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lish settlements, both to guard access to the still-hoped-for Northwest Passage and to cultivate the region Cartier often described as suitable for agriculture. The second set of documents offers a revealing glimpse into the imperial concerns of the Iberian powers. The Spanish, in particular, expended considerable effort to gather information about Cartier's expeditions. The questions asked of the French fishermen in the one document—date of departure, destination, number of ships, ports they entered and why, what activities they undertook—reveal an overriding Spanish concern with protecting their hold on the riches of the West Indies and Mexico.

Although this book is exemplary as a presentation of primary sources, there are several minor deficiencies. The lack of an index makes the search for specific subjects more difficult. One loses the intricacies of the geographical references because of the large scale of the single map; an additional detailed map or two would allow the reader to follow the various routes with greater precision.

The University of Toronto Press has produced a book that should become the standard primary reference in English for studies of Cartier and early French exploration in Canada. The lack of typographical errors attests to the thoroughness and care that went into the preparation of this volume. Beyond the opening essay, which demonstrates the trend of certain recent historiography, Cook wisely lets the documents stand on their own. Through these records we hear the distant, distinctive, and often discordant voices of the Indians and the Europeans who confronted one another across a cultural divide in North America.

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The Wind in a Jar. By John Farella. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1993. 164 pages. \$22.95 cloth.

I find it unfortunate that Alice Kehoe has recommended against this volume in the October 1993 issue of *Choice*. There she complains that John Farella employs "a casual, colloquial style" to "ruminate . . . on experiences as an ethnographer on the Navajo Reservation" in "a sort of bildungsroman" which rejects "a rigorous scientific methodology for ethnography."

With all due respect for Kehoe's own achievements in writing about Native Americans, it would be a shame if her notice were to curtail the circulation of *The Wind in a Jar*. For this seemingly rambling, idiosyncratic book deserves wide attention, both within and outside the academy, from scholars and general readers wishing to pursue the subtleties of Native America's place in today's multicultural reality. Contrary to what Kehoe perceives, a methodology does underlie the book, and one can only hope for its recognition from mainstream researchers exploring America's tribal cultures. The work also bears special relevance to students venturing into fields like anthropology and literature, which now tend to overemphasize method or to subordinate substantive interpretation to abstract theory.

Granted, Farella does not follow either an earlier sanctioned approach or a more newly fashionable one; he is neither an Aristotelian, a Thomist, nor a Cartesian; he is not Hegelian, Darwinian, or Freudian; not Positivist or Feminist or Postmodern. Instead, he gropes for a native, nonintrusive perspective in hopes that Navajo epistemology can open new dimensions for understanding established Western modes of thought, not the other way around.

This book's value lies precisely in its way of exploring that possibility through first-person involvement, in place of the usual objectifying field research that often results in disinterested generalizations suited to European categories. Indeed, perhaps the time has come to seek alternative ways of understanding tribes that have preserved an identity by maintaining their own deep taxonomic systems, elusive of today's entrenched theoretical constructs. "My goal," Farella states, "is to arrive at better representations of the way things are" in a culture not adequately explained by conventional modes of interpretation or analysis (p. 14).

Farella himself acknowledges that *The Wind in a Jar* does not fit neatly into any pigeonhole familiar to academicians. He records events with a raw frankness rare among ethnographers, who usually objectify, whether they wish to or not. Openly exhibiting an intensity that comes from close personal involvement, Farella describes experiences without attempting to classify them in any standard way. He offers detailed accounts of Navajo people caught in the sharp, often painful crossfire between evangelical Christianity and traditional Navajo religion; between modern medicine and native healing practice; or between an alien world-

view and traditional ways of knowing. Sometimes reading more like a set of short stories, the book frankly describes troubled Navajo people the author came to know personally as he struggled to understand them on their terms, rather than those acquired through his formal education.

Farella prefaces these accounts with one about himself. In it, he comes to realize that a videotaped ceremony he helped record as a graduate student would preserve nothing if the Navajo themselves ceased practicing it. It becomes like "the wind in a jar": anthropologists trying to capture information in fieldnotes or on film for consignment to archives, contributing no authentic meaning to contemporary tribal life. Farella's stories bear examples of what he calls "the unpleasant messages in the world," which conventional anthropology must all too often ignore (p. 125). One details the deep and bitter tension that accompanies a wife's conversion to Christianity while her alcoholic husband remains tied to traditional sacred ways until his violent death. In another, a man strangles his wife and flees, terrified for the rest of his days that his sons, who witnessed the event, will seek him out for revenge. In yet another, two young children die in a mudslide, and, thereafter, the feuding members of their extended family try to surmount their squabbling to accept and understand that premature death.

While maintaining a quintessentially Navajo viewpoint, the volume touches on something universally triumphant that underlies the conflict and squalor inevitable to human life, much the way Sophoclean or Shakespearean tragedy locates transcendent dignity in grave human error and wrongdoing. In the Navajo worldview, though, the parameters of right and wrong, or good and evil, differ widely from those of the West. Letting the stories speak largely for themselves, Farella shows how the Navajo obtain meaning from an epistemology very much their own—a way of seeing and learning explained not by Marx, Freud, or Foucault but by the sacred old narratives—"what we call myths" (p. 59)—that the Navajo still tell: A primeval couple shapes a cosmos unlike the one described in *Genesis*; the mother-goddess Changing Woman earns her status as essential nurturer by raising monster-slaying warrior twins; the trickster Coyote deliberately foreordains human mortality with a wisdom incidental to his self-serving, amoral ways; sibling incest transforms a brother and sister into erratic, moth-like beings who animate mountains with volcanic fire. Such native constructs, Farella insinuates, sometimes better explain

events than the external ones that non-Indian scholars customarily rely on.

One high point in Farella's matchless set of narratives is his account of a spiritual leader's admonition to the grieving relatives of the young mudslide victims to deflect their sorrow by ceasing the jealousy that has divided the family. A shared visitation from the dead children follows the elder's remonstrance. They assure all present of their well-being where they now dwell and repeat the appeal to restore familial harmony. Following the gathering, which Farella himself attended, he tries in vain to explain the incident "in my terms, which meant . . . some sort of a naturalistic explanation of what was essentially spiritual." As he wrestles with his own knowledge system, he becomes aware that "you are placed intensely in between something called the native and your colleagues," which forces you to "deny the native by trying to understand him in the language that your colleagues will accept" (p. 107).

That, I contend, is extraordinarily well put. As someone who has, over the years, lived and worked closely with the Navajo, attended ceremonies, and listened to songs and stories at gatherings, I have seen my own credibility stretched and challenged in ways I could not always square with myself, let alone repeat to colleagues or other associates in a monograph or a journal. I recognize and admire Farella's courage in reporting such incidents.

Contrary to what Alice Kehoe apparently notices, then, Farella's kind of ethnography bears a subtext more internally cohesive than any theoretical contrivance might allow from without. At the outset, he condemns two strategic flaws that social scientists generally make in studying tribal cultures—one "that emphasize[s] style" and the other "that emphasizes truth." The first "is relativism run amok," fostering the belief "that there is no truth in ethnography or that (really the same thing) all ethnography is equally good or true," so that "style becomes the only thing." The second arises from the "error made by those who think themselves scientists and fancy that they are emulating science, those who reify the pursuit of truth" (pp. 7–8).

"Ultimately I am neither a stylist nor a scientist," he warns, "since I see the tendency of both to reify as distorting rather than enhancing discovery and representation." He thus tries to steer a middle course, as a pragmatic, open-minded observer, between polarized absolutes. Unfettered by preconditions, he strives to

accept and explain first-hand experiences according to native premises. The world, Farella believes, which must learn that all cultures have wisdom to trade in the form of open-minded experience freely shared.

Farella's knowledge of a still-vibrant Navajo storytelling practice reinforces his ability to fathom events that transpire on the reservation. He links the tense standoff between the Christianized wife and her obdurately traditional husband, for example, with the traditional account of sexual conflict between First Woman and First Man in a primordial, prehuman world. In subsequent chapters, he spots commensurate relationships between incidents he has witnessed or participated in and episodes recounted in the Navajo pantheon of sacred narratives. I wish that Kehoe had recognized that; I wish more broadly that today's scholars in the humanities and social sciences would accept the traditional narratives underlying virtually all surviving Native American cultures as a full-blown classical poetry, still relevant to current life, instead of all but dismissing them as some lesser sort of mythology no longer applicable.

Such narratives, Farella writes, "provide a template, a standard, through which [Navajo] lives . . . can be ordered and understood." Like the standard verbal artifacts that safeguard the identity of all peoples, whether orally or in print, they "describe the range of emotions and behaviors that are available to humans; they describe the range of the possible." Relativists and positivists alike should pay more attention to traditional stories—not just as empirical data or as evidence of relative equilibrium among different peoples, but as the verbal framework of any culture's epistemology. Those who rely exclusively on science or relativist polemic to reach positions of certitude might do well to observe how Farella makes his peace with the open-ended uncertainty that all great literatures promote in an ongoing effort to reconcile "the range of [human] emotions" to "the pattern of the universe" within the full "range of the possible" (p. 130) in a world constantly changing. In the absence of such awareness, multiculturalism can be reduced too easily to doctrinaire cant disguised as scholarship in academic enclaves—safely isolated from the ethnic reality it purports to recognize and understand.

I would have preferred that the author provide enough documentation to allow sympathetic readers to track his knowledge of traditional Navajo storytelling and begin to see for themselves how it amplifies first-hand experience in ways standard scholar-

ship might overlook. Farella is without peer among non-Navajo people in his knowledge of that material; an occasional footnote and a complete bibliography might strengthen his case for paying attention to unclassifiable incidents in everyday Navajo life. At the very least, he might have cited his earlier book *The Main Stalk* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1984). There, in a more conventional way, he introduces material crucial to his argument here. I can find other small points of disagreement with *The Wind in a Jar*, and I certainly do not recommend it to the exclusion of standard investigations of Navajo culture. But it is an important book that offers a valuable supplement to today's usual academic fare, pointing to a newer way of understanding America's other cultures—especially the indigenous ones.

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Women of the Apache Nation: Voices of Truth. By H. Henrietta Stockel. Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1993. 224 pages. \$12.95 paper.

Apache Indians are "hot" right now. Two movies, one for television and one for the theaters, have brought them back into the national consciousness. Not since television's "Broken Arrow" has so much national attention been focused on these southwestern Athapaskans. This concern with the Apache in the visual media has been matched by a variety of histories, ethnographies, and historical reconstructions in the print media, including but not limited to Farrer's *Living Life's Circle*, 1991; Perry's *Apache Reservation*, 1993, and *People of the Mountain Corridor*, 1991; and the paperback edition of Faulk's *The Geronimo Campaign*, 1993.

With the rise of women's studies programs, a second contemporary national focus is on women. These two current interests, Apaches people and women, seem to have coalesced to produce a spate of books on Apache women. Stockel's finds company with Kimberly Moore Buchanan's *Apache Women Warriors*, 1986, and the even more current Ruth McDonald Boyer's and Narcissus Duffy Gayton's *Apache Mothers and Daughters*, 1992. Of these three, I must say I am least impressed by Stockel. The main thrust of *Women of the Apache Nation* is contained in four chapters. Chapter 1 is a review of the importance of women in Apache