and with a sanctuary no longer available, Navajos surrendered to the promise of food, clothing, and protection at the Bosque Redondo reservation. Their “Long Walk” across New Mexico led the Navajos to a life on the reservation marked by hunger, illness, and federal “constipation.” The failure of the reservation experiment was so patently obvious that in 1868 the United States agreed to permit the Navajos to return to their homeland, circumscribed now by boundaries determined in a treaty negotiated that year between Navajo band leaders and the United States Peace Commission. Thus ended what is widely recognized as the most traumatic experience in Navajo history.

Trafzer’s book does not contribute much that is new to this story. Its focus shifts back and forth between the army and the Navajos, it is more anecdotal than analytical, and it is conceptually and stylistically pedestrian. Trafzer constantly foreshadows with the future tense, he calls Carson Kit about half the time, and he is too liberal in his use of adjectives like “noble” and “brave” when discussing the Navajos and “ruthless” when describing the New Mexicans. And who cares how much homosexuality occurred among the troopers at Fort Canby?

This is yesterday’s book. Like so many of the recent offerings from the University of Oklahoma Press, it represents the “good guy/bad guy” approach to the history of Indian-white relations that the best of current scholarship has passed by.

Michael D. Green
Dartmouth College


Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, Singapore, and Thailand are the five Asean nations represented in this volume of short stories. Yeo chose four authors from each country for the collection.

Asean short stories are similar in subject matter to prose fiction the world over. They are about getting-even, vice, morality, maintaining traditions, getting ahead, identity, laziness, and ideology. Some are better than others.

At least one seems pointless. “Dama de Noche” by F. Sionil Jose (100-129), the longest in the collection, has no meaning. “The Short Happy Life of Conat” (1-5) is easily the best. The shortest story in the book, it tells the story of a young man who gave his life for the regime and would
have been happy to know that he had done something worthwhile for his country.

Yeo suggests that the twenty stories contained in the volume be read for pleasure, and he hoped that readers would have more than a hazy impression of the Asean region as a result of the book. For the most part, it is not a chore to read the book, and the reading is pleasurable. But the book does nothing to clarify where and what the Asean region is. A map of the individual countries or the region would have helped the reader to clarify location.

In addition to the lack of clarity of location, one must wonder about the translations. Nearly all of the stories have been translated into English from a number of languages—Tamil, Visayan, Bahasa Indonesia, Thai, Bahasa Malaysia, Mandarin, Malay, and Tagalog. In Archin Panjaphan’s “The Last Laugh” (translated from Thai), the translation reads: “Uncle had ordered it built like that so people had to walk Indian file” (230). Indian file? Someone has seen too many Hollywood westerns or read too many “dime novels” of the nineteenth century.

The biographical sketches of the writers suggest that they are prolific in their own countries and their own languages. Yeo is to be commended for gathering this diverse group of writers together in one volume, but the subtleties of language and cultural expressions impose a hardship on the reader unfamiliar with the context of the stories.

—Charles C. Irby
Ames, Iowa

Barbara Bryant, Producer. Just an Overnight Guest. (New York: Phoenix/BFA Films and Video, Inc., 1983). 16mm, 30 minutes, color, rental fee $60.00, purchase price $575.00 (Available in 1/2" or 3/4" videotape, $340.00).

Based on Eleanora E. Tate’s book, Just An Overnight Guest tells the story of a family faced with an unexpected “guest.” Rosalind Cash and Richard Roundtree portray the parents of ten-year old Margie who cannot understand why her mother has brought home a ragged six-year-old to live with them. The mother, a teacher, recognizes that little Ethel has been neglected and lacks any semblance of middle-class manners, but her impulse is to help the child. As it turns out, Ethel has not only been neglected but also mistreated as the marks on her back bear out. The two girls fight and are miserable together, but eventually Margie begins