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Hopitutuwutsi: Hopi Tales. A Bilingual Collection of Hopi Indian Stories.
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other literature: "Does it deal with an important subject? Does it handle its subject in an intelligent, complex manner? Is it well executed—that is, is language used skillfully?" The principle virtue of Velie's anthology is that its selections fare very well when judged by these criteria.

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Hopitutuwutsi: Hopi Tales. A Bilingual Collection of Hopi Indian Stories. By Ekkehart Malotki. Flagstaff: Museum of Northern Arizona Press, 1978. 213 pp. \$11.50.

Almost a century ago Natalie Curtis traveled to northern Arizona in order to talk with Lololomai, embattled leader of the Hopi village of Oraibi. Curtis was working on a book, and she wanted to include some Hopi oral literature in it. She reports her meeting with Lololomai in *The Indians' Book* (1907). "Hopi children are going to school; they are learning new ways and are singing new songs—American songs instead of Hopi . . . these little ones will never sing the songs of their fathers." Still there's hope, she assures the Hopi leader, "there is one thing in the school good for all to have and to know, and that is books. As yet your people have no books nor do they read or write. That is why your songs will be forgotten, why even your language may some day pass away Until the time shall come when the Hopis shall themselves record their stories and their songs, some one must do this for them, else much will be lost—lost forever, like a wind-blown trail. So I have come from my far-distant home by the 'great waters' in the East to write the Hopi songs." Curtis reports that Lololomai punctuated her proposal with nods of agreement and an occasional pathetic turn. Then he sang her a song and spent most of the day helping her transcribe and translate it. As the sun set, Curtis mused "the chief's song was that sung when the corn was garnered. And I with book and pencil I was gleaning in the Hopi fields in this the sunset hour of the people's native life. The time is short before night shall fall forever on the spirit of spontaneous song within the Indian."

There is much to notice here from the vantage of a new collection of Hopi verbal art and another era of appreciating American Indian story and song. Consider first the pattern of the whole affair for it follows a script that literally thousands of others have acted out in similar circumstances. There is the approach, in which the non-Indian investigator arrives with the assumptions that Indian cultures are dying and that the printed word must replace the spoken one if there is to be any hope of

continuance; the pitch, in which the investigator argues that traditional spoken words should be set down, not so much for his own purposes as for "future generations" or "the children"; the fieldwork, in which the Indian performs, then repeats and repeats as the investigator transcribes; and finally the publication, in which, in the best instances, a transcription and translation of dogged scientific accuracy appears and in which, in far too many instances, the editor/translator/investigator assures us that this was the last chance, that except for his efforts the oral traditions of one community or another would be lost forever. Consider then contemporary life at Third Mesa eighty years after Curtis' visit. Most Hopi children and adults speak English, and a great many have tape recorders on which they play those American songs that suit their varied tastes. The sound of rock and roll is ubiquitous, and the arrival of Peter Frampton by helicopter at last summer's Hotevilla snake dance appeared to thrill adolescent Hopis as much as it irritated their elders. A great many Hopis of all generations read. College degrees are common, a few have Ph.D.'s from places like M.I.T. At the same time there appears to be little reason to believe that we are any nearer that "sunset hour" which Curtis and thousands of others feel that they have attended. Hopi farmers of all ages tend fields and orchards and a dizzying amount of ceremonialism continues. Whether "the spirit of spontaneous song within the Indian" ever existed, is questionable. But Hopi song/poets continue to compose carefully crafted songs for Kat'sina dances and other events throughout the year. Some of these take a place in tradition, some, it appears, do not, but a tradition of song is vital.

What I like most about Ekkehart Malotki's collection of translations of Hopi oral narratives, *Hopitutuwutsi*, is that the book gives notice of this continuance of Hopi oral tradition in the last quarter of the twentieth century. The stories were given to Malotki by Herschel Talashoma, a gifted narrator from the Third Mesa village of Bakavi, and Malotki handles them well. This is only the fifth substantive collection of Hopi oral narratives, following Stephen (1886; 1929), Fewkes (1897), Voth (1905), and Wallis (1936). In its bi-lingual format, its concern for honest representation of Hopi literature, and its straightforward presentation of the important sexual and scatological themes of the narrator, it contrasts very sharply with the recently published *Spider Woman Stories* (1979), a bowdlerized mishmash of little value.

A second outstanding quality of the book is its accuracy. Malotki came to Hopi communities from Germany as a graduate student in linguistics. His intention, he writes in the preface, was "(to examine) the accuracy of Benjamin Lee Whorf's startling observation, that he had discovered in Hopi a language that 'contains no reference to time, either

explicit or implicit.' " The results of this inquiry are published in *Hopi-Raum. Eine sprachwissenschaftliche Analyse der Raumvorstellungen in der Hopi-Sprache* (Tubingen: TBL Verlag Gunter Narr, 1979). But as has been the case with so many other linguists and philologists in the past, Malotki became interested in Hopi literature as a "byproduct" of his linguistic research. He brings to the study of Hopi oral narratives a knowledge of the language and a linguist's concern for detail.

Unlike many translations done by linguists turned folklorists, these are readable and entertaining. I have for some time been passing collections like this one along to my ten year-old daughter for an opinion. She read this one cover to cover, not without a few questions, but cover to cover, and she asked for more. For my own part, I found the book design and the incredible illustrations (done by Anne-Marie Malotki after various Pueblo motifs) greatly to enhance appreciation of the stories. The book is an excellent example of how a "scholarly" book can be beautiful and still realize its scholarly purposes. Response to the book by Hopi audiences is of course beyond my purview. It is worth noting however that a number of the stories recorded in this collection have been reprinted in the Hopi newspaper *Qua-Toqti*. And one supposes that as the prospect of genuine bi-lingual instruction becomes more and more a reality at the Hotevilla school and elsewhere that Malotki's work will be used and appreciated.

I have only two specific criticisms of the collection. No one has done more to open up Pueblo oral narratives for appreciation outside Pueblo communities than Dennis Tedlock. In his collection of Zuni narratives, *Finding the Center* (1972), as well as in his essays about Zuni narratives and the nature of translation, he has changed the course of thinking about verbal art. Malotki should have acknowledged Tedlock's work, even if he chose not to follow his translation techniques. But Malotki's oversight of Tedlock is minor compared to the way he treats the man who narrated the stories in this collection. The title page of the collection indicates that these are Hopi tales *by* Ekkehart Malotki. Not edited or collected or translated or compiled, but *by*. And nowhere on the title page is the narrator, Herschel Talashoma, even mentioned. Now Hopi narrators are notoriously diffident about taking individual credit for their work. (See Albert Yava's classic disclaimer at the opening of his autobiography *Big Falling Snow* [1978], p. 4, in this regard.) But Malotki nowhere raises this consideration in his otherwise excellent introductory comments and annotations. There appears to be no excuse for this kind of self-serving packaging, and I hope that in future editions of the collection the narrator is recognized with more than three sentences in the Preface.

Not long ago another anthology of American Indian literature was published by the University of Oklahoma Press. *American Indian Liter-*

ature: an *Anthology* (1979) is an unremarkable and inoffensive collection in most respects. But consider the way editor Alan Velie defines "traditional" (read "oral") literature: "the traditional literature was composed in an Indian language for an Indian audience at a time when the tribal cultures were intact and contact with whites was minimal." Please note the past tense. Malotki's collection of Hopi tales is important because it demonstrates to "specialists in Native American literature" like Professor Velie that native American oral literature continues to exist somewhere outside libraries. In the same way as we look back from this collection to the early work of Natalie Curtis four generations ago, we should note that Hopi fields are still producing a rich harvest and that night has still not fallen on what may be the longest desert sunset on record.

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The Sacred: Ways of Knowledge, Sources of Life. By Peggy V. Beck and A. L. Walters. Tsaiile, Navajo Nation, AZ: Navajo Community College Press, 1977. 369 p. \$9.00.

The Sacred: Ways of Knowledge, Sources of Life is an ambitious project which promises much but is disappointing. The goal of providing information about Indian sacred practices and beliefs is worthwhile since they are frequently misunderstood. And, while a number of such texts already exist, the method of obtaining the information directly from informants rather than from other texts was an excellent plan. However, some problems exist in this compilation which make it much less valuable than it might have been.

Pictures provide interest as well as information and are useful in relieving the monotony of a page of print. The pictures used in *The Sacred* are especially interesting because of their historical value. Many of them are reproductions of pictures in the Smithsonian Institution; the Museum of the American Indian, the Heye Foundation; other museums; and private collections. Some of these have not been frequently reproduced and thus provide an enriching visual experience. However, the vast majority of the pictures used are historical rather than contemporary. Most of them are from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. This leaves the unfortunate impression that the religious practices being described are things of the past. Some contemporary photographs of participants in current ceremonies would present a more accurate account of Indian religions as continuing and living traditions.