Sun Chief

Etching by Elias M. Grossman, 1941.

Sun Chief

The Autobiography of a Hopi Indian

SECOND EDITION

DON C. TALAYESVA

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Foreword to the Second Edition by

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Foreword to the First Edition by

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TO
ALBERT GALLOWAY KELLER

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FOREWORD TO THE SECOND EDITION

by Matthew Sakiestewa Gilbert

MY INTRODUCTION TO Don Talayesva's *Sun Chief* came in graduate school at the University of California, Riverside. I had a worn paperback copy of the eleventh printing (1971), which, like many other Hopi books I owned, had once belonged to my father. People back home on the Hopi Reservation in northeastern Arizona often talk about this book. Some have stories to tell about Talayesva's life, things not recorded in the book. As a Hopi student, I read *Sun Chief* with much enthusiasm and interest. Eager to learn about the Hopi, especially from one of our own, I carefully studied every page. I was fascinated by Talayesva's story, and I closely analyzed its contents, including the book's two photographs. I was especially intrigued with the cover photograph of Talayesva by Fred Eggan. I looked at this picture carefully. Wearing black pants, a ribbed white shirt, black leather shoes, and a beautiful Hopi sash around his waist, Talayesva stands confidently in front of a field, perhaps his own. His eyes, partially closed from the glare of the sun, peer forward, looking, waiting, ready to welcome all visitors to the Hopi world behind him.

When Yale University Press published *Sun Chief* in 1942, the Hopi were among the most researched indigenous peoples in the Americas. Although Hopi author Edmund Nequatewa had worked with editor

Mary-Russell F. Colton to produce *Truth of a Hopi* in the mid-1930s, white ethnographers and other scholars still dominated the field of Hopi studies. They viewed Hopis as "subjects" to be studied and written about, and they published their accounts in leading academic journals and in various edited collections. Anthropologists such as Mischa Titiev spent years interviewing Hopis, including Talayesva, on the Hopi Reservation. His highly regarded book on Old Oraibi informed other great works by Peter M. Whiteley and Jerrold E. Levy. Titiev, and those scholars who came before him, meticulously wrote down their observations and studied the ways of their Hopi informants. But while academics situated Hopis at the center of their scholarly inquiries, Hopis did not publish their own books or articles with university presses. Instead, they relied on white scholars to make their voices heard. And white scholars relied on the Hopi to validate their research, provide and interpret information, and bring a sense of authenticity to their work.

The success of *Sun Chief* set in motion a wave of similar books on the Hopi. In the years following its publication, other non-Hopi scholars and writers collaborated with our people to create autobiographies that sought to enlighten the public on Hopi history and culture. During this "as told to" era in Hopi studies, Vada F. Carlson recorded the life story of Polingaysi Qoyawayma to publish *No Turning Back* (1964), Louise Udall worked with Helen Sekaquaptewa to write *Me and Mine* (1969), and Harold Courlander edited Albert Yava's account to produce *Big Falling Snow* (1978). For many years, these publications, combined with *Sun Chief* and Edmund Nequatewa's *Born a Chief* (1992), were the most-referenced works on our people, but none of them were solely written or published by Hopis themselves. At this time, white scholars and other well-established authors were the ones who had the academic credentials and resources to publish books on our people. Even previous editions of *Sun Chief,* an autobiography, did not list Talayesva as the author. As a Hopi person, I always wondered about this. Why did the Press not list Talayesva as the author of his autobiography? Why was Leo Simmons's name the only one shown on the spine of the book? Perhaps this speaks to a time when Hopis did not publish their own accounts, or a time when university

presses preferred to situate Hopis as "informants" rather than the authors of their own books.

The field of Hopi studies today, however, looks very different than it did in the first half of the twentieth century. Beginning with Frank C. Dukepoo, who in 1973 became the first Hopi to receive a Ph.D., Hopi scholars have ventured beyond the reservation to receive advanced degrees, and they have secured faculty appointments at colleges and universities across the nation. Hopis are now producing scholarship on the Hopi people, using the skills they honed in graduate school to rearticulate, and at times reinterpret, our history and culture. Some of these scholars are examining the Hopi language, sustainability, health, and a host of other disciplines. Young Hopi scholars such as Darold H. Joseph and Jeremy Garcia are developing culturally responsive and relevant curriculums to use in our schools on the reservation, and Trevor Reed is using his research to repatriate Hopi music, once archived in Columbia University's Center for Ethnomusicology. Taking the lead role in their research, these and other Hopi scholars reflect a new direction in Hopi studies. They represent the ways Hopis have benefited from works such as *Sun Chief* to better develop and write their own scholarship in the twenty-first century.

My work on the Hopi boarding school experience at Sherman Institute, an off-reservation Indian boarding school in Riverside, California, has been personally informed by *Sun Chief*. In November 1906, Talayesva and my grandfather, Victor Sakiestewa, left the village of Oraibi by wagon for Winslow, Arizona, where they boarded a Santa Fe train for Southern California. Together they attended Sherman Institute, a school that U.S. government officials designed to weaken Hopi and other American Indian cultures and to train Native students in industrial trades. They received the same class instruction; participated in similar extracurricular activities, including Protestant services; and returned to their village of Old Oraibi together. But after they arrived on the reservation, their lives diverged dramatically. My grandfather never felt content to be back at his village. He wanted to continue his education beyond the mesas and sought enrollment at the Carlisle Indian Industrial School in Pennsylvania and the Greenville Indian School in California. He eventually worked as a plumber in

Tuba City, Arizona, and encouraged his children to pursue their education at schools off the reservation, including the Ganado Mission School on the Navajo Nation in eastern Arizona. Talayesva, in contrast, kept close to home and attempted to reclaim his identity as a "traditional" Hopi and chief of the Sun Clan.

Talayesva's recollections of his life after his time at Sherman are full of many details. But one account in particular will always invoke pride in me as a Hopi person. In the summer of 1912, the Hopi experienced a severe drought. Crops suffered under the intensity of the sun, and the clouds did not provide rain. People wondered why this was so. Talayesva then remembered that before he went to school in California, Mennonite missionary Heinrich Voth had stolen Hopi "ceremonial secrets" and "carried off sacred images and altars" to the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago, and he had "become a rich man." Talayesva recalled that people at Oraibi were afraid of Voth and "dared not lay their hands on him" for fear of imprisonment. Talayesva referred to Voth as a "wicked man" who had treated the Hopi very poorly. But after Talayesva had been educated in a Western school and learned about the Protestant faith, he was no longer afraid of Voth or any other Christian missionary. And so that same year of the drought, he heard that Voth, now an old man, had stopped by Talayesva's mother's house for a visit. Talayesva was furious, and he went straight to the house and ordered Voth to leave: "You break the commandments of your own God," Talayesva said to him. "He has told you to avoid all graven images; but you have stolen ours and set them up in your museum." He then called Voth a "thief and an idolater" who would "never go to heaven."

The showdown with Heinrich Voth is significant for several reasons. In the past, readers of *Sun Chief* often focused on Talayesva's detailed accounts of Hopi ceremonies or the descriptions of his many sexual encounters. They wrote at length about his dreams and the tragedies that he encountered throughout his life. But in his confrontation with Voth, one is able to see Talayesva at his very finest. Here the young Hopi from Oraibi used the knowledge that he gained at school to rebuke and even chastise Voth for his un-Christian behavior. He turned the Christian Bible against the old Mennonite missionary

and exposed his hypocrisy so others might see. He recounted specific passages in Voth's holy book and used them to his advantage. Voth, who was most likely surprised by Talayesva's intelligence and nerve, came from a line of people who considered Hopi adults to have the mental capacity of children. He did not expect this response from Talayesva or any other Hopi. "I knew the Hopi Cloud People despised this man," recalled Talayesva, "and even though he was now old and wore a long beard, I had a strong desire to seize him by the collar and kick him off the mesa."

Talayesva's desire to kick Voth over the mesa edge also speaks to the cultural tensions on the reservation during the early 1900s. Over the years, writers including Robert V. Hine, who wrote the first Foreword to *Sun Chief* in 1963, have often observed that Talayesva was "caught between two cultures." They portray the Hopi from Old Oraibi in a constant struggle between, on one hand, adopting or accepting American ways and, on the other, holding to Hopi beliefs and practices. While Talayesva experienced tensions between Hopi and Western culture, he also embraced these tensions to create a Hopi reality for himself in the twentieth century. Hopi culture, at least how Talayesva understood it, did not always stand in opposition to American values or practices, nor did it stay stagnant from time immemorial. He had the ability to adopt or adapt aspects of Western culture to fit with beliefs in Hopi society. He made Western culture work for him, but he also rejected and fought against it when it imposed on him certain cultural norms or expectations as a Hopi person.

Although Talayesva operated within the Western world, the tensions he experienced among his own people cannot be overestimated. These tensions were far more complicated and intense than the ones he encountered in the white world. In his book, Talayesva recalls that Hopis on the reservation became increasingly suspicious of him and his friendship with the book's collaborator and editor, Leo W. Simmons. They accused Talayesva of selling Simmons secrets about Hopi ceremonies and other religious practices. In response, Hopis at Oraibi started a rumor that Talayesva was receiving money from officials in Washington, D.C., for selling dead Hopi bodies. Even though anthropologists and other museum officials in Washington thought

very highly of Talayesva, many Hopis back home remained unimpressed with him and his accomplishments. They despised him for sharing religious information with Simmons, and they ostracized him for telling privileged Hopi knowledge to the world. Every reader of *Sun Chief* should be cognizant of the reality that although Talayesva produced a remarkable book, he did so at great cost to himself and his village community.

While *Sun Chief* remains a valuable historical and cultural resource, it does have its limitations. In his book *God Is Red*, Lakota author and theologian Vine Deloria, Jr., once argued that Native autobiographies of the 1930s and 1940s, including *Sun Chief* and *The Son of Old Man Hat* (1938) on the Navajo, did not sufficiently "inform the modern American public about the nature of Indian life" or give people enough "information about Indians to make an intelligent choice as to how best to support Indian goals and aspirations." "Could these books have correctly informed the reader," Deloria asks, "on the struggle of the Navajo and Hopi against Peabody Coal Company at Black Mesa or explained the protest at the Gallup ceremonial?" Although *Sun Chief* is a fascinating account of a specific era in Hopi and American history, it fails to speak to the broader issues that Deloria raised. For example, at no point in Talayesva's narrative does he discuss the establishment of the Hopi tribal government in 1936, the single most important political development for Hopis during the 1930s. Instead, readers learn about Hopi culture and religious practices and superstitions. We learn about life as one Hopi lived it during and after the Indian Progressive Era, but we receive very little information to help us understand the larger issues of Hopi self-determination or the political and legal struggles Talayesva's people faced in the 1930s and beyond. For these discussions, one ought to read *Sun Chief* alongside the work of Hopi historian Lomayumtewa C. Ishii and non-Hopi scholars Justin B. Richland and Emily Benedek.

Today's reader should also know that in the more than seventy years since Talayesva published *Sun Chief*, much has changed for the Hopi. Although the people continue to practice their religious ceremonies and many still speak the Hopi language, the Hopi and Western worlds have become increasingly intertwined. This is evident in

our tribal government, including our tribal courts, where Hopi individuals such as Fred Lomayesva, Patricia Sekaquaptewa, and Delfred Leslie, all of the Hopi Appellate Court, have adjudicated cases on the reservation by relying on Hopi tribal law that combines elements of Anglo-American legal practice with principles from Hopi custom and tradition. It is further evidenced in our growing tourist economy, our efforts in sustainable living, and advancements in telecommunications. Furthermore, as Leigh J. Kuwanwisiwma once said, the Hopi people are now "global," and no single factor has contributed to this more than the development of the Internet. Hopis today use the Internet to conduct business and to stay connected with people throughout the world. While Hopi artists were among the first to use the Internet to market and sell their work, Hopi activists of the present also regularly use websites, email, and social media to advance their agendas and to remind the people of cultural values and responsibilities.

Regardless of its historical and political limitations, *Sun Chief* remains a remarkable and honest account of Don Talayesva's life between 1890 and 1940. While it does not reflect life for all or most Hopis during this period, it provides readers with a window into the once-secluded world of the Hopi people. Scholars and students will no doubt continue to consult *Sun Chief* in the future. It will continue to be the focus of masters theses and doctoral dissertations. Professors and other instructors will assign it in their courses, and students will further argue and theorize about its contents. And a new wave of Hopi scholars will use *Sun Chief* to inform their work and critically analyze it from one of many Hopi perspectives. Surely, if Talayesva were still with us today, he would be amazed and perhaps even embarrassed by his book's popularity. But he would also be glad to see that his story was still being told to the Hopi and non-Hopi worlds that he knew so well.

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FOREWORD TO THE FIRST EDITION

by Robert V. Hine

DON TALAYESVA BEGAN life in the womb as twins, but, through his mother's will to oneness aided by her firm belief in the powers of the supernatural, he was "twisted into one." That sentence written by an outsider, a non-Hopi, like myself, sounds faintly ridiculous. The remarkable thing about *Sun Chief* is that when Don tells his own story, the cultural outsider is swept along into acceptance. This occurs largely because *Sun Chief* is a warm, universally human account, shaving the empiricist of his condescensions, stripping the Anglo-American of his self-complacency. Late in his autobiography Don tells of a woman tourist bemusedly watching a Hopi ceremony at Walpi. In the press of the crowd Don rubs her leg, and the woman and her friends laugh at him, undoubtedly with overtones of superiority before a rude, sensual semi-barbarian. But in *Sun Chief* we stand with Don, smiling in his heart at the woman, firm in his own beliefs, and also saddened at what the white man's laugh is doing to his Hopi way of life. *Sun Chief* puts us inside Don, like his Spirit Guide, beside him throughout his life. Within its literary framework, we are convinced, removed from our pretensions, momentarily certain that the Spider Woman and the Two-Heart exist. What happens to the reader in Rousseau's *Confessions* or in *The Little Flowers of St. Francis* also

moves him here: *Sun Chief* communicates a compelling human experience. Having read it, we have added Don Talayesva to the company of our private worlds.

And he in turn has admitted us to his world. We smell the mesa air, spiced with spruce and pine. On special occasions the corn meal powders our path. Our hair is washed in yucca suds. We purify "our clothes and bodies in the smoke of juniper and piñon sap." With an amazing attention to such details Don recreates his life. And with rich similes: "Black clouds rushed forth from the mountains—like warriors on a warpath. . . ." "We felt like a flock of sheep huddled together in a corner of a big corral after the wolves have been among them." Perhaps the harshness of the environment ("dry, wind-beaten, and worm-infested sand drifts," heat, drought, dust, and disease) intensifies the style. "Strong winds drove sand into my face and eyes, filled my ears and nose, and made it difficult to eat my lunch without catching mouthfuls of grit. My clothes were often heavy with sand and chafed me as I walked; and my hair was caked with earth so that I could hardly reach the scalp with my fingernails." Yet, as with his flock ("I loved my sheep and knew the face of every one"), he cherished his land, his by birth and by choice. When he leaves the mesas, the vividness of his writing suffers; when he returns, the spruce and the piñon and the dusty sand hills are sensed again.

As viewed from a scientific, semi-Christian, Anglo-American society, Don's life contains both appealing and unappealing characteristics. There are elements of the stereotyped Hopi here—peaceful and secure, slow to anger, calm in the face of difficulties, cooperative and submissive to the good of the group, deeply attached to his way of life, culturally integrated and serene. All of these in some measure exist in Don, and they are appealing qualities. But Don is other things, too—superstitious, fearful, gossipy, occasionally lazy, lewd in his humor, excessively sensual, and dishonest with his wife. In short, he is a human being, confusing, baffling, contradictory. The value judgments which we attach to each of his traits are, of course, largely dependent on the society from which they are viewed. The matter is further complicated by the fact that Don in many of his attributes may not be typical of his Hopi culture. And, finally, what may have been

representative of Hopis in 1900 may not be typical of them in 1963. These qualifications are essential to an examination of the various aspects of Don's life.

Take, for example, his religion. Don's commitment to Christianity was of doubtful depth, in spite of his testimonials to Jesus at the Y.M.C.A. In comparison to the lasting impact of his initiations into the Hopi ceremonies, his excursion into Christianity was pale and meaningless. It was a means to an end, tied to his temporary flirtation with the white man's way, his momentary wish that "there were some magic that could change my skin into that of a white man." It lasted for only a few years, was in no sense a conversion, and provided at most a foil for his moving dream-revelation on the truth of the Hopi gods. After this crucial night's spiritual journey, Christianity for Don became increasingly suspect, effective perhaps "for modern Whites in a good climate," but bringing the Hopis only drought and disease. When Christian preachers tell the Hopis they should fear destruction in a great flood, Don comments ruefully that he has prayed for rain all his life and the one thing he is sure he will never see is a flood in Oraibi. "Other gods may help some people," Don concludes, "but my only chance for a good life is with the gods of my fathers. I will never forsake them, even though their ceremonies die out before my eyes and all their shrines are neglected."

Don remains a religious man with an abiding reverence for the transcendent or supernatural. "If a person has no religion to follow he lives no better than a dog," he wrote. A Spirit Guide, like a Christian guardian angel, stands beside him, admonishing and protecting. Beyond his Guide is a vast pantheistic world of gods and spirits. Once they walked the mesas, like Greek gods on Olympus; but now they are less physically evident though equally powerful to influence the life and death of man. Don has faith, in the Tillich sense of concern for the ultimate. But as the white man's religion inundates the mesas and the Hopis grow more and more aware of the Protestant-Catholic society which surrounds them, Don's religious plight becomes increasingly similar to that of an ancient Jew in Egypt or Babylon, and, like Moses or Judas Maccabaeus, he holds the more tenaciously to his traditional beliefs.

The white man's education had a greater effect on Don than the white man's religion. His schooling gave him a command of English, thus making *Sun Chief* possible, and taught him something of the world, late and soon—at least he refers to men as soon as Miles Standish and late as Adolph Hitler. "I had learned many English words and could recite part of the Ten Commandments. I knew how to sleep on a bed, pray to Jesus, comb my hair, eat with a knife and fork, and use a toilet. . . . I had also learned that a person thinks with his head instead of his heart." (It is hard to know how much irony is concealed in that last sentence.) At Sherman Institute in Riverside, California, he added accomplishments as disparate as debating, football yells, square dancing, baking bread, tailoring, telling dirty stories, and presumably more experience in thinking with his head rather than his heart. But he was not convinced. He was like a clock spring wound tight. At the New Oraibi day school they had cut his hair and burned his old clothes and given him a new name. At the Keams Canyon boarding school they fed him hash and prunes and tea, none of that "good Hopi food"—like piki bread or dumplings made of blue corn meal—which came for him to symbolize the ways of his fathers. More important, the white man's education spoiled him for making a living in the desert. At least as a young married man, he worried over such a result, fearing, although able-bodied, to be unable to support a wife. Like the white man's religion, his education might prove unusable on the rigorous mesas. So he broke the watch spring, loosened the tension. He let his hair grow long, stored his "citizens' clothes in a gunnysack," and eventually taught his son that dancing the Katcina ceremonies was far more important than learning.

In his sex life, too, Don suffered conflict, his Hopi mores contrasting with Protestant ascetic morality. As a child he was led to believe that sex was the most important function of his body. Even intercourse with animals and masturbation were tolerated. The Katcina clowns he loved were given to joking that, next to eating, love-making was the greatest joy of life. And as an older man such pleasures even included extramarital "private wives." None of these were ideas to be tolerated in the Christian code, especially not by the missionaries like the Mennonite H. R. Voth on whom Don heaped such abuse. To escape

the white man's gaze, "to make love without fear of sin or a rawhide" was one of his aims. And he succeeded rather well; he had an extraordinary number of affairs with women, everywhere from California to the brothels of Winslow, and he detailed these experiences in a proud if not boastful manner. In his promiscuity and sensuality was he typical of his Hopi society? Although the answer to that question is complicated and requires a great deal more information than is now available, it seems reasonable tentatively to assume that he was not. To begin with, he frankly admitted to the classification of "naughtiest boy in the village." His father in a measure of desperation saw that Don was given a double thrashing at initiation time. And, as Clyde Kluckhohn has pointed out (reviewing the book in the *American Anthropologist*), there is more than a suggestion of latent homosexuality.

If Don is not sexually typical, he is, nevertheless, gifted with insight into the nature of women and love. "The love making business," he wrote, "has two aspects, sometimes making a man very happy and sometimes worrying his life out." The happy element may well have come from sound reasoning: "I learned that unless one is sure of himself the last word with a wife is not worth the trouble." Here, as in the following lines, Don proves himself a most profound commentator on the female sex. "Women are like the wind, blowing first from the east and then from the west. The sooner a man learns this the better. He must expect his wife to make quick changes from joy to sadness and back to joy, in spite of anything that we can do. She can be more stubborn than a mule and harder to control than either wind or weather."

In each of these broad aspects—religion, education, sex—the contrast between Don's Hopi customs and the white man's ways are the nub of his book. Don is basically hostile to white men, "wicked, deceitful people," as he called them, who made us feel "that we were no better than dung." True, he is cooperative in some ways, and he finds working for anthropologists, like Leo Simmons, pleasant and materially rewarding. "I found it much easier to talk in the shade for cash than to cultivate corn and herd sheep in the hot sun." But his eyes had seen the destructive acid working in the white presence, most particularly as a result of missions and schools.

Actually the early years of Don's life were a critical period in Hopi-white relations. The tribe had been missionized by the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Spaniards, but the effects had been negligible, for the Hopis had always proved peculiarly resistant to cultural infiltration. After 1890—the year of Don's birth and about the time H. R. Voth, the missionary, arrived—the rugged Hopi mesas felt the first effective white penetration. Serious prospects of Christianization and Americanization among their people produced a rift which grew as deep as the pit in Don's vision of the underworld. While still a boy he, considering himself a part of the Friendly faction, threw stones at boys of the Hostile persuasion, suggesting the way modern boys might fight a presidential campaign on a fourth-grade playground. But the Hopi problem ran much deeper than national politics, leading in 1906 to an ultimatum, a demarcation line, the evacuation of the Hostiles, and the establishment of the new Hopi settlement at Hotavila. Don's reactions to the whites were formed against this historically critical period. He was a Friendly, recognizing the desperate necessity of cooperation; he was at the same time tragically aware that accommodation meant erosion of the Sun Trail. The final result of this apparent contradiction was his sophisticated judgment that white men, like the Hopi, were both good and bad. Among them were respectable individuals "who could be trusted and who never discredited our Hopi beliefs and customs," but also there were low-class whites whom he called "dump-hole people." This recognition of individual differences based initially on a distrust of the whites gives the whole story of *Sun Chief* an aura of authenticity; we never feel that Don is saying something merely to please his white inquisitors; and we are relieved when, as in the Wowochim initiation, he refuses to reveal ceremonial secrets. The drawing of the line reflects a level of integrity which strengthens all the comments he is willing to make.

Perhaps Don's honesty returns us to those universal human qualities which shine through *Sun Chief* quite unaffected by scientific interest in acculturation. Professor Simmons tells us that it is important to note in each situation whether Don is a creature, a creator, a carrier, or a manipulator of the mores. We could ask in another way how Don as one particular human being answers the besetting, catholic ques-

tions of life and death, how he establishes the essential relations with fellow men and with a transcendent being, how successfully he can balance a sense of the elemental tragedy and humor in life.

Don related himself to his community through an overwhelming acceptance of its traditions. The older generations were the teachers and preservers and Don paid dutiful attention to their words. The lessons were clear—walk the Hopi Trail in peace, work hard with the sheep and the corn, eat the Hopi food, pray to the Hopi gods, observe the ceremonies, and be continent till four days after the final dances. Such a tradition-directed society might be expected to conceive of time as natural and organic, based upon the rising of the sun or the running of spring sap. As Don said, "there were proper times for planting, harvesting, and hunting, for ceremonies, weddings, and many other activities. In order to know these dates it was necessary to keep close watch on the sun's movements." Time meandered through the generations, the seasons deceptively changing within the changeless years, like the band of the Colorado River seen from the rim of its great canyon. Time was not a line but a spiral in which the end brought one close to the beginning. Don was a traditionalist and time, his unhurried companion. After all, there was no reason to believe the future would be any better than the past when one remembered, facing back, that the gods themselves had once walked the earth and, facing forward, that the modern world offered such dubious items as Bull Durham and Mentholatum and cornflakes and aspirin. He had tried all of these progressive products and remained dubious. Once when ill, he was being taken in an automobile to a doctor and, after begging his Guardian Spirit not to drop him on the road and hoping against hope that his act would be as effective as the traditional spreading of corn flour on the footpath, he weakly sprinkled a little meal from the window of the speeding car. The new ways, like the automobile, might be a positive detriment to known potent practices.

Don's account is full of comedy, but humor is a fragile cultural export, and the jokes, especially the practical ones, frequently escape us. Sometimes we only laugh at Don, as when he prescribes sexual thoughts as a cure for hiccoughs. Sometimes the fun seems coarse and

earthy; and then we tend to be embarrassed by our own Puritanism and understand how the presence of the whites spoiled the play whenever Don danced as a clown Katcina. But then there are moments when the humor, though culturally oriented, still proves magnificently universal. At dinner just after his marriage Don's mother-in-law solicitously hovered over him and did the work of unrolling his tamales. "Perhaps she will do this for me always," he thought. "But I was mistaken; at breakfast I had to unwrap my own tamales." Or a bit earlier, Don prepared himself for the tip-to-toe ritual bathing of the bridegroom at the hands of the bride's womenfolk—and worried because he was ticklish. Such are Don's wry twists of unintentional, candid, artless humor.

And finally, there is the human tragedy, particularly surrounding the deaths of his four children, one baby after another succumbing until the tears on Don's brown face unite in one deep gully of grief. Sometimes he told of those tears ("We cried and cried and stayed up all night"). But more often the anguish comes in stark scenes revealing like a flash bulb the father beside his dead child: "I knelt and uncovered my little daughter, running my hands over her cold body; and when I touched her chin, the mouth opened." At each successive birth he dreamt for the baby, expecting again that his new son might make a good sheepherder and a "first-class lover of the girls," that his new daughter might wear Hopi clothes and comb her hair in the squash-blossom style. And he carried each bundled hope to a common grave where the small wrapped corpses lay one beneath the other. "Long after, whenever I passed within sight of the grave of my children, a lump would rise in my throat, and it seemed that my anger and grief were more than I could bear."

Sun Chief is, thus, an extraordinarily introspective and revealing autobiography. It cannot be taken alone as evidence of Hopi society, but alone it unquestionably reveals a human being in depth. Such personal revelations are unusual in the history of western America. Mention Sarah Royce on the overland trek or Lewis Garrard on the Santa Fe trail or a Mormon like John Lee, and there are few left. The white man in the West has been little concerned with inner revelations. (He was either introspectively impotent or too busy.) And the

Indian, for quite different reasons, has been equally reticent. The sum total of American Indians who have opened their lives and thoughts to the white man's printed page is perhaps no more than four–a Winnebago, *Crashing Thunder* (ed. Paul Radin); a Kwakiutl, *Smoke from Their Fires* (ed. Clellan S. Ford); a Navajo, *Son of Old Man Hat* (ed. Walter Dyk); and *Sun Chief*.

Crashing Thunder is much shorter and less revealing than the others; *Son of Old Man Hat* (the Navajo) and *Smoke from Their Fires* (the Kwakiutl) both, however, make interesting comparisons with *Sun Chief*. The Navajo's narrative covers only his youth, to the age of twenty; the Kwakiutl's nearly an entire life, to the age of seventy. But even the latter seems deficient in the mature wisdom of Don's senior years. All three works have an earthiness; sex life is openly discussed; and a certain joy in the green of spring pushes through. But the Navajo and Kwakiutl are much more pragmatic; their chants and ceremonies are viewed matter-of-factly without an expression of spiritual feelings so characteristic of Don. With the exception of the Kwakiutls' concern for the potlatch tradition, the elders' advice in the two other books often reads like *Poor Richard's Almanac* ("when you've acquired stocks you have to work on them day and night") compared with the more philosophic Hopi Trail theme of Don's story.

Sun Chief has proved continuously popular, having thus far run through four printings. In the fields of anthropology and ethnology it has been a basic reference in a host of monographic studies; it appears in such general works on the Hopi as Laura Thompson's *Culture in Crisis;* and it is at this moment being translated into German. On its first appearance in 1942 both professional and non-professional journals were expansive in their praise, though many reviewers cautioned against the assumption that Don was a typical Hopi and pointed out that, even if he were, his material had been filtered by selection and arrangement through the mind of a white college professor. Similar worries bother many of those now working close to the tribe, especially since the impression of Don's sexual life, if taken as representative, could reflect harm on the group as a whole. But these criticisms have never overshadowed appreciation of *Sun Chief*'s ethnologic accomplishment and lively charm.

It is the human quality to which we at last return. Time after time in simple, beguiling ways Don throws us completely off our scientific track of relating his life to Hopi mores or cultural conflicts. We forget our original intent to dissect his customs and ideas; his mesa ceases to be an anatomy table; and in place of a cadaver we have a living man, imaginative, humorous, and tragic, so filled with contradictions and illusions that analysis must in desperation restrict itself to only a portion of the whole. Edward Sapir has said that cultural autobiographies "have a disappointing way of dying in the meshes of the tapestry which they are commanded to enliven." If this is the rule, it is proved in the exception, for Don Talayesva and his Hopi scene are as alive as flesh, dreams, and tears.

Riverside, California
January 1963

PREFACE

THIS IS A FRANK AND intimate account of fifty years in the life of Don C. Talayesva of Oraibi, Arizona. It attempts to describe how he came to be the person that he is, and how he thinks, feels, and behaves. It is a comprehensive case history, reported in the first person, for those who are interested in the development of personality in relation to society and culture.

Don definitely feels that this is his book. When the manuscript was read back to him to be checked for errors, he said: "I am living my life over again. I am surprised that I have done this, and I'm proud of myself." When it was suggested that a few delicate items might be deleted for personal reasons, he replied, "No. You have insisted that without the complete record of my life our work would be wasted."

There are two sections in the Introduction: the first on "The Project and the Procedure" which provides a detailed account of how the data were obtained and organized and the purpose for which they are to be used; and the second on "The Hopi in Oraibi," which presents a brief sketch of the people, their physical environment and social organization, and their way of living. The autobiography, consisting of fifteen chapters, constitutes the narrative. There is also a preliminary discussion of the analysis of life histories. Appendices give an example of situational analysis, a small sampling of typical legends and myths such as Don heard as a boy, and a guide to the Hopi kinship

system in which practically all persons mentioned in the narrative are identified with respect to residence, clan affiliation, and relationship to Don. There is also a sample of Don's composition which enables the reader to see how the material has been treated in the text. A special study of dreams is planned for a later publication.

The project was planned and accomplished under the auspices of the Institute of Human Relations and the Departments of Anthropology, Psychiatry, and Sociology at Yale University. It was financed chiefly by the Institute of Human Relations. I am particularly indebted to Professor George P. Murdock, Chairman of the Department of Anthropology, and to Professor Mark A. May, Director of the Institute of Human Relations, for guidance in research and for continuous encouragement. Many pertinent criticisms and valuable suggestions were also received from Professors Maurice R. Davie, Eugen Kahn, Albert G. Keller, and Bronislaw Malinowski.

I am also indebted to Dr. Paul W. Preu of the Department of Psychiatry at Yale for his coöperation in a field trip to Oraibi in the summer of 1938. Professor John Dollard and a class of graduate students used the manuscript in a seminar in 1940 and made valuable criticisms. Dr. Amos B. Hulen, Ruth Chapman, and Clara Thurber also read parts of the manuscript and made helpful suggestions. Elizabeth H. Simmons was a constant source of encouragement and assistance. The engraved etching was contributed by Elias M. Grossman. Geoffrey Gorer rendered invaluable editorial assistance and made some excellent modifications in the selection and organization of the data. For secretarial assistance, and not infrequently for counsel, I wish to thank Laura C. McCarthy. My deepest gratitude, however, is richly deserved by my Hopi brother, Don C. Talayesva. Without his rigorous honesty, wholehearted coöperation, and willingness to suffer some public censure, the task could not have been accomplished and might have been interrupted in its most critical stage. It was his life, and it is in a very real sense his book.

L. W. S.
Yale University,
February 1942.

INTRODUCTION

The Project and the Procedure

THIS WORK STUDIES one individual in contact with two cultures which are in strong contrast and considerable conflict. He spent approximately the first decade of life in conservative Hopi society, the second in the American educational system, the third "by choice" in the culture of his childhood, varied in the fourth and fifth decades by more or less incidental digressions again into the society of Whites. Our interest is in what manner of man the two cultures made of him and what we can learn from his experiences.

The subject was selected from an alien society, and within a culture greatly contrasted with our own, in order to insure objectivity and to emphasize the molding impact of culture upon personality. "While it is probably impossible—certainly so without a saving sense of humor—to stand off and get a cool view of ourselves and our own entanglements, anyone can observe with detachment the life of peoples [or of a person] remote in time, space, or behavior from his interests."[1]

The objectives of the study are fourfold: *First*, to prepare a relatively full and reliable account of an individual's experience and

1. A. G. Keller, *Man's Rough Road* (New Haven, Yale University Press, 1932), p. 25.

development from birth on—to write a comprehensive life history as an experimental technique in the investigation of personality problems. *Second*, to accumulate and arrange in natural order (the order in which it was experienced) a substantial body of concrete and relevant data on an individual in a "primitive" society for the purpose of developing and checking hypotheses in the field of culture and its relation to personality development, or of the individual and his role in cultural change. The record is, therefore, socially and culturally orientated throughout. Although the lens of investigation is focused on the individual in his environment, particular effort is made to see in what way society and the mores frame every incident of personal experience. A *third* objective was to attempt at least a partial interpretation of the individual's development and behavior by means of available techniques and sources of investigation. It was considered highly desirable to try to make sense out of one person's behavior as a demonstration of what can be done with more extensive research and techniques of analysis. This was a task to pursue as far as time and ability permitted, but with no expectations of completion. The *fourth* objective was systematically to utilize the investigation for the formulation of generalizations and the testing of theories in the field of individual behavior with respect to society and culture; and to share the data and research project with others engaged in similar inquiries. This is not to imply that the most pertinent data can be accumulated for testing general hypotheses that are at the time imperfectly formulated; but some collection of materials is essential for the formulation of theories. It provides a backlog of data; it lessens the labor of securing additional material; and it provides very essential contextual information. There will be less need for this, perhaps, when we have more life histories which are adequate for personality analyses. In this publication an effort has been made to realize the first two objectives and to make a start on the third, but the fourth is reserved for further investigation.

An important reason for delay in the fourth objective is that it appeared incompatible to prepare a case history and develop test cases for and against hypotheses at one and the same time. A life history would seem to require that attention be focused on the individual un-

der study and that the materials be organized about his chronological development, while the testing of hypotheses requires that attention be focused on theory and that the materials be arranged and proportioned in a different order. No satisfactory compromise seemed possible for the achievement of both goals in the same presentation.

One further reason discouraged the arrangement of the initial materials in the form of theory testing—the subtle danger of indoctrination of the data. There is no doubt that the interests and personal biases of the investigator project themselves into his material and probably even influence the subject in the responses which he makes, as well as distort the presentation and analysis of the data. An individual's life is so complex and the processes of transcription and interpretation are so flexible that an astute investigator with a theory to prove or disprove may possibly extract from a naïve informant an approximately desirable answer, at least by symbolic implication, to any inquiry which relates to so general a subject as the dynamics of personality development. With present techniques of investigating and recording life-history materials, it is sometimes easier for an investigator to deceive his reader, and even himself, than for the informant to lie successfully to him. Perhaps the best safeguard to this scientific hazard is to become fully aware of it, stand shy of hypotheses until a substantial body of data has been assembled, first organize the material in its natural context, and only later begin the testing of hypotheses when a substantial bulk of the data is well documented.

Since there is no common agreement yet as to what life histories should be like when the study of personality development is the objective, and since there was no satisfactory model to follow at the time, it was decided to make the initial investigation exploratory in "dragnet" fashion and gather data on any and every topic that appeared to be significantly related to the individual's growth and development. If the first objective was to be a life history, then it seemed that the dominating interests of the individual, in the order in which they were experienced, should determine the presentation of material and regulate the general proportion of space and emphasis on each item. The ideal objective was to mirror the developing personality in

such accuracy and detail, and so frame it in its environment, society, and culture, that the reader in moving through the pages might "see" the infant emerge from conception, grow into manhood, and play his adult role, and might come to understand to a certain degree how it happened and if possible how it felt. The truest objective test of the personality sketch is for the informant in reading the document to be able to say, "That's me," for his associates in Hopiland to identify him in most of the details of his life, and for the general reader, who later meets the man, to be able to conclude, "He is just as I expected to find him."

I met Don C. Talayesva in June, 1938, as a result of correspondence with Dr. Mischa Titiev of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Michigan. After two weeks' acquaintance at Oraibi, Don rented me a room in his house, permitted me to employ his sister as housekeeper, and agreed to work for me as informant in a general cultural study projected to fill in the gaps in the data of the Hopi literature for the files of the Cross-Cultural Survey at the Institute of Human Relations. He was to receive thirty-five cents an hour whenever we were engaged in formal interviewing. Whenever, from the start, he described an item in the customary cultural pattern, he was asked specifically what his own experience had been. His conversations were recorded as nearly verbatim as possible, and he was permitted to wander from the subject as much as he pleased, provided he was relating personal experiences. Considerable interest was shown in every personal incident, but all moral judgments of praise or blame were studiously avoided. After about four weeks he was told that his own story was of much greater interest to me than a general description of his culture—a decision which seemed to please him. As his confidence in me developed, he spoke more frankly about himself, sometimes going back to include items that he had left out in former accounts. In the last week of July Don and Chief Tewaquaptewa at Oraibi let it be known that upon request I might be considered for adoption. Within a few days the Chief did adopt me as his "son," and Don adopted me as his "brother" and therefore a member of the Sun Clan, an event which improved my status in the village and made it

appropriate for me to be instructed in some subjects which were regarded as clan and tribal secrets.

Increasing interest was shown in Don's personal experiences, and he was finally informed that I wished to record them as a complete and permanent record of one Hopi, to be preserved in Yale University, and that part of it might, with his permission, be published. It was emphasized that the job was to be done chiefly for professional people and that the task would take several years. It was explained in great detail that the project would be entirely worthless for professional use unless the account could be absolutely true and as complete as possible, with no items omitted on grounds of propriety. He was a little frightened at first but pleased that his personal experience was regarded so highly, and said that if he had realized its importance he would have tried to remember more of the details and would have kept notes. But very soon he stated that the ceremonies were secret and that he would never be able to impart them to anyone; for he would get into trouble with other Hopi and with his gods if he told these things. It was agreed that he would not be required to impart any ceremonial information that was not already published, but that he might be asked about his personal experiences in certain ceremonies which were on record. He agreed to this plan without realizing all its implications, since he did not know what had been published; neither was I familiar at that time with all available information.

Many hours were spent at work in Don's house, or in herding, cultivating, caring for horses, hauling stone, attending dances, or traveling from place to place in a car. There was much opportunity to act as a "participating observer." Don was taught to report on the events of the day, together with his mental and emotional reactions to them; and these were recorded in diary form with the understanding that he would keep his own diary after my departure and receive seven cents a page for it. In this preliminary phase of diary work he was instructed to include as nearly as possible everything that had happened during the day, and he was rewarded with praise when he included the smallest details. An effort was made to approximate "free association" in

the diary account, in that he was to write whatever came to his mind and as many pages as he desired. All communications were carried on in English, in which Don was exceptionally fluent for a Hopi of his age. He started his writing in September, 1938. After about a year of detailed, often highly significant and sometimes monotonous accounts of such routine as going twice a day for horses and eating three meals, listing all items in the menu, reporting every conversation with other people, etc., he was requested to leave out certain types of material and concentrate on others.

In January, 1940, I made another trip to Oraibi and spent seventeen days in his house in intensive interviewing, checking information gathered earlier, having him repeat many of the major experiences of his life, and filling in gaps in the accounts. Up to this time about 350 hours had been spent in interviewing, and he had written about 3,000 pages of diary in longhand. Rapport was very satisfactory and much new information was obtained; but near the end of my stay some difficulties arose over the question of information on the ceremonies.

Don had seen a book in the possession of Dr. Fred Eggan which was published by George A. Dorsey and H. R. Voth in 1901,[2] and which described the Soyal ceremony in elaborate detail. I again produced this book and unwisely pressed Don for comments on certain details of the ceremony. He became morose and remarked, "What I do in the Soyal is secret. When you ask me about that it sets the people against me." When more details were sought, he became evasive and finally stated that he could not go on. Discouraged, I reminded him that the account had been published for nearly forty years and that unless he could tell me a little more of his personal experience with the Soyal I would have to depart immediately. When there was no response, I settled financial accounts with him, told him good-by, and stated that I would probably leave New Oraibi the next morning, earlier than he had expected me to go. He appeared quite sad but not angry.

2. Publications of the Field Columbian Museum, Anthropological Series, Vol. III, March, 1901.

While I waited for mail in the post office in New Oraibi at six-thirty in the afternoon, Don entered and seemed pleased to be invited to ride with me to his home. On the way he said, "I am surprised that you are leaving so early. I must have done something to hurt your feelings this afternoon. If I did anything that grieved you, I am very sorry." He finally suggested that if I returned to his home that night he would try again to answer my questions.

In the evening we began with Dorsey and Voth's account. Don examined the pictures and drawings of the altars and seemed distressed, making such remarks as, "This is awful. It makes me unhappy. That man Voth was a thief. The secrets are all exposed." He looked long at the picture of his uncle, Talasquaptewa, who had the part of the Star Priest, but made no comment. When asked, he specified the different parts that he had performed in the ceremony, and looked long at the Soyal altar showing the War Priest, Star Priest, and altar equipment. Finally he said, "That is the picture of the exhibit in the Field Museum that has caused all the trouble." When we came to the section in the book that described the Powamu ceremony and its altar, he declined to look at it very carefully, stating that he had no right to know these secrets. At this point an important officer in the Soyal ceremony came into the house and the interview was abruptly ended. Most of the account was read to Don the next day and he corrected a few very minor details and related some of his personal experiences. In discussing page 25, for example, he said that he had drunk the "special medicine" many times, and that it had a bitter taste and was very powerful for health, strength, and long life. He agreed that he had often touched the sacred stone to his heart to make him strong, and that with a little medicine in his mouth he had taken a pinch of the clay and gone annually to his house to rub it over the breast, body, arms, and legs of every member of his family. When over a year later the account of this ceremony in his life history was read to him, he was again rather sad, made no comment at all except to correct three slight inaccuracies, and at the end of the chapter remarked with some bitterness, "That guy Voth was clever."

In March, 1941, Don came to New Haven and spent two weeks with me. At this time the entire narrative, in more extensive form than

here published, was read to him slowly and he made corrections and occasional comments which were incorporated. Don had then written about 8,000 pages of his diary in longhand.

The account is, therefore, a highly condensed record in the first person, and almost always in Don's own words or in words which he readily recognized in checking the manuscript. The report is not free narrative, but selected and condensed narration, interwoven with additional information obtained by repeated interviewing. It is greatly abbreviated and often reorganized. Possibly not more than one fifth of the data are published here, but the remainder is for the most part monotonous repetition of the daily details of life, legends, and additional dreams. After literally thousands of inquiries had been made, when on one occasion there was a long pause on my part, Don laughed and said: "Now it is my turn to question you. Can't you think of anything else to ask?"

The style is often disjointed still, but further smoothing on my part would detract from its individuality. Indeed, the question may be argued whether there has been too much of this or too little. In general the materials are left more nearly in Don's own form of expression in the account of his early life up to marriage and much more condensed beginning with the chapter on maintenance. The direct quotations are not to be regarded as strictly literal, but in the latter part of the narrative, where materials are drawn from the diary, it is my opinion that they are very nearly verbatim. Many of the conversations reported even from birth and early childhood are, no doubt, close approximations in that they are highly patterned, and Don consulted his aged relatives on many points. Furthermore, Don has a remarkable memory which has often astonished me when I have been able to check it.

The humor and pathos appear coarse in places, but both were spontaneous and genuine; indeed, so much are they a part of the man and his culture that many of the fine points can be seen only through Hopi-conditioned eyes. This fact I discovered chiefly by reading the completed manuscript back to Don, letting him correct the errors, and recording his hearty laughter and somber silences.

Some parts of the account still appear a little strange and unreal to me, when I am away from Don and Hopiland for a while. But when I come again into close contact with him and his culture, they ring true. I fear, therefore, that the only way the reader can become convinced of the validity of certain passages is to know Don for himself. And to many this is entirely possible, for he wishes to win new friends.

The story ends with Don in Oraibi. He considers his trip East as the crowning event of his life, and there is no question but that it made a deep impression upon him; but he will have to live again in Hopiland before it can be studied in proper perspective.

To specialists in culture and personality problems I wish to emphasize that the task is unfinished. The data have been gathered and prepared with great care, checked and counterchecked for accuracy in details, but the interpretation of the data in terms of personality development has only begun. Although the present document is a greatly abridged account, no type of information that seemed pertinent to the investigation has been consciously ignored and a complete file of the original records is available for study. Moreover, Don is still coöperating by recording his daily experiences, and may provide additional data for proof or disproof of particular hypotheses. The material is offered at the present time in the hope that experts in the various approaches to the study of individual behavior in social and cultural perspective will see fit to criticize and coöperate in the formulation of hypotheses, the testing of theories, and the extraction of principles that may have more general application.

The Hopi in Oraibi

Oraibi, the home of Don C. Talayesva, is reputed to be the oldest continuously inhabited town in the United States. It is a pueblo of terraced, flat-topped, earth-roofed, and connected stone dwellings built upon a bleak and barren rock ledge on a high, arid plateau—a southern extension of Black Mesa—in Arizona, 100 miles east of the Grand Canyon and approximately 60 miles north of the Santa Fe Railroad. Here for 800 years or more the Hopi Indians have managed

to survive amid droughts, famines, disease, and predatory raiders and to maintain their ethnic and cultural integrity to a considerable degree in spite of Spanish conquerors, Catholic priests, Protestant missionaries, and many benevolent but often ill-advised agents of the United States Government. At the time of Don's birth (1890) the population of Oraibi exceeded 1,000. Forty miles to the west was Moenkopi, an Oraibian settlement of probably 200 persons who lived on the banks of the Little Colorado River and returned to the home village to fulfill their ceremonial obligations. To the east of Oraibi on First and Second Mesas were 6 other Hopi pueblos which, in 1890, had about 1,500 inhabitants. On the easternmost, or First Mesa, was also situated the pueblo of Hano, inhabited by Tewa Indians who had intermarried with the Hopi.

Although of heterogeneous origin, the Hopi—believed to be descendants of prehistoric cliff dwellers—speak a dialect of the Shoshonean branch of the Uto-Aztecan linguistic stock, and reveal typical Indian racial characteristics in their reddish-brown skin, high cheek bones, broad faces, and straight black hair. The men are short, averaging five feet four-and-one-half inches, and are well framed, hard muscled, and agile. The women are about five inches shorter and when young are rather fair-skinned, lithe, and graceful; but as they grow older they become portly, though almost never clumsy or lazy. The Hopi are a peace-loving people, as their name implies ("Hopi" means peaceful people), and display good fellowship and humor, but they maintain a poise which reflects courage and self-confidence. Whenever they were attacked by marauding Apache, Navahos, and Utes, they defended their homes on the mesa tops with great valor and have even made devastating counterattacks, although armed with nothing better than wooden clubs, sinew-backed bows, and reed arrows tipped with flint or obsidian.

Life has been hard on this sandy, rock-laden, and semibarren plateau 6,500 feet above sea level. With precipitation averaging scarcely ten inches a year, water is a chief problem for survival. Rainstorms are confined mainly to midsummer and often occur in torrential downpours, which cause considerable damage to the soil and the very scanty vegetation. In March and April strong windstorms tear grow-

ing plants to shreds, fill the few springs with sand, not infrequently bury scrub trees and houses, and literally move fields of sand and soil about over the desert. Sage, yucca, scrub cedars, greasewood, cactus, and other semidesert plants afford very little food, have small utility for building purposes, and provide scant fuel, which must, at that, be carried several miles to the village.

Since it is essential to cover much territory in search of subsistence—piñon nuts, juniper berries, mesquite beans, prickly pears, and many other wild seeds, roots, leaves, and fruits—travel and transportation are vital problems, and the Hopi have become famous for their ability to cover long distances on foot and with considerable speed. Until recently, and quite often even now, all the food and fuel and much of the water, occasionally in the form of ice blocks, had to be laboriously borne to the mesa top on human backs with the aid of carrying straps or blankets. The beams used for the roofs of houses were transported many miles and all the brush and adobe and much of the building stone had to be lugged, or more recently hauled, up the mesa.

The native fauna—bear, deer, antelope, cougar, wildcat, badger, wolf, fox, and coyote—have long been too scarce to provide an important source of food supply; but they are eagerly hunted with religious ritual, killed in communal drives with bows of oak and flint-tipped arrows, or recently with firearms, and are highly prized for their furs, hides, bones, and meat. Foxes, coyotes, rabbits, rats, and prairie dogs are also hunted in parties, slain with curved throwing sticks, and eaten with considerable relish. Animals were once trapped in flat stone deadfalls and birds caught in horsehair or yucca-string snares. Fowls are rarely eaten, insects or serpents are never used for food, and fish are not available. Dogs are domesticated but almost never eaten. Turkeys are domesticated and highly prized for their plumes, which are used in the ceremonies. Hawks and eagles are kept in captivity part of the year and their feathers employed for making the sacred prayer sticks, called *pahos,* and for sacrifice to the gods. They are never eaten.

Long and arduous journeys, with elaborate ritual and ceremony, were formerly made to procure salt. Clay and various materials for

native dyes are borne long distances for the making of pots and other utensils. Twigs from small bushes are stripped of their bark, dried, dyed, and woven into plaques and baskets for domestic use.

The native fare is predominantly vegetarian. Every herb is carefully studied for its food values and medicinal properties. Cultivated plants like maize, beans, squash, watermelons, and sunflowers are staples. They are carefully planted in the sand drifts and gullies, closely guarded from worms, insects, and windstorms, and cultivated through floods and droughts with the utmost diligence and patience. Corn is truly the "staff of life." Centuries of selection have produced a type of corn and cotton that can germinate and mature within a very short time.

The Spanish priests—first known to the Hopi in 1540—built a chapel and residence at Oraibi in the early part of the seventeenth century but were all massacred in a general uprising in 1680, and the Catholic church never reopened its mission. While the Hopi rejected the religion of the Spanish priests, they kept their peaches and apricots and adopted their sheep, burros, and horses, which produced fundamental changes in their system of maintenance. But in spite of these and more recent improvements under the supervision of the United States Government, life is still very hard at Oraibi. An individual born there of Hopi parents in 1890 was destined to live a life in very close contact with a raw, harsh, and difficult environment.

The organization and division of labor include practically every person in Oraibi with the exception of very young children and extremely incapacitated adults. Daily work is highly conventionalized, being based chiefly on sex and less definitely on age and special aptitudes. Formerly the men protected the village from raiding enemies and some of them were organized into a military system. Men engage in the more energetic outdoor occupations such as hunting, herding, farming, and fuel gathering (both wood and coal). They also do the heavier work in housebuilding, make extensive expeditions for hunting and trade, perform most of the ceremonies, and regulate civil and political activities. In the village much of the men's work centers in the *kivas*—underground rectangular chambers which serve as a combination of chapel, lodge, assembly hall, men's sleeping quarters, and

clubhouse. Here they card and spin wool and cotton, weave blankets, heavy black *mantas* (women's dresses), kilts, and belts. They make moccasins and beads in the kiva, manufacture and repair tools and weapons, prepare paint, cut hair, tan hides, carve Katcina dolls, and repair the sacred masks and other ceremonial paraphernalia. A few Hopi men are silversmiths. It is also in the kiva that the men relate stories and legends of their tribe, play indoor games, practice songs and Katcina dances, and perform the secret and esoteric parts of their elaborate religious ceremonies. The healing arts are in the hands of the men, except for midwifery and the application of herbs, poultices, and hot stones, and even these treatments are more often carried out by them.

The women's activities center in the homes which they own and usually occupy throughout their lives; residence is matrilocal and marriage monogamous. Women perform most of the housework, cook, care for the children, grind corn—great quantities of it—cultivate garden patches, and assist in housebuilding or repair. They bring almost all the water from springs and cisterns, dry peaches and vegetables, care for the chickens, plaster the earthen floors and stone walls of the houses—both inside and out—watch over the stores of food, and manufacture pots and baskets. Although men weave all the native clothing, women often sew and repair their own and their children's dresses, many of which are now purchased from local traders. Women also engage in considerable trade and barter. Since they own the cultivated land under the supervision of the clan and village chiefs, they claim most of the produce and equipment that are brought into the household. The men possess their own jewelry, personal equipment, farming tools, horses, herds, and ceremonial paraphernalia. But women also own some herds, horses, field houses, and orchards, although they almost never engage in herding or in heavy farm work.

Work parties, consisting of men, women, or both, are very popular. Men coöperate in clearing and fencing fields, planting, harvesting, sheep shearing, clearing the sand out of springs, coal digging or wood gathering, kiva repairs, and weaving wedding outfits. They also go in parties on hunting and trading expeditions. Women form parties for grinding corn, repairing houses, cooking for feasts, sewing, making

pots and plaques, and cultivating the gardens. Groups of men and women coöperate in housebuilding, cleaning out springs, harvesting crops, sweet-corn bakes, and in expeditions for the collection of plants for food, yucca roots for head washing, materials for the manufacture of pots and plaques, and fagots for fuel.

The Hopi possess neither a federal government nor a supreme chief. Each pueblo is politically independent, although on rare occasions of great public calamity the chiefs of different villages meet for discussion, prayer, and occasionally for combined action. Within a pueblo authority is chiefly theocratic and is vested in a council of hereditary clan chiefs, who are also heads of religious fraternities and often of kiva organization. No sharp distinction is made between religious, civil, and secular duties. Succession to office, like inheritance, almost always follows the female line. A man's sister's son, not his own son, succeeds him in office, with some right of selection accorded to the previous incumbent. Certain members of the council hold special offices, and the Village Chief, who is usually head of the Bear Clan, directs all council activities and exercises a right of veto on proposals coming before the council. In Hopi theory the Village Chief owns in trust all the land around the pueblo, all the houses, and the crops; the people are considered to be his "children" and call him "father." Therefore, he decides all disputes about land and most of those about property. He is required to keep a "good heart" and not to become angry, lest the people suffer. A Crier Chief makes public the decisions of the council and announces impending ceremonies as well as other public functions. A War Chief (*Kaletaka*) assists the Village Chief in the supervision of affairs and in the settlement of all disputes. Laws are traditional and unwritten, infractions are few, and penalties are rare—other than ridicule and social ostracism, which can be very sharp. There are no courts, no policemen, and no fines except those imposed by the agents of the United States Government. Theft in former days was very rare indeed; and murder by violence is practically unknown. Disagreements, arguments, and troubles of various kinds do arise to upset the community but they manage to get themselves settled without overt danger to anyone, perhaps owing to the strong traditions against violence. The decisions of the council and Village

Chief are regarded as final by everyone; indeed, individuals say they would have to leave the village if the Chief ordered them to do so. The political functions of the village are entirely in the hands of the "hierarchy" of hereditary priests operating under religious sanctions, for its council is chiefly a religious body, which, in order to maintain its purity of mind, does not meddle in quarrels unless absolutely necessary.

There are practically no generally recognized class demarcations that have much bearing upon social participation. However, certain clans are regarded as more important than others by reason of the offices or ceremonies which they control and of traditional accounts of what they have contributed to the welfare of the village.

Every adult male is a member of a kiva group—there were once thirteen or more in Oraibi—which represents another formal type of organization in Hopi society. Membership in a kiva group is usually arranged by the ceremonial father. Don became a member of the *Tawaopi* (Sun Hill) kiva through his ceremonial father, and later inherited ownership of the kiva through his uncle, Talasquaptewa. It is in this kiva that the Soya1 ceremony has been performed in recent years. Membership in a kiva is never confined to one clan, for ceremonial fathers are never of the same clan as their sons. Although much economic and social activity goes on in a kiva, its main use is for the performance of ceremonies. During a ceremony members of a kiva who are not participants move out, since most of the ritual is secret. Women are not allowed in the kivas—except the Marau kiva, which they own—unless to attend Katcina dances or as special participants in a ceremony.

In each pueblo the Hopi are organized into exogamous, matrilineal clans, which usually extend throughout the tribe, are totemically named, and are loosely linked into phratries, which are likewise exogamous. Each clan is composed of one or more lineages, closely associated with a "household." The individual's ceremonial and daily life is regulated by a more or less systematic classificatory system of kinship (Crow type), which is based in part upon genealogical relationships. Residence is matrilocal, and descent, inheritance, and succession are matrilineal. Beyond the basic differentiation of relatives the Hopi

have numerous methods of extending the range of kinship, and an individual may be potentially related in some manner to the majority of persons in both the village and the tribe. In many instances there are multiple forms of relationship which the individual may utilize as he chooses. There are also means of extending kinship to other clans and even tribes by adoption and by the recognition of relationship through the same totemic names.

The kinship system is fundamental to both the social organization of the Hopi and the participation of the individual in his society. It regulates most of his interpersonal relations and may be said to afford a sort of blueprint of his "social personality." It establishes his potential status and role, formulates an elaborate network of relationships between himself and scores or even hundreds of other persons, provides standardized formulas of social interaction, and insures for him numerous rights, privileges, and obligations which are in part reciprocal. It also specifies and conventionalizes the degree of permissible approach and necessary avoidance in more intimate personal affairs such as early childhood dependency, parental and sibling relations, courtship and marriage, and participation in fraternal life, as well as in economic, ceremonial, and recreational activities. No person in Hopi society ever makes use of all his kinship prerogatives: he reciprocates in many, probably neglects a majority, exploits a few, and is in turn exploited. Whenever two or more individuals meet in Hopi society, the first act is to establish the relationship of each to the other, and from there on behavior usually follows a customary and almost ritualized course. Indeed, in the association of men with women, neglect to establish the fact of relationship may lead to critical consequences, as in the case of Don's first love affair.

The importance of kinship in the regulation of personal behavior appeared so obvious in the present study that information on this point was gathered in considerable detail and an effort was made to construct a "social map," or kinship chart, which would indicate the relationship to Don of every individual who plays any important role in the life history. It also proved useful to develop a key formula descriptive of the various categories and degrees of relationship involved, so that the reader could look up the name of any per-

son in an alphabetical list and see roughly what relationship he held to Don.[3]

The Hopi have peopled the imaginary world with hosts of supernatural agents. In fact, they hold that nearly everything in nature possesses spirits, and that some of them are far more powerful than others. Their reverence for their dead relatives and communion with them also suggest ancestor worship. In Hopi belief all prosperity depends upon propitiating the deities. Crude rock shrines are erected to them in the villages and fields and at far-distant places; and some shrines are equipped with figurines and images. Within an environment where survival is difficult at best, almost as much effort is expended in worship as in work. "If we could pick the threads of religion from the warp and woof of Hopi life there apparently would not be much left."[4]

In briefest summary, according to Don and other Oraibians, the Hopi gods may be listed in the following order of importance. The Sun is the highest god. He ("Our Father") is believed to be a strong, middle-aged "man," who makes daily journeys across the sky, lights and heats the world, and sustains all life. In the far-distant oceans to the east and west live two aged goddesses of hard substance (Hurung Wuhtis), who still answer Hopi prayers. Associated with the Sun are the Moon and Star gods (both male and female) who assist him in his important work. Eagle and Hawk deities also live in the sky and look after the interest of the people. Lesser sky gods are the wind, lightning, thunder, rain, and rainbow deities. Serpent deities live in the springs and control the water supply. Below these gods in rank are the Six-Point-Cloud-People, departed ancestors who visit Oraibi in billowy clouds and drop a little rain on the parched lands. Masau'u, the god of fire and death, is master of the underworld of spirits but resides also in shrines near the Hopi villages. He is a restless nightwalker who carries a firebrand and guards the people while they sleep. Muyingwa lives below the earth with his wife and looks after the germination of all seeds and the growth of plants. The old Spider Woman (who is

3. For a guide to kinship see Appendix, pp. 451–465.

4. Walter Hough, *The Hopi Indians*, p. 71. 1915, Cedar Rapids.

also the Salt Woman) lives with her grandsons, the Twin War gods, in a shrine near each village, but resides also at many other distant places. She, with the War gods, protects the interest of all good and faithful Hopi. There are a Corn-Mother and her Corn-Maidens who watch over the maize plants, and the Mother-of-Wild-Animals who rewards the hunters with game. The Katcinas, ancestral spirits, are in contact with the Oraibians six months of every year and promote the prosperity of the village with their masked dancing and by conveying the prayers of the people to the more important gods. Every person also has a Spirit Guide who may protect him from danger and direct his course throughout life. In addition to these and other well-known supernatural agents there are many unidentified spirits—both benign and malignant—who frequent Oraibi and must be avoided, coerced, or propitiated.

The Hopi ceremonies are extremely complicated, predominantly religious, and usually performed for the express purpose of insuring rain, promoting the growth of crops, and safeguarding health and long life. Each ceremony has a special place in the calendar, is associated with a fraternity which is responsible for its observance, is "owned" by a particular clan which provides the Chief Priest, and is performed in a certain kiva. Membership in a fraternity is made up of different clansmen whose induction involves elaborate initiation rites. Although a few persons are accepted through trespass into tabooed areas or by treatment for disease by a ranking priest, new members are usually sponsored by ceremonial "fathers" or "mothers."

When Don was a small boy there were at least thirteen fraternities in Oraibi. The Katcina society included all persons above the age for initiation (seven to eleven years). Some Katcinas were also inducted into the Powamu fraternity to serve as "fathers and mothers" of the Katcinas. The Wowochim with its three related fraternities—Ahl, Tao, and Kwani—was exclusively for men, and membership in one of them was necessary for adult status in the tribe and for active participation in the Soyal ceremony. The Soyal fraternity consisted of Wowochim men, with the Village Chief as High Priest, and a few women who held very special positions. The Snake, Antelope, Blue Flute, and Gray Flute fraternities were responsible for the more im-

portant ceremonies performed in the summer months. There were also three women's societies—Marau, Lakon, Ooqol—which performed ceremonies in the fall to celebrate the harvesting of crops. Formerly there were "clowning" fraternities, although persons could perform as clowns without being members of them. Also, there were once "curing" fraternities, or at least a "Fire Fraternity" (Yaya) for the treatment of burns. Old Tuvenga was a member of this society. There was likewise a Kaletaka or Warrior fraternity, the qualifications of membership in which required the taking of a scalp and nightly vigilance in guarding the village. Talasvuyauoma was the War Chief of this society. It is commonly asserted that the Bowakas, evil-minded witches who possess "two hearts," have a secret fraternity where they frequently meet at night to promote mischief. At one time there was an "eye seeker" society (Poboctu), engaged in healing diseases and in counteracting the evil influences of the Bowakas.

In addition to the more serious ritualistic ceremonies, there are social ceremonies such as the Buffalo, Butterfly, and Eagle dances, which are performed in fall or spring to bring moisture and insure good crops. Every ceremony consists of secret, esoteric, and very complicated rituals performed in the kiva—e.g., smoking, fasting, prayers, songs, dances, medicine making, and altar worship—and at public dances, and the running of foot races or the performance of rituals in the plaza or at sacred springs or shrines. Strict continence is required of all actual participants during the ceremony and for four days thereafter. Many ceremonies are concluded with feasts and the distribution of food or other gifts. Some ceremonies are repeated on a smaller scale semiannually. Considerable social pressure is brought to bear upon the leaders of the ceremonies to keep pure minds and hearts, to perform the rituals letter-perfect, and thus to protect the people from misfortunes.

The Hopi ceremonial year may be said to begin in late November with the opening of the Wowochim ceremony, which is associated with the generation of new fires, the worship of Masau'u, and the initiation of new members, which customarily occurs every four years. The elaborate initiatory rites symbolize the change from youth to manhood. The Wowochim is performed by the Wowochim, Ahl,

Tao, and Kwani fraternities and is believed to portray what happened in the underworld and how the Hopi managed to escape. New fire is kindled by drill in the Kwani kiva, while the High Priest of the Kwani fraternity impersonates Masau'u, after which offerings are carried to the shrines of this great god of fire and death.

The Soyal ceremony follows soon after Wowochim in December and is under the direction of the Soyal fraternity. All Wowochim, Ahl, Tao, and Kwani members coöperate and, in fact, all officials and clan chiefs participate. Everyone in the village is deeply concerned in the performance of this elaborate ceremony, the making of *pahos*, and the offering of prayers and sacrifices for the welfare of everything in Hopi life—indeed, in the whole world. The ceremony is associated with the winter solstice and the Sun god, who is believed to control all life and to perform the same ceremony at his southern "house" before returning north. There is a simpler summer-solstice ceremony performed annually by the chief of the Sun Clan. Don has participated in the Soyal for thirty years, has been an important official in it as Chief of the Sun Clan, and now owns the kiva in which it is performed. He probably knows the entire ceremony in all its elaborate detail and certainly regards its performance as the most important obligation in his life.

The Powamu ceremony, observed in February, is controlled by the Chief of the Badger Clan with the assistance of the Katcina Chief. It consists of growing beans in the kivas, keeping vigils, the performance of an elaborate ritual, the initiation of children into the Powamu and Katcina fraternities, and welcoming large numbers of returning Katcinas. The deity of germination is impersonated by the Powamu priest, and the emergence of the Hopi from the underworld is dramatized—particularly the origin and migrations of the Badger Clan. The Powamu ceremony is said to be held in order to melt the snows, banish cold weather, and prepare the fields and gardens for planting. A fine growth of bean sprouts is regarded as a good omen for a rich harvest.

From December until July, and particularly from the conclusion of the Powamu ceremony, both masked and unmasked Katcina dances are very popular in all the villages. There are no prescribed dates

for these dances. During the winter months they are usually held at night within the kiva but in summer they are performed in the plazas and last all day. A dance is sponsored by an individual who wishes to receive a special blessing such as recovery from a disease, or to insure the prosperity of the entire village. The dances are under the supervision of the High Priest of the Katcina fraternity, who is also Chief of the Katcina Clan. He is assisted by a "Katcina father" of the Powamu society, and other "fathers" are likely to participate in the ceremony. The Katcina dancers are men, although they impersonate women. Don maintains that in these dances he has enjoyed the greatest pleasures of his life.

In July is observed the Niman or farewell dance of the Katcinas. This is a home-coming festival for Hopi everywhere. It is an especially happy day for the children, for the Katcinas bring great loads of corn, beans, melons, peaches, and other gifts to them, including new Katcina dolls and brightly painted bows and arrows. This is the dance at which the brides of the year make their appearance and the men break spruce boughs from the costumes of the Katcinas and plant them in their fields with prayers for their crops. The Katcinas depart westward and are not seen again until the next December. On the following day the sacred eagles and hawks are strangled and prayerfully dispatched to their "home."

In August of even-numbered years, according to the Christian calendar, the Snake and Antelope ceremonies are performed jointly, alternating with the Blue and Gray Flute ceremonies in odd-numbered years. They are for the propitiation of the Snake deities and to insure plenty of spring water and abundant rain for the maturing crops. The ceremonies dramatize the legends of the Snake Clan and the Snake Priests gather their "elder brothers"—rattlers, bull snakes, and others—wash them ritually, and carry them in their teeth during the public dance. They are then released with prayers to convey to the Rain deity. Only the pure in mind and heart can dance successfully with the very wise and sacred snake in his mouth. In the Flute ceremony a pilgrimage is made to the spring, a ritual is performed, and a priest dives to the bottom of the pool to bring up pahos and ritual objects. Then the procession returns to the village and performs at the shrines

in the plaza, accompanied by the blowing of an old and sacred flute. Although Don tried to become a member of the Snake society by trespass, going into the territory where the men were hunting snakes, he failed twice.

In September of even-numbered years the Lakon, or Women's Basket dance, is performed; and in October of odd-numbered years the women's Marau and Ooqol ceremonies are observed. All three ceremonies have much in common and are said to be held in honor of the goddess of germination. Altars are set up in the kivas where the elaborate rites are observed. The ceremonies conclude with a Basket dance in the plaza and the public distribution of various small gifts—plaques, baskets, household utensils, food, and other articles. Competitors wrestle vigorously for these gifts. Although Don's grandfather, Homikniwa, was Assistant Chief Priest of the Ooqol, Don has never participated in these ceremonies other than as an interested spectator and competitor for the gifts.

Even at the time of Don's birth (1890) factions had arisen in Oraibi which threatened to disrupt the ceremonies. These culminated in the "Split" in 1906 when many people moved to Hotavila. The ceremonies were gradually discontinued until now only the Powamu and the Soya1 are observed at Oraibi with anything like their complete ritual. But in recent years many of them have been revived in Hotavila where the Oraibi people attend, often as envious spectators.

Don's life spans the period in which the ceremonies have disintegrated and the old village of Oraibi has dropped in population from more than 1,000 to about 125. He is keenly aware of the fact that the ceremonies will never be revived in their traditional purity and that Old Oraibi will soon be another pueblo ruin. But he holds steadfastly to the orthodox teachings of his uncles and fathers as the "only way of life" for him and is a conservative and loyal supporter of the Village Chief.

For a comprehensive bibliography on the Hopi see George P. Murdock, *Ethnographic Bibliography of North America*. Yale Anthropological Studies, Vol. I, pp. 142–145. New Haven, 1941, Yale University Press.

Autobiography

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