written as if it were an autobiographical account. Fox Roman chooses works that show how the oral tradition blends with the written one.

Many students at the Saskatchewan Indian Federated College complain that contemporary Aboriginal literature paints an overly bleak picture of their lives. They argue that they need to hear the happy stories too. *Voices Under One Sky* supplies a balanced picture without avoiding difficult topics. Rita Joe’s poem, “I Lost My Talk” (p.76), for example, deals with the poet’s anger at the government policies that tried to eliminate the original languages. However, many other works are stories of healing and hope. Kim McLain’s “The Blue Hand Shield” (p.132) tells how an Elder teaches a young man to grieve and to find spirituality.

I recommend *Voices Under One Sky* for use in grades ten to twelve and for introductory classes in Aboriginal literature at the university level. It is both accessible and visually appealing, and it presents a balanced picture of contemporary Aboriginal life. The only thing that it lacks is contributions from the dynamic world of Aboriginal drama, an omission that I hope will be amended in future editions.

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Reference

Erdrich, Louise  


“Let us empower ourselves through the rituals of sharing burdens,” writes Wendy Rose in the preface to her short collection of poetry, *Now Poof She is Gone*. Appropriately stated, Rose presents what she refers to as “me” poems written over a thirty year period from 1962 to 1992. Her poems are thoughts about her life, written as she experienced it. They deal with her beliefs, emotions and identity. Deeply personal, Rose’s collection
seems to have been written for therapeutic purposes as well as to share—or perhaps to offer—her experiences.

The book is divided into four subsections. The poems in the first section—"Ayata"—deal with the author's struggle with her sanity and with feelings of isolation on a mental ward.

The second section, or "Memoir of the Alien," poems are concerned with her social identity, while the poems in the "The Murder of the Girl" section present her inner feelings of alienation, aging, and sexuality. The final section, "Now Poof She is Gone," also covers themes of alienation and includes her more recent poems. Some of her earliest work shows evidence of ties to the Northwest coast while her later poems are set in the south-western United States. All of this work demonstrates Rose's personal growth and experience.

Most of these poems seem somewhat abstruse, such that the average person, reading solely for enjoyment, might not want to try a second reading in order to fully understand them. I felt at certain points that I had perhaps entered into the middle of her thoughts. Her symbolism is so personal that at times the reader seems expected to know something which has already happened. At the same time her description of the environment expresses her spiritual views, as in "Thanksgiving Day on the San Joaquin Daily" (p.83); "Naming Power" (p.34); and "Prayer at a Fork in the Road" (p.38). The reader can easily picture the ocean and the desert through her description. Rose occasionally uses words from languages unlikely to be familiar to most readers, but she then provides a translation in a footnote. Apart from the obvious benefit of the translations to readers, the use of these words adds depth and interest to her poetry.

Rose's most outstanding poems are those that are more complete in thought, not least because they are much easier to comprehend. "Mark my Grave With a Stick and Write This There" (pp.44-45) is powerful for its expression of her identity as a writer. Her description of her discarded poems as being "comets" that are created "spinning from her hair" is excellent as well as poignant. "Urban Breed, Go Get Your Gun" (p.28) is equally impressive. This poem deals with Rose's sexual and racial identity. Here she reveals she is

inside
one kind of woman
outside a different kind

who, in the case of love, is "too white for the red/too red for the white," and who will "never have a full blood baby." Her poem makes a strong social statement. Written in 1971 during the cultural/liberation movement when racial pride and freedom of choice were constantly emphasized, she reveals
her own truths when she takes a personal stand. She also poses a question so crucial to so many Aboriginal people around the world: where does a mixed blood person fit?

Poems about her family life, such as "Mom, Dad" (p.52) and "Murder of the Girl" (p.62), are filled with great sadness and pain as well as anger. One realizes that Rose has led a difficult life. Her romantic side is revealed in what she calls “The Brenda Poems” (pp.65-72) and “The Jane Poems” (pp.73-76). These express her sense of coming to terms with sexual identity and lost love.

All of Wendy Rose’s poems are relatively short, so the book can be scanned easily. Reading the entire book at one time gives the collection more fluidity than simply reading individual works, for many poems seem to run into the next. Although they express diverse thoughts, there is a considerable degree of unity in the poems despite their having been written over a thirty year period.

Generally, Wendy Rose’s collection is both interesting and moving. She has courageously revealed her inner, most personal thoughts through her poetry. This is a quality to be greatly admired. Those readers who accept her words of experience will greatly appreciate her work, although those who attempt to analyze her work too deeply might well get lost in her psyche.

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In For an Amerindian Autohistory, Georges Sioui introduces a much needed philosophy and methodology into Amerindian history. Sioui’s book is a call to abandon what he has dubbed “the evolution myth,” the belief that more technically advanced or literate societies are superior and are therefore responsible for dominating and altering more “primitive” societies. This book urges us, instead, to replace this linear perspective with a more holistic belief in the sacred circle of life, allowing for a more tolerant, non-hierarchical approach to history and its actors. Sioui’s book also strives to dispel the myth of the disappearing Indian and to show that Indian culture