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children have struggled with painfully as a result of their ancestors being stolen from their homelands as children. “[F]or every single child,” Standing Bear reflects at the close of *The Moon in Two Windows*, “it was a passage into darkness. It was a kind of quest, not a quest for glory, but a quest for survival. They were all brave. They did a brave thing” (176).

Robert Dale Parker, ed. *The Sound the Stars Make Rushing Through the Sky: The Writings of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft*. Philadelphia: U of Pennsylvania P, 2007. ISBN: 978-0-8122-1969-2. 292 pp.

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In this edited volume of the writings of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, Robert Dale Parker provides us with an invaluable gift. I say “gift” not only because Parker brings to all of us a collection of writings that have been heretofore unknown to most of us but also because he makes every effort to present Schoolcraft’s writings in their original forms. He includes multiple versions and variations along with detailed annotations that identify the original text or texts of each entry, comment on the use of words and phrases, and, in some cases, identify words deleted or changed. These annotations, at times, are mini-essays unto themselves. In this way, Parker leaves a deeply embedded set of tracks that even the novice hunter can follow to fruitful gain. In addition, he writes an informative and carefully crafted five-part contextual essay. At the end of the book are five appendixes; the most important are the first, “Sources and Editorial Procedures,” and the fourth, “Misattributions and Potential Misattributions,” which press those tracks, those imprints, even further into the pliable mud of the game trail. I do not find this often, but I found the table of contents and index very useful and complete. In these many ways, Parker has given the reader an honest and open transcription of Schoolcraft’s writings while placing his own scholarly essays and comments clearly on the side, refreshingly absent of appropriation and negation of the Indian source. This is clearly shown on the front cover when you see two versions of the author’s

name, “The Sound the Stars Make Rushing through the Sky,” her Ojibwa name translated into English, and her Christian name, “Jane Johnston Schoolcraft,” while “Robert Dale Parker” appears only once and with “edited by” preceding it, making clear who wrote this book.

With this in mind, when I first held the book in my hand, I jumped over Parker’s introduction and sought out Schoolcraft’s writings, and I immediately fell in love with her poetry. After a second reading and with help from Parker’s contextual essay and annotations, I marveled at Schoolcraft’s skill and expertise in Euroamerican literary forms and at how she used these forms to preserve and transmit Ojibwa cultural and personal knowledge. (To be clear, I read the whole book in this order: “Writings,” “Introduction,” “Writings” with the “Annotations,” and finally “Appendixes.”) On an emotional level, as I read Schoolcraft’s writings and Parker’s contextual history and his sensitive and thoughtful interpretations, a joy of creation and spiritual fulfillment emerged from the writings, and a profound sense of artistic freedom—free from the pressures of publication and careerism, a freedom to experiment with personal, familial, and cultural subject matters without scrutiny and criticism—revealed itself on the written page.

As the first-known Indian literary writer (and poet) and all those other “firsts” listed on page 2 of Parker’s introduction, Schoolcraft takes command of the English language for her own purposes. Rather than looking at how Western civilization influences Indians, Schoolcraft’s writings show how Indians influence Euroamericans, for Henry Wadsworth Longfellow could not have found some of his sources of inspiration without reading what Schoolcraft wrote. What becomes clear is that new literary tools were and are available to Western-educated Indian people, and many could use these tools to find a new life for story, song, and tradition. In one way of interpretation, the power of the Indian story finds a way of surviving to teach and impress readers and listeners in future contexts and places, never losing the thread and kernel of the original but nevertheless transformed by the personal and by carefully crafted literary forms.

For me, because of the many familiar images and references, the power of the Indian story and the connection to land is best illustrated by Schoolcraft's poetry. In particular, her first entry, "To the Pine," struck a chord thanks not only to its rhythmic and repetitive qualities but also, more importantly, to my memory of stories told to me by my own mother, a Turtle Mountain Ojibwa. She told stories to us children that she said were "pretend stories"; maybe, in reflection, she called them "pretend" because they were different from the Mother Goose or Dr. Seuss stories that she would read and then share and comment on the vivid illustrations, which were drawn on the page, bright and loud. Many of the "pretend stories" were about a place my mother called the "Circle Pines," a place where these stories would begin, where they would end, and where all the illustrations appeared in our heads, bright and loud. So when I read

The pine! The pine! I eager cried
 The pine, my father! See it stand,
 As first that cherished tree I spied,
 Returning to my native land.
 The pine! The pine! Oh lovely scene!
 The pine, that is forever green.

I was taken back to the "Circle Pine Pretend Stories" of my youth, a collection of vivid mind images I have not thought of for many years. Nor were they images I thought of as connected to my mother's Ojibwa heritage until I began reading the writings of Schoolcraft.

This also reminded me of the role of Christian Indian women like my mother, who is a devout Catholic and a boarding-school survivor, in retaining, preserving, and transmitting considerable cultural knowledge despite Christianity. I know that in the 1970s, when I was a teenager, more than half of all my relatives were Christians, and in 2009 I would say closer to 65 percent are. When you heard Chippewa or Lakota stories, you most often heard them from Christians and, most often, Christian Indian women. Furthermore, most of the "traditionalists" I know are former Christians or those Indian people who somehow combine traditional practices with Christianity. Christian Indians are often glossed over and set aside in many con-

temporary Indian literary histories, disregarded as not important and oftentimes as victims of evil influences. This is not to diminish the negative impact Christianity had on Indian communities but to celebrate those who, perhaps, used Christianity as a way of not only surviving but also preserving cultural knowledge. Refreshingly, in Jane Schoolcraft's writings and Robert Dale Parker's commentaries, Christianity is given its place in American Indian literary studies, which also makes for a strong matriarchal presence.

I also have to speak to the pensive, melancholy, and lonely presence in Schoolcraft's writings, which I find to be important historical data. Often we search for the source of a writer's stories and forget about the writer. A "pensive, melancholy, and lonely" presence is most revealing of the condition of Schoolcraft and her situation. These moods, though dark, tell her story, which then tells the story of Indian people and communities and then links itself to a timeless past of Indian oral traditions: a song or a pretend story becomes a poem or a written story. One of these, which I cannot think of except in political terms, is the "Song of Okogis." On its surface, "Song of Okogis" is the lament of a frog, but the poem uses the image of falling white snow, an image, like the inexplicable Yellow Dog, that is found in numerous contemporary works of Indian fiction and poetry, a reference and image, which must have come from stories heard in Indian families and communities:

See how the white spirit presses us,—
Presses us,—presses us, heavy and long;
Presses us down to the frost-bitten earth.

Alas! You are heavy, ye spirits so white,
Alas! You are cold—you are cold—you are cold.
Ah! Cease, shining spirits that fell from the skies,
Ah! Cease so to crush us, and keep us in dread;
Ah! When will ye vanish, and Seegwun return?