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numerous empowering stories of an individual human being who offered hope to young Indians like Mike Quill. For this reason alone, *Bernie Whitebear* deserves wide attention in history surveys and American Indian studies introductory courses. It puts a human face on wounds inflicted by the construction of Grand Coulee Dam (a concrete representation of colonization and constant reminder of white privilege) and how one family survived, and blossomed, nonetheless. *Bernie Whitebear* ought to be read in Indian communities and by Indian kids. Bernie Whitebear, the Sin Aikst human being, should not be forgotten.

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Black Silk Handkerchief: A Hom-Astubby Mystery. By D. L. Birchfield. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2006. 350 pages. $26.95 cloth.

The cover of D. L. Birchfield's new novel states that it is a mystery, yet the first page quotes two treaty passages: the first from the 1802 treaty with the Choctaw and the second from the 1803 treaty with the Choctaw. This reviewer thought that the mystery must involve the Choctaw tribe in some way. Beyond the fact that the protagonist of the novel is a Choctaw from Oklahoma, and he mentions an ancestor who was around at the time of the treaties, this novel is not a mystery that takes place on tribal land, concerns tribal beliefs, or entails tribal spiritual or cultural practices in conflict with contemporary society.

In many ways, Hom-Astubby (aka William, or Bill, Mallory) is reminiscent of Robert J. Parker's Spencer: a strong yet vulnerable man who is concerned with the complexities of society, treats women respectfully, and rights wrongs at whatever cost. Like Spencer, he has a strong woman who supports him without question, sexually attracts him, and brings out his softer side. He is sometimes accompanied by his trusty sidekick who never questions what he does yet always has his back. The only thing missing is the violence. Like Spencer, Birchfield's protagonist is always on the go, traveling many miles and many days without question, his pockets somehow filled with the money necessary to fund his activities in support of the weak, downtrodden, and righteous.

Spencer has deep philosophical thoughts, as does Hom-Astubby, who ponders politics, the media, economics, Indian-white relations, and photography. Like Spencer, Hom-Astubby is also a victim of luck—sometimes good, sometimes bad. There is a brooding quality to both of the men that does not allow them to be truly happy. Always waiting for the other shoe to drop, never happy with the present, both men are always planning for a future that anticipates all the possible contingencies and usually focuses on the negative ones.

Hom-Astubby is a lawyer who does not practice but looks at everything from a legal perspective. However, he claims that the reason he does not practice law is because it isn't compatible with doing things the Indian way. The aloof way he often looks at situations, however, as if from an objective legal perspective, is in conflict with his reasoning. He decides to become a

photographer, based on the fact that he loves the craft and has been able to make a living at it in the past. This brings up another confusing aspect to this book—the constant, in-depth discussions of photography. Passages from a textbook on photography that Hom-Astubby published in his distant past are used to introduce each of the sections, and the story often gets lost in the photography lessons incorporated in the text. A little photography lore would be acceptable, but Birchfield loses his readers in the details.

Speaking of losing readers, Hom-Astubby's diatribe against whites is misplaced. Even though he rails against whites, almost all of his friends and everyone he asks for help is white, except for his buddy Johnny, who travels with him between New Mexico and Oklahoma. He even falls in love with a white woman, risking his life and reputation to rescue her. While this treatment of Indian-white relations is hard to swallow, the infamous good luck with money that Hom-Astubby "suffers" is too good to be believable and an unrealistic and jarring aspect to the novel. Hom-Astubby tries to act like a poor, honest fellow suffering at the hands of the evil businessman, yet he is enormously rich—in property and art. Of course, it is understandable that he may be uncomfortable with his newfound wealth, suffering pangs of guilt, but even his repetitively expressed fear of the Internal Revenue Service doesn't prevent him from using his wealth to advantage when presented with the opportunity.

There are a few other matters of Birchfield's narrative style that need review. Hom-Astubby's discussion of his body's sexual reaction to Avalon O'Neill, including his ridiculous nickname for his male member, is as mindless as the nickname. The constant referral to Avalon O'Neill by her full name is also grating. If there is a point to never referring to her by anything but her full name, it is lost on this reader. It is an aspect of stilted prose. Finally, the attempts to disguise the dog resemble slapstick comedy. However, these scenes try too hard to be comedic and fall flat.

All these digressions aside, there is an interesting mystery hidden in the book. If the reader remains committed and stays on task and finds the mystery within all the digressions, there is a baffling murder, with plenty of potential perpetrators. Who is the woman who has been murdered? Why has she been murdered? What drives Nelson Towers? Who is on his payroll and who can be trusted? Unfortunately, the murder is solved pretty quickly, and it is easy to see that Towers is driven by greed and power. There is no mystery with regard to Towers's motivation.

Ultimately, this is a weak mystery with an almost unbelievable solution. Birchfield is trying to do too much in the novel and is not successful. He teases us with some Choctaw lore. He introduces us to photography but loses the average reader who just wants to be able to take good pictures by the point-and-shoot method. His attempts at political and social satire often become didactic commentaries. He presents a complex amateur detective that we never can fully relate to and puts him in totally unrealistic situations. Finally, he provides a simplistic mystery that most readers have already solved long before he gets to the final denouement, which is rather far-fetched.

In the genre of Native American detectives, Tony Hillerman, Aimee and David Thurlo, and Margaret Coel, to name just a few, present believable

protagonists dealing with believable mysteries that incorporate Native American cultural and spiritual tension. Although D. L. Birchfield is an award-winning novelist, having won the Western Writers of America Spur Award for his novel *Field of Honor*, he misfires with his first mystery.

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The Collected Speeches of Sagoyewatha, or Red Jacket. Edited by Granville Ganter. Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press, 2006. 296 pages. $39.95 cloth.

The Collected Speeches of Sagoyewatha is an outstanding exemplar of an American Indian anthology of discourse—both oral and written. Granville Ganter has painstakingly researched the public discourse of Red Jacket (Seneca) within several local, state, and national archival collections. Concomitantly, Ganter has chronologically located sixty-seven of Red Jacket's key rhetorical engagements at the interstices of both political and cultural contexts. The end result is a well-organized, responsibly investigated, and fulsome account of "a formidable diplomat and one of the most famous Native American orators of the nineteenth century" (xxiv).

One of the finest offerings of *The Collected Speeches of Sagoyewatha* is the methodology called upon in the service of gathering authoritative texts. Ganter's justifications for choosing the collection's discourse are admirable. Fully admitting to the difficulties in locating so-called authentic texts subject to "a variety of honest transcription and transmission errors," he presents the earliest and most primary sources of Red Jacket's rhetoric (xvii). Instead of relying solely on the typical American State Papers collections, the National Archives, and Library of Congress records, Ganter delves deeper into local archives in New York, Massachusetts, and Ottawa, Canada—sites that the Seneca Nation called, and still calls, home. Ganter checks primary discourse against extant eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century secondary collections. This approach differs significantly from prototypal Native rhetorical anthologies relied upon by scholars of discursive studies. Less conscientious collections that fail to account for textual reliability include W. C. Vanderwerth's *Indian Oratory* (1971); Lee Miller's *From the Heart: Voices of the American Indian* (1995); Wayne Moquin and Charles Van Doren's *Great Documents in American Indian History* (1995); Peter Nabokov's *Native American Testimony* (1999); and Bob Blaisdell's *Great Speeches By Native Americans* (2000).

Substantively, Ganter's introductions to Red Jacket's discourse assist the reader in fully understanding, and engaging in, the speeches and letters crafted by the chief. He sets up the contextual underpinnings of the milieu under investigation and interjects guiding remarks throughout the presentation of Red Jacket's discourse in order to clarify form and content. Simultaneously, Ganter groups together exchanges between Red Jacket and governmental officials (that is, US presidents, secretaries of war, Indian agents)