

# ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

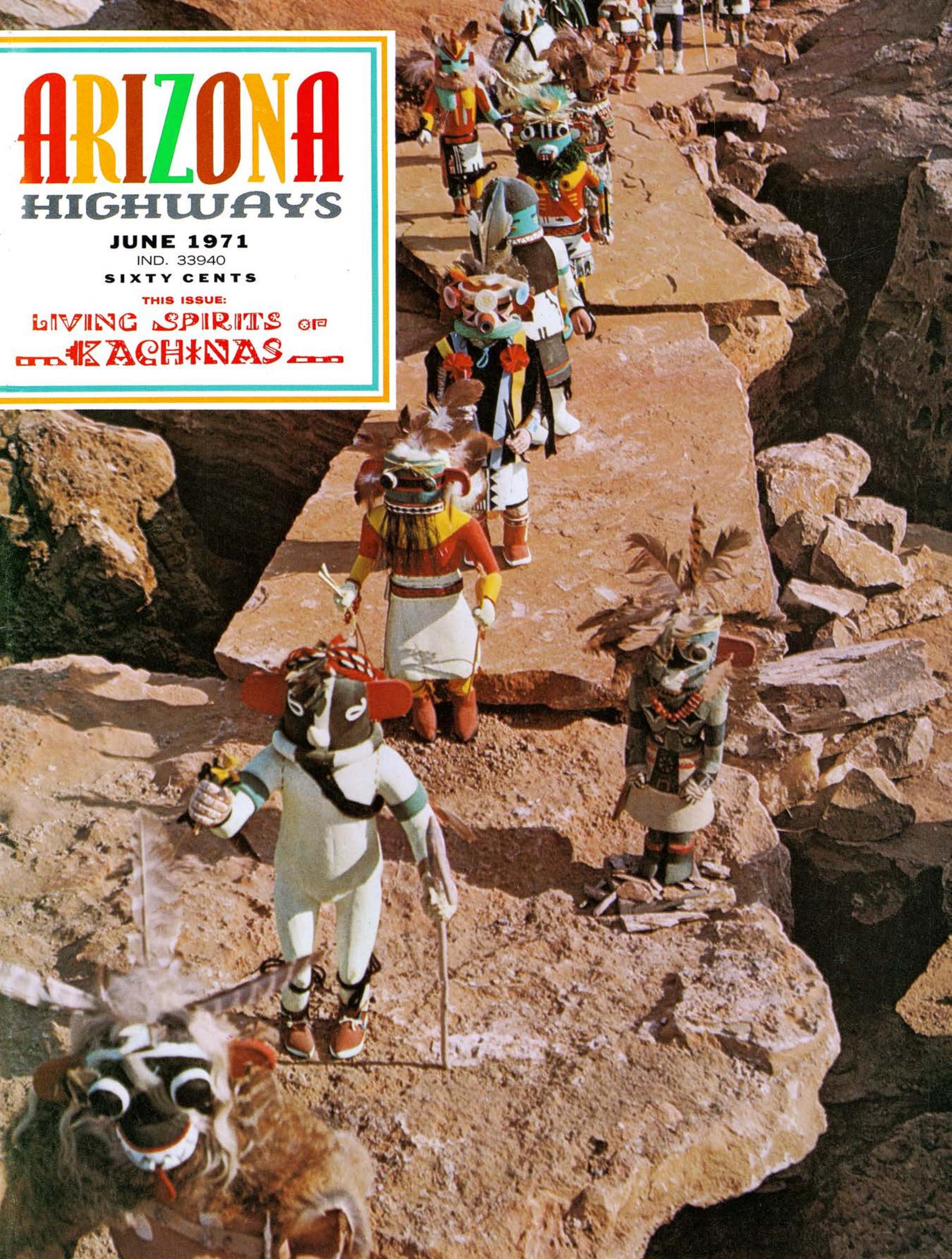
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THIS ISSUE:

LIVING SPIRITS OF  
KACHINAS





# ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

VOL. XLVII No. 6

JUNE 1971

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## IN THIS ISSUE

A vivid presentation designed to give the non-Hopi a clearer insight into the identity and meaning of Hopi Kachinas, and their significance to the "Hopi Way" of life, which is based on a profound religious structure on which the Hopi's secular lives and their attitudes toward the outside world are based.

JACK WILLIAMS  
 Governor of Arizona

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### FRONT COVER

The line of a Kachinam procession is expressed in this picture of a mixed Kachinam dance. Among those shown here are the Ogres, Natashka, Kikopelle Mana, Blue Hoote, Masau, Rooster, Heheya and Squash. The dolls were made by many makers and represent several collectors.

### OPPOSITE PAGE

Kweo, a wolf with hunting symbols. Made by Richard Pentewa, New Oraibi. Dr. Gary Carlson collection.

*Kachinam is the correct plural in Hopi of Kachina. The Anglicized Kachinas is used occasionally in this issue for the editors' and the readers' convenience.*

# KACHINAM

Ever since J. Walter Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, wrote his first illustrated report on Hopi Kachinas, 1894, an increasing number of people in all parts of the world have become interested in the Hopi Indians' artistically executed carved and painted Kachina dolls. Today thousands of people seek and treasure the Kachina doll representations of living spirits, although they don't know too much about them. It is remarkable indeed that these figures produced by such a small group of people, living in a world of their own, should find their way into collections numbering into the hundreds of thousands.

This special issue is unique because it marks the first time that we have reproduced photographs depicting the Hopi Indian Kachina dances and ceremonies, without violating any of the restrictions which have heretofore prohibited photographic exposure of the Hopis' colorful religious festivals, known as Kachina Dances. Although the Hopis do not regard their Kachina Dances as secret, and visitors are welcome, photographs are strictly forbidden.

How the photographs herein were produced is explained in our text. In compiling and integrating this presentation, our friend Paul Coze has distinguished himself by calling upon every resource from his store of more than fifty years of knowledge and experience with the American Indian.

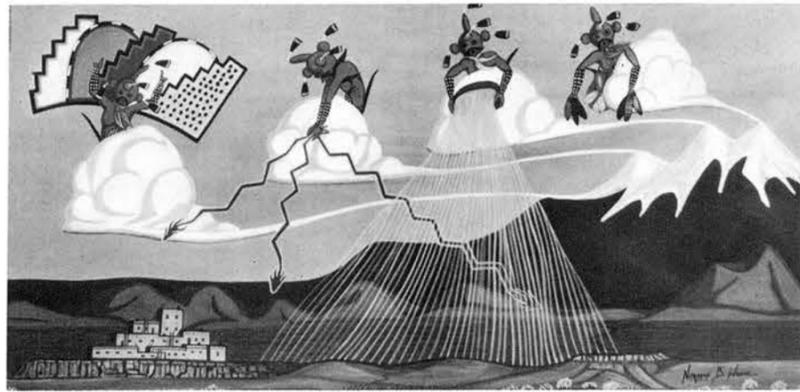
To the more than ninety percent of the total American populace, who have never seen a live Kachina performance, we offer an invitation to include Arizona in your future travel plans, and we hope this issue motivates you to visit the world of the Hopis, to witness their exciting and fantastic Kachina festivals, and to enjoy the exposure to "The Hopi Way," patterned upon the universal plan of world creation and maintenance through Love, Brotherhood and Peace.

... R.C.

### COLOR CLASSICS

35mm. slides in 2" mounts, 1 to 15 slides, 40¢ each; 16 to 49 slides, 35¢ each; 50 or more, 3 for \$1.00. Catalog of previous slides issued available on request. Address: ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, 2039 West Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85009.

K-14 Kachinam Procession, cov. 1; K-15 Kiveo-Wolf, cov. 2; K-16 Hano Clown, cov. 3; K-17 Chaveyo, cov. 4; K-18 Angivusnasom-taka, p. 3; K-19 Puppet Dance, p. 8; K-20 Kachinam Changing Kivas — February, p. 8; K-21 Kachinam Changing Kivas in Snow, p. 9; K-22 Palulukonti, p. 9; K-23 Walpi in the Old Days, p. 14; K-24 Mixed Kachinam, p. 14; K-25 Second Mesa, p. 17; K-26 Hopi Cornfield, p. 17; K-27 Corn in Plaque, p. 18; IH-43 Hopi Maiden, p. 18; K-28 Corn Growing, p. 18; K-29 Corn Cooking, p. 18-19; K-30 Indian Corn, p. 18-19; IH-44 Hopi Kachina Maker, p. 19; K-31 Piki on Plaque, p. 19; K-32 Houses are Changing, p. 20; K-33 Inside a Hopi House, p. 20; K-34 Pahlík Mana, p. 21; K-35 Kachin Mana, p. 21; K-36 Hooli, p. 21; K-37 Our Messages, p. 21; K-38 Hano Clowns, p. 22-23; K-39 Wupamo, p. 23; K-41 Kachinam Emerging, p. 24-25; K-42 Shua-Snake Kachina, p. 26; K-43 Messengers in Fantastic Canyon, p. 26-27; SF-53 Low Clouds of Winter, p. 28; K-44 Tawa Kachina, p. 28-29; SF-54 Stormy Clouds, p. 29; K-45 Talavi, p. 29; K-46 Mongwa, p. 30; K-47 Kwahu, p. 30-31; K-48 Sikwa Tawo, p. 30; K-49 Pang, p. 30; K-50 Honani Badger Relative, p. 30; K-51 Sowiingwu, p. 31; K-52 Phof, p. 31; K-53 Wakas, p. 31; K-54 Hon, p. 31; K-55 Tetanya, p. 31; K-56 Navik-China, p. 31; K-57 Pahlík Mana, p. 32; K-58 Komanchi, p. 35; K-59 Tasaf Yebitchai, p. 35; K-60 Kachina Tuchtihi, p. 40; K-61 Gifts to Boys, p. 40; K-62 Children Receiving Gifts, p. 40; K-63 Niman or Home Dance, p. 40-41; K-64 Return of Kachinam, p. 46; K-65 Koyemsi Ogre, p. 46.



"THE COMING OF THE KACHINAM"  
 artist: Norman Honie, Hano

## LIVING SPIRITS OF KACHINAM

By Paul Coze

*There are many tribes of American Indians who lack cohesiveness in their thinking and their attitudes, because of different places of migratory origins, varied climatic factors, and communal systems, which have not produced similar ways of living, customs and habits.*

*The Pueblo community system (living in permanent dwellings of stone or adobe) such as the Zuni settlements of New Mexico and the Hopi villages of Arizona, has created a social structure unlike that of the nomadic or migratory tribes. Whether openly or secretly, tribal government, religion, clans, ceremonies and beliefs . . . all have evolved from the way of life of the Pueblo.*

*At a time in our history when all ethnic groups are experiencing a renascent awareness in their originative interest and rediscovering ancestral significance and identities, it is to be expected that the Hopi people should be worthy of a special study for they regard themselves as the first inhabitants of this continent.*

*This special issue deals with a part of the Hopi Way which is dominated by their religion and prophecies, and there are many things which cannot be interpreted nor communicated to non-Hopi people who are generally regarded as foreigners on the reservation and are welcome and tolerated according to the degree of their behavior and obligations as guests, who must accept with grace the many things they will not necessarily understand.*

*The author, his assistants and the editorial staff of this publication have tried to respect every wish and confidence of the Hopis, and have made no intentional attempt to expose anything sacred or secret to any individual or to any special clan. Throughout this presentation we have sought to create a mood, an interpretation of the "Hopi Way" . . . always with respect, love and admiration for the Hopi people. An evaluation of the meaning and context of these pages has been made by fully initiated and tradition oriented Hopis who know their religion and prophecies and who are formally qualified to act as critics and censors.*

*Knowing of the author's interest and respect for their culture, many Hopis from different Mesas and Clans have made valuable contributions, many never presented before.*

*To all those who have volunteered their services and to all who have assisted in the preparation of this special edition . . .*

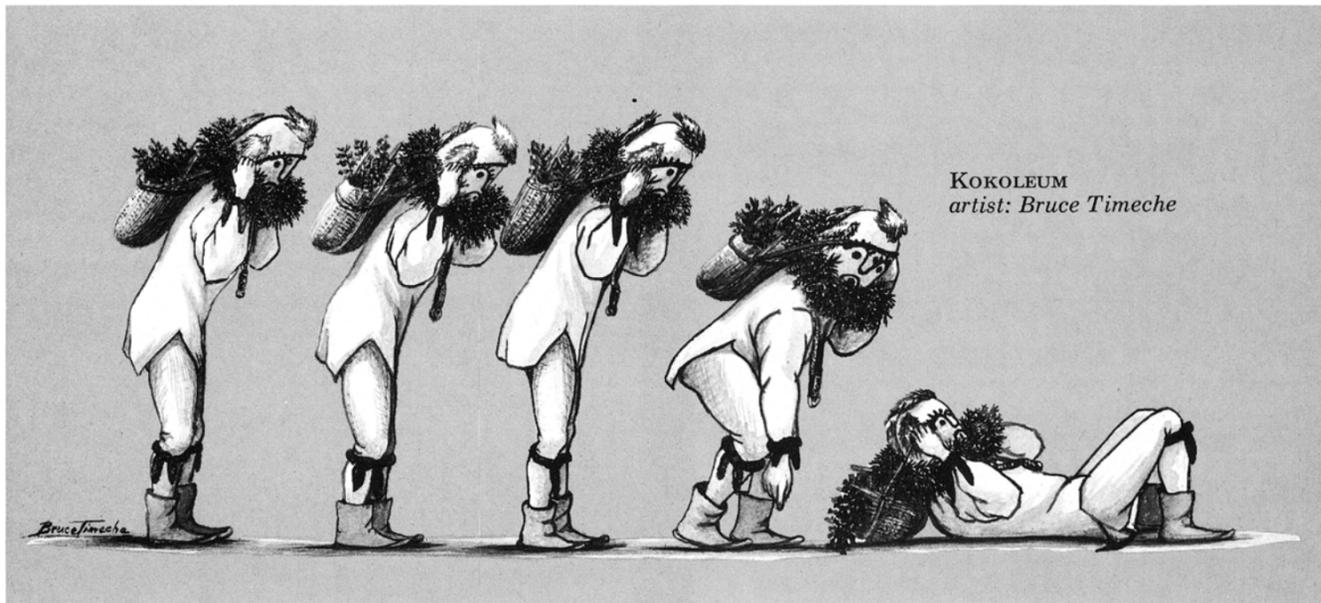
*Kwakwai! Asquali! Loloma!*





# Excerpts From The Journals Of Paul Coze "Koyemsi"

COMPILED FROM NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS RECORDED DURING MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS OF VISITATIONS WITH THE HOPIS.



KOKOLEUM  
artist: Bruce Timeche

## Life will now turn green

THE POWAMUI February

In the winter, the Hopi Mesas are gray. Since the *So Yalangwu* in December, the sun has stopped its backward motion and is now moving to stay with longer hours in Hopi Land. It is too cold yet (there are still patches of snow) to plant beans or corn. *Tawa*, the Sun, is growing warmer every day and the sky is becoming a true turquoise color. Through this night of February, one moves from *Kiva* to *Kiva* — early in the evening at First Mesa, later at some, well past midnight at the others. The Powamui (beans) Dances and the Kachinam, by their first appearance, bring blessings; the impossibility of an early crop of beans or corn is made reality by the extra power of the Messengers of the Gods.

Built-in benches are all around the overheated room. On three sides of the *Kiva* sprouts the green forest of premature life. We hear a noise from the hatch and soon we see her coming down the ladder: *Ha Hai-i Wu-Hiti*, the Mother of Them All. Happy looking, with a falsetto voice, she reassures the people of the coming Spring. During the *Powamui powa-muya*, the Moon of purification, in all the Hopi villages *Kivas* start filling with sacred activities. "Have a Good Heart, and things will come to you. Believe and respect. Follow your clan's leaders, and listen to the Elders. The other Moons will follow. Life will come to you. Food will come to you. Children will come to you, for happiness is here."

**JOY ARRIVES WITH THE SUN**  
A shaft of sunlight illuminates the frozen ground. Here and there doors are opened and wide-awake children come out. They do not seem to mind the brisk air. All the eyes are looking toward the *Kiva*. The "Indian Santa Claus" is coming. Because a new year starts now, the children's rolling murmur fills the joyous moment.

The *Kokoleum* are here. All soft and white in their buckskin dress collared softly with fur and faces as yellow as a sunlit cliff with roundly curved eyebrows: corn growing. The round mouth is all loving, giving. With great expectation the children can see only the many gifts that the Kachinam brings: colorful rattles and the bullroarers, bows and arrows, or plaques or candies of any kind until there are no more gifts nor children; and the *Kokoleum* have mysteriously disappeared.



THE OGRES

**THEY WALKED A LONG WAY**  
The awaited white-bodied Kachinam arrive after a long journey. Their faces resemble the *Kokoleum*, bringing touches of gold as a row of flowers in motion. The heavy white underwear molds their young bodies. They are carrying burden baskets full of bean sprouts. Spring is here! Four Kachina *manas*, with their hair loosened down to their waists, help them. But the trip has been so long! They have walked so many days that their gestures are slowed down. So tired! They can hardly move one foot before the other. Barely can they follow the leader. No, they cannot! They are almost falling asleep; and the first one slowly goes down. His hand holds the strap which supports the basket as he sits down. He now lies down. One by one they all settle with feet touching the shoulders of the one in front. In the silence they are a long ribbon on the cold ground. As slowly as they started, one by one, in turn they get up rested. One foot there to advance then the next one. Then the next Kachina and the fresh greens follow their trail significantly bringing the rebirth of the planting season.

**SO MANY HAVE COME**  
This day is *Pachava* of the Initiation Year. Boys will be men; and the great procession will come. So the people are like ants; at an unscheduled hour, somehow, everyone knows it is the time.

Here she is! The Zuni Warrior Maiden, the Joan of Arc of the pueblos, black and white, the dark indigo dress and cape decorated with the two crosses made of corn husks, The dark face crowned with warrior feathers, the surprised yellow monacles, the sharp teeth and hanging red tongue. Her maiden's whorl hairdo. On the other side, her waist-length mane swings in the breeze, undulating with each step; she brandishes the bow and war-arrows. Men were out of town when the enemy came: Her hair undone, she left her mother, called the women to battle, and saved the village.

The unexpected surprise for youngsters, the satisfaction of their parents to see one Kachina after the other come out of the *Kiva* roof, every time of many different shapes: Ogres, with goggled-eyes, macabre teeth and beard. The four-feathered heavy snout carries a saw. The more sinister carries an old army sword, ready to punish and punish well the children who have misbehaved or the adults who have betrayed respect to the gods or strayed below the mesas. But also come, as in life, joys after sorrows: The clowns, *Koyemsi*, the First Man, the amusing *Wohe* with the red chevron on the white face. Arriving from other *Kivas*, are Kachina leaders, Mong Kachinam, followed by *Eototo* with symbolic white face, one of the oldest and most respected Messengers of the Gods. The queen-like, crown-winged mother with her turquoise face framed by fans of black feathers. Some whippers, some racers, the Holy Man from *Mishongovi*, *Huhuwa*. A deceased neo saint who became a Kachina when he died, hence he walks cross-legged. *Tosan*, two of them, the Mud Head ogres, and others endlessly swarming the plaza, invading the streets, hooting, calling, howling, bellowing. A motion of irregular steps, a sea of uncoordinated waves, sounds of bells, of rattles, of turtle shells, of sleighbells, musicality of a pantheon in procession. Blue striped, multi-colored faces with square ears or curved horns, collars of greens or furs. Carrying baskets full of beans, or bows and arrows, or sharp yucca leaves for ritual flogging. One with three tubes as zoom lenses, black and white, carrying a stick and old clothes, will stop suddenly to look at someone and imitate his gestures.

Editor's Note: In order to preserve as much of the author's distinctive style as possible, we have subordinated grammatical and rhetorical propriety, so that his expressions can be communicated with the color and feeling, which make these reportings valuable documentaries of the Hopi Kachina Dances.

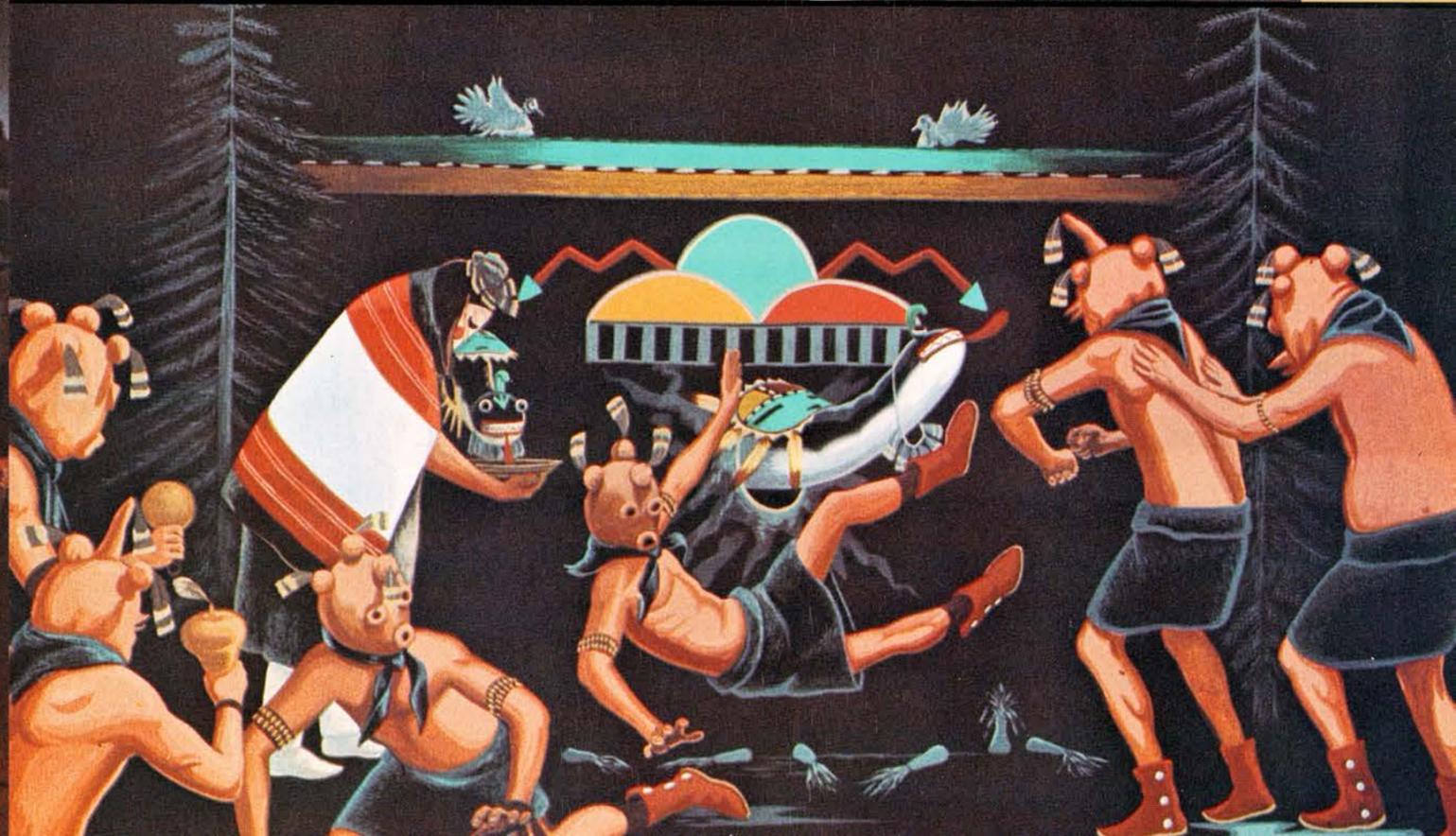
In the middle of the parade of the gods, a gray, furry one, the face multi-colored, the eyes and the mouth round, empty, skeletal, an old kilt around his shoulders like an old man: *Masao*, the Kachina of the God of Death who always calls unexpectedly but who is also Fire and Earth because we all shall return there, in the Underworld.

The Zuni Warrior Maiden has climbed to the highest rooftop. She slowly bends down, picks up some dirt, and throws it in the air. In a few seconds all villagers have disappeared. They pile into the rooms whose windows have been blanketed. A few slow ones receive a slash from the yucca blade. The esoteric part of the ceremony has begun. One waits, closed in, to hear shuffling of feet, Kachina calls, and noises.

The blankets are down, the doors opened, the mystery people come out smiling. Except for them the village is empty. Under the lukewarm afternoon sun a few dogs venture onto the village plaza.

CHAKWAINA MANA, Zuni Warrior Girl  
artist: Tino Youvella, Hano, Henry and  
Thelma Galbraith collection





## Serpents with crowns of feathers

PALALUKONTI

Following the POWAMUI is a period of night dances. The town crier makes announcements when the ceremony will be held and what kind, the last one being the Home Dance or NIMAN in July. Each village is independent of one another. Each mesa has its own way of performing certain rituals and its own habits as to how early in the day, or evening or night, things will start to happen. Of course, the Living Spirits will come when they want and are ready. They cannot be regulated — even airlines are not always on schedule. On some occasions, there are "mystery plays" which evoke the significance and presentation of religious Medieval pageantry.

HUHUWA, the Crosslegged  
artist: Wilburt Talashome, Hotevilla  
Dr. Gary Carlson collection



It is night. There is no moon, but stars. Arizona stars in the sky are so clear and close you feel they might sting your finger if you raised your hand. The village is asleep in the night quietness. I do not know what time it is: nine, midnight, or three. It is easy to lose track of conventional hours moving from village to village. The click of the wrist watch is disturbing even in the pocket. It is left now in the car and I feel relief and a sense of freedom.

Mishongovi — March, 1971

The wind is cold, knife-dry. A shadow climbs the steps of a kiva, soon to disappear by the ladder; other shadows, the sounds of rattles and turtle shells, moving packages wrapped in blankets of unknown color, mysterious night. Another group, later in a narrow street, kachina silhouettes along the cliff, no words — only rattles. This is the place. This is a Kiva, the underground temple, retreat most of the time for men. Not tonight. At first, looking down into the hatch, one sees nothing. Then the eyes grow accustomed to the weak light of kerosene lamps. An old wooden stove reflects an orange glow to the priest, gray hair loose on his back. To the left, above a foot high shelf, fireflies appear suspended, scarcely moving in the hot air; they are but the eyes of a dense crowd of women and children. "O-wee," says the priest. "O-wee, yes, yunyaa, come in," says a lady uncovering the corner of a small bench. I thank her, "Kwakwai, lo-loma." Also replies the crowd, "Lo-loma."

Silence. Time. Silence. The old man smokes. There are no stars on the ceiling of the Kiva. The smoke that rises is the prayer of man: dense, gray, acrid.

Suddenly a call from the outside; another, the shake of a rattle. At once small lamps are lit and the old man repeats, "Anchai, O-wee." It is impossible to tell the speed of the happening; impossible to describe such an opening in a window of the past.

Feet appear on the rungs of the ladder; brown moccasins, black breechcloths, mud-like bodies, heavy, with heads like balls of clay. Eyes like doughnuts, topped by the white, translucence of eagle down. The Koyemsi! Mud Head ancestors: the people who ascended the Four Stages of Hopi time and life. In this overheated room, ten beings are seen only here and there in the vacillating highlights cast by the fires or lamps. Their large white drum, like a world in space, suddenly explodes with an eerie beat. It is answered by the fast crescendo of the Koyemsi song: fast, faster, as though the world were coming to an end. It does. All lights are covered with blankets. Then, exposed once more, they appear more brilliant in contrast to the preceding blackness. If by magic, a screen has appeared before us depicting rain clouds, lightning, snipes, cornstalks, disks, corn husks. In front of the unexpected mural, a field of three dimensional corn, young, green, promising life, "Happiness-Givers" stuck into balls of clay. The impact is great. Two huge snakes explode out of their holes. Their black bodies projected far out and alive. They dare men. It shakes the world. Black bodies, long heads crowned with colorful feathers, red fangs, they are after the Koyemsi, after the cornfields, after the promise of life. Defensive, the Mud Heads struggle. Mounting beats of the drum shake the room. Abruptly the struggle is over. The struggle is all symbolical. Life alternates with destruction: to pick the crop (harvest), somewhat is to "take away." Heavy ears break the corn stalk-abundance, meaning a loss as taught in legends. The price is life, happiness is paid by hardship, yet, lightning, blazing Power brings summer clouds with their long hair, falling rain, blessing, the essence of life or germination from men. Fluid is the answer.

In two large sweeps, the cornfields are destroyed. Lights are out. There is silence. A silence that hurts the ears.

Some shuffles, some rustles, a few seconds of nothing. The lights are on. Koyemsi makes presents to children, they climb the ladder . . . Alone the priest smokes. It is done.

## Red feathers from the south

PARROT KACHINA DANCE

A century-old square of hard-beaten, sunbaked dirt is where the Kachinam will dance. It is still early, only a few people are sitting along the walls or peering through the windows. Some children play, a few dogs move about. In this quietness, everything is ochre, golden dust, clean as the air except when the sand blasts through the streets.

Slowly some boys and men have appeared above the rooftops and a few ladies with children are settling on the stone benches in front of their houses. Others will bring folding chairs or very low, small wood benches used for watching dances in all Pueblos. Old men take their places, here and there but many sit in one corner near a small room in ruins.

Color now is appearing in the village. Women are draped in flowery shawls, red and green mostly; here and there, bright blue or yellow. Some will open small umbrellas of any hue. This is a very silent place, not like any other in these United States. Today the dry air of the 6,000-foot altitude makes things feel different. Occasionally the distant trail of a jet plane contrasts to the impressive quietness.

Because of the massive structure of the houses, the narrow passage ways of some opening toward the cliff, one cannot hear, back of us, the arrival of pickups and cars. So here we are, as if in church, respectful, meditating, expecting, remembering, and for some of us, not able to imagine, what we came to see. It is a strange feeling: all those people, and for a long time, a nearly complete immobility.

There is no announcement, but somehow everyone feels an immediacy. There is a small opening between houses sheltered by a heavy roof. Suddenly, calm, but determined, a man walks in, carrying a cotton bag in his left hand. His grey hair is loose, past his shoulders. An eagle breast tied on the top of his head shows that he was initiated. He wears a clean shirt outside his Levis and terra cotta moccasins. He makes a trail by sprinkling cornmeal. On this trail walk the Messengers of the Gods, Living Spirits of the mysterious Forces of Nature: Kachinam. Then one by one, they come! One by one they bring magic. Some small, some tall, some slim, some heavy. All alike in their dissemblance. Yes, they do wear the same kilt of white cotton. All their bodies are painted red and yellow.

Black and yellow faces, with thin red ears standing out above necks lost in heavy wreaths of evergreen, have parrot beaks and snow designs on each cheek above long, mysterious, geometrical eyes. On top of the head dominating all is another parrot beak from which projects a mass of colorful feathers and a trail of flame: the tail feathers of the macaw. They are all alike with their turquoise ceremonial moccasins; two rings of sleigh bells tied around the calves; greenery in the left hand, gold rattle in the other. A large necklace of loose hair, red as rain in sunset. All alike and yet none are. The hues vary slightly, even the designs on the headgear and, above all, the arrangement of the feathers, the jewels and the heavy bow guard on the left wrist. Color is spilling everywhere as they keep on coming, crowding the court until they line up in single file, immobile now, therefore silent.

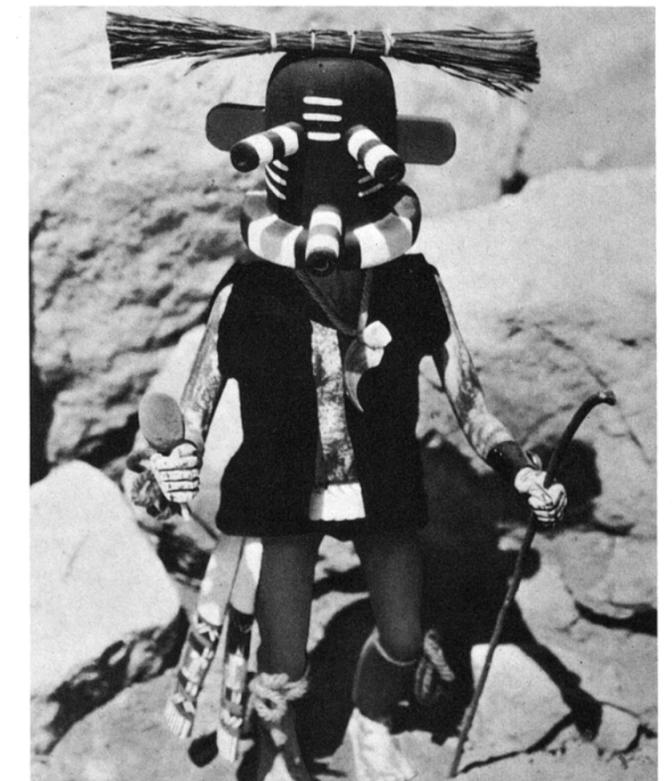
An imperative, powerful talk is given by the Fathers. Their voices explode, drag, then reach a powerful climax. They thank the Messengers who have come. They talk in the name of the peaceful people. He, a priest, is a humble delegate of the village. Some clans are blessed by his mission of asking and

Shungopovi — May, 1970

offering blessings to all. Then the Mother Earth trembles; the Song leader in the center has shaken his rattle, opening his arm like a wing. In this manner he says, "Yes, we will do as the People ask. We have come, we shall dance and take back their messages." That is what is meant and that is why he hit the ground with his foot; and the dynamic motion vibrates all over, giving life and meaningfulness with the gods to pulse in the heart of the village.

Of course, some people said that the Blue Flute, or the Grey, or is it both, have a parrot painted on their altar. This old man remembered what his grandfather used to say about the old days when Hopi traders traveled to Old Mexico, where there used to be a very large center for any kind of trade. Pottery was exchanged as well as ideas and techniques, shells from the oceans, weaving, but not moccasins because they did not exist until the "Castille" came with their heelless boots. They wore sandals then. There was the richness of all kinds of feathers and especially the macaw. But Arizona was green and yellow with its own parrots, many of them in his grandfather's time. Now the "Nature-Killer" has destroyed them. Some of the clan people kept the birds alive in their homes. Now the "Nature-Killer" has made laws. Parrots and feathers cannot come into our Indian Land from our "uncle" in Mexico. They also make laws about the eagles, in spite of our religion, but the "Hopi Way" will go on strong, for the parrots come to bless their clans and all of us. Now the Parrot Kachinam are dancing; the people, their heads erect, their eyes watching the perfection of it all, feel good, feel goodness, feel sanctified because the beautiful, wonderful Kayzo have come from the south to Kyasnyam, their Clan.

KWIKWILYAKA, Imitator Kachina  
artist unknown; James T. Bialac collection





RACERS AND WHIPPERS

It is very cold — dusty, windy. Many children circle around us asking for more hand tricks that I had shown during last summer's visits.

Without any signal people come out at the same time, as always, taking their seats on the plaza and "things" will happen immediately.

The *Wawarus* or racers are a very special type of Kachinam. They are not as spectacular as the regular "visitors." Each has an attribute and possibly a tool or a trick; nearly twenty of them race men or young boys, who will accept their challenge — a hundred feet of speed and laughter.

Now they come:

No ceremonial regalias, nor moccasins; no kilt, jewels, greenery or rattles. Two have scissors in their right hand, one has mud or dung, or whipping leaves (yucca). Those are whippers, some are *Koyemsi* or Mud Heads; one is the goddess *Kokopoli mana*. As thoroughbreds out of the stalls, they prance, checking the grounds and the people.

Three "Fathers" have laid blankets, holding them with rocks. They arrange prizes for the racing males that the *Wawarus* cannot catch: grocery boxes full of doughnuts, dried peaches, *piki*, oranges, apples, colored cookies. The punishment will be something else.

Here playing with a ball of mud is *Chökapölö*, with his yellowish loose skull. Or, warrior in spirit, the *Scorpion* carrying a rabbit stick, a boomerang with no return, for hunting.

Then the "greasy one," a whipper, therefore many times a disciplinarian, or officer of order and labor. He is somber with long ears and all black — as the black Crow who also controls some events.

The leaders in their special style of harangue (ending sentences in long dragging call as the *Cha'akmongwi* or "town crier" does from the rooftop) makes announcements, gives advice and meaning.

"Race, you men, race you youngsters, so tomorrow comes to us; guide the powers to activate the growth of corn, may you race to us, too, you clouds, may you race up from Mother Earth, all of you, brothers that grow green and nourishing. *Kwakwai*, thank you!"

Of course children admire the elegance of *Sikyataka*, the yellow fox, even though he also has yucca leaves for punishment as has chipmunk *Kona*. The *Dragon Fly* carries a container of corn smut, which is black to be smeared on the loser's face. This brings happiness, is good for the skin and washes off easily!

"I'll challenge you, *Letotovi*." *Haliksai* — that's the way it is. *Ta'ayoutekew!* Let's go! A boy stands ready, he signals to a *Koyemsi* and they are gone, quickly around and back. So fast was the boy on his bare feet that he outdid the heavy clown for the joy of the yapping crowd. Another youngster swiftly starts but is caught in the turn and *Hömsona* catches him by the hair and cuts a lock off, storing it at once in his belt.

Much laughter, joy, excitement when a heavy-set old man is challenged by the *Kokopoli mana*, so small but always so determined. Her arms extended, she is after him and she almost reaches his shoulders; women are screaming, men laughing full of a definite expectation — No! he slides from her grasp, returns safe, standing, with no dust on his back.

The wind is worsening in the late hours, sand blasts all but the Kachinam. Of course, they are not human. But the Hopi men, themselves, do not feel the cold. No reaction from even young boy in Levis and T-shirt. He was caught. He stops in front of a participating lady, bends his head and she pours over his shoulder half a gallon of icy water. He laughs and takes off his shirt, he does not seem to mind — "*Kwakwai!* Thank you for the blessing." Rugged men, healthy bodies, quick in actions and exploding with joy in the unison of laughter. They run, and get here an apple or a shower, doughnuts or two strokes of yucca leaves. They offer their backs with a smile of pride. Again and again they come back to the starting line, over and over; for nature herself races now toward spring.

A HOOTE KACHINAM

When you climb to the top of Second Mesa on the main highway, you make a hairpin turn towards Shungopovi. There is a fascinating moment of romantic apprehension of what will be discovered in a few minutes when arriving, when walking into the *Kisonvi*. Has the dance started? Or are they just about to end? Is it the rest period? No it is not. There are too many people on the house tops. Each dance repeated eight times has a period where the Kachinam disappear to their secret and sacred place. If clowns have arrived (not all the ceremonies have clowns), they will occupy the plaza the balance of the day. We arrived during the last phase, before lunch. I did not say noon because all depends not so much at what time the dance started but on the length of the songs which are new for each ceremony.

The first impression when entering the dance place is seeing the top of the headgear towering above the crowd, the latter over-towered by the people sitting and standing on rooftops.

HO-OTE  
artists unknown; from several collections



Of course, sometimes, the sound comes to you first: rattles, turtle shells, the songs, the calls of the "Fathers" or the laughter, even the shrieks of the villagers if the clowns are performing. No one ever forgets that first contact by sound or sight of a first trip to a Ceremony.

Now we found our way to the crowd, looking for friends, for interesting visitors, for friendly understanding white people, or the few sometimes obnoxious tourists. Here and there are Hopis, mostly middle aged with their hair shoulder length, terraced as rain clouds or tied in the back in a *homsona*, the Hopi way. Those wearing red bandanas\* show that they are on duty and seeing that everything is fine and that visitors behave: Cameras, tape recorders, note taking or sketching are never allowed.

\* Fred Kabotie told me that at his father's time, to wear a bandana was a non-traditionalist sign.

This gathering is sacred as if we were at church. One looks now to see if there is a preferable place in the shade where one could be tolerated. Each clan and families have their reserved places. The stone benches sit always the same people and we, *Bahanas*, should always remember this: The Hopi families deserve the best places.

This was to be a powerful and especially colorful day. After one has seen dances for thirty-six years, one realizes how fantastically different each one is — yet some people will think after one hour that it is monotonous. This is because we have an in-born distortion of time. Our modern time is speed. Movies and television condense events and people's lives to one-and-a-half hours. We follow the story made of thirty to one hundred seconds of camera shots. So to see "actual life" is slow. The visit of Kachinam is truly life in more than one way. The one today was strength and excitement; the gigantic yellow bodies, the head black, with blue and black horns, goggled eyes and snouts, over the forehead and a V-shape of all colors, signs of friendship or the moon and stars over the night background. Then the eagle feathers lying flat and backwards on top, the long skirt, making the presence of the dancer even fuller. Beautiful shells in their prehistorical sameness hanging on their backs on the side. In contrast the "uncle" was white and carrying bow and arrows. The drummer was a *Koyemsi* sitting in a popular restaurant-like chair.

When they came and gave bread to the old men, they gestured elegantly when casting the loaves on the rooftops. Their moving about with all the gifts added more color to the already over-whelming presentation.

From the empty window of an abandoned room came a long plank of wood. The five yellow clowns tried to slide down like children in a school playground. Of course, they tried in impossible ways to help the first ones, putting them in awful positions. The leader has stuck in his back a rag doll with a plastic head and a *mana* hair-do. He soon deposited it in the shrine. They played "gentlemen manners" and introduced themselves loudly to the waiting Kachinam and gave strange names. "I'm Pepper" said one, "my name is Pepper." The other was "Chix's number 5." Another shocked some Bahana in giving his name. Soon they invited some boys to play games, relay races, and an extraordinary "hockey on ice" which was done on the dirt by hitting a grocery box with brooms, which led to broom fights and landing and smashing the box. They also put "mini" boys in "mini" oil barrels and rolled them. The boys got out dizzy, yet happy. At that point, two warrior *Koyemsi* with dark wing feathers, very strange faces and headgear, wearing Levis, and each carrying two cottonwood branches, ran all around the clowns with war whoops. As the dance was to be repeated the next day, it meant that a large group of strange Kachinam might attack the clowns. Then more visitors came, including a *Hano* clown with green in his face, wearing an old white man's coat, wine collar, the remains of Levis almost white and raggedly cut below the knees and the brightest red socks and even brighter blue tennis shoes. Then the Kachinam danced again and there were more gifts. At the end of the day the Kachinam were blessed by the clan's leaders, everyone went home with joy and expectation because "tomorrow they would do it again."



HEHEYA, Erotic Kachina  
 artist: Womack Pavatea, Walpi  
 Byron Hunter, Jr. Trading Post

## Hooli

### Mishongovi — Second Mesa



We are bound north. The car crosses a painted cattle guard and afterwards a metal one. Here the Navaho Reservation is empty. Soon there will be hills and strange volcanic formations.

The sudden richness of this panoramic vision contrasts with the emptiness of the "steppes" we left behind. We stand overtaken by the speaking muteness of this visual infinity. Strangely the dead sea moves. The breakers, one after the other in a silent image, drum the beat of the drums. Shadows. Up there *Tawa*, the Sun, plays behind the clouds. The short rays between darkness ooze life into the bareness, and from the mirrored surface of the waves sabers of light slash. Above, the clouds are sliding. In the west the white smile of the San Francisco Peaks is reflected in the cumuli! The long trail of male darkness, the mane of female lightness — the clouds are here, now. The Olympus has opened its holiness. Clouds have over-powered, and Kachinam are here.

In the pre-summer build up of the storm we can see the images being born, and reborn. Year after year, annual magic of the return of the Kachinam, remnants of the Past, realities of the Present and infants of the Future. Kachinam whose names ring like echoes of memories, never lost. Kachinam for the Seasons — snow, rain, sun; abstraction of pride and beauty; Kachinam of neighborhood tribes, Comanche, Apache, Supai or Navaho; Kachinam of Understanding of Life, *Masao*, both Mother Earth and Fire Death; reward and punishment: *Ogre* Kachinam; Kachinam with a sense of humor as religion must always be happy: the Left Handed One, the Terrific Power Kachina, the Mocking Eyes Kachina and the Clown priests . . .

The road goes straight under the moving, changing overhead parade. Now, the Mesas. The blue-shirted Clown *Koyemsi* sits on his kitchen chair, beating the rawhide drum in the middle of the plaza. Beating the ground with their right feet, shuffling their left, twenty young *Hoolis* bring the sound of turtle shells, playing the theme, while the bells on the left leg accentuate the harmony.

And what does *Hooli* mean? Nothing. Nothing but what he utters as they file into the *Kisonvi*. An irrational sound could say so much. Words sometimes have limited meaning.

In the middle of the last dance before lunch, this time very late, Clowns drop from the rooftop again. After "much ado about nothing," and landing in the mud (for the clouds have let their long vibrant hair down to impregnate The Earth), the clowns now process around the Kachinam, blessing them.

The mixture of buffoonery and sanctity, the simplicity of the fact of life, always surprises our rational and somewhat still victorian minds. Observe the grotesque yellow faces, the short, dilapidated Levis, in the left hand a hard boiled egg or a can of root beer and in the right hand the holy pollen to be sprinkled on the shoulders of the *Hoolis*. . . . !

As the Messengers of the Gods vanish in the Sacred Place along the cliff out of sight, the women congregate to a nearby area from which presents are taken to the Kachinam.

Soon after the Kachinam danced again a group of strange beings clowned their way into the *Kisonvi*. Their progress was slow. They threw, one at a time, shales with their own markings, pitching stone pennies with childlike motions.

In the 15th century plaza: the anthill of the crowd, the slow undulating motion of the Kachinam row, the scansion of the drum. The loud speaking clowns, laughter and talk bring here and there quick response from the crowd. The pitchers were still pitching, unaware of the world. The song and the over-powering beat create the real mood. The prayer suddenly is answered: first a cool breeze, soon a strong wind, an incidental polite warning of a few raindrops and finally the rain, The Great Rain! The crowd runs for shelter or gets close to each other under the umbrellas. Boys laugh and do not care. Youngsters crowd under open blankets. The clowns again take advantage of the slippery mud to obtain more reactions from comical antics. The pitchers are still pitching, unaware of the world. Under the shower the Kachinam dance, their body paint streaming — yet within themselves they have the "Good Heart" of happiness because the clouds and themselves were one and the same, Messengers of the Gods, blessings for all.



HEHEYA AUMUTAQA, Heheya Uncle  
 artist: Albert Silas, Walpi  
 McGee's Keams Canyon Trading Post

## Notes for color reproductions in this issue:

♦ *Page 3* — ANGWUSNASOMTAKA — Crow Winged mother is seen by dawn's first light during Powamui. Artist: Neil David, Walpi . . . Henry and Thelma Galbraith collection.

♦ *Page 8, Upper* — PUPPET DANCE IN A KIVA, by Neil David, Walpi, Byron Hunter, Jr. Trading Post.

♦ *Page 8, Lower* — KACHINAM CHANGING KIVAS DURING FEBRUARY NIGHT DANCES, by Raymond Naha, Walpi, Byron Hunter, Jr. Trading Post.

♦ *Page 9, Upper* — KACHINAM CHANGING KIVAS IN THE SNOW, by Neil David, Walpi, Byron Hunter, Jr. Trading Post.

♦ *Page 9, Lower* — PALULUKONTI, by Raymond Naha, Walpi, House of Six Directions.

♦ *Page 14, Upper*—WALPI IN THE OLD DAYS WITH NIMAN KACHINA, by Raymond Naha, Walpi, Henry and Thelma Galbraith collection.

♦ *Page 14, Lower* — MIXED KACHINAM GIVING GIFTS TO CHILDREN, by Raymond Naha, Walpi, Henry and Thelma Galbraith collection.

♦ *Page 17, Upper* — VIEW FROM SHUNGOPOVI. We see Second Mesa in the distance. On the right is Mishongovi, "the rising up place," and to the left, Shipaulovi, "where the mosquitos are." Sacred Corn Rock is mid center, to the right.

♦ *Page 17, Lower* — HOPI CORN FIELD. "With the power of the Kachinam we can grow corn where Bahanas cannot."

♦ *Pages 18 & 19, Left to right across top of pages* — HOPI CORN, in plaque . . . HOPI MAIDEN, with squash blossom hair-do . . . CORN COOKING, in pit . . . HOPI KACHINA MAKER . . . PIKI, Hopi bread on plaque.

♦ *Pages 18 & 19, Lower* — CORN GROWING, shown in lower left picture. AFTER THE HARVEST, the Indian corn is harvested and the happy mood of the occasion is reflected by the young girl who has just received a Corn Kachina doll. Indian Corn is of Mexican origin, and actually grows in many colors. For the Hopis the colors are symbolic of the Six Directions of the World. Our present white and yellow varieties of corn have been developed from the original Indian strains.

♦ *Page 20, Upper* — SHUNGOPOVI . . . "The houses change, but the Kiva is still there, and the San Francisco Peaks stand out on the western horizon, so the Kachinam visit us."

♦ *Page 20, Lower* — INSIDE A HOPI HOUSE, by Otis Polelonema, Shungopovi, Galbraith collection. There is much activity in this house. Mother is the head of the household. The husband will be a welcomed guest with his beneficial smoke. The girl's hair has been bound by her mother, in a manner which indicates she has reached puberty.

♦ *Page 21, Upper left* — PAHLIK MANA teaches girl to grind corn. Artist: Altone Honohni, Oraibi. Galbraith collection.

♦ *Page 21, Upper right* — KACHIN MANA rasps the gourds, making sounds like falling rain. Galbraith collection.

♦ *Page 21, Lower left* — A'HOOTE. Artist: Henry Shelton, Oraibi. The Arizona Bank collection.

♦ *Page 21, Lower right* — MESSENGER KACHINAS, Paul Coze collection. The spirit of the Kachinam relays messages from the people to the gods and from the gods to the people.

♦ *Pages 22 & 23, Left* — HANO CLOWNS BRING JOY. The clowns have eaten and they are happy. They chase the Navaho woman, who is rescued by her husband. The Owl Kachina, right fore-

ground, will report the clowns' misbehavior to the Koyemsi warriors who will then come upon the scene.

♦ *Page 23, Upper right* — WUPAMO KACHINA. *Lower right* — KOYEMSI WARRIOR.

♦ *Pages 24 & 25* — "KWAKWAL," THE KACHINAM SAY TO THE GODS, AT TAV KAVI, the Grand Canyon, where the Hopi first man emerged from other levels of life. They came through the Sipapu, the hole in the ground, as Koyemsi, or Mud Heads. This photograph was made at the Grand Canyon, a remarkable example of creative production, by artists and the photographer.

♦ *Page 26, Left* — SHUA, the Snake Kachina, knows about the clouds and rain, and all about water. Artist: Kenneth Lucas, Oraibi. Courtesy Hopi Indian Agency.

♦ *Pages 26 & 27, Lower* — MYSTERIOUS FANTASTIC CANYON. Here the Messengers of the gods will pass. Here, close to Mother Earth, the Living Spirits, the Kachinam will come. Paul Coze collection.

♦ *Page 28, Upper* — LOW WINTER CLOUDS OVER SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS.

♦ *Page 28, Lower* — TAWA, THE SUN GOD, is represented by a magnificent Kachina. Paul Coze collection.

♦ *Page 29, Upper* — STORMY CLOUDS OF SUMMER.

♦ *Page 29, Lower right* — TALAVAL, THE DAWN KACHINAM, will ring their bells from the Kiva rooftop. Artist: Henry Shelton, Oraibi. Kachinas from The Arizona Bank and Byron Hunter, Jr. Trading Post.

♦ *Page 30, Left* — MONGWA, the Owl Kachina . . . *Pages 30-31 top center* — KWAHU, the Eagle . . . *30-31 mid-center, left to right*, SIKWA TAWO, the Yellow Fox . . . PANG, the Mountain Sheep . . . SOWIINNGU, the Deer . . . PHOF, the Antelope . . . *30-31, lower* — HONANI, Badger relative

♦ *Page 31, upper center* — WAKAS, the Cow . . . *31 upper right*, HON, the Bear . . . *lower center*, TETANYA, the Wasp . . . *lower right*, NAVUK-CHINA, the Prickly Pear Cactus.

♦ *Page 32* — PAHLIK MANA, a "learn from me about the rain and the clouds" Kachina. Artist: Willard Sakiestewa, Oraibi. Courtesy Hale Secakuku Trading Post.

♦ *Page 35, Upper* — KOMANCHI, Comanche Kachina. Artist: David Kevina, Bacabi. Paul Coze collection.

♦ *Page 35, Lower* — TASAF YEBITCHAI, Navajo Ye. Artist: Carl Sulu, Hano. Byron Hunter, Jr. Trading Post.

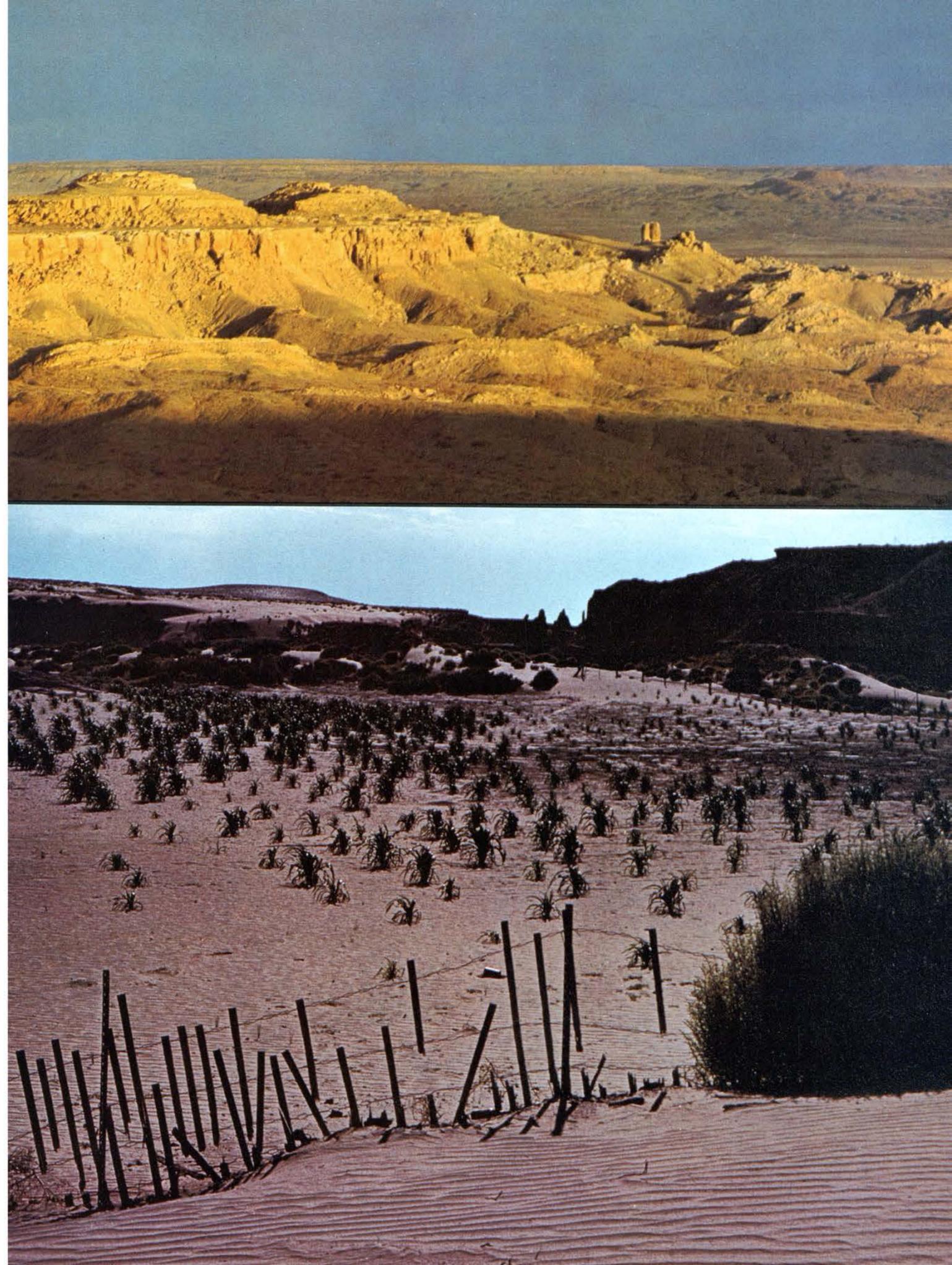
♦ *Page 40, Left* — top to bottom: KACHINA TUCHTIHU . . . Gifts for Boys . . . Children Receive Gifts.

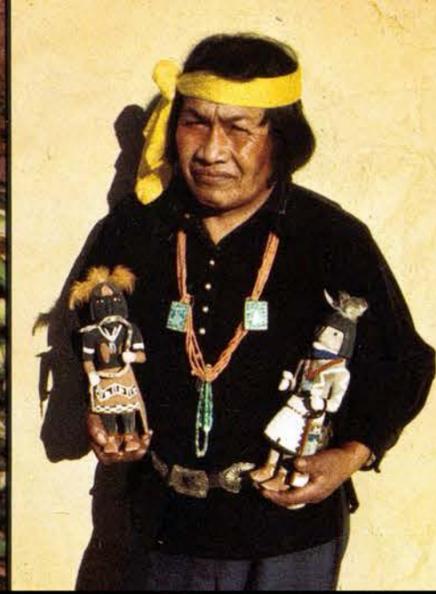
♦ *Pages 40 & 41* — NIMAN, OR HOME DANCE. This is one of the more significant and one of the most colorful dances.

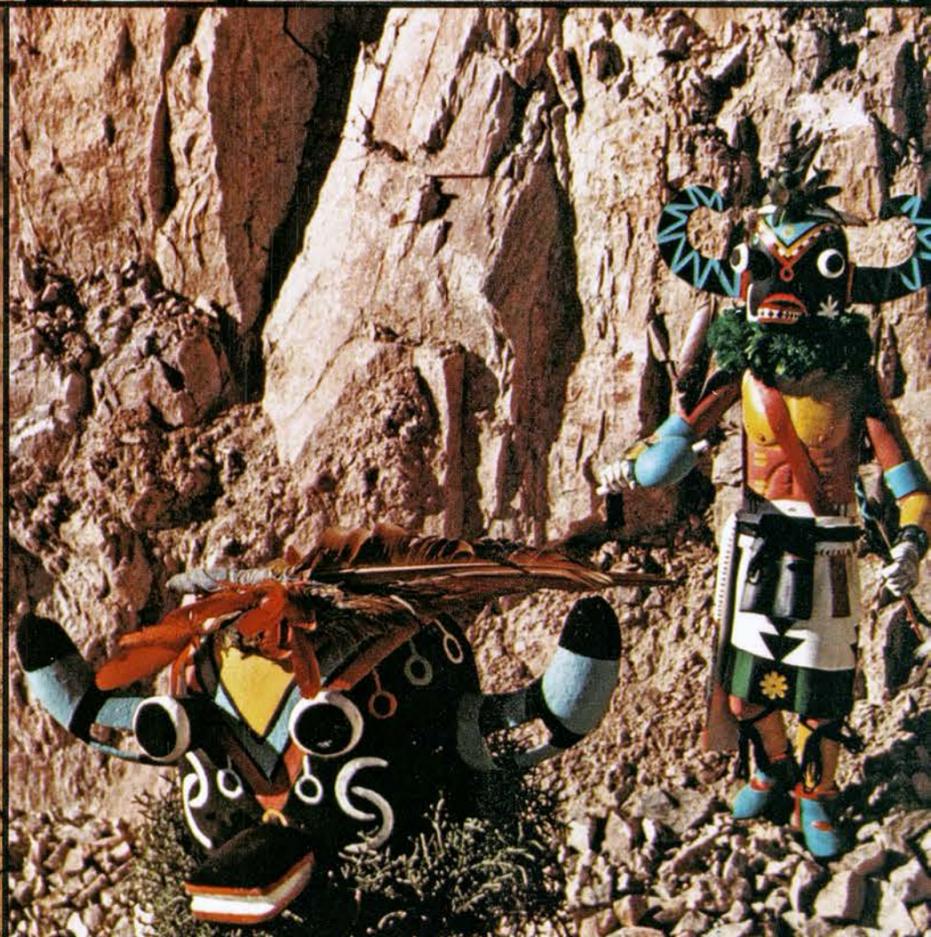
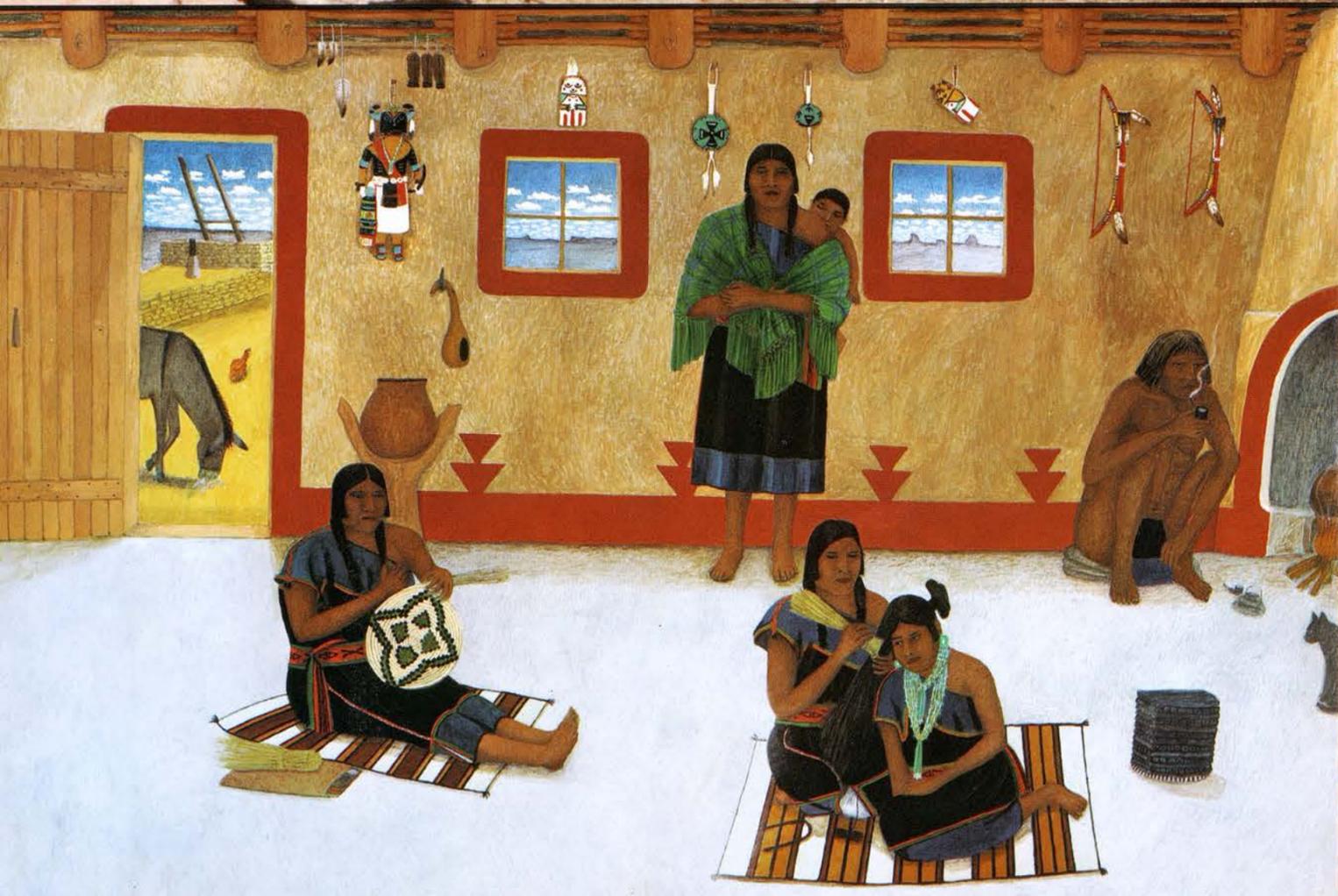
♦ *Page 46, Upper* — THE RETURN OF THE KACHINAM TO SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS. Paul Coze collection.

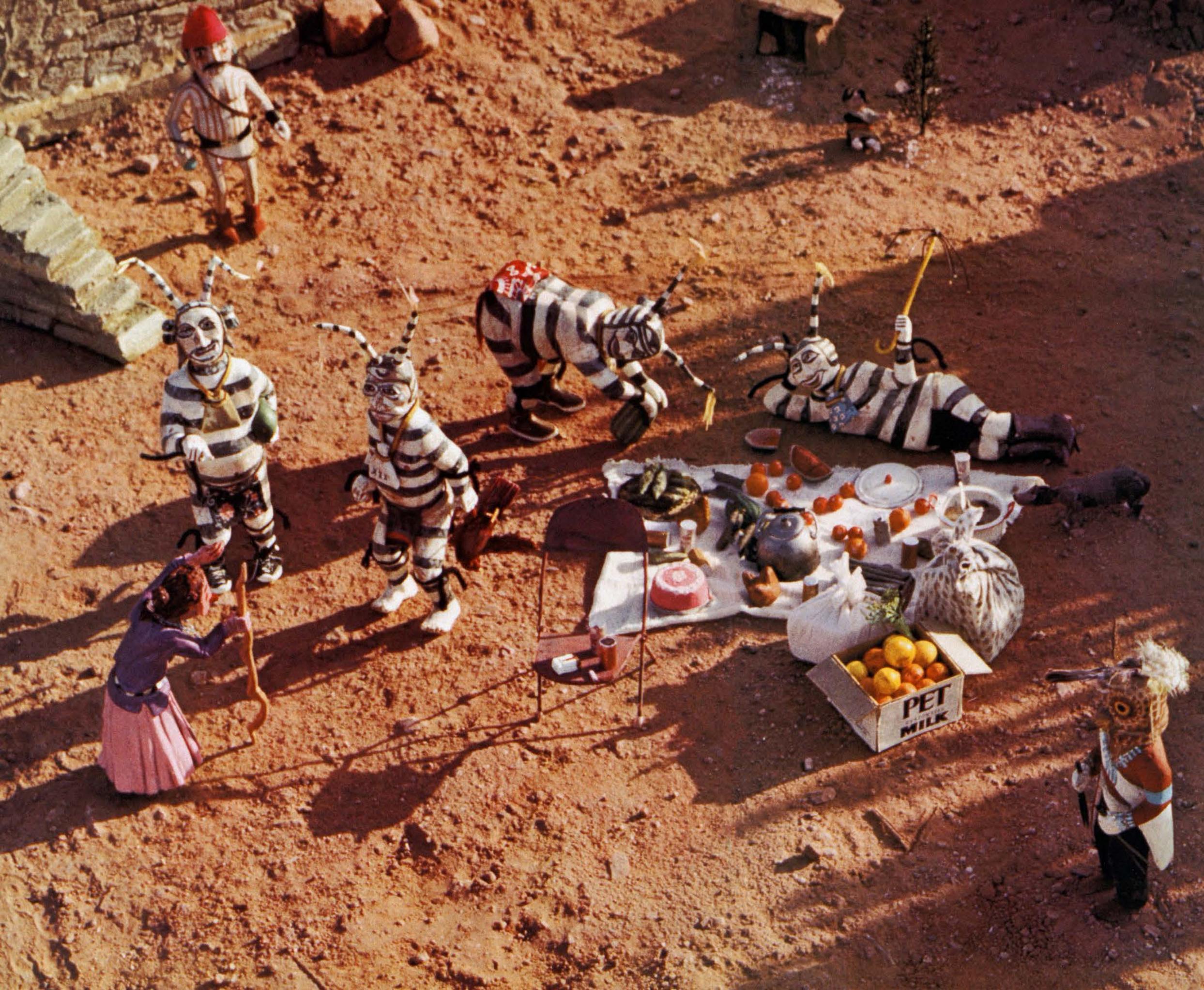
♦ *Page 46, Lower* — A KOYEMSI OGRE RETURNS TO HIS WINTER HOME. Artist: Wilfred Tewauria, Shungopovi. Galbraith collection.

*Editor's Note: Where space permitted we credited artists and owners with the illustrations. Artists whose work we could not credit because of space limitations included: Mark Tawahaugva, Hotevilla . . . Kenneth Pavenyouma, Moenkopi . . . Jimmy Kewanaytewa, Oraibi. Collectors included Harvey, Kibby collections, now continued by Barry Goldwater and the Heard Museum. Also Wesley and Marsha Sylvester collection, James D. Fox and the Hopi Cultural Center Arts and Crafts.*

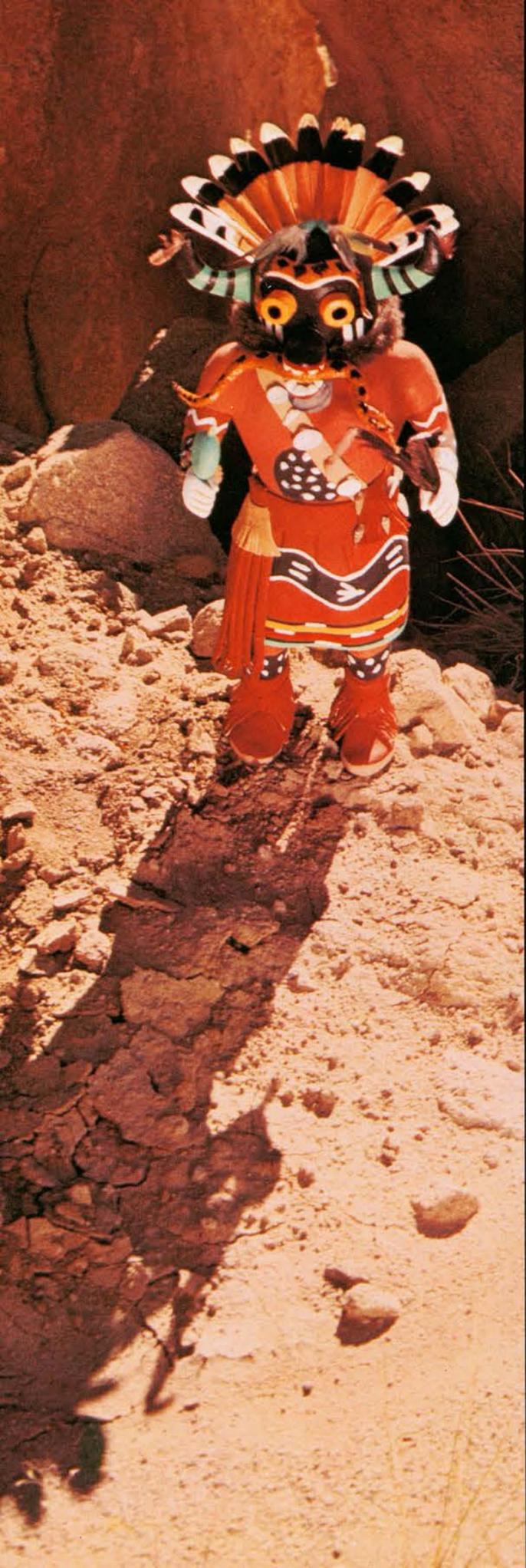


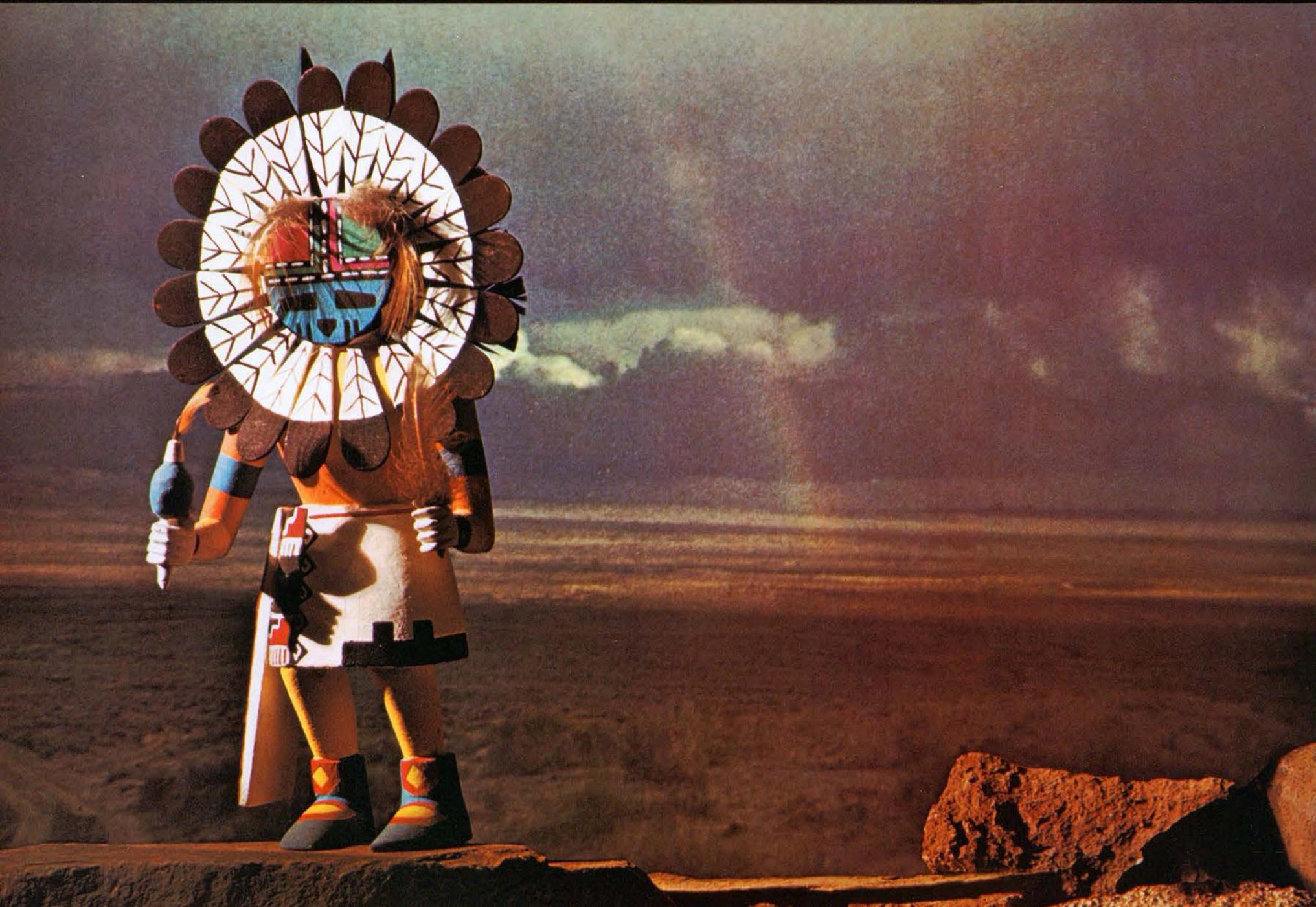


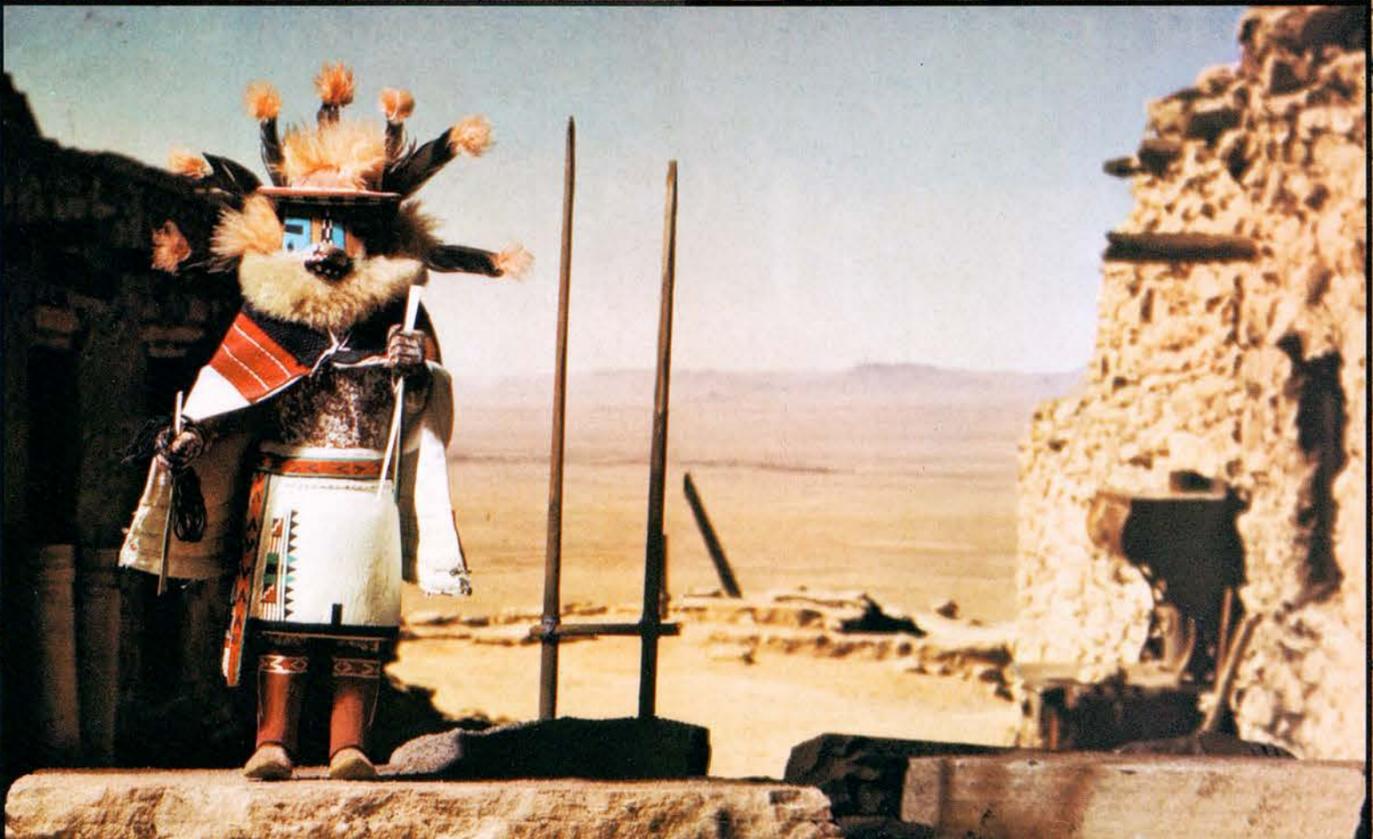
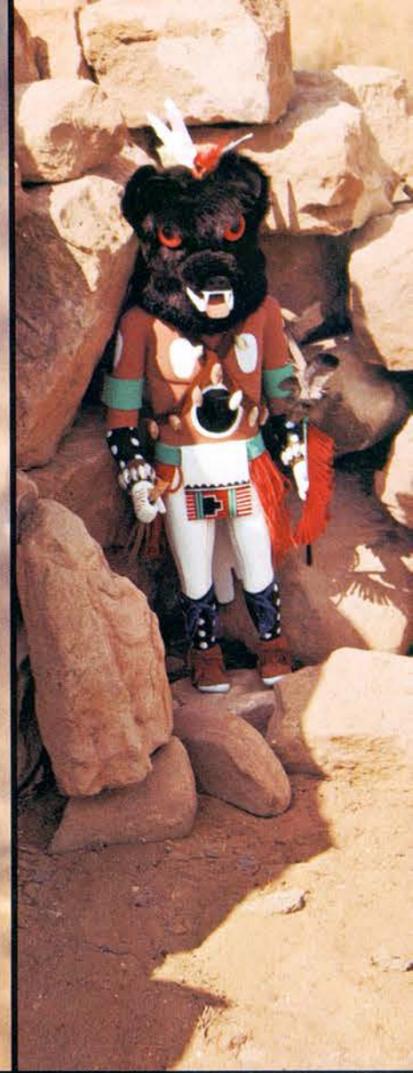














## Two sides of life

HOMICH HOYA, the Mouse and  
PALAKWAYO, the Hawk  
artist: Max Nomoki, Walpi  
Byron Hunter, Jr. Trading Post

According to a legend, a Mouse who had its own Kiva, and who owned a warrior outfit, was able to destroy a Hawk who had plagued the village. By using himself as bait, the Mouse lured the Hawk into a hole, causing his death by impalement on a trap. The clowns watch the action. Clown artist unknown  
James T. Bialac collection



The animal world, as in all religions close to nature, plays a tremendous importance in Indian life, even though certain wild game species have practically disappeared and new domestic animals have been imported. The Kachinam of these spirits often visit the Hopi people. In some cases, and this is true for non-animal Kachinam, there could be mixed groups. Certain animals or birds will make surprise visits, inasmuch as some Kachinam do not choose to come for a ceremony and partake in certain rapport with the people.

They came in variegated, surprising, fantastic appearances — twenty-eight in all.

A white-faced Kachina, two black-faced Buffaloes, two white-faced Buffalo *Mana* with a black shawl, two *Koyemsi* (one a warrior with a bow, the other carrying a bell), two pairs of very furry bodies and zigzagged faces. He-he-la, three *Havasupais*, one Ute warrior carrying a shield painted with decor of a half-moon and star and also one arrow with red ribbons, two *Hano* clowns. One with a striped *Navaho* face, a *Havasupai* with a Mexican hat, ogres and whippers. Two eastern Pueblos, the *Isleta* with a face almost like a human and colorful bell-bottomed pants, the other with pants one side yellow, one side red. *Hohani*, the badger, brought wisdom and the knowledge of medicinal plants. One time the Buffalo sat down and so did the she-buffaloes.

As I was talking and laughing with friends between dances, one of them remarked about his recent trip to Chicago. "I was approached by a white man with a very expensive camera. He had a beautiful wife, wearing lots of make up, who was sitting in the latest model car. He came and asked to take my picture. When I suggested to that rich man to pay me for it, like the white people do among themselves with professional models, he replied, 'I am broke.' He put his hands in his pockets, pulled them out to show they were empty. 'I do not have any money with me,' he insisted. So, in the *Bahana* way people can be rich, then suddenly poor. We Hopis are most of the time without much money but we can never be poor. Our life is rich with happiness that money cannot affect.

The Kachinam came back and all the people prayed for all life in the World.



# These I remember...

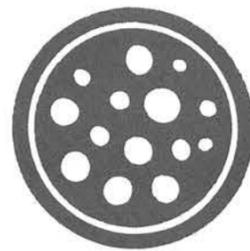


A long time ago, Tawaquaptewa took me to Moencopi for *Angakichina* dance. I remember this as I look down from the rooftop into the dance court. I remember it well because I had six lunches in six Hopi houses, all friends of the old "chief." Now I am looking down at a sea of flowers and beauty. Not only *Dohcha*, the hummingbird's Kachinam—somewhat dressed as the Parrots with a long bill, of course — but each of the thirty-five dancers have a long turquoise stick about two feet long from which red horse hair is hanging and the end is decorated with a bouquet of green parrot and two eagle feathers. The mocasins are also green and red. The *Wohe* has a velvet shirt; the drummer has a cluster of owl feathers. *Huhuwa* or "crosslegged" Kachina depicts the spirit of an old man from Mishongovi where people are sharp talkers with wise cracks embedded with intelligent observations. This Kachina walks in his own style, giving significance with sign language by his hands. At lower Moenkopi, the *Kishonvi* is small, so the rooftops are not only the most practical but also an extremely pleasant way of watching

events because you are looking down close to the Kachinam. That is how I noticed pails here and there completely filled with plastic flowers. This "symbolically" should please, satisfy and nourish all these dancing hummingbirds.

This time hummingbird became an "uncle," as nearly fifty corn Kachinam visited Shungopovi on June 7, 1969. As plain and essential as corn is to Hopi life, as plain and obviously simple is the appearance of the corn Kachina: three color faces, plain upper white, with horizontal black lines for eyes, a band of turquoise with a yellow base from which protrudes a red tubular mouth. Then on each side, as would be wings, are two square ears dominated by eagle feathers.

Along the row of so many Kachinam with simple and even designs, the "uncle" (or side dancer) performs alone with his own gestures and steps; his long pointing beak and many precarious feathers make him a delight to witness. His colorful glory enhances the appearance of it all, as does the real hummingbird among blooms.



KONIN, *Supai Kachina*  
artist unknown;  
Paul Coze collection



## The fast tempo comes from the east

Shipaulovi — June, 1967

The small court of Shipaulovi was filled with Kachinam — five rows of five Corn dancers with four feathers crossing and elegantly curving out of the top of their heads. Along these rows were the “side” dancers, wearing very large fans of turkey feathers, and holding a ring in their left hands and a long pole in their right. There is a game among many tribes where one person propels a small circle which the other or others try to pin down with an arrow or a spear. In some cases this has a “germination” symbolism.

At the four corners of the dancing crowd were four Navaho Yei and on the Southeast end, twenty-two Koyemsi, one a drum-

mer, were singing. Others were prancing in front of the choir; the motion was extremely rapid and the pattern of the dance changed completely. It was interesting to see a middle-age man, in a modern yellow shirt, go along the rows of the Kachinam and dance in front of a very short Kachina. Toward the end of the day, even though the few clouds of the morning had disappeared, there was an unexpected shower that lasted half an hour. Fantastic, surprising and happy, it fell over everyone and was so variegated for it rained onions, carrots, candy bars, oranges, apples, grapefruit and little plastic bags of popcorn! The showers kept on coming from the rooftops and the people were thankful for such generosity.

The dance has ended. Way at the back of the village the Kachinam lined up by the Kiva. Many villagers blessed the messengers with the usual pollen. Women came with Hopi pottery containing it. Men had pouches: sometimes just flour bags, sometimes especially made sacks of brilliant colors, even buckskin. Then in a long file (after they have been smoked upon and the short pipe has gone to several priests) one could see for a long time the vibrating feathers flamboyant in the last rays of the sunset, going down the mesa, to disappear beyond the cliff, leaving in the mind a feeling of contentment of unhurried peace, a vision of total beauty.



OLD SPIRITS OF THE HONAU AND  
KACHINA CLANS, *the Black and the Blue*  
artist: Neil David, Walpi  
Byron Hunter Jr. Trading Post

PALAKWAYO, Red Hawk artist: Henry Shelton, Oraibi

## Mane... Rain



Bill and Cerelle Bolon collection

I have been thinking about Kachinam.

I am not prepared to talk about them, although there is enough to say. There are so many memories — a potent resin — and I haven't yet touched a catalyst. I am high in the mountains, looking North where there is snow. Behind me are only evergreens and rocks. This high, deep north snow will not melt.

A few thousand feet below is a modern city with a new freeway which bypasses it. The city has an old section and a new section. In the old section are ruins: wooden shacks of pioneers. In the nearby canyon are prehistoric ruins; stone remains of the Indians. In the meadows a few miles away are antelopes and coyotes. On the Peaks are everlasting snow and ice, because there live the Kachinam.

I talked to them. They do not speak human words. They talk with kindness: their words are the beat of rain. They talk with power, with the clashing of male thunder, with the solar energy of lightning. They are not from outer space. They are not down-to-earth. They are not gods. They are *Messengers*. Multi-faced, colorfully-dressed, highly-painted, crowned with symbols and vibrating feathers, over those faces that do not talk!

I spoke to the Kachinam, with the radio of my heart, with the long waves to the Superior Power. There is so much to say which is said in silence.

I followed the departure of the Kachinam, going north-east through this desert they have painted. I can see their ever-changing steps over the steppes of Northern Arizona: purple shadows of magic clouds. Kachina faces molded by cumuli, barred by strati; males, females, life pouring down in the blessing of the unfolded hair, mane, rain.

*Kisonvi*: in the heart of the Hopi sanctuary, *Shungopovi*. People from every mesa and many clans are congregated and amalgamated from the four Directions of the World. The fifth and sixth directions are for the gods. The Kachinam are coming.

Twelve variegated *Koyemsi* arrive: one with a fat drum below his fat belly, a tall telescopic eye; the other a telescopic

mouth. Some with white moustaches, the others earthclean. Young ones, thin, funny, fast. Two or three with old ladies' *mantas* down from one shoulder. All have black scarves which eventually will turn around the neck still holding their sack-like heads. Then come fifty Kachinam and the “Fathers” and the “Uncles.”

This is the most magnificent hour of all. Cattails, stalks of corn laden with Kachina *tihu* dolls, bows and arrows of vivid colors, rattles, plaques are deposited on the center of the plaza and make a bas-relief between the *Koyemsi* and the half-circle of dancers. With them are wicker baskets with pyramids of fruit, dominated by the crescent of bananas, topped with scarlet boiled eggs, slices of watermelon — green, pink, juicy — boxes of Ivory soap, graham crackers, and Black Label. The Kachina bread, blue, yellow and pink piki, contrasting with canned goods, bags of flour, supermarket frosted cakes, all neighbors of one Pillsbury “homemade,” loner in an aluminum tray. Roast corn, in large plastic garbage cans, peanuts, candies (to be given in handfuls to the youngsters), oranges, grapefruit, apples, carrots, green onions — to be cast in all directions,

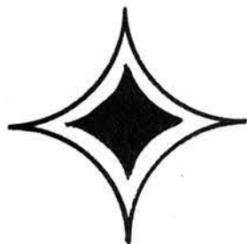
The first song, the last move of the Kachinam. Now they give away their treasures. Silence of the children, silence of teenagers, of the mothers, grandfathers — expectation for all. The Kachinam are here. Are they here? . . . Now? . . . Yes!

They become real, strong, powerful, wet! The rain falls: A deluge of blessing beads the crowd. Beautiful! Bahanas run away for shelter. The Kachinam dance; the Kachinam sing. In the center of the *Kisonvi*, a sea of purple (or red, or green) washes away from the dolls, drips from the bows and arrows. All rejoice for the powerful presence of the Kachinam. Mane, rain — blessing over the faces with washed-away color over their bare chests, soaking the cotton kilts with psychedelic patterns. Blessing the Mother Earth, the fields, the bushes, the trees, for the joy of all; returning the gods' answer to the need of Mankind, from where the Kachinam will always come.

Symbolic colors for the Six Directions (clockwise) are:  
East — white, South — red, West — blue-green, North — yellow,  
Upper — all colors, Lower — black.

AVACH-HOYA, Laguna Corn Interpretation  
artist: Norman Colletta, Shungopovi  
McGee's Keams Canyon Trading Post

## And you hear the turtle shells



Mishongovi — July, 1970



Mishongovi has three levels: The upper one is the oldest and more sacred; the lower, a spillout, is more accessible and practical; there used to be a third one by the Corn Rock near the road. Here on the foot of the first step a tent has been pitched for us. Cots, blankets, kerosene lamps, a bucket of water are quickly brought in to make us feel comfortable now that we have arrived. The dirt road makes a big loop to climb to the ceremonial plaza. In the dusk there is a constant motion of people, of pickups. The excitement shows in the behavior of the children and the numerous dogs, as they do not understand such a change in tempo.

It is dark now. We have improvised a dinner. Still on the mesa side, continuous action. We can see many big fires now preparing the overnight baking of mush or sweet corn pudding (*pikami*). By ten o'clock the normal calm returns. No more traffic. Children have gone to bed. Some teenagers sitting on rocks are still holding hands and giggling. The moon climbs up behind menacing clouds. A few heavy drops beat the drum of our tent canvas. I am about to sleep in spite of the packs of dogs howling at the moon, when one of my close Hopi friends whispers in my ear. "Be up at five-thirty. Yes, get up at five-thirty so as not to miss the first visit of thirty-seven *Hemis* Kachinam and eight *Manas*."

In the quietness, voices carry a long way, then, finally, silence — an unexpected last car — a desperate barking. Silence, sleep.

As in a dream, I become conscious of a world around me. There is a humming, as if the rocks were whispering to the moon, "The Living Spirits of the gods have arrived — the blessings are here — happiness is ours, for the year to come."

The humming becomes a definite low chant. You hear turtle shells, voices of Kachinam *Fathers*, encouragement reaching us from above. A dog barks again. The village sleeps. Children are dreaming of the gifts from Kachinam. Shadows are strong with the almost overhead full moon. It is 2:45 A.M.

Already 5 A.M. The disappearing moon glow changes color as it moves further west. A boy who slept on a rooftop in the upper village stands up, lets his blanket fall to the ground, and stretches. Now a pale glow comes from the East-North-east. Lights at some windows. The warm coffee from the thermos gets us started. When we walk up, the early dawn colors our trail. A few people are there. It is still cold. A hobbled horse divides our small group, waiting. Toward the East the village ends in a long, rocky slope. At this moment it is a solid dark mass against the pale horizon. A few Hopis have joined us now. There are many children, all silent, all respectful. And then there are a few minutes of an incredible appearance that will linger in our memory forever: On the hilltop, seemingly, ants have appeared. They are now crawling everywhere in the distance. They change now into walking flowers, with their fuzzy yellow pistils lit by the first ray of *Tawa*, the Sun God. As they walk toward us, they change into a moving forest of greens. Then you can hear the turtle shells. You can see, at a few hundred feet, the ceremonial *Father's* bare torso and bare feet, with a traditional white kilt, the bag of corn meal, the turquoise stick with the four *Huiksi* (the eagle down). We discover the Kachinam, with their terraced *tablitas* in cloud shapes, their chests painted black with *Nakwach*, sign of kinship, friendship, and peace. Dominating their silhouettes as a vibrant arrow: the orange macaw feather aflame with the light of dawn. The corn they all carry — green corn stalks — brings joy because the crop is in. In the dance court, the *Kisonvi*, a crowd awaits, half-awake children, fully awake dogs. On the village square lie the stalks and in baskets ears of corn. The Kachinam are now a wall of sacred bodies contrasting with their heavy robes of spruce branches that cover their kilts; then again around their neck more green, symbol of the eternity of Life. Quietly, the priests see that the row is perfect, that each end curves in gently as a wing. The *manas* stand in line in front of the center. There is a complete hush. A dog might

go and explore, also in silence. Now the priests' singing, loud harangue — their demands, their supplications, their happiness, their gratitude — in the name of their Clans, and for the Hopi people and everything which is alive everywhere in the cosmos. The blessing with the corn meal; and finally the *Song Leader* answers by shaking his rattle. This means, "Yes, we shall dance, we shall carry your messages." He then hits the ground hard, with the right foot, shaking the turtle shell and immediately all the Kachinam fall in step, one at a time turning on themselves until the whole row faces the opposite direction. The song has started. A litany that sounds mysterious filters from their hearts. They will dance for a long time before they stop to rest. It is not that Spirits could get tired but there is a ritual pattern of how many times they will return as each "visit" is related to a part of the cosmos. When they come again, they will face also three different sides of the plaza. Each time the *manas* will kneel on blankets, and as the song changes, they will grind rasps as an accompaniment like the resonance of the tide, the whisper of the wind.

While the Kachinam have gone to their secret place, many people have left the *kisonvi*. A few old ones will exchange memories. A few mothers will visit with friends from other villages or eastern pueblos. Children might play or run out to the cliff edge. Patiently, wherever they are, the people are waiting or preparing their own duties, as those of all ages have responsibilities. Teenagers on rooftops watch others on rooftops, as well as observing the dance. They will change places with their friends and there is always much smiling and laughter. Boys will notice girls as the wind plays with their shiny long hair. At several places tethered eagles have received colorful bows and arrows.

Some white people have come to the plaza. Some school teachers or doctors, some traders or friends. And of course, tourists. One family has just walked in during the lull.

A man whose daughter wears shorts asks loudly of an old man, "Is there going to be something here?" A Hopi teenager answers for him, "There is a dance." They sit down on a stone bench; but the girl remarks, "It's more comfortable there." And they invade a central seat covered with blankets. Soon ladies with red shawls over their shoulders and holding umbrellas come back and very politely claim their seats. The unhappy tourists question again, "What time does the dance start?" "We don't know," whisper the ladies with a smile. "Hey, you!" the man now addresses some children, "What time does the dance start?" "We don't know," they also answer. "Gosh, it sure isn't organized here," the man remarks. "It's too hot," says his wife. "And it's too dusty," says the girl. "There doesn't even seem to be a bar. Well, let's go! I really don't see why I left the highway; there's nothing to see here." "Well they have a nice view," says the lightly clad girl, "but that stupid sign says you can't even take pictures!" As they go, Hopi boys follow them, laughing, "*Bahanas! Bahanas!*"

Then you hear the turtle shells in the narrow passage between two old houses, the leader appears, leaving a trail of blessings: the Kachinam are here.

Of the variety of beautiful ceremonies seen anywhere I believe the *Niman* (with its close-to-the-Earth quality) is among the best. The afternoon after the second dance, when they carry cattails, cornstalks and gifts, is like a church ritual that moves one

deeply. The procession enters your heart — a collection of achievements so intimate, a garden animated with peaceful yet flamboyant grandeur. It is kingly. The Spirits of the gods carefully walk in a style not to be forgotten. The motion of their heads swinging, then stopping, is like curious birds. One Kachina turns its head and investigates the crowd; he searches for a special little one to present with a gift. Then the body turns, arms loaded with greenery and spotted with *tihü* (dolls), plaques, rattles, wood lightning, or bows and arrows. The face slowly looks up toward the rooftop and pauses. Youngsters in the direction of his look now try to guess who is to be blessed with a gift. As the cattail is raised and pointing, two or three boys are tapping their chests. "For me?" Silently they signal. Finally the Kachina nods and the boy disappears into the crowd to come down. Unhurried, the *Niman* waits and the beaming boy has now reached the *Kisonvi*. Proudly he goes to his mother and joyously displays his gift. For a few weeks, boys will run all over, shooting with their new bows and arrows at grocery cartons or whatever would make a target. They may also shoot straight up in the air to see who can reach the clouds. A young friend of mine sits near me. "I shot two," he said, "two deer," then winks, smiles and admits "mouse size." Indeed, the most fantastic distribution is the giving of dolls. Each carving is perfect. The size varies from one hand to two feet in height. All have cotton string around the neck and are carried that way when released from the cattail. One can imagine what goes through the minds of hundreds of girls looking at hundreds of dolls as the *tihüs* are placed all over the center of the dance ground! The girls are wondering, "Is there one for me?" "Which one?" "More than one?" "Last year I got three." "Will the call come from the same Kachina?" "Or shall I get one at the next visit?"

Shungopovi — July 26, 1969

The sun is going down, painting gold the vastness of Hopi Land. Corn Rock, across the valley, stands out against Mishongovi and Shipaulovi villages. The moment has arrived for the last dance of the cycle — the eighth one — the last of the day . . . the last of the year. For this is saying farewell to the Kachinam until the Sun, having gone backward in the winter, will be asked to stop and start forward again. Then the Living Spirits of the Kachinam may come back again from the San Francisco Peaks.

*The end of the Kachinam cycle comes in July. Many urban Hopis, or some that live far away, will choose this time to be blessed by the Kachinam. More than ever the people will, in great reverence, mentally participate and listen to the songs. Not all the villages have the same Kachinam coming for this occasion. Long hair or Navaho are sometimes the visitors. There could be visits of Kachinam at different villages the same day. Some people will travel from one end of the Reservation road to the other. This ceremony on the main dance day starts at sunrise and ends at sunset. The public visit of Kachinam is only a small part of the rituals. At Zuni, the Shalako rituals practically last all year.*

*When the Kachinam have returned to the San Francisco Peaks, there still will be Social Dances and Women's Rituals on the open courts until the fall. Those are not Kachina ceremonies; nor are the Snake and Flute dances in August.*



## The morning after the Dance

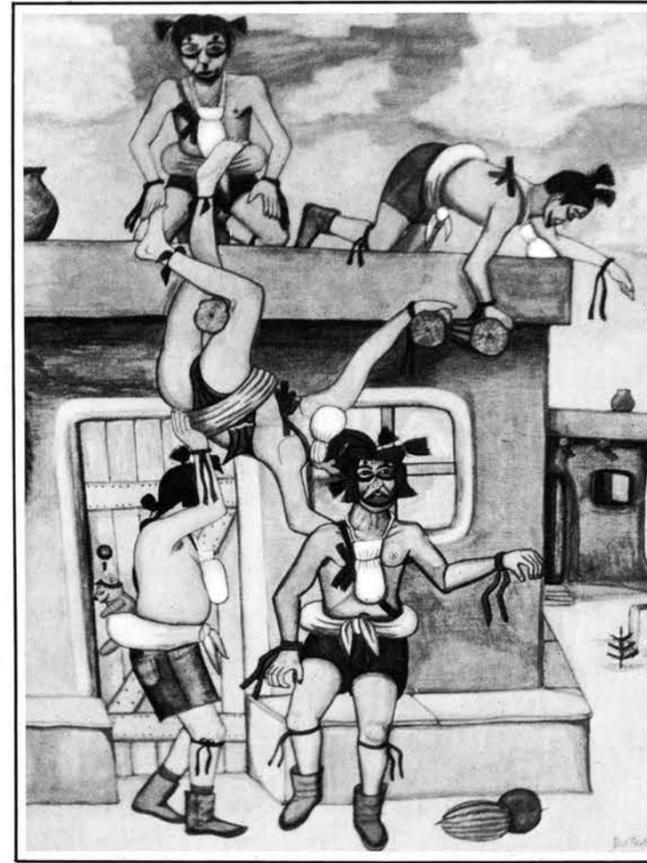
The Kiva is closely surrounded by houses. This is at the Northeast end of the village, where the dirt road starts down. In the pre-dawn morning, people are already on house tops, as there they will not interfere with the Kachinam. From the Kiva roof hatchway, slowly coming up and gaining speed as a spaceship in launching, two eagle feathers appear — fire-like macaw tailfeathers. Next comes the headdress, step-designed profile, cloud-like; then the green collar of spruce, the painted body, the kilt covered with greens, finally the black, red and white mantas. One after another, four in all. They line up on each side of the Kiva. With them is the green-faced “Long Hair and Beard,” *Ankachina*. Finally the Oldest of All, *Eototo*, so simple, so white, so wise. A finality which is also the beginning.

Now then, the Kachina Fathers will recite prayers, beg the Kachinam to come back, beg them to send clouds again so that the late crops may be fully harvested. They ask also for snow, so that moisture can accumulate with the frost. They

YELLOW CLOWN DESCENDING FROM ROOFTOP  
 artist: Richard Pentewa, New Oraibi  
 Byron Hunter, Jr. Trading Post

pray that they will have many children for they want clans to be enriched with lives. “*Kwakwai* — thank you once more for having come again and brought corn and joy and food and good hunting. Many children were born! Bless all the World, not only all people and all houses in all nations, but brothers of the Animal World, brothers of the Plant World, brothers of the Earth and Rock World: and do come again! Please, do! Waiting for your return, we shall walk the ‘Hopi Way’ in which we were born, we shall walk with a Good Heart . . .” As they finished their harangue, the Kachinam promise that they will return at the proper time, at the proper Moon, at the proper place, in order. One by one they go. They go toward the slope which is a dark mass against the pre-dawn light. From the rooftops, the peaceful people of the Hopis spit on them, as if the rain had already come. And they walk away to prepare their return to the San Francisco Peaks.

Still, you can hear the turtle shells. . . .



## Where is the Kachina Chief?

The Kachinam will be away until the new cycle, year after year. The magic of life continues. So again, we are in the middle of the season.

It is *Tikive*, the day of the dance. It is *Kinsovi*, the place of the dance. It is a drab day for it is early spring. Also, it is early for Kachinam to appear, early in the defrosted month with remains of snow on the north side of the hills. There is no wind, no dust. There is little light behind thin clouds, just a vast blanket of gray promise for life-giving rain. A non-aristocratic dog follows a rugged fighter. They sit where a few children are playing in the dust with a backstage of empty benches, stools, and a few folding chairs. Smoke from the chimneys, the new electrical wires bringing life to some bare bulbs in a few kitchens. Some TV aerials on the 15th century homes. The dog snuffles at a child who playfully kicks him away. All this we see in a long silence which allows us to imagine, soon to feel, and finally to recognize the bells and rattles of Kachinam.

The pertinence of the rattling, the musicality of the bells, is expectation, immediacy. The silhouette of an old man appears, coming slowly toward the dance plaza. In his humble, ragged clothes with canvas shoes, patched Levis, clean shirt hanging loose, he comes, the symbol of humility, of Mankind, making a trail of blessings with the cornmeal that he sifts through his fingers, leaving a white trail as he walks.

Suddenly the presence of a dazzlement of colors, shimmering feathers tied in a powerful design with ears to hear prayers and blank eyes of understanding. A rich torso covered with a poncho of velvet, black or deep purple, one blue. The boughs of evergreen neatly circle the neck; the rattle in the right hand; the bells on the ankle, of course.

Then, in the tonal rhythm of each footstep comes the others — alike but dissimilar, young, old, tall, short, heavy, or willowy, with their shirts, black, purple and even blue. Each face marked by each being's similar patterns, individual treatments, singular prayer in community symbol. As the forty Messengers of the Gods line up on the *Kisonvi*, an instantaneous eruption of people of every age mushroom from everywhere. Only the dogs have gone. The children crowd the first rows. The women come as shrines themselves in the angular form of blankets pyramided above their shoulders and heads. Teenage boys in Levis and old men with red scarves around their foreheads cover the rooftops. Non-mini-skirted teenage girls with their long hair, all black, blown now by the winds of snowy San Francisco Peaks.

The sound of one rattle in the middle of the row of these living statues. A response: a foot hitting hard Mother Earth; the sound of bells, of course, punctuated by the strange noise of two turtle backs attached at the right calf of each dancer. Now, the drum, the deep sounding drum, heavy, fat, almost colorless like the voice of the desert sand, like a big boulder that will speak or command. “Dance! Dance!” *Haliksai*, that is right! Let's Go! *Pantani*, let it be! With computer-like precision all the dancers move, heel down and up shuffle, down and up, shuffle, shuffle, then they turn, one at a time, like a long wave progressing throughout the row of dancers. Then the song begins — a song so deep it doesn't come from the throat, but from the heart, from the guts, sky-bound from earth. The feathers vibrate; and the greens dance around the heads and the rattles shake, commanding movements of life, sounds of chanting. Messengers for the gods, the Kachinam are dancing.

In the crowd there is stillness. Eyes are alive with expectation. Children are frozen in almost the position of their last play in complete fascination, old people in communion.

Families are united in religious respect, in the sense of the eternity that started with the Mud Head and is never-ending projection into the future of the race.

A two-year-old, half nude in front of his mother, beats the earth synchronized with the Kachinam.

The Kachinam have stopped and gone to the altars on the mesa side. Now, they come back to the plaza, bringing gifts to the villagers.

From a rooftop on the north side of the plaza come strong calls and yells. Five beings painted yellow, with funny shoes from Sears, cut out, patched, torn pants from Wards, fancy make-up à la Marcel Marceau, black and white as skeletons, exploding with laughter, gestures, threatening to jump from the rooftop to the plaza with the inequilibrium of clowns as opposed to equilibrium of tight rope walkers. Beings under, beings above, they made it, they landed one at a time, with laughter, but no applause.

The yellow clowns go their shrine and deposit the doll that their leader had tucked in the belt on his back. Now they are playing games, entertaining the crowd, changing into holy priests as the Kachinam return. Along with the “Fathers” they go around each Kachina and bless his shoulder with cornmeal from a decorative bag which is hanging very obviously on each clown's chest. Since the Kachinam have finished their three prayers the clowns will play their game — to catch all the Kachinam by running, their arms extended, along the line of the dancers, to detain them all and not allow them to go for a rest. Another game is a big run to find the leader: They go around asking this Kachina, then the other, if he is it. No answer! And so it goes, the sky is clear with the late afternoon sun creating deep shadows on the ambassadors of the gods. Reverent feelings expressed by laughter. A civilization so far away from ours . . .

I wonder what happened? Did it happen? What would it be like to be a Kachina? What would it be like to be blessed by a shower of corn pollen? How would it feel to have a clown-priest put some pollen into your mouth and sprinkle the rest on your shoulder as seen so many times for so many years in so many dances? What would it be like, as a human, to have such an experience? To be dancing there, anonymous (or could one be), stamping the ground of Mother Earth and escalating from south to north, from north to south, conscious of the humble position of Man in the Cosmos? What would it be like to be called the Kachina-leader and to be pushed into the row of the dancers, in the middle, next to the leader with the talkative rattle? Could one feel possessed, incarnated by the Spirits thousands of years old and suddenly feel a new power in one's self?

I am sitting back on my bench, Hopi children on my lap, friends at my sides, smiling people around, this part of the dance is finished. Lined up at the end of the row, the clowns are sprinkling the departing Kachinam. “*Kwakwai*” — “Thank you,” they call, and repeat, and bless. What would it be like to have been one of them for a few minutes?

The Kachinam have gone.

The clowns are eating right there, all the food that the women folk bring them. How do I come to have cornmeal on my shirt? Taste of it in my mouth? I feel strange and humble as if I had gone through an unusual (maybe the most unusual) experience of my life . . . Have I danced with the Kachinam or has the beat of the drum wrought in my somnolence an almost impossible happy dream . . . . .

Almost.

### RITUAL CALENDAR OF THE YEAR

NOVEMBER	— Initiation Moon ( <i>Wuwuchim</i> ) KEL-MUYA
DECEMBER	— Dangerous Moon, KYA-MUYA (most secret).
JANUARY	— Play Moon, PA-MUYA ( <i>crazy games</i> ).
FEBRUARY	— Purification Moon, POWA-MUYA.
MARCH	— Cactus bloom Moon, ISU-MUYA.
APRIL	— Grease-wood fencing Moon, KUI-MUYA.
MAY	— Bean planting Moon, MUSI, OISTI-MUYA.
JUNE	— Beginning of summer Moon, TALATI.
JULY	— Go Home Kachina, (NIMAN), KYA-MUYA.
AUGUST	— Play Moon, PA-MUYA.
SEPTEMBER	— Harvest Moon, TOHO OSH-MUYA.
OCTOBER	— Getting old Moon, TOHOSHTI-MUYA.

### CALENDAR OF CEREMONIES

FEBRUARY	— <i>Pamuya</i> (Night Dances), <i>Buffalo</i> (for cold weather) (Eagles and Koyemsi), <i>Powamui</i> (Bean Dance), <i>Palulukonti</i> (Water Serpent), <i>Ankavaa</i> (“After” Dances) (night kiva).
MARCH/APRIL	— <i>Kisonvi</i> (Outdoor Plaza Dances), also Races.
MAY/JUNE	— Dances with clowns.
JULY	— Niman (Home-Dance — departure of Kachinam).
AUGUST	— <i>Social Dances</i> , (no clowns), <i>Butterfly Dance</i> (Buli), <i>Snake or Flute Dance</i> (Rain).
SEPTEMBER	— <i>Llalakonti</i> (Basket Dance), <i>Marau</i> (Women's Society).
OCTOBER/ NOVEMBER	— <i>Wakol</i> (Womans Society, Basket Dance).
NOVEMBER	— <i>Wuwuchim</i> (Initiation) (New Fire).
DECEMBER	— <i>Soyalong</i> .



from page 5

sibilities. They also have association through *phratries*, specific other clans which help each other in ceremonies but between which there cannot be intermarriage.

Lines of demarcation are clearly drawn among the Hopi clans — some kachinam are kin only to certain clans and cannot be shared even with their phratries, as are special ceremonies, medicine and healing powers. As in their daily life, it follows that each clan respects the ways and beliefs of the others regarding all things ceremonial.

The Hopi religion is based on a belief in animism, i.e., there is life and natural power in all parts of nature, whether stone, plant, animal or man. They believe in a pantheon of Supreme Power and One Who Created All, and that their needs will be fulfilled if these needs are in communion with the gods. Benison is sought through prayer, sacrifices such as purification, fasting and chastity, and symbolic actions. Ritual dances and chants or songs are also an important part of certain ceremonies, performed in accordance with the Hopi ceremonial calendar at specific times of the year.

Kachinam, living spirits and messengers of the gods, are used only in the ceremonial period from December through August, the remaining months being set aside for preparation, initiation and other clan duties. The number of Hopi kachinam varies from 300 to 400, as some disappear and some new ones appear. Kiva pictographs tell us that the kachinam visited the Hopi before the advent of the Spanish in 1540.

The kachinam are named for their appearance, and they represent all human characteristics, such as the Left-Handed Kachina, Beautiful Kachina, Mocking Kachina. Kachina dolls, or *tihu* are given to girls, it is said, by the kachinam, so that they will know the shape, form, color and symbolism of each. The elders relate the legends of the kachinam to the children during the winter nights at home.

There are two kinds of kachinam and dolls: one very sacred, in imitation of spiritual life and known only to the Hopi, the other respected and seen by all, but not worshipped. The kachinam have face-like masks, and depending on the particular ceremony and time of year, any number from one to more than fifty may appear.

The Hopi views the cosmos as organized, just — with no principles of reward or punishment, dynamically interrelated, where everything — past and present, natural and supernatural — has a place, everything is classified and established in levels. There are vibrations in everything, material or spiritual. Man has to learn and live within rules and duties increase with maturity. Perfection must be approached, and there must be a balance of mind and a strong body. A peaceful nature is essential: anger and other emotional excesses hurt everyone, because all things are interrelated. Maintaining this control assures good health, rain and good crops — and if harmony is not established, failure results.

They believe in silence and meditation; peace of mind is essential in order to exist and to receive the blessings of the gods. The Hopi say that harmony with Nature is beauty to walk in, as is health and laughter. And laughter is healthy and sacred, too, as some kachinam are clowns.

The Hopi kivas are very special to the people, seldom open to visitors. The kiva is an underground ceremonial chamber, generally reserved for the men and used for meetings, ritual preparations, weaving, rest and seclusion.

Each kiva belongs to a specific clan, and is named accordingly, such as the Two-Horned Kiva. Hopi kivas are rectangular rooms, with one-third of the floor slightly elevated for public use. They are ceremonially entered through a roof opening by a ladder, but a practical side door also exists. Stone benches run all around the walls, and niches and storage places are available. The fireplace — today, often a charcoal stove — sits directly under the hatch, and next to it is the *Sipapu* hole in the ground, symbol of the Place of Emergence, which is covered when not in use. The largest part of the floor is used not only for dancing but also weaving and other male activities. Each village has many kivas and each kiva has its leader.

This, then, is the Hopi — The Peaceful Ones, a people steeped in tradition and respect for their forebears, with a basic philosophy and attitude toward life that can hardly be faulted, though their gods, their customs and beliefs may be strange to the uninitiated.

## How to enjoy the Ceremonies.

Now that paved *Highways 87-77-264* reach the different *Mesas*, the public will be able to visit *villages*, to buy *arts and crafts* and to arrive in time for *ceremonies*. In most places visitors are *welcome*, if they behave with *decency*, *quietness* and *respect*. The following remarks can be of help to all:

Do not take the attitude that the White Man knows all, owns all.

Do not take the attitude that money buys everything including happiness.

Do not take photographs, sketches, notes or tape recordings during ceremonies. Have formal permission of village "Chief," if you can find him. Children, houses belong to the Woman, who is the head of the house. Make arrangements with individuals for photographs.

Do not speak, laugh, or call to each other loudly as *silence* is an Indian quality.

Do not expect to understand Hopi religion or ask questions. Many aspects belong to certain *clans*.

Do not ask at what *time* an event will happen. It will happen when it should.

Do not park, sit, climb on rooftops or come close to *kivas* and *shrines*.

Do not walk on *happy trails*, lines of *corn meal* on ground.

Do not bring any kind of *intoxicants* on the *Reservation*.

*During Ceremonies:*

Do not sit on stone benches except if invited as they are reserved *clan* places (bring your own water, containers and stools).

Do not follow Kachinas when they go away.

Do not smoke (it is part of ceremonial life); women never smoke.

If Kachinas pass near, *men* should remove their hats.

Do not pick up feathers fallen from Kachinas.

Do keep children quiet — as in church.

Keep a "good heart" — Respect is not enough during a dance, you should mentally *accept*, never doubt or criticize. All people attending join in silent unison — pray (laugh when clowns do) with the *Hopi people* (remember they are praying for you, your *homes*, and your *countries* as well).

If you receive a *gift*, stand up and say: *Kwakwai* (for men) *asquali* (for women), which means *thank you*.

If you visit *homes*, bring *presents* to the head of the house, a woman (Hopis exchange gifts all the time). You might bring oranges, grapefruit, melons, small boxes of cookies, food, etc.), give them at noon time when the procession of food goes to "Kachina place." Do not join the procession.

*Clothing.* Wear Indian jewelry and moccasins if you wish. *Traditionals* prefer women to not wear pants or slacks, no mini skirts or low-cut blouses, nor bikinis or shorts. Wear boots or flat shoes.

*Weather:* Because of *high altitude*, sunburns can occur. Also sudden changes of weather or temperature. *Umbrellas* are *practical*, so are *sweaters* and large *straw hats*.

Do not talk about *rain*, do not look at *clouds* or point in any way.

Do not put on *raincoat* or plastic *poncho* before it rains.

*Arts and crafts* — There are several places (*trading posts*) near or on the villages, some staffed by *Hopis*. Objects are priced for *quality*, do not bargain. There are motels at *Keams Canyon* and *Second Mesa arts and crafts center*, rooms exist at *new Oraibi*. Motels near reservation at *Holbrook*, *Winslow*, *Tuba City*, *Ganado Mission*. Restaurants and grocery (some close at 6 p.m. on Saturday) at *Keams*, *Second Mesa Sekakuku trading post*. *Second Mesa: Hopi cultural center*, *Arts and Crafts — New Oraibi*, *Tuba City*; also groceries, *pop*, etc. in all villages.



The author with corn smut  
blessing *Na,m-ha* — Fall 1970

### SPECIAL NOTICE

Photographs of live Kachina ceremonies are forbidden. The figures shown in the photographs of this issue are wooden dolls, each one made by Hopis. They vary in size from three inches to three feet in height.

Although the dolls represent a live Kachina, who appears in religious dances as a representation of a Kachina spirit, the doll image has intentional faults and incorrect detail, so that commercial application of the doll will not be considered sacrilegious. The photographs in this special edition were taken by or under the direction of the author, Paul Coze, and photographed at the location chosen for the mood of Kachinam depicted. Cameras used were Rolleiflex and Asahi Pentax. No specific camera data is available because all photos resulted from a bracketed series of exposures from which the one with the best mood interpretation was chosen.

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Please address all communications for information regarding the text or illustrations herein to PAUL COZE, 4040 East Elm St., Phoenix, Arizona 85018; or, HOPI TRIBAL COUNCIL, Clarence Hamilton, chairman, P. O. Box 123, Oraibi, Arizona 86039.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Paul Coze, artist, ethnographer and writer, of French and Russian descent. Educated in France. Became interested in Indians as a young man at the time that children were still playing cowboys and Indians, at the time of the Buffalo Bill shows in Europe. Then with the beginning of the Boy Scout movement, the outdoors, camping, etc., was a novelty. Having been a Boy Scout in Egypt in 1912 before returning to France, Paul Coze was one of the main founders of the French Boy Scouts and later the National Commissioner. This brought him in contact, after the first World War, with Indians that took part in it. He then studied the Smithsonian Reports and wrote a digest in French of the history and customs of the American Indians. This book was published in 1928 under the name *MOEURS ET HISTOIRE DES PEAUX ROUGES* (American Indians.) This book (Payot, Publisher) was crowned by

the Academie Francaise and is still a best seller in the French language. At that time he was invited to visit Canadian reservations by the Canadian Bureau of Indian Affairs and traveled from coast to coast on the Canadian National Railways which led to the publication of a second book, *WAKANDA*. Dr. Paul Rivet, Director of the Museum of Ethnography of the Trocadero (Now Paris Museum of Man) undertook to train him for field research work which then led to an official expedition from the Museum, financed by the French Government and co-sponsored by the Boy Scouts of France. Coze completed two missions of six months each among the Cree Indians in the extreme northern part of Saskatchewan where he lived with them, learning their customs and religion.

At that time they still were camping under tepees and made birch bark canoes and utensils. The second year he was initiated into the ceremonial traditions of these Plains Indians which helped him to get acquainted with Southwestern tribes. In 1934 John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, invited Paul to make headquarters in Santa Fe, New Mexico and introduced him to Pueblo, Navaho and Hopi leaders. Since that time Paul Coze has spent months visiting tribes in the Southwest. He has been quite active with different Indian activities, arts and crafts or ceremonials and has been well accepted by many tribes or pueblos, Hopis included.

As an artist he has contributed greatly with murals in many Arizona public buildings such as the Phoenix Municipal Airport, Arizona Veterans Memorial Coliseum, Prescott City Hall, St. Thomas the Apostle Parish, Phoenix, recently the U. S. Indian Medical Center, Blue Cross-Blue Shield Building, Town and Country, Phoenix Bird sculpture, banks and other buildings with murals or three dimensional art works of varied techniques. Paul Coze has also directed movies. He has been for eighteen years the Consul of France for the State of Arizona. He is Chevalier de la Legion d' Honneur. He conducts art classes and has written a best seller in art books — *Quick Sketching with Paul Coze* (Foster Publications.)

## Hopi Glossary

anteha: that is right  
 askwali!: thank you (women)  
 balank peuh: red  
 cha ak mongvi: chief town crier  
 coveni (or comavi): black  
 daweeya: wild gourd  
 douhi: embroidered wedding dress  
 eum haki: who are you?  
 hakam: where?  
 haliksai: listen, this is how it is  
 hati ko: lima beans  
 hiksi: breath of life (eagle dawn)  
 hisaio: small (Shungopovi)  
 homnhoki: bag to carry corn pollen for blessing  
 Hopi shinum: large group good people  
 hopite: small group good people  
 hubbel-meloni: melon  
 hubbel-mori: Mexican pinto beans  
 huchkaya: big (Oraibi)  
 husus kwapeu: hard blue corn  
 imana: daughter  
 iti: child (itio: my boy)  
 Kachina: Living Spirit, Messenger of Gods (koko in Zuni)  
 Kachinam: plural of kachina  
 kachin' kaeuh: kachina corn  
 kachi nmaenaham: kachina father  
 kachintihu: kachina doll  
 ka h: no  
 kahopi: bad people  
 katai natha: third spiritual eye (Oraibi)  
 kawaye vatna: watermelon  
 ketcha kwivi: hominy  
 Kikmongvi: village chief  
 kisonvi: dance place  
 kiva: underground temple and men's meeting place  
 kokoeinaka: song leader in the center  
 koko'ma: purple corn  
 ko'leu'tch: white corn  
 koyemsi: clowns, priests, mudheads  
 kwa-a: grandfather (or Ba-ah)  
 kwakwai!: thank you (men)

The greatest problem is not that the pronunciation phonetically is impossible to transcribe, but there are some *ng, eu* (like *e* in French), with a tonality that English does not possess. The rhythm is often different, like in haranges given by *Kachinam Fathers*.

What is *essential* to remember is that no two Mesas pronounce words the same way and sometimes even words are different. For example: *ohwee* (yes) *ohweu, heu*. The short list that follows has been assembled with the help of Hopis from Hano (though no *Tewa* words were used), Walpi (First Mesa), Shungopavi, Mishongovi (Second Mesa), Oraibi and Hotevilla (Third Mesa).

There is NO official spelling. Every author uses a different phonetic system. The kachinam, KOKOLE is spelled KOKLE by *Fewkes*, QOQOQLO by F. J. Dockstader, QOQLO by H. S. Colton, QOAQUAKLEUM by Frank Waters (plural), QOQOLO, KOKOLE by Barton Wright and Evelyn Roat (incidentally, KOKO is the Zuni word for Kachina.) The names of the MOONS, (see page 43) varies in spelling, sound and interpretation.

kwikwivit: beautiful, proud  
 loloma or lolomai: it is good, perfect  
 mana: girl  
 mori vosi: beans  
 moukem: green  
 msyroia: small  
 na am: father  
 naf uala: purified within oneself  
 nakwachim: sign of friendship  
 na'm-ha: corn smut  
 nananha: face blackened with corn smut  
 nasumi: mana hairdo  
 navoti: complete cycle of life  
 neu ma at: his wife  
 nga kuyia: medicine water  
 nookkwivi: hominy stew with meat

owa: plain wedding dress  
 owee: yes (Oraibi)  
 paho: prayer stick  
 palan karr: red corn  
 pala's kwapeuh: pink corn  
 pantani: let it be  
 pesevi: cotton  
 peuheu: new  
 piki: paper thin wafer  
 pikami: pudding of sweet corn  
 pik tota: the day piki is made  
 piva: tobacco  
 piyouia: once more  
 quetcha: white  
 sakwa fka: blue corn  
 saqua: blue  
 sekiambuh: yellow  
 sikyamnpu: yellow corn  
 sipa'la: peach  
 Sipapu: place of emergence from kiva  
 So Am or so oh: grandmother  
 Taha'Am: uncle (also ameuclaoka) (side Kachina Dancer)  
 tahai aema mamkosa ni: now you can go home  
 ta ka: man  
 talasi: corn pollen for blessing  
 tawa'ktei: sweet corn  
 tawi-ya: gourd  
 tchaihoya: small (First Mesa)  
 tci li: chili pepper  
 Teu na savi: center of the Universe  
 Tikivei: dance day  
 tiva: dance  
 totokya: the day before  
 wi'f'ho: cat tail  
 wuhti: woman  
 wutaka: corn mush  
 wuyiot: old (or hisati)  
 wuyuk: big (Second Mesa)  
 youam: mother, but one should address her ingeu (or ee-da-gnw) our mother  
 yanigam: clan mother  
 you nia a: come in

CEREMONIAL

The old man speaks,  
The silent dancers wait.  
The ancient man calls  
Until a painted arm sweeps its rattles  
In a wide arc.  
Feet stamp, rhythm grows insistent  
As the beats synchronize into one.  
Hollow beat, jangling, clacking,  
Bells and turtle shells and rattles,  
Heart-beat of the hushed kiva.  
Unearthly voices, like the breathing of  
the clay walls,  
Rise and blend  
And feet and voices play with rhythm  
Quicken it  
Slow it  
Returning it to the pulsating, incessant beat.  
And the song of the dancers floats;  
Faintly it reaches the calm stars  
And permeates the sharp night  
Until stars and night and kiva and dancers  
Are one never ending rhythm.

— Phyllis Koenig



PRAYER FOR THE NEW DAY

(concept of the Hopi Indian of the Southwest)

I dedicate myself to the Power Above  
as the glory of the sunrise  
The purple of the new day reveals  
the mystery of man's being  
The golden light reveals the tenderness  
of Almighty Power.  
The piercing red glow of sun shattering clouds  
of darkness reveals eternal strength  
Now may I clothe myself  
in Thy radiant countenance  
May I renew my life with Thy breath  
and be washed in eternal glory  
May I walk on Thy foot-trail  
of good in life  
Let my thought rise to the height  
as the wings of the eagle  
And led by Thy strength and wisdom  
from all directions of space  
May I bless Thee with my songs of praise  
Unceasing as the returning winds.  
Thy word has been spoken  
in thunder and lightning-flash  
and Thy glory is now established.  
May I be strong so that I may lead others  
To stay upon the path of light  
And humbly I will come and bow to Thee  
At the end of the trail  
As Your child.

— Interpretation by Patricia Benton

... As New Yorkers we have enjoyed ARIZONA HIGHWAYS for many years because it links us to the beautiful state of Arizona when we cannot be there.

This February, 1970, along with our children, we were fortunate enough to make a brief visit to the Hopi Reservation where we witnessed the Bean Dance Ceremony and accompanying Kachina Dances.

The excitement and beauty of that experience was so deep that I had hoped to write a description of the events that would convey some of their qualities to others.

This task has been greatly simplified for me by my sixteen-year-old daughter Phyllis who wrote the enclosed poem. I could have never described it that well.

Sincerely,  
Harriet Koenig  
New York, N. Y.

- We programmed Miss Koenig's poem to be included in this issue, and are proud to print it in our poetry column.

ENJOYED THE BAR X GOLF COURSE

... Your excerpts from Ross Santee's Bar X Golf Course were so magnificently hilarious that I bought some extra copies of the April issue to give to friends. I didn't want to loan my subscription copy for fear I wouldn't get it back.

Thanks for the fun.

Mrs. John Moore  
Las Vegas, Nevada

- Our Bar X Golf Course story has brought many compliments. We'll try to bring you more of Ross Santee in future issues.

A REMINDER OF HOME

... I am attending Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina. One of the things I most enjoy is my ARIZONA HIGHWAYS every month. Shivers go up and down my spine when I see the familiar places and read about familiar things.

They say you take things you love for granted until you must do without them. For years I had taken our sunrises, sunsets, stormy skies and clear days almost for granted. Then I left to come to the South. There is beauty here too, but to an Arizonan it could not possibly compare with the beauty and splendor of our deserts and mountains.

Your ARIZONA HIGHWAYS helps me not to forget that beauty and causes me to treasure it even more. Those who have never seen the desert as we have seen it say to me, "You mean, you think the desert is beautiful?" I'll say I do, and the ARIZONA HIGHWAYS helps me prove it.

Jay Merritt  
Bob Jones University  
Greenville, South Carolina

QUINLAN NOT QUILAN

... We have just received our April issue of ARIZONA HIGHWAYS and although we always enjoy your publication, we were particularly pleased to see the photograph entitled "Sky Drama Over the Baboquivaris" taken in the Quinlan Mountains. We are sure your "Quilan" Mountains was a misprint!

My husband's great-grandfather, after whom the mountains are named, was a well-known Tucson figure in his day.

Laura L. Quinlan  
Seattle, Wash. 98762

- Thank you for calling this error to our attention. We are grateful to readers for their helpful critiques.

THANK YOU AND WELCOME

... My husband has a friend in Phoenix and NOW she's my friend too! Her name is Avvon Hughel, author of *The Chew Bunch*. Do you know she sent us a subscription to ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, starting with the January 1971 issue and we received January, February, March and April yesterday. I've never received a more enjoyable gift!

My husband (also an author) has promised to buy me a small piece of Arizona so I can come there. I'm a poet and 'sometime' artist and I want to stop right beside that giant saguaro on Page 42 of your April issue!

Oh, your magazine is a joy to see and read! Thank you, Avvon Hughel. And you too, Editor.

Mrs. John Rolfe Burroughs  
Denver, Colorado

- We hope you'll be forever happy with Arizona. We'll join the saguaro in welcoming you when you come.

THANK YOU ALL!

The author wishes to thank every one who helped make this special issue, with credit and acknowledgments for Apache Stone Company of Phoenix, Arizona, Sally Carlson, Dick Crail, Martha Lamb, Howard Seimatewa, Michelle Simmons and Bonnie Wilkins. Also Chris Black, Phil and Pat Broyles, Liza Coze, Caroline Duwyenie, Genevieve Gallagher, Becky Kimmel, Lillian Klinger, Leo Lacapa, Jon Maguire, Dan McCall, Natasha Raskin, and Bruce Timeche. To the many anonymous Hopis of all Mesas, a special Kwakwai! and Asquali!

OPPOSITE PAGE

A Hano clown is often portrayed as a glutton. He carries a piki wafer in one hand and watermelon, which is a favorite of the clowns. Artist: Neil David, Walpi; Paul Coze collection.

BACK COVER

Chaveyo, a white ogre... a kind of a bogey man type of a beneficent disciplinarian. Artist: Marshall Lomakema, Shungopovi. Henry and Thelma Galbraith collection.



