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story" (p. 5). *Plateau Indians and the Quest for Spiritual Power* has established Larry Cebula as one of the premier scholars of Plateau Indian-white historical relations, with a high standard of research, originality, and presentation. I look forward to reading his next work.

Rodney Frey

University of Idaho

Pow Wows, Fat Cats, and Other Indian Tales. By E. Donald Two-Rivers. Topeka: Mammoth Publications/Woodley Memorial Press, 2003. 75 pages. \$12.00 paper.

A few months ago in these pages, I reviewed *Absentee Indians and Other Poems* by Kimberly Blaeser, an Ojibway author who lives in Wisconsin. A prominent element in Blaeser's strong collection was the homesickness of being an urban Ojibway living separated from the family and community of the Ojibway native lands. Had I known of Two-River's latest collection then, it would have been advantageous to have reviewed the collections together. Aside from style, Blaeser and Two-Rivers share a number of characteristics: both have Ojibway heritage, both live in Wisconsin, and both explore the life of an urban Indian. Stylistically, however, the two authors diverge and the contrast ends. The poems of Two-Rivers have an urban edge. He writes streetwise poems of protest and red pride not entirely dissimilar to themes of his earlier short dramas in *Briefcase Warriors* (University of Oklahoma Press, 2001). Unlike poetry that works through images and metaphors, the voice-dominant work of Two-Rivers cuts through a fog of false ideologies in an attempt to discern truth by revealing its opposite.

In "Old Dog Soldier," Two-Rivers quickly sets the tone for his collection: "I'll not speak / in vision talk tongue / with eyes cast to the ground / . . . / What you'll hear might make you squirm" (p. 1). And it does. As the collection moves forward from early childhood recollections to pieces set in Chicago, the poems pepper themselves with images and references to urban blight, homelessness, drunkenness, drugs, poverty, and prostitution. "Chicago's big shoulders are sagging," writes Two-Rivers in "Big Shoulders Sagging," then tells how "Ghosts of working men wander / aimlessly in valleys of depression" (p. 28). Unlike Carl Sandburg's paean to the industrial worker in "Chicago," Two-Rivers embraces the dispirited and down-and-out. The characters that populate his collection are often swallowed up by the city: "Neil Young said it true," he writes in "Ghost Dancer's Story," "Every junkie's like a setting sun" (p. 32). Even women are not exempt from the city's problems, as "Always Took His To Go" demonstrates in writing about a woman "rolled dead / into the rivers of depravation, / lured by a Southside pimp / bragging of twenty whores / and an orchid-colored Cadillac" (p. 39).

The aesthetics of Two-Rivers seem to borrow heavily from Neil Young, a distortion effect accompanied by an abrasive voice. His style represents an interesting mix, perhaps something akin to Simon Ortiz meeting Adrian Louis.

The work seems part Louis Rodriguez, with a city-tough voice, along with touches of the late Gwendolyn Brooks (also a Chicago poet) and echoes of Amiri Baraka. Two-Rivers' voice is directly in the tradition of protest authors or poetry of witness. He seeks to set the record straight, to confront oppression by acknowledging the pride of his roots. "I'm not an artifact!" he exclaims in "Passing Through" and later adds, "So why do you look at me / like you're looking at the past?" (p. 16). He confronts Indian stereotypes: "And now you are talking at us like / we are your personal Tontos" (p. 51), as well as historical injustice and the policies that have hindered Native rights, as in "Special Rights": "We remember Sand Creek / Great Swamp and Wounded Knee. / . . . / Special Rights?" (p. 40). A similar theme permeates such poems as "Not on the Guest List," "Accessing Imagined History," and "Rambo to Flambeau" about a "lynch mob" of Indian-haters protesting Native land-use rights (p. 67).

Two-Rivers's writing has its lyric moments. Such works as "Indian Land Dancing," "Old Man and Renegade Boy," "She Sings as She Dances," and "Words of Love" celebrate inspiring people and the land. He can write softly as in such poems as "Campsite 1996":

I'm gifted a brief slice of eternity.
 A valley of vagueness unfolds.
 I can only peer into it
 and so I listen
 hoping for revelation,
 or is it verification
 of what my elders told me?

Such quiet moments are few, sprinkled here and there as if to assuage the confrontational aesthetics of the book-at-large that streams through its content without any sectional divisions.

Pow Wows, Fat Cats, and Other Indian Tales is a book with an agenda. The writing seems at times as hard as the concrete of Chicago's Division Street, the tone as jarring as the rattle of a passing El train. Two-Rivers does not offer easy reading, but provides a collection that takes on those with "powerful arguments and powerful friends / and politicians" as in "Crandon Is a *Windigo*" (p. 73). The *Windigo*, "Beast-symbol of madness and hunger" (p. 11), seems much like Ginsberg's Moloch in *Howl*. When we recognize such monsters, we need to "Beware!" (p. 73), because like Crandon of the Crandon Mining Company, "He's talking to your senator!"

Philip Heldrich

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Raising Ourselves: A Gwich'in Coming of Age Story from the Yukon River. By Velma Wallis. Kenmore: Epicenter Press, 2002. 212 pages. \$19.95 cloth.

Raising Ourselves fits into a growing genre of Native American women's autobiography, with stylistic and thematic twists worthy of note. Unlike such autobiographies as *Halfbreed* (Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada: Goodread