A woman and a young child are standing on a rocky cliff edge. The woman is wearing a red jacket over a white floral dress. The child is wearing a blue jacket and green pants. They are looking towards the camera. The background is a vast, flat landscape under a blue sky with scattered clouds.

# HOPI

BY SUSANNE AND JAKE PAGE

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## THE LAND

**I**t is called *tusqua*, "the land." It extends from Tokonavi (Navajo Mountain, across the border in Utah) to the point on the New Mexico border where Route 40 leaves Arizona, to the northern edge of the White Mountain Apache Reservation, to Bill Williams Mountain, west of Flagstaff, to the rim of the Grand Canyon, where the long trail begins that winds down to the Havasupai Indian Reservation. By far its dominant feature is San Francisco Peaks, eighty miles southwest of the Hopi mesas, the ancient volcanic home of the kachinas and thus the site of the Hopi's most important shrines. This large area is the ancestral land of the Hopi.

San Francisco Peaks and much of surrounding Coconino County are in the charge of the National Forest Service, and since 1962 a modern ski lift has brought many recreationists to the Peaks' west side. The lift and the lodge are operated by a local business, Northland Recreation, of Flagstaff. In late 1980, Northland Recreation sought to exercise its right to build five more ski lifts on the Peaks, and in May 1981 the Hopi tribe and the Navajo Medicine Men's Association (who also regard the Peaks as sacred) joined with Richard Wilson, a non-Indian owner of adjacent land, to file suit against the Forest Service to stop further development. The suit was brought under the American Indian Religious Freedom Act and would be heard by Judge Charles R. Richey of the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C.

One of the points raised by the Forest Service in a pretrial hearing was that Hopi priests on their way up the Peaks to their shrines had used the ski lift to shorten their trek, thus legitimatizing it. So on the day in the summer of 1981 when Susanne accompanied Loren Honwytewa and Fred Kootswatewa, a young man who worked in the Tribal Chairman's office, to the shrines on top of the Peaks, they hiked the entire way: from the

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Prayer feathers and a pouch of sacred cornmeal lie atop a rock near a shrine.

Carvings on the surface record the date of a recent pilgrimage to the site and various clan emblems; the concentric circles are an ancient migration symbol.

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ski lodge, which is at about 9,000 feet, past the top of the ski lift, at about 11,500 feet, to the top, 12,363 feet. They stopped at the first shrine, hidden in a pile of lava boulders, and Loren kneeled and prayed, placing a paho in the small hole, sprinkling it with cornmeal, and smoking his pipe over it.

They had planned to go only to this first shrine, but since they were so near, Loren decided that they should press on to the second shrine, at the top of the highest of the peaks ranged around the old crater. Several hours later, at the second shrine, Loren repeated the ritual, and they paused to look out over the landscape that spread away from them. There was a haze, partly the result of forest fires some 600 miles to the west, in California, and the Hopi mesas were invisible. Before leaving the top, Loren filled his canteen from a patch of snow that still clung to the scree. On the way down, Susanne asked if she could have a drink of the icy water, and Loren gave her the canteen. As she drank, Fred, with a certain look of nervousness, offered Loren a drink from *his* canteen. Susanne stopped in her tracks with an awful realization. The snow in the canteen was not for drinking but for some sacred purpose. She apologized, and Loren waved it off. "It's all right," he said, and they continued down the mountain, returning to the lodge ten hours after they had started out. "Typical," Susanne said afterward. "Loren was simply too polite to refuse."

Afterward I talked about the problem of San Francisco Peaks with Eugene Sekaquaptewa, brother of the then Tribal Chairman. "What you have to understand,"

he said, "is that the kachinas have a great deal to do when they are at home up there. They have to rehearse; they have to practice bringing rain. You can see from here that there are usually clouds over the Peaks. Well, I suppose scientists—you know, meteorologists—would explain it their way, but the Hopi believe that what is going on is the kachinas, the spirits, rehearsing. And if a lot of people start walking around up there, it will interfere. The kachinas are very—what would you say?—very polite, and they would be trying to keep out of the people's way, instead of rehearsing."

Later that summer, Judge Richey decided in favor of the Forest Service on the main issue of the protection of Indian religious freedom. (On a matter relating to the National Historic Preservation Act, he ruled in favor of the tribes and remanded the case to the Forest Service.) The Hopi and the Navajo Medicine Men's Association sought an appeal, and at the same time filed a motion to present newly discovered evidence. It must, of course, be difficult for someone living in Washington, D.C., where the most prominent feature of the landscape is the cluster of high-rise office buildings a mile away, in Arlington across the Potomac River, to imagine how near the Hopi are to the Peaks even though eighty miles separate the Peaks from the Hopi mesas. It is probably impossible for most people to realize that a couple of small piles of rocks located on the rubble-strewn top of the Peaks are as important to the Hopi as, say, St. Peter's is to Roman Catholics. Progress has its own dialectic, though, and development of the Peaks seems inevitable: the ski lodge will probably get its

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liquor license, more lifts will snake up the side of the mountain, a fast-food joint will adorn the upper reaches of the Hopi's modest cathedral, and a swarm of condominiums will be constructed at the gate to the sanctuary.

The loss of ancestral lands is nothing new to the Hopi, or, for that matter, to most other tribes in North America. The Hopi sustained their first—and greatest—loss in 1882 when President Arthur, by executive order, assigned them a rectangle of some 2,400,000 acres in approximately the middle of the large area the Hopi refer to as *tusqua*. At that time, there were approximately 2,000 Hopi within their newly specified borders. Since that time, and until recently, the history of the additional loss of Hopi land is strictly a matter of Navajo encroachment, which has been essentially disregarded by the U.S. government.

To understand what has happened in the intervening years, it is necessary to go back in history. Before 1840 the chief problem the Hopi faced from outside was raiding by other tribes. Ute bands would cross the San Juan River and sweep in to raid Hopi cornfields, then withdraw to their territory in the north. Apache would do the same from their area in what is now central and eastern Arizona. It is highly unlikely that any Navajo laid eyes on San Francisco Peaks before about 1700; the first Navajo raids on Hopi were in the 1840s.

The Navajo are Athabascan stock, related to the Athabascan Indians of Alaska and Canada. So are the Apache. Indeed, it is only in the last few centuries that the two languages—Navajo and Apache—became mutually

incomprehensible. When the Spanish arrived in New Mexico, the Navajo were simply a discrete population among many Apache groups, inhabiting an area northwest of the Rio Grande pueblos. All these people had come down from the north, probably subsequently to the permanent settling of the Hopi mesas. In any event, the people who came to be called Navajo arrived as nomadic bands of hunter-gatherers and, being extremely adaptable, began to elaborate a highly sophisticated world view and culture, borrowing freely from the Pueblo people, upon whom, in the manner of nomads, they also preyed. They must have moved into the area of the Rio Grande before the middle of the sixteenth century, for there is evidence of their raiding before the arrival of the Spaniards and the horse . . . and the sheep.

Twelve years after the Pueblo rebellion of 1680, the Spanish returned to New Mexico. The people of the Rio Grande pueblos and the Spanish worked hand in glove to solve what had become the number one problem of the area—the Navajo. The “Pueblo auxiliaries” outnumbered the Spanish soldiers by about five to one—volunteers, not conscriptees, seeking to free their lives of the omnipresent threat of raids by the Navajo.

Having adopted the horse, the Navajo had become far more efficient raiders. The introduction of sheep gave them an economy. And observing the Spanish social structure, they evolved from small, loose-knit bands into a class society, wherein individual Navajo leaders became wealthy to an unprecedented degree, owning millions of sheep, which were tended by other Navajo in return for

the use of the sheep as needed. Under this oddly feudal system the population was able to grow, and the Navajo extended the territory they inhabited throughout western New Mexico. (Meanwhile the Apache and Comanche, both of whom persisted in being merely raiders, never achieved the kind of economic base that would enable them to support larger and larger populations. Their raids continued, but their numbers remained much the same.)

By the time—in the 1830s—that revolution had expelled the Spanish from Mexico and had put New Mexico into the hands of the Mexicans, the Navajo were without question the main destructive force in the Rio Grande area. The Spanish and the Pueblo auxiliaries had simply not been up to the task of containing them. The Mexican government in New Mexico was almost totally feckless, and for a couple of decades the Navajo, universally feared terrorists, were rampant throughout the area.

In the 1840s Mexico lost New Mexico to the United States. Among the first tasks of the territorial government of the United States was to bring peace to the area, which meant among other things to stem the incessant depredations of the Navajo. In due course, Kit Carson, the famed mountain man, was dispatched to round up and subdue the Navajo, a task that he discharged with ruthless efficiency. A great number of Navajo—about 8,000, representing approximately two-thirds of their entire population—were rounded up and marched 400 miles across the territory of New Mexico to Bosque Redondo and kept in what is sometimes called a military encampment but was in fact an early version of the concentration camp. This

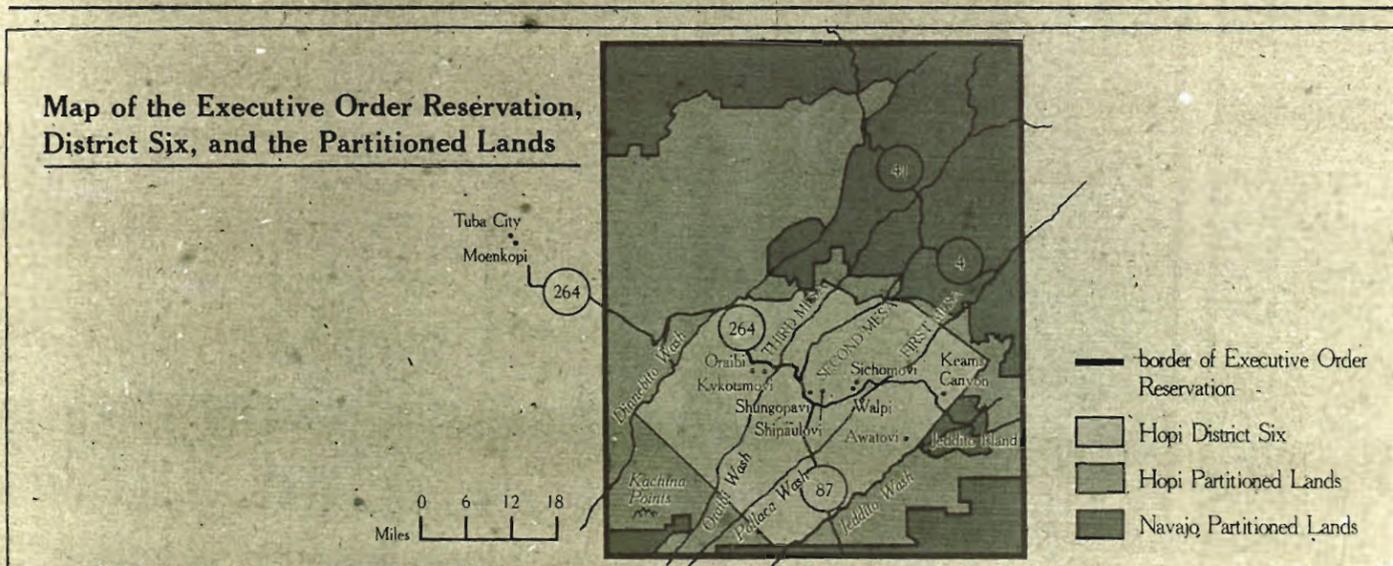
was the infamous Long Walk. Several years later a treaty was concluded and the Navajo were marched off, westward, across New Mexico, and settled on a rectangular piece of land of approximately 3,000,000 acres lying athwart the Arizona–New Mexico border. The Navajo promised in their treaty to remain on that reservation.

In a letter to me on this subject, Abbott Sekaquapewa reviewed some of this history:

“Only a few Navajo had settled in Hopi country before Kit Carson’s campaign. According to U.S. government reports (which were made as a result of repeated appeals for aid by the Hopi and constant friction between the two tribes), there were only 300 Navajo—men, women, and children—in the area set aside by President Chester A. Arthur on December 16, 1882. An earlier survey reported that the *westernmost* penetration of the Navajo in 1848 (in terms of settlements) was a north-south line that is located approximately at the present-day junction of the Chinle road with Arizona State Route 264, a few miles west of Ganado. This agrees with Hopi tradition about the territorial boundaries of the two tribes. This is also the same location where a Hopi, Ta-uo-pu (Pobe) by name, was killed by Navajo out on a plundering mission. Subsequently, this event involving the killing was used to designate the territorial boundary. After 1848 and after Kit Carson started his campaign, the Navajo began going beyond the line into Hopi territory, because *they were in flight to escape Carson. They were hiding out from Carson, not settled there.*”

It seems that the Navajo’s feudal system was crushed

**Map of the Executive Order Reservation,  
District Six, and the Partitioned Lands**



by the demeaning years at Bosque Redondo in eastern New Mexico and by the sequestering in the reservation land which their leaders acceded to when they signed a treaty with the U.S. government. But they began to move west as their population grew. As Sekaquaptewa wrote, "It was after 1868, *after the treaty*, that they began settling in Hopi territory, outside their treaty reservation, and in violation of their treaty with the U.S. *and* a separate treaty with the Hopi."

Around this period the Hopi and the Navajo did formally agree to certain boundaries for the two tribes—those referred to by Sekaquaptewa—and part of the formality of the treaty signing was the conveyance to certain Hopi chiefs of a ceremonial object called the *tiponi*. (About one hundred years later, when the two tribes once again met to discuss the matter of territory, the village chiefs of First Mesa, who had been entrusted with the *tiponi*, produced it as a proof of the old agreement. Apparently, the Navajo denied its importance, though one of them offered to buy it.)

The Navajo continued to move into the Hopi Reservation, and the Hopi continued to complain to the U.S. government, to no avail. Raiding and thievery continued, as the government agents' reports testify, but chiefly the problem was that Hopi were effectively denied the use of much of their land. Each year it became more restricted, though Hopi cattle-owners occasionally ranged as far south as Leupp and east to Ganado.

In the 1940s the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) intervened and decided to treat the Hopi and Navajo res-

ervations as one administrative unit, dividing the entire area into nineteen Land Management Districts, or Grazing Districts, at the same time instituting a massive across-the-board stock-reduction program. Many Hopi refused to move their cattle and were promptly arrested. With the Hopi cattlemen out of the lands to the west of the mesas, the Navajo moved in, disregarding the new grazing regulations. Most of the 100-odd Navajo who had encroached on District Six (one of the nineteen Land Management Districts, comprising 600,000 acres) were moved out; the refusal of some to leave led to a lengthy court battle that saw them evicted after ten years.

One can perhaps sympathize with the BIA of those days and its confusion about how to make native American cultures fit into the limited number of pigeonholes in a rolltop desk, and one can understand its effort to reduce overgrazing and the destruction of the land. Both tribes found the stock-reduction program outrageous, and the Hopi continued to complain to Washington, to no avail. Ultimately, in 1962, a three-judge federal court ratified the arrangement, ruling that District Six was exclusively for the Hopi and that the remainder of President Arthur's rectangle was to be considered a Joint Use Area (JUA) for the two tribes, to be "shared and shared alike." This case, *Healing v. Jones*, was termed "the largest quiet title case ever tried." Thus was a deeply important cultural decision made on the basis of principles of animal husbandry.

Joint use effectively meant sole Navajo use of the lands outside District Six. Indeed, it meant incursions of Navajo livestock into the Hopi's exclusive area, and in the

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early seventies the Hopi began impounding Navajo sheep that strayed over their boundary, as was, of course, mandated by law. This tended to heat up the dispute.

Joint use also meant that both tribes would share in the mineral rights to the land within the Executive Order Rectangle. But in the mid-sixties, in the words of Abbott Sekaquaptewa, "the Navajo Tribe, unilaterally and without telling the Hopi Tribe, granted a coal exploration permit to the Sentry Royalty Company (predecessor of the Peabody Coal Company) to conduct a strip-mining operation at the north end of Black Mesa. We, the Hopi Tribe, found out and through legal challenges forced the Navajo Tribe and the BIA to make us a party to the permit issuance and a subsequent lease agreement. They agreed to it only because we would have gone to court and stopped the whole thing." Whether Peabody's Black Mesa coal mine will ultimately prove a long-run benefit for the Hopi remains a moot question. It sharply divided the Hopi at the time, with the traditionalists joining forces with regional environmental groups to wage a battle against Peabody which they eventually lost.

In any case, the event—as it is thus described by one of the participants—makes it clear that there was little likelihood of useful negotiation between the two tribes over the far more complex and ancient problem of the land. To remedy the continuing disregard of Hopi rights in the Joint Use Area, the Hopi sought relief: more orders were issued, which the Navajo rejected, incurring a contempt citation and a \$250,000 fine. Steadfast in their disregard for the law, Navajo leaders refused to acknowledge

the rights of the Hopi in the Joint Use Area.

In partial recognition of this, and also of the fact that the United States had erred over the years in letting the Navajo overrun the Hopi Reservation, Congress passed a bill in 1974 providing that the Joint Use Area should be cut in half—one half for the Hopi and one for the Navajo. That law (known as the Navajo-Hopi Settlement Act) was the result of numerous hearings, hundreds of exhibits, months of lobbying by Navajo and Hopi, thoughtful compromising by committee staffs, and studies by Senators and Congressmen. The two tribes were to negotiate the new boundary, and if such negotiations failed, a federal judge was to draw the line. Negotiations under the supervision of a carefully selected federal mediator stretched out over nearly nine months but failed, and the line was drawn, a tortuous line that is itself a graphic symbol of the long and bitter conflict. Neither side was totally satisfied with the final boundary. The Navajo would lose 900,000 acres, and about 750 families would have to move. The Hopi regained 900,000 acres for their own exclusive use, leaving them 900,000 shy of what President Arthur had designated for them. One Hopi told me how they thought about it: "Suppose someone all of a sudden decides to camp in your backyard, and stays there. You try and get him to leave but he won't. Finally you get a judge to deal with the matter, and the judge says that since he was in your backyard for so long he can have half of it to live on."

On one of our early visits to Hopi, we were taken by plane around the area. The twin-engine jet hurtled above the desert at about 200 miles an hour. I looked out

the window and felt uneasy. I turned to Nathan Begay, who was in charge of land management in the BIA office in Keams Canyon. Nathan is a Hopi, but his father was a Navajo. I asked him what our altitude was. He looked out calmly and said: "Let's see, we're about eight feet over the trees, I'd say fifteen feet altogether."

We were flying an early morning mission of the Hopi Border Patrol, hugging the contours of the land and following a newly built fence, an early portion of the fence that would one day reproduce on the ground the line the judge had drawn to partition the Joint Use Area. It was 1977, and things were a lot calmer than they had been earlier. Nathan told me that one Navajo had tried to shoot the border patrol plane out of the sky on one of its earlier runs.

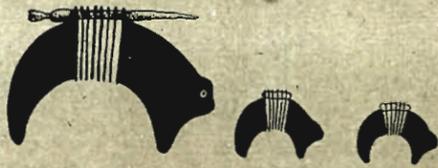
"You see how green it is on our side of the fence," said Nathan, "and how brown it is over there? That's sheep. Every now and then a Navajo will bring his sheep over to our side, where the grazing is better. You should see them scatter when we fly over them at this altitude."

The airborne border patrols were discontinued shortly afterward because Navajo trespass into District Six had all but ceased. Once the Hopi ordinances were enforced, and the Navajo knew they would be enforced, the Navajo controlled their animals and stopped the trespass. There have been demonstrations—about 800 Navajo marched into Keams Canyon in the summer of 1981, led by Tribal Council Chairman Peter MacDonald, who made a speech and laid a wreath against the BIA offices. (The BIA Superintendent, Alf Secakuku, kept the

wreath, "but I don't know what it's supposed to mean," he said.) There have been threats of violence and there have been some violent events—mostly pushing matches between Navajo women and the people building the fence; on a few occasions construction workers have been shot at.

The 1974 partition order called for a number of things. First, there was to be a stock-reduction campaign to rid the seriously overgrazed Joint Use Area of the overburden of sheep. A fence was to be built. And several thousand Navajo were to be relocated (about 100 Hopi were also to move). It is the relocation of people—it began with about 6,000 and has risen, as of the beginning of 1982, to over 9,000—that has become an emotion-laden factor in the Navajo resistance to the congressionally ordered solution. It remains a highly political issue in the state of Arizona.

In the summer of 1980 the Navajo were paid a visit by a Phoenix apartment-building entrepreneur named Bill Schulz, who spent an afternoon with some of the people who had to relocate. He reported that he was "mightily moved," and was thereby given an extra injection of energy in his effort to unhorse Senator Barry Goldwater, one of the prime movers of the 1974 legislation. If elected, he would write a new bill undoing the damage to the Navajo. The Navajo Tribal Council promptly met and endorsed Schulz by a vote of 72 to 0. This was no empty endorsement, since the numerous Navajo (there are now about 150,000) have often provided the margin for a candidate to win or lose in Arizona. During the meeting, a



councilman named Freddy Howard rose to speak. "Many Navajo subject to relocation have vowed they will not move despite federal marshals, despite the U.S. Cavalry. What they will do is hard to predict." He went on to compare the "forced" relocation to the Long Walk.

One can forgive Howard a bit of exaggeration, perhaps; after all, the Navajo district that he represented was now on the Hopi side of the line. And the Long Walk was unquestionably a brutal piece of business. Kit Carson may be lionized in the Southwest by whites, but he was a pretty difficult fellow, and one cannot help thinking that he took delight in being nasty to the Navajo. On the other hand, the federal government is offering a new house (worth about \$70,000) and a considerable cash payment (some \$5,000) to each Hopi and Navajo family caught up in this unsatisfactory affair so that they can, by 1986, comply with the requirements of the law. An administrative body has been set up—the Hopi-Navajo Relocation Committee—to oversee all this, and while bureaucracies are generally unresponsive, they do not ride horses behind the oppressed, hitting old Navajo women up the sides of their heads if they don't hustle along to prison.

Nevertheless the complaint of the Navajo tribal government is heartrending, for relocation is a painful process. Tribal Council Chairman MacDonald has vowed to take the matter to the public, to resist all efforts at stock reduction or at relocation in the hope that Congress will undo the damage. The Navajo tribal government has budgeted half a million dollars a year for the public relations campaign that has been launched.

The administration of this entire matter has been allowed to grind to a halt—essentially in order to let tempers cool. The livestock-reduction program has been replaced, on the order of the Secretary of Interior, by a livestock grazing-permit program, allowing ten sheep (or the equivalent) per Navajo adult on the controversial land. Twenty sheep per family is more, one BIA official told me, than the officially determined carrying capacity of the land.

The argument will probably go on for some time, and it seems therefore worthwhile to review the details. The Navajo say that the U.S. government, by building schools and other installations for the Navajo on the former Joint Use Area, has de facto recognized the Navajo right to live there; in effect, it has "seen fit to settle" them there. Why should Navajo be asked to leave now? The people living there, they say, have a deep religious attachment to the land and are the most traditional Indians in the country.

The Hopi may have been in the region first, but, to quote Chairman MacDonald, "The Navajo belonged to the land—long before the land belonged to either the Navajo or Hopi under Anglo law." He argues that the Hopi have never made use of the land in question, but now a small minority of them want to take the land back in order to swell their cattle herds. Thus it is an issue of cattle over people. It is a question, also, of legal rights over human rights. It is improper, further, for the U.S. government to punish Navajo for mistakes the government itself confesses it made. When it was seeking to resolve the issue in 1974, Congress was uninformed about the economic and

human costs of relocation. Tribal Council Vice-Chairman Frank E. Paul says, "To force 9,525 people to become refugees in 20th century America is an act of cultural genocide which will be a blot on the conscience of the United States Government."

The Navajo have complained that this Hopi "land grab" is to benefit Hopi cattle owners at the expense of Navajo people. There are a few mom-and-pop cattle ranches at Hopi—about 100 head each—but not many Hopi families run cattle, and that is because there has been little room for them to do so within the confines of District Six. To say that people are being replaced by cattle, however, is not accurate. *Sheep* will be replaced by cattle in a very few instances, and people by other people.

Currently in the Joint Use Area there are eight times as many Navajo animals, mostly sheep, as the land can support. In 1972 there were about 120,000 sheep in the Joint Use Area, and by 1979 there was no visible reduction, this despite the government's reduction program, whereby one could sell off livestock at 150 percent of the market value. In those seven years the government bought 150,000 head from the Navajo. In 1981 the President's Council on Environmental Quality pointed out that the Navajo Reservation is one of the three worst examples of desertification in the United States.

Plans are afoot for a new Hopi village to be built on Howell Mesa, northwest of First Mesa, providing room for the slowly growing Hopi population—which is now about 10,000—and perhaps providing jobs for people who would otherwise have to live off the reservation,

partly for lack of space in District Six. And of course, the Hopi do use the land, as we have seen, for a variety of purposes, most of them bound up with their ceremonial needs.

Near Tuba City, along the ancient trail that Hopi leaders have taken for hundreds of years to the Grand Canyon to collect salt for ceremonial use, there are some boulders with clan symbols, long strings of figures carved into the stone, marking all the times the Hopi have passed by. One of these rocks now has graffiti scratched over it.

The chief benefit to the Hopi of reacquiring some of their land will be that some of their shrines will be returned to their care. A small fraction at least of the tusqua, where for a millennium the Hopi clan leaders have gathered herbs and ceremonial objects essential to the core of their life, will be under their sole jurisdiction and may escape defacement and destruction.

That relocation is an awful strain is not in question. How great a strain it is remains moot. One of the strongest statements on the subject, often adduced by the Navajo government in support of its claims, was made by Professor Thayer Scudder of the California Institute of Technology, who in March 1979 released a report under the auspices of the Institute for Development Anthropology, Inc., of Binghamton, N.Y., a private research group.

Professor Scudder, two graduate students, and six research aides interviewed 118 Navajo during the Christmas break of 1978 to ascertain the amount of stress that relocation, or the threat of relocation, was placing upon them and to assess their ability to cope with it. He found

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the stress severe and their ability to cope with it overtaxed. Marriages were breaking up, people were getting drunk; there was a whole range of psychological ill effects occurring among these people. Scudder recommended that the 1974 act be repealed and the Navajo be allowed to buy the Joint Use Area land. He said that Congress had been sadly uninformed as to the true nature of the strain of relocation, that human rights were seriously violated, that old people in particular (everyone over forty, in fact) were under severe stress, since their grandchildren would have no place to go, and that Navajo elsewhere on the reservation were also placed under a severe strain by having their lands crowded by relocatees. In the summer of 1980, Professor Scudder summarized the devastating conclusions of his study in a letter to President Jimmy Carter.

There are a few problems with all this, some of them being what social scientists call methodological. For example, five of the researchers engaged in the interviewing process were Navajo. Of these, four were employed at the time by the official Navajo land dispute committee. Scudder admitted that no effort was made to get a random sample; instead, the interviewers just spoke to whomever they came across during the Christmas recess. Further, social scientists have pointed out that, in this situation, 118 subjects are too small a sample from which to make statistically valid extrapolations and generalizations.

There is also a problem about the scholarly responsibility for this report. When queried, the president of the Institute for Development Anthropology, Inc., said the institute was not involved and had not participated in the

study, and that the opinions arrived at were not those of the institute.

There are questions of content as well. Navajo, like all Indians, have marital problems, drinking problems, and other psychological problems. In fact, so do non-Indians. Relocation cannot be considered the sole or even a major culprit. In several instances the data in the Scudder report simply do not support its conclusions. Of 29 Navajos who had moved to off-reservation urban sites, 24 had positive things to say about relocation. The vast majority of relocatees interviewed "did not think that it was worse in any way for their children since relocation."

As for the stress due to taking Navajo back onto their own reservation, by the end of 1979 only about 5 percent of the few hundred people who had been relocated had joined their relatives on Navajo land—hardly what would be perceived as a welcoming attitude of a people for its own kin.

Finally, on the question of Congress not being properly informed of the stressful effects suffered by the Navajo, it should be noted that Dr. Scudder himself testified before both a federal court and the Senate Interior Committee as all this was brewing and said on those occasions exactly what he said in his 1979 report. A renowned expert on relocation in Africa, at the time of his testimony he admitted to not being an expert on the Navajo.

It is time now for a little cultural mathematics. If there were 300 Navajo on the Executive Order Reservation in 1882, and the growth rate for the Navajo population is 2 percent a year (Scudder's estimate, accepted by

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It is not at all clear what the ultimate outcome will be. The Navajo will continue to resist; a new U.S. government administration preoccupied with budgetary matters might choose to waltz on the federal payments to relocatees. Or the government may indeed proceed to carry out the intention of Congress and some of the original Hopi land may be returned to them.

The situation is complicated in some minds by another kind of settlement—that made with the Hopi by the Indian Claims Commission. The commission was established in 1946 to hear claims for financial recompense for lands taken away from the various tribes. At the time there was no Hopi Tribal Council—it had been disbanded in 1940 after operating fitfully for about four years—and the Hopi brought no claim before the commission. However, in 1950 a group of Hopi elders journeyed to Washington to see if a claim could be pressed and were told that their only hope was to revive the Tribal Council. This was done, with seven villages sending representatives to its meetings, just in time to engage a lawyer and submit an official claim before the deadline.

Matters ground on slowly, and in the 1970s the Hopi were awarded \$5 million for land they had lost. This caused considerable controversy among Hopi, the traditionalists claiming that the Tribal Council had sold out the Hopi's right to their ancestral land for a mere \$5 million—about five to six hundred dollars per Hopi. This is not actually the fact. The \$5 million was for the land's value computed as of the time it was lost, and most of the land was lost when President Arthur established the

Executive Order Reservation. But more to the point, the Hopi have given up only the right to return to the federal government and ask for more money for lost territory; and in fact they had negotiated an offer of \$3 million up to \$5 million. Even more important is the fact that the Tribal Council and the U.S. government agreed to disagree as to just what the boundaries of the land in question are. Nearly one million acres of the previously confiscated territory for which the Hopi were paid were restored to the Hopi under the partition of the Joint Use Area, and other litigation is in process through which the Hopi seek to regain additional lands surrounding the 1882 area, including the land around Moenkopi and Tuba City, which has been in dispute since 1934.

That the Hopi will ever regain ownership of the original Hopi *tusqua* is obviously out of the question, nor is this really what they seem to have in mind. In 1951, leaders of nine religious societies in Shungopavi—traditionally the village most concerned with the land—presented a statement to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs outlining the boundaries of their traditional lands. In part it said:

The Hopi *tusqua* is our love and will always be. . . .

1. It is from the land that each true Hopi gathers the rocks, the plants, the different woods, roots, and his life, and each in the authority of his rightful obligation brings to our ceremonies proof of our ties to this land. Our footprints mark well the trails to these sacred places where each year we go in performance of our duties.

2. It is upon this land that we have hunted and were assured of our rights to game such as deer, elk, antelope,



buffalo, rabbit, turkey. It is here that we captured the eagle, the hawk, and such birds whose feathers belong to our ceremonies.

3. It is upon this land that we made trails to our salt supply.

4. It is over this land that many people have come seeking places for settlement, and finding Shungopavi established, asked our leader for permission to settle in this area. All the clan groups named their contributions to our welfare and upon acceptance by our leader were given designated lands for their livelihood and for their eagle hunting, according to the directions from which they came:

5. It is from this land that we obtained the timbers and stone for our homes and kivas.

6. It is here on this land that we are bringing up our younger generation and through preserving the ceremonies are teaching them proper human behavior and strength of character to make them true citizens among all people.

7. It is upon this land that we wish to live in peace and harmony with our friends and with our neighbors.

We realize that within the area of the Hopi land claim there are towns and villages of other people. It is not our intention to bring disturbance to the people of these places, for our way requires us to conduct our lives in friendship and peace, without anger, without greed, without wickedness of any kind among ourselves or in our association with any people; and in turn to have guaranteed that there will be no disturbance to us in the carrying out of our traditional life. . . .

Each year, Hopi make many pilgrimages throughout the ancestral land: to eagle shrines, clan shrines, ruins, special markings, salt sources, to San Francisco Peaks, and to

a myriad other places, many of them secret, to pray for the continuance of Hopi life. Perhaps the most important pilgrimage is one made not every year but periodically, when selected priests travel to the shrines that denote the boundaries of the Hopi ancestral land. Such a pilgrimage had been scheduled for September 1980. When we had accompanied Henry and Eugene Lomaheftewa on their eagle hunt, Eugene, who was the leader of the Wuwutsim society, had concluded that it might be a good idea for us to accompany the priests and document their activities. Eugene himself would not be able to go, since at the time of the pilgrimage he would have just gone back to work in a road crew, but Henry agreed that we should go along. And so it was arranged—or we thought it was.

A few days before the pilgrimage was to begin, we were told by Fred Kootswatewa, whom (with Loren Honwytewa) Susanne had accompanied to the top of San Francisco Peaks, that there would be a meeting that night in Shungopavi to make the final arrangements, and that we were to attend. Accompanied by Fred, we drove to Loren's house. There, gathered around the kitchen table in the dim light, were some people we had met—Henry, Nathan Begay from the BIA office, and Virgil Sehongva from Hotevilla—and some we had not. We were introduced and sat down on a couch across the room. The men talked in Hopi. Presently the door opened and David James, the old Bluebird Clan leader, limped in. He had led the pilgrimages in years past, but his health would not permit him to go on this one. There was a great deal of conversation, some of it apparently heated, some of it con-

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taining the telltale word pahana, and then David turned to us and said: "What is it that you want to photograph?"

"Whatever you want us to document for you," Susanne answered, explaining that we would use some of the resulting pictures in a magazine article and a book, but only those that the Hopi wished us to use; after this the photographs would be given to the Hopi for their permanent archives. There was more conversation in Hopi, and then, in English, various logistical arrangements were made. After the meeting, we stepped outside into the darkness, and Fred said: "That was close." We asked him what he meant. It seems that a number of the men there, including Loren, who was to lead the pilgrimage, had been unaware that we had been asked to join the pilgrimage. Our coming along had to be justified while we sat there, and Susanne's answer to David James had been what had tipped the scales in our favor. There would be six priests, plus Nathan Begay and Fred as drivers. This meant that at the end of the pilgrimage there would be only twelve living Hopi (including other priests not scheduled to go on this particular pilgrimage) who had seen all the shrines marking the ancestral land—and two white people.

Before dawn on the appointed day we assembled at Loren's house; there were three vehicles, two trucks and a van (driven by Alf Secakuku, the BIA Superintendent and one of the six priests). The caravan started down the road out of Shungopavi and stopped before reaching the highway. Loren stepped out of the lead vehicle and sprinkled cornmeal from a small leather pouch along the side of

the road and placed a paho in a nearby bush. Then we were off on a trip that would take four days and cover 1,100 miles.

The first leg of the trip took us south and east for two hours to Lupton, a small town near the New Mexico border. We had driven through the dawn in relative silence, broken only by an irritating cough I had developed. North of the highway at Lupton, huge red cliffs loomed up, and we parked near one of them and made our way back into the mouth of a great canyon, past wavy lines and other symbols carved into the face of the red sandstone walls—clan markings from the time of the gathering of the clans. A dry wash snaked along beside us. We stopped and Loren began digging in the sandy earth next to the rock face. This place, we were told, is called Nah-mee-toka by the Hopi. Soon Loren found some sticks, the remains of pahos from previous pilgrimages. He put these into a wooden box that Nathan Begay had brought along, and then new pahos were placed in the box and it was set in the ground. Loren, followed by the others, took cornmeal from the pouch and sprinkled it over the pahos, praying in Hopi. They asked if we would like to say a prayer and gave us some cornmeal to sprinkle in the shrine. Afterward, the men sat around the shrine and smoked their clay pipes, passing them back and forth, each time saying the word that signified the relationship of the person receiving or giving the pipe—uncle, father, son. Each man kneeled and blew smoke into the box. The ceremony at an end, Loren put a wooden lid on the box and covered it with dirt.

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Formerly, Nathan explained to us, the pahos had been placed on the ground, but they had sometimes been disturbed or taken. So the practice had begun, a few years back, of burying them. The wooden boxes were an innovation introduced this year, to preserve the pahos longer.

Back in the truck, Virgil Sehongva turned around in his seat and handed me three small twigs. "Chew them, one at a time, until the taste goes away," he instructed. I did, and within minutes my cough had vanished. They were from the roots of a young cedar tree he had seen along the way.

We drove north hour after hour, skirting the eastern edge of Black Mesa, past Lolomai Point, on to Navajo National Monument (Ky westima), some thirty miles south of the Utah border. The National Park Service attendant was expecting us, Nathan Begay having notified him the day before, and said that if we waited until four o'clock—about fifteen minutes—the last tourists would come out of the canyon and he would close the monument for us while we went down. The little exhibit at the top of the canyon explained that the ruin down below was called Betatkin and had been inhabited by people ancestral to the Hopi. At four we began the trek down into the canyon, a 1,500-foot descent along a winding trail of rocks and man-made steps placed there for the benefit of tourists. Along the way, Alf Secakuku pointed out a large round face carved into the rock about a hundred feet above us. "That's Masauwu," he said.

On the canyon floor we walked about a mile along a trail that cut through a lush forest of evergreen trees and

cottonwoods until, coming around a corner, we saw a huge vaulted cave, formed by an enormous overhang in the red rock wall. Located high in the cave was an old ruin, with red stone houses, perhaps thirty altogether, perched precariously upon one another, with long rickety ladders connecting the various levels. On a ledge below the ruin we paused while the shrine was located; then the ceremony took place as it had near Lupton, while the ghosts of the ancient village no doubt looked on. As we left I wondered how some of the older priests—in their sixties—would make it back up the 1,500 nearly vertical feet out of the canyon. Indeed, I wondered how Susanne and I would make it.

Ky westima was a place where Virgil's people had lived on their way to the Hopi mesas. It was also the place where some of his people were supposed to return after the split at Oraibi in 1906. That night, after we had driven another few hours and had made camp up near the Utah border, and had eaten roasted corn and fried chicken around a huge fire, the other men teased Virgil at length about his people's inability to reach Ky westima. All the other priests were from Second Mesa, and we were told that this is because Shungopavi had the chief responsibility for the ancestral land, Oraibi having at one time or another become too sympathetic to the pahana.

We woke before dawn, and the sky was deeply overcast. Without breakfast we broke camp and headed for Navajo Mountain—Tokonavi—across the border in Utah. It began to rain, and the mountain was shrouded in dark, fast-moving clouds. Water trickled down the narrow

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dirt track that led up the mountain, and the men went on foot ahead of the four-wheel-drive truck, throwing rocks into deep ruts and taking boulders out of the road, but finally to no avail: the road proved impassable. In a dark glen beside the road, Loren founded a new shrine to serve until another pilgrimage reached the one on top in some other year, and while the ceremony was taking place, Nathan Begay chipped a series of concentric circles into a boulder to mark the location. On the way down the mountain, torrents of water cascaded over the rimrock and the road was awash for miles. It was a disappointment, not reaching the top, but the rain was a good sign.

The next stop was several hours away, a ledge a few hundred feet down in Grand Canyon, below Grand Canyon Village; this was not one of the territorial shrines but a place the priests traditionally stopped at to pray for the sacred salt that is located in a deposit on the canyon floor near the confluence of the Colorado River and the Little Colorado, the location also, the priests told us, of Sipapuni. This was the only reference—and they made it so casually—to the place of emergence into this world, perhaps because it all seems so obvious and natural to them. From there, we went to Po ta ve taka (Point Sublime), a drive of several hours west through a state park and then through seemingly endless meadowland, to the narrow and rocky beginnings of a canyon that leads down circuitously to the reservation of the Havasupai Indians, the beginning of the Havasupai Trail. At the end of the track, the point at which no vehicle invented by man could have gone farther, there was an ancient automobile, its windows and

most of its floor gone, a comical skeleton of a dominant society—a failed attempt, it seemed to me, to reach the wrong goal. The priests went off on foot, down into the canyon, arriving eventually at a great overhang in the gray cliff wall. As Loren sought the shrine, the others looked at an excavation, an illegal one—the carefully dug rectangular hole that is the sign of the pothunter. Nearby, on a rock upon which the priests placed their pipes and cornmeal pouches, were what seemed to be fresh rock carvings of clan symbols. “That is where,” they said, “we made our marks last time.” There was an eagle boldly carved in the boulder.

“Is that yours?” I asked Virgil.

“No, that is Abbott’s,” he answered. “He came with us last time.” Abbott walks on two aluminum crutches, making his way painfully even along flat surfaces. I couldn’t conceive how he had made it down to this place, which we had reached only by scrabbling on hands and feet, like goats. Though Tribal Chairman, he had no particular clan office that would have made it necessary for him to see these shrines. He had nothing but the determination, I thought, to be certain that he had seen with his own eyes those things that were crucial to Hopi survival, so that he could say to Congressmen and Senators and anyone else who saw fit to intervene, “I’ve been there.”

The priests conducted the ceremony of placing feathers in the shrine, and also cornmeal, and then smoking, as the sun went down. We left, driving into the dark to the state park, where under a roof-covered stove made of stone beside a group of picnic tables we cooked a late

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meal and went to sleep to the sound of the rain.

The following day, we woke up in the rain. Most of the priests had slept in the trucks; Susanne and I had stretched out on the picnic tables. In the dark, I saw Alf Secakuku, shirtless, pouring water over his head.

"How'd you sleep?" he asked.

"Like a baby," I said. "How about you?"

"Well, I managed to get through the night without wetting my pants!" he replied. There were guffaws from the gloom. The fire was started, and we roasted corn and chilies and set off for Bill Williams Mountain, a peak that lies west and north of Flagstaff. In the charge of the Forest Service, this is another eagerly eyed location for ski lifts. During the previous pilgrimage, when the priests had carried out the ceremony, they had run into an old man, a bearded fellow who seemed rather like the old mountain man of the 1830s for whom the mountain had been named; he had said he would watch over their shrine and make sure no one disturbed it. He was a Forest Service employee, apparently responsible for whatever duties are performed by such lonely people in such lonely, out-of-the-way places. The Hopi had been pleased. This shrine is called Tusak Choma.

When we reached the pine-scented peak of Bill Williams there was no old man, but the shrine was intact and Loren found seven old prayer sticks. The prayers said, we descended the mountain and headed for Honapa (Bear Springs), located near a marsh an hour away, down a little-traveled series of dirt roads west of Sedona. It took a considerable time to find the shrine, for this one had only

recently been identified, through the memories of David James and the reconnoitering of Nathan Begay. There had been a period—some ten years or so—when the Hopi had not made these pilgrimages, and it had taken a great deal of searching by Nathan and David to locate this most obscure shrine. It was now carefully marked and easier to find; upon our arrival, the ceremony took place and the priests climbed back in the trucks and drove south a long way.

Eventually, late in the day, we reached a place known as Chevelon Cliffs or, by the Hopi, as Sak wai vai yu; it is also known as Apache Trail. "We should call this Hopi Trail," said one of the priests. Walking through a stand of massive pines, scattered here and there among meadows of wildflowers, we came on a gray igneous rock that had a spiral chipped into it. Beyond the rock, Loren dug and found the pahos of the earlier pilgrimages, and the ceremony again was performed. That night, as we camped nearby, what little conversation took place in English turned on the prevalence of bears in this area. Susanne slept on the top of the truck; I slept on the front seat.

The next day, on our way to Woodruff, Arizona, and the last shrine, we stopped off at a nameless rock formation and clambered up a cliff into a three-foot-high slot in the rock, on the ceiling of which were a number of ochre paintings of men and animals. The place had recently been found by one of the pilgrims during a personal expedition into the terrain, and he wanted us to see it. One series of paintings showed a few men standing near another who had been impaled with a spear. The Hopi priests cal-

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culated that this spot was on a straight line between Chevelon Cliffs and the last shrine in Woodruff. They wondered if the pictograph did not suggest that this had been a Hopi outpost in ancient times, and that it was here that the Hopi had at one time sought to repel invaders.

Shortly thereafter we arrived at the foot of a nearly symmetrical hill outside Woodruff. We drove partway up, to a point where a metal fence enclosed a collection of electrical transformers, and the priests began the trek to the top. Henry Lomaheftewa, whose age and poor health had forced him to stay on top of the canyon at Ky westima, stayed below with the trucks, gazing off into the distance beyond a pair of mesas on the horizon to Lupton, where we had first stopped four days before. On the top of the hill the priests found the rocks that had been inscribed with the spiral-shaped migration symbol, and they performed the same ritual over the shrine. In the course of the pipe smoking, Alf Secakuku passed me his pipe, a clay one in the form of a mountain lion. I smoked it and passed it back, saying: "I suppose this means I can't make fun of you anymore."

"No," he said, "it means that you can call me *kwaatsi*. You are not a Hopi, and you have no clan, so when you receive the pipe you can't say 'uncle' or 'son.' But you can say 'kwaatsi.' That's the Hopi word for friend. Kwaatsi. When you say 'lkwaatsi,' that adds emphasis."

Late in the afternoon, several hours after we had left the bluff above Woodruff, called Tsi mun tu qui, the caravan approached Shungopavi and stopped. Loren

emerged from the lead truck and prayed, then retrieved the paho from the bush alongside the road, and the pilgrimage was over. All that was left was for Loren to report to the Bear Clan leaders of the village that he and the others had visited the shrines and prayed over them and had encouraged the spirits of those places to be aware that the Hopi had done well.

The priests learned later that after we had left the Grand Canyon area and the Havasupai Trail, it had rained so hard that the Park Service and the local authorities had had to shut the area down to tourists. The priests had done well.

The shrines and the former dwelling places, a Hopi told me, are the physical monuments of their domain—the standards, just as the United States flag is the standard of the government and the nation. They are the permanent boundary markers of the Hopi *tusqua*, and the knowledge that they remain, brought back from time to time to Bear Clan leaders who cannot ever see them, provides assurance that the Hopi will continue as a cultural entity. They are, for now, watched over by the feathers of an eagle named Hyeouma, his "father" being one of the priests on the pilgrimage and his feathers bearing the Hopi offerings to the spirits of the shrines. They will be guarded by other eagles' spirits in the years to come, in the active hope that the Hopi way of being true citizens among all people will survive. And I would wager that the Hopi will survive us all, as their prophecies foretell, and that lodged precariously on their mesas, where they and they alone belong, they will be reminders, as long as we will listen, that while

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there are many ways to live on the land, the only true way is to honor it. To look upon it and say: How awesome, how demanding, how generous.

And the rest of us . . . we would do well to seek a way that requires us to "conduct our lives in friendship

and peace, without anger, without greed, without wickedness of any kind, among ourselves or in our association with any people." And in this endeavor perhaps we might all find a way to guarantee that there will be no disturbance to the Hopi in carrying out their traditional life.



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## THE SACRED BOUNDARY

Cartography is not a Hopi art. Rather, Hopi read the features of the land, knowing the look of a butte from several directions in several kinds of light, the degree of erosion of a cliff, or how the passage of several generations of wild animals through a place makes a slight depression in the sandstone. And so, when the Hopi go forth periodically to visit the ancient shrines that mark the spiritual boundaries of that part of the continent where they know they belong, they do not need a map. They address the spirits of the place, pledge their everlasting concern, and listen to the messages that provide them with the strength to endure.

Every so often, a group of Hopi men set forth to travel the perimeter of their ancestral land and make prayers and offerings. Sometimes, also, they go individually to clan shrines located in the ancient hinterlands, places that previous Hopi have marked in stone, crossroads of the clans as they gathered long ago. And often, to collect herbs, evergreens, and messages, they go to the top of San Francisco Peaks, near Flagstaff, one of the homes of the kachinas and a source of Hopi life and its survival.

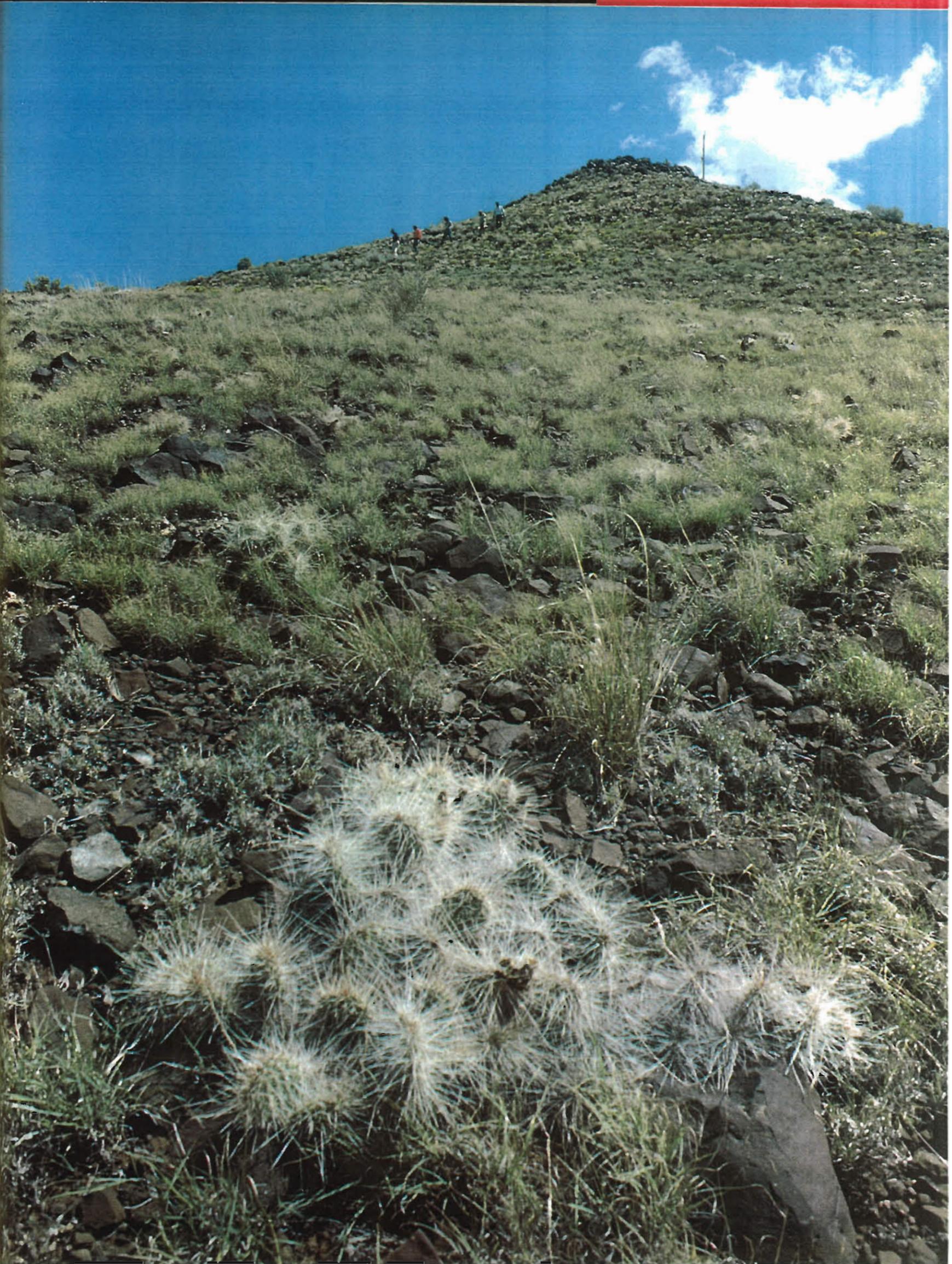
On the following pages are photographs taken during a pilgrimage made by a group of Hopi priests who permitted the authors to accompany them.

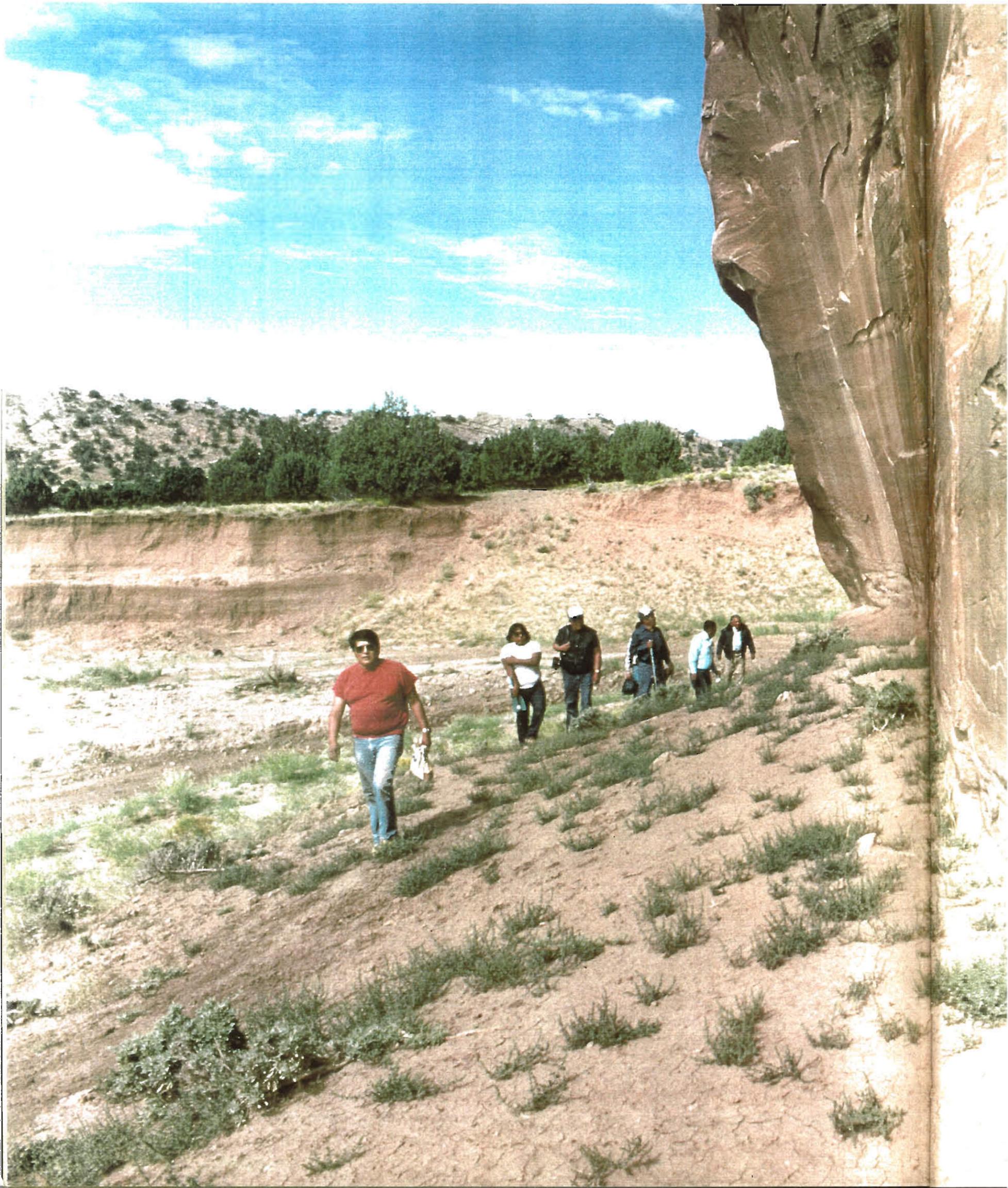
*Opposite:* Hopi pilgrims descend from Woodruff Bluff, one of the southernmost markers of their ancestral land.

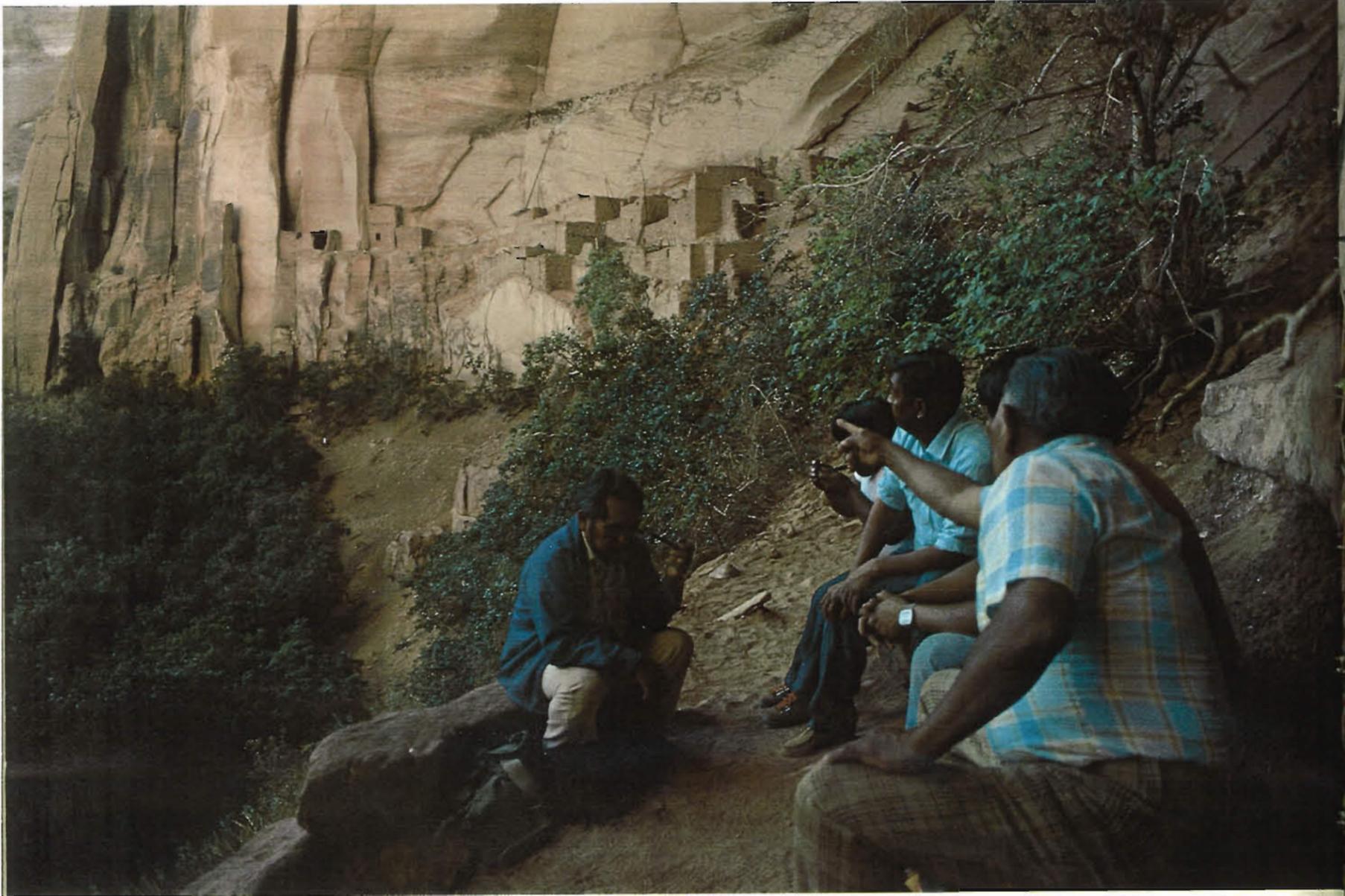
*Overleaf:* They leave a shrine near Lupton, on the New Mexico border, at which, generations ago, Hopi clans left their marks.

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North of the Hopi Reservation, in Navajo National Monument, is a restored village ruin called Betatkin—in Hopi, Ky westima. Located deep in a canyon, it was an ancestral home during the gathering of the clans. *Right:* The shrine itself, overgrown by grass and brush, was found near the face of the cliff below the ruin.

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Navajo Mountain (Tokonavi), just over the Arizona border, in Utah, is the northernmost marker of the ancestral land. Extremely heavy rains thwarted the attempt to reach the mountain's summit by vehicle, an arduous task on the best of days. Filling in ruts with boulders was of no avail, and so the priests established a temporary shrine partway up the mountain.

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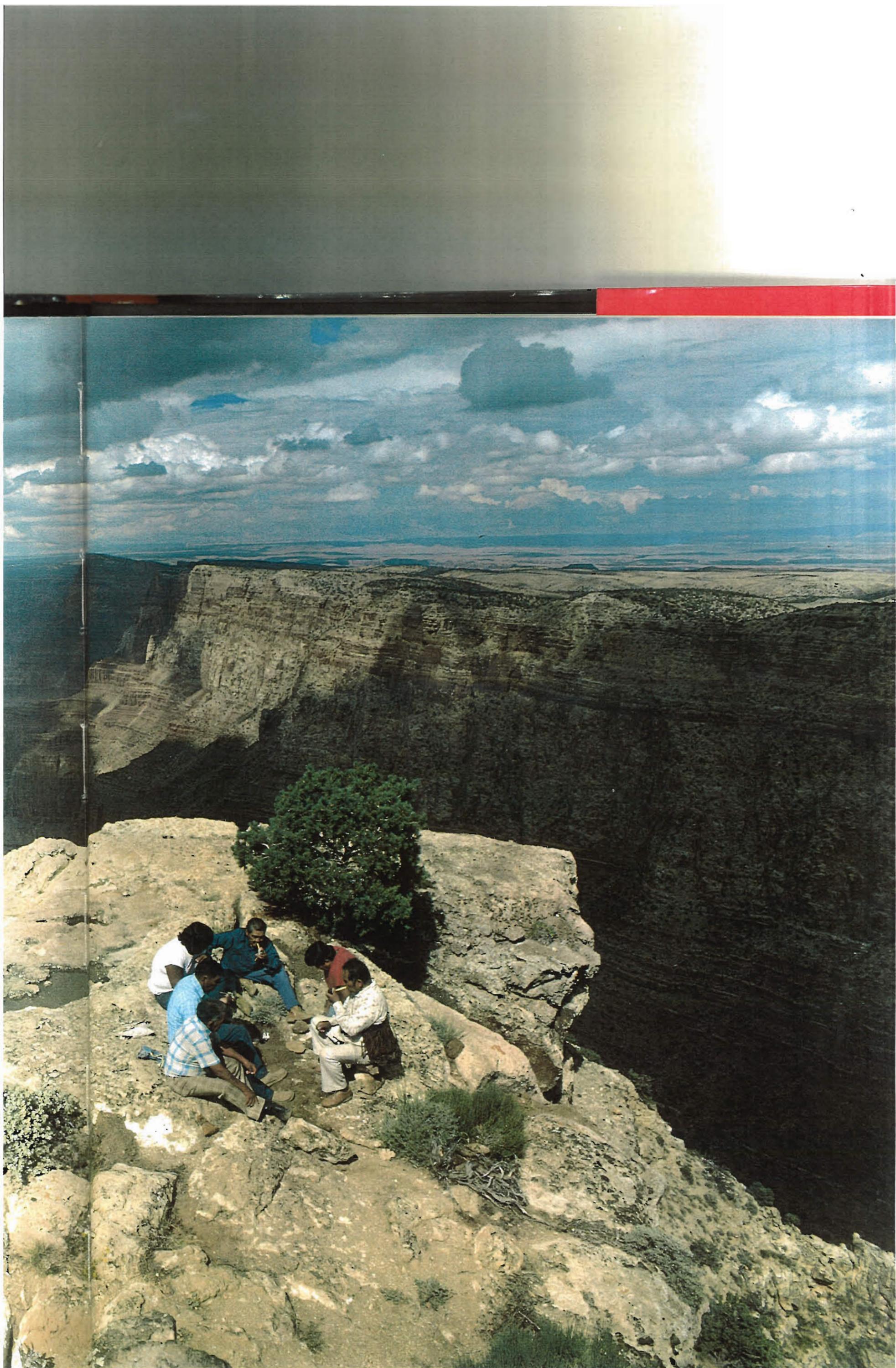
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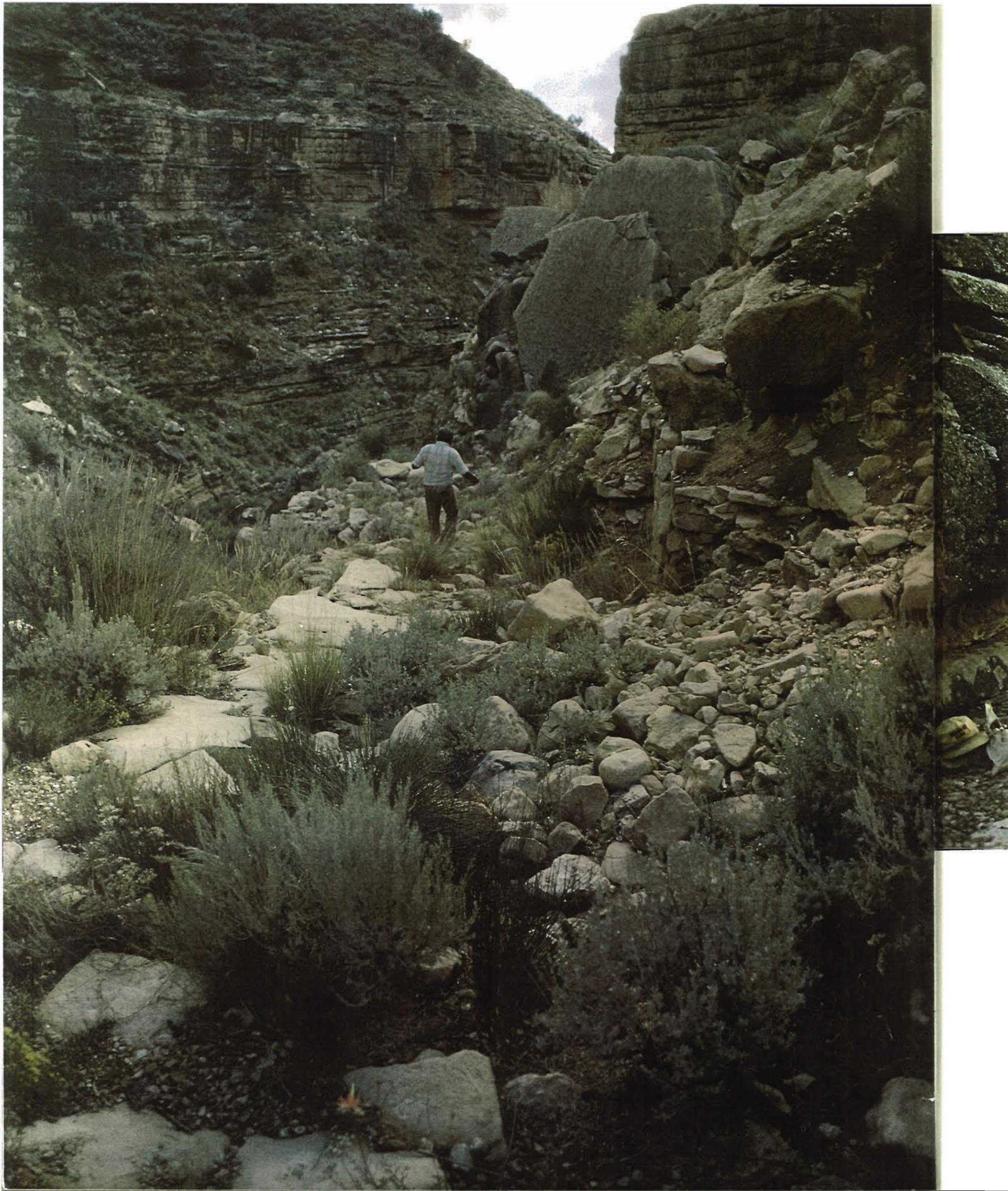
Several hundred feet below Grand Canyon Village, a rocky promontory juts out into the great yawning space of the canyon itself. On the way down, the priests point out an ancient ruin high in the canyon wall across the way.

The Hopi visit this place not for the purpose of marking ancestral land but to commune with the spirits of a sacred shrine where salt is gathered in the canyon (*overleaf*).

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Midway through the four-day pilgrimage, the priests made their way into the Grand Canyon to the place where a trail starts to wind its way down to the Havasupai Indian Reservation, one of three reservations that abut Grand Canyon National Park. At the shrine the men smoke ceremonial tobacco in clay pipes. The smoke is a blessing and a prayer, and as it disappears into the air it reaches the spirits.

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At Bill Williams Mountain, west of Flagstaff, priests perform their ritual over the shrine, placing prayer feathers in the ground, sprinkling sacred cornmeal over the feathers while praying, and blowing smoke directly into the shrine.

The prayer feathers are made of eagle down and flicker feathers affixed to a stick. (In recent times the prayer feathers have been placed in a wooden box to keep them safe from vandalism.)

From Bill Williams Mountain the pilgrimage continued to other shrines, reaching as far south as Chevelon Cliffs, near the northern edge of the White Mountain Apache Reservation.

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The most important Hopi shrine of all is at San Francisco Peaks, near Flagstaff, and about 100 miles from the Hopi Reservation. It is here that the kachina spirits live for half the year. Priests make frequent pilgrimages to the shrines on the Peaks to make sure that the place remains a good home for the spirits and, through prayer, to seek their guidance.

*Opposite:* A priest prays at one of the shrines.

The kachinas must share their home nowadays with recreationists. San Francisco Peaks has snow even in August, and developers have sought to enlarge a ski resort on the mountain's west face. The Hopi battle for preservation not only of the old ways but of old places thus continues.

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