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south to join the more complex, irrigated culture of the Hohokam. People move for many reasons, so it is refreshing to find Redman resisting the temptation to describe their departure as "mysterious."

This is a well-written book, with only an occasional slip into the dark world of academic jargon. For example, Redman's reference to the "principle of uniformitarianism" is a clumsy way of explaining a commonality of culture within a region. Relatedly, the premise that Shoofly village exhibited "ethnic diversity" appears a stretch of the material record and an angle for the next federal grant.

Still, the quibbles are small. The book is at the leading edge of research on the early Southwest and demands attention. Anyone serious about the region will have to pay tribute to the burghers of Shoofly. They have something to tell us.

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Walking the Rez Road. By Jim Northrup. Edited by Meg Aerol. Stillwater, MN: Voyageur Press, 1993. 176 pages. \$15.95 cloth.

Jim Northrup's first book is a mixed collection of poems and stories featuring Luke Warmwater's life on and off the Fond du Lac Reservation in northeastern Minnesota, about fifty miles west of Duluth. Both Jim and Luke are veterans of the Vietnam War. Luke, the fictional character, has a cousin named Lug. Jim Northrup has a cousin named Jug. And there are other similarities between the author and the fictional character.

The book begins with a poem, which is followed by a story. Thereafter, the content alternates poem and story so that there are twenty-one poems and twenty-one stories. Poems are titled in lowercase letters, stories in small caps. The first six selections, three poems and three stories, concern the Vietnam War. The remaining poems and stories, except "time wounds all heels" and "ogichidag" (warriors)—short poems near the end of the collection—focus on life on or near the Chippewa Reservation. Most of these are about Luke and his friends or family.

The opening poem, "shrinking away," is the personal story of the unnamed narrator's "trouble surviving the peace" at home

and his experiences with a psychiatrist, also a veteran, whose inability to readjust to civilian life ends in suicide. This leads to the conviction that each person is responsible for his or her own survival. As the narrator concludes, "I realized then that surviving / the peace was up to me." Individual responsibility is an underlying theme of the book.

This is not to say that we do not need the help of others. In a story full of ironies, Luke is walking point somewhere in Vietnam in a place he calls "a pedestrian's nightmare. The worst place in the world to be a hiker." Moving forward cautiously, "a young killing machine trying to stay alive," he steps on a wire wrapped around a twig. If he moves, he is likely to be blown to pieces. He is saved by a fellow marine, who disarms the device as Luke limps away. The marine, however, steps on a hidden mine nearby and disappears in a cloud of dust. His leg is blown off, and he bleeds to death.

In another story of the war, Lug's sister helps him to recover from the bad effects of his experiences. She is aided by a tribal holy leader, by Lug's attendance in a post-traumatic stress disorder program in St. Cloud, Minnesota, and by his resumption of tribal activities, particularly dancing in a powwow. There the love and companionship of relatives and friends complete Lug's cure, although painful war memories remain. The contributions of reservation communal life to the welfare of the individual is another theme of the collection.

A reader finds no overt or hidden political agenda in this section on the Vietnam War. It is not condemned as a white man's war. Veterans are praised and honored for their service to their people and country. Government leaders are not criticized, even though there might be unexpressed objections to their policies. However, some bitterness about the United States' ambivalent reaction to the war is expressed in "time wounds all heels" (p. 154).

Most of the stories and poems are about life on the reservation. The reservation is the home of one's family. It is a refuge where a person on the run from town police can find comfort and understanding. Here a community drunk can be held in remote areas away from police and family. Here each person is recognized as an important part of the whole. The reservation contains enough lakes that spear fishing, which should be legal by treaty rights, can be done where game wardens do not patrol. Occasionally, it is a place of larceny: Money may corrupt a tribal official; someone may need your car battery and may take it without your permission; a

few rocks or other contraband might be placed in bags of wild rice waiting to be weighed. The reservation is a place where every hill and turn in the road contains a story. In general, all people here are peers. No one is thought of as superior or inferior.

On the reservation, ricing and spear fishing are occasional, but bingo and serious gambling are for all seasons. Cable TV seems not to exist, but Luke and others watch *Jeopardy* and other network shows. And unless the weather is so cold that almost everything is closed, it is possible to go to the local bar in Sawyer and drink with other Shinnobs, as Luke calls them.

People share things on the reservation. Someone will lend you a tire if yours goes flat. People will stop and fix your stalled car with spare parts they happen to have. They will give you a ride if you need one. There is no fear of hitchhikers. In fact, the hitchhiker is likely to turn out to be a relative. Some of these sentiments are in the poem "where you from?" which concludes with the following lines:

In Sawyer, generations of relatives are buried
the air hasn't been breathed by heavy industry
the colors of blue and green rest the eyes and spirits
the quiet makes it easy to hear the spirits
and their messages.
In Sawyer, the values and traditions of the people are held
sacred (p. 91).

But living on the reservation is not an absolute guarantee of the good life. A "lifetime of sad" describes the life of a woman who has lost two husbands, "warriors in the white man's wars," whose children have left, and who is suffering from cancer.

Her eyes show a lifetime of sad.
She cried out for beer, smokes,
attention, or affection.
She only got the attention.
When she was caught stealing
food from the house she was visiting
she was asked to leave.
She left 50, alone, and drunk (p. 84).

Humor, from light to dark, permeates the book. Northrup likes puns, as in the names of his characters. One of Luke Warmwater's brothers is named Almost; a nephew is Hary Pitt. Juris McBrief is

a white lawyer; Henry Buffalowind is an Indian lawyer. Rod Grease is a friend. Tuna Charlie is a fishing companion. The Blood Donor Center is called Dr. Dracula's Bank. Workers there are called vampires. Being in jail is like being in food heaven. Indian officials who are acting illegally hate the media, calling them "bleeding heart liberals." Irony is embedded in many of the poems and stories. And, at one point, bitterness against some white and Indian malefactors comes out in "1854-1988," which concludes with these lines:

Anishinaabe have survived
 missionaries and miners
 timber barons and trappers,
 we'll survive the bureaucrats
 and policy makers.
 Bury the sellouts deep, their
 grandchildren will want to
 piss on their graves.
 The bottom line is the bottom line (p. 148).

Like Luke Warmwater, who is known on the reservation as a good storyteller, Jim Northrup tells stories well. His poems and stories are a delight to read. They have the sparseness and directness of traditional Indian literature. Northrup currently writes a column, which he calls "Fond du Lac Follies," for the reservation newspaper *The Circle*. In these columns, his trenchant and witty remarks about life on the rez in northern Minnesota make me look forward to other works containing his views of life on and off the reservation.

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Where the People Gather: Carving a Totem Pole. By Vickie Jensen. Seattle, WA: University of Washington Press, 1992. 190 pages. \$29.95 cloth.

This is a book that seems as complex as the monumental carving it describes. Although the work has some shortcomings, there are areas where it exceeds expectation.

The subject of *Where the People Gather* is the carving of a totem pole by noted Nishga carver Norman Tait. The Nishga (or Nisga'a)