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“he wouldn’t be able to live with himself” if he did. Hill maintained, “No way, I’ll never sell out my people” (191).

A new generation of Native comics are performing on their own terms. For instance, when offered the opportunity to create a piece for the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, the 1491s group saw it as a way to counteract bleak and depressing narratives about Native Americans. As Ryan Redcorn affirmed this stance, “the 1491s want to showcase the upside generally ignored by the media” (194). *Between Two Knees* was praised by theater critics and it played to sold-out crowds, but it was also polarizing—the audience either loved or hated it, with among the latter being those who felt uncomfortable with the mirror presented. Ultimately, the 1491s were elated, feeling that they had accomplished their goal.

Deanna M.A.D of the Ladies of Native Comedy asserts, “There’s very little visibility when it comes to Native people, and we are very rarely given the space to talk for ourselves” (233). So it is transformative when Native comics and performers can tell their stories. *We Had a Little Real Estate Problem* chronicles this history while capturing a pivotal historical moment. As filmmaker Sterlin Harjo asserts, “We’re entering a really amazing period” (245). The release of the book coincides with the debut of *Rutherford Falls*, a sitcom led by showrunner Sierra Teller Ornelas, the most successful Native comedy writer in the industry. This year also brought the critically acclaimed comedy *Reservation Dogs*, which boasts an entirely Native writers’ room as well as all Native directors and lead actors, and next year will include the forthcoming *Spirit Rangers*, an animated series. Native comedians and artists are taking control of the narrative and telling their stories.

As one would expect from a comedy writer, the text is funny and punchy. On the popularity of midcentury cowboy and Indian westerns and *Davy Crockett*, Nesteroff writes, “Conformist children across the country hoarded coonskin hats as they enthusiastically re-created genocide during recess” (93). *We Had a Little Real Estate Problem* is a welcome text for courses on both contemporary and historical Native issues. It is especially relevant for discussions on Native American performance, (mis)representation, biography, media and art. It can be read and taught alongside Michelle Raheja’s *Reservation Reelism*, Shari Huhndorf’s *Going Native*, and Philip Deloria’s *Playing Indian* and *Indians in Unexpected Places*.

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When I Remember I See Red: American Indian Art and Activism in California. Edited by Frank LePena, Mark Dean Johnson, and Kristina Perea Gilmore. Sacramento: Crocker Art Museum and Oakland: University of California Press, 2019. 176 pages. \$50 cloth.

This sumptuously illustrated catalog and the Crocker Art Museum’s glorious exhibition for which it stands are eminent introductions to the astonishing range of

contemporary California Indian art and its makers, yet even more significantly, together they retrospectively reveal and announce a landmark event in the history of American art at large. That milestone would be the country's shamefully belated recognition, at long last through this show, of the Native role of the West Coast in generating a modern Indigenous art movement and nourishing its full flowering—one that now commands the attention of major museums, top galleries, sophisticated art critics, and cultural commentators across the nation.

Before this show, most conventional chronicles of Native American “modern,” “easel,” “flat,” or “studio” art located its seeding around the turn of the twentieth century through the 1920s and 30s and its epicenter in the greater Southwest (New Mexico-Oklahoma, with a notable outreach to Fort Marion prison in St. Augustine, Florida). Its institutional settings were in venues of incarceration or education and its non-Native enablers were either well-intentioned jailors (such as Col. Richard Pratt at Fort Marion, who encouraged his Southern Plains Indian prisoners to draw pictures for sale), or fiercely devoted, if paternalistic teachers who imposed their ideas about what should and should not constitute “authentic” or “suitable” Indian art (such as Dorothy Dunn's commanding influence at the Santa Fe Indian School). Next, these academically sanctioned accounts identify the modern Indian art movement's sprouting into popular view once national expositions throughout the 1930s culminated with the three-floor show at the New York Museum of Modern Art, 1941's “Indian Art of the United States,” which, according to art historians Janet Berlo and Ruth Phillips, “set the definitive seal of art world approval on Native American art.”

Thanks to this Crocker show, however, that scenario of coercive enabling and non-Indian domination is fundamentally turned around. It relocates the flowering of this modern art movement in the customarily neglected region of the West Coast. It traces its beginnings to a given day—November 9, 1969—and its unapologetically defiant attitude and free-ranging forms of expression to the multitribal band of militant Indians who, hailing from local, state, and national homelands, united on that day as the “Indians of All Tribes” and on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay began the eighteen-month occupation of an abandoned prison under a nineteenth-century Plains Indian treaty which stipulated that abandoned federal property could revert to Indian ownership. That explosive event ignited the half-century of protest, self-assertion, and independent creativity that is honored by this Crocker show. After Alcatraz nobody was going to tell Indian artists what, how, or when to express themselves.

Gorgeously reproduced in the catalog's generous 9 ½ by 11-inch format, the exhibition's abiding dynamic as a cross-fertilization between militancy and artistry, its fury against all forms of colonialist domination and cultural condescension are front and center. These art works connect “past and present through traditional yet modern forms,” in the words of former California governor Jerry Brown in the catalog's foreword. But other unheralded features of this California Indian art phenomenon deserve mention. Long before Euro-Americans ventured to the Pacific, groups of Native emigrants from north, east, and south adapted to the region's appetizing range of coastal and inland ecologies. For many of the catalog's contemporary artists, the

image-banks created that remain in the basketry arts, natural galleries of astonishing rock art, and thankfully well-documented oral traditions remain inspirations.

Although the book refrains from distinguishing between inheritors of local traditions and Native newcomers from elsewhere, its well-written series of fifty artist profiles—each accompanied by cameo photos (many by celebrated Native photographer Dugan Aguilar) and illustrated by stunning examples of their most characteristic artwork—suggest three groupings for this state with the greatest diversity of Native American life on the continent. First are the lifelong members of Native hamlets; second are artists with kinship ties here who returned after absences; third are Native creators from elsewhere who wound up as California residents for long stretches. Reading their life histories, one is struck by the complexity of their interrelationships: the book charts a mutually supportive network of married couples, in-laws and other relatives, college and university colleagues, coworkers and old classmates, all belonging to an intercommunicative, creative community web that rivals any of the fabled art colonies that American art has ever seen.

And rather than laboring under the constraining scrutiny of non-Indian teachers or art competition judges, the Anglo-American enablers of this California Indian florescence have been remarkable humanists in their own right. These venues supported Indian artists and promoted Native arts, enthusiastically and unconditionally, from Rupert and Jeanette Costo's San Francisco-based American Indian Historical Society and its magazine *The Indian Historian*, to Malcolm Margolin's absolutely unique *News from Native California*, a compendium of tribal news, calendars of upcoming Native events, and regular articles on the arts, foods and culture, to Herb Puffer's Pacific Western Traders' store/trading post/gathering hub in the town of Folsom.

A celebrative perspective infuses this volume, from the show's in-your-face title (cribbed from a bell hooks poem), through the superb artist biographies and voices and their daring and diverse spectrum of creative works, to the excellent overviews by Native and non-Native commentators at its end. Embodying that perspective is the personality of the exhibition's lead Native curator, the late Frank LePena, who passed this spring at age 83. Born to a Nomtipom Wintu mother and Filipino father who both died when he was young, after years in a foster family and Indian boarding school, Frank began training as an artist in high school and then graduated from Chico State in 1965.

After his immersion with central California Native elders, notably the influential, self-taught Maidu painter and teacher Frank Day, LePena soon developed into a renaissance man of Indian letters, artistry, and activism. Along with producing symbol-rich impressionist landscapes and other paintings, Frank LePena served as art critic and mentor for his remaining years, which are capped by this catalog for which he wrote an introduction. The book displays the magnificent and persuasive evidence of where American Indian art has most fully matured on its own terms. And now it also serves as his last will and testament, as if the ever-generous Frank LePena had seen to that.

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