

**UCLA**

**American Indian Culture and Research Journal**

**Title**

Night Flying Woman. An Ojibway Narrative. By Ignatia Broker.

**Permalink**

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/9mn9t4r8>

**Journal**

American Indian Culture and Research Journal , 9(1)

**ISSN**

0161-6463

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**Publication Date**

1985

**DOI**

10.17953

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Dakota. The field urgently needs more critical studies in Eastern Dakota archaeology, land use, and settlement patterns; development of and changes in their material culture; critical biographies of Taliaferro, the Pond brothers, the Campbell family, and the Wabasha family. With several specialists now prepared to conduct this detailed research, one can anticipate future, heated discussions of Eastern Dakota ethnohistory and historiography.

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**Night Flying Woman. An Ojibway Narrative.** By Ignatia Broker. St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 1983. 135 pp. \$12.95 Cloth, \$7.50 Paper.

This work is a folklore-like tale of the author's great-great-grandmother, "Night Flying Woman," an Ojibwa villager of the White Earth reservation, Minnesota; she was nicknamed Oona. Her personality comes to the reader wrapped in a mist whose blandness covers the whole tale; perhaps this is a style designed for a very young Ojibwa audience. There is no hint of the bold, imaginative Ojibwa character known to observers and recorded in many studies. Still, Oona is reported a "dreamer," i.e. a seeker after intuitive knowledge promising "power" over the future. The strains and passions of the true Ojibwa dreamer never appear; the traditional term "visionary" is given only once in a sentence covering mandatory pursuit or "power" dreams by young boys. Perhaps the author felt restrained by respect for the kinswoman that forbade probing the private mind.

But readers appreciate such insights. See my collection in *Ojibwa Woman* for an idea of the tales women ponder, about wrenching solutions to life's problems. Victor Barnouw had Julia Badger record her deep emotional problems to show how she managed them. Our author gives us rather a museum slide, praising attention to duty and mildly blaming the whites' rule. Hers is a world without sin or romance, though Ojibwa have always cared passionately about both. The author's dutifulness to the ancestor obscures the woman she wants us to know. We note instead that the writing style is light and graceful, as are descrip-

tions of the green Ojibwa woods, and mention of the politely downcast eyes of girls visiting elder kinfolk.

The fading of Ojibwa traditions, including obligations and other institutional practices, lays painful burdens on the storyteller who yearns for the life that has fled forever, and the persons who carried on that life. Fifty years ago, in the 1930s, such painful awareness was not evident to me, partly because I might not have sensed so alien a fact. But the tales that Maggie Wilson gathered for me on her own initiative, at her age of about 60 years, may have been her artistic mode of lament. She honored me with her tales of the women, trusting me to value them. May my esteem reach her in the unknown grave where she lies. Through her I understand Ignatia Broker's loving attention to her ancestress, Oona, while regretting her inability to summon up a whole Ojibwa. Yet Ignatia is an enrolled tribeswoman of White Earth (as Maggie was of Ontario's Manitou Reserve, where her grandson remains as chief) and a teacher in Minnesota public schools.

Oona's life begins in her 19th-century early girlhood and lasts into her eighties, sitting sadly alone, when suddenly a girl child visits and, with properly downcast eyes, asks for tales of the past. The many Ojibwa references (they are seldom full enough to be called incidents) are bounded by the little-girl poles, intended to promise Ojibwa survival. One would wish a clearer theme or symbol, in an English language publication, where Ojibwa meanings are not provided. Lusty mythic figures, like the Trickster Nenebush, loves ending in suicide, warrior braves, could be understood by our general public, as Oona will not be. Where is the known terrorism of shamans, and the Mide society (reported in my books, in William Warren and John Tanner) in Ignatia's bare mention of Midewiwin as practicing herbal cures by "very good Ojibwa people" (p. 87). Ignatia is indignant that modern Ojibwa children fear Mide people. Other shaman styles are overlooked. We do learn that the Indian agent and the schoolteacher condemned Midewiwin, an observation designed to restore Ojibwa children's confidence in shamans.

Can it be that the author does not know traditional Ojibwa people, such as I knew 50 years ago, whose ways persist in northern Ontario? They were not prettily sentimental, as Ignatia's narrative tends to be. As Ojibwa braves of both sexes took on Dakotas and Europeans, besides other Indians, they could not

have been the calm saints that we are offered in Oona and her folk, except as funeral rhetoric now. Concerning Oona, Ignatia writes repeatedly that girls were sent out fasting to seek "dreams . . . for the future" in early childhood and at first menses. (p. 95) I learned only of such pressure put on boys, when the term "vision pursuit" appears; Ignatia evidently limits the term "vision" to male trance. At first menses, in the 1930s girls were still sent into isolation huts, to protect males and other vulnerable life forms from the potent blood "power;" in actuality, it was great fun for girls and boys to violate the isolation. Ignatia must know that the contexts differ for the "dream" which is meditation and the "vision" which is ritualized trance. Maggie Wilson was a spontaneous visionary in her conjugal sleep, with important consequences for the band (see Landes, *Ojibwa Sociology* and *Ojibwa Religion and the Midewiwin*). Oona had her sons pursue visions and also attend "the Christian Church" (p. 115), and Oona herself often produced useful dreams. By Oona's 80th year, the Ojibwa had become "a Christian people" (p. 129), her descendants learned "Ojibwa belief," and did well in (white) professions; but Ignatia says the Ojibwa resist Christianity and baptism (p. 93). A surprising (mis-)translation has *ogitchida* mean "Talk Dance" (pp. 135, 85) though otherwise it means a "brave," usually male, but occasionally a woman warrior; I heard it also among the Santee Dakota, who share Ojibwa neighborhoods in Minnesota.

The book is illustrated by Steven Premo's charming black-and-white drawings, showing Indian dress and doings. One pretty infant in a cradle-board smiles happily, showing a full set of teeth! There is a glossary, not to be adopted by true students.

So we leave the ancient Oona, joyful over her little girl-visitor for "she knew that the Ojibway ways would forever be known in future . . ." (p. 131).

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**The Stolen Woman: Female Journeys in Tagish and Tutchone Oral Narrative.** By Julie Cruikshank. Ottawa: Canadian Ethnology Service Paper No. 87, National Museum of Man Mercury