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so big Cole only sees a little bit of it" (79).

Gerald Vizenor, the academic trickster, states that "that game, the four ages of man [and woman], continues to be played with evil gamblers in the cities" (Interior Landscapes: Autobiographical Myths and Metaphors, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1990, (180)), and similarly, throughout his text, Owens implies that this mortal game is still being played.

In *Bone Game* the trickster/gambler/skinwalker is both literal and mythical in this text where Owen's (Choctaw/Cherokee/Irish) has the past and present, dreams and waking, real and surreal, and natural and supernatural exist simultaneously. Owens text is easily accessible to both Indian and non-Indian alike, and he effectively grabs his readers and shakes them into a realization (which would be shared by Mikhail Bakhtin) that myths and every day reality exist simultaneously (157)—maybe we had better start listening.

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W.S. Penn. *All My Sins are Relatives*. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1995). 257 pp., $25.00 cloth.

W.S. Penn writes with wit and cleverness, but also with passion and love, about himself, his blood relatives, and his spiritual relatives. If the sins of the father are visited upon the son, Penn is doubly doomed by his need to understand his grandfather's generation as well as his father's. It is his grandfather and his father, as well as numerous others, to whom the book is dedicated, and it is this line of family members who have created the writer and critic who explores his own life as a mixed blood by simultaneously exploring the lives of his relatives and of his relatives and of other writers such as Wendy Rose, Leslie Silko, and Mourning Dove.

Penn lives and writes in the shadows of trickster coyote, Chief Joseph, other writers, and his family, among others. He seeks his own identity through words, recollections of Nez Perce history, advice from his grandfather, and the writings of his contemporaries. Penn's identity is forged by both white and Indian ancestry, and both sides have struggled to take control. In looking back, he recognizes the negative influence of his white mother and harshly relates her desire "to want us not to be Indian" (55). In the end, he must grapple with the issues of his own identity and says, "I had to invent myself, to live" (52). Penn's book is autobiographical, but it is not linear and seldom chronological. Time and life (or lives) are circular and experiences repeat themselves through generations and throughout individual lives. In discussing time, Penn notes, "Time was more than a structure imposed upon stories. Time...had to do with everything" (97).

As Penn moves from the personal and individual—although the entire book is personal—to a broader consideration of writing and storytelling, he notes that his Grandfather taught him that "everything true was story" (91). As a writer, he recognizes that the Indian autobiographer finds that the individual's life in relation to the history and background of his people is more important than the individual's day-to-day experiences. This theory guides the writing of his own life experiences in the book. The relationship of stories to the past and to other stories is crucial; the process of creating new stories is more important than the individual story itself.

In the second half of the book, Penn discusses the influences of other writers both on his own writing and on critical views of Indianness. The stories of Mourning Dove are brought together with those of his grandfather to weave together an autobiography that is both personal and communal. He analyzes the life and writings of John Rollin Ridge, seeing within his writing the tensions of the mixed blood writer who is drawn toward a redefinition of himself which is finally only artifact and not a real life. In the chapter "Respect for Wendy Rose," Penn writes about himself and other writers for many pages before describing Wendy Rose as a writer who writes "reclaim her identity" and thus is representative of many mixed blood writers. As Penn says, "All good stories contain in themselves something about the act of storytelling or story writing" (179), and the mixed blood writer must in each act of composing recreate the self in relation to a tradition and a past.

In this book, Penn fights the stereotypes of Indians and of mixed bloods created by misinformed but frequently well-meaning critics, academics, and readers. In the end, he writes that "identity is found in a lonely vision" (231). For the mixed blood, identity is both creation and recreation of self within a world that wants the convenience of labels but suffers because of them.

Penn's book is an important examination of single life within the contexts of history, of Indianness, and of other writers. In the end, he becomes Coyote, transforming himself as he recreates himself as a mixed blood writer who is not "representative" but at the same time is a product of definition that is frequently imposed upon "the other" without consideration of individual identity formation.

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