

The pains which Mr. Barratt has taken with his index are admirable but, at least in some degree, unfortunate. He has made, in effect, three indices — one for names of people, one for names of places and one for names of ships. Handy as this is, it denies him the opportunity to index other things — even such a thing as that most important of Pacific furs, the sea otter.

Mr. Barratt ends his book with a long and useful bibliography.

*Victoria*

RICHARD GLOVER

*Maps and Dreams*, by Hugh Brody. Vancouver: Douglas and McIntyre, 1981.

We often think of the Indian people as a curiosity, of their reserves as squalid, of the life that many of them lead on urban skid roads as deplorable. These are the remnants of a culture well and truly past; only crafts, carvings and totem poles survive the wreckage.

It is true that Indian culture has been under attack ever since the first Europeans set foot in the New World. The Indians have been taught to believe that their religion, their languages, their ways of rearing children and, indeed, their whole way of life had to be discarded. Their enforced retreat has resulted in many casualties, but they have refused to assimilate or to give up their identity altogether. This new book, *Maps and Dreams*, reveals the capacity of the Indian people to endure.

Hugh Brody's book is about the hunting society of the Beaver Indians of northeastern B.C. He tells of their life on the reserve and in the forest as hunters. We are familiar with the demoralization that afflicts Indians on the reserves, but very few of us have seen the transformation that occurs in the bush. There the Indian becomes a hunter — resourceful, alert, tireless. In the bush he is himself again. Brody takes us into the bush with these hunters of the boreal forest.

The maps in Brody's book are those that the Indians discover in dreams — maps that lead them to their kills in the bush. The dreams are the dreams of white men — dreams of vanquishing the wilderness in the name of industry and progress. The white men have their maps too: maps that show rivers dammed, coal fields developed, and pipelines arcing across the ancient hunting grounds of the Indians.

Although, as Brody says, these hunting societies have been condemned by industrial man, the remarkable thing is that many of them, in defi-

ance of history, are still surviving — even thriving. Brody has documented the extent of the Indian economy. The Indians still take bear, beaver, muskrat, moose, deer, rabbit and grouse, providing between one and two pounds of meat a day for each man, woman and child. “Fresh meat,” as Brody says, “is the primary strength and most important item of the hunting economy.” When the Indian economy is seen as equivalent to a source of income it is possible to understand the alarm with which Indian communities greet industrial projects which may threaten their hunting grounds.

Brody’s book is beautifully written. Some of the vignettes of Indian life describing the hunt and life on the reserve will become classics. His description of a quiet day spent with the Indians mending fences around a graveyard is particularly good. Then there are the episodes revealing the cultural abyss that often separates white society from Indian society: Brody arrived at the reserve in a pick-up truck to do his research, and as a result was sent on countless errands by the Indians. It was not until he left the pick-up behind in Fort St. John and returned to the reserve on foot that he could begin to know the Indians.

Brody gives an account of the hearing held to discuss the impact of the Alaska Highway gas pipeline. He describes graphically the unease and discomfiture expressed by the government and industry representatives when the Indians got out their dream maps. The officials could not wait to escape the reserve, relieved that the hearing was over and happy to be returning to the world of air-conditioned hotel rooms.

Brody’s book compels us to ask if there is any future for these hunters or for hunting societies anywhere in the world. Granted we have just seen a guarantee, though a qualified one, of aboriginal rights restored to the constitution. But what are aboriginal rights? That is a question that cannot easily be answered. For the hunters of northeastern British Columbia, aboriginal rights mean the right to continue to hunt. For Indians in other places and in other circumstances they may mean the right to their own schools, an expanded land and resource base, or control of the delivery of health services and social services. For all of them they mean the right to be themselves.

Canada is not the only country that must face the challenge of the presence of native peoples with their own languages and culture. Many other countries of the Western Hemisphere have indigenous minorities — peoples who will not be assimilated and whose fierce wish to retain their own culture intensifies as industry, technology and communications forge a larger and larger mass culture, excluding diversity.

The continued survival of a communal society that rejects the acquisitive norms of our own culture forces us to question assumptions about our own way of life. It is, in fact, in our relations with the peoples from whom we took this land that we can discover the truth about ourselves and the society we have built. We may recoil from native society, expressing a strong belief that it should become like our own; or we may see that we can learn from it. This is what the great anthropologist, Claude Lévi-Strauss, believes. In *Tristes Tropiques* he discusses "the confrontation between the Old World and the New":

Enthusiastic partisans of the idea of progress are in danger of failing to recognize — because they set so little store by them — the immense riches accumulated by the human race on either side of the narrow furrow on which they keep their eyes fixed; by underrating the achievements of the past they devalue all those which still remain to be accomplished.

Hugh Brody's book enables us to lift our eyes for a moment from that narrow furrow.

Vancouver

T. R. BERGER

*Log of the Union, John Boit's Remarkable Voyage to the Northwest Coast and Around the World 1794-1796*, edited by Edmund Hayes. Portland, Oregon: Oregon Historical Society, 1981. Pp. 112; *illus.*

In the penultimate decade of the twentieth century much is made of what is called "youth culture." To an older generation it seems as if "the young" have taken over the world without any real sense of obligation or responsibility. Moreover, those who hold this view assume that it is only now that the young play such an obvious role in society. Actually, as any knowledgeable historian may easily demonstrate, such an attitude is wrong. Indeed, in the late eighteenth century many entrepreneurial activities were conducted by individuals who were not even legally of age, and this was particularly evident in maritime trade. Consider, for example, William Sturgis, who was second officer in the *Ulysses* at 17, or John Boit, who was master on the *Eliza* at 19 — two years previous he had been a junior officer on the *Columbia* and while on that voyage wrote the splendid journal which later served to provide much significant information on the Pacific northwest coast.

In the summer of 1794 John Boit, aged 20, took command of the *Union*, a small sloop of some ninety-four tons, and began another voyage