five stories were chosen or excerpted from some of his most notable books, such as *Demon Theory*, *All the Beautiful Sinners* and *The Gospel of Z*. Some of Jones's fans have struggled to categorize his work as purely horror, crime noir, sci-fi or Native American literature, but this anthology eradicates those purist views and pushes his work into the mainstream.

The introduction written by Jones's collaborator and editor, Theodore C. Van Alst, Jr., serves as a guide to the inner thoughts of a complex author. Readers may be tempted to skip the introduction, but in the case of Jones's work, such a leap would be a mistake. Van Alst's observations are critical to orient the newcomer before embarking on a wild ride through the pages. Jones provides short commentaries about his craft and thoughts behind each story. However, his most revealing statement comes at the end of "How Billy Hanson Destroyed the Planet Earth and Everyone on It," where he explains that the reason that he writes is to create awe and wonder within readers and leave them feeling connected.

This anthology is a series of stories that explore human nature and serve as an indirect commentary on society. Honesty is a critical element in this compilation, with its implication that the author is a kind of leveler, using his stories to expose the darkness within humanity. His work will appeal to almost any reader, whether diehard genre lover or literary purist. The tone and effortless writing style knit the collection into a cohesive body of work. Jones's strength lies in his ability to blur the lines between reality and fantasy, thus creating a tension that moves each story forward, often in unexpected ways.

The detailed descriptions of small towns and places where Jones lived or visited throughout his life provide a level of authenticity than can only be derived from firsthand experience. The dialogue, phrasing, and use of colloquialisms indigenous to the time period and location only draw the reader closer, making them feel as if they are passengers along for the ride. Notable is his story, "Rendezvous with Sula Prime," where the main character, Sam drinks coffee at a truck stop as he contemplates suicide, twenty years after his first wife's death. A mysterious stranger, Ted approaches him and draws him into a concurrent world connecting reality, suicide and hell. Sam grapples with his sanity as he time travels alongside a shape shifting reptile to heal invisible lions and decide whether he will pay the tax to the ferryman or walk amongst the living. Readers will be on the edge of their seats, confused between the normal and supernatural, and wondering what will happen next. But whether Jones writes about the future or the end

of days, his stories beckon his readers like a siren's song, inviting them to play beside him in a state of suspended disbelief.

Jones's writing is an exploration of people who live on the fringe of society. Events lead his unwitting characters to a crossroads where their character and morality meet. On the surface, these individuals appear simple, but as each story unfolds, layers of complexity are revealed that, at times, test our sympathies. Nowhere in the anthology is the reader's compassion put to a greater test than in "Interstate Love Affair," a story about a serial killer who mercilessly kills women and dogs along Interstate 10. Told from a third person perspective, Jones provides a gruesome, realistic view of a serial killer's thoughts and actions, devoid of any of the romanticized elements prevalent in pop culture today. The reader may feel fascinated, frightened and repulsed all at once, yet they won't find be able to stop turning the pages.

Much of the material is rooted in West Texas, where Jones, a boy of Blackfeet descent, grew up facing small town values and Native American stereotypes. Within each story, innocuous events build to the point of eruption, leaving the reader in the aftermath to ask why. Jones's work cannot be characterized as purely Native American literature. Only four stories have overt Native references, "Lonegan's Luck," "Captivity Narrative 109," "Discovering America," and "Rocket Man." However, one could argue that Jones' Blackfeet heritage is softly tucked into the titles, scenery, dialogue and characters, making it impossible to separate the work from the author.

In "Captivity Narrative 109" from *Bleed Into Me*, an Indian man, Aiche, leaves his reservation to pawn a rifle. When a young girl and boy get into his truck, a simple mistake unfolds into a series of unplanned for consequences that reveal how much racial bias is woven into the fabric of society. The most disturbing element is not the racial prejudice. It is Aiche's deep seeded belief that he will be convicted for a crime simply because he is Indian.

Jones is a reluctant autobiographer, leaving his readers to guess what personal history is reflected in his work. But in "Discovering America," some of the sources of his earlier stories become clear. Whether it is Lonegan, Aicher or the boy referred to as chief in "Rocket Man," each character experiences racial bias in everyday interactions. The prejudice becomes more explicit when Jones describes his personal experiences when he worked the fields between Florida and West Texas one summer. He begins each paragraph with the phrase, "Because I am Indian" and tells about the wide-spread ignorance and racism that is pervasive in America today. One can only empathize with Jones as he recounts how he was asked to identify animal tracks and perform a rain dance.

Humans. Vampires. Zombies. It doesn't matter. Jones's stories hit the mark, taking the reader to a place where the dark and unadulterated parts of people can roam together freely.

*Nanette Gamily*

**Deborah Miranda. *Raised by Humans.* San Fernando: Tia Chucha Press. 2015. 80pp.**

http://www.nupress.northwestern.edu/content/raised-humans

Beginning with the title of her third poetry collection, *Raised by Humans* (Tia Chucha 2015), Deborah Miranda conjures the California mission system to reveal its haunting legacy of colonization. Miranda reminds her readers that native Californians, rather than Spanish soldiers and priests, were the humans who harvested the crops, and quite literally raised the adobe walls of the twenty-one California missions. While Spain, Mexico, and then the U.S sought the physical and historical erasure of California Indians, Miranda insists readers recognize their material and cultural contributions. She does not allow us to minimize the impact of the Franciscans who paradoxically sought to raise the souls of "child-like natives" up to heaven while enslaving them behind the adobe walls of the missions. But the speakers of her poems do not live in the confines of the past nor are they ghosts. Instead, they reach to the past only to move forward. In doing so, they weave together the concerns of indigenous communities with intimate, often painful desires and disappointments from within the family circle. These poetic narratives are not tales of misery—elegies for decimated people and cultures—but expressions of survivance.

*Raised by Humans* begins with the acrostic poem, "Alphabet of Lies" in which Miranda lays out an extensive and ongoing, if far from definitive, catalogue of lies that buttress genocide, theft, and subjugation. More importantly this A to Z list underscores the way language, particularly the written word, can be a powerful silencing tool in the process of colonization. As Miranda moves through the alphabet she uses the language of the colonizer to denounce "Casino lies cozy as road-kill in the beak of a crow" (7) and "Kinky lies strutting black Kevlar boots all over your water rights" (7) and finally "Zombie lies zig-zagging through generations like contagious zygotes" (8). She illuminates how these lies have been carefully, systematically, relentlessly nurtured from generation to generation. She closes the poem with the stanza, "Learn the drill. Teach your children; / Alphabetize. Civilize. / Reservation. Termination. / Savage. Savage. Savage" (8) thus weakening the power of the colonizer's alphabet while teaching us how to read the rest of her collection.

Miranda parses the remaining poems into three chapters: "History," "Education," and "Faith," each section further revealing the slippery instability of language as a tool of control. She acknowledges the erasures and inaccuracies that history, education, and faith often perpetuate even as she affirms them as centers of resistance. In "History," Miranda defies the fantasy of vanished, static Indians and the fallacy that their many "authentic" traditional cultures are lost forever. In the poem, "Directions," Miranda writes, "When we tell stories, / skeletons dance / in dark museums, / clappersticks crack / like lightening deep / in unmarked graves" (14). She refutes museum curators and others who continue to define indigenous tribes in terms of remains and artifacts. Then, turning her focus to the lived experience and resilience of Native Americans she intones, "…We speak / a bright language / with no word / for dead, or end, / or lost. Following / these constellations, / we will always / find our way" (14). In the eponymous poem, "Raised

by Humans," the poet speaks of a much more recent history beginning, "My mother abandoned me. / Left me behind, didn't look back" (20). She bears witness to the fact that a history of violence enacted on a people, a family, a human can turn someone into creatures that behaves "like a tamed fox" (20). In her abandonment, the poet admits, "and I hung around waiting, whimpering, chained / to my cage by a metal only the human heart / knows how to forge" (21).

In the second chapter, Deborah Miranda begins with an education in the harsh realities of material and spiritual poverty and in "$10 An Hour" she admonishes those who continue to render poor people of color invisible with the charge, "You don't see me. You won't remember / me if you do. I'm a bucket full of Pledge, PineSol, sponges with / scratchy edges. You don't see me vacuum, dust knick knacks, scrub / your tub, your toilet" (35). And yet Miranda does not linger in this poverty. Instead, she revels in the education of love—erotic love, tender love, and love of nature. In "Clementine for Beginners," a simple peel of fruit can feel, "like a love letter on the table" (38). "Eating a Mountain" exalts the bounty of fresh meat and the connection to the world that its nourishment brings: "we are rich! I rinse, pack, / mark the cuts, this beautiful / deep red velvety offering. / Eating this deer means eating this mountain" (45). But it is "Wolf Lullaby" that promises, "me, I'll welcome you into my body: / your howl the only heart I need" (49) and in doing so reaffirms the healing power and necessity of physical human contact.

Closing with "Faith," Miranda turns Catholic imagery and dogmatic language that has, at times, served to manipulate and control into prayers of liberation through explorations of regret, grief, hope and thanks. For example, "Rosary" re-envisions California missions not as static centers of pain and slavery but, rather, points on a continuous path of discovery and empowerment. "San Juan Capistrano, San Fernando Rey de España, Santa Barbara. / Let me pass by the adobe missions, the ridiculously renovated, the / melting rubble, with tender thoughts for the souls of my ancestors. / Like clay and stone, we transform: that is the string of miracles I follow" (61). This is not hope as much as it is an expression of certainty. And while the final poem in *Raised by Humans*, "Decolonizing the Alphabet" is in conversation with the despair and brilliant anger radiating from the first poem "Alphabet of Lies," this time, Miranda imagines the alphabet, "going Native" (71), "becoming indigenous" (71). In "appropriating the weapon" of the written word, Deborah Miranda proves, "It's alive. / It's ours" (72). And finally, she explains, "We will not give it back" (72). With these final words she inscribes her vision of empowerment and victory onto the hearts and consciousnesses of her readers and they are a prophesy of the necessary narratives of survival, anger, beauty, and resiliency we can expect from Deborah Miranda in the future.

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## ***PoshRat? Whereto (Self) Publishing?***

Author Note:

> This is a work of academic creative non-fiction, a rarely read genre produced for no pay. Thus, none of the names have been changed, nor have the setting and places. The author hopes that will make it more interesting to you, gentle reader...

Editor via Author Note: Or, an Answer to the Reviewer's Seemingly Eternal Question:

> All for you, my friend. I want your honest opinion - as in, if these are bad books, or non-books, that's still interesting in terms of this no-gatekeeper stuff. And I guess it might be fun to talk about genre - zombies, erotica, sci-fi - and how that might provide an outlet for transgender Native writing. But really, I just want whatever comes out of your brainsss.

Welp. Here we go. Time to check those brainsss, anyway. Semester is about to start.

Paul Mason writing for *The Guardian* wakes us up with a *Guardian* essay about e-books, -writing, and -publishing.[1] After giving a reason or two for our collective shorter attention span (and stories, with their "searchable digital text… being read on devices we use for other things"), he tells us: "Every major publisher has experimented with short stories, serialised (do I write *sic* because I spell with American "z's" but am quoting a British-penned piece even though I suppose my final will be published internationally by a place in England and at least a couple of the editorial types will be all "hey that's the way you spell that, Mister," whilst their eyes are filled with Old-World humo(u)r and well, can we say, sparkle?) fiction, anthologies and mid-range "e-only" books."[2] Surprisingly, there's no list given (you had *one* job, internets), so we must avail ourselves of implied knowledge of these things. Just so you know, I'm not going to provide you with one either, but then again that's not really the point of this essay. We're here to examine a bit of self-published work, not the cagey attempts of bigshot publishing houses to be on some imagined "edge" of writing. And remember, our ambitious aforementioned editor is looking for fun—"Fun with Genre," perhaps. Erotic zombies sexily shuffling through short sci-fi tales would likely fit that bill. Today we'll go in search of that rich and surely elusive conglomerate, and I'll report back with what I find. The couple thousand or so words allotted won't likely get us too far, but I'm hopeful it will put us further down a path of discussion. There's a single author in mind for this beginning, so let's get introduced.

Choctaw writer Cheryce Clayton's series of short books for Kindle have made their way onto my device of that name (well, not really just that name; set up by the guy in the store—thanks for nothing, there, Clerk Man—it's called "Theodore's Kindle2" like a nerdy b-boy tag), as well as my laptop and now phone. That's no humblebrag, kids, that's how these things work now. No more just-a-book-on-the-shelf. Dynamic, son. In particular, we're interested in her work that directly engages Native characters, so I'll be

looking at one of the e-books (do we need that e-qualifier©?) briefly, and the other more in depth. Let's meet her http://www.amazon.com/Cheryce-Clayton/e/B00O07C20K/.

If you know anything about Amazon writer pages, this seems to be where they've asked for a "brief biographical paragraph."

She replies:

"Cheryce Clayton, writer"

and then:

> Oh, more?
> I once named a company PoshRat, it means half-blood and out of culture in Romani. I can remember my great grandfather speaking Choctaw, I've spent more years living on Reservations than off, I speak a few words, I go to a couple of PowWows a year, and I know how to bead. And yet I always feel like I'm on the outside looking at a circle of old friends gathered around a fire, not quite sure how to join in and feeling too tall to blend in.

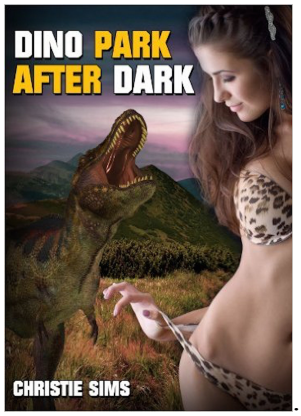
She continues

> As a writer?
>
> I am not defined as a writer by the facts that that I am a member of the Choctaw Nation of Oklahoma, that I have spent my life as a trans / bi-sexual woman, that I write speculative fiction, horror, and erotica, that I live with chronic pain, or that I am a survivor of violence.
>
> I am defined as a writer by the stories I write and my first book "Obligations" is a gender confused story of crossed cultures and the myths of childhood that haunt and hold us back, my webcomic "Tales from the Zombpocalypse: Living in the Quarantine Zone" starts seven years after the hyped zombie apocalypse as life goes on in a new normal, and the story "LowRez" is as much a coming of age tale on a future Reservation as my attempt to look forward and project the current Idle No More stand into the cultural vanishing point.
>
> http://zombpocalypse.cartoonistsleague.org/
>
> I can be found on fb as cheryceclayton and my webcomic page is TalesfromtheZombieApocalypse

Yes.

And I have done that finding, so for this review, well; I'm trying really hard not to just send Cheryce a note. Maybe I'll write most of it, and then do that…Please reflect on what her work might look like as we discuss more of this self-(i)e-publishing ("©", folks?) and what it might mean for Native American / American Indian / First Nations / Aboriginal / Indigenous literature.

The democratization of data via the Internet gets kicked around quite a bit (and begs questions like the one that opens this essay). For myself, I suppose that means it's just a matter of time before I can 3-D print that maroon '65 GTO I've wanted ever since I saw an ad for it on the back cover of one of my Grandpa's *National Geographic*s when I was a kid. For others, it might mean the nanotech printing of our food (see Neal Stephenson's *The Diamond Age: Or, A Young Lady's Illustrated Primer* [1995] for more on that coming delight). For us, obviously, it means we need to talk about the inevitable self-publishing of books, gatekeeping, quality (or should we say "e-quality ©," as I go ahead and copyright that one, too), and just maybe *those covers* that kind of publishing produces (you know, the ones that look like outtakes from the earliest builds of photoshop platforms, but if they were run by sarcastic teenaged monkeys):




I'd mention other tales, like *Taken by the T-Rex*, and *Ravished by the Triceratops*, but that seems unnecessary, so Trump-style, I won't.

What are people saying about digital self-publishing?[3] It's been around for a bit. If you have some time to spend, go ahead and wiki that question for yourself; the leads you'll get are fascinating.[4] Quotes to note, though, include this one from a January 2011 Amazon press release: "Amazon.com is now selling more Kindle books than paperback books,"[5] and (sad trombone) this one:

> The Big Six publishers became the Big Five on July 1, 2013, when the Penguin Random House merger was completed. The publishers are: Hachette, HarperCollins, Macmillan, Penguin Random House, and Simon & Schuster. Together these companies control roughly two-thirds of the U.S. consumer book publishing market.[6]

That's an awful lot of concentrated control. One of the features of "democracy," at least in its classical sense, is that it tends to resent things like oligarchy and monopoly. 'Twould appear that some sort of e-revolution (no "©" on that one) could/should/would be at hand. And as with every "revolution," there are bound to be some…kinks, to work out. Mason argues, for instance, "But a novel such as Donna Tartt's Pulitzer-winning *The Goldfinch*, subtly derided by the literary world for its readability, is not the product of the

Kindle—but of a new relationship between writer and reader."[7] This is an important insight—in Native lit, we are often (good or bad, but for another conversation, to be sure) particularly invested in the identity of the author (and quite frequently, there is already a relationship between writer and reader)—which leads us down another path our editor has asked me to illuminate. Here he is: "I'd also really like to get your thoughts on the future of Indigenous literature in an era of self-publishing without gatekeepers. After reading your foreword to *Off the Path* (that's *Vol. 2,* btw), I know you'll have more thoughts about it." Well, dang. No pressure. But yes. Thanks, James. As they say, the future is here. If you haven't yet read *Off the Path, Vol. 2* (Off the Pass Press, 2015), I cannot suggest it strongly enough. In that foreword I attempt to address a question directed by an interviewer to the writer Sterling HolyWhiteMountain: "Why are you telling this?"

I reply,

> Too often (and here I'm thinking of some films that were refused screenings at certain festivals due to content and other "concerns") Native artists are told what to do, what to show, what to say. It reminds me of the issues experienced by African American intellectuals and artists related to concepts of "racial uplift" beginning in the early twentieth century (and on through the Harlem Renaissance). Here we are, a hundred years or more later, and, well, here we are.

Indeed. I should've also asked, "Why is this Native literature?" along with "Is this Native literature?" Investigating that category, tag, "genre" (lol), bookshelf, is the stuff of dreams and nightmares. And part of many of our missions, so let's continue the quest. Charlyce (Chy) Clayton has given us something to work with, no doubt. When I was first asked to delve into this author's work, I picked up *Rabid Run*, and waited for *Low Rez*, which we'll look at as well.

*Rabid Run* opens up in a world that's vaguely different. There's a quarantine zone, tobacco is at a premium, and cigarettes are "salvaged or hoarded." OK, I've been there, so maybe not that unusual. And the only "NDN" thing I'm seeing right now is the Jeep Cherokee and the Marlboro Reds.[8]

The work is bookended with quiet and similar sex scenes. The first is "fast and…desperate,"[9] and the other is, I suppose, recreative rather than procreative: "'I don't want kids yet,' was all she said before looking up to accept his kiss."[10] Both use the same position; the first one lets us know: "He accepted her lead when she turned her back to him and pulled his arms around her like a blanket,"[11] the other tells us, "I thought I lost you," Alec said from behind her in the shower. Tia held his arms around her as the hot water hit her in the face."[12] The story itself is a good entry in the post-zombie-apocalyptic genre—firefighter/EMT's turned bio-containing dispatchers of the unfortunate victims of "Dead Fever"—zombie slayers somewhere near Tacoma falling in and out of love and camaraderie. It treats the presence of the undead in a matter of fact way that gives the reader pause as they follow along with the characters. Subtitled "TZA: Rabid Run Book 1," it lets us know there is more coming from the zone, and that's encouraging. Clayton is a thoughtful writer who pays extra attention to craft, a welcome alternative to what one

finds too frequently in the low/no cost world of e-pubs—something like, wait, I can't think of the name of that low-key misogynist, racist p.o.s. story I read to the end because even though it was free, well, #OCD, and I'm committed to finishing things like it or not, and hold on, I'll go to my Kindle library and hope I didn't drop it like the literary murder weapon that it is and three or four minutes of online searching because I did in fact wipe it from my reader… got it. It was called "Chop Suey" [imagine] starring a truly unlikeable character named, "Darby Stansfield.") There are more than a couple of moments though, working through *Rabid Run*, when the text is awash in acronyms like KME, NFPA, ALS, PD, BLS, MVA, KED, ET, BLS, HBW, UHF, and MRSA, and I feel like Mary, The Girl Who Couldn't Fly, when she hears, "Military guys speaking some weird language of abbreviations I couldn't understand..."[13] It's not that we can't figure them out through context (and I appreciate the writer crediting the reader's intelligence), but that we shouldn't have to, particularly if the specialization is refined enough to distract us from the story. If it's intentional, it narrows the audience, showing the writer's knowledge, but limiting the reader's. It's a fine, fine line treading between a specialized audience (NDN paramedics zombie hunters) and a generalized one (NDN paramedic zombie hunter enthusiasts), but *Rabid Run* does it fairly well. Is it interesting and insightful and well written and do I want to read "Book 2" and will I pay for that, too? You bet. Unless I friend her online and I can get her to send it to me for free ;)

Speaking of free, I received a pdf sneak preview of Clayton's *Low Rez*. This work also pretty quickly announces a world slightly changed, and is up front that we're about to read Native-penned work with this introduction to one of the main characters (whom we'll shortly find out, is Puyallup), who phones it in at the Emerald Queen Casino paddleboat:

> Patricia Tilgard worked the midnight til nine am shift on weekends where she sat at one of the entrances to the busy parking lot calling in license plates, not to turn stolen or out-of-tag cars in to *na hullo'* authority, but so that tribal lawyers could offer their services to those in need with cash.[14]

Her girlfriend Angie, who says "Christ" a lot, is "Oklahoma Choctaw, born in Navajo-centric Northern Arizona."[15] Clayton quickly sets the parameters of the tale, letting us know that Patty (nickname "Low Rez," not so much for being from the poor side of the reservation as for being "Low Resolution—out of tune"[16]), as a tribal member, can work at the casino, but Angie cannot. The rez (sovereign land well-placed after massive global floods), tribal descent (Native eggs are at a premium), and sovereignty (personal and political) underpin much of the work, a tale somewhat evocative (and maybe it's related to the Pacific Northwest setting as well) of early cyberpunk worlds created by William Gibson (*Burning Chrome*, 1986) and Neal Stephenson (*Snowcrash*, 1992), but centering around two teenage girlfriends and their personal and familial woes. The character of Angie, in particular, is possessed of a certain fury:

> Angie took a deep breath and wondered what it would be like to be from a calmer people, instead of being Choctaw and Dine. Desert fire seemed to burn inside her, with every breath she tried to push down the anger that

> seethed and bubbled deep in the back of her mind. It was always easier to let her mind wander and tune out than to live with the pain that colored everything red.[17]

The anger in *Low Rez* is explosive and abrupt, but like the violence it likely arises from, the two are brother and sister in arms, well made and well met.

In addition to strong emotions and story, there is a Ladder[18] in *Low Rez;* it's like the ladder in so many sci-fi movies, the one that leads to the starship, though this one leads to a train, (a reappropriation of that "Iron Horse" we know so well?) that leads off-world. Here is its introduction:

> Across from her, on the false smoke stacks of the casino paddleboat, a large two-toned hummingbird was painted hovering at a stylized flower, … The paint was faded green and red, and when she squinted the bird seemed to hover in front of the now pink flower. From behind the large river boat, the Ladder rose into the sky, all rust colored and shiny, and the bird seemed to move from the flower upwards as the Flotilla balloons lifted the morning train toward space. Another boatload of emigrants, abandoning everything for the hope of something new.[19]

When you're done picturing yet another boatload of American emigrants, you can find an image of that Emerald Queen Casino paddleboat, likely not then the glamorous host to the likes of Sinbad, and Rob Schneider, and Whitesnake (but not Led Zeppelin and their own Stairway to Heaven), as it is now, but far removed, for some perhaps, from its earlier, "humbler" days: http://postdefiance.com/wpcontent/uploads/2012/02/sign.jpg, though I see the hummingbirds she describes more in the Louie Gong vein rather than some strange post-industrial M. Stewart homemaker hideousness.

We can go into colonization (re- / de- / neo, and otherwise), but that, I think, would spoil much of a story I'd prefer you read for yourself. I'll say finally that The Ladder is an interesting feature; I had to spend some time thinking about that ladder, and I thought I'd do a bit of research on it (very perfunctory, so please pardon any shallow insights). My efforts returned a Choctaw[20] story:

> "All of the prayers went up to Sandlephone who sat on a great ladder high in the sky. As soon as the prayers had come into his hands, they were changed into lovely flowers. He closed the blossoms and dropped the seeds upon the earth while the perfume was carried on into the heavens where Great Spirit was.
>
> "The Little Folk cared for the seeds as they fell and from them sprang the wild flowers. They watched and tended the flowers. The Indians loved them but never hurt them. They called the flowers 'Tokens of Love from Great Spirit.'"
>
> "Oh," said Josephine, "after this I shall not break them.

In the end, when it comes to self-publishing, we gotta Pete Rose this thing (without the gambling, I suppose—sorry, Pete); we gotta hustle, get our voices out there, disseminate some knowledge. Bark this carnival of indigenous voices. Social media platforms, meet and greets, conferences—AWP and otherwise, indiginetworks, friends & family, support. Support. And if we have to publish ourselves, well, then, let's make it good. Cheryce Clayton is certainly giving it a go.

*Theodore C. Van Alst, University of Montana*

**Notes**

[1] Mason, "Ebooks Are Changing the Way We Read, and the Way Novelists Write."
[2] Ibid, n.p.
[3] For more on standard self-publishing, fiction of course takes the cake. I could read *Foucault's Pendulum* right now, if I didn't have a deadline or two.
[4] Before you do the wiki-groan (remembering, of course, it's usually a good place to look for sources on subjects, not the definitive citation), read this bit from Mason: "And while the academic study guides to major novels are usually worthless, the Wikipedia pages devoted to them can be invaluable. That is because study guides are often the work of a single, low-paid hack and the Wikipedia page contains the real-time wisdom of crowds: often wrong, but rarely worthless." Hmmmmm. How…democratic.
[5] "Amazon.com Announces Fourth Quarter Sales."
[6] "Frequently Asked Questions Regarding E-books and U.S. Libraries."
[7] Mason, "Ebooks Are Changing the Way We Read," n.p.
[8] Kindle Location 17
[9] Kindle Location 54
[10] Kindle Location 457
[11] Kindle Location 53
[12] Kindle Locations 453-454
[13] Jones, P.T. *Floating Boy and the Girl Who Couldn't Fly*, 119
[14] Clayton, *Low Rez*, 2
[15] Ibid, 3
[16] Ibid
[17] Ibid, 6
[18] Latimer, Josephine. "Why The Flowers Grow."
[19] Clayton, *Rez Run*, 4
[20] Or at least "part Choctaw" according to the Choctaw Nation of Oklahoma; "Mrs. Josephine Latimer, part Choctaw, who told the remaining stories," one of which is "Why the Flowers Grow": <http://www.choctawnation.com/culture-heritage/social-life-through-the-years/choctaw-childrens-legend/>

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# Author Biographies

DAVID J. CARLSON is Professor of English at California State University, San Bernardino. He is the author of *Sovereign Selves: American Indian Autobiography and the Law* (University of Illinois Press, 2006) and *Imagining Sovereignty: The Discourse of Self-Determination in American Indian Law and Literature* (forthcoming, University of Oklahoma Press, 2016).

MOLLY MCGLENNEN was born and raised in Minneapolis, Minnesota and is of Anishinaabe and European descent. Currently, she is an Associate Professor of English and Native American Studies at Vassar College. She earned a PhD in Native American Studies from University of California, Davis and an MFA in Creative Writing from Mills College. Her creative writing and scholarship have been published widely. She is the author of a collection of poetry *Fried Fish and Flour Biscuits*, published by Salt's award-winning "Earthworks Series" of Indigenous writers, and a critical monograph *Creative Alliances: The Transnational Designs of Indigenous Women's Poetry* from University of Oklahoma Press, which earned the Beatrice Medicine Award for outstanding scholarship in American Indian Literature.

DENISE LOW, Kansas Poet Laureate 2009-2011, lives in Lawrence, Kansas. She founded the Creative Writing program at Haskell Indian Nations University. She is a free-lance writer and reviewer. Her family is unaffiliated Delaware and British Isles. Her most recent books are *Melange Block*, poetry from Red Mountain Press; *Natural Theologies*, critical essays about the grasslands from The Backwaters Press; and *Ghost Stories*, mixed genre from Woodley Memorial Press. She is director of four ledgers on the Plains Indian Ledger Art website (UC-San Diego).

KIM SHUCK is a poet and bead artist who has been published and shown in Asia, South America and Europe as well as all over North America. Born in her mother's hometown of San Francisco, Shuck had a very good seat from which to view the events of both late 60s/early 70s hippy/post hippy scene and the Red Power Movement. Kim cut her teeth on poetry readings that included Carolee Sanchez, Paula Gunn Allen and John Trudell as well as various beat poets. She is the winner of the 2005 Diane Decorah award for her 2006 collection *Smuggling Cherokee*. She spent some years on the board of directors for California Poets in the Schools and has taught poetry from the elementary school level to the university level. Her most recent collection of poems is *Clouds Running In* from Taurean Horn Press.

BILLY J. STRATTON (PhD, American Indian Studies—University of Arizona) is currently an assistant professor in the English department at the University of Denver. His teaching and research centers on contemporary American/Native American literature, critical theory and creative writing. His first book, *Buried in Shades of Night*, was published in 2013.