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fur-lined caribou. Although their precise function is no longer known, these pouches appear to be storage spaces for small items. Women's parkas also included back pouches for carrying infants.

All of the books in the trilogy demonstrate high levels of scholarship, rely to a great extent on original sources of information, and include numerous, clear, and detailed illustrations. Tepper's work focuses on the symbolism of designs and the technical processes of production. Thompson emphasizes the aesthetic traditions of the Dene and the importance of teaching sewing skills to young girls. Hall, Oakes, and Webster underscore the symbolic form of communication that clothing represents and the skill of the women in creating garments that help the Inuit survive in a harsh climate.

Carolyn Balkwell
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Flutes of Fire: Essays on California Indian Languages. By Leanne Hinton. Berkeley, California: Heyday Books, 1994. 270 pages. $18.00 paper.

Flutes of Fire, by Leanne Hinton, is a moving account of the struggle to preserve California Indian languages. This is a wonderful book that will delight readers. It is well written, well edited, and full of useful information. It is timely and important and does justice to its subject. Once begun, the book is hard to put down. I enjoyed it very much, as you will see from my review. But first, I would like to recount what I believe is a relevant story.

In the early 1980s, the California State Parks (CSP) began the task of repatriating their collections of human remains to the most likely descendants. Most of the remains were those of California Indians. Following the law, the CSP began preparation of a preliminary Environmental Impact Report. As part of the process, the public was allowed to review the CSP proposal and voice any objections they might have to it. The CSP received a number of letters written by physical anthropologists, archaeologists, and museologists who were opposed to repatriating the collections. Although the respondents cited various reasons for not returning the remains, many focused impassioned pleas on the scientific loss that would result from repatriation. Perhaps one of the most passionate was written by the head of a respected museum, a

talented anthropologist whom, for the purpose of this story, I will call "Grandfather." His reputation indicated to me that he was a dedicated and well-intentioned individual. Indeed, I had met him on several occasions, and I knew him to be a decent man. But typical of so many in our profession, Grandfather could not see beyond the scientific value of the collections. He perceived the human remains to be cultural resources that would be lost forever if returned to their places of origin. In his emotional response to the CSP plan for repatriation, Grandfather went so far as to question the authenticity of contemporary Native American claims, citing the claimants' lack of traditional culture. To make his point, he noted that most California Indians no longer spoke their native languages, seemingly implying that they had voluntarily rejected their native tongues and thus had no "traditional" (i.e., cultural) right to the remains of their ancestors.

The antagonism that some members of my profession felt for the native people at the forefront of the repatriation movement troubled me. I wondered how these educated people could be so insensitive to history and to the Euro-American conquest of native California. Whereas the scientists viewed the collections as fascinating and important resources for investigation, the native people viewed the continued curation of the human remains as a brutal reminder of the conquest. Naturally, many felt that it was essential that the ancestors be returned to them. Indeed, there was a great chasm separating the Western (i.e., scientific) and native views concerning the purpose and value of the collections.

During this same period of time, I had the opportunity to begin working with a number of native people in northwestern California. Many of the Yurok, Hupa, Karuk, and Tolowa became good friends of mine and remain close to me. One special friend, whom I will call "Grandmother," was born at the turn of the century and is the oldest living Tolowa. On one of my visits to her home, Grandmother told me that although she understands many words of her native language, she does not speak it. She then explained how she had "lost" her language. At an early age, she had been taken from her community by the government and had been sent to live at Chemawa, an Indian boarding school in Oregon. Her removal from family and community was part of the government's program of forced assimilation. At school, Indian students were not allowed to speak their native languages. Those who did were punished. The typical punishment was to have your hand whipped with a wooden ruler. Grandmother said that she was forced to

give up her language at about the age of seven, when the beatings became too severe to endure. She did not voluntarily give her language up. It was beaten out of her.

Listening to Grandmother tell her story, I could sense her feeling of loss. Leanne Hinton says that to lose one's language is to lose one's personal history and identity (p. 221). Naturally, the destruction of the Native American identity was the purpose of the government's program of forced assimilation. Native Americans were to be thrown into the country's great "melting pot" and recast as Americans. Of course, we know that it did not work out that way.

Grandmother's story haunted me. By strange coincidence, it was but a week or two later that I read Grandfather's letter. Did he really believe that Grandmother had rejected her language? Then and there I knew that I wanted to become an interpreter, so as to help bridge the chasm between the Western and native worlds. I suspect that many other young anthropologists have experienced that same revelation.

California Indians did not reject their traditional culture; it was stripped from them. Some even had it beaten out of them. Language is only one example of what was lost, but it serves as a very good example. Yet nothing is truly lost until it is gone and forgotten. Fortunately, California Indian languages are not yet completely gone, and they are far from being forgotten. Although they are greatly endangered, there is still hope for the languages' survival. Leanne Hinton's *Flutes of Fire* is a vivid testimony to that hope.

John Peabody Harrington once observed, "The time will come and soon when there won't be an Indian language left in California, all the languages developed for thousands of years will be ashes, the house is afire, it is burning" (in Hinton, p. 197). Indeed, the house is afire and it is burning. No one knew that better than Harrington. In part, this realization explained Harrington's well-known obsession to record the dying utterances of the California languages. Of course, in doing so, Harrington was virtually consumed by the same fire that he fought. And yet, all these years later, neither the languages he sought to save nor Harrington himself are reduced to ashes. Both live on in our hearts and minds and are far from forgotten. *Flutes of Fire* includes an entire chapter on Harrington. It would be difficult to discuss California Indian languages without including this enigmatic scholar.

Flutes of Fire includes an introductory chapter followed by five parts composed of twenty-one chapters. Many of the chapters are

revisions of articles that the author first published in her column on language in *News from Native California.* In her introduction, Hinton describes the mosaic of California Indian languages. Of the original one hundred or more languages, only about fifty are still spoken, most by only a few elders. Hinton says that these languages are "in the ultimate crisis in a life-and-death struggle" (p. 14). Sadly, she notes, half a dozen or so of the last speakers died while she was writing this book. But this is not a book dedicated to sorrow; it is a book of hope as well.

Chapter 1, which Hinton co-authored with Yolanda Montijo, is a comprehensive overview of the "living" California Indian languages—in other words, those that still have speakers and thus are not yet "dead." The authors note, "The continued existence of almost fifty Native Californian languages... is an indication of the great cultural strength of California Indian communities" (p. 21). Unfortunately, there are no children learning any California Indian languages as their primary language. The languages are spoken primarily by a small number of elders, and as the speakers die, so too may the languages. But we are reminded of people's "tenacious loyalty to their languages" (p. 21). In recent years, many young people have begun to learn their California Indian languages as second languages; thus there is still hope for the future.

Chapters 2 to 4, which make up part I of the book, are concerned with some aspect of California Indian languages at work and play. In chapter 2, focusing on song, Hinton discusses native strategies for overcoming language barriers. Song helps to unify people, as Hinton reveals in one of the many stories she uses to illustrate her book. Once, early in her career, she went with a group of Diegueño people (i.e., Kumeyaay) from San Diego to visit the Kiliwa in Baja, California. Hinton's traveling companions included Rosalie Pinto and Delfina Cuero. The Kiliwa, who live an isolated and traditional life, speak a language related to that of the Diegueño. Hinton tells us, "Speaking presented an interesting translation problem" (p. 41), since none of the Diegueño people knew Spanish, and none of the Kiliwa knew English. So what was the solution? The solution was song.

> These two tribes shared no language in common, and most of the individuals who were at this meeting had never seen each other before. Yet they all knew the same songs. And the songs that weren't known to both tribes nevertheless belonged to genres known to both, so singing along was easy. (pp. 41–42)

Hinton goes on to discuss California Indian song and how it helps to unify people. The Bird Songs of Southern California and those songs accompanying the Bear Dances of eastern California and the Deerskin Dances and Brush Dances of northwestern California all contribute to the unity of the tribes.

Chapter 3 describes "Coyote Talk," the California Indian custom of making the animal characters of their stories talk in humorous ways. Old Man Coyote is especially given to funny ways of speaking. But, as Hinton reminds us, so are Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Tweety Bird, and Sylvester the Cat!

Hinton delves into the vocabulary of direction in chapter 4. She discusses directional affixes and suffixes, and illustrates how words showing direction of movement are an important part of many California Indian languages. "Upriver/Downriver," the riverine terminology of northwestern California, is especially pertinent to Hinton's discussion.

Chapter 5 concludes the first part of *Flutes of Fire* with a discussion of language and the structure of thought. Hinton illustrates how language reflects and encourages a certain worldview on the part of its speakers. Languages are seen as "windows to whole systems of beliefs and values," and we are reminded that if we lose the California Indian languages, "we lose along with them all their special and wonderful ways of portraying our world" (p. 69).

Part II of *Flutes of Fire* is composed of chapters 6 to 9, all of which concern language and history. Hinton reveals how language can express the history of its speakers. She discusses the relationships between California Indian languages (chapter 6) and the migrations that some of these relationships may indicate (chapter 7). California Indian place names are the subject of chapter 8. For example, coastal La Jolla, often called "the jewel of the sea," is not taken from Spanish *la joya* ("the jewel"), as many believe, but comes instead from Diegueño mat kulaahuuy, which means "place of holes/caves" (p. 99).

Part II concludes with chapter 9, authored by Robert L. Oswalt, which concerns loan-words exchanged between Russians, Native Alaskans, and California Indians at Fort Ross during the settlement's 1812–1841 occupation. The author has identified about thirty Kashaya words derived from Russian, including *loshka*, the word for "spoon" (p. 101). He also has identified Kashaya words with Native Alaskan derivations, such as *chawik*, Alutiiq for "iron, metal, nail" (p. 103). From the findings of

Oswalt's linguistic research, as well as the findings of archaeologists Glenn Farris, Kent Lightfoot, and Lynne Goldstein, and ethnographers such as Alexei Istomin, we know that the multicultural community at Fort Ross was the scene of great cultural exchange. A few years ago, I was privileged to witness an aspect of that exchange, as evidenced in the following story.

From 1990 to 1992, archaeologists from the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, under the direction of Professor Lynne Goldstein, assisted the CSP and the Russian Orthodox Church in restoring the historic cemetery at Fort Ross.The cemetery is the final resting place of approximately 143 individuals, many of them Alutiiq (i.e., Koniag) from Kodiak Island, Alaska. In 1990, prior to the start of our excavation, I traveled to Kodiak in order to meet with the Alutiiq tribal leaders and secure their permission for the cemetery project. Kodiak was in the midst of late winter, and there was a great amount of snow on the ground. I felt very out of place.

On one particularly cold morning, I visited Margaret Roberts, chairperson of the Kodiak Tribal Council. Inside her office, I spotted ceremonial clothing hanging from the wall. What caught my eye was the beaded headdress. It was one of the most beautiful pieces of regalia I have ever seen! When I asked Margaret about it, she explained that it was a traditional dance headdress that she had made herself. When I asked how she had known to make it, she opened the Smithsonian book *Crossroads of Continents*, edited by William Fitzhugh and Aron Crowell, and pointed to figure 48 which depicted an identical headdress, labeled "Beaded Dance Headdress, Koniag Eskimo." Margaret had copied it from the book! As an anthropologist, I felt a great sense of joy knowing that our work does make a difference. Margaret went on to tell me about the Shoonaq' Tribal Dancers, the only Alutiiq dance group in Alaska, which she and Connie Chya had recently founded as a traditional response to the social ills, such as alcoholism, destroying the community. Already, the dance group was revitalizing Kodiak Island. I told Margaret that I wished I could see the group dance.

A week later, I attended the yearly meeting of the Kodiak Area Native Association, where I was scheduled to make a presentation on the Fort Ross cemetery project. To my surprise, the Shoonaq' Dancers were there, too. Margaret had found a way for me to witness their performance. During the meeting, the dance group performed several traditional dances, to the great approval

of the audience. After the first dance, Margaret made four men, including me, get up and join in. We were taught a certain dance movement and several words of an Alutiiq song. This traditional Alutiiq performance recounted the story of a young man who paddled his kayak across the water to visit his grandparents and bring food to them.

A year later, at Fort Ross, I attended a lecture by Otis Parrish, the son of the great Kashaya Pomo spiritual leader, Essie Parrish. Otis was recounting traditional Kashaya stories to a class of archaeology students sitting around a campfire. About halfway through his presentation, Otis sang a song about a young man who paddled his boat across the water to visit his grandparents and bring food to them. His words were not Kashaya but Alutiiq, and, as he sang, he mimicked the motions of paddling a kayak. These appeared to be the same words and movements that I had learned in Kodiak the year before! When I told Otis about my experience with the Shoonaq' Dancers, he said that he had always wondered about the song's reference to a boat, since the Kashaya did not use boats in the old days. Apparently, the Alutiiq song had found its way to Kashaya by way of the cultural exchange that characterized the Fort Ross community in the early nineteenth century.

Part III of *Flutes of Fire* is composed of five chapters, all having to do with words. These chapters highlight different aspects of California Indian languages, such as the range of counting systems (chapter 10), specialized vocabularies (chapter 11), word complexity (chapter 12), men's and women's talk (chapter 13), and songs without words (chapter 14). The latter are songs composed of "nonsense" or "meaningless syllables. These are often dance songs derived from different languages (such as Otis's song mentioned above) or thought to be of spirit or animal languages unknown to humans. Each chapter reveals the complexity of California Indian thought. As Hinton points out, "A single word in a California Indian language may have to be translated by a whole sentence in English" (p. 109). To demonstrate, the author presents a word from Ishi's Yahi language—*pop-sta-k'au-ram*—which translates into something like, "He hit them straight on with his arrows from where he was hiding."

Four chapters comprise part IV of the book and concern some aspect of language and dominion. These chapters examine the origin of California tribal names (chapter 15) and the relationship between the naming of the Digger Pine *(Pinus sabiniana)* and the ill treatment of the California Indians by the Americans of the

nineteenth century (chapter 16). Chapter 17 is an examination of the government's fierce attack on California Indian languages. My Tolowa friend was not the only Indian girl to have her native language beaten out of her. Two Pomo elders, Elsie Allen and Frances Jack, both now deceased, tell similar stories. Chapter 18 helps to counter the cruelty realized in the previous chapter by discussing the Native American Language Act of 1990, which recognizes the right of Native Americans to speak their native languages.

Part V of *Flutes of Fire* consists of the final four chapters of the book, all of which are concerned with keeping the languages alive. Chapter 19 examines John Peabody Harrington, then and now. Especially interesting are several revealing letters written by Harrington to Jack Marr, one of his assistants. It was in this correspondence that Harrington proclaimed that "the house is afire, it is burning," and instructed Marr to collect the data no matter what was required to do so. Chapter 19 concludes with a discussion of how Harrington's data are being used to revitalize and transform contemporary California Indian cultures. Hinton provides specific examples of California Indian artists and language practitioners utilizing the Harrington notes to the benefit of their communities.

In chapter 20, Hinton examines California Indian "writing systems." The author looks at various systems for recording information, such as the use of dentalium shell beads, knotted ropes and notched sticks, rock carvings, and calendar stones. Also discussed are contemporary methods of transcribing California Indian languages, such as by means of the International Phonetic Alphabet (IPA) or the phonetic alphabet known as "Unifon," adopted for California Indian languages by Tom Parsons at Humboldt State University in the 1960s. Working with Parsons, Loren Bommelyn created a book of his Tolowa language using the Unifon method. This book would later play an interesting role in one of my field projects.

In 1986, I was asked by the CSP to develop a protection plan for the historic cemetery at Yontocket, the center of the Tolowa world. The unmarked cemetery holds the remains of many people, some of whom were buried as recently as the 1930s. Other burials date from a notorious massacre that occurred at Yontocket in 1853, when the village was attacked in the midst of a large ceremonial gathering. The plan to protect the Yontocket cemetery was precipitated by a heinous incident of grave-robbing that had oc-

curred there a few weeks earlier. After consulting with the local Tolowa community and the Native American Heritage Commission, I decided to install a steel mesh atop the cemetery and bury it under several feet of imported soil. I arranged to have the work conducted by the Bar-O Youth Camp, a local detention center for juvenile offenders.

The Bar-O crew, which included several Native American youths, worked hard to implement the plan, but in the beginning, their hearts were not in the work. They were upset that they had to transport the imported soil, one wheelbarrow load at a time, a considerable distance uphill to the cemetery. The boys thought that the dump truck should be allowed to drive into the cemetery and deposit its load there, rather than at the bottom of the hill. They explained that it would save them a lot of work. I tried to explain why that was not possible, but the boys did not understand.

A few days later, several Tolowa elders came to the cemetery to thank the young workers. One of them, Sylvia Stewart White, began to cry as she told the boys how proud she was of the work they were doing to protect Yontocket. The boys were visibly moved. Following the elders' visit, the young men worked with an enthusiasm that I had not witnessed before. They now realized the importance of their work. One of the boys was Tolowa and had with him at Bar-O a copy of Loren Bommelyn's Tolowa language book. A Bar-O counselor later told me that Loren's book became extremely popular with the boys following their first encounter with the elders. Apparently, a number of them, Indian and non-Indian alike, took turns studying it at night, hoping to learn a few words of Tolowa with which to speak to the elders. At the conclusion of the project, the Tolowa community held a ceremony to honor the young men of the Bar-O crew. I do not know if the boys spoke any words of Tolowa to the elders that day, but I do know that they found other ways to communicate the pride they felt. It was a proud day for the Tolowa community as well.

Chapter 21 discusses what is being done to keep the languages alive. Hinton describes a unique conference, held in Marin County in 1992, at which a number of California Indians met to discuss what could be done to save their languages. The participants are described to us, as are the problems they identified and the solutions that were recommended. We learn that the number one problem facing the survival of California Indian languages is that the children no longer learn their native languages at home. One

of the recommendations that came out of the conference was to establish master-apprentice language programs.

Flutes of Fire concludes with a discussion entitled "Rebuilding the Fire" (chapter 22). Drawing on inspiration from the Native Hawai'ians and the Maori of New Zealand, Hinton believes there is still hope for California's languages. She describes the six master-apprentice language teams that have been established recently in the state, introducing and honoring the two members of each team. Each team meets regularly so that the master can instruct the apprentice and, in doing so, pass on an entire language from one generation to the next. It is reminiscent of the final chapter of Ray Bradbury's great classic, *Fahrenheit 451*, in which the characters diligently commit to memory the words of all the literary works known to humankind, so that the essence of civilization is not consumed by the fires of aggression and ignorance. There is a great sense of urgency in such tasks, and we are often affected by the uncertainty of the outcome. In the end, however, both Hinton and Bradbury give us reason for hope. Readers of *Flutes of Fire* will be left feeling uplifted. Is it too late for the California languages? Pointing to the master-apprentice teams, Hinton answers by asking the reader, "How can it be when people like these bend their efforts to saving them?" (p. 247).

Flutes of Fire is a thorough and scholarly, but readable work. That is exactly what we have come to expect from Heyday Books. The influence of Heyday's publisher, Malcolm Margolin, is attested to in Hinton's acknowledgments. Prominently acknowledged, too, is the inspiration she received from Dave and Vera Mae Fredrickson and other anthropologists and California Indians too numerous to mention.

I like many things about this book. For example, I like the way Hinton weaves her own personal stories of working with native people throughout the book so as to illustrate her subject matter, giving the reader a feel for the excitement, fun, and rewards of anthropological fieldwork. Additionally, I like the fact that *Flutes of Fire* is uplifting and that Hinton offers the reader hope that the languages will not be lost. For young people reading this book, especially native Californians, a sense of hope is essential. Last year, I attended a lecture by Edward Castillo, professor of Native American studies at Sonoma State University. Ed was talking about raising his children, and he said that it was important to him that they grow up with a sense of hope, that they not feel like victims. I agree that children must be allowed to feel that anything

is possible, including learning their native languages, if they but put their hearts and minds to the task.

I also appreciate that Hinton has allowed native people, such as Elsie Allen, Frances Jack, Linda Yamane, and L. Frank Manriquez, to speak from her pages in their own voices. We hear the voices of anthropologists such as A.L. Kroeber, Edward Sapir, and John Peabody Harrington as well. Raised together in unison, these are the voices of Grandmother and Grandfather, interwoven in the California mosaic.

Finally, I am glad that Old Man Coyote is there, too, disappearing and reappearing from chapter to chapter. Coyote is a survivor, and he will not be forgotten. He has survived the millennia, extricating himself time and time again from almost impossible predicaments. The California Indian languages are a lot like Coyote. They continue to survive, although we are left wondering how they will manage to extricate themselves from this predicament. Like Coyote, they will find a way.

E. Breck Parkman

Iroquois Fires: The Six Nations Lyrics and Lore of Dawendine (Bernice Loft Winslow). By Dawendine (Bernice Loft Winslow), with introductory and afterword material by George Beaver, Bryan Winslow Colwell, Donald Smith, and Robert Stacey. Ottawa: Penumbra Press, 1995. 157 pages. $19.95 paper (Canadian).

Iroquois Fires is a collection of poetry and prose written by Dawendine (Bernice Loft Winslow), born in 1902 on the Six Nations Reserve, Grand River, Ontario, the daughter of a Cayuga mother and a Mohawk father. It is a valuable addition to a growing body of fine literature produced by Native Americans. Although the book has only recently been published, the writings themselves date from the middle of the century. Their publication at last is most welcome.

The book contains three different segments. Part I, entitled "Lyrics," consists of Dawendine's poetry. Part II, "Lore and Legends," is a collection of prose writings that includes Dawendine's telling of traditional Iroquois myths and tales and her personal reminiscences of childhood experiences. The third segment of the book consists of an introduction and afterword by Robert Stacey, Bryan Winslow Colwell, and Donald Smith outlin-