

such tensions are manifest along the color line.

Thompson did an outstanding job of bringing to the fore the various theories of race and ethnicity. A shortcoming of the book is that when Thompson introduced his own theory of ethnicity in Chapter six and in the Epilogue, he seemed to be providing not so much a theory of ethnicity or race as focusing on racism. An analysis of racism is one thing; a theory of ethnicity is another.

Additionally, when Thompson expounded his theory of ethnicity and of racism, he relied on a number of illustrations derived from the African American experience of inequality. Yet, Thompson made no effort to provide the reader with views of ethnicity or race offered by any of the African American theorists themselves, save a brief allusion to Marcus Garvey. It would have been instructive had Thompson considered the views of individuals such as W.E.B. DuBois, Booker T. Washington or Alain Locke. The latter, no less than W.E.B. DuBois, had much to say about ethnicity and race.

Thompson is not clear as to which ethnic groups are to be included under his rubric of "ethnicity." Should his theories of ethnicity include the Italians, Irish, Germans, and other people of European origins? Should his theories include the ethnic groups in Soviet Russia, China, or Africa? What warrants Thompson devoting so much attention to the situation of African Americans, without adequately presenting their own theories of ethnicity?

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Sophie Trupin. *Dakota Diaspora: Memoirs of a Jewish Homesteader*. A Bison Book. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1988) vii, 160 pp., \$6.95 paper.

Dakota Diaspora was originally published in 1984 by the Alternative Press in Berkeley and quickly went out of print. The University of Nebraska Press is to be congratulated for putting the volume back into circulation.

This book is a true gem. While Sophie Trupin may not exhibit all the literary prowess of professional writers such as O.E. Rolvaag, Willa Cather, and Mari Sandoz, her book about people who settled the Great Plains can be read with great profit along with *Giants in the Earth*, *O Pioneers!*, and *Old Jules*. Trupin's story deals with Jewish homesteaders, who, admittedly, were a distinct minority among the various ethnic Europeans who took up residence in rural America. Historically, the majority of Jewish immigrants established themselves in urban centers

in the eastern United States. These facts, however, make Trupin's narrative all the more intriguing. In poignant but often too abbreviated terms, Trupin tells how her family perceived the physical and social environments of their new country; she defines the essence of Judaic identity as her family was able to express it in their isolated sod house in the northern Plains.

Trupin's father, Harry Turnoy, came to the U.S. from Russia in 1904, more escaping than emigrating, to avoid conscription into the czarist army. Near Wilton, North Dakota, he set up his farmstead, built a barn and a house and learned to farm. Four years later, he sent money for his wife and children to join him in America. Trupin's mother, Gittel Turnoy, was thus forced, literally, to face a whole new world. The Russian *shtetl* life briefly described by Trupin essentially parallels the more detailed anthropological analysis of Eastern European small Jewish villages provided by Mark Zborowski and Elizabeth Herzog in their book *Life Is With People*. The culture of these tightly-knit communities has been popularized, and indeed romanticized, in the stories of Sholom Aleichem and the musical production *Fiddler on the Roof*. Upon arriving at this place called "Nordokota," Gittel Turnoy's environmental anomie and culture shock were immediate. The "endless prairies" were seen as "a forbidding land." True, there were no cursing Russian mobs and no pogroms physically threatening Mrs. Turnoy. But neither was there a familiar community of kin and friends; there were no towns, no synagogues, no religious schools for her sons, and no kosher butchers or grocers for her family's ritual dietary requirements. For her mother, Trupin says, "This was an alien, heathen land, harsh and bare and hostile."

In spite of these negative circumstances, Gittel Turnoy had the essential resources to maintain her Jewish identity: three *mitsvot*, or rules for right living, required of an Orthodox Jewish woman. First, she could light the Sabbath candles Friday evening; she had brought her brass candlesticks from Russia. Second, she could teach her daughters the Hebrew prayer by which the Sabbath bread is blessed. The third rule, that of monthly immersion in a ritual bath, presented more of a problem. The homestead had no *mikvah* (ritual bathhouse). So, at Gittel's insistence, Harry Turnoy and his Swedish neighbor constructed a cement tub enclosed in a wooden structure near the windmill.

As the years passed, Harry and Gittel moved into town and later retired to an acreage near Lake Michigan. In 1953, the elder Turnoys emigrated to Israel; they were no longer in their Diaspora. After several decades, Trupin's brother returned to North Dakota looking for some physical sign of his family's former homestead. He found no trace of the house, or barn, or windmill. But hidden in the prairie grass was the cement outline of the old *mikvah*. Trupin comments, "Imbedded in the earth was a reminder that here Old World Jews had brought with them a bit of their ancient civilization." Archaeologists interested in the relationship of

ethnicity and material remains should take note!

Given the distaste of the Turnoy family and most other Jews for American frontier farming life, the book could have equally been entitled (with apologies to Willa Cather), "Oy! Pioneers." Nonetheless, Trupin offers many insights to readers interested in Jewish history, cultural continuity and change, women's roles, and ethnicity.

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Sabine R. Ulibarri. *El Condor and Other Stories.* (Houston: Arte Publico Press, 1989) 224 pp., \$8.50 paper.

This volume continues in the same vein as *Governor Glu Glu*, but Ulibarri here delves even more deeply into the world of fantasy. Many of the eleven stories in *El Condor* are like sugar-coated medicine: the sweetness prepares the reader for the lesson which comes in the form of a moral at the end. "The Man Who Didn't Eat," for example, is a tale of the scientific creation of a man who is vegetable Frankenstein's monster, with parts taken from many plants. The creature in Ulibarri's story is benevolent; as a result of his superhuman effort to save his neighbors from a plague to which he is immune, he misses his nutritional injection and dies. Ulibarri concludes with his lesson: "No one ever knew, neither in the lay world nor in the scientific world, that a living miracle had lived among us. We do not know how to recognize the miracles that surround us." In "A Man Who Forgot," the author presents a self-conscious story about a man who remembers only what is good. The moral here is, "how beautiful life would be if we could erase from our memory all that is ugly, and remember only the beautiful and the good."

Some of the pieces deal with love and magic. "Amena Karanova" is a strange, circular tale about a woman who creates a son who re-lives her life's greatest moments, while "Amarti and Amarta" deals with two generations of witches. They do good deeds such as curing people with arthritis and alcoholism, but they also cause an obnoxious and shameless man's teeth to fall out. "Loripola" is a playful story about a goddess turned into a statue who comes to life for nine days. The amusing revelation here is that chile, beans, tortillas, tacos, tamales, and tequila were the favorite foods of the gods, and that the god of lovers, Amante, "was expelled from Mount Olympus for being mischievous, a woman chaser and disobedient. He went to live in the Hispanic world" and took the cuisine of the gods with him! The reader who understands Spanish will enjoy the names in this story and in others. In addition to the god of lovers, Amante, (lover), we discover that the goddess Loripola's father, Cordero (lamb) is the god of meats, and her mother Lechuga (lettuce) is