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Photographs from the International Boundary Commission and from the Dan Cadzow Collection (both 1910–1913), supplemented by Pfisterer's own photographs from a trip he made with Richard Martin in 1983 and by Jamieson's fine illustrations, give us a sense of just how much human activity once occurred on this river, how intimately all the creeks and sloughs were known, and how firmly it remains in memory. Increasingly, rivers like the Porcupine are referred to as "wilderness rivers," yet we can see here how these same rivers were once the highways used to travel from place to place prior to road construction.

One final narrative told in Gwich'in by Myra Moses, transcribed by Katherine Peter and translated by Richard Martin, reminds us that, in the best of worlds, these stories would continue to be told and understood in the original language. Gwich'in is one Athapaskan language that is currently being taught in three distinct educational jurisdictions—in Alaska, in the Yukon Territory, and in the Northwest Territories—so there are young people in communities like Fort Yukon, Old Crow, and Fort McPherson who will be able to appreciate the labor that has gone into transcribing this narrative. With the growing interest in recording oral narratives, some of these students may use it as a model for work with their own grandparents.

This book will be of interest to students of Native American literature and sub-Arctic ethnohistory, to indigenous people from the Yukon and Alaska, and to general readers who love to hear good stories well told. It will be a fine addition to any library.

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Manifest Manners: Postindian Warriors of Survivance. By Gerald Vizenor. Hanover, New Hampshire: Wesleyan University Press, 1994. 191 pages. $30.00 cloth; $13.95 paper.

Gerald Vizenor's *Manifest Manners* is a book one can love to hate. It combines the very worst of postmodernism's vernacular-driven plunge into cliquish obscurantism with its author's already hyperinflated sense of self-importance. The result is largely sterile where it is not opaque to the point of sheer meaninglessness.

I mean, really. What, exactly, is *survivance?* How does it differ in substance from preexisting terms like *survival?* If it does not, where then may we find the necessity—or even the propriety—of Vizenor's having cloned yet another buzzword with which to encumber the long-since overloaded (but underclarifying) language of literary/cultural criticism?

Or, to take another tack, what does the author actually mean when he classifies the contemporary indigenous population of North America as "postindians?" In his first chapter, Vizenor offers the notion that the term is appropriate insofar as we have all, in his opinion, been reduced to acting out charades of our tribal past, mostly for the edification of the dominating Euro-American culture that has come to overwhelm and negate it.

This is an intriguing concept, to be sure. But it is one that opens up at least as many questions as it can purport to answer. How, for example, is our situation today dissimilar in principle from that of Pocahontas during her stint at the Court of St. James? Or Squanto or Joseph Brant or John Ross? Or how about those of our ancestors who were among the initial batch of *In Dios* Columbus spirited away to Iberia at the end of his first voyage?

Were the Great Navigator's Taino captives of 1493 somehow converted into "postindians" by the very fact that they were ripped bodily from their own setting and compelled to adapt themselves to a wholly alien one? Or did they remain "Indian" despite the grotesque deformity of circumstance imposed on them? And more or less so than the supposed postindians upon whom Vizenor focuses five centuries later, amidst the sociocultural environment of 1993?

Are the distinctions between those of us alive today and those who have gone before quantitative, qualitative, or both? How are such differentiations to be drawn? By whom? For what purpose and to what extent? These would seem fairly obvious concerns, matters requiring a fullness of consideration and response if Vizenor's analysis of topical phenomena were to be more than superficial. Yet, in the end, he begs them all, consistently glossing over the inadequacy of his approach with a transparently deliberate resort to obfuscatory word play.

"Manifest manners," he says, "are the simulations of dominance; the notions and misnomers that are read as the authentic and sustained representations of Native American Indians. The postindian warriors are new indications of narrative creation, the simulations that overcome the manifest manners of dominance" (pp. 5–6). Again,

> Native American Indians have endured the lies and wicked burdens of discoveries, the puritanical destinies of monotheism, manifest manners, and the simulated realities of dominance, with silence, traces of natural reason, trickster hermeneutics, and interpretation of tribal figurations, and the solace of heard stories . . . . The various translations, interpretations, and absence of tribal realities have been posed as the verities of certain cultural traditions. Moreover, the closure of heard stories in favor of scriptural simulations as authentic representations denied a common brush with a shimmer of humor, the sources of tribal visions, and tragic wisdom . . . . In other words, the postindian warriors of postmodern simulations would undermine and surmount, with imagination and the performance of new stories, the manifest manners of scriptural simulations and "authentic" representations of the tribes in the literature of dominance (pp. 16–17).

And again,

> The postindian warriors and posers are not the new shaman healers of the unreal. Simulations and the absence of the real are curative by chance; likewise, to hover over the traces of the presence in literature is not an ecstatic vision. The turns of postindian remembrance are a rush on natural reason. Some simulations are survivance, but postindian warriors are wounded by the real. The warriors of simulations are worried by the real more than other enemies of reference. Simulations are substitutes of the real, and those who pose with the absence of the real must fear the rush of the real in their stories (p. 23).

Yeah, sure, you bet. The construction of such impenetrable prose is meant not to illuminate and explain but the precise opposite. Its function is mainly to cast an aura of profound importance over thoughts that are trivial at best or, more usually, utterly barren. It also serves to lend a shallow veneer of intellectual significance—"I've read this thing three times, still can't understand it, so I can only conclude that the author *must* be smarter than I!"—to those with little or nothing consequential to say.

One is tempted at this point to simply consign *Manifest Manners* to that ever-growing pile of tomes representing nothing so much as a vulgar genuflection to the more puerile impulses of academic pretension. Still, a few elements of genuine utility do manage to

peek from time to time through Vizenor's swirling clouds of otherwise irredeemable verbiage.

Perhaps predictably, these shining moments occur whenever he drops his guise as a deep thinker and reconnects to the solidity of his roots in journalism. More accurately, such moments come when Vizenor himself steps aside, allowing working journalists to do his job for him. Thus, he finally lays bare whatever kernel of honest outrage might have motivated his writing in the first place.

Here, Vizenor proceeds by concrete example to explore the sordid realities attending the activities of several individuals embraced by the dominant society as "radical Indian leaders." It is plain that he sees those discussed as no more than instruments used by the status quo for purposes of confusing and usurping the legitimate aspirations of native people to continuity and liberation. Notable in this connection is the author's reliance on the accounts of reporters Kim Ode, Joe Geshick, Kevin Diaz, and Randy Furst in dissecting the case of Clyde Bellecourt, self-ordained "National Director" of the American Indian Movement (AIM).

> Bellecourt was discovered by the media and established as a leader by foundations and government institutions. He could have been historical in the banal sense of time, causation, and aesthetic melancholy; instead, he became one of the kitschymen of resistance enterprises . . . . Bellecourt is a kitschyman, one of the most contumacious cross-blood radical simulations in the nation. He is a word warrior on commission, a man who has abused the honor of tribal communities to enhance his own simulations of pleasure . . . (p. 154).

Vizenor then goes on to interweave the various journalists' work in elaborating how Bellecourt used his position as a famous AIM leader to profit from the peddling of drugs—LSD, cocaine, marijuana, angel dust—to the children attending his Heart of the Earth Survival School and/or living in his Little Earth Housing Project (both in Minneapolis), among other native groups (pp. 157–62).

Furst's writings indicate that this pattern of behavior eventually resulted in Bellecourt's arrest in March 1985 on nine counts of drug distribution (pp. 158–59). Ode, Furst, and Diaz point out that in April 1986 the defendant was allowed to negotiate a plea bargain in which he accepted a reduced sentence on a single felony. This was after a number of non-Indian community leaders testified as character witnesses, urging the court to show leniency

because of Bellecourt's supposed "dedication to his people" (pp. 155–58).

Meanwhile, Bellecourt himself meekly "pleaded guilty in the courtroom" even as he loudly, publicly, and repeatedly "claimed entrapment outside it" (pp. 155–56). Far from penalizing him for these active attempts to evade the sociopolitical onus of his confession, federal district judge Paul Magnuson capped things off by stressing his "great respect for what Bellecourt had done for the Indian community and society as a whole" (p. 157). Indeed, the convict was rewarded for his documented lack of contrition when the good judge deferred his punishment so that Bellecourt might desecrate the 1987 Big Mountain Sun Dance with his presence before entering his cell (p. 160). This, at the height of the Reagan administration's "War on Drugs!"

Small wonder that Vizenor at one point ponders "why law enforcement agencies did not investigate and arrest [Bellecourt] sooner" and whether he could "have been protected [by the police or FBI] in his enterprise of resistance" (p. 157). Be that as it may, Joe Geshick next reveals that when Bellecourt was released from prison, having served less than two years of his five-year term, he quickly began to employ violence and intimidation against the Minneapolis Indian community in order to reassert his position of "centrality" within it (p. 156). Quoting Ode in the *Minneapolis Star Tribune,* Vizenor notes that, since his incarceration,

> Bellecourt may have changed, but not everybody is buying it. Those who dislike him refuse to speak on the record, saying they fear reprisals. Word of [Ode's] newspaper article ignited the grapevine and the telephone rings with anonymous voices, all of whom identify themselves as American Indians, urging caution (p. 156).

Taken as a whole, this is a devastatingly penetrating portrait of a man who is still hyped as a sort of benchmark "Indian militant" by an astonishingly broad sector of the Euro-American Left; a man who, despite his status as an admitted "drug kingpin," continues to receive—by his own estimate—federal funding in the neighborhood of $4.5 million per year and well over $3 million annually in major corporate dollars, with which to run his "community service" operations in Minnesota.

Unquestionably, some of the material incorporated in Vizenor's handling of Clyde Bellecourt and others he accuses of embodying the shabby phenomenon of postindianism is important and de-

serving of the widest possible reading. Thus his ineptitude in attempting to place such information within the trendy and culturally totalizing abstractions of postmodernism is not just unfortunate but tragic. What is most striking in this respect is how avoidable it all was. Had Vizenor opted to employ the readily available and relevant framework of anticolonialist analysis developed a generation ago by theorists Frantz Fanon*(Black Skins, White Masks)* and Albert Memmi *(Colonizer and Colonized)*, *Manifest Manners* might have lived up to its potential as a coherent and useful book. Instead, he chose to squander this prospect, indulging himself once again—as he has several times previously—in the glitzy pose of professional literati.

We are left with a paradox, an irony of the sort in which postmodernism delights. *Manifest Manners* is largely an empty husk, a miserably failed promise. Yet we can ill afford to ignore its relatively meager content. In that he may be said to have intentionally orchestrated this outcome, Gerald Vizenor himself should be seen as the very epitome of the type of trickster charlatan he claims to detest so vociferously. He is, by this standard, the most wretchedly postindian of us all.

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Native American Dance: Ceremonies and Social Traditions. Edited by Charlotte Heth. Washington, D.C.: National Museum of the American Indian, Smithsonian Institution, 1992. 183 pages. $45.00 cloth; $29.95 paper.

Singing, dancing, and drumming are as ancient as creation itself. Among Native Americans, the sacred texts are replete with stories of song, movement, and music that wove the creation into being. In the ancient traditions, birds sang life into motion or joined a chorus that set life's course with movement. Plant and animal people first danced upon the earth, establishing movements, styles, and tempos that are still alive. Dance is one of the oldest art forms in the Americas, as native to this land as song and music, and intimately tied to both. All three art forms are closely linked to each other, manifesting themselves in many ways among diverse American Indian tribes and bands throughout the Ameri-

cas. In a very real sense, dance put the world into motion. Song and music keep the motion alive. Thus, dance is an act of creation within the Native American world, so it is fitting that the first publication of the National Museum of the American Indian focuses on dance. Through *Native American Dance: Ceremonies and Social Traditions,* the museum has brought to life an original volume and set its publication program into motion.

The words, photographs, and illustrations dance off the pages of this beautiful, tightly written, and well-organized book. It is skillfully edited by Charlotte Heth, a well-known Native American scholar who has devoted her life to research, teaching, and contributing to the field of ethnomusicology. Her expertise as a writer and editor is apparent throughout the book. Heth introduces the volume, providing insights and details about dance that will enlighten and enchant readers. Most important, she argues that dance survived the American holocaust and the attempts by the United States government to ban the Sun Dance, the Ghost Dance, and other ceremonials and socials common to native peoples. Indeed, she argues that "American Indian dance exists everywhere in America and in every venue, from the most traditional and private spaces to those most public and accessible." She argues that, every day, thousands of dancers perform their dances, "not to satisfy paying audiences or patrons, but to assure the continuation of ancient lifeways, to honor deities and each other, to associate with friends and kin, and to affirm their Indian identities." Music and dance among Native Americans is vital and alive, an ever-growing circle of tradition that has a life all its own, not inhibited by boundaries. Traditional dances are often communal, offering little individual freedom of expression, and are "not particularly acrobatic in terms of leaps, but somewhat restrained, with dancers staying close to the earth."

American Indian dance often features circular dance spaces, and many dances move around a circle in one direction or the other. This is the case with the round dance, the owl dance, and others, generally offered at powwows. However, some dances, like some Hopi socials, move in lines, forward and backward, while other dances, like the Washat, are performed in place. Most dances are accompanied by songs and music. Instruments used by Native Americans include far more than drums; American Indian musicians play flutes, whistles, rattles, and bells. Apache musicians also employ fiddles and bows, while their neighbors, the Tohono O'Odham, use the accordian—an instrument intro-

duced to the Southwest by European missionaries—during their Waila celebrations. Heth argues that Native American dance, song, and music are dynamic and organic, not frozen in time like an immutable dogma. She points out that, over the years of white contact, Indians have adopted elements of nonnative art forms into their own culture, and new songs, ceremonies, and dances have been added to those that are native, creating something new and enriching to the traditional culture. For example, in 1991, the Kiowa composed a new song and performed a new dance as a result of Operation Desert Storm, and Indians throughout the United States honored veterans of that conflict at powwows. "The value of this music and dance to the peoples who created them," Heth maintains, "cannot be overestimated." Native American dance is truly part of creation, a continuum that ties the past to the future. "Native peoples' relationships to their creators, their fellow humans, and to nature is what American Indian dance really celebrates."

Heth's book is a celebration of this tradition. It is presented in eight segments, focusing on the dances of the Haudenosaunee, White Mountain Apache, Tewa, Southern Plains, Northern Plains, Alaska Native, and on modern dances. The book also offers an extensive segment on the dances of Native Americans in Mexico and Bolivia, a wonderful addition to the literature that concentrates heavily on native peoples north of the Rio Grande. Ron La France and Leslie Logan present an excellent discussion of dances inside the Iroquois longhouse, with an emphasis on the participants and such head people as House Keepers, head singers, and lead dancers. Nancy Rosoff and Olivia Cadaval focus on the dances, music, and clothing of the Zapotec, Maya, and Aymara of Latin America. Masking, a tradition in these diverse communities, is one of many aspects of dance explored by these two scholars. Cecile Ganteaume examines the Sunrise Dance of the White Mountain Apache, perhaps the most important ceremony because of its relationship with Changing Woman and the rites of passage of Apache women. This section of the book is enriched with the writings of Apache elder Edgar Perry, who shares the origin story of the *Gaans* , or Crown Dancers. Jill Sweet, Rina Swentzell, and Dave Warren present words, stories, and images of *shadheh,* or Tewa dance—ceremonies that honor spirit people such as clouds, rain, mountains, trees, birds, and deer. Thomas Kavanagh, William Meadows, and Gus Palmer, Sr., detail many aspects of the Southern Plains traditions, including the Kiowa

Black Legs, which was revived in 1958 by Palmer to honor his brother who had died in World War II. Dances of the Northern Plains are offered by Lynn Huenenann, a well-known ethnomusicologist, singer, and drummer. Huenenann's essay is enriched by the works of Arthur Amiotte and Fred Nahwooksy. All of these authors deal with the Sun Dance, a central ceremony on the Northern Plains, but they also discuss dances commonly performed at powwows. Maria Williams provides an exciting section on dances performed by Alaska Natives, a moving addition to a rich collection. The final chapter, which deals with contemporary Native American dance, is written by Rosalie M. Jones. Rayna Green contributes to the success of this segment of the book by offering an insightful essay on the Cherokee Stamp Dance. All of the chapters are works of art. *Native American Dance* is must reading for anyone interested in the First Nations of this land.

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Ohitika Woman. By Mary Brave Bird, with Richard Erdoes. New York: Grove Press, 1993. 274 pages. $19.95 cloth.

If ever there was convincing reason why native people should be telling their own stories without white go-betweens, *Ohitika Woman* by Mary (Moore) Brave Bird with Richard Erdoes provides such reasoning. This is a sequel to *Lakota Woman* (Grove Press, 1990), the first collaborative effort between Erdoes and Mary Moore, then Crow Dog, now Brave Bird. *Ohitika Woman* vies to become yet another book for the well-worn tradition of works for scholarly discourse and research.

One need only witness the utilitarian ways in which John Neihardt's *Black Elk Speaks*, an "autobiography" of Nicholas Black Elk (University of Nebraska Press, 1932) has accommodated academe to recognize the reasoning behind a collaborative authorship of Indian autobiography. After *Black Elk Speaks*, much subsequent scholarly research was devoted to flesh out the "real" story, as in Joseph Epes Brown's *The Sacred Pipe* (University of Oklahoma, 1953) and, later, Raymond J. DeMallie's *The Sixth Grandfather* (University of Nebraska Press, 1984). These later