

on Micmacs places this group in the wrong geographic region (they are east, not west, of the St. Lawrence gulf), suggests that they divided their territory into seven districts (this was a late introduction of the French colonials in the area), and claims that they were a class society (they were not) and that they forbade marriage between clan members (they never had a clan system)! Among other corrections that would need to be made to this chapter are the fact that Nova Scotia was named in the 1620s rather than the 1700s and that the Union of Nova Scotia Indians is an all-Micmac organization, not a Pan-Indian one. The chapter on English Americans suggests that fried chicken originated in the English south, without acknowledging the fact that frying was (and is) an African, rather than an English, method of cooking (roasting and boiling were more typical English styles of food preparation). The chapter on African Americans proposes that field hands “rushed” to the fields after breakfast and that slave children “led carefree lives” and spent their time “raiding watermelon patches”!

As for the general awkwardness of style, one reads, for example, that “potato plantations sprang up around the Micmac reserve,” or that Cajuns “were peasants, so they built farms, away from New Orleans,” or that the members of the Know-Nothing Party “preached against immigrants and Catholics, then died with the coming of the Civil War.” In one truly remarkable sentence we learn that, “Planned by engineers, New Orleans grew from a square to a rectangle with three arteries to hold all the settlers.”

Surely this book could have profited from some careful editing. It could also have taken advantage of current scholarship on each of the groups it summarizes. As it is, this book is not worth recommending at any level.

— Harriet Ottenheimer
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William Oandasan. *Moving Inland: A Cycle of Lyrics*. (York Station, CA: 1983) 24 pp., \$2.50 paper.

William Oandasan, a member of the Uki tribe, demonstrates the tension between the new and the old, attempting to reconcile a traditional closeness to the land and to the past with apparently incongruent modern phenomena.

Oandasan’s poetry at its best contains strikingly original, evocative images. The quality of Oandasan’s work is uneven, however. Although he affirms in a prefatory note that his poetry is an attempt “to raise the common to the extraordinary” and that it is not merely a “journal in verse,” such a claim is difficult to substantiate for the collection as a whole. Oandasan’s art occasionally lacks an empathetic persona with a convincing and original voice. In a poem called “Starlight,” for example, the sleepless persona, mesmerized by visions in the dark, concludes by saying,

I take the moment
in consideration,
Rise from bed,
Go outside, gaze up,
And wonder at the immensity.

Indeed, a number of Oandasan's lines sound prosaic, if not actually journalistic:

in a traffic of shadows,
One rose standing alone
Beyond them all, still and striking,
Is the only touch of red
On the entire street.

Not only is memorable imagery sometimes lacking, but the syntax is occasionally confusing, as in "the sun soars deep over the Sandias," or

Roses are
A proven yearly tho.

Unfortunately, the quality of the collection is diminished by cliches, as in the following lines:

The light of life,
High above the drama,
shines on.

These lapses aside, however, Oandasan at his best employs language of vigor and vitality, as when his speaker depicts a visit from the muse:

I fathom darkness,
The void, and the speed of light
Bursts into mind, springing
The words.

Throughout the collection, the poet valorizes the red rose, which functions as a recurring symbol for beauty and possibility:

There on the far side
Of the street, beside rows
of tenements next to running
Gutters and the hot
Pavement, the first rose
Stands tall and straight.

In "Winter Rose," the redness of the flower infuses the entire poem as the persona recalls

sensuous
Red petals sliding
Across my bared form.
I feel the pulse
Of my thoughts red meat.
The dark depth of wine
Held in a clay mug
Floods my vision
With red hearts.

Elsewhere the persona speaks in highly imagistic cadences emphasizing the incongruous juxtaposition of the new and the old: Interstate-40 becomes

A fourlane sear
Of asphalt
Stitched in between wire
Fences and telephone lines,
Running like a scar
Across the flesh
Of an ancient landscape.

But perhaps the most vivid and memorable lines occur in the opening poem, with its consciously Whitmanesque title, "Journey to Myself," as the speaker approaches the confluent qualities of his Native American heritage:

Like figures forming in the moving moonlight,
The far flung roots of my tree
Have been taking the shape of
A lone Pacific salmon.

—Abby H. P. Werlock
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Christine Oppong, ed. *Sex Roles, Population and Development in West Africa*. (Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann, 1988) xiii, 242 pp., \$40.00.

This volume is part of an effort by the International Labour Office to widen the appreciation of salient demographic factors and the role of women as workers in the developing world. As stated in the introduction, it examines issues central to the national planning of four West African nations by focusing on divisions of labor, resources, skills, power and opportunities. Its thesis is threefold: a need for more conceptually rigorous documentation and understanding of social processes on which to base policies and plans; the need to give proper consideration to the diverse and changing roles of women and men; and, that equality of opportunity must be promoted if population policies and plans for national development and individual family well-being are to succeed.

It is divided into four uneven parts: women's work; Yoruba experiences with fertility, parenthood and development; Ghanaian examples with population policies and family planning and family life education; and, government plans and development policies. Six-and-one-half of its thirteen chapters are devoted to Nigeria, four to Ghana, one-and-a-half to Sierra Leone, and one to Mali. Each part begins with a comprehensive contextual examination of the section's theme.

The contributions vary in quality. Oppong's introductions to section one and two and the chapters by Wolf Bleek, Franklyn Lisk and Yvette Stevens, and Renee Pittin are the best. In the introduction to part one Oppong depicts how underestimation of women's activities weakens designing and implementing of local and national programs as well as perpetuates economic and societal weakness of women. Building on a theme which appears in at least four of his earlier works Bleek presents a strong case for making