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The book and its notes upon which it was based do not constitute decent anthropology, let alone history or journalism. Here, let me consider only one example among many instances of poor understanding of Apachean culture. Mescalero and Chiricahua Apaches, indeed all Southern Athabaskan people, trace their primary kinship and descent through their mothers. They acknowledge the father's line as well, but it is the mother's line that is paramount. Page 251, note 23 reads as follows: "Sam married a Mescalero woman, *which made him and his son Mescalero.* (Sam Chino, with Amelia Naiche translating, transcripts of interviews by Ball, 28 March 1956 and 28 January 1956, Ball MSS; and Carisso Gallerito, transcript of interview by Ball, 14 October 1954, Ball MSS.) [emphasis added]." There is simply no way Sam Chino, or any other Apache man, changes kinship affiliation upon marriage; Sam's son was Mescalero only because his (the son's) mother was Mescalero. Further, I know Amelia Naiche, some of her siblings, and I knew her father, Christian, when he was still alive; Amelia and her natal family are native speakers of Apache and would never have made such an attribution of kinship-switching upon marriage. Therefore, I am left with the assumption that this is another of Ball's ideas that Robinson simply accepted.

When taken as a whole, then, it is difficult to recommend the book to any audience a book reviewer tries to reach. The book is an amalgam of fiction presented as fact, misquotations and incorrect translations, mixed up genealogies, flawed understanding of anthropology, and totally incorrect reporting of a people's ways of living, whether or not such living is seen through an anthropological lens.

Robinson is a good writer who managed to stitch together the shreds and patches of Ball's notes. Robinson also appears to be an excellent researcher in that she is certainly highly conversant with Ball's notes and some of the other literature on the Mescalero and Chiricahua people. Unfortunately, she relied on Ball's notes—material that is all too often inaccurate, heard and spelled incorrectly, and transcribed with a heavy editing hand, leaving it rearranged and fictionalized. It is no wonder Robinson, who is no scholar of things Athabaskan, was led astray. It saddens me to see so much effort and time wasted on what is, like most of Ball's own publications, unusable by scholars and no more than fiction that does not accurately portray any of the Apache people. Ball meant well but was unequal to the task she set herself; Robinson, by relying on Ball, produced a book that never should have seen print.

Claire R. Farrer
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The Crooked Beak of Love. By Duane Niatum. Albuquerque: West End Press, 2000. 70 pages. $8.95 paper.

Duane Niatum is a major contemporary Native American poet whose work seems to be better known and more greatly appreciated by his fellow writers than by the Indian-literature-reading public as a whole. I am somewhat hard-pressed to puzzle this out, but I believe that much of it has to do with living

on the West Coast rather than in New York (where big publishers tout the work of only four or five Native writers to the exclusion of dozens of others producing extremely fine work) or the Southwest (where all the Indians are supposed to be). Be that as it may, he has published on a fairly regular basis books of poetry that are consistently judged to be of superior quality. The author's publications listing page shows five books and two anthologies to his credit before *The Crooked Beak of Love*. This does not account for the several chapbooks he has also published—a form which several of Niatum's well-known contemporary Native American poets employ for themselves and list as books rather than as chapbooks—and so this might also be a factor in his relatively little critically examined and appreciated status. Niatum is also a poet who is consistently growing and developing, one who will often revisit his earlier work and, if he warrants it to be necessary, will rethink and rewrite so that the later work manifests the fine-tuning and polishing characteristic of a major artist.

It is this latter quality—the reworking of earlier work—that I wish to examine in this short review. In 1974, Niatum published his second book of poems, *Ascending Red Cedar Moon*. Issued by Harper & Row as part of their now-defunct Native American Publishing Program, the book was a substantial contribution, critically and artistically, to the program and the publisher, as well as a solid addition to Niatum's oeuvre. The poems in it are vivid and memorable. In particular, the book is notable for its last section, entitled "Legends of the Moon," in which the poet examines in twelve poems the yearly cycle of seasonal change within the framework of traditional Klallam culture, told through a Klallam sensibility and imbued with the Klallam worldview. It is within the context of this cycle, by an examination of part of one poem in it, that I propose to illustrate how a gifted poet has taken a remarkable poem and, by rewriting it years later, transformed it into an excellent poem. "Frost Moon," from *Ascending Red Cedar Moon*, now reworked and retitled "Moon of Frost's Return" in *The Crooked Beak of Love*, in a section now called "Moon Stories," is, I feel, an appropriate example of Niatum's growth as an artist. With the reader's indulgence, I will reprint the first stanzas of both poems, and then illustrate how I perceive the steps indicative of a good poet developing into a great poet. First, the first part of "Frost Moon":

> Coyote's howl gives a village to Elwah river ghosts,
> Red-cedar fishermen too ancient
> As the ferns to settle a field of poetry,
> Too buried under the rain of many faces to be reached
> With a watch. And like the song of owl,
> Dog Salmon wind carries a light
> Meditation over the white fir slopes,
> The path zig-zagging its way toward the town. (p. 77)

Now here its rewritten metamorphosis in "Moon of Frost's Return":

> A coyote howl adds a lingering irony
> to the Elwha river ghosts,
> the red-cedar fisherman too hard-grained
> as the lavas at Mats Mats Bay
> to stay settled in this field of poetry,
> too buried under mudslides to be reached
> with a watch or car. Like the thunder
> in the hills, a wind rolls off a peak;
> carries the colors of the alpine sky
> over the fir, hemlock, pine, and maple,
> zig-zagging a trail to Port Angeles. (p. 68)

"Coyote's howl gives a village to Elwah river ghosts" is certainly not a bad line, as poetic lines go. However, it is somewhat pale and overgeneralized when contrasted with "A coyote howl adds a lingering irony / to the Elwha river ghosts." For one thing, and I hope Niatum will pardon me saying so, the earlier usage of "Coyote" as generic and specified persona, as many Indian poets were doing right and left in the 1970s, strikes one nowadays, for the most part, as hackneyed and presumptuous. Yet most Native American poets writing and publishing back then, myself included, were doing it all too frequently. Incidentally, "owl" (small letter) appears to be an error not previously caught by either poet or editor, since this feathered friend was most likely intended to be genericized, too. One will recall the poetic dicta of such past masters as Richard Hugo and William Carlos Williams, who called for poetry to be concrete. With this in mind, one can then see Niatum's rewritten line as much more concrete than the 1974 version. Similarly, the newer spelling of Elwha represents a more direct approach to local naming and more precise than Elwah. As the first sentence of the stanza's rewrite reveals, much more is now imparted to the reader. It is as though Niatum, after more than twenty-five years, is showing that he has learned, with age and experience, to see in ways he had not previously. "Red-cedar fisherman . . . ," ". . . lavas at Mats Mats Bay . . . ," "mudslides," and ". . . watch and car . . . " add dimensionality to the scene, things that were most likely there the first time he viewed them in the imaginative act of writing, but not so nearly mentally photographed as they appear to be at a later glance. The former overgeneralized "fern" is now expanded to "fir, hemlock, pine, and maple." This, of course, is only one stanza of one poem in the section, but further examination reveals that Niatum has embellished and heightened all the poems in similar ways. As Niatum says in the book's preface, the poems in the Moons cycle are not simply "recycled to fit a new context, but (they) have been re-composed to such a degree that they are really new works made from old parts" (p. x).

As indicated in the above "Moon of Frost's Return," many of the poems in the collection reveal the author's strong sense of place. Few Native American writers—make that writers in general—of the Puget Sound–Northwest Coast–Seattle area command as thorough a knowledge of the landscape as Niatum. The numerous references to such places as Chemakum Creek, Skunk Island, Hoko River, the afore-mentioned Elwha

River, Neah Bay, Skagit Valley, Oak Bay, Nooksack River, and Lake Duwamish heighten his poetic landscape so that anyone reading the poems will not likely mistake the land he describes. Niatum's knowledge of contemporary and traditional Klallam history and culture comes through the poems as well, and this, along with his closeness to the landscape of the region, intermeshes with his knowledge and familiarity with the other Native communities nearby—Duwamish, Skagit, Nooksack, Lummi, and Swinomish among them.

The published package constituting *The Crooked Beak of Love* is the work of West End Press of Albuquerque, a small press publisher headed by John Crawford. The book is not only superbly and visually arresting, with a cover illustration of four birds of prey in flight by Alfredo Arreguin, but it is also aesthetically satisfying with its choices of typeset and layout that well benefits a serious work of poetry by an important writer. This is not at all surprising, as anyone who knows anything about small press publishing can readily attest, since West End has been considered for now more than a decade as one of the finest such entities in the United States. The publisher, the press, the cover artist, and certainly the poet, are to be congratulated on having produced such an excellent work of art.

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Desert Indian Woman: Stories and Dreams. By Frances Manuel and Deborah Neff. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2001. 227 pages. $39.95 cloth; $17.95 paper.

Desert Indian Woman is a life history that emerged from a long-standing relationship between two women, one a Tohono O'Odham (previously known as Papago) culture bearer, the other a *milgan*, or white academic. The life history is of Francis Manuel, as-told-to Deborah Neff, who recorded her words between 1981 and 1996. The stories proceed largely in a chronological order although at times the historical narrative is blended with myth fragments. According to Neff, she recorded, minimally edited, and arranged the tellings into this book (with Manuel's approval) (p. xvii). The book is divided into five parts with a total of twenty chapters plus two appendices. The biography was recorded almost entirely in English except for a brief introduction that is in O'Odham with an English gloss (p. xvii). Frances Manuel is an interesting person. Her life so far has been a full one, packed with hard work and hard knocks as well as love, kindness, and joy grounded in her family and her desert home. And while the book is at its best when one reads her life's adventures, the book fails to address the many potent issues raised in the life history genre in general and in Manuel's life in particular. The text offers a series of interesting stories that go flat because they are not situated in political, economic, racial, and gendered contexts. In my opinion, life history is at its best when the individual teller of stories is linked to wider social milieus. The reader is then left to ponder