

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

SEPT. 1980 • \$1.50
WPS 33940



The Hopi Tricentennial

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

SEPTEMBER 1980 VOL. 56, NO. 9

Gary Avey, *Editor*
Wesley Holden, *Managing Editor*
Richard G. Stahl, *Copy Editor*
Gary Bennett, *Art Editor*
Shirley Mummaw, *Circulation Manager*

Bruce Babbitt, *Governor of Arizona*

Arizona Department of Transportation

William A. Ordway, *Director*

Board Members

Ralph A. Watkins, Jr., *Chairman*, Wickenburg

E. J. "Charlie" McCarthy, *Vice Chairman*,
Kingman

Armand P. Ortega, *Member*, Sanders

John W. McLaughlin, *Member*, Morenci

Robert R. Evans, *Member*, Mesa

Lawrence M. Hecker, *Member*, Tucson

Anne Chesley, *Member*, Globe

Arizona Highways Publication No. (ISSN 0004-1521) is published monthly by the Arizona Department of Transportation. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Arizona Highways, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009. \$12.00 per year in U.S. and possessions; \$14.00 elsewhere; single copies \$1.50 each. Second Class Postage paid at Phoenix, Arizona, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright© 1980 by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Arizona Highways is printed by W. A. Krueger Co., Phoenix, Arizona.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Allow six weeks for a change of address. Send in the old as well as the new address including ZIP code. Telephone (602) 258-6641.

The editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, artwork, or other materials sent for editorial consideration.



"Ko-ya-la" clown boy, Second Mesa. Owen Seumtewa

Like the rising and falling swells of the sea, the high desert sands flow around the mesa citadels of this Indian nation. Barely perceptible atop the massive stone islands are subtle rectangular outlines of buildings, occasionally punctuated by the top of a kiva ladder extending toward the sky. The villages clustered about these flat-topped mountains present a vision of the Acropolis in rich earth tones. Yet these structures are not monuments to civilizations past but homes alive with the sounds of families. Here, in a land where flowing streams and grasslands are scarce, dwell the Hopi, a peaceful people.

Words like steadfast, tenacious, determined, and resolute describe these people and this culture, which is so complete and durable as to have withstood centuries of buffeting by successive tides of alien philosophies. Many other great Indian civilizations, when faced with these forces, fell beneath the wheels of change and were purged from their homelands or absorbed within the new cultures. But the Hopi way endures.

Today, Hopi are found in all possible professions, from medicine and law to computers and engineering. Selecting the best from the surrounding culture, yet never forgetting their heritage, is part of the Hopi way. People learn from one another, and while we teach of computers, we can learn much about the harmony of existence with others and with nature from the Hopi.

The occasion of this visit to Hopiland is the remembrance that 300 years ago the temporary domination by Imperial Spain was thrown off by force. The conquistadores of the 17th century erred in assuming that a gentle nature is also subservient. The Hopi way persisted!

Now, three centuries later, when we visit this high desert plateau country, we should remember that we are guests in the home of a valued friend and, as such, we should respect the wishes of our hosts . . . and, in so doing, learn from them. The Hopi *live* their religion, so some areas and events concerned with daily living are sacred. Allow your senses to remain open and appreciate the Hopi knowledge and understanding that brings stalks of corn from dry, dusty plots. Leave your cameras, sketch pads, and notebooks behind and take the experience home in your heart. GA

Gary

In This Issue

2 The Hopi Tricentennial

The Great Pueblo Revolt revisited.

9 The Hopi Migrations

Journey to the center of the universe.

16 On Being Hopi

Personal views of the peaceful life.

29 The Hopi Today

A nation in transition.

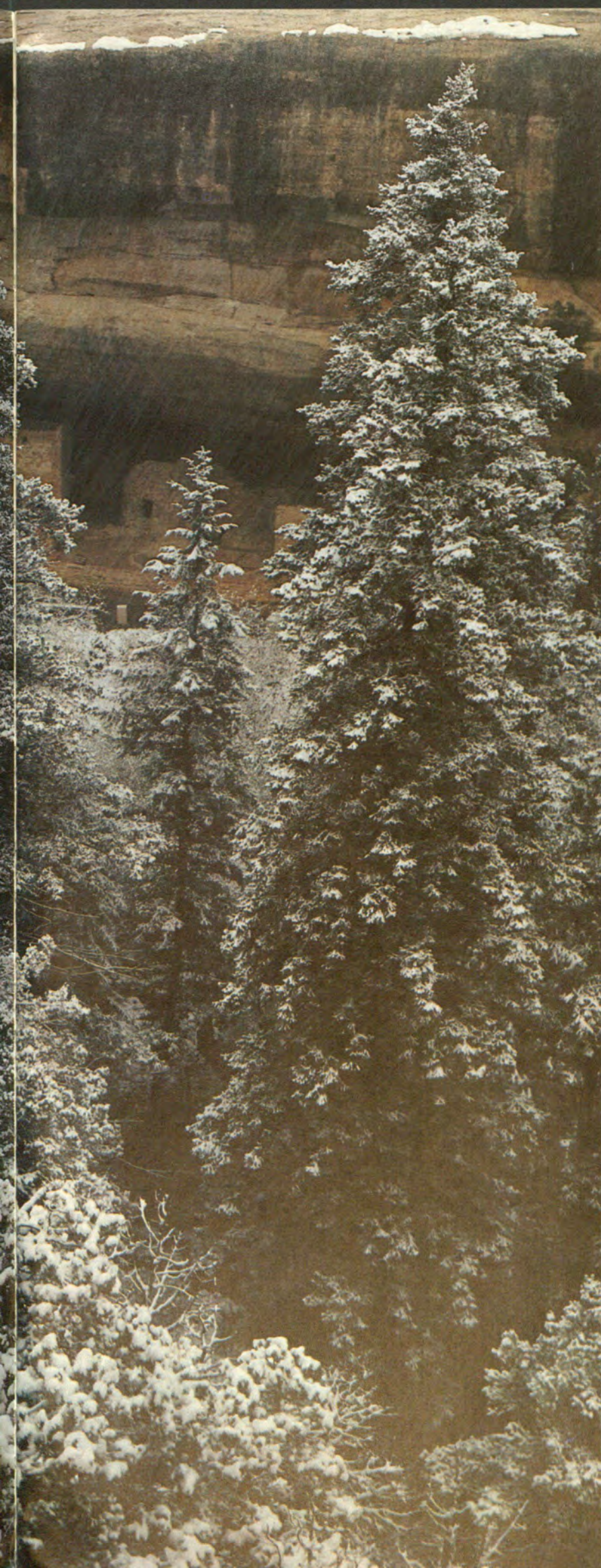
43 The Hopi Prophecies

A vast and complex liturgy.

(Front cover) Carol Dawahoya, ready to perform in a Hopi butterfly dance. Her tableta (poli'kopachoki), painted in the colors of the six directions, includes designs of the sky arch, cloud terraces, the moon, and other Hopi motifs.

(Inside front cover) The sheer cliffs of First Mesa rise behind a sand dune near Polacca. The Hopi village of Walpi rests on top of the knoll at right. Photography by Jerry Jacka





The Hopi Migrations

Journey to the Center of the Universe

To appreciate the strangeness of the Hopi migrations, go to Walpi in March, stand on the lofty parapet of First Mesa, and look around you. An icy wind wails in from the west, blowing past the snowfields on the San Francisco Peaks. It whips pantlegs around chilly ankles and drives sand against numbed cheeks.

Six hundred feet below your boottips, the wind obscures the tableland east of Wepo Wash with a shifting screen of dust. A school bus creeps along Arizona Highway 264 below this great cliff with its headlights on — as if light is proof against dust as well as darkness. Along the horizon to the south, the shapes of Egloffstein Butte, Barrel Butte, Roundtop, and Montezuma's Chair rise above the yellow-gray sandstorm, dark blue forms outlined

(Left) A winter storm blankets Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado. The 52,036-acre park contains the most notable and best preserved prehistoric cliff dwellings in the U.S. The ruins are said to be some of the ancestral homes of the Hopi, built by the Hisatsinom, the Hopi term for "the people of long ago." **David Muench**
(Above) This pottery jar, on display at the Heard Museum in Phoenix, represents the apex of ancient Hopi pottery making. Dating between the 1300s and the 1600s, this style of pottery, called Sikyatki Polychrome, combined life forms and geometric patterns to enhance some of the most beautiful pottery ever made in the southwestern United States. **Jerry Jacka**

by Tony Hillerman



against a dirty sky. Behind them the ragged line of old volcano throats, ash cones, and basalt thumbs which my map calls the "Hopi Buttes" straggle southward across the Painted Desert toward Holbrook and Winslow.

From Walpi, in March, you see a thousand square miles with not a spot of green nor a hint of fertility. The sun slants through the haze and gives the landscape a dismal ochre cast. At Walpi, spring is not the season which inspired a thousand poets with its sensual promise. Spring at First Mesa promises nothing but desolation.

And yet this barren-looking, almost waterless Hopi Country was the goal of scores of migrations. It drew groups of people from all directions as a magnet draws iron filings across glass. The Snake Clan was the first to arrive at First Mesa, almost a thousand years ago. Then came the Cane-Flute Society of the Horn Clan, and then the Bear Clan. By 1275 A.D. anthropologists estimate 35 little villages were occupied on and around the three mesas. Within the next half-century, while the great cliff dwellings of the Southwest were

being abandoned, the population of the Hopi mesas was swelled by waves of new immigrations.

But why did they come?

Hopi theology tells us that this ragged south end of Black Mesa is *Tuuwanasavi* — the Center of the Universe. The clans came here only after completing cycles of migrations which took them to the four ends of the continent. Those were the instructions of *Maasaw*, who the Creator had made deity and guardian of this Fourth World of the Hopis.

From clan legend and the diggings of anthropologists, we know something of the final stages of some of those mythic journeys. The Sidecorn, Sand, Tobacco, and Rabbit clans were drawn up from the South — from Homol'ovi near modern Winslow and before that from Casa Grande and points far south in Mexico. The Fire, Water, and Coyote clans arrived from the opposite direction, leaving the high stone houses in the cliffs at Betatakin and Keet Seel to mark their last resting places. The Snake came down from the cliffs of Hovenweep in Utah, and the Bear, Bluebird, and Spruce left the marks of their clans cut in the

(Left) Wukoki ruin, at Wupatki National Monument near Flagstaff, was another stopping place in the migrations of the Hisatsinom. San Francisco Peaks, background, is the mountain home of the Hopi Katsina spirits. David Muench

stone near the great kivas at Mesa Verde. The locust sign of the Flute Clan can still be read on the vertical walls of Canyon de Chelly, and still others came from Chaco Canyon, and the Salmon Ruins, and a dozen other of the West's ghost towns of stone.

I look down from Walpi into a March dust storm remembering that these earliest Hopis were born and raised as dry-land farmers. So was I. I know what such farmers look for and long for — deep, loamy soil, flat fields, dependable water, and humid springs which germinate seed and stimulate optimism. I have seen some of this in the places Hopis abandoned to come here — in the San Juan River Valley of New Mexico, at Mesa Verde, Colorado, and along the Salt River in Central Arizona. But here I see stone and sand. Even my father, whose September disappointment had always changed to high hopes by planting time, would have been a pessimist here.

Yet tomorrow, or perhaps next week, and certainly no later than early April, the word will come to Walpi, and to Polacca, and Hano, and across the Hopi country from Hotevilla to Keams Canyon, that the Bear Clan is planting its cornfields. The Bear Clan is first because it was given this role of leadership in the Fourth World, when the Fire Clan declined the honor. And when the Bear Clan has planted, all the farmers will plant in some 3000 acres of scattered little plots and patches on the mesa tops, along the dry washes, and even in fields cleared from sagebrush flats.

From where I stand almost at the tip of First Mesa, the fields are too far below to identify the stones (the Hopis call them *Qalalni*) which tell to which clan the village assigned each piece of land. Most of the *Qalalni* are gone, stolen by those who collect such things. They are no longer needed anyway. The Water Clan has planted the field directly south of the tip of First Mesa since about the 14th century. And corn patches just northeast have been the responsibility of the Snake and the Coyote clans for just as long.

Qalalni stones can be stolen, the clan symbols cut into them defaced, but with the Hopis of Walpi, memory endures. Everyone knows that the plots beyond the Coyote field belong to the Deer, Parrot, Badger, and Mustard clans and then, across

an expanse of stone too sterile even for Hopi faith, is a field of the Sand Clan. That's the way it was established by the Crier Chiefs when the clans were first accepted into the First Mesa villages. That's the way it will be until the Fourth World ends.

Even without faith we can understand the migration of the Israelite tribes across the Sinai Desert, The Jordan River Valley was a land of milk and honey. But the dry patch of land below the cliff at First Mesa could not have drawn the people of the Badger Clan, who had once grown their corn in the deep, damp soil beside the San Juan River.

So the question remains, and every Hopi I have ever asked has known the answer. No matter the generation, the clan, or the college degree, the certainty never wavers. From the time humankind emerged from the *Sipaapuni*, it was the Life Plan of the Creator that the Hopis would migrate in all directions across the continent, and be drawn together again here at the Center, and live here in the Hopi Way until the Fifth World begins. That is the prophecy. That is the answer.



Pottery from Mesa Verde circa AD 1100-1300. Jerry Jacka

George Nasoftie illustrated the answer for me with the rubber tip of his cane. He sat in a straight-backed chair outside the door of his home across from the kiva at Shungopavi, grandchildren chattering at a respectful distance. While he talked of the migrations of his Bluebird Clan, his cane tip made a map in the dust beside his shoe. It was not an exact map with a dot at the place where it all began and at each specific stopping place. Such

maps are made by anthropologists and historians. George Nasoftie's cane tip was involved with theology. It marked the journey of the soul.

Of course there are specific places involved. Mr. Nasoftie's ancestors, the *Hisatsinom*, the people of long ago, reached their final destination on Second Mesa after an interval at Mesa Verde. Mr. Nasoftie has made a sentimental journey there, and looked it all over, and found among the petroglyphs the cliff-dwellers left, the symbol of his Bluebird Clan.

"That was a good place," Mr. Nasoftie told me. "Green fields. Running streams. Water to irrigate with." His cane tip moved in the dust, illustrating the diversion works his forefathers had built to detour rainwater onto their crops.



Petroglyphs, Nuvakwewtaqa. Alan Benoit

Nuvakwewtaqa

Restoration of an Ancient Pueblo Site

by Maggie Wilson

By the year A.D. 2000, the Hopi people hope to mount a many-faceted celebration of their millennium, a celebration of 1000 years of survival on the very mesas where they endure. They picked the year 2000 because it is a nice round millennial number — a number as good as any and in keeping with archeological and anthropological findings that show they have existed "for at least 1000 years."

Ancient ruins dot the land surrounding the mesas, from New Mexico to Colorado, Utah, and Arizona. And stories have been handed down by word of mouth from one generation to the next. Stories that tell of the ruins as stopovers during the clan migrations, places where farmlands were good

and Hopis could plant crops, store seeds, and leave the old ones behind, as the young made the next leg of their wandering journeys to the chosen place of their predestiny.

One such place marks the route of the water-affiliated clans, such as the Cloud Clan, whose stopovers included Casa Grande, in south-central Arizona, Nuvakwewtaqa along the Mogollon Rim highlands, and Homol'ovi near Winslow before their final settlement at the modern-day mesatop villages.

"Those places are sacred to the clans who have migrated from this area," said Stanley Honanie, vice chairman of the Hopi Tribal Council and member of the Cloud Clan. "Each clan or

(Right) The numerous kivas (underground ceremonial chambers) of Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon National Monument, New Mexico, indicate the religious importance of this ancestral Hopi home.

(Below, right) Comparatively little remains of the structures built by the *Hisatsinom* in Hovenweep National Monument, Utah. To modern-day Hopi, however, it is an important part of their sacred land. David Muench

Mr. Nasoftie and I have been comparing memories of dry land farming in years of drought, or summers when the parish priest at Sacred Heart, Oklahoma, held rosary services to ask for relief, and when the valuable men of the Shungopavi kiva made a special trip to the shrines of the San Francisco Peaks to plant their prayer plumes. In the wake of such recollections, Mr. Nasoftie's talk of the lush climate of Mesa Verde has had a wistful sound.

text continued on page 15

society prays to the sacred ancestral places identified with that clan. We still make *paavaho* (prayer sticks) to the shrines at the ruin sites that define the Sacred Circle that Maasaw told the Hopis to tend."

And so, when archeologists from Arizona State University and the Coconino National Forest wanted to restore the ancient pueblos known to the Hopis as Nuvakwewtaqa (Snowbelt) on Forest Service land, the plans fit right in with the Hopi millennium plans of identifying all the ruins by clan and societal relationship.

Said Peter Pilles, archeologist for the Coconino Forest: "The area is very important to the heritage of the State. It consists of three large pueblos and numerous other nearby sites. It is an area already on the National Register of Historic Places and appears to represent the last stage of the Sinagua culture which began in the Flagstaff area in A.D. 600 and reached its peak at Nuvakwewtaqa from A.D. 1130 to 1200. It appears to be an ancestral Hopi site and a major link in the prehistoric trade system of the 14th and 15th centuries. The trade system is known to have flourished through the American Southwest and Mexican Northwest and along the Gulf of California.

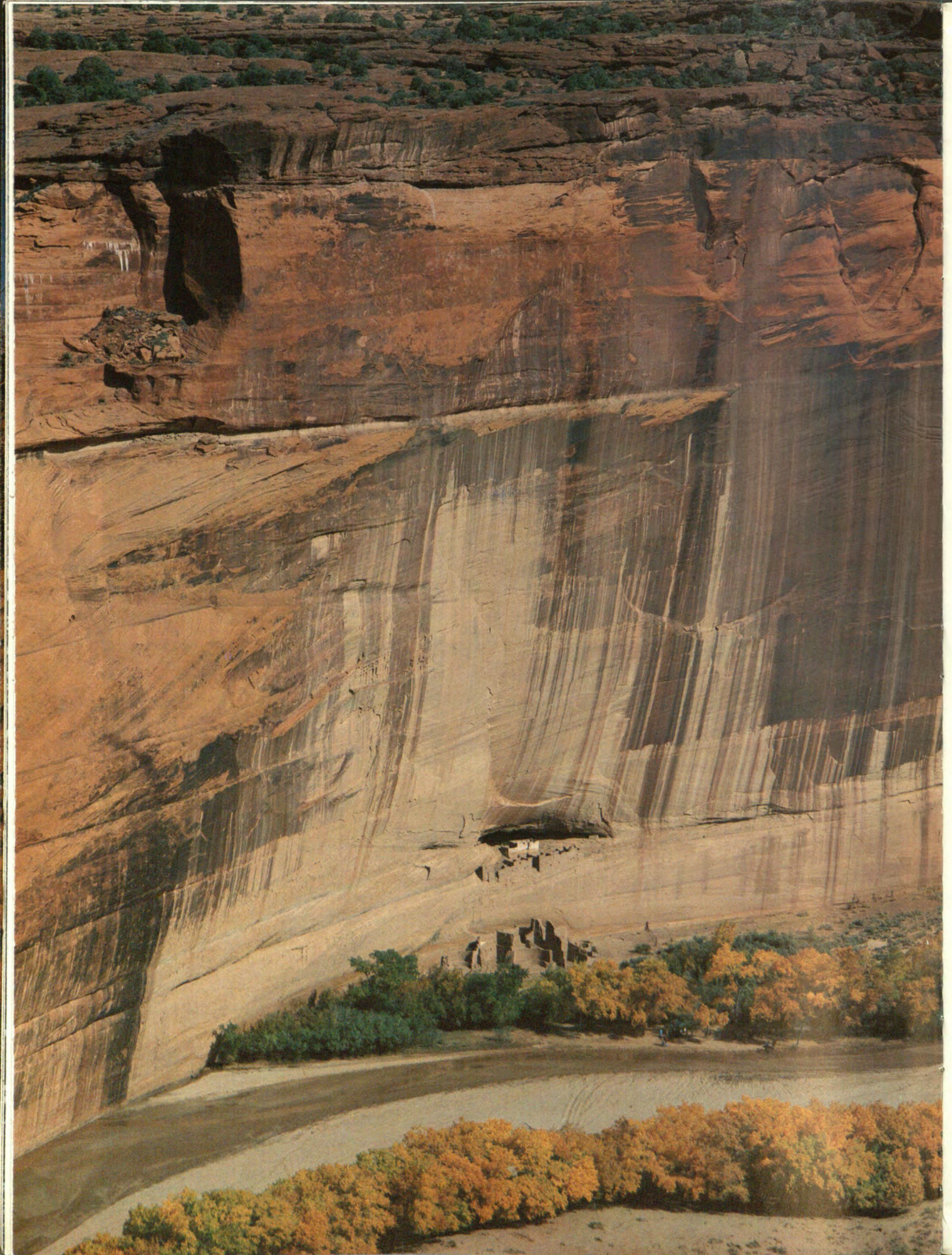
"We are beginning to find evidence of a highly organized society, not a caste system society, but one stratified in rank and hierarchy — an organized priesthood with a high level of complexity. A katsina cult, perhaps."

Historically, the Forest Service's concern has been protection of such ancient sites from pot hunters. By 1977 when Arizona State University archeologists got a National Science Foundation grant to begin research, this particular one had been "grossly vandalized."

But today, plans for the site are as big as the three ancient pueblos themselves. The Forest Service and ASU anthropologists are now seeking grants that would provide site restoration and protection while at the same time allow ordinary citizens to help with the digs, living, meanwhile, in the pueblos as the ancient people did, and learning about Hopi culture from Hopis themselves. That's the concept, Pilles said, but there is no official approval yet, even for first-step planning grants.

"But we see it as an innovative plan for teaching the public to appreciate the accomplishments of an ancient civilization by living as they did. It's also an innovative way of protecting and preserving an important link to our past." □





(Left) Another autumn comes to White House ruin in Canyon de Chelly National Monument. Numerous Hisatsinom clan symbols decorate rocky walls throughout the area. **Josef Muench**

"Why did your people leave such a good place," I ask. "And why did the Hopis leave Canyon de Chelly, and Tsegi Canyon, and the Salt River, and all those fertile places?"

The answer comes without hesitation. "This is where we were to come," George Nasoftie says. He glances at me to make sure that I understand it, that it was not a matter of human will but of destiny. "That was the prophecy," he explains.

The prophecy is the answer. But George Nasoftie adds an explanation. When people emerged from the Sipaapuni, they were given a choice of sustenance. "The Navajo chose the long ear of yellow corn because it was soft and easy to shell and easy to grind, but the Hopi, he chose the shortest, hardest ear. It was tough. It would survive."

That story represents both poetic metaphor and reality. Hopi corn really is small, hard, and durable — the product of a thousand years of desert evolution. It is planted extremely deep to sprout in a thick cluster. When the summer rains are late, the Hopi farmer keeps thinning out the weaker plants, leaving the stronger stalks to survive until rain finally falls. At a more significant level of meaning, the choice of the short ear represents a choice of values, the acceptance of the hard life, the rejection of material values. The hard corn of the Hopis represents endurance, and it represents much more than that.

Three of those short ears, tied top and bottom so that they hang in a horizontal parallel, decorate the wall in the house of Taylor Wazri. He is a member of the Sidecorn Clan, the oldest man in Shungopavi, and as far as I know, the oldest man in Arizona. As he counts the years, he was born in 1874 — which was 106 years ago and long before such events were documented. On the wall near the symbol of his clan is a photograph of Taylor Wazri in the ceremonial attire of the Two Horn Society. The photograph was probably taken before 1907, when the Hopis stopped allowing such pictures, and in it Taylor Wazri appears to be in his middle thirties. However that may be, his memory extends well back into the 19th century. Can he recall a year when the rains failed completely, and the corn died barren in the field?

Taylor Wazri has been sitting beside his wood stove winding yarn onto a spindle while he listens

to the question. He answers it carefully, speaking through Elgean Joshevama, a young man from Oraibi who has come a long way to interpret.

"A long time ago, when people were moving up toward the Center, they needed food so they stopped. It was morning. The clans that were travelling together met. The Sand, the Sidecorn, the Tobacco, the Water, and the Sun clans were there. The Sand Clan spread out the drift sand and the Sidecorn Clan planted the seeds, and the Tobacco Clan conducted the communal smoke, and the Water Clan brought the rain, and the Sun Clan produced heat and sunlight." Taylor Wazri stops and listens with approval while Mr. Joshevama repeats this in English. Then he continues: "Right away someone smelled something, and a little girl was sent to see what it was. She found melons already ripening, beans forming on the plants, peach trees already blooming, corn already in the ear — and that was by noon of the very same day. By evening they had ripe peaches, and corn to be picked, and melons to be eaten. That is the lesson of the power of everyone working together properly, and doing what we were told to do."

I asked a similar question of Stanley Honanie, who is about 75 years younger than Taylor Wazri, belongs to the Cloud Clan and is an official of the Tribal Council. In times of drought did the Hopis conduct special ceremonies to pray for rain, as we had done when I was a boy? Honanie shook his head. "It doesn't work that way," he said. "Our life is prayer." He paused, considering how to explain it.

"I remembered a July afternoon on First Mesa. The Home Dances had been held, the katsinas had left Black Mesa to return to their second home on Humphrey Peak, and the rain clouds had been called into the sky. On that afternoon one looked out from Walpi across a desert dappled with blue shadow. Far to the northwest, over the cliffs where the Bear Clan collects its ceremonial eagles, a great black storm dominated the horizon. Much closer, another thunderhead towered into the stratosphere over Blue Point on Padilla Mesa, another drifted across Tovar Mesa, bombarding Roundtop Butte with lightning, and still another was trailing a transparent curtain of rain across Second Mesa. The old streets of Walpi were still dusty. But the sound of thunder rumbled in the sky, and the promise of rain was everywhere, and the smell of rain filled your nostrils and your mind.

"Our life is a prayer," Honanie repeated. "If we live it properly, it will always rain." □