Deloria's essay, "Research, Redskins, and Reality," which sheds light on the complicated and enigmatic relations between Indian and non-Indian scholars. Deloria emphatically argues that research and scholarly publications can and should benefit Indian communities. He goes on to suggest that tribes might guide future research by establishing committees that would select "Master Scholars" who would have better access to research funds.

The effective compilation of essays written by individuals from different disciplines into a meaningful volume is a challenge that the editors, Hoxie, Mancall, and Merrell, succeeded in meeting. While the articles in *American Nations: Encounters in Indian Country, 1850 to the Present* are not interrelated, most of them were previously published in a wide variety of peer-reviewed journals, and have therefore already met demanding academic standards. The anthology as a whole does an excellent job both of showing American Indians as actors rather than victims, and of illuminating the complexity of the relationships between American Indians and non-Indians in the United States. Methodologically, the volume sheds light on the efficacy of studying cultures in a particular time and place; on the value of addressing cultural phenomena for the purpose of demonstrating linkages between historical events and community values and practices; and on the power of good interdisciplinary research. *American Nations: Encounters in Indian Country, 1850 to the Present* is thought provoking. It will inspire numerous discussions and will raise difficult questions about American Indians and non-Indians past, present, and future that will motivate further research.

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Bone and Juice. By Adrian C. Louis. Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press, 2001. 95 pages. $16.95 paper.

Since 1974 Adrian Louis has produced not only a fine novel (*Skins*, 1995) and a collection of remarkable short stories (*Wild Indians and Other Creatures*, 1996) but a dozen collections of poetry. With the publication of each collection it has become increasingly clear that any attempt to confine him within a Native American Studies ghetto probably has been futile, and now with *Bone and Juice* it is obvious that with or without an American Indian label he is a significant poet, whose body of work reveals a record of steady growth impelled in part by a constant refusal to falsify either his personal experience or the American Indian experience which frames it.

His personal experience has been both various and painful. Born and raised in Nevada in a mixed Paiute-white family, Louis came to poetry in his teens but flunked out of college and drifted into the Haight-Ashbury "scene" in San Francisco in the late 1960s—the source of a remarkable collection of related poems, *Ancient Acid Flashes Back* (2000). He escaped by hitchhiking east, eventually completed his formal education with two degrees from Brown University, and then returned west to edit Indian newspapers. One of these

jobs took him to the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, and in 1984 he began teaching at the reservation's Oglala Lakota College. His Pine Ridge experience was both formative and painful. The grim reality of the reservation, plagued by alcohol in the poorest county in the United States, was rich in possibilities for his poetic vision, and his triumph over his own alcoholism in the late 1980s enabled him to escape from what, in the title of a collection published in 1989, he called the "fire water world." When his wife was diagnosed with the onset of Alzheimer's, he left the reservation (a move made possible by the award of a fellowship which freed him from teaching for a time) and moved across the Nebraska state line to put his wife into a nursing home in the border town that in a number of savage but often very funny poems he calls "Cowturdville." In the aftermath of serious surgery a few years ago and with an increasing consciousness of mortality in his sixth decade, he teaches now at Southwest State University in Minnesota.

From the beginning, Louis has revealed both in poetry and prose a mastery of a loose, colloquial, and frank style which is courageous in its depiction of personal foible, often obscene, but also profound and eloquent. It is a language perfectly suited to his subjects and to his primary themes of social disintegration, personal survival, and the betrayal of traditional values. His combination of contemporary sophistication and traditional tribal wisdom in contexts which are often both sardonic and funny have always seemed appropriate in a poet who combines affection for that wisdom with the sad realization that it is too often ignored in the struggle with the forces of modern social disintegration, too often taken for granted by Indians who have lost much of it, and too often exploited by those pursuing their own ends.

Readers who have followed Louis's career will find familiar themes and subjects in *Bone and Juice*. The snake in "Song of the Snake" is alcohol, and the reference to the liquor stores across the state line in White Clay, Nebraska, echo earlier poems: "Cousin … that was you / with the White Clay shakes / when last we met" (p. 18). In "Valentine from Indian Country," Indian traditions are juxtaposed against the realization that although those traditions ought to liberate they too often do not; white people "crossing into the rez" see evidence "of brimstone, eternal damnation. / Everywhere they turn are burned-out / husks of abandoned cars and scarred / husks of abandoned humans, / shuffling, lost in the dreams of / their grandfathers" (p. 4).

In "Song of Arrows," contemporary Indians sing the old warrior songs, at least in their mind, when border town store clerks and "Indian-hating cops" subject them to discrimination. The poem's final sentence is sardonic: "It's got a good beat. / You can dance to it / if you're drunk enough" (p. 11). And Louis's willingness to fly in the face of our contemporary infatuation with "correct" ways of seeing this and that is hilariously displayed in "Announcing a Change of Diet in the Menu at Neah Bay, Washington," in which the Makah of Neah Bay, wishing "to resuscitate their / ancient roots, … decide / to assassinate a gray whale." They carve a traditional boat and row out to harpoon a whale, but then avail themselves of modern possibilities, choosing to be towed to their tribal roots behind a motor boat and avoiding the rage of the harpooned whale by finishing it off with a high-powered rifle. Still, their incon-

sistency, for all that, seems less ridiculous than the response of some white people: "Another goofy chapter in / the history of American Indians /. … For the next six months, maybe a / year, it's whale burgers for breakfast / and blubber pie for dessert. And / nightmares about the crazy whites / who march in a Seattle candlelight / vigil a few days after the hunt, / carrying signs that say: / SAVE THE WHALES, KILL A MAKAH" (p. 88).

Louis has developed these themes in earlier work, but in *Bone and Juice* he has reached a higher plateau of excellence and power, revealed in a degree of lyricism which seems directly related to a complex vision of religion that includes a certain sense of personal grace directly related to his wife's condition and to his loyalty to her. On the one hand, his religious references are sardonic, as, for example, in a reference to "my middle finger saluting God" (p. 28), but they are just as often complex and sad—"O sweet Mary of Nazareth, / … your Son is not my wine" (p. 4). "Cowturdville at Easter," in the context of a description of nearby adolescents playing basketball, includes a prayer: "Oh! Christ, arise again this day / and do something useful. / Slam-dunk my heart through / the hoop of compassion" (p. 73).

In *Ceremonies of the Damned*, Louis confronted Alzheimer's disease in what surely must be the most powerful, moving, and haunting poems ever written about this subject, and several of the poems in *Bone and Juice* also are informed by the constant presence of this horror. But readers who have followed Louis's artistic development will notice another element which always has been latent in his work but now seems overwhelming—a lyric grace, even in poems which are satiric and frequently informed by a passionate degree of moral outrage. The related elements that may be said to define his present situation as a poet may be understood in the following sequence: (1) the affliction of an evil disease on a beautiful and tragic woman strengthens her husband's love for her; (2) this absolute commitment makes possible a grace, undefined in Christian terms, but saving in its effect; and (3) this salvation finds expression in a lyricism which is all the more extraordinary for being so matter-of-fact. This sequence is the explicit matter and method of the prose poem "Good-Hearted Woman," which narrates a car ride with his wife, who is free from the nursing home for a couple of hours. The time is early spring, and through melting snows they drive to Pine Ridge, listening to country music on the radio and noticing a great eagle "perch atop a telephone pole, so close we can see its eyeballs." In Pine Ridge he picks up his mail and a newspaper, and they go looking, without success, for any member of her family. Returning through White Clay, they see a store clerk slip on ice and fall and "two drunk and dire winos": "Oh, Lord, we laugh wildly for the twenty minutes it takes to get home, all the time I'm hugging and kissing you, trying to keep from going into the ditch, thanking God for this day, and for you, my good-hearted woman. My crazy, sweet, sweet woman. My continuing life and love" (pp. 47–48).

Bone and Juice contains fine things on every page, but nothing in this moving book is more moving or more eloquent than its last poem, "The Promise" (pp. 94–95), in which the record of the love of a husband and wife can only end in sad regret: "Our half-breed / hearts were hard,/ scabrous, and so / utterly umber. … / We arrived as / damaged goods, / abandoned at birth /

and again at death." Now the husband, in his "endless mourning," struggles with his knowledge of the ghost that was his wife, but the poem ends in almost heart-breaking beauty with lines that balance the complexities of love, identified with the astringent chokecherries of the Great Plains, with grasshoppers, always in Louis's poetic vision, a symbol of aridity and sterility:

Listen,
when the chokecherries
ripen, you'll hear me call.
When the grasshoppers
wither, I'll be standing
with you.
Upon the ghost road,
hand in hand,
our dry lips dark
with cherry blood,
we'll sing our song
of what was us.
When the chokecherries
ripen, look for me.

I'll be there, I promise.

Dancing up a dust storm
with all our lost days.

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Boundaries Between the Southern Paiutes, 1775–1995. By Martha C. Knack. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2001. 450 pages. $50.00 cloth.

This history is by far the most comprehensive work that has ever been written on the Southern Paiutes. It is a well-documented story of how the members of these very small foraging groups survived the almost complete destruction of their aboriginal resource base and the heavy-handed attempts to erase their unique ethnic identity. However, as the author points out, unlike what happened to better known Indian tribes in the United States, the Southern Paiutes "were never targets of U.S. cavalry campaigns" (p. 2), which were not needed to destroy the ability of these people to survive in the desert by traditional means. For, as Knack writes: "two or three men on horseback with repeating rifles were enough to seize a spring" (p. 2); horses, cows, farmers, and traveling wagon trains quickly destroyed fields of seed producing grasses; and newly mounted Ute slave raiders stole many women and children.

As a consequence of unpredictable rainfall patterns, in precontact time no single place could be relied upon to provide even a single family with depend-