



Fiddle and bow by Amos Gastina, Western Apache, 1935.

More than a century ago, the Navajos were labeled as people without music. We knew only how to grunt. In contrast to that fallacy, today the reservation resounds with song and dance or powwow competitions or benefits where Navajos of all ages display their musical and dancing abilities. The Navajo Arts and Humanities Council and Navajo Community College sponsor a Native American Music Festival. There Navajo musicians such as Vincent Craig, Bahe Billy, Rex Redhair, and bands like Aces Wild and Burning Sky jam with modern instruments and successfully integrate traditional and contemporary music. Although, traditionally, Navajos used musical instruments like the water drum, the ceremonial flute, and the basket, today's generation celebrates life with a variety of instrument, song, and music.

—Rex Lee Jim, Diné

Navajos believe babies are born with intellectual, emotional, and spiritual capabilities. Babies usually laugh for the first time at three months. It is best for a baby to laugh to a relative who is good-natured. The person who makes a baby laugh for the first time has to host a party to celebrate the baby's successful transition into the adult world. This person provides food, treats, and natural salt. Salt is an additional transition marker. Relatives and friends come to the baby's "first laugh party" to assure there will always be togetherness. The honored baby and family serve food from a Navajo basket with a pinch of natural salt. As guests accept their food, they pray for happiness and generosity.

—Lillie Lane, Diné

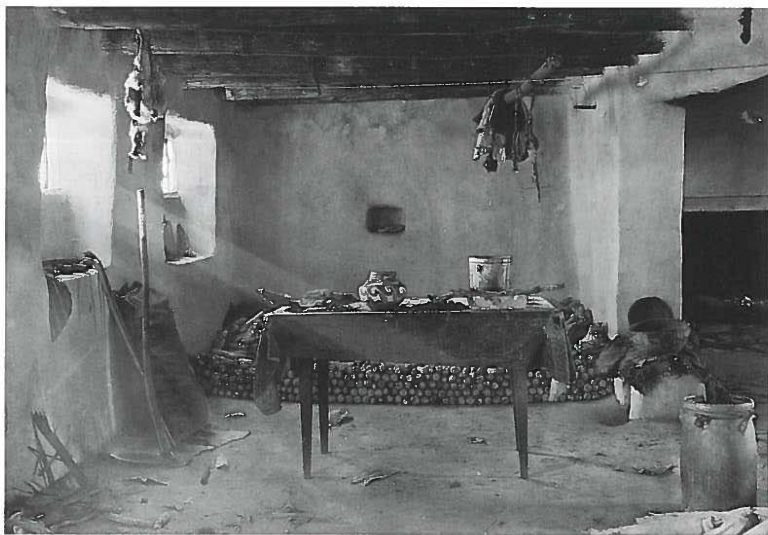
PART III: COMMUNITY



Hopi Family, by Otis Polelonema, Hopi, 1948.

The village or community is the human dwelling or living place. It is where the people meet the needs of survival and where they weave their web of connections. Native communities are about connections because relationships form the whole. Each individual becomes part of the whole community, which includes the hills, mountains, rocks, trees, and clouds.

—Tessie Naranjo, Santa Clara Pueblo



Laguna Pueblo dwelling, ca. 1915.

If the earth is the origin and source of creation for Native peoples of the Southwest, home and community are the heartbeat. From the open hearth in a teepee to the all-electric kitchen in a modern home, community begins in this center place of family warmth, sharing, and connection—a connection that extends outward through the community and into the surrounding landscape following ties of kinship, of ceremony, of work and subsistence, of artistic creation, and of trade.

Outside the home, community connections include the plants and animals with which Native lives are intertwined, and the voices in this section tell stories of seeds and harvests, herding and hunting, cooking and sharing. Utilitarian items such as digging sticks and iron hoes take on sacred meaning when they are used to grow the life-giving corn, and religious items such as stone hunting

fetishes serve a quotidian function when they assist the hunter in finding the animal that will give him the gift of his life.

Throughout the Southwest, the materials of daily life have always been both gathered locally and exchanged over great distances. Just as today's Pueblo home may hold a television set made in Japan, a kiva in Chaco Canyon a thousand years ago might have housed a brilliant red parrot carried overland from deep in Central America. At the center of trade and exchange today are the art works created by Native peoples. Bought, sold, and prized around the world, contemporary Indian pottery, textiles, baskets, and silverwork continue to speak eloquently of the beauty and struggle that have characterized the lives of the people who inhabit this sacred land.

Made of stone and mud, the foundation,
the four corners.

Made of earth and wood, the roof, the center.
All anchored with prayers.

—Edmund J. Ladd, Zuni Pueblo

HOME



Cochiti Pueblo house interior, ca. 1950.

We Pueblo people hold healing ceremonies for our homes, just as we do for any member of the community. Our structures are extensions of our world order and are viewed as living beings with life and death cycles. Shelter is not just a place to live but an extension of the natural world and the sacred realm. The house reflects the relationship of earth and sky, mother and father. Houses are also symbols of the larger ordering of the universe in which mountains, hills and valleys define spaces where humans can dwell. Building and creating shelter brings the human and the cosmic forms together. The roof or ceiling of the structure may be seen as the sky, or the father, which protects and nurtures the people who live inside. The floor is the Mother Earth, which embraces us when we die.

Stone, adobe, and reed and wood *vigas*, or poles, were once the primary materials of construction in the Southwest. These readily available natural materials were not heavily processed. Stone was minimally cut. Adobe was shaped by hand. The human hand was the primary tool for creation. Our construction techniques have changed, and not all our homes are adobe anymore. When my father built my house, he chose frame construction. It is a six-hundred-square-foot building, a home that is very small by today's standards but would have been large by my ancestors' standards.

—Tessie Naranjo, Santa Clara Pueblo

The Pueblo kitchen was the gathering place of the extended family. The great-grandmother, grandmother, or mother would be in the kitchen preparing and cooking food. In the late 1800s, the Pueblo kitchen might have included a table, chairs or benches, wooden cupboards, clay storage jars of grains, baskets of ground corn, and a fireplace or woodstove. Generally there was also an outdoor *horno* (clay oven) near the kitchen. In the 1990s, the woodstove might have been replaced by a gas or electric stove, and refrigerators and freezers added. The clay storage jars may be gone, and ground corn no longer kept in a basket but the kitchen still remains the central place of the home.

—Tessie Naranja, Santa Clara Pueblo

There have never been electricity or plumbing at my grandmother's house. In her kitchen, she has two stoves: a 1950s propane stove and a 1920s woodstove. The contrast between "new" and "old" is striking, and the two stoves are reminders of the memories and experiences that have occurred there. The kitchen is the main gathering place for our families. There is always an abundance of conversation and laughter around the table. In my house, there are "modern" conveniences, but the family gatherings, the laughter and memories still take place in the kitchen.

—Paula Rivera, Taos Pueblo

Many pictures come to mind when I think of the heart of our home, my grandmother's kitchen. The large Zia pot sitting in the corner stored the bread. Only the women were allowed to get the bread from inside, and I felt special when asked to do this. Many baskets hung on the walls. We filled these baskets, often to put bread on the table, to take food to the dancers, or to pay a hunter for a fine rabbit. As we sat around the big round table, we told the day's events and shared much laughter. Our table never ran out of food, no matter how many of us there were. There was always enough for any guests, and there always seemed to be guests.

—Carlotta Penny Bird, Santo Domingo Pueblo

Apache camp, New Mexico, ca. 1905.



The teepee suited the lifestyle of Indians on the move. Poles and skins were easily obtained, constructed and transported. The teepee provided all the comforts of home. Around the teepee fire, stories and traditions, prayers and songs, philosophies and customs were passed from generation to generation. That is why the teepee is an enduring and permanent structure in Apache and Ute societies. Moreover, the teepee reflected the deep respect that Indians have for their horses. It was the horse that transported the teepee over mountains, through valleys and grasslands, following the buffalo and other game. The burden could not be too great for this beautiful and sacred animal.

—Veronica E. Velarde Tiller, Jicarilla Apache

The round-roof hooghan is like a woman's tier skirt.
 It is said that the mother, *amá*, is the heart of the home.
 It is said that there is beauty within
 when a home is as it should be.
 Beauty extends from the *hooghan*.
 Beauty extends from the woman.

— Luci Tapahonso, Diné

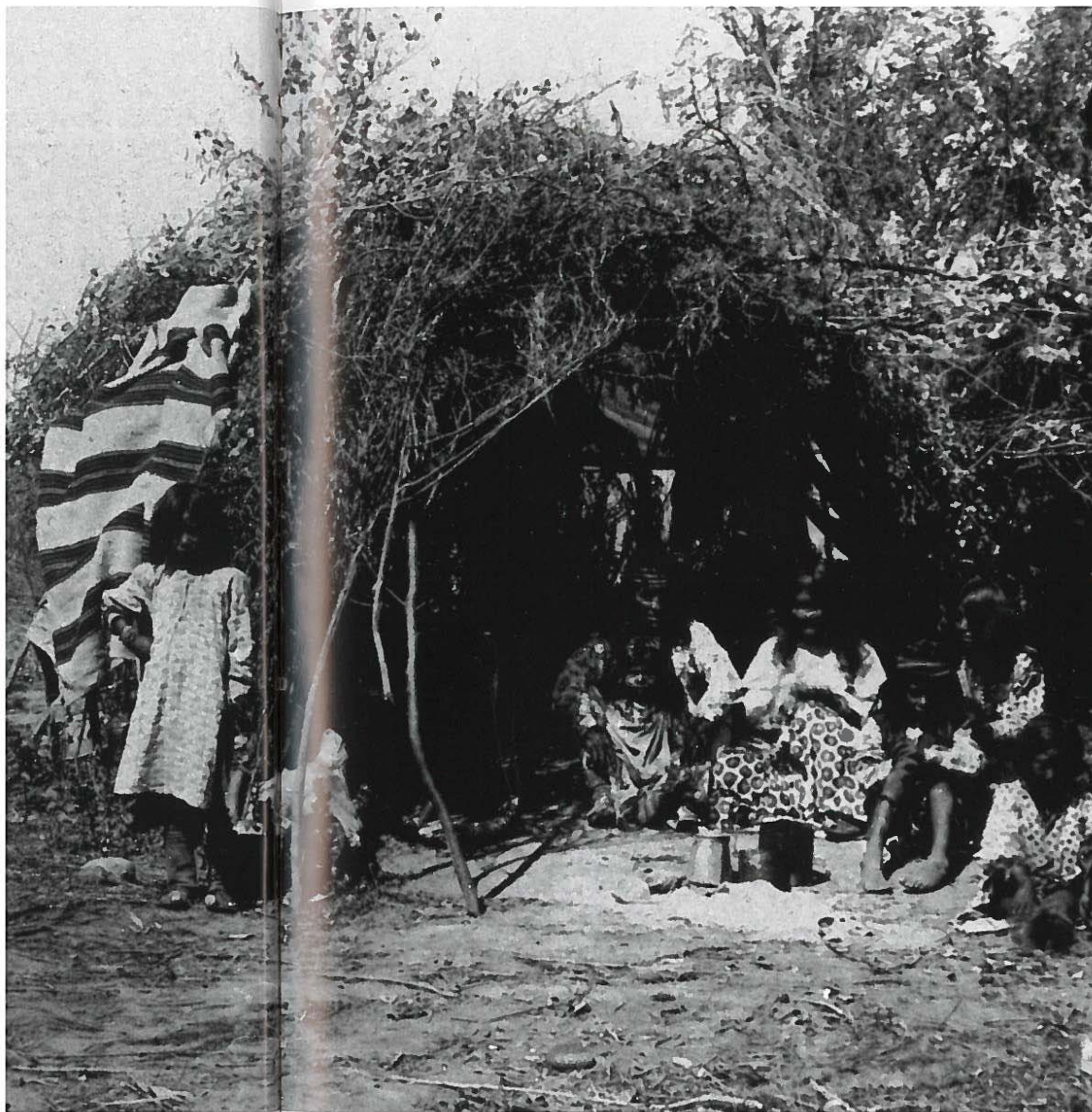
In Navajo, *hooghan* means home. A *hooghan* is a circular, one-room structure that always faces the east to catch first light. Traditionally, a *hooghan* was made of cedar logs with bark and mud on the exterior. A *hooghan* can be home for a family, but it also can be transformed into a sacred structure for intricate healing ceremonies. Upon death, a person can be put to rest in a *hooghan*, in which case it should not be disturbed. A *hooghan* is a microcosm of Navajo philosophy. Navajo people believe they live in the bosom of Mother Earth.

Navajo oral traditions say that the Holy People lived on earth before the "earth surface people." The Holy People dictated that Diné should live in round homes called *hooghan nímazí*. Today, *hooghan nímazí* are round or octagonal and can be made of any building material available. Throughout Navajoland, there are traditional *hooghans*, rock *hooghans*, and combinations of lumber, rock, and earth *hooghans*. There are even solar *hooghans*, two-story *hooghans* and *hooghans* with bathroom additions. The earth *hooghans* have evolved as Navajo people modernized. Although today there is a lot of outside influence, Navajos still need *hooghans* for healing ceremonies. The Holy People recognize only the *hooghan*.

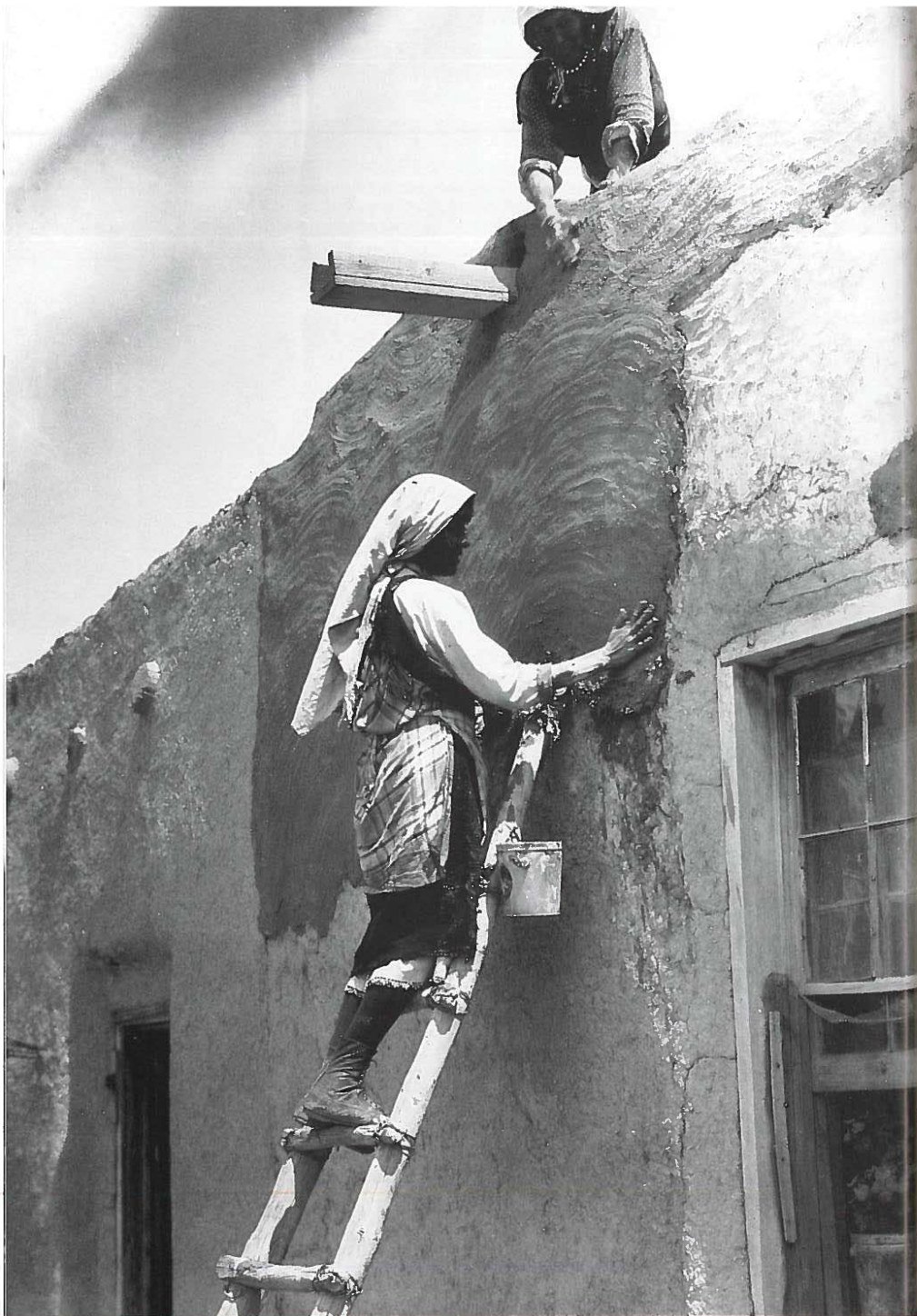
— Lillie Lane, Diné

Tools and materials for building were always simple and taken from nature. For example, a shelter could be built from rabbitbrush to provide shade during the heat of the summer. For building more permanent structures, shaped stones had many uses, including digging, shaping, and pounding. Pueblo builders polished floors and walls with round cobblestones and pottery sherds. These tools were used as an extension of the human hand. The types of tools we use now have changed. Like everyone else, we have become familiar with hoes, shovels, nails, and trowels.

— Tessie Naranjo, Santa Clara Pueblo



Apache wickiups, early twentieth century.



Our Hopi ancestors developed building techniques to create shelter and relief from the severe cold and blistering heat. The use of stone and mortar was not only practical but was ultimately required by tradition. Although men were primarily responsible for construction, the women, who maintained the structures, decided the layout. Hence, building was a cooperative effort.

— Leigh J. Kuwanwisirwa, Hopi

Imagine an island of shade in the sea of sunlight flooding the desert! Built with mesquite posts, saguaro ribs, and greasewood from the desert, the ramada provides a cool, dry place to work and to enjoy meals. It is a storage place and can be used to dry meat (jerky). Foods can hang safely from the eaves in baskets woven from baling wire. My mother or my grandmother gently coaxed many a child to sleep in a swing suspended from the supports. We older children would sometimes compete to see who could swing the child the highest—until the swing would bang against the ramada and frighten the poor baby and us.

— Angelo Joaquin, Jr., Tohono O'odham

Housing and Urban Development (HUD) housing developments are not a mark of progress for the O'odham. Traditionally, families lived in clustered units with parents' homes surrounded by the houses of their children. Relatives lived next door, ready to help at a moment's notice. Children were disciplined by all the elders. Today, in HUD-constructed subdivisions, the people living next door may not even speak the same dialect, are most likely not related and have no stake in the upbringing of children other than their own. This is contributing to the increase in social problems, including gangs and substance abuse. As Indian people, we must assess progress by looking at the impact on our society.

— Angelo Joaquin, Jr., Tohono O'odham

Women replastering a house in Paguate Village, Laguna Pueblo, 1925.

AGRICULTURE



Manos and metates, used for grinding.

Born of Mother Earth, we originated with good and evil. The witch hid in the darkness of the Fourth World. Because he carried death, the elders denied him entry into the new world. The witch said, "When you find the center place, and you increase, and there is no means to reduce your numbers, you will starve. To solve this, I bring death, but I also bring life. Blue corn for life and white corn for the gods." When the people found the center place, they planted the seeds in the flesh of Mother Earth, where they reproduced and multiplied.

—Edmund J. Ladd, Zuni Pueblo

Agriculture as practiced by the Zuni was very simple and labor intensive but effective. A good pair of hands, a strong back, and a sturdy planting stick were the essentials. They made a "wooden leg," which was a stiltlike tool, from a juniper limb with a branch left on the side and used it as a lever for pushing down into the wet soil. Later a stone hoe and still later a metal hoe brought in by the Indian trader became indispensable for planting corn, beans, and squash.

—Edmund J. Ladd, Zuni Pueblo

There is a season for harvest,
a season for growth,
a season for tending,
a season for caring,
a time for planting,
a time for resting,
a time for enjoyment.

—Edmund J. Ladd, Zuni Pueblo

Our old stories are important links to our past. Here are two of many stories of early farming:

First Man and First Woman gave white and yellow corn. *T'azhii* (Turkey) danced around, shaking forth red, black, blue, and gray corn kernels. *Tlūsh-Tsoh* (Big Snake) gave pumpkin, watermelon, cantaloupe and muskmelon seeds. This story comes from historian Ethel Lou Yazzie.

The other story comes from my mother. Her uncle planted a garden. On moonlit nights, the children helped him haul water in *tsintōshjeeh* (wooden barrels). Each child carried water in buckets with wire handles. My mother remembers how on certain nights, they carried water to plants and played in the moonlight. This might have been in the 1920s.

—Gloria Emerson, Diné

Who remembers the luscious juiciness of a watermelon just severed from its stem? The sweetness of fresh corn from the stalk? Who washed winnowed wheat in a yucca basket? We could not remember, and the younger people did not know. For years, wheat fields and cornfields were idle. We blamed the economy and forgot to farm. But someone did remember. Leaders intervened, and the people cooperated and lent their landholdings. We purchased farm equipment to share and elected to ban chemicals. Chile plants prospered alongside fields of coriander, and the elders cried from happiness. Today, we again hear the musical thump of a watermelon being split open in the field. Will we forget again what we now remember?

—Anthony Dorame, Tesuque Pueblo

Since I am from a family of traditional farmers and shepherds, I am emotionally bonded to the land and the animals. We are taught that we are at the mercy of nature. Treat the earth and environment with respect, humility, and cooperatively and it will in turn provide for you. Our life is corn, and we still practice farming without irrigation. I believe that Hopi corn is among the most drought-resistant seed stock still left in the world. Perhaps the Hopi prophecy that our way of life and our corn will someday save the world will come true.

— Leigh J. Kuwanwisiwma, Hopi

To farm successfully, a farmer has to be a soil scientist, a botanist, a hydrologist, and much more. For hundreds of years, indigenous farmers planted many varieties of crops, built extensive irrigation systems, and stored and traded their surplus. Nonetheless, they were careful not to exhaust the soil, erode the lands, or deprive wildlife of their ranges and habitats. Raising livestock or ranching has been a recent (mid-1800s) phenomenon among Indian tribes. Indian people quickly adapted to ranching, since working with animals in wide-open spaces was natural. Sheep raising among the Navajo became an economic mainstay, and cattle ranching remains a viable part of the Apache tribal economies today.

— Veronica E. Velarde Tiller, Jicarilla Apache



Hornos, traditional outdoor ovens, at Laguna Pueblo, ca. 1940.

Before our feast day each summer, the ovens must be prepared. They must be replastered with a new coat of adobe mud. Helping my grandmother replaster the oven taught me an understanding of the proper order of things. One of the uncles would always say, "We should plaster it with cement so you won't have to work so hard." But this never happened; perhaps the oven was necessary for our own renewal. One can tell the seasons by the use of the oven. Important events bring the women together to help each other make the bread and prepare meals to sustain the community. As children we played nearby because the first loaf out of the oven would be for us.

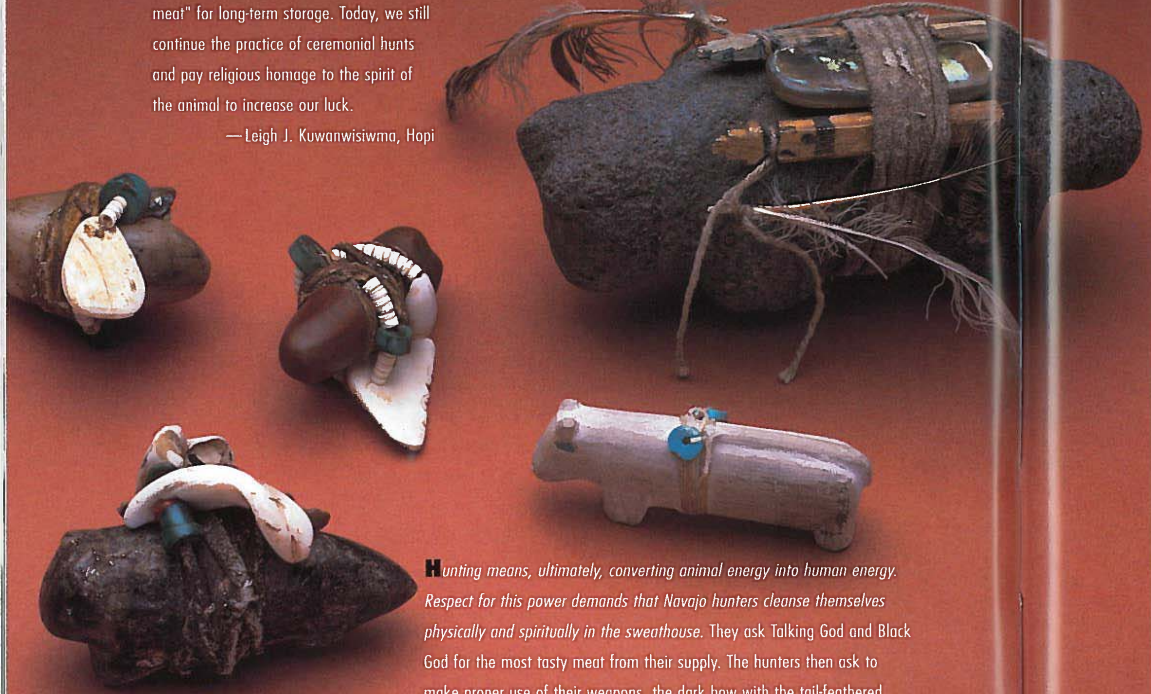
— Carlotta Penny Bird, Santo Domingo Pueblo

An elderly weaver, during an interview, patiently "wove" the cord of the small microphone pinned to her lapel into a single strand as she spoke respectfully of the Himdag, or "Way of Life." The O'odham Himdag teaches us that plants, animals, and humans are equal and all must be treated with respect. The act of harvesting yucca, beargrass, banana yucca root, and devil's claw allows humans to walk among the other members of the community. O'odhams offer a prayer of thanks and contrition to the plant for giving of itself.

— Angelo Joaquin, Jr., Tohono O'odham

Luck plays a large part in the success of the hunt. Today, hunting is not necessary for survival, but it was to our ancestors. They carefully planned the harvest. Out of respect, the people prayed and made offerings to the animals. In some cases, such as the rabbit hunts, women, both young and old, participated and contributed. After a successful hunt, the community cooperated to process the carcass. Nothing was wasted. They used the hides for clothing and shelter and the bones for tools such as awls. They consumed some of the meat and preserved some as "dry meat" for long-term storage. Today, we still continue the practice of ceremonial hunts and pay religious homage to the spirit of the animal to increase our luck.

— Leigh J. Kuwanwisiwma, Hopi



Zuni hunting fetishes from the about the turn of the century.

Hunting means, ultimately, converting animal energy into human energy. Respect for this power demands that Navajo hunters cleanse themselves physically and spiritually in the sweathouse. They ask Talking God and Black God for the most tasty meat from their supply. The hunters then ask to make proper use of their weapons, the dark bow with the tail-feathered arrow and the feathered bow with the second tail-feathered arrow. During the hunt, they use an ancient language of prayer to communicate and contemplate only holy thoughts. The hunters take only what they need. At the site of the kill, they pray and sing and ask for all the blessings of the Deer People. At home they eat all the meat and return the bones to sacred places.

— Rex Lee Jim, Diné

My hunting stick is not a tool of death but a tool of life. I throw it like the boomerang it resembles. When my father gave it to me, he said it could make me a great hunter and help me bring food home. It would help feed my grandmother when Grandpa could no longer hunt. How simple this hunting tool is! It amazes me that my ancestors could conceive such a perfect but simple tool.

— Michael Lacapa, Apache/Hopi/Tewa

By listening to the elders, we learned a "low-tech" way to catch rabbits. We inserted a long, sharp, pointed stick in a rabbit hole and twirled the stick rapidly. The rabbit's skin became entangled in the stick, and we would pull out the bunny like a fish on a line. We were deadly with homemade slingshots and hunted birds for food and ceremonies. Red rubber for slingshots came from discarded inner tubes. This rubber was not synthetic, and we prized its ability to stretch. Then Grandfather gave me a shotgun. Pounded by the recoil, I would come home with a bloody lip and a handful of doves. A .22 rifle was next. With our new weaponry, we had become hunters, or so we thought.

— Anthony Dorame, Tesuque Pueblo

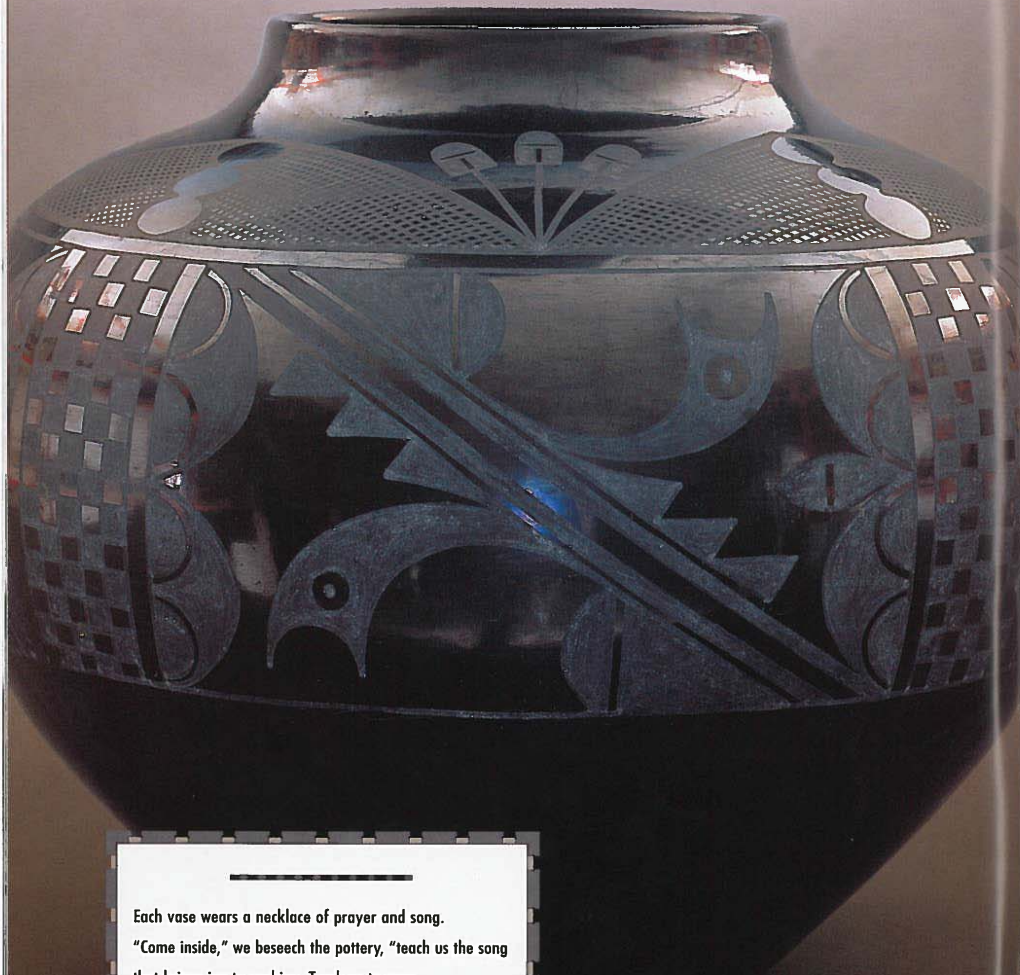
Hunting is men's work. Some still have their own prayers, songs, and rituals. The rituals now include modern conveniences. The tsénil yázhí (hatchet or tomahawk) has been replaced by the steel hatchet. The bowguard and bow and arrows are replaced by rifles. Navajo women still stay at home and pray.

— Gloria Emerson, Diné



Hopi rabbit hunting stick, ca. 1890.

ARTS

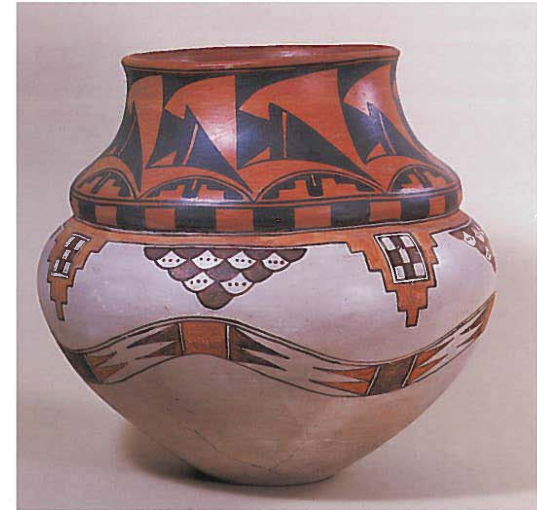


Each vase wears a necklace of prayer and song.
"Come inside," we beseech the pottery, "teach us the song
that brings joy to cooking. Teach us to pray
that we may be generous and humble."

Our pottery teaches the sacred sounds of cooking.

—Luci Tapahonso, Diné

Storage jar by Maria and Julian Martinez,
San Ildefonso Pueblo, 1938-1939.



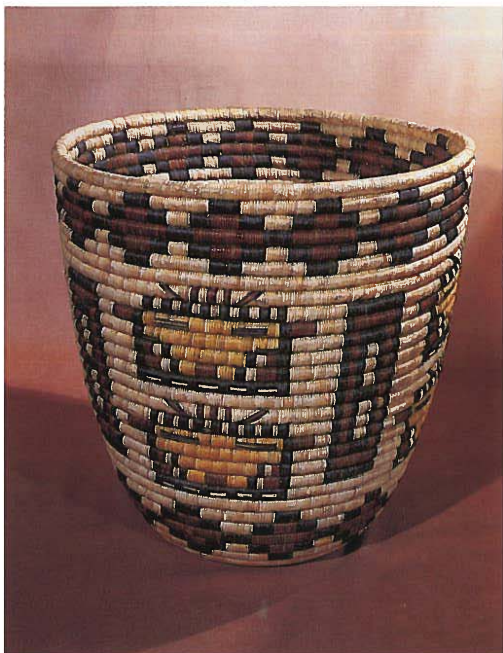
An early polychrome olla by Maria and Julian Martinez, San Ildefonso Pueblo, 1917.

My grandparents are artists as defined by Western culture; one is a silversmith, and the other is a painter. They are also artists when they plow their fields, tend to their horses, and grind their corn. I am also an artist when I make a basket to take to the *kiva* or bake bread in the *horno* in preparation for a feast day. To me, "art" is my children, my work, my home, and my community.

—Paula Rivera, Taos Pueblo

The earliest stories I know about "art" come from 'Asdzaa Na'ashje"ii (Spider Woman) and 'Asdzaa Nádleehí (Changing Woman). Spider Woman taught her grandchildren and Nayeel Ashkii (Boy Dreamer) how to make pictures with string. Changing Woman ordained the *Hashht'ishnii* (Mud) Clan to become creative people. This connection between mud and creativity first appears in the clan origin stories. Although people say there's no word for art in the Navajo language, we do have names for image making. Those who follow the Beauty Way watch sandpaintings emerge on sand altars, and we know the Holy People endowed 'ii *kááh* (dry paintings) with healing. Their gifts are enacted in curative dramas like Nightway Chant. Also, *Na'ach'aa h* means making art. *Na'ach'aa hi'i* is maker of art. Our early families were contemplative artists who bound rainbow and lightnings into looms, and sunbeam and mountains into baskets. This is our artistic inheritance. Like holiness flowing through plants, art and the *Diné bee'íinááji* (Navajo Way) are continually energized. Things called "art" were originally made to invoke spiritual powers and to return the sick to harmony. So if art was the invocation of beauty, then *Diné'íinááji* was and is art.

—Gloria Emerson, Diné



Hopi basket with kachina design, 1930.

What is now called "art" Native people first made for utility. This includes containers for food and paints and cooking vessels. Every woman, man, and child was an "artist." For example, if a cooking vessel broke, one had to make a new one because there were no stores with replacements. Then the middleman, the Indian trader, arrived with his cheap aluminum cookware, which soon replaced the handmade wares. He saw the value of Indian art and helped to develop the Indian "artist." The Indian person quickly discovered that he could make a clay pot, paint designs on it, and get some of the trade goods. Tin and aluminum do not break so easily.

— Edmund J. Ladd, Zuni Pueblo

The word "art" is not found in our language. But what do we call a piece of work created by the hands of my family? What will we call that piece which embodies the life of its creator? What will it be if it has a life and soul, while its maker sings and prays for it? In my home we call it pottery, painted with designs to tell us a story. In my mother's house, we call it a wedding basket to hold blue cornmeal for the groom's family. In my grandma's place, we call it a kachina doll, a carved image of a life force that holds the Hopi world in place. We make pieces of life to see, touch, and feel. Shall we call it "art"? I hope not. It may lose its soul. It is life. It is people.

— Michael Lacapa,
Apache/Hopi/Tewa

WEAVING



Classic Period
Navajo serape,
ca. 1840–1869.

I bought an old *ts'aa'* (basket) at the flea market. My mother held it to the afternoon sun to show its tight weave. "You'll use it for a long time," she said. We looked at jewelry, exquisite rugs, pottery, fine velvet clothes. We lingered, musing over details. Nearby was what we craved—snowcones. The sugary ice melted quickly. Then we saw the Avon Lady and got serious.

— Luci Tapahonso, Diné

One day, a young Diné woman fell into Spider couple's busy underground den. Every day she watched Na'ashjé'ii Asdzaan (Spider Woman) spin and spin, while Na'ashjé'ii Hastiin (Spider Man) helped gather materials. After spinning enough fiber, the spider couple searched for a place to weave their rugs. The young woman saw their hard work. She learned to spin, and Na'ashjé'ii Asdzaan helped her put up a loom. They worked together daily. After the young woman learned the entire weaving process, the Spider couple made her return to her people. Navajos teach children that spiders are their grandparents. Navajo weavers always deliberately put a mistake in their rugs so their creativity will continue into every rug.

— Lillie Lane, Diné



Embroidered shirt by Ramoncita Sandoval, San Juan Pueblo, 1992.

Pueblo people used looms made from tree limbs and tools such as wooden shuttles and combs to make their own clothing. Wintertime was the usual time for weaving cloth to be sewn into clothes. Bone awls and needles were used to stitch leather and cotton cloth. Shoes were woven from yucca or stitched from leather. We no longer use the looms for making our everyday clothing. As a child, I remember wearing mostly hand-me-down clothes sent to my family by Protestant churches from neighboring states such as Texas and Oklahoma. Now, I mostly wear store-bought clothes.

— Tessie Naranjo, Santa Clara Pueblo



Hopi manta, ca. 1930, cotton and wool.

Among the Hopi, men are the weavers. Traditionally, most of the weaving occurs in a kiva, an underground ceremonial house. Weaving in this setting enables the men to socialize and teach traditions and rituals to the younger men and boys. Today, the Hopi are one of the suppliers of ceremonial textiles to other Pueblos. Individuals specialize in different types of textiles and garments. Hopi men and women who die are buried in ceremonial garments and blankets. Our designs tell stories, teach history and religious philosophy, and are aesthetically pleasing.

— Leigh J. Kuwanwisiwma, Hopi

CONTAINERS



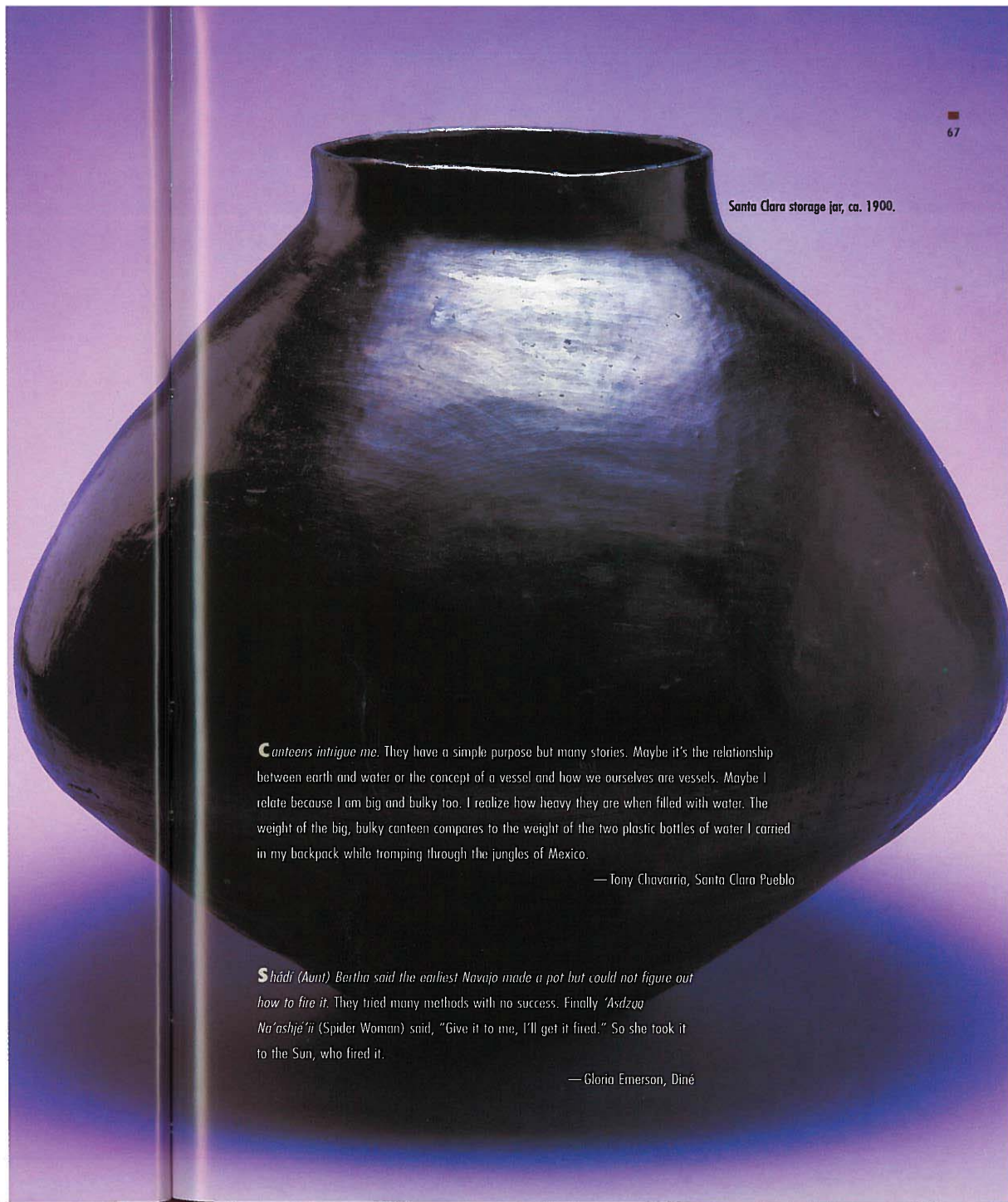
Clockwise lower left: Wooden ladle from Hopi, ca. 1910; Hopi mountain sheep horn ladle, ca. 1920; wooden ladle from San Felipe Pueblo, 1880.

In the Pueblo world, containers were made from clay and brush. Clay pots not only held food but were used for eating, drinking, and for ceremonies. Baskets of all sizes and shapes were made from brush and grasses that grow in and around any village. Gourds were used to hold and carry water or as ladles for drinking. Today, the containers found in our households have changed. The same plastic and metal containers found anywhere in the country are now in every Pueblo household.

—Tessie Naranjo, Santa Clara Pueblo

Pots made from clay were the major cooking utensils and were used for cooking beans, a staple of Pueblo people. Long spoons made from clay, as well as long wooden sticks, were kept handy for stirring the beans. Long, thin, flat stones heated over a fire were used to make a waferlike bread called *piki* bread. Other small stones were used to help boil stews. Flint knives were used to cut meat and for drying and cooking. Now it is rare to see a Pueblo mother using a clay pot to cook beans for her family. One of my special childhood memories is that moment when I opened the door to our home and smelled stew or beans cooking in a clay bean pot.

—Tessie Naranjo, Santa Clara Pueblo



Santa Clara storage jar, ca. 1900.

Canteens intrigue me. They have a simple purpose but many stories. Maybe it's the relationship between earth and water or the concept of a vessel and how we ourselves are vessels. Maybe I relate because I am big and bulky too. I realize how heavy they are when filled with water. The weight of the big, bulky canteen compares to the weight of the two plastic bottles of water I carried in my backpack while tromping through the jungles of Mexico.

—Tony Chavarria, Santa Clara Pueblo

Shādi (Aunt) Bertha said the earliest Navajo made a pot but could not figure out how to fire it. They tried many methods with no success. Finally 'Asdzog Na'ashjé'ii (Spider Woman) said, "Give it to me, I'll get it fired." So she took it to the Sun, who fired it.

—Gloria Emerson, Diné

TRADE



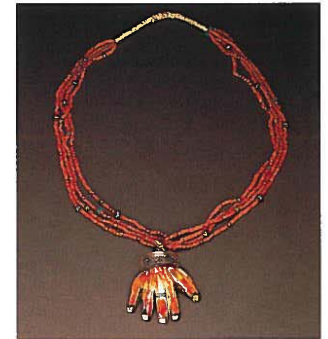
Untitled painting by Navajo artist Gerald Nailor, 1937.

If American Indian trade activity could have been measured prior to 1492, it would have been the equivalent of commercial activity throughout the world. In the Southwest, the indigenous peoples had an extensive trade network up and down the Rio Grande Valley, into the Rocky Mountains, and into the Eastern Plains. Contrary to stereotyped views, exchange did not consist solely of Apaches, Navajos, and Utes raiding the Pueblos for their crops. Hunters exchanged meat, hides, leather goods, natural foods and, later, horses for the great variety of crops of the Rio Grande farmers. A multitude of medicinal plants and religious paraphernalia were bartered. Artisans bought and sold household items, pottery, baskets, and decorative materials. Commerce encouraged cultural exchange, intermarriage, the sharing of knowledge, ceremonies, languages, and the growth of respect and understanding for other tribes' territories, religions, and customs. Often warfare resulted, but it never led tribes to raise standing armies. It was upon this aboriginal trade network that the Europeans established the foundation for conquest. They simply introduced new goods using unfair means, including liquor, bribes, and the bayonet, to gain economic, social, and political power over Indian people.

—Veronica E. Velarde Tiller, Jicarilla Apache

My grandmother went from Taos Pueblo to Zuni Pueblo to learn how to make jewelry. She won a blue ribbon for a squash blossom necklace with Zuni Shalako kachinas, and her unique style contributed to the growth of the Native American industry of silver-smithing. We traveled long distances from Taos Pueblo to southern Colorado to Arizona to sell to many different shops and galleries. Grandma's jewelry, now worn by many people, has touched numerous lives.

—Paula Rivera, Taos Pueblo



Hand-shaped pendant necklace of inlaid shell, Santa Domingo Pueblo, ca. 1890.

Our family went visiting at Red Rock and Oaksprings.

We played on auntie's smooth dirt floor while the grownups talked.

Outside, heat waves shimmered above shrubs and piñon trees.

Later, at the trading post, we saw "our old father," Daddy's older brother. We were surprised and shy.

Our footsteps echoed in the dim store as we headed for the freezer.

"Our old father" bought us orange Dreamsicles.

We sat in the pickup bed, licking the cold sweetness.

He smiled, saying, "This tastes really good."

We were happy about him.

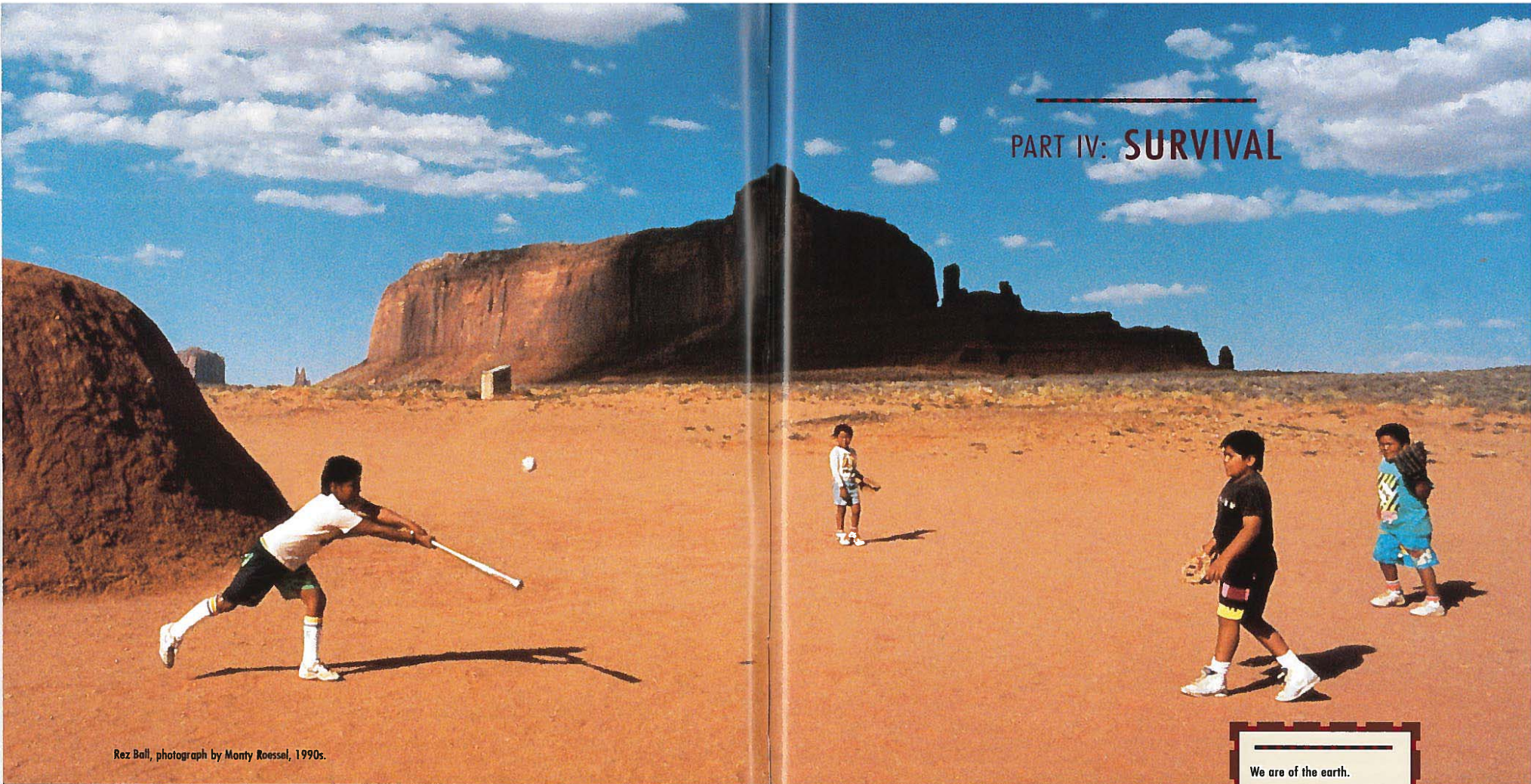
—Luci Tapahonso, Diné

Anthropologists classifying the Pueblos as sedentary people do not grasp the larger picture. Our home is filled with evidence of a long-standing tradition of travel, trade, and learning. We use pottery of our own, as well as pottery from neighboring villages and from as far away as Acoma, Zuni, and Hopi. My grandfather's favorite bolo tie to wear on special occasions was one made in Zuni depicting a Shalako. Our living room is draped with Navajo rugs on the floor, chairs, and walls. A Victrola and television are modern additions. Stories about travel and new friends come down through time. In the past, travel took many days, so the visits were longer and resulted in the sharing of songs, ceremonies, and languages. Elders who never attended school spoke Spanish and several Native languages very well.

—Carlotta Penny Bird, Santa Domingo Pueblo

Trading posts were remote outposts that supplied food, clothing, tools, and other practical items for the Navajo home. Initially, Navajo men traded rugs, baskets, and jewelry for supplies, since the only transportation was the horse. Over time, trading posts flourished as Navajo livestock owners began selling wool and lambs annually. Many Navajo people were given credit accounts that allowed them to buy necessities at any time. Some families were able to purchase wagons, manual appliances, and vehicles with their profits. Trading posts were bustling businesses for remote Navajo families and communities. Today, there are few trading posts.

—Lillie Lane, Diné



PART IV: SURVIVAL

Rez Ball, photograph by Monty Roessel, 1990s.

Nearly fifty years ago, I heard a professor predict that in a few years Pueblo culture would be gone. A cash economy was replacing the agricultural foundation of the Pueblos. Veterans returning from World War II were highly unlikely to resume their prewar lifeways. The federal policies of relocation and termination of trust responsibility were certain to bring traditional life to a close.

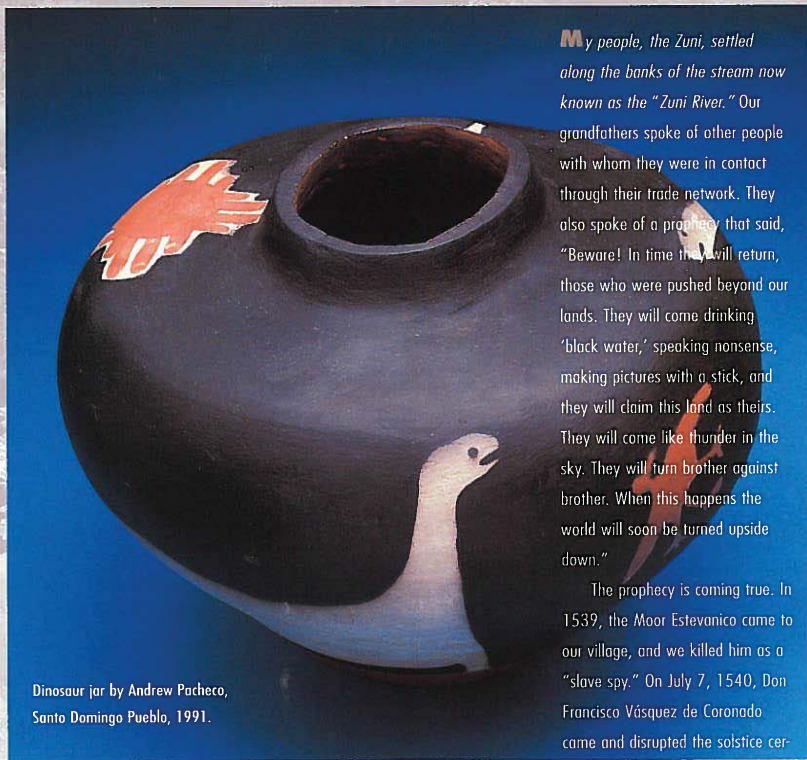
This analysis was scholarly and logical, but it was wrong. You will understand what I mean when visiting any of the hundred of ancient communities, carefully laid out in the canyons and on the plateaus of the surrounding mountains. There along the cliff faces, the steps you take and the places you use to steady yourself are the footprints and handholds worn

into the soft tufa stone by countless generations of our ancestors.

Like the marks left in ageless stones, tradition is deeply etched into our very being. The past awakens in the present through ceremonies received long ago in these plateau places. Generations of families gathered here; we are of these spaces, places, and times. We leave our footprints for another generation; we leave our handholds to steady their journey. One day I will take my grandchild to walk in the pathways made by our fathers and mothers. We will see the same horizon shaped by Tsikumu.

**We are of the earth.
We emerged from the earth.
We replenish the earth.
We grow old.
We return to the earth.**
—Edmund J. Ladd, Zuni Pueblo

—Dave Warren, Santa Clara Pueblo



Dinosaur jar by Andrew Pacheco,
Santo Domingo Pueblo, 1991.

Dios (the Spanish god) and the spokesperson of our spiritual deities met east of our village. They talked a long time, then decided to have a contest to see whose ways were stronger. They first made food. Our cornmeal lasted much longer in the stomach than their flour tortillas. Next the contestants sang and danced. Our dances brought the rain to the fields, and their bailes (social dances) left them weakened and hung over. As each contest was waged, the Spanish people saw that our ways were strong and to survive they would have to learn from us. Spanish people who have long lived near us share our ways. The greatest compliment to give them is to say, "You are generous of heart and know how to share your food."

—Carlotta Penny Bird, Santo Domingo Pueblo

My people, the Zuni, settled along the banks of the stream now known as the "Zuni River." Our grandfathers spoke of other people with whom they were in contact through their trade network. They also spoke of a prophecy that said, "Beware! In time they will return, those who were pushed beyond our lands. They will come drinking 'black water,' speaking nonsense, making pictures with a stick, and they will claim this land as theirs. They will come like thunder in the sky. They will turn brother against brother. When this happens the world will soon be turned upside down."

The prophecy is coming true. In 1539, the Moor Estevanico came to our village, and we killed him as a "slave spy." On July 7, 1540, Don Francisco Vázquez de Coronado came and disrupted the solstice ceremonies and did battle with our grandfathers. The missionaries came next. All who came claimed this land as theirs. In my opinion, the coffee-drinking, foul-talking people who make thunder in the sky with their jet aircraft are the people of the prophecy. Despite these impacts, our culture survives.

—Edmund J. Ladd, Zuni Pueblo

By the time the Americans arrived in the Southwest in the mid-1840s, the Spanish had been here for three hundred years. American traders took away resources, such as turquoise, piñon nuts, seeds, and animal skins. By the end of the 1800s, archaeologists and photographers had gone into every Pueblo village. They were curious about our past. About the same time, the United States government forced changes in our religion and education. Boarding schools removed children from their homes and communities. Despite these attempts, Southwest tribal cultures have survived. As survivors, we use those nontraditional ways that we wish and keep out those that we don't like. Like all modern people, we Pueblos have been shaped by our history. Often, I feel uncomfortable with the necessity of conforming to Western cultural standards. Whenever I feel the need to retreat, the safety and comfort of my community is where I go to find myself again.

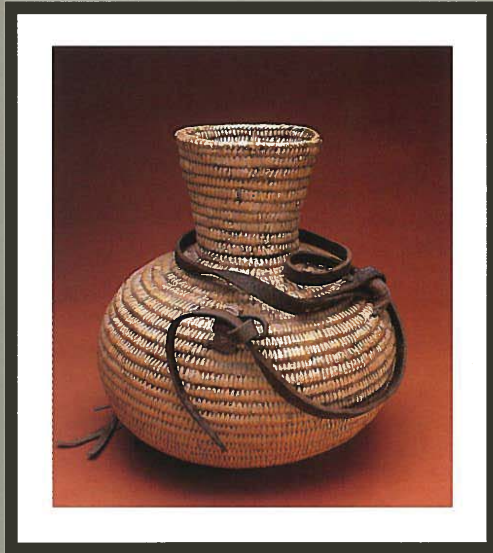
—Tessie Naranjo, Santa Clara Pueblo

After the Long Walk in the 1860s, federal government agents wrenched children from frenzied parents and herded these unfortunate youngsters into stark schools. My mother remembers how they arrived at the school with their shawls and Navajo clothes. One little girl named Mabel wouldn't release her shawl when the school people tried to pull it from her. She screamed as she was dragged around grasping her shawl. My mother says she and others cried so Mabel could keep her shawl. Our next federal-sponsored migration occurred in the 1950s when Navajos were relocated by the hundreds to Chicago, Seattle, and Los Angeles. When relocation ended, many returned home, thankful that Congress's forced migration plan had ended and that we had become forgotten targets.

—Gloria Emerson, Diné

The coming of "non-Indian foreigners" brought both good and bad. The Hopi suffered more during the period of dominance and suppression of the Spanish era. The Spanish introduced metal tools to the Native people, enabling them to do more in agriculture, building, and hunting. Many Spanish terms are incorporated into Hopi vocabulary. In 1680, the Hopi participated in the Great Pueblo Revolt and helped drive the Spanish from the area. We were never reconquered. Later, we experienced the western Anglo intrusions as the government forced Hopi children into boarding schools to "civilize" them. Christians also attempted their form of assimilation. Today, we proudly claim to be a non-Christian community with a culture that is among the strongest of all Native Americans in North America.

—Leigh J. Kuwanwisiwma, Hopi



Jicarilla Apache basketry water bottle, ca. 1910.

General Kearny's entry into New Mexico in 1846 brought decades of warfare, settlement on reservations, religious intolerance, economic deprivation, and psychological despair to Indian peoples. Our ancestors were forced to give up their lands and way of life for a position on the lower rungs of American society. The eventual payoff, after assimilation and acculturation, was participation in the American Dream. By relying on their inner strength; by believing in the foundations of their societies that promoted family, sharing, prayers, hope; and by never giving up, Indian people survived the experience of conquest. Today, nineteen Pueblos, two Apache tribes, and a portion of the Navajo Nation are located on over 8 million acres of New Mexico with an ever-growing population and increasing economic might.

—Veronica E. Velarde Tiller, Jicarilla Apache



Top: Ancestral Pueblo water jar from Tsankawi, ca. 1500.



Bottom: Little Lulu ring probably made at Zuni Pueblo in the 1950s.

The Navajo-Hopi land dispute is a story of the Hopis' and Navajos' claim to ancient rights to the land of their forefathers. Our grandmas said that the Hopi came out of the earth from the Sipapu (earth navel). It is where the Little Colorado River and the Colorado River come together. It is where man emerged into the Fourth World. My uncles speak of how the U.S. government is drawing new lines so the Navajos can use the land. Our grandpa said, "Let the government have it. They will use it up, and when they feel that the land is no longer any use to them, they will leave." It is the Hopi understanding that many will come to try and claim what is Hopi, but in the end the Hopi will still be here, a place near the Sipapu, a place we call home.

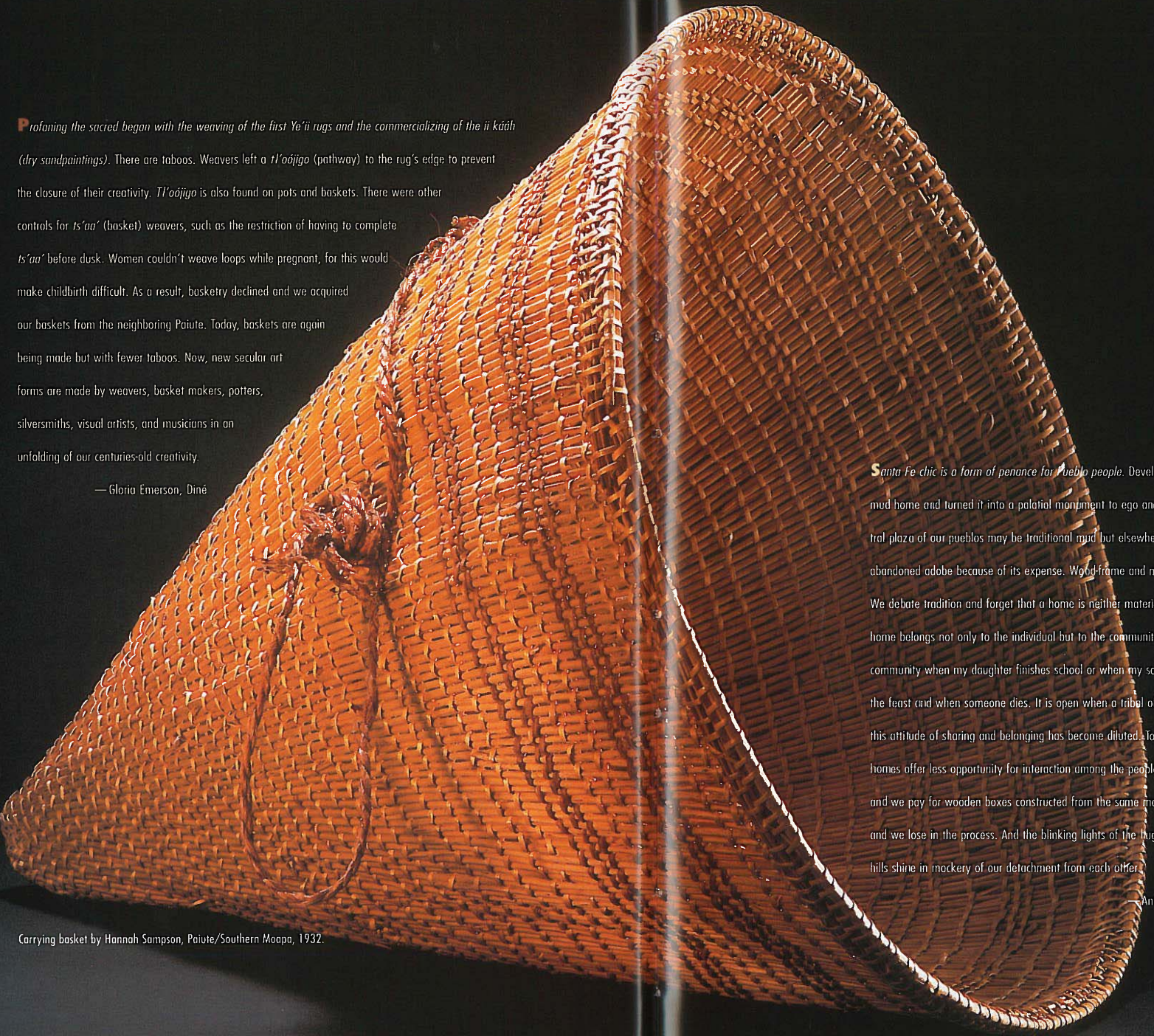
—Michael Lacapa, Apache/Hopi/Tewa

"Look down!" I tell my kids when we hike. "Look and see the ancient people of this land. These pieces of clay pottery at our feet and across this land not only held food and water but also the lives of the ancient people of the Mogollon." Pottery stored food, held water, and carried sacred materials. The designs and patterns carried stories. The shapes and forms were created for specific rituals and ceremonies. The images that lie within each vessel were shared mother to daughter. Each vessel carried with it the life of the maker. It is that life that we touch today.

—Michael Lacapa, Apache/Hopi/Tewa

We want to be pure in one way or another. I am a full-blood Navajo. The idea in my mind is a Navajo idea. I use a Navajo blanket, wear Navajo jeans, sing Navajo songs. Taking things for granted, rarely do we look beyond an idea. We accept what our elders tell us without questioning the source or validity of the information. When we look beyond, we find that Navajos have taken freely and responsibly from other tribal groups. Our ceremonies, such as the Mountain Way and peyotism; our arts, such as weaving and sand painting; our clans, the San Juan Pueblo and Coyote Pass People clans, have come to us. When we meet, we learn from one another and grow as a people.

—Rex Lee Jim, Diné



Profaning the sacred began with the weaving of the first Ye'ii rugs and the commercializing of the *ii kááh* (dry sandpaintings). There are taboos. Weavers left a *tl'oójiigo* (pathway) to the rug's edge to prevent the closure of their creativity. *Tl'oójiigo* is also found on pots and baskets. There were other controls for *ts'aa'* (basket) weavers, such as the restriction of having to complete *ts'aa'* before dusk. Women couldn't weave loops while pregnant, for this would make childbirth difficult. As a result, basketry declined and we acquired our baskets from the neighboring Paiute. Today, baskets are again being made but with fewer taboos. Now, new secular art forms are made by weavers, basket makers, potters, silversmiths, visual artists, and musicians in an unfolding of our centuries-old creativity.

— Gloria Emerson, Diné

Carrying basket by Hannah Sampson, Paiute/Southern Moapa, 1932.

Santa Fe chic is a form of penance for Pueblo people. Developers have taken the humble mud home and turned it into a palatial monument to ego and checkbook. Today, the central plaza of our pueblos may be traditional mud but elsewhere on the reservation we have abandoned adobe because of its expense. Wood-frame and mobile homes have appeared. We debate tradition and forget that a home is neither material nor style. In the pueblo, the home belongs not only to the individual but to the community. Our home is open to the community when my daughter finishes school or when my son brings a deer. It is open for the feast and when someone dies. It is open when a tribal official knocks on the door. But this attitude of sharing and belonging has become diluted. Today, isolated single-family homes offer less opportunity for interaction among the people. We turn to the government and we pay for wooden boxes constructed from the same mold. Our separation increases and we lose in the process. And the blinking lights of the huge homes in the surrounding hills shine in mockery of our detachment from each other.

— Anthony Dorame, Tesuque Pueblo

In the traditional Navajo economic system, a man or woman might have traded a pair of moccasins for a bag of corn, perhaps exchanged two head of sheep for a protection prayer, or swapped the use of a jewelry design for a load of firewood. Today's economy benefits mostly people off the reservation. Rugs are no longer woven for the people to use as blankets, clothing, bedding, or for other practical uses. Weavers weave rugs to decorate walls of houses off the reservation, and non-Navajo store owners gain all the monetary profit. These monies leave the reservation and are deposited in banks with main offices in cities off the reservation. When people no longer trade rugs for corn pollen, the weavers lose their knowledge about plant life, and the farmer no longer wants to be responsible for raising his own food or making his own clothing and shelter. When people are no longer independent, interdependency collapses. Farmers know that they can always sign up for welfare, and when they shop at grocery stores non-Navajo owners reap the rewards. These problems in the economic system call for a total restructuring, not only of the economic infrastructure but, more importantly, of the Navajo business mind.

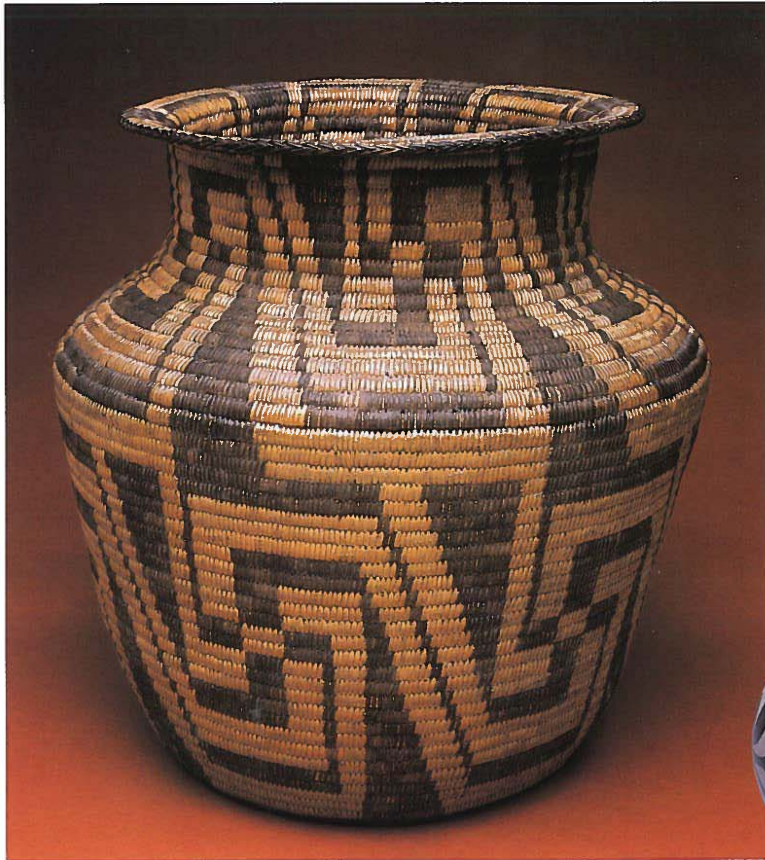
—Rex Lee Jim, Diné

My daughter works with the music festival during Indian Market in August and is excited about the new sounds coming from today's Native American musicians and singers. When she brings the tapes and CDs home for me, she is surprised when I say, "I know that song, that's a Navajo corn-grinding song," or "a buffalo song" or "an old round dance song." Modern artists are taking traditional songs and using contemporary rock, rap, and ska to make new sounds. This isn't a new trend, as Native performers like Louis Ballard and the IAIA chorus in the 1960s took songs from different tribes and cultures and used them in modern Anglo forms. While I enjoy this music, my own community does not allow us to sing or perform our dances outside the pueblo. We are concerned with the language and songs being taken away. This fear is shared by many tribes who are now losing their language. People who do not know the language cannot sing the songs in the proper manner or spirit. Our songs were composed for specific purposes and had spiritual messages. What happens when they are used differently? I wonder if the spirits recognize them.

—Carlotta Penny Bird, Santo Domingo Pueblo



Navajo Germantown pictorial blanket, ca. 1890s.



Tohono O'odham basket, ca. 1900.

Have you heard of the war in America's Southwest? It is a war for water. Much has been written about the struggles between tribal groups prior to Columbus, and much has been documented about the conflicts between the Spanish and Apache. But the opponents in this battle are Arizona's Salt River Project, a lifeline to the Phoenix metro area, and the White Mountain Apache Tribe, first users of the water. It is a war with as yet no victor but with many losers.

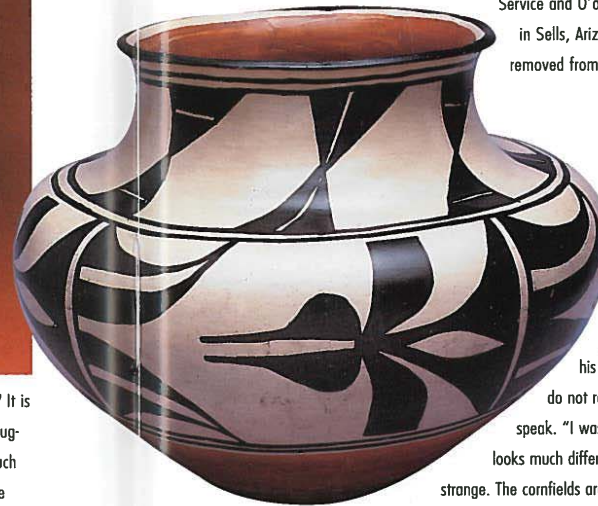
—Michael Lacapa, Apache/Hopi/Tewa

How would I, an O'odham, explain biodiversity? Other cultures may regard the air, water, land, plants, and animals as separate elements and develop approaches for protecting these "resources" accordingly. For us, biodiversity is a concept that is all encompassing. We call it the O'odham *Himdag* (Way of Life). In the arid climate of the O'odham, rain is the life force of the *tohono*. Most Tohono O'odham songs and ceremonial prayers beseech and acknowledge the coming of rain. In the *Himdag*, since the rainfall and water are sacred it cannot be treated simply as a commodity to be bought, sold, or traded on the open market. These differences in cultural viewpoints are at the root of the conflict between the desert people and the cities and towns of southern Arizona.

Santo Domingo Pueblo olla, ca. 1890s.

Native Seeds/SEARCH seed bank assists in the conservation of the desert's "genetic library" of varieties of corn, squash, beans, and other crops. Desert crops feed us physically, mentally, and spiritually and have songs, prayers, and ceremonies associated with them. A child planting a traditional crop seed from the seed bank continues the cycle begun hundreds of years ago, a cycle, hopefully, to be continued by a child of the future. The Indian Health Service and O'odham agencies serve traditional foods at the IHS hospital in Sells, Arizona, to provide physical and spiritual strength to patients removed from their accustomed diets and surroundings.

—Angelo Joaquin, Jr., Tohono O'odham



The sound of water gurgling over rocks and pebbles blends with the trill and song of birds in the trees. I am transfixed by nature and sit motionless. Suddenly, I become aware of a man standing quietly watching me. He pulls his blanket around his shoulders. Noticing the puzzled look, he murmurs, "My son. You do not recognize me?" He speaks in Tewa but not the same Tewa I speak. "I was here before you. I also came to this spot many times but it looks much different now. The earth is different. These birds in the trees are strange. The cornfields are empty. The homes are scattered. There are many changes. And

the people, are they the same? Do they forget?" I feel uncomfortable. He quietly reaches for an evergreen tree nearby. Uttering a prayer, he gently breaks a twig and hands it to me. "When the branch is broken, the twig cannot survive. Without our language and without our ways, you cannot survive as a people." I squirm. A crow squawks in a tree, and I am jolted from my daydream. The man is gone. Blinking, I notice in my hand a fragrant twig of evergreen.

—Anthony Dorame, Tesuque Pueblo

THE VOICES

I'm from Santo Domingo Pueblo. I've worked and lived in many places, but always say "I'm going up home" when I return. My grandparents' vision for me was to become an educator, and their teachings have provided the foundation I continually build on. I am blessed with three children, and recently another role—that of grandmother to a beautiful granddaughter—has led me to override my fears and accept the opportunity to work with the museum. I cannot be there for her every day so I think about what I want to share with her. My experiences are what I can give.

—Carlotta Penny Bird,
Santo Domingo Pueblo

To outward appearances I am an adult at the end of what is considered youth, yet I feel like a boy. I am in my childhood in terms of inner growth. There seems to be so much to learn, do, and experience. My hope is that when I "grow up" I can look back and see progress in myself. At the end I can say, "At

least I did something." At twenty-eight years of age, I haven't done enough. For now I'll say, "I am a young man from Santa Clara Pueblo, still searching."

—Tony R. Chavarria,
Santa Clara Pueblo

The less traveled road was tempting, and I followed it. In my life, I have earnestly tried to "work" at things that are fun and meaningful and avoid "jobs" along the way. My layers of personal history include teaching in high schools and universities, writing books and articles, painting with oils and acrylics, and working on environmental issues. But I have too often neglected hunting and fishing in the mountains. Along the way, I pushed the books seriously enough to acquire a couple of college degrees. My family is my inspiration and my treasure.

—Anthony Dorame,
Tesuque Pueblo

My father is a farmer, a man of the mountains. My mother is a woman of the gray plains. We live

along the San Juan River and are blessed with great flocks of birds. We struggle with bad irrigation pumps and raise corn and melons under the black cloud of the Four Corners power plant. Since it's difficult to make a living from our small farm plots, we work elsewhere. Trees have been replaced by oil rigs. Open land cut by fences. TV has taken the place of our grandmas. Take my picture quick, while I eat my watermelon.

—Gloria Emerson,
Diné (Navajo)

I write poems, short stories, and plays in the Navajo language. Also, I conduct research and develop curricula for Navajo Community College through the Office of Diné Educational Philosophy. I lecture frequently on Navajo issues. I believe that everything I do makes me a better person. I love to read, engage in intelligent discussion, and to enhance my spiritual understanding. I thrive within the web of my social connections. I live in Rock Point, Arizona, the place where I

THE VOICES

grew up herding sheep and sleeping on the job in the shade of the sagebrush and tamarisk bush. I enjoy life!

—Rex Lee Jim,
Diné (Navajo)

I am a member of the Tohono O'odham Nation in southern Arizona and currently serve as the executive director of Native Seeds/SEARCH in Tucson, Arizona. Native Seeds/SEARCH collects and distributes seeds from traditional crops in order to preserve the biodiversity of these crops. I have served as an advisor for several museum exhibits, but this is the first time I have written for one. I approached the challenge with equal amounts of apprehension and excitement. The experience of working with so many outstanding professional Native American writers and museum staff has made a lasting impression on me.

—Angelo Joaquin, Jr.,
Tohono O'odham (Pima)

I am a full-blooded, enrolled member of the Hopi tribe, a member of

the Third Mesa Greasewood Clan, and I live in the village of Paaqavi (Bacavi). I am the director of the Hopi Cultural Preservation Office. I come from a family of farmers and shepherds. I have delivered papers at conferences of the American Anthropological Association and the Society of American Archeology. I am a member of the Arizona Archeological Commission, the Colorado Society of Archeologists, and the Arizona State Museum Tribal Advisory Board. I am a graduate of Northern Arizona University with a degree in business administration.

—Leigh J. Kuwanwisiwma,
Hopi

I am *Ts'leenu*, Michael Lacapa, an artist! I lived with "The People" and now reside in Taylor, Arizona. My mother is of the Bear Clan. My father is of the Spider Clan. I make images in books to tell stories I recall. I play sounds in the canyons that remind me of the wind blowing through the trees. My work is of the things I do as an Apache, as a Hopi,

and as a Tewa. In my culture, we are all artists! Just as we breathe, so must we make art.

—Michael Lacapa,
Apache/Hopi/Tewa

I am a *Shiwi*, a Zuni. I was educated on the Zuni Reservation. I would have graduated from the Albuquerque Indian School had it not been for the Second World War. I served in the armed forces in the Pacific and the Mediterranean and was honorably discharged on December 7, 1946. I entered the University of New Mexico in 1951 and earned my M.A. in 1964. I was employed by the United States Department of the Interior, National Park Service, and retired in 1984. I now am employed by the Museum of New Mexico, Laboratory of Anthropology.

—Edmund J. Ladd,
Zuni Pueblo (deceased 1999)

I am a woman from the Gap Bodaway community at the westernmost edge of the Navajo Reservation. I belong to the

THE VOICES

Tábaqhá (Edge of Water) Clan and am born for the *T'izikáni* (Manygoats) Clan. *Tódi ch'íiníi* (Bitterwater) Clan are my maternal grandparents, and *Kin yaa'áanii* (Towering House) Clan are my paternal grandparents. My parents impressed on me the importance of knowing how "white people" think, so I studied English and linguistics at the University of Arizona. I have enjoyed this unique opportunity to work directly with *Here, Now, and Always*, for and with many Native Americans from the Southwest.

— Lillie Lane,
Diné (Navajo)

I have lived in Santa Clara all my life. I never had to put down roots here, for I grew up from them. My roots are intertwined with those of all the other members of my community. Santa Clara Pueblo is the home of my ancestors, and it is where I belong. From this place I can watch the movement of the clouds across the sky and the changing of the seasons, each cloud and each year different from the last. It

is the place and the people that make me who I am.

— Tessie Naranjo,
Santa Clara Pueblo

Originally from Taos Pueblo, I lived in Santa Fe for fifteen years. I recently returned to my homeland with my husband and my two children. Trained as a museologist at the Institute of American Indian Arts, I have worked in this field for approximately eight years. I am at present appreciating the arts, my children, and my home.

— Paula Rivera,
Taos Pueblo

I was born in Shiprock, New Mexico, on the Navajo Nation. My family and home community have always been a major influence. I am an associate professor of English at the University of Kansas in Lawrence. Although my husband, children, and grandchildren are here also, we consider "home" to be Navajo Country. My family and extended family live in and around Shiprock. Over the years, I've

learned that we are truly blessed to have a "homeland" that composes our strong identity, history, language, and spiritual beliefs. It teaches us the ways of *Hózhó*, beauty.

— Luci Tapanonso,
Diné (Navajo)

As descendants of traditional Jicarilla Apache chiefs and religious leaders, my parents, Rebecca Monarco Martinez and Albert Velarde, Jr., expected us to maintain the highest standards in the ways of the Jicarilla Apache. We were taught to speak our language and to protect our cultural integrity for all time to the best of our abilities. We were educated in the ways of the white man, without which we could not live up to our tribal obligations. I have a doctor of philosophy degree in history from the University of New Mexico and own Tiller Research, Inc., and BowArrow Publishing Company.

— Veronica E. Velarde Tiller,
Jicarilla Apache

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The impetus for this book came from Duane Anderson, director of the Museum of Indian Arts and Culture (MIAC) and the Laboratory of Anthropology in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Anderson's enthusiasm for the exhibition *Here, Now, and Always*, which was already in place when he took over his position as director, and his appreciation of the desire of hundreds of museum visitors to carry home these words, led him to inspire the team that worked on the book, to raise the necessary funding, and to fast-track a project that numerous people had dreamed about for many years.

The real creators of *Here, Now, and Always* are the Native Americans whose words and voices are recorded in these pages and who helped create the exhibition on which the book is based. But other writers made invaluable, if less visible, contributions. For my text in this volume I drew on several sources, most notably the writings of Bruce Bernstein and Sarah Schlanger, former director and archaeology curator, respectively, at MIAC. They composed exhibition and brochure text and compiled extensive notebooks detailing the thinking and research that went into planning the exhibition. Schlanger, along with the staff of Museum of New Mexico Press, also prepared a prospectus for an initial approach to this book. I have relied a great deal on her input and have credited her wherever she is quoted directly. Tony R. Chavarria, current curator of ethnology at MIAC, provided research assistance and production coordination, assisted with the selection of items to be illustrated, worked with the photographer to record them, and helped write the captions. I am grateful for his calm capability, unflagging enthusiasm, and gentle humor. Blair Clark, and other photographers named in the credits, created the beautiful object photographs in the book. Bruce Bernstein gave of his time and experience,

lent his notes and essays, and met with me several times to describe the genesis of the exhibition.

At the Museum of New Mexico Press, Editorial Director Mary Wachs made this book a reality. Mary Sweitzer designed the book and managed its production.

Key contributors to the exhibition *Here, Now, and Always*, on which this book is based, included MIAC staff members and Native consultants: Kerry Boyd (exhibition designer), Carol Cooper (museum educator), Ted Jojola (Isleta Pueblo, consulting curator), Edmund J. Ladd (Zuni Pueblo, curator of ethnology), Steve Lekson (curator of archaeology), Rina Swentzell (Santa Clara Pueblo, consulting curator), Bruce Bernstein, Tony R. Chavarria (Santa Clara Pueblo, assistant curator), Lillie Lane (Diné, curator), Paula Rivera (Taos Pueblo, assistant curator), Sarah Schlanger (curator of archaeology), and Tessie Naranjo (Santa Clara Pueblo, consulting curator), and Gloria Emerson (Diné, consulting curator). The museum also benefited from the assistance of an extraordinary group of Native elders and scholars who served on the museum's Advisory Panel, including Steven Begay (Diné), Larry Benallie (Diné), Walter Dasheno (Santa Clara Pueblo), Agnes Dill (Isleta Pueblo), James Hena (Tesuque Pueblo), Julia Herrera (Laguna Pueblo), Angelo Joaquin, Jr. (Tohono O'odham), Brenda Julian (Jicarilla Apache), Michael Kaboutie (Hopi), Michael Lacapa (Hopi/Apache/Tewa), Glaria Lomaheftewa (Hopi/Choctaw), Geronimo Montoya (San Juan Pueblo), Milford Nahohai (Zuni Pueblo), Edgar Perry (White Mountain Apache), Lydia Pesata (Jicarilla Apache), Joe Sando (Jemez Pueblo), Jim Trujillo (Taos Pueblo), and Lonnie Vigil (Nambé Pueblo). Roseann Willink, of the Language Department of the University of New Mexico, checked the Navajo spellings in the text.

— Joan K. O'Donnell