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of

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culture and high ideals who have children to rear and who are community builders. It would not neglect those things that bring business prosperity and growth, but even though it failed in transforming Santa Fe into a New York or a Los Angeles, it would bravely keep at the task of making Santa Fe the most livable and the most likable town in all the west—a town with distinctive, appropriate architecture, clean streets, attractive parks, splendid schools, beautiful gardens, modern sanitation, free from vice and nastiness, a community of culture, happiness and high ideals living up to its opportuni-

ties. It would seek to develop those industries that are indigenous, for which a careful survey of resources offers solid and permanent foundations and would help its own sons and daughters to find success and happiness in the world.

For such purposes, it would be quite justifiable to raise annual budgets of respectable proportions, but even though such resources are not available, the Council would through the influence it wielded, by utilizing the forces, the equipment, the channels and the agencies already existing, achieve much for this fine old city that has withstood nobly the vicissitudes of more than three centuries.

CRESCENCIO MARTINEZ—ARTIST

BY EDGAR L. HEWETT
Director School of American Research

ON the 20th of June, there died at San Ildefonso, another of our faithful Tewa men, Crescencio Martinez (Tewa name, "Ta e," i. e., "Home of the Elk"). The cause was probably pneumonia. This is conjectural, as he had no medical attention. While the death of a good man, the head of a family, in the prime of life, is always a calamity, the time has come at this pueblo when such a loss actually jeopardizes the future of the community.

Moreover, Crescencio Martinez was no ordinary man. He was one of a group whose names awaken a deep sense of gratitude—the men on whom I have depended in my excavations in the Pajarito-Pemez region for the past twenty years. Their shovels and trowels have filled the archaeological halls in the Santa Fe Museum, while the National Museum at Washington, the Normal University at Las Vegas, the Southwest Museum at Los Angeles, the San Diego Museum, the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, the Ethnological Museum at Toronto, the Commercial Museum at Philadelphia, all contain valuable material excavated by these men. The culture history of an ancient people has been disclosed by their work.

Crescencio was industrious, serious, dependable, clean-minded. He was unusually clever in finding the things that the archaeologist is seeking. He watched keenly, examined carefully and the glow of satisfaction on his face on making a discovery always lasted a long while. One can not forget the rare smile, that his face wore while his finds were being examined by the students. Yet, no one surmised what was really going on back of that inscrutable Indian countenance. The spirit of a great race was struggling there. Archaeology was not merely retrieving the cultural products of the past. It was quickening sacred fires that had been smoldering through generations of repression.

Crescencio's wife, Maximiliana, came of an exceptional family. The three sisters are all potters of ability. Maria is without doubt the foremost living Indian artist and her husband, Julian, has few if any equals as a pottery decorator. Desideria, wife of Dionicio, is also a clever potter, and, nearly related, are Ramona, wife of Juan Gonzales, and several others—too many to name here—who formed a group of art-loving people. They were students along with the rest of us, and, we gratefully acknowledge, in many things



Photographed by Jesse Nusbaum.

The middle figure, the drummer, in this Sioux Dance picture, is Crescencio Martinez, foremost among Pueblo artists, who died recently

our teachers. Hundreds of students have watched their demonstrations of pottery-making in the placita of the Old Palace, and I once heard a President of the Archaeological Institute of America express an intense desire that that scene might be reproduced, with the same teachers, in the School of Classical Studies in Rome. In

the excavating camps "where the stone come to life," these quiet students were studying the old forms and motives with an interest which was being silently translated into action, with the result that the little pueblo of San Ildefonso leads all the Indian towns in art.

Crescencio was all this time saying little

reflecting much, and practicing pottery fabrication. He did some very good designing at the San Diego Exposition. But greater things were evolving in his mind. During the year 1917 he turned his attention seriously to painting the figures of the performers in the two great cycles of Pueblo ceremonies (summer and winter) and found appreciation and sale for his work. In January, 1918, he gave me a careful explanation of all the cardinal figures and costumes as he understood them and I commissioned him to paint a complete series of his designs. The first twelve he finished and delivered late in the winter. These he signed. The last ten were finished in the spring. He lacked only one (the second eagle), of finishing the commission. He completed the first

eagle just a few days before his death. It was his last work.

Crescencio died an artist in the best sense of the word. His only teachers were those rare spirits of the past whose names were never signed to their works (nor even spoken by those who survived them), to whom beauty and happiness were synonymous. In contact with modern art and artists for years, Crescencio's art was completely uninfluenced by them. It is as distinctly racial as is Japanese art. A renaissance is under way which is destined to bring back an art that is unmatched in the culture history of the world—a unique racial product. In this native American school the name of Crescencio Martinez will stand as the first artist of record.

THE CORN CEREMONY AT SANTO DOMINGO

BY EDGAR L. HEWETT

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THE ceremonies of the Pueblos, commonly known as dances, have their origin mainly in the food quest of the ancient people. In a country like the Southwestern desert where rainfall is uncertain and everything depends upon moisture at favorable periods in the year, it was natural that the people should speculate with great intensity upon the forces which could bring them plenty or which might leave them on the verge of starvation. Game was never plentiful in a desert country and the people had to look mainly to the soil for subsistence. Now the soil of the Southwest would yield bountifully if the rain came at the proper time to germinate the crops after they were planted and to insure their maturation in the summer season.

The Indian thinks of every force and every element as under the control of a deific power. Rain will fall, wind will blow, when the gods will it and every element that touches the welfare of man depends upon some mighty power for control. Hence, man must ally himself with the deities that control the elements. He must by invocation, by offerings, com-

mand himself to the favor of the gods. It was natural in the arid deserts of the Southwest where man could gain subsistence mainly from the soil, that elaborate rain and growth ceremonies should develop.

In the Rio Grande Valley another factor and a vital one was that of protecting the food supply from enemies. Sedentary, agricultural people were always subject to the raids of predatory tribes who chose a method of obtaining property which is largely in vogue among civilized men; that is, of depriving other people of it. Navaho, Comanche, Apache, and other nomadic tribes were the enemies of the Pueblos. Waiting until the crops were ready to harvest they swept into the Rio Grande Valley depriving the peaceful Pueblos of their corn in the field or in storage for the winter. After a long season devoted to bringing about the germination and growth and maturity of the corn, by a series of elaborate ceremonies, the Pueblos must now address themselves to defending their crops from predatory foes. Cere-