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Ishi in Three Centuries. Edited By Karl Kroeber and Clifton Kroeber. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2003. 416 pages. \$49.95 cloth.

Ishi's story haunts California. The last Yahi Indian, Ishi became known to the world when, starving and alone, he showed up at a slaughterhouse near Oroville in 1911. Attempts to communicate with Ishi proved fruitless. Puzzled by the emaciated apparition, the local Anglos put him in jail for safekeeping. Eventually Alfred Kroeber, the University of California anthropologist, took Ishi under his care and put him up at the university museum in San Francisco. Here Ishi entertained visitors by making arrowheads and other artifacts and became a well-known figure. Ishi was an informant for Kroeber and other university anthropologists who interviewed and recorded him. In 1916 Ishi died from a tubercular infection. Against the wishes of Kroeber, who was not in California at the time, Ishi's body was autopsied and his brain preserved for study. Forty-five years later Kroeber's widow, Theodora Kroeber, wrote a best-selling account of Ishi's life, *Ishi in Two Worlds: A Biography of the Last Wild Indian in North America* (1961). Despite the reference to "wild" Indians in the title, the book is a remarkably sensitive story of Ishi and the terrible events of the nineteenth century that nearly obliterated California Indians. *Ishi in Two Worlds* brought the story of the slaughter of California Indians during the gold rush and subsequent decades to the general public for the first time. This lone Indian became a symbol for the tens of thousands of murdered Native people and the Yahis, representative of the many small tribes that did not survive those bloody times.

The passage of thirty more years or so, however, brought a change in attitudes about the role of anthropologists and their subjects. Where Theodora Kroeber had painted her husband as a sensitive and caring man who tried to do his best to help and protect Ishi, a new generation of scholars saw him as scarcely more than a P. T. Barnum-type showman who put Ishi on display to promote his own career. The dissection of Ishi and the preservation of his brain seemed to prove that Ishi had been treated as a human artifact. The chairman of the University of California anthropology department felt constrained to apologize publicly for the actions of his predecessors. When this came to the attention of Karl and Clifton Kroeber, sons of A. L. Kroeber and distinguished scholars in their own right, they decided to compile the present volume to defend their father and to collect what information has been learned about Ishi's experiences since the publication of Theodora's book.

The book succeeds in rehabilitating A. L. Kroeber's reputation for his part in the last years of Ishi's life. Kroeber and other anthropologists took advantage of Ishi's presence by interviewing him in an attempt to recover whatever they could of Yahi culture and language, but there is no evidence to suggest that this was disagreeable to Ishi. Insofar as we can tell, Ishi was comfortable living at the museum, enjoyed his new friends, and even liked the city. Inevitably, one must ask, what reasonable alternative existed for a forty-something Indian with no marketable skills, little command of English, and no other friends or relatives? A suggestion that he be made a ward at one of the California reservations was rejected, a merciful decision that took into

account Ishi's preferences. In all fairness it could also be concluded that all of the choices that existed for Ishi in the 1910s were more or less bad, but this was hardly the fault of Kroeber and company.

Not that the actions of Ishi's scientist friends are entirely above reproach. After Ishi's death some blamed each other for working him too hard as an informant, although it is difficult to imagine that this caused or exacerbated tuberculosis. Saxton Pope, Ishi's friend and a university physician, insisted on the autopsy and removal of Ishi's brain for study. Pope also coaxed Ishi into leaving his sickbed to pose for one last photograph, which seems a remarkably callous act. Ishi's brain was never studied and was eventually stored at the Smithsonian Institution. Happily, the brain and Ishi's cremated remains were finally repatriated to California Indians, who interred it in a secret location in Ishi's homeland.

The book also presents some new analyses of the data collected from Ishi, especially in the field of linguistics. This is meant to show the continuing scientific value of Ishi's work with Berkeley anthropologists. More moving, there is a new account by Fred H. Zumwalt Jr., a friend of Ishi's. Zumwalt was a child who lived near the museum and met Ishi by chance. They became good friends, roaming the neighborhood and nearby parkland. Through Zumwalt we gain a new appreciation of Ishi's gentle humanity.

When I first read *Ishi in Two Worlds* many years ago I was moved by the simple human story of Ishi and provoked by Kroeber's history of the near destruction of Indian California. That experience inspired me to study California Indian history and to try to tell the story of some of the many unknown Ishis about whom history had been silent. The book under review reminds me of the power of a single human story, of the many questions and many truths embedded in such stories. As with so many other stories, the retelling of Ishi's story by a new generation reveals new questions and new truths. This book is worth reading for what it tells about Ishi and his friends and about our own time.

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Lelooska: The Life of a Northwest Coast Artist. By Chris Friday. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 2003. 283 pages. \$24.95 cloth.

When I was growing up in Vancouver and Victoria in the 1970s, rumors of the name Lelooska floated over from Seattle like a faint wisp of cloud in a dense fog bank. After all, Northwest Coast art was undeniably Canadian. Newly carved totem poles lined the main highways. The Hunt family dominated the jewelry business in Victoria through their Arts of the Raven shop. I remember, still vividly today, John Livingstone, who used to staff the store, showing me Mungo Martin's tools sitting proudly in a glass cabinet. You could buy the work of the new Northwest Coast Indian Artists Guild in a basement store in Victoria's Bastion Square. Everyone knew Bill Reid. We read Christie Harris's