expression of modernist thought in the text, despite representation from Quebec, but there are several strengths: the inclusion of key figures and the refocus on those slowly disappearing from the "canon," as well as the cohesive inter-relationship of the essays. The collection is multidisciplinary, including poetry and prose, art, architecture, and film, and should appeal to a wide range of modernist scholars.

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Alan Twigg. *Aboriginality: The Literary Origins of British Columbia, Volume 2*. Vancouver: Ronsdale Press, 2005. 258 pp.; \$24.95. ISBN 1553800303.

This second volume in Alan Twigg's unconventionally designed literary history of British Columbia brings forward aboriginal writers. No other book has entered this particular literary space as far as I know, though many other attempts have been made in learned journals. All of the writers explored in this book are necessarily of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, for the simple reason that except for a few like E. Pauline Johnson and George Hunt aboriginal persons rarely had a European education to enable them to read and write in English until the early twentieth century.

Twigg is the Ali Baba of Canadian literary studies. He finds literary gems from the often silent and discursive past and brings them to life. The lives of individual aboriginal persons are hard to track through our history. Often they appear as fireflies in a dark summer night – we see them here, then there – illuminating in their passage the black void. Thus to bring together all of these aboriginal writers is no mean feat. Twigg does not attempt a grand survey, and that is a decision wisely taken. What he presents, rather, are representative portraits. Some of his subjects are familiar, and we learn more from these profiles. In this category are the classic literary personnel – Dan George, Gloria Cranmer Webster, George Clutesi, James Sewid, and Earl Maquinna George. In a less well-known group are Barbara Hager and Philip Kevin Paul. Twigg's literary history has wide dimensions, especially embracing the visual arts. We welcome his exclusivity of choice in this multi-generational survey. They are the new heroes and heroines of aboriginal literature. I hate to name some of them, thinking that

others might be offended by lack of inclusion but we now find literary portraits of George Manuel, Lee Maracle, Daisy Sewid-Smith, Phyllis Chelsea, Eden Robinson, and Marie Clements. Yes, Bill Reid is here, if ever there was a doubt, as a graduate of Victoria High School who went on to advanced training at Ryerson University and the Central School of Art and Design in London, England. Who could exclude Harold Adams? This angry historian, who looked at history through the prism of colonialism, was also a champion of aboriginal literature. Those of us also interested in anthropology and the aboriginal role in anthropological research will learn much from Twigg's portraits of, say, William Beynon, Henry W. Tate, George Hunt, and Skaay (John Sky). Those persons of lesser prominence, though worthy of notice, are included in a separate category.

Twigg has divided his book into five sections: "Voices from the Wilderness," "Seeing Red," "Artists & Carvers," "Also Noteworthy," and "Context." As with his previous book the organization leaves something to be desired. A table of contents listing the writers would have made for safer navigation. Fortunately there is a helpful index. The work is well illustrated, and there is a fine bibliography, plus some extraneous details in the appendix.

I was struck by the living presence of aboriginal literature in British Columbia. Whereas non-contemporary, non-aboriginal historians are soon swept under the rug as old-fashioned and irrelevant, aboriginal literature remains compact and intact. There is a strong tradition building here, even if the voices are disparate. It is a tribe almost, if we dare use the term; perhaps "collectivity" would be better but that sounds so academic. This again, is a living presence, strongly rooted in the past, with all sorts of new offshoots and flowerings. Twigg's third volume is eagerly awaited, and who knows who will haunt its pages and its margins.

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