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that many words are vaguely attributed to their sources with the qualifying "perhaps" or "possibly." One other observation concerning the etymologies is that "etym. above" recurs often for compound words or terms with a similar root. But the vastness of the list is quite impressive and offers enlightenment as to the influence of American Indian languages on the newcomers.

The second glossary deals with loanwords from Eskimo and Aleut languages. It is short, for reasons explained in chapter 9, and, although it is full of terms that many may never have heard, it also contains some familiar terms that may surprise some readers as to their origin. The dates of some terms reflect the extent of contact, such as 1662 for *kayak*, and confirm Cutler's contention that isolation and popularity are extremely influential in the process of borrowing.

There also is an appendix that includes terms from Latin American Indian languages. For this list, Cutler compiled words from such languages as Guarini, Arawakan, Nahuatl, Tupian, Quechua, and Taino. In this list, the terms are only defined or described; Cutler does not provide dates as he does in the glossaries. This list is extensive and will provide some nice surprises for those who endeavor to peruse the terms.

Taken as a whole, *O Brave New Words!* offers the reader a unique collection of American Indian words that have gone beyond their original sphere of usage. It is a very valuable collection of terms from American ancestral languages, tracing the subsequent influence the terms have exerted upon a developing nation and upon the world.

Frederick H. White

**Trailing You.** By Kimberly M. Blaeser. Greenfield Center, New York: Greenfield Review Press, 1994. 86 pages. \$9.95 paper.

After reading Kim Blaeser's *Trailing You* and experiencing a sense of intellectual delight at what was written there, I will say that this northern writer seems to me much more than a kitchen poet or a fine domestic poet, although those terms could be used to mark off certain boundaries in her poems.

The overall image, expressed in one way or another, is one of growth, or breaking out into a more expansive realm of consciousness. Even when the vision is at its darkest and coldest, as in her

poem "Ice Tricksters and Shadow Stories," the understanding and absorption of sounds and of her world is under way: "To waken damp with memories of a silent ice woman/Wondering had she been rescued or been condemned" (p. 9). The rest of the book convinces one that she has been thoroughly thawed out and is merrily on her way. And, yes, this is "Marlene's girl," perhaps an engaging chunk of "history" (p. 5).

Why did I keep thinking, as I read these poems, that this was a Canadian poet? The Anishinaabe spill over from Ontario and Manitoba into the Great Lakes region and into the upper Midwest, but the author is clearly listed as a person from northwestern Minnesota. There is, perhaps, a noticeable detachment present in the verse that I have also detected in Canadian poets, as though the terms of life and eventual departure are so unmistakably clear in the North that there is no pressing need to linger over the details: "I see the hole you broke in the ice when you fell through/and the path of broken ice as you kept heaving yourself up/over and over with your gun ahead of you all the way to shore" (p. 40). Is this father Ike or another friend? No matter. The resolve and the power are similar to that other sight, "that great blonde bear lumbering across the August tundra" (p. 30).

The birth pains likewise are muted, the beginnings being seen somehow as an unraveling, the slow and peaceful opening of a cocoon, the sewing of a quilt, getting out of bed, using an original pattern: "So I thought I'd just make it our way/lay the memories and stories out/zig-zag through time/and stitch them together the way I see them" (p. 75). All these moments and places create a domestic world and, at the same time, prepare the reader for other places—Chicago, Santa Fe, and locations where people, I suppose, are free spirits: "Wonder if this is some kind of omen:/To be taken for a regular at a bar on Franklin Avenue" (p. 62). The remark is slightly humorous but also rather intellectual. At least, it is this latter aspect of Blaeser's poetry that is also beginning to stir: "A day moon, an omen I think/of the mingling, the trespassing of logic's boundaries/Not just the dissolving of divisions of time,/but the melting together of lives" (p. 83).

So she brings up the issue of Indians in the modern age, their beliefs and lifestyle—according to Andy Rooney—being an anachronism, the commentator saying, "'the time for the way the Indians lived/is gone . . . and they refuse to accept it'" (p. 60). The remark, as expected, illustrates the method of turning a peaceful kind of butterfly into a gyrfalcon: "Do you know anything at all

about the reservation system,/relocation, allotment, and BIA boarding schools? If you did, Mr. Rooney, then you would understand/why it is true as you have said, the one true statement I found in what you wrote,/that 'Indians don't want any part of it'" (p. 61). Is she calling our friendly television host a prevaricator? The thought crossed my mind.

I agree with some of the things Rooney says, but I also agree with Blaeser. Indians believe as they do, try to hold on as they do, because they have been hemmed in by society at large, by the government, have been stigmatized, and can only speak as Indians. Should they now say, "I reject my Indianness and devote myself henceforth to greenbacks galore and the promotion of number one"? If they should speak thus, they would not be heard. They would be legion, more budding suburbanites, present-day sinners. But the problem is complex, historical, confused, multifaceted. Enough to know that this poet is aware of it, addresses it skillfully, brings intellect to bear on it.

Finally, how does this Wisconsin poet compare with other Indian writers today? That, of course, is an offbeat, almost unanswerable question. A steamy kind of street life sometimes catches the attention of Joy Harjo, as well as commonplace spiritual images from nature. Linda Hogan can describe some dusty, hot, miserable place in Oklahoma and your reaction is to jump in a car and put about a dozen countries between you and wherever that place was. James Welch has a few moments of brilliance and then nothing, while N. Scott Momaday is always contemplative, mythical, and a bit weird. Carter Revard is more epic in approach but also more folksy in content, while Wendy Rose is often quite subtle and disturbingly reflective. Simon Ortiz likes to comment on the passing scene but, for the most part, is too localized, too chauvinistic. Blaeser, on the other hand, is technically consistent throughout but also isolated. The overall impression is that the mainstream society has passed her by, which, of course, may be a point in her favor. Certainly she is pleasant company, and I, for one, enjoy seeing a few out-of-the-way places through her eyes.

But woe unto the critic who steps out on the limb. Soon, very likely, my opinion will change. But for now . . . buy this book. This poet is growing.

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