

taxonomic names are misspelled or in need of updates, and some typographical errors remain. Chapter statements are well-documented, with a mixture of historical literature and newer papers published since 2000. *Rivers, Fish and the People* is a data-rich, rigorous volume, and a valuable contribution overall.

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**The Road Back to Sweetgrass.** By Linda LeGarde Grover. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2014. 200 pages. \$24.95 cloth; \$14.95 paper; \$25.00 electronic.

In *The Road Back to Sweetgrass*, deep and distant time collapses as the old man Zho Wash whispers, “I recount the story as in my daughter’s eye the Anishinaabe ancestors listen and nod *mii gwayak*” (194). Meaning “correct, traceable, solid, and good,” *miig-wayak* also describes the connections Linda LeGarde Grover creates with characters, settings, seasons, and senses in her second work of fiction. Her first book, *The Dance Boots*, was a collection of related stories about women, support, survival, and finding balance between the weight of memory and the light hope of dreams. Grover is also the author of *The Indian. At. Indian. School*, a print and online chapbook of poems layering the kindness of children, institutional evil, the value of reading, and the occasional necessity of sarcasm—especially as exhibited in the award-winning poem “To the Woman Who Just Bought a Set of Native American Spirituality Dream Interpretation Cards,” which begins “Sister, listen carefully,” and then offers more advice than any one person deserves. Grover is generous like that.

Coming of age is a common novelistic subject. Every reader can relate to young women who chase young men, young men who do that dance of disappearance, and the parents and grandparents we have known, or have always wanted to know. *The Road Back to Sweetgrass* stands in the company of *Little Women*, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, *The Color Purple*, *How the Garcia Girls Lost their Accents* and other novels that speak of girls growing up in complicated families in a complicated nation. It is unquestionably American literature of high quality, but its success lies in its specificity, to North America, to the Great Lakes, to all Anishinaabeg and to the descendants of those who signed the 1854 United States Treaty with the Chippewa, which changed the lines on the land but not the scent of the space where a small deerskin bag was buried for a baby to know “we will always be a part of this place” (192). Some trace the *bildungsroman* (novel of formation) back to Goethe’s late eighteenth-century novel *Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship*; the *gikenindizodibaajimowin* (story of knowing oneself) stretches back to a time when young girls faced *wiindigoog*, were misled by *paa’iinsag* and made many decisions about marriage and its consequences.

Grover is one of many Anishinaabe authors. She is not as funny, postmodern, dramatic, murderous, or historical as some, but she has a place among the growing body of work by writers whose backdrop includes Ojibwemowin, wild rice, sugar camps, iron kettles, northern boarding schools, snowbound highways, AIM marches,

and that stretch of space between “the rez” and “the Cities.” Grover stands out among them for the poetry of her prose. In her novel, Margie Robineau doesn’t just become the “hands-down best frybread maker on the entire reservation”: she turns government flour into an item that can reduce hunger, induce longing, and demonstrate individuality. She seasons her recipe with “unrequited love” so that it tastes “of late summer, of blueberries under a warm sun picked by a child, of hard work, of thick pelts . . . of the luxury of a small sack of sugar . . . of the land of dreams, the land of the seen and the land of the unseen” (11). Dale Ann’s mother Gracie is not just mysterious: “she traveled a path paved with rumors as many and varied as little stones that she stepped on and over but never around, and without looking; in her wake they scattered, broke and rearranged themselves” (89). This ability to communicate philosophical truth through the unfolding of personal realities is Grover’s true talent.

*The Road Back to Sweetgrass* is not paved, predictable, or easy. The story begins in 2014, then gently steps back into the 1970s and finally works its way again into the present. Characters live in fictional Mozhay Point and the very real Duluth or Minneapolis. They are a glorious range of real. Some elders speak Ojibwe, some do not. Some live close to the land, while others enjoy their homes and modern amenities. Power is seated in the folding lawn chairs of old ladies and at the desk of elected offices. Respect is earned through service—to nations and to the babies of unwed mothers. Coming of age happens when girls wonder, “uneasily about a future that they were beginning to suspect was as unchangeable as the past.” And coming of age also happens in midlife when love is nearly lost and again at the end of life when that last journey is imminent. Grover stretches a genre centered on personal growth to include all the ways we turn into ourselves as the days fall behind us.

Along the road Grover address a number of significant social issues. Centuries of disgraceful paternal malignancy are captured in the reaction of Dale Ann’s progressive roommates in Chicago. “She’s an Indian? Like Pocahontas? Far out!” says one of the boys, unaware of all the federal policies and cultural genocide that prefaced his ignorance. Issues of women’s rights, adoption, and tribal enrollment are all introduced at sideways angles. Most significant in this novel is the issue of land, the way it was allotted arbitrarily and is now held in federal “trust.” It becomes a force against equity and advancement; and it lodges in the hearts of those who know it like the scent of sweetgrass always just beyond the next turn of the shore. Some follow the road away from the land, only to return after life in the city, in the armed force or away at a work program or college. Others leave and stay away creating a generation of Anishinaabeg beyond the borders of allotted expectations. What Grover makes clear is the way the Anishinaabeg have always been familiar with what physicists call “eternal recurrence.” People may fly south to the city, to the urban diaspora of pantribal unity, to the privacy and potential of crowds, but “when their hearts’ seasons changed, they fly back home, in a migratory pattern . . . as natural and inevitable as the patterns of birds” (107). These migrations and cycles are the key to survival, to the eternal recurrence of life.

Sweetgrass, *wiingashk*, is harvested as spring turns to summer and its scent is warm and musky. Linda LeGarde Grover’s *Road Back to Sweetgrass* braids seasons, lives, and culture to connect the generations. It is a circle of stories baked in one dish, offering

some explanations and also acknowledging the fact that for some things there are no explanations. Like the umbilical cord buried in the prologue, stories can sometimes be tangled and remain haunting until the right storyteller comes along.

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**Roots of Our Renewal: Ethnobotany and Cherokee Environmental Governance.** By Clint Carroll. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2015. 256 pages. \$87.50 cloth; \$25.00 paper.

In addition to a twenty-first-century model for activist anthropology, in *Roots of Our Renewal* environmental anthropologist and Cherokee citizen Clint Carroll offers a treatise on the intersection between tribal state formation and tribal natural resource management, or environmental governance. The book draws on Carroll's twenty-one months of ethnographic fieldwork with the Oklahoma Cherokees, during which time he worked for the tribal government's Natural Resources Department (NRD) as an ethnobotanist. Carroll's fieldwork and his work with the NRD was designed around abetting the efforts of nongovernmental Cherokees to salvage and protect ethnobotanical knowledge regarding medicinal plants. To this end, Carroll was instrumental in organizing a group of elders knowledgeable about traditional medicines and plant use into an advisory board for what Carroll terms the "ethnobotany project" that he ran from his governmental office.

Carroll characterizes the elder group's approach to oversight of the natural world as traditional "relationship-based," wherein the foundational principle is that the human/environment nexus is reciprocal. Humans have a divine charge to maintain a healthy relationship with not only plants and animals, but also with the inanimate things of the natural world such as soil, rain, and wind. The modern Cherokee tribal government (or state), on the other hand, is largely modeled on a Euro-American corporate/business model of governance, and the Cherokee state, therefore, approaches environmental issues through a "resource-based" lens that emphasizes management, commercial use, and business.

Rather than viewing the two approaches as irreconcilable opposites, Carroll argues that both approaches are necessary to forming a modern indigenous state. In fact, Carroll is careful to note that state structures are essential for the protection and stewardship of Cherokee lands, and hence, the modern indigenous state cannot and should not be replaced by a purely relationship-based form of governance. Instead, the state should endeavor to incorporate a relationship-based perspective, and by so doing the modern indigenous state becomes more responsive to its citizens and conforms more to a general indigenous understanding of the way the world works. Carroll, then, advocates for a blending of the two approaches and argues that a synthetic approach could prove transforming of the modern Cherokee state.