

FROM THE BEGINNING OF LIFE
TO THE DAY OF PURIFICATION

Teachings, History & Prophecies
of the Hopi People
as told by the late
Dan Katchongva, Sun Clan
(Ca. 1865—1972)

Translated by Dinaquumptewa

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Edited by Thomas Francis Tabet

INTRODUCTION

Dan Katchongva, the late Sun Clan leader of Hotevilla, spent more than a century in this life, in the course of which he was privileged to witness the battle between the ancient world and the modern world, in which he saw many old prophecies fulfilled. He experienced the whole spectrum, from peaceful village life to the most forceful interference the Hopi have known since the end of the previous world.

In a talk recorded on January 29, 1970, Dan told the story of the People of Peace, from the dawn of time to the attacks which led to the founding of Hotevilla in 1906, the school, money and police systems which threaten to end the Hopi Way within this generation, and the consequences for America and the world.

The thought of publishing his talk grew from the recognition that those causing this tragedy, and the millions who support them, could not persist, had they but a glimpse of the purpose behind Hopi resistance to foreign control.

Dan agreed to the publication of this booklet on condition that it never be sold, insisting that to sell Hopi teachings would be like selling his own mother.

He selected the portions to be published, and the accuracy of the translation was carefully established through his interpreter, Danaqyumtewa, with emphasis given to the original wording.

Statements concerning the Coyote and Grey Eagle clans, which Dan later wanted to add, have been inserted in this edition on pages 14, 15 and 27.

In addition to the prophecies fulfilled during his lifetime, Dan was told by his father that he would live to see the beginning of the final event of this era, the Great Day of Purification. Dan Katchongva died in 1972.

T.F.T.

“All I have is
my planting stick
and my corn.
If you are willing
to live as I do
you may live here
with me.”

THE BEGINNING OF LIFE

Somewhere down in the underworld we were created by the Great Spirit, the Creator. We were created first one, then two, then three. We were created equal, of oneness, living in a spiritual way, where the life is everlasting. We were happy and at peace with our fellow men. All things were plentiful, provided by our Mother Earth upon which we were placed. We did not need to plant or work to get food. Illness and troubles were unknown. For many years we lived happily and increased to great numbers.

When the Great Spirit created us, he also gave us instructions or laws to live by. We promised to live by his laws so that we would remain peaceful, using them as a guideline for living happily upon that land where he created and placed us. But from the beginning he warned us that we must not be tempted by certain things by which we might lose this perfect way of life.

Of course we had advantage of many good things in this life, so by and by we broke the Creator's command by doing what he told us not to do. So he punished us by making us as we are now, with both soul and body. He said, "From now on you will have to go on your own. You will get sick, and the length of your life will be limited."

He made our bodies of two principles, good

and evil. The left side is good for it contains the heart. The right side is evil for it has no heart. The left side is awkward but wise. The right side is clever and strong, but it lacks wisdom. There would be a constant struggle between the two sides, and by our actions we would have to decide which was stronger, the evil or the good.

We lived in good ways for many years, but eventually evil proved to be stronger. Some of the people forgot or ignored the Great Spirit's laws and once again began to do things they went against his instructions. They became materialistic, inventing many things for their own gain, and not sharing things as they had in the past. This resulted in a great division, for some still wanted to follow the original instructions and live simply.

The inventive ones, clever but lacking wisdom, made many destructive things by which their lives were disrupted, and which threatened to destroy all the people. Many of the things we see today are known to have existed at that time. Finally immorality flourished. The life of the people became corrupted with social and sexual license which swiftly involved the Kikmongwi's (chief's) wife and daughters, who rarely came home to take care of their household duties. Not only the Kikmongwi but also the high religious leaders were having the same problem. Soon the leaders and others with good hearts were worried that the life of the people was getting out of control.

The Kikmongwi gathered the high priests.

They smoked and prayed for guidance toward a way to solve the corruption. Many times they gathered, until finally someone suggested that they move, find a new place, and start a new life.

EMERGENCE INTO THE PRESENT WORLD

Now they had often heard certain thumping sounds coming from above, so they knew that someone might be living there. It was decided that this must be investigated. I will describe this briefly, for the whole story would take much space.

Being gifted with wisdom, they created birds for this purpose. I will name three. Two which are known for their strength and swiftness are the *kisa* (hawk) and the *pavowkaya* (swallow). The third was a *moochnee* (related to the mockingbird). His flight is awkward, but he is known to be wise. They were each created at separate times by magic songs, tobacco smoke and prayers, from dirt and saliva, which was covered by a white cape (*ova*). Each was welcomed respectfully and given instructions for his mission, should he succeed. The first two failed to reach the top side of the sky, but the third one, *moochnee*, came through the opening into this world.

The new world was beautiful. The earth was green and in bloom. The bird observed all his instructions. His sense of wisdom guided him to the being he was instructed to seek. When he

found him it was high noon, for the being Maasauu, the Great Spirit, was preparing his noon day meal. Ears of corn lay beside the fire. He flew down and lit on top of his *kisi* (house) and sounded his arrival.

Maasauu was not surprised by the visitor for by his wisdom and sense of smell he already knew someone was coming. Respectfully he welcomed him and invited him to sit down. The interview was brief and to the point. "Why are you here? Could it be important?" "Yes," said Moochnee, "I was sent here by the underworld people. They wish to come to your land and live with you, for their ways have become corrupted. With your permission they wish to move here with you and start a new life. This is why I have come." Maasauu replied bluntly, but with respect, "They may come."

With this message the bird returned to the underworld. While he was gone the Kikmongwi and the leaders had continued to pray and wait for his successful return. Upon his return with the good news of the new world and Maasauu's permission for them to come, they were overjoyed.

Now the question was how they were to get to the top, so again they smoked and prayed for guidance. At last they agreed to plant a tree that would grow to the top and serve as a pathway. They planted the seed of a *shalavee* (spruce tree), then they prayed and sang magic songs. The tree grew and grew until it reached the sky, but its branches were so soft and so

many that it bent under the heavy earth pressure from the top, so it did not pierce the sky. They planted another seed, this one to be a *louqu* (pine). It grew as they sang their magic songs. This tree was stout and strong. "Surely this one will go through," they thought. But it was unsuccessful, for its branches also bent upon contact with the solid object. Again they planted a seed. This time it was a *pakave* (reed). Since it had a pointed end it pierced the sky up into the new world.

Meanwhile all of this had been kept secret. Only proper righteous and one-hearted people were informed of the plans to leave the corrupt world. They were prepared to move out, so as soon as they knew it was successful they started to come up on the inside of the plant, resting between the joints as they worked their way up to the opening.

When they got to this world, everything was beautiful and peaceful. The land was virgin, unmolested. They were very happy. They sang and danced with joy, but their joy was short-lived, for that night the chief's daughter died suddenly. Everyone was sad and worried. People looked at one another suspiciously. An evil spell had been enacted. This caused great concern that a witch or two-hearted person might be among them.

Now the Kikmongwi had great power which he must use to settle the concern of his people. He made a small ball out of cornmeal which he tossed up above the group of people.

The one upon whose head it landed would be the guilty one. It landed upon the head of a girl. A quick decision was made to throw her back through the opening into the underworld. The wickedness must be gotten rid of, for they wished to live peacefully in this new land. But the witch girl cried out for mercy, telling them that on their long journey they would face many obstacles and dangers of every description, and that her services would become useful, for she had power to fight evil. She invited the Kikmongwi to look back down into the underworld. He looked and saw his child playing happily with the other children in the underworld, where upon death we will all return. She was spared, but they left her there alone, perhaps hoping that she would perish by some unknown cause.

THE FIRST MEETING WITH THE GREAT SPIRIT IN THIS WORLD

It was here that the Great Spirit first appeared to them on this earth, to give them the instructions by which they were to live and travel. They divided into groups, each with its selected leader. Before them he laid ears of corn of various lengths. They were each instructed to pick one ear of corn to take with them on their journey, for their subsistence and their livelihood. One by one they greedily picked out the longest and most perfect-looking ears until only the shortest was left. They did not realize that

this was a test of wisdom. The shortest ear was picked by the humblest leader. Then the Great Spirit gave them their names and the languages by which they would be recognized. The last picker of short corn was named HOPI.

HOPI means not only to be peaceful, but to obey and have faith in the instructions of the Great Spirit, and not to distort any of his teachings for influence or power, or in any way to corrupt the Hopi way of life. Otherwise the name will be taken away.

He then gave them instructions according to which they were to migrate for a certain purpose to the four corners of the new land, leaving many footprints, rock writings and ruins, for in time many would forget that they were all one, united by a single purpose in coming up through the reed.

Now that we were on top we were each to follow our own leaders, but so long as we did not forget the instructions of the Great Spirit we would be able to survive. We were now bound by a vow to live by these instructions and to complete our pattern of migration. Maasauu told us that whoever would be the first to find him would be the leader of those who were to follow, then he disappeared.

AN ACT OF PROPHETIC CONSEQUENCE

We migrated for many years to every corner of this continent, marking our claim as we travelled, as these markings clearly testify up

to the present day. On our way we stopped for rest near the great river now known as the Colorado. We had travelled far and gained a great deal of knowledge, not forgetting our instructions. The group leader was of the Bow Clan, a great chief with wisdom. But it was here that this great chief disappeared into the dark night. After putting his family to sleep he left in search of the Earth Center, where clever, ingenious people from all nations meet to plan the future. By some means he found the place, and was welcomed with respect. It was a beautiful place with all manner of good things. Good food was laid before him by most beautiful girls. It was all very tempting.

Until today we did not know the significance of this action. It had to do with the future. By this action he caused a change to occur in the pattern of life as we near the end of the life cycle of this world, such that many of us would seek the materialistic world, trying to enjoy all the good things it has to offer before destroying ourselves. Those gifted with the knowledge of the sacred instructions will then live very cautiously, for they will remember and have faith in these instructions, and it will be on their shoulders that the fate of the world will rest. The people will corrupt the good ways of life, bringing about the same life as that from which we fled in the underworld. The sacred body of the female will no longer be hidden, for the shield of protection will be uplifted, an act of temptation toward sexual license, which will

also be enjoyed. Most of us will be lost in all the confusion. An awareness that something extraordinary is happening will develop in most of the people, for even their leaders will be confused into polluting themselves. It will be difficult to decide whom to follow.

The Hopi knew all this would come about. All these aspects of today's life pattern were planned. So today we must stand firmly on our belief in order to survive. The only course is to follow the instructions of the Great Spirit himself.

THE MISSION OF THE TWO BROTHERS

This Bow Clan chief had two grown sons. When they learned of their father's misdeed they were very sad. Their knowledge of the teachings which they had received from him was all in order. Now they were left alone to lead their people, for the very next day their father died.

They asked their mother to permit them to carry out the order of their instructions for an event of this nature. She replied that it was up to them, for their knowledge was complete. Upon agreement, the younger brother was to continue in search of Maasauu, and to settle where he found him. There he would await the return of his older brother, who was to travel eastward toward the rising sun, where he would rest briefly. While resting, he must listen for the voice of his younger brother, who would expect him to come to his aid, for the change in the life

pattern will have disrupted the way of life of his people. Under the pressure of a new ruler they will surely be wiped off the face of the earth unless he comes.

So today we are still standing firmly of the Great Spirit's instructions. We will continue to look and pray toward the East for his prompt return.

The younger brother warned the elder that the land and the people would change. "But do not let your heart be troubled," he said, "for you will find us. Many will turn away from the life plan of Maasauu, but a few of us who are true to his teachings will remain in our dwellings. The ancient character of our heads, the shape of our houses, the layout of our villages, and the type of land upon which our village stands, and our way of life. All will be in order, by which you will find us.

Before the first people had begun their migrations, the people named Hopi were given a set of stone tablets. Into these tablets the Great Spirit inscribed the laws by which the Hopi were to travel and live the good way of life, the peaceful way. They also contain a warning that the Hopi must beware, for in time they would be influenced by wicked people to forsake the life plan of Maasauu. It would not be easy to stand up against this, for it would involve many good things that would tempt many good people to forsake these laws. The Hopi would be led into a most difficult position. The stones contain instructions to be followed in such a

case.

The older brother was to take one of the stone tablets with him to the rising sun, and bring it back with him when he hears the desperate call for aid. His brother will be in a state of hopelessness and despair. His people may have forsaken the teachings, no longer respecting their elders, and even turning upon their elders to destroy their way of life. The stone tablets will be the final acknowledgement of their true identity and brotherhood. Their mother is Sun Clan. They are the children of the Sun.

So it must be a Hopi who travelled from here to the rising sun and is waiting someplace. Therefore it is only the Hopi that still have this world rotating properly, and it is the Hopi who must be purified if this world is to be saved. No other person anyplace will accomplish this.

The older brother had to travel fast on his journey for there was not much time, so the horse was created for him. The younger brother and his people continued on in search of Maasauu.

On their way they came to a land that looked fertile and warm. Here they marked their clan symbols on the rock to claim the land. This was done by the Fire Clan, the Spider Clan, and the Snake Clan. This place is now called Moencopi. They did not settle there at that time.

While the people were migrating, Maasauu was waiting for the first ones to arrive. In those days he used to take walks near the place where

he lived, carrying a bunch of violet flowers (*du-kyam-see*) in his belt. One day he lost them along the way. When he went to look for them he found that they had been picked up by the Hornytoad Woman. When he asked her for the flowers she refused to give them back, but instead gave him her promise that she would help him in time of need. "I too have a metal helmet," she told him, (possibly meaning that certain people with metal helmets would help the Hopi when they get into difficulty).

Often Maasauu would walk about a half mile north of his *du-pa-cha* (a type of temporary house) to a place where there lay a long rock which formed a natural shelter, which he must have picked as the place where he and the first people would find each other. While waiting there he would amuse himself by playing a game to test his skill, the name of which (*Nadu-won-pi-kya*) was to play an important part later on in the life of the Hopi, for it was here that the knowledge and wisdom of the first people was to be tested. Until recent times children used to play a similar game there, something like "hide-and-seek." One person would hide, then signal by tapping on the rock, which would transmit the sound in a peculiar way so that the others could not tell exactly where the tapping was coming from. (Some years ago this rock was destroyed by government road builders.) It was here that they found Maasauu waiting.

THE MEETING WITH MAASAUU NEAR ORAIBI

Before the migrations began Maasauu had let it be known, though perhaps not by direct instructions, that whoever would find him first would be the leader there. Later it became clear that this was a procedure by which their true character would be specified.

When they found him the people gathered and sat down with him to talk. The first thing they wanted to know was where he lived. He replied that he lived just north of there at a place called Oraibi. For a certain reason he did not name it fully. The full name is *Sip-Oraibi*, meaning something that has been solidified, referring to the fact that this is the place where the earth was made solid.

They asked permission to live there with him. He did not answer directly, for within them he saw evil. "It's up to you," he said. "I have nothing here. My life is simple. All I have is my planting stick and my corn. If you are willing to live as I do, and follow my instructions, the life plan which I shall give you, you may live here with me, and take care of the land. Then you shall have a long, happy, fruitful life."

Then they asked him whether he would be their leader, thinking that thus they would be assured a peaceful life. "No," he replied, "the one who led you here will be the leader until you fulfill your pattern of life," (for he saw into their hearts and knew that they still had many

selfish desires). *"After that I will be the leader, but not before, for I am the first and I shall be the last."* Having left all the instructions with them, he disappeared.

THE FOUNDING OF ORAIBI VILLAGE

The village of Oraibi was settled and built in accordance with the instructions of the Great Spirit. The Bow Clan chief was the father of the ceremonial order. They remained under the leadership of the Bow Clan for some time, perhaps until corruptions set in. As you recall, the Bow Clan chief of the past had contaminated his standing by taking part in the changing of the life pattern.

Later the Bear Clan took over. This might have been because the bear is strong and mighty. There may have been other reasons too, such as a prophecy which told that a bear, sleeping somewhere in the northern part of what is now called Europe, would awaken at a certain time and walk to the northern part of this country, where he would wait. This group is called Bear Clan because they came across a dead bear at the place of the shield symbol. Most of the important people claimed to be of the Bear Clan, including the Bluebird and Spider Clan people.

For some reason the Coyote Clan, who migrated from Sh-got-kee near Walpi, were considered bad people, though very clever. At first they were not permitted to enter but, in accord with our custom, on the fourth request they were

admitted, on agreement that they would act as a protection and in time speak for the chief should difficulties arise. But they were warned to be cautious, though faithful ones might remain true to the last. So it is with all clans, for along the way most of us will deceive our leaders for glory, which will tend to pollute our ways and jeopardize our beliefs.

The last group to be permitted into Oraibi was the Grey Eagle Clan. When they had finished their migrations, they first settled in what is now called New Mexico. Being warlike and troublemakers, they were evicted by the Pueblo Indians. When they came to this area, they first settled in Mushongnovi on Second Mesa, on the agreement that they would not cause trouble. Should they break their agreement, they were to leave without resistance.

They made trouble in Mushongnovi so they left as promised. They went by way of Oraibi, where they asked to be admitted. After several attempts they finally gained entry, promising as they had in the other village that they would leave voluntarily should they create trouble. According to this agreement the chief of Mushongnovi would then consider whether to receive them again at Second Mesa, or send them back to New Mexico, where the Pueblo people could deal with them as they saw fit.

The vow which we made with the Great Spirit obligated us to follow his way of life. He gave the land to us to use and care for through our ceremonial duties. He instructed us and

showed us the road plan by which we must govern our lives. We wrote this pattern on a rock so that we would always be reminded to follow the straight road. The Hopi must not drift away from this road or he will take this land away from us. This is the warning given to us by Maasauu.

Oraibi village was settled firmly. Migrating people were now gathering there and asking to be admitted into the village. The Kikmongwi and the high priests would always consider their request and base their judgment upon their character and wisdom. Those who showed signs of boastfulness were turned away and told to go to the south mesas where their kind of people lived. Only good people, humble and sincere in their prayers, were admitted.

Among the ceremonies of each group the prayer for rain was important in order for the crops to grow and produce an abundance of food. The people depended on this for their livelihood. Boastful people were not admitted so that the prayers would not be polluted.

Oraibi was now firmly established. The pattern of the religious order was established. Cycle by cycle we paid respect to our Mother Earth, our Father Sun, the Great Spirit, and all things through our ceremonials. We were happy for we were united as one.

THE ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER RACE FORETOLD

Time passed on, people passed on, and the prophecies of things to come were passed from mouth to mouth. The stone tablets and the rock writing of the life plan were often reviewed by the elders. Fearfully they waited as they retold the prophecy that one day another race of people would appear in their midst and claim our land as his own. He would try to change our pattern of life. He would have a "sweet tongue" or a "fork tongue," and many good things by which we would be tempted. He would use force in an attempt to trap us into using weapons, but we must not fall for this trick, for then we ourselves would be brought to our knees, from which we might not be able to rise. Nor must we ever raise our hand against any nation. We now call these people *Bahanna*.

THE FORCES OF PURIFICATION

We have teachings and prophecies informing us that we must be alert for the signs and omens which will come about to give us courage and strength to stand on our beliefs. Blood will flow. Our hair and our clothing will be scattered upon the earth. Nature will speak to us with its mighty breath of wind. There will be earthquakes and floods causing great disasters, changes in the seasons and in the weather, disappearance of wildlife, and famine in

different forms. There will be gradual corruption and confusion among the leaders and the people all over the world, and wars will come about like powerful winds. All of this has been planned from the beginning of creation.

We will have three people standing behind us, ready to fulfill our prophecies when we get into hopeless difficulties: the *Meha Symbol* (which refers to a plant that has a long root, milky sap, grows back when cut off, and has a flower shaped like a *swastika*, symbolizing the four great forces of nature in motion), the *Sun Symbol*, and the *Red Symbol*. Bahanna's intrusion into the Hopi way of life will set the *Meha Symbol* in motion, so that certain people will work for the four great forces of nature (the four directions, the controlling forces, the original force) which will rock the world into war. When this happens we will know that our prophecies are coming true. We will gather strength and stand firm.

This great movement will fall, but because its substance is milk, and because it is controlled by the four forces of nature, it will rise again to put the world in motion, creating another war, in which both the *Meha* and the *Sun Symbol* will be at work. Then it will rest in order to rise a third time. Our prophecy foretells that the third event will be the decisive one. Our road plan foretells the outcome.

This sacred writing speaks the word of the Great Spirit. It could mean the mysterious *life seed* with two principles of tomorrow, indicating

one, inside of which is two. The third and last, which will it bring forth, purification or destruction?

This third event will depend upon the *Red Symbol*, which will take command, setting the four forces of nature (*Meha*) in motion for the benefit of the *Sun*. When he sets these forces in motion the whole world will shake and turn red and turn against the people who are hindering the Hopi cultural life. To all these people Purification Day will come. Humble people will run to him in search of a new world, and the equality that has been denied them. He will come unmercifully. His people will cover the Earth like red ants. We must not go outside to watch. We must stay in our houses. He will come and gather the wicked people who are hindering the red people who were here first. He will be looking for someone whom he will recognize by his way of life, or by his head (the special Hopi haircut), or by the shape of his village and his dwellings. He is the only one who will purify us.

The Purifier, commanded by the *Red Symbol*, with the help of the *Sun* and the *Meha*, will weed out the wicked who have disturbed the way of life of the Hopi, the true way of life on Earth. The wicked will be beheaded and will speak no more. This will be the Purification for all righteous people, the Earth, and all living things on the Earth. The ills of the Earth will be cured. Mother Earth will bloom again and all people will unite into peace and harmony for a long time to come.

But if this does not materialize, the Hopi traditional identity will vanish due to pressure from Bahanna. Through the whiteman's influence, his religions, and the disappearance of our sacred land, the Hopi will be doomed. This is the Universal Plan, speaking through the Great Spirit since the dawn of time.

With this in mind, I as a Hopi do not make wars against any country, because if I do, the Purifier will find out and punish me for fighting. And since I am a Hopi, I am not sending my children across the ocean to fight. If they want to that's up to them, but they will no longer be Hopi if they do.

Since I am Sun Clan, and the Sun is the father of all living things, I love my children. If they realize what I am talking about they must help me save this world.

The Hopi have been placed on this side of the Earth to take care of the land through their ceremonial duties, just as other races of people have been placed elsewhere around the Earth to take care of her in their own ways. Together we hold the world in balance, revolving properly. If the Hopi nation vanishes the motion of the Earth will become eccentric, the water will swallow the land, and the people will perish. Only a brother and a sister may be left to start a new life.

THE FAITHFUL HOPI MEET THEIR TEST

Bahanna came with great ambition and

generosity, eagerly offering his hand to help "improve" our way of life, establishing schools to teach us the "better ways" of his life. He offered us his medicine and health practices, saying that this would help us live longer. He offered to help us mark our boundary, claiming that in that way we would have more land. In all the villages we rejected his offer. He tried many ways to induce us, but failed to make us submit to his wishes, for we were all one unity at that time, believers in the instructions of Maasauu.

His next attempt was fear. He formed a police force consisting partly of certain people who had been tempted by his offers and given weapons. He threatened to arrest us and put us in prison, but we still stood firm. The threats of arrest and imprisonment were put into action. Villages panicked and weaker people began to submit. In Oraibi, our village leadership fell when Lololma (Bear Clan) made an agreement with the United States Government.

We who still had faith in Maasauu, including the main priests of the religious orders, gathered together, rejecting the Kikmongwi's request to submit. We sat down together and smoked and prayed that we would be brave enough to take our stand. We took out our stone tablet and studied it in every detail. We carefully reviewed the road plan written on the rock near our village. This is the plan we must always follow, for it is in order and complete. We recognized that the Fire Clan (meaning my father, Yukiuma) must lead, for his symbol,

Maasauu, stands to the right of the reed as he faces out. We also interpreted that since our way of life had been corrupted we must move to a new place where we would be able to follow the road without interference and continue our ceremonial duties for all beings.

We smoked and prayed again and reconsidered that this village, Oraibi, is our mother village. All our sacred shrines are rooted here and must not be left unattended. We knew that the road would be hard with many obstacles. We knew that we would still be troubled by the newcomer, and that we must still face all the tests of weakness, so we agreed to stay.

The trouble commenced its course. The Government wanted all of the Hopi children to be put into schools. They said it would do us good, but we knew that this "good" would only be on the surface, and that what was under it would destroy the Hopi cultural life. Maybe they thought that with an education the children might be able to help the old people, but we knew this would not be so, because they would learn to think as whitemen, so they would never help the old people. Instead they would be indoctrinated and encouraged to turn against us, as they are actually doing today. So in order to be good according to the Great Spirit's instructions we refused to put our children into the schools.

So almost every week they would send policemen, many of them. They would surround the village and hunt for the children of school

age. We could not be happy because we were expecting trouble every day. Fathers who refused to cooperate were arrested and imprisoned. Inhuman acts were imposed upon us, starvation, insults and humiliation, to force us into submission. Still, over half of the clan leaders and religious society leaders refused to accept anything from the Government. Because of this we were mocked and treated as outcasts by those who had already submitted. Finally they decided to do something about us because we were keeping them from getting certain favors from the Government.

This was when Lololma's successor, Tawaquaptewa, became chief of Oraibi. It was under his leadership that the sad event, the eviction of the faithful Hopi from Oraibi, was touched off. Since we "Hostiles," as we were called by the missionaries and Government workers, refused to follow his wishes and accept the whiteman's way of life, he decided to evict us bodily. He figured that without our interference he would be able to take advantage of the good things offered by Bahanna.

THE FAITHFUL HOPI EVICTED FROM ORAIBI

On September 7, 1906, his followers, commanded by chief Tawaquaptewa himself, entered the house where we were discussing prophecies and threw us out. We did not resist until rifles and other weapons were shown and they began beating us. Then we resisted only to

the extent of defending ourselves from injury. I was knocked unconscious. When I came to, all my people were gathered to go. My father, Yukiuma, was selected to be the leader. The women and children, with a few belongings on their backs, a little food, and no shoes, were prepared to leave. Some tried to go back to their houses to get their valuables and some extra food, but they were turned back. (In "Book of the Hopi" it is said we were allowed to go back and get some belongings, but this is not true. That book is not accurate.) After we had left we learned that our houses had been looted and that horses had been turned loose in our fields and had eaten our crops, which were just ready for harvest.

Thus we had to migrate once again to find a new home, leaving behind a corrupt world of confusion. We sought to start a new life, carry on our ceremonial cycles, and preserve our way of life without interference, but now we know that this was a dead dream, for the interference has continued right up to the present day.

THE FOUNDING OF HOTEVILLA VILLAGE

The village of Hotevilla was settled for one purpose, to stand firmly on the Great Spirit's instructions and fulfill the prophecies to the end. It was established by good people, one-hearted people who were actually living these instructions. Water was plentiful, and so was wood, from which we built temporary

shelters in which we were to survive the cold winter with very few blankets. Food was scarce, but we managed to live from the land by hunting game and picking greens. We were united into oneness, but it would again be split into two due to extreme pressure from the outside.

RENEWED ATTACKS

Hardly had our footprints faded away in Oraibi, when early one morning we found ourselves surrounded by government troops. All the people, including the children, were ordered to march six miles to a place below Oraibi. From there all the men were marched over forty miles to the U.S. Government agency at Keams Canyon, where they were imprisoned for about a year and one half for not accepting the generous offer of education for our children, among other things.

The first thing they ordered us to do was to sign papers. We refused. Then they locked us inside a building without food and with very little water for several days until we were very hungry. Again they tried to induce us to sign papers, promising to feed us and let us go, but again we refused. They tried other tricks to make us sign but each time we refused. Finally they took us to a blacksmith shop, where they riveted chains to our legs with loops and hooks, and fastened us together in pairs. In this way we were forced to work on a road gang for long

hours, working dangerously with dynamite on the steep rocky cliffs near the agency. That road is now the foundation of a highway still in use today.

At night we were fastened together in groups of six by means of long chains. To add to our torture, soap was added to our food, which made us very sick. When one man had to go to the outhouse all six had to go. All this time the possibility of signing certain papers was left open to those who might weaken. During this period my father, Yukiuma, was being held somewhere else so I was acting as leader.

While we were in prison, only the women and children, and maybe a few old men, were left out here. They had very little food, but as if by a miracle, there happened to be a lot of rabbits and other wild game, so on that meat diet they were able to survive the hard winter. It was very hard while the men were away. The old people used to talk about it. The women had to gather the wood themselves. My mother used to tell me how they would form hunting parties and get the dogs to help. We had a small flock of sheep which they tended while we were away. During the growing season they planted the crops, took care of the fields, and did all the work that the men would normally do, in order to survive.

THE DISRUPTION CONTINUES TODAY

During this period a group under the

leadership of Kawonumtewa (Sand Clan), fearing even worse pressure from the Government, returned to Oraibi to follow Tawaquaptewa and accept the whiteman's way, but they were rejected and driven out. They settled about two miles from Hotevilla, where they founded the village of Bacobi. Unable to make out independently, they asked the Government Agency for help. The Agency happily obliged with such things as housing materials. Now they almost entirely accept the whiteman's way, along with his religion. According to the Great Spirit's law they are now landless. Their only assets are their dwellings. But it is through them that the Agency obtained token permission to build a school on Hotevilla land, and with the Agency's backing they have committed land grabs against the Hotevilla people. It is also through them that the Government has built a water tower on Hotevilla land, which supplies running water to the school and to Bacobi village, while depleting the natural water supply of the Hotevilla people. Most of the people in Hotevilla refuse to use the water from this tower. Much of the trouble caused by the Bacobi people still exists today. I can recall much more than I hope will come to light.

When we left Oraibi and settled at Hotevilla, the Grey Eagle Clan came with us on the same condition they agreed to in Oraibi, which is still in force.

They have created trouble again and are due to move out. They are the backbone of the

disturbances in our village, selling out the Hopi nation by their inclination to bow toward more persuasive powers for certain favors. There are two roads for them to follow, the road of the Great Spirit, or the road of Bahanna, the whiteman. They are supposed to move out to Mushongnovi as agreed, in fact the people there are waiting for them, but they lack the courage to carry out their agreement. They are cowards hiding behind the man-made law of Bahanna.

At the present time we face the danger that we might lose our land entirely. Through the influence of the United States Government, some people of Hopi ancestry have organized what they call the Hopi Tribal Council, patterned according to a plan devised by the Government, for the purpose of negotiating directly with the Government and with private businesses. They claim to act in the interests of the Hopi people, despite the fact that they ignore the existing traditional leaders, and represent only a small minority of the people of Hopi blood. Large areas of our land have been leased, and this group is now accepting compensation from the Indian Claims Commission for the use of 44,000,000 acres of Hopi land. This is in error, for we laid our aboriginal claim to all of this land long before the newcomers ever set foot upon it. We do not recognize man-made boundaries. We true Hopi are obligated to the Great Spirit never to cut up our land, nor to sell it. For this reason we have never signed any treaty or other document releasing this land. We

have protested all these moves, but to no avail.

Now this Tribal Council was formed illegally, even according to whiteman's laws. We traditional leaders have disapproved and protested from the start. In spite of this they have been organized and recognized by the United States Government for the purpose of disguising its wrongdoings to the outside world. We do not have representatives in this organization, nor are we legally subject to their regulations and programs. We Hopi are an independent sovereign nation, by the law of the Great Spirit, but the United States Government does not want to recognize the aboriginal leaders of this land. Instead, he recognizes only what he himself has created out of today's children in order to carry out his scheme to claim all of our land.

Because of this, we now face the greatest threat of all, the actual loss of our cornfields and gardens, our animals and wild game, and our natural water supply, which would put an end to the Hopi way of life. At the urging of the Department of the Interior of the United States, the Tribal Council has signed several leases with an outside private enterprise, the Peabody Coal Company, allowing them to explore our land for coal deposits, and to strip-mine the sacred mesas, selling the coal to several large powerplants. This is part of a project intended to bring heavy industry into our area against our wishes. We know that this will pollute the fields and grazing lands and drive out the wildlife. Great

quantities of water will be pumped from beneath our desert land and used to push coal through a pipe to a powerplant in another state (Nevada). The loss of this water will affect our farms as well as the grazing areas of the animals. It also threatens our sacred springs, our only natural source of water, which we have depended upon for centuries.

We Hopi knew all this would come about, because this is the Universal Plan. It was planned by the Great Spirit and the Creator that when the whiteman came he would offer us many things. If we were to accept those offers from his government, that would be the doom of the Hopi nation. Hopi is the bloodline of this continent, as others are the bloodline of other continents. So if Hopi is doomed, the whole world will be destroyed. This we know, because this same thing happened in the other world. So if we want to survive, we should go back to the way we lived in the beginning, the peaceful way, and accept everything the Creator has provided for us to follow.

Whiteman's laws are many, but mine is one. Whiteman's laws are all stacked up. So many people have made the rules, and many of them are made every day. But my law is only the Creator's, just one. *And no manmade law must I follow, because it is ever-changing, and will doom my people.*

We know that when the time comes, the Hopi will be reduced to maybe one person, two

persons, three persons. If he can withstand the pressure from the people who are against the tradition, the world might survive from destruction. We are at the stage where I must stand alone, free from impure elements. I must continue to lead my people on the road the Great Spirit made for us to travel. I do not disregard anyone. All who are faithful and confident in the Great Spirit's way are at liberty to follow the same road. We will meet many obstacles along the way. The peaceful way of life can be accomplished only by people with strong courage, and by the purification of all living things. Mother Earth's ills must be cured.

As we say, the Hopi are the first people created. They must cure the ills of their own bloodline so everything will become peaceful naturally, by the will of the Creator. He will cure the world. But right now Hopi is being hurt. To us this is a sign that the world is in trouble. All over the world they have been fighting, and it will get worse. Only purification of the Hopi from disruptive elements will settle the problems here on this Earth. We didn't suffer all this hardship and punishment for nothing. We live by these prophecies and teachings, and no matter what happens, we will not buckle down under any pressure from anybody.

We know certain people are commissioned to bring about the Purification. It is the Universal Plan from the beginning of creation, and we are looking up to them to bring purification to us. It is in the rock writings

throughout the world, on different continents. We will come together if people all over the world know about it. So we urge you to spread this word around so people will know about it, and the appointed ones will hurry up with their task, to purify the Hopi and get rid of those who are hindering our way of life.

I have spoken. I wish this message to travel to all corners of this land and across the great waters, where people of understanding may consider these words of wisdom and knowledge. This I want. For people may have different opinions about some things, but because of the nature of the beliefs upon which this Hopi life is based, I expect that at least one will agree, maybe even two. If three agree it will be worth manyfold.

I am forever looking and praying eastward to the rising sun for my true white brother to come and purify the Hopi. My father, Yukiuma, used to tell me that I would be the one to take over as leader at this time, because I belong to the Sun Clán, the father of all the people on the Earth. I was told that I must not give in, because I am the first. The Sun is the father of all living things from the first creation. And if I am done, the Sun Clan, then there will be no living thing left on the Earth. So I have stood fast. I hope you will understand what I am trying to tell you.

I am the Sun, the father. With my warmth all things are created. You are my children, and I am very concerned about you. I hold you to

protect you from harm, but my heart is sad to see you leaving my protecting arms and destroying yourselves. From the breast of your mother, the Earth, you receive your nourishment, but she is too dangerously ill to give you pure food. What will it be? Will you lift your father's heart? Will you cure your mother's ills? Or will you forsake us and leave us with sadness, to be weathered away? I don't want this world to be destroyed. If this world is saved, you all will be saved, and whoever has stood fast will complete this plan with us, so that we will all be happy in the Peaceful Way.

People everywhere must give Hopi their most serious consideration, our prophecies, our teachings, and our ceremonial duties, for if Hopi fails, it will trigger the destruction of the world and all mankind. I have spoken through the mouth of the Creator. May the Great Spirit guide you on the right path.