



RESOUND

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Recording on the Hopi Reservation, 1968-1981

Harold Courlander

I began working on traditions and oral literature in Hopi country in the summer of 1968, and the process itself turned out to be as fascinating and educational as the material I managed to record. I discovered that what was regarded as true and accurate in one village was seen as unreliable or false in another. Different clans sometimes had different accounts of what we understand as history. Certain narratives were regarded as the property of a particular clan and could not be told by members of other clans. Some stories, though they could be told by anyone, were not considered authentic unless told by a member of a particular village. Various narratives or explanations were the possession of one kiva society or another. And there was no general concurrence on creation myths, clan migrations or origins, or even on events that had occurred during the lifetimes of persons still living. I learned soon that any fragment of oral literature was only a version, with countless other versions out there somewhere waiting to contradict it.

In the beginning, at least, the sources of authority were perplexing. Who had the ultimate responsibility for various kinds of information? Who could give permission if permission was needed? There was a standard political structure in all the villages—village chief, war chief, crier chief and so on, each associated with a particular clan and the special roles such clans played in village life. There were ceremonial and kiva chiefs with tie-ins to clans and groups of clans, and in some matters their authority was greater than that of the village chief. Sometimes the words of an ordinary elder were paramount, as when he was called upon to testify about something that had happened in earlier years, or what a village chief had said or decreed and what it signified.

I have begun with this prologue only to give a sense of what any researcher in Hopi life must deal with to get certain information for which he is searching. My quest for oral literature encountered other problems as well. For one thing, in most of the villages there is a degree of reluctance to talk to outsiders about traditions. When the



Don Talayesva (Chuka), Sun Clan, of the village of Oraibi.

first wave of anthropologists and other scholars started to appear on the scene around the turn of the century they were graciously received. But traditions (including ceremonies, dances, songs, myths, clan stories and ritual objects) belonged to clans or kiva groups, and when they began to be replicated in photographs, books and museums there was a Hopi sense that these things had been misappropriated and secrets made public. Hopis became less and less gracious about sharing their traditions with outsiders. By the time I arrived, visitors were banned from bringing cameras and tape recorders into most of the villages, except under exceptional circumstances. Also an occasional problem was the split in the villages between the Traditionals (once called Hostiles) and the Progressives (originally called Friendlies) which will be illuminated briefly in the paragraphs that follow.

I began my work (though I never thought of it as work, but rather as adventurous exploration) in the westernmost village of Moencopi in 1968. There was no logical reason

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From the Director

Ruth M. Stone

The Video Revolution and Archives

Videotape is rapidly becoming the most popular and ubiquitous technological medium for recording today. An increasing number of collectors who deposit their materials at the Archives of Traditional Music are choosing videotape in order to capture sound and action simultaneously. They are outnumbered, however, by the ordinary people around the world who document their families, their lives, and their travels with videotape.

My personal experience with videotape illustrates some of the rapid changes the medium has undergone. Back in 1975 when I was preparing for doctoral dissertation research, my husband and I purchased a black-and-white reel-to-reel videotape recorder. Then the state-of-the-art in consumer portability, that now cumbersome machine consisted of a camera and a separate recorder attached by cable. With the special video tube for recording in low-light conditions, we had fine equipment for that point in time.

During an interview for a national grant, I was asked how I thought the people whose music I was preparing to study would be able to interpret video images. As I quickly discovered, the Kpelle people I invited to view images of musical performance were quite adept at learning the visual codes of video and commenting upon what they viewed. For many of them this opportunity to watch video was their first, but their ease with video outpaced the expectations of many Westerners.

Fifteen years later, I returned to Liberia to carry out fieldwork once again, this time with a lightweight camera that contained the entire recording mechanism and was equipped with automatic controls of all kinds. The video revolution had come to Totota, that small town ninety miles from the coast, where we had spent our year of doctoral dissertation research. The itinerant film projectionist who brought movies to town on market days and projected Hindi, martial arts, or Black American films, had been replaced by a resident entrepreneur who operated a video viewing shop on a nightly basis. The residents of Totota applauded this change because they had increased access to representations of life beyond their town and the price had decreased from \$.75 to \$.25 for admission. In a similar way, the capital of Monrovia had sprouted numerous neighborhood video viewing shops and the elite owned their own video players for home video showings.

Our former research assistant, James Weegi, who had previously moonlighted by taking still photographs of weddings, was now being asked to make video recordings of those events for his clients. Many upper class Liberians exchanged and acquired videotapes. When I recorded the funeral of a former government minister, I was asked to provide a copy to the family for their long-term viewing. The people on the eastern coast of Arabia, during my research there in the mid-1980s, proved to be avid producers as well as consumers of videotape.

Wedding receptions, held in separate halls of the same hotel for men and women, were documented for later family viewing.

When I traveled to Oman and visited the town of Sur, some three hours drive from the capitol, Muscat, a small group gathered in a local home to relax prior to the start of an Afro-Omani healing ceremony. As we sat on fine carpets on the floor, the television was playing videos of local performances. Our host was playing a copy of one of the videos that had been recorded on a systematic recording project conducted by the Oman Centre for Traditional Music in every major region of the country. The archive, established in the 1980s, was based upon video recordings and possessed only a few audio recordings. In addition to the recordings made by professional television crews serving the archives, I found an interesting home video there. Someone had made a video of a wedding celebration held on the island of Zanzibar off the east coast of Africa. Though the technical quality of the video was not outstanding, the content was of considerable interest. The home video showed an event known as *lewah*. The OCTM possessed footage of *lewah* as practiced in Oman, and I was able to begin making some interesting comparisons.

People in the Middle East, Africa and many other parts of the world have identified with and adopted videotape as a significant consumer product. Through it they have new access to entertainment and documentation from other parts of the world. They are increasingly able to record their own lives and replay events back to themselves. In the local towns near the oil community where I lived, video stores were thriving as expatriate workers from the United States, Philippines, Korea, Pakistan, England, and many other places purchased video recording and playback equipment for use in Arabia and in their home countries.

We have reason to believe that videotape recording will continue to be a popular way for ordinary people and scholars alike to document lives and performances. As we accession more and more of these tapes in the Archives of Traditional Music, our concern becomes that of preservation. Videotape is a relatively impermanent medium and deterioration seems to result in a few years. When I recently had my 1976 reel-to-reel tapes copied to cassette format, I discovered that not only were reel-to-reel recorders obsolete and nearly nonexistent, but that tape recorded nearly fifteen years ago was definitely showing signs of deterioration despite careful storage. The technician reported that during playback the tape heads became coated with a sticky residue from the reel video tape and had to be frequently cleaned.

We do have reason to believe, however, that advances in computer and laser disk technology will soon provide us with a more permanent medium to which we can transfer video material. In fact, the advances in computer technology are pointing to the possibility that we shall shortly store documentation, music sound, and video picture together on the computer and that our access to that material will be much easier than it has been in the past.

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for starting there except that I had previously corresponded with a Hopi family in Moencopi, one of whose children I had assisted with her schooling expenses. Her parents, Uwaikwiota and his wife Tsaktamana¹, welcomed me warmly and almost immediately offered to record stories for me. Within a week or so I had recorded a number of cassettes. All the material was, in the Hopi sense, public domain—that is to say, it did not belong to any particular clan or kiva group.

But I still didn't understand all the rules of the game. I browsed elsewhere in Moencopi for informants, meeting and talking with people casually, one might say testing the ice. The next day when I went to my friends' house, Uwaikwiota said, "I almost decided not to help you any more." I asked why. He said he had seen me talking to So-and-so in the upper village. I acknowledged it and said I was just getting general information about Moencopi, how old it was and so on. Uwaikwiota said, "That man you were talking to is working for the Progressives. I don't have anything to do with him." I told him I was trying to get acquainted in the village, as any researcher would want to do, and certainly hadn't meant any harm. Uwaikwiota then relaxed and began to tell me of the split between Traditionals and Progressives that dated back to the breakup of Oraibi in 1906, much of which I already knew.² The schism had been widened by the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934, which provided for elections in all the villages for representatives to a tribal council, the Government's objective being to create a central authority with which it could deal. The Traditionals contended that the Hopis already had their own government and refused to participate in the voting. The consequence was that the Progressives, though a minority, won overwhelming control of the Hopi Tribal Council.³

The U.S. Government had installed water reservoirs in most of the villages by the time I arrived in 1968. Logically, in Moencopi the reservoir was located on the highest ground adjoining, as it happened, the upper village where most of the Progressives had their houses. The Traditionals generally thought this to be favoritism, although it was made known that all a family had to do to get running water was to dig a trench from the reservoir for the pipes. While many households accepted, Uwaikwiota and Tsaktamana refused on the grounds that it was not a village decision made in the kiva but a plan devised by the Hopi Tribal Council, and the Traditionals had had nothing to say about it. Several times Uwaikwiota was personally urged to dig his trench and hook into the water system. He told me that he turned the offer down in words like these:

"Who are you people to tell us what should be done? Was this matter discussed in council? Was it ever talked about in the kiva? That is where decisions are made. Water is the most important thing we have to discuss. We never heard anything about it until the tank was put up. You just went ahead and did what you wanted, and now you are telling us what to do as if the water belonged to you."

I asked Tsaktamana where they got their household water. She said, "From the old spring in the lower village, the same place we got it before we moved up here. Now we have to carry it all this distance in pots or tins. Sometimes we're able to use the pickup truck part of the

way, but mostly we carry it on our heads like in the old days." After a pause she added, "You don't have any idea how much water it takes to operate a washing machine."

Uwaikwiota and his wife didn't stop helping me, and they even searched out some elderly people—they generally called them "old timers"—to record for me. On several occasions my family and I went with Uwaikwiota to his field in Pasture Canyon to help him weed corn or set up devices to frighten away crows that were eating his melons. On one of these weeding sessions he told me about a U.S. Department of Agriculture agent who had approached him while he was planting and tried to interest him in using hybrid corn. The agent contrasted the small Hopi corn with the enormous hybrid ears and told Uwaikwiota that if he used the hybrid he would harvest five times the amount of corn from the same space. Uwaikwiota kept telling him the small Hopi corn was adapted to the dry, desert-like earth if planted deep, but the agent persisted until Uwaikwiota said, "Well, I am planting my Hopi corn no matter what you say, but if you want, you can try your hybrid in that corner of the field over there and we'll see what happens."

The agent got a bag of seed out of his car and they meticulously planted his hybrid. Later in the summer he came back to inspect. The Hopi corn was green and had good ears, but the hybrid had only grown a foot or two and the ears were withered. Uwaikwiota told the agent, "I know the white man can teach us something about windmills and machines, but we Hopis have been growing corn since long before you Anglos ever knew it existed. We have learned a lot from you, but don't try to tell us about corn."

There was a good stream running through Pasture Canyon and several Hopis had fields there. But the stream flowed into the canyon from Navajo territory, and the Hopis complained that the Navajos were polluting the water by throwing garbage and rubbish into it. Another problem in the canyon was drifting sand, which sometimes would cover a field completely and make it unusable. I asked how they dealt with that, and Uwaikwiota said they just planted somewhere else for a year or two until the sand drifted off the field and ended up in another part of the canyon, though in a few years it might be back again.

After Moencopi I went to First Mesa at the eastern end of the Hopi Reservation, near Keams Canyon where the Indian Agency is located. First Mesa has three adjoining villages—Walpi, Sichomovi and Hano, or Tewa Village—and down below the mesa near the road is a newer settlement called Polacca. Beginning with two or three tenuous contacts I came to know a number of people in the villages. First Mesa, like Moencopi, had its Traditionals and Progressives, but the differences between them were much more muted and many people occupied a middle ground and didn't define themselves one way or the other. Keams Canyon had a trading post and an eating establishment referred to as the "cafe," really a kind of coffee shop. I often went to the cafe for breakfast. Usually I found the counter preempted by Navajo men who had just come in from the back country in pickup trucks (or occasionally a small covered wagon). Generally speaking, the Navajos were more outgoing than the Hopis, but they weren't quick to pick up with an Anglo stranger. Sometimes I received a little nod, but that was all.



Albert Yava (Nuvayoiyava), Stick or Spruce Clan, of the village of Hano.

The sweeper and cleanup man for the cafe was a Hopi named Polacca, who saw himself as a wit and a clown. The Navajos had had to put up with his clowning antics for some time and generally chose to ignore him. One morning when Polacca passed close to where I was sitting I noticed that he was wearing a unique hand-tooled belt. I asked him if he could tell me where I could get a belt like his. He immediately put down his broom and said, "You like this belt?" I said I admired it and would be proud to have one like it. He said in a voice loud enough to attract the attention of the Navajos, "Here, I'll give you this belt," and started to remove it from his pants. I said, "No, I can't take your belt, but thanks anyway." He said as if deeply offended, "What's the matter? You refuse a gift from an Indian?" By this time the Navajos were all looking at us. I said, "No, it's not that. I just want to know where I can get one like it." Polacca became eloquent, saying something like, "Don't you know that when an Indian offers you something you're supposed to take it? Otherwise you're insulting him." I said I certainly had no intention of offending him, but I couldn't accept it. By now he was holding the belt out to me, and he demanded in a loud voice, "Why not?" I said, "Because if I do, your pants will fall down." The Navajos broke out laughing and Polacca sheepishly put the belt back in its loops. After that, whenever I came in for breakfast the Navajos greeted me as a friend and immediately made room for me at the counter.

One friend I had in Walpi, Kilaoka (pseudonym), was very reticent to record anything, but he steered me to several older people who were congenial to talking about Hopi traditions. Every so often I tried to get some simple stories from him, but he always insisted that he didn't know any, and that I'd have to go to the old men. It was like this for about two years. The one Sunday when I was visiting his family he said suddenly, "I have a story for you. I just remembered it. Some time when I have a chance I'll give it to you." I said that would be fine and

asked when he could do it. He said maybe in a few days, and I countered with, "How about right now?" Surprisingly, he agreed, but insisted we'd have to do it outside the village because he didn't want his snooping neighbors to know about it.

We drove back to my motel, only a few miles away. I lighted pipes for the two of us, and then he told me the origin story of the Walpi Reed Clan (a different Reed Clan from that of the more westerly villages). After he was finished with that narrative he still had more to tell. On the way back to Walpi I asked him why he'd made me wait so long. He said his uncle (i.e., his kiva mentor), who was chief of the clan, had just given him permission. In time I came to know his uncle, Tuvengyamtiva, who lived down in Polacca alone except for four dogs who spent their days lying on his bed. Tuvengyamtiva didn't have to ask anyone's permission to talk about his clan's affairs, and he was always glad when I arrived with my cassette recorder.

Sometimes in fun I called Kilaoka my intrepid Indian guide. It was our private joke, relating to a hike we took to the ancient Bear Clan ruins of Terkinovi on the crest of the mesa. I could have easily done it by myself, since Terkinovi was only a mile or two from Walpi. But there was talk going round that a mesa-top crypt belonging to the Yaya Society had been broken into, probably by Anglos, and robbed of its pottery and other ritual paraphernalia.⁴ I didn't want to be seen in that area without a Hopi witness. I drove to Walpi early one morning, but Kilaoka had decided we shouldn't start walking from there. (He too was nervous about the crypt vandalism.) He had me drive down the precipitous back road that passed Wepo Spring, then off onto a side trail that ended at the old house where Tom Polaccaca,⁵ after whom the village of Polacca was named, had lived. We were at the base of the mesa on the back side. I said, "We were on top of the mesa when we started. What are we doing here?" He started climbing, saying something like, "This way is closer." There was nothing to do but follow him.

When we reached the top we were confronted by a huge sand dune. I said, "Well, I sure don't see Terkinovi from here." He explained that we had to get across the dune first. So we started climbing. At every step our legs sank to the knees in the loose sand. It took us nearly an hour, just that dune. Even Kilaoka was exhausted. We went to the mesa edge and I looked back toward where Terkinovi was supposed to be. I couldn't see the ruins, but I could see Walpi, from where we had started. I asked Kilaoka where Terkinovi was, and he pointed to a spot halfway between us and Walpi. I asked what had happened and he answered, "I guess I got a little lost." We never did get to the ruins, and that was when I began calling him "my intrepid Indian guide." Later on, travelling by myself, I did get to other ruins along the Jeddito Wash and elsewhere on all three of the Hopi mesas.

Albert Yava was probably the most knowledgeable of all my friends and informants among the Hopis and Tewas. Born in 1888 to a Tewa mother and a Hopi father, he was classified as a Tewa, though because he was a full-fledged member of the Hopi One Horn Fraternity he was equally considered to be a Hopi. His real name was Nuvayoiyava, but when he entered the government-run school as a child, like other children he was given a first name by his

teachers, and because they couldn't pronounce his given name they shortened it to Yava. I recorded with Yava almost every summer for ten years, and gathered considerable amounts of traditional material, including narratives, personal experiences, descriptions of life in the 1890s, and reflections on Hopi-Tewa culture. Eventually I transcribed onto paper all of Yava's recordings, restructured them, and with his participation transformed them into his autobiography, *Big Falling Snow* (1978). While he was profoundly "Indian" in his values and his view of life, he had the unusual gift of being able to see his culture from the outside as part of a much wider universe.

The Tewas of First Mesa had stories and songs (usually told or sung in the kiva) recounting how they had originally come to Hopi country from the village of Tsewageh, not far from the New Mexico pueblo of Santa Clara, around the year 1700. It was said that a few First Mesa Tewas had journeyed back to see the remains of their original settlement, but I was unable to find anyone who had actually done it. On one of my visits with Albert Yava and his son-in-law Dewey Healing, I told them I would try to find the old site and photograph it. The following summer while in New Mexico on the way to the Hopi Reservation, I located the site of Tsewageh, using as a guide a rough sketch map in John Harrington's *The Ethnogeography of the Tewa Indians* (1916). The walls that were still standing when Harrington saw it were crumbled away, but there were numerous potsherds, flint chips and broken corngrounding stones to mark the site. I photographed the nearby cliffs, marked by a wide stratum of limestone from which the village had taken its name, and was just about to leave when I stumbled across a half-buried polished black maul. One end was broken, but its identity was clear. I brought it to Hano along with the photos, and Yava, Dewey Healing, and other Tewas were delighted. They pored over the photos again and again, confirming to each other that the cliffs and their markings corresponded to the name Tsewageh.⁶ The stone maul eventually was taken into the Hano kiva. I can't say for sure, but I believe they valued it as a physical connection with the village from which they had migrated to First Mesa.

Yava's autobiography, *Big Falling Snow*, appears to have been received with interest and respect among Hopis and Tewas alike. But one Hopi that I know of was not happy about it. Oswald White Bear Fredericks, who had assisted Frank Waters in the writing of *Book of the Hopi*, felt that Yava had slandered him. It is accepted that Waters had drawn extensively on recorded materials provided to him by White Bear, though much of the book was substantially his own. However, Hopis who disputed the contents generally referred to it as White Bear's book, in part because White Bear claimed it as his.

In *Big Falling Snow*, Yava devoted a page or so to comments on various writings about the Hopis. For example, he mentioned certain gross misinformation given to the anthropologist Elsie Clews Parsons. But his strongest criticism was reserved for *Book of the Hopi*. He said much of the information (presumably provided by White Bear) was wrong in substance or detail, farfetched, or even pure invention. He suggested that White Bear went here and there picking up scraps of material, and that his informants "must have told him this and that just to get rid of him." He also said that since White Bear

never had been initiated into any of the most important kiva societies he couldn't possibly have known what he was talking about, or words to that effect. It is understandable that White Bear felt that his prestige had been damaged, since the book had been his main claim to fame on the reservation. Whatever the reason, he never approached Yava directly about the matter. I can only surmise that he did not care to meet Yava face to face.

One evening in 1981, during my last working visit to the reservation, I was having dinner in the Hopi Cultural Center's dining room on Second Mesa when I saw White Bear and his wife Naomi (Chicago-born and Anglo) at another table. Suddenly White Bear, obviously urged on by Naomi, got to his feet and began striding back and forth across the room while delivering an angry oration about a white man who had come to write about Hopi life. It was as if he were orating before a ceremonial council in a kiva. (Needless to say, I understood that he was referring to me.) "And who did this man go to?" he shouted. "He went to a TEWA!" He went on this way for about five minutes. Then he was ready to sit down, but Naomi motioned him to stay on his feet. So he continued striding and declaiming a little while longer. I observed that other Hopis in the dining room seemed irritated by White Bear's performance and were trying to ignore him.

When I finished eating I went to White Bear's table and said I had taken note of his words. I asked if he had anything to add. He didn't say anything, but Naomi filled the void, berating me for writing such things. I reminded them that the words that offended them were Yava's, not mine. Naomi said, "But you were the one who wrote the book. Why didn't you come to us first?" I said it was Yava's work, and Yava had said only what he believed to be true. White Bear exclaimed, "But he is a TEWA!" I said that everyone who knew Yava, and many who didn't, regarded him as a man of knowledge and integrity. He had learned much at the knee of his Hopi father, Sitaiema, who had been the Sun Watcher for all the First Mesa villages, and an important member of the Water Clan. I also mentioned that Yava had been initiated into the One Horn Society, and therefore he was recognized as a full fledged Hopi as well as a Tewa. I asked if Yava was correct in observing that White Bear had never been initiated into any of the four principal Hopi kiva fraternities. This question seemed to take the steam out of White Bear and his wife, and they arose angrily and left the dining room. Several of the Hopis sitting nearby nodded their heads at me, though they did not speak, and I supposed they were indicating their approval.

But I wasn't sure, and later I asked a friend who had been present if what I had done was appropriate or inappropriate according to the Hopi way of thinking. He said that if Yava had been there he probably would have ignored it and let the witnesses make their own judgments. But since he was not present to hear White Bear's grievance, White Bear had acted improperly, as well as foolishly. He said that everyone had a high opinion of Yava and someone had to speak up for him in his absence.

Don Talayesva was another of the "old timers" whom I came to know well. When I first met him (through Abbott Tewaquaptewa, later to become Tribal Chairman), Don's name was already familiar to me as author of *Sun Chief*,

the *Autobiography of a Hopi Indian*, edited by Leo W. Simmons of Yale University (1942). He was about eighty years old, though physically vigorous and young in outlook. When he was working with Simmons he had been brought to Yale for a two-week visit, during which he had participated in roundtable sessions with anthropologists and students. It was one of the peak experiences of Don's life. He not only contributed to academic knowledge, but brought something home with him, including the song "Mademoiselle from Armentières." Once when he was riding in the car with me and my wife he sang the song with much gusto, though in deference to my wife he just mumbled some of the spicier passages. Over a period of years I had numerous recording sessions with Don Talayesva (his Indian name was Chuka, pronounced Djeukah), though very often we just visited and talked about the state of the world, or the inner struggles and crises of Oraibi, where he lived.

Oraibi (as distinct from New Oraibi or Kyakotsmovi) was at that time a badly decayed village. Most of its families had moved down to the new settlement at the foot of the mesa. Don was one of those who stayed in Oraibi. Also remaining there was Myron Poliquaptewa, who had been "annointed" (Don's word) chief of the village years before, but whose chieftaincy had been appropriated by his sister, Mina Lansa. Many times when I came to visit Don he would send for Myron, and the three of us would talk at length about the decline of the village since the "split" or breakup of 1906. I never recorded these discussions because I understood them to be privileged. Much of the substance had to do with Mina Lansa and how she had seized power and become de facto chief.

To get to where Don lived one had to pass Mina's house near the blacktop road, where she had posted a sign telling whites not to enter because of all their treacheries against the Hopis. But anyone with business in Oraibi either stopped at her house to ask permission or entered by a slightly different route. In my case, I always stopped and said I was merely visiting Don and there were no problems. On one occasion when she was outside shelling corn I stayed a while to talk to her. I asked why she had posted the sign telling whites to stay out. She went down the list of the bad things whites had done to the Hopis, how they had perverted Hopi ways, tried to destroy Hopi religion, stolen Hopi land, went back on their promises, and so on. I agreed with so many things she said that I disarmed her. She said, "Well, you aren't like some of those other whites who try to come in here." I tried a little humor, borrowing from an old elephant-and-mouse joke, saying, "I'm not really white. It's just that I've been sick." After a moment of silence she actually laughed, tapping me playfully on the head with her winnowing basket. After that we talked about corn, beans and other such things.

For several years, during the months when I was not on the reservation, Don and I exchanged letters every so often. In one letter he told me his church (I don't know which one) had warned him that if he didn't stop making kachina dolls he would go to hell, and he asked me what he should do. I don't remember exactly what I replied, but I'm certain it was something like, "Don't pay any attention to such silliness." He always signed his letters,

"May your Guide keep your feet on a good and safe trail."

I've never found a neat way to wind up recollections such as these. There are too many things left out, such as numerous Hopi and Tewa people I came to know, and certain events that I haven't the space to talk about. But maybe what I have set down on paper up to this point will at least give the flavor of what it was like for me while I was trying to get the feel of Hopi life and traditions.

FOOTNOTES

¹ For reasons made clear in the preceding text, several of my informants, though wanting to be helpful, preferred that their actual names not be used. Uwaikwiota and Tsaktamana are pseudonyms.

² Accounts of the split and breakup of Oraibi appear in numerous books about the Hopis. Albert Yava tells of it in his autobiography, *Big Falling Snow* (1978), on which I worked with him, and Don Talayesva gives a thumbnail description in my book, *Hopi Voices* (1982).

³ See Yava's recollections in *Big Falling Snow*, *ibid*.

⁴ The Yaya Society had connections with the Reed Clan on First Mesa and with the Somaikoli Kachina group. As described by First Mesa informants, the Yayas were wild and destructive, and eventually their ceremonial performances were discontinued. Though their activities came to an end, I was told, all their paraphernalia were sealed in a cave about two miles north of the villages.

⁵ Tom Polaccaca was a leading member of the Tewa community of Hano, and had a prominent role in inter-village relations and Hopi/Tewa dealings with the U.S. Government. By common usage, Polaccaca became shortened to Polacca.

⁶ Tsewageh, according to my Tewa informants, means "broad white line" or "wide white gap," referring to the limestone stratum in the cliff. Some Tewas used the name Chekwadeh and said it meant approximately the same thing. The site is on a hill south of what is known today as Santa Cruz Creek.

Hopi recordings made by Harold Courlander may be found under accession number 86-112-F.

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