

# The Pueblo Indians

IN STORY, SONG AND DANCE

A NEW DIMENSION IN WORD, COLOR AND SOUND



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7200

Swift Eagle

STORY-TELLER, SINGER, DANCER ON HIGH-FIDELITY RECORD

TEXT **Charles Gallenkamp**

ILLUSTRATIONS **Yeffe Kimball**

FOREWORD BY **Carl Carmer**



## RECORDING SEQUENCE

1. Kuo-Haya, The Bear Boy
2. Hunting the Fox
3. The Laughing Horse
4. The Buffalo Dance

### Background Music from The Bear Boy

5. Story-Teller Song
6. Medicine-Man Chant
7. The Green Corn Dance

NOTE: In the recording there is a space without grooves after each selection. This spacing arrangement will help you to quickly find a particular selection.



# THE PUEBLO INDIANS



*in Story, Song  
and Dance*

STORIES, SONGS AND DANCES BY  
SWIFT EAGLE

TEXT BY  
CHARLES GALLENKAMP

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
YEFFE KIMBALL

FOREWORD BY  
CARL CARMER

EDITED BY  
SIDNEY REISBERG, PH.D.

BOOK-RECORDS, INC., PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

*Soundbook*

WITH HIGH FIDELITY RECORDING



# Foreword

THE art of the story-teller can not be taught. Let one who aspires to it seek the best advice from the best of teachers and he will not attain it without that inner personal fire which is essential to the artist in this field.

Swift Eagle is such an artist. Give him the handicap of a language which he does not speak as well as his own, give him the problem of communicating to us, whose origins lie in all the nations of the world, the feeling of his own people, the canyon tribes, and he triumphs because within him the flames that inspire and enlighten the true story-teller constantly leap high. He has the magic of turning even the obstacles in his path into aids. Because English is an unaccustomed language, he knows none of its clichés and his choice of phrasing is fresh and new. Because he knows that his people have a unique contribution to offer to others

who may find it difficult to understand, he is filled with the ambition to transplant his own enthusiasms.

Those who have cooperated in the making of this volume have had the generosity and the good sense to use their talents for the sole purpose of enhancing the performance of Swift Eagle. One may hear not only the sound of his voice and the quality of his words but the music of his singing and the sounds of his feet in their dances. Thus his story-telling reveals the many gifts which combine to reveal his art as a unified whole.

It is to be hoped that this Soundbook is only the first of a series that will give American readers an insight into the lives and the minds of the Pueblo Indians, the canyon people who have not received as much attention from scholars as have other more widely known American Indian tribes.

CARL CARMER

BOOK DESIGN AND PRODUCTION BY HELEN BARROW  
SOUND RECORDING AND EDITING BY JULIUS TANNENBAUM  
PRINTED BY KONECKY ASSOCIATES, INC., NEW YORK CITY  
BOUND BY SLOVES MECHANICAL BINDERY, NEW YORK CITY  
©COPYRIGHT 1955, BOOK-RECORDS, INC., NEW YORK  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED





## About This Soundbook

**T**his, the fourth in a series of Soundbooks, is again an effort to integrate the several dimensions of an important subject. It is an attempt through word, color and sound to create for us a sense of presence in the world of the Pueblo Indian.

*It brings together three unusual talents in the field of Indian art, history and lore.*

*SWIFT EAGLE is one of the best story-tellers and singers among the Pueblo people. His knowledge of English makes it possible to communicate to us the meaning of the songs and ceremonies. This is probably the first public telling of the ancient legend of The Bear Boy, a story rich in its implications for modern psychology. All the selections on the record, including the background music and sound effects, are performed by Swift Eagle. His six-year-old son is heard singing along in the Buffalo Dance.*

*CHARLES GALLENKAMP, the brilliant young anthropologist and writer, has lived and worked among the Indians of the Southwest for many years. Together with Yeffe Kimball, he is now preparing what promises to be a definitive work on the American Indian, soon to be published by Vanguard Press. His text here is intended to serve as a background for a fuller enjoyment and appreciation of the Pueblo Indians, their stories, songs and dances. The actual text of the selections on the record is not repeated in the book, since it was meant for listening, not for reading. It is very unlikely that Swift Eagle tells the same story twice in the same way.*

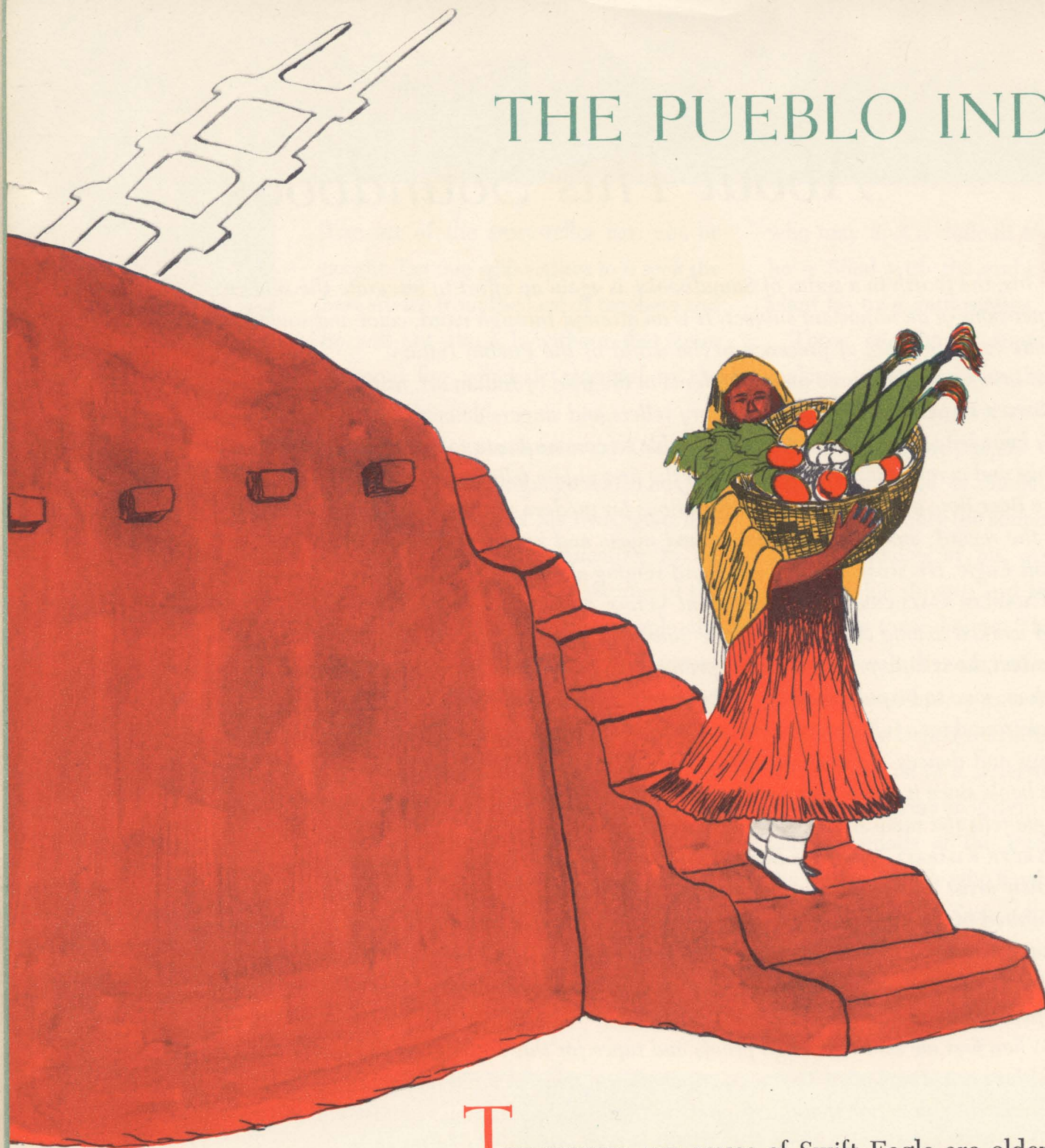
*YEFFE KIMBALL, who was born in Oklahoma of Indian origin, is an internationally known artist and a recognized authority on Indian art. Her paintings have been exhibited in practically all the important museums of this country, and are included in many permanent collections. Miss Kimball has for many years been a leading figure in the National Congress of American Indians, and is adviser on Indian art for the State Department.*

*When first we sent the rough proofs and tapes for this Soundbook to experts in the field for critical review, we were asked whether it was intended for children or adults. We have the conviction that the response to things elemental is not exclusively reserved for either group. We think that both children and adults will find much in this Soundbook that is rewarding and entertaining.*

SIDNEY REISBERG, *Editor*



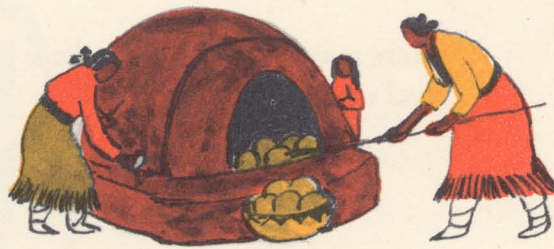
# THE PUEBLO INDIANS



**T**HE STORIES AND SONGS of Swift Eagle are older than America itself, for the Indians who first sang and told them have lived on this continent for thousands of years.



*The earliest history of our land was founded upon the Indians' way of life.*



Long before Columbus set out on the voyage that brought him to the New World, Indians had made their homes throughout this land, living wherever there was water to drink, animals to provide fresh meat, or soil rich enough to grow corn. America offered all these things, and the earliest history of our land was founded upon the Indians' way of life.

But the Indians had no written language to record the happenings of their times. We must reconstruct them from the buried remains of their homes, silent with time and decay. We can only hear of them from the Indians who live today, from the story-tellers who still spin the myths and legends that recall the ancient past.

Sometimes these story-tellers are medicine-men to whom the gods revealed great wisdom. Often they are old men who remember the exploits of their fathers and grandfathers. A few were born to be story-tellers, like Swift Eagle, whose Pueblo Indian ancestors have lived in the valley of the Rio Grande at least for a thousand years. The Pueblo tribesmen are perhaps the greatest story-tellers of all, for their history is rich with the traditions of people who carved their lives from a desolate land of forbidding canyons and trackless deserts.



*Here was a miracle the Indians  
had never before known.*



**L**ONG AGO—no one knows exactly when—bands of wandering Indians came from far away to settle in the canyons that extend from the southern edge of the great Rocky Mountains down across the deserts of our Southwestern states. In these canyons they found sheltered valleys watered by flowing streams, where the red earth was fertile. There were caves and deep rock shelters hollowed out of the cliffs by wind and rain. The forest was alive with deer, antelope, bear, elk, wild turkey and game birds of all kinds. The Indians were content to build their homes in these remote places where nature offered so many things they needed in order to live.

But soon the people of the canyons discovered something far more valuable than anything the wilderness could provide—wonderous yellow seeds that could be planted in the spring and would



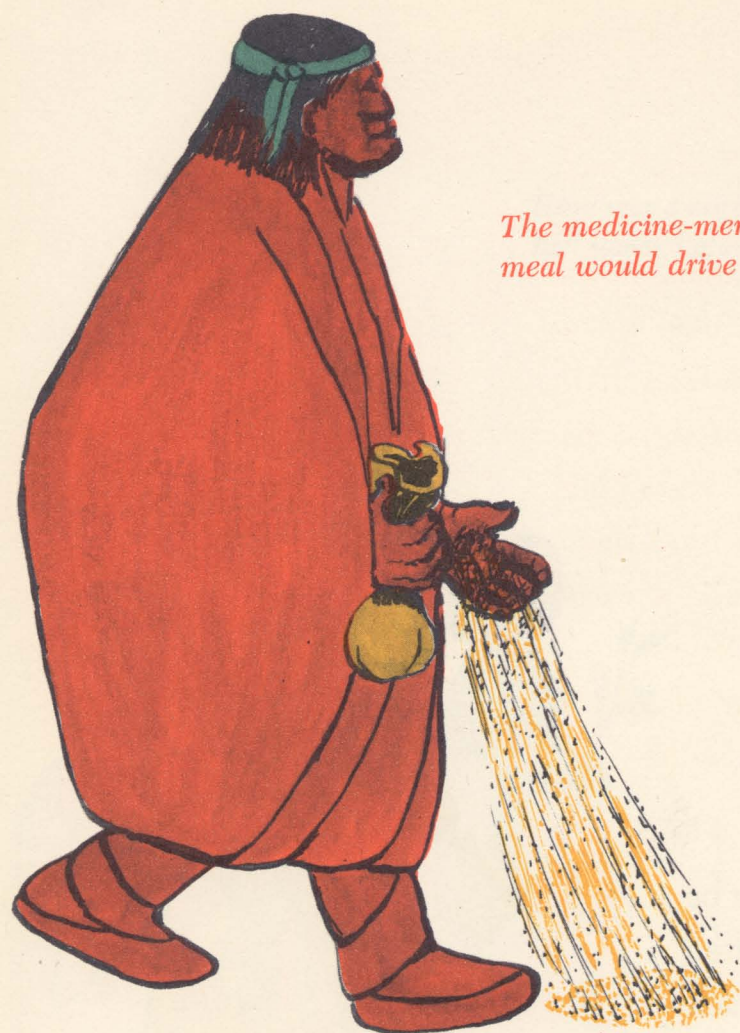


grow by fall into tall, green stalks bearing a fruit called maize or corn. They learned that the kernels of maize which were not eaten could be stored through the winter months and planted again each spring.

Here was a miracle the Indians had never before known, a source of food that could be grown year after year; nourishment to sustain them through the long winters when hunting was difficult. No longer was it necessary to spend all their time tracking game or foraging about for wild nuts and berries. The knowledge of how to cultivate the miraculous grain was known to the Indians of Central and South America. But to the canyon people, corn was surely a gift from their gods. So they worshipped the spirits who they believed watched over the fields and brought the rain, and from the dried







*The medicine-men said the corn meal would drive away evil.*

corn they ground meal which the medicine-men said would bring blessings and drive away evil.

Soon they also learned to raise beans, squash and melons. The men still hunted as before, but now there was time for other things as well. They discovered how to line their woven baskets with clay and bake them into pottery bowls and jars. Later they made them of clay alone, covering the finished vessels with designs painted in red, black and grey. They wove baskets and sandals of vegetable fiber, and made robes from animal fur, feathers and the cotton which



grew wild in the canyons. Their weaving tools were of bone and antler. Their weapons were made of stone.

With blocks of sandstone and adobe mortar they built homes inside the caves and shelters, sometimes piling one room upon another until the villages looked like huge apartment houses, half hidden under an overhanging ledge of the canyon wall. At Mesa Verde in Colorado they built gigantic stone villages containing hundreds of rooms. In New Mexico, in the canyon of the Chaco River, were eleven large community houses, each made of carefully shaped sandstone. And so it was throughout the Southwest. Wherever water and fertile fields were found, there the people of the canyons came to live, to work and to offer prayers to the gods who had given them so much.



*They offered prayers to the gods who had given them so much.*





**T**HEN something happened which forced the tribesmen to abandon their cliff cities and look for new places to live. Perhaps disease broke out among the people. Drought may have struck their fields. No one knows exactly what happened. The story-tellers say the gods commanded the Indians to leave the canyons, to go in search of a "river of life" somewhere to the south. In time the silent cliff cities fell to ruins. The canyon people were gone.

Some went to settle on top of the flat mesas which rise out of the desert near the Grand Canyon. These were the Hopi People. But most of them came to live in the valley of a great river called the Rio Grande, which flows through the heart of New Mexico. Here, with water from the river for their fields, and mud from its banks to build their homes, the canyon people settled once again. And when the first corn had been planted the medicine-men went into the mountains and asked the spirits to help them. Life was not easy in their new homeland. Now they had to travel farther to hunt. The summers were long and hot, and it seldom rained in the valley.

But their gods had led them to the river. Its waters would keep them alive as it did the spirits of the plants and animals, and the spirits of the mountains and heavens, who lived in the world around them. Long ago the gods had spoken to their ancestors and told them that everything on earth had within it a living spirit. No one could live without these spirits to help them. Men could plant seeds, but

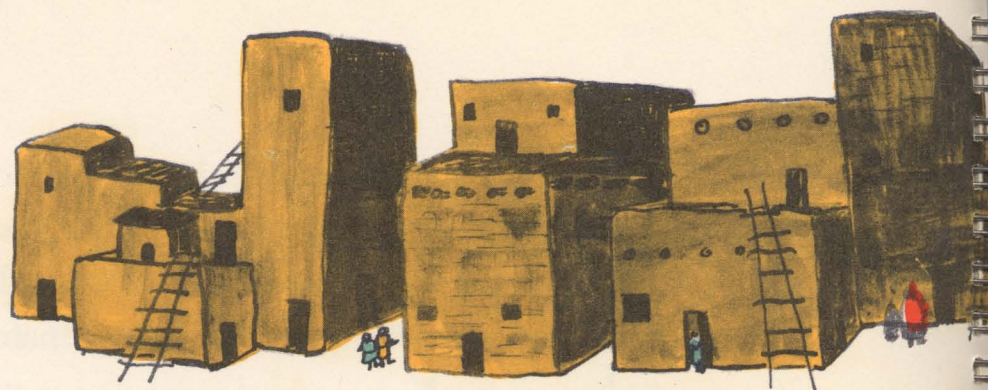


only the cloud spirits could bring the rain to make them grow. The hunter might carve a powerful bow, but it would be of no use without the animal spirits to guide him through the forest to the deer and bear. So the Indians learned to respect nature, and to worship the gods.



*Only the cloud spirits could  
bring the rain.*



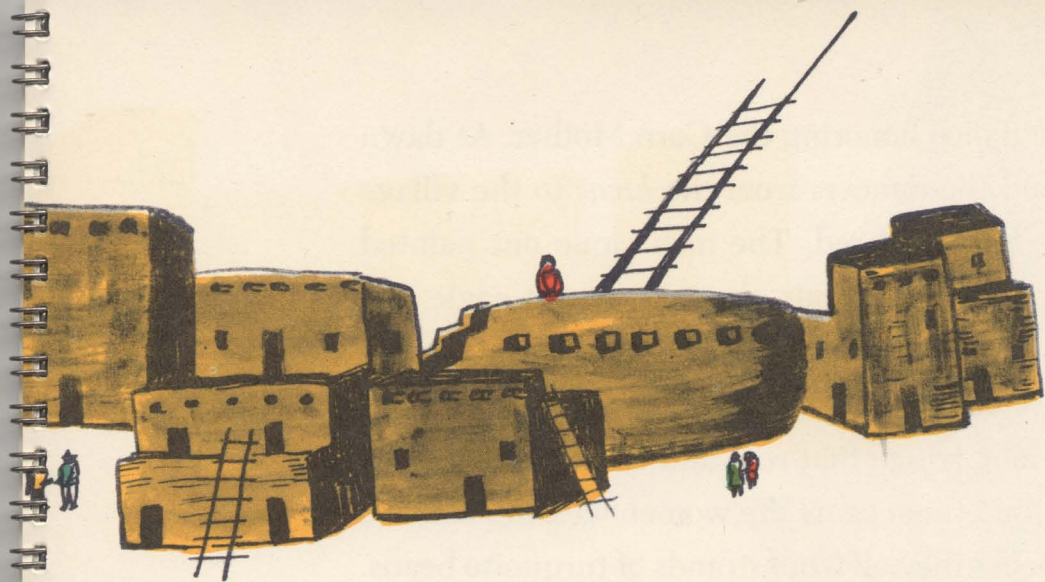


**N**ow the canyon people were settled in villages made of mud, near the waters of the Rio Grande—the “river of life”. They live there today and are known by the name given them by the Spanish explorers who came to the valley in 1540. They called them the *Pueblo* people, the village dwellers.

The daily lives of the Pueblo Indians were guided by the seasons of the year. The coming of spring brought much activity to the villages. Early on the first May mornings, the men and women went out to clear away sticks and fallen leaves from the ditches that carried water from the river to the fields. When this was done the trash was set afire, and everyone sang and danced while it burned.

Next the corn was planted, grain by grain, in little hills laid out





in rows between the ditches. Beans, melons and squash were planted among the corn. The work was hard, for they had no tools except pointed sticks to make holes for the seeds, and stone hoes to loosen the earth around the plants as they grew.

When the seeding was finished everyone went to the *kivas*, the great ceremonial chambers. There they prayed to the Corn Mother, who was earth, and to the Sun Father to bless the crops and send the precious rain. In the summer the Indians often held dances in honor of their gods, and sometimes the men painted their bodies with bright colors and put on masks to imitate the spirits who they believed lived among them.

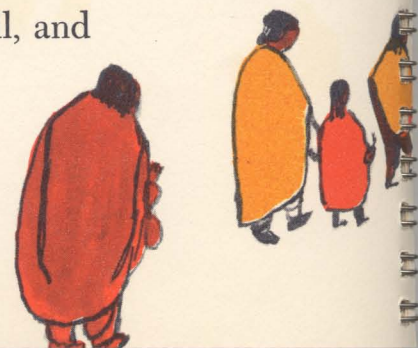
In August, when the corn was nearly ready for harvest, a special



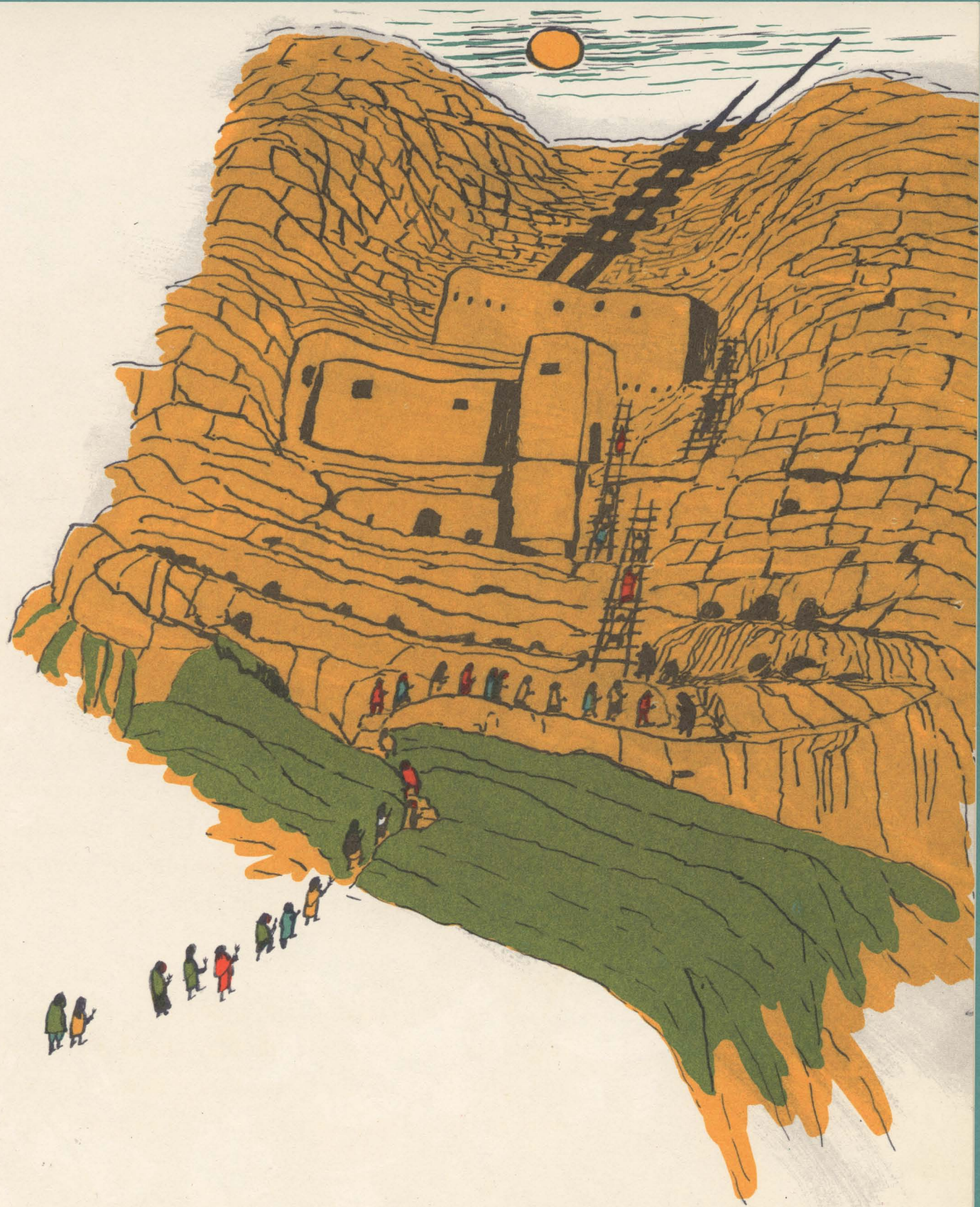
day was set aside for a dance honoring the Corn Mother. At dawn a deep drum summoned the dancers from the *kivas* to the village plaza where everyone had gathered. The men came out painted brown like the earth. Their black hair, decorated with eagle and parrot feathers, streamed uncombed to the waist. Their loins were wrapped in buckskin or cotton kilts held tight by a sash. At each end of the sash was a long fringe that rose and fell like the rain as they danced. Close behind them came the women wearing colorful shawls. Around their necks they all wore strands of turquoise beads. In the right hand they carried a gourd rattle, in the left a sprig of evergreen. The noise of the rattle was to waken the sleeping gods and call them to the plaza. The evergreen represented the spirit of never-ending life.

All through the hot August day the long lines of sweating dark bodies danced back and forth in the dusty plaza. Their feet pounded the earth while the drums thundered and the old men sang prayers to the sky. There were many days when the Indians gathered to dance for the gods, to sing of their deeds, or pray secretly inside the *kivas*. But none was so important as this—the Green Corn Dance—which honored the powerful Corn Mother. For it was she who made the earth fertile, moistened it with rain and brought forth the ripened corn.

**W**HEN the harvest had ended in the fall, preparations were begun for the long winter that lay ahead. Firewood had to be cut and brought down from the distant mountains. Some of the men went to hunt. The bear were fat and easy to track in the fall, and











The Green Corn Dance . . .  
their feet pounded the earth  
while the drums thundered and  
the old men sang prayers to  
the sky.







the first snows drove the deer and antelope down from the highlands to look for food. When the hunters returned, dances were held in which they dressed in the skins of the slain animals and offered gratitude to the animal spirits. Medicine-men sprinkled the dead beasts with corn meal to bless them. The meat was hung out to dry. Then it was stored to be eaten through the winter. The women brought in firewood, baked bread and ground corn meal which they kept in pottery jars.

During the winter the men rested from the long months of working in the fields. The women spent much of their time weaving cloth or making fur robes. Those who had gathered wild grass and yucca fiber, made sandals and baskets which they decorated with bright colors to give them strength, as did the warriors who painted their bodies before going into battle. White paint was made from crushed gypsum. Black paint came from powdered charcoal, yellow from ochre and red from clay or iron ore.

The men often went to the *kivas* to sing and dance. Sometimes secret meetings took place there which only the oldest and wisest men attended. The story-tellers say they went there to speak with the gods.

By the winter fires the story-tellers told their wonderful tales. They talked of the spirits, the forest creatures, and events long since forgotten. They told how the great chiefs had made the moon; how the Water People and the Horned Water Serpent made the rivers flow; and how, in the beginning, all the animals had helped the first people reach the earth by climbing a great pine tree which led from the dark center of the world to the sunlight above. There was scarcely anything the story-tellers



could not explain, and their art has lived on through the centuries, from each generation to the next.

**T**ODAY the Pueblo Indians still live peacefully in the valley of the Rio Grande. They plant their crops and hunt and dance for the gods as they have always done. At night the story-tellers still speak in low, musical voices, telling of things mysterious and sacred.

*Today they dance for the gods  
as they have always done.*







## HUNTING THE FOX

**T**HE Indian does not generally talk about his hunting exploits. He is more likely to sing and act it out in a dance. Swift Eagle's Fox Hunting song was first taught to the Pueblo Indians by the Navajo tribesmen who live in Arizona and Utah. The fox was a somewhat silly creature, appearing in places he did not belong, chasing rabbits, prairie dogs or his own tail. But he was also sly and troublesome, an evil animal who killed his prey quickly in the dead of night. An Indian was proud when he outsmarted a fox. It was something to sing about, for they were very hard to catch indeed.

The Pueblo Indians hunted foxes for their skins, which soon became an important symbol in their ceremonies. A fine pelt, dangling from a dancer's sash behind him, reminded others of the evil he had conquered.

A fox hunt caused great excitement in the village. It began in the early morning when the foxes were sure to be out looking for food. The hunters formed a long, straight line and walked toward the river or a canyon from which the fleeing foxes could not escape. They moved forward, shaking rattles and bells to frighten the animals from hiding and send them scampering into the open where the hunters could bring them down with their arrows. At night around the fires they proudly danced and sang of the sly fox, the swift chase and the kill.

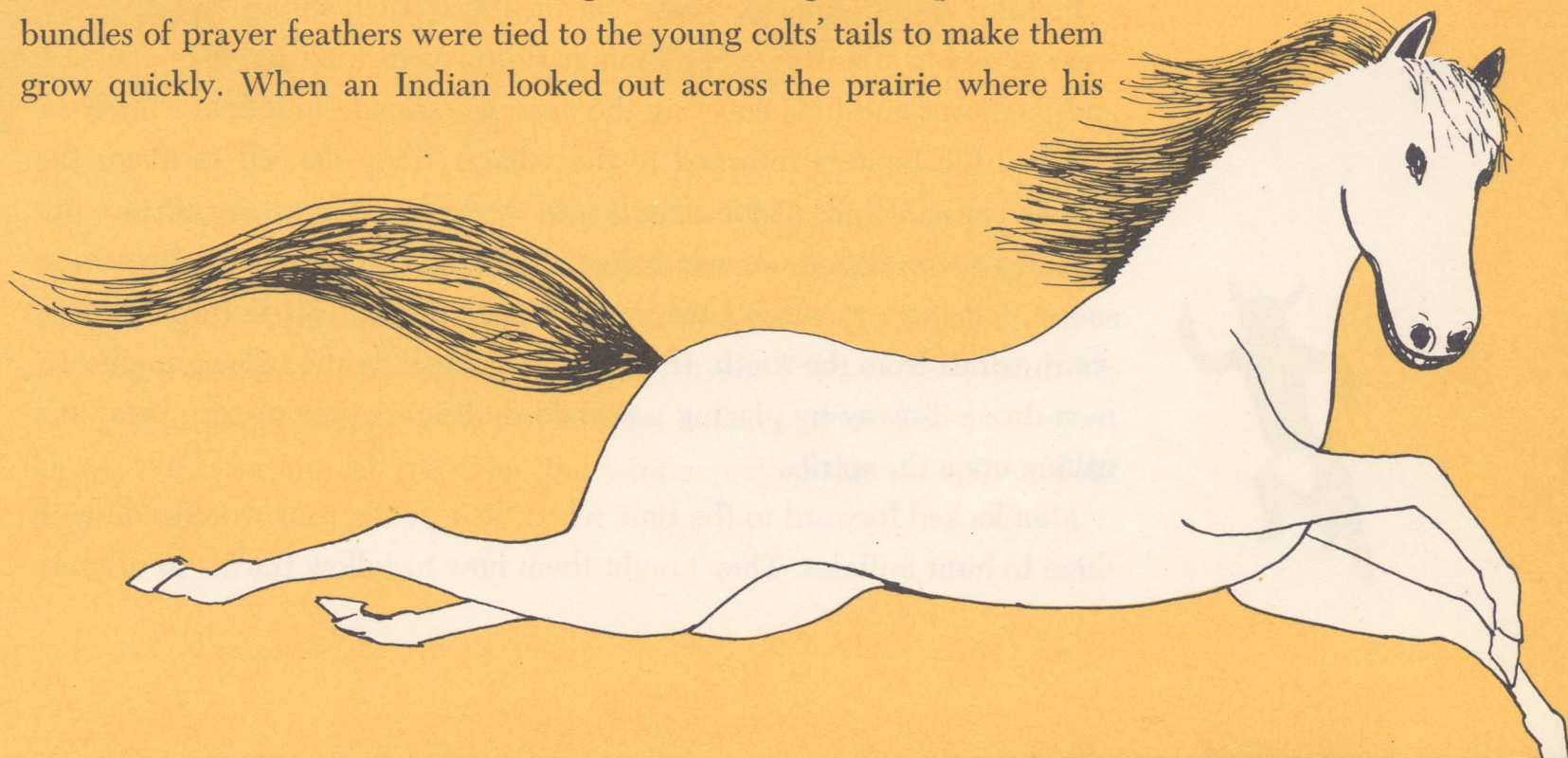


# THE LAUGHING HORSE

**W**HEN horses were first brought to the New World, the Indians were filled with terror at the sight of them. They had never seen anything like the huge four-legged monsters, or the strange white men dressed in suits of armor who rode on their backs. But the spirit of the horse was friendly, and soon the Indians were making prayer shrines to honor him as they did the bears and other animals.

Horses made it possible for them to travel farther to hunt, to carry heavy burdens long distances and to plough their fields in less time than before. Horses had strength, beauty and speed. They were faithful, and worked until death quieted their proud spirit. From their manes and long tails, the Indians took hair to make rope or to decorate their spirit masks. Sometimes they used pine pitch and the hair of swift horses to make balls which they used in their games.

Horses carried the painted warriors swiftly into battle. Young men rubbed their bodies with the sweat of horses to give them strength and speed. Small bundles of prayer feathers were tied to the young colts' tails to make them grow quickly. When an Indian looked out across the prairie where his





horses ran and grazed, he felt pride in his fine stallions and sleek mares. Sometimes he could not help singing of their beauty, and imitating their dignity and grace in the dance.

## THE BUFFALO DANCE



**W**HEN the first snows fell upon the Pueblo villages, hunters journeyed north to look for the vast herds of buffalo that roamed the plains above the Rio Grande valley. Often they were joined by tribesmen from the Great Plains, especially the Sioux. Together they tracked the animals to their water holes and grazing lands. Sometimes it took weeks to find the restless herds.

A buffalo hunt was a time of travel and adventure; a time to visit with distant tribes, to learn their songs and dances.

Buffalos served many purposes. The meat was dried and eaten. The hides were prized as blankets and clothing. Hoofs were used for dance rattles, and the horns and hide covering the head were made into dance masks.

When the hunters returned to the villages, they danced to honor the buffalo spirits. Skulls of the slain beasts were placed in prayer shrines, for they too were sacred. It was believed that buffalos brought the winter snows, but if the weather became too severe a skull was burned to bring warm winds from the south. If there was sickness in the village, medicine-men drove it away by placing a buffalo skull in a circle of corn meal and calling upon the spirits.

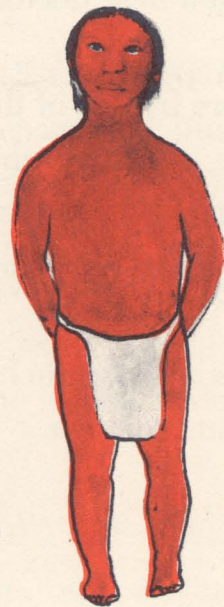
Men looked forward to the time when their young sons would ride with them to hunt buffalos. They taught them how to follow tracks, to disguise





themselves when nearing a herd, and to shoot a bow and arrow from the back of a galloping horse. When these things were mastered, they were ready to challenge the buffalo. Until then they practiced shooting arrows, tipped with corn husk, at the buffalo dancers.

Like Swift Eagle's son, boys sometimes joined with their fathers to sing the Buffalo Chant. It seemed to bring closer the time when they too could hunt.



## THE BEAR BOY



**S**WIFT EAGLE's story of the Bear Boy is an ancient Pueblo legend, told for centuries in the villages of his people. Bears were important members of the Indians' spirit world, and were looked upon with great respect. Some tribes severely punished any hunter who dared harm one. Others took a bear's life only when they needed its meat and hide. Indians never killed for sport alone. When an animal was slain, the hunter prayed that its spirit would forgive him.



It was said by the story-tellers that bears came from the west and had great power to cure sickness. Often a medicine-man would go to the mountains alone to visit the bear spirits. When he returned to his people, he became a bear doctor, and was believed to possess the secret of curing illness and driving away evil. Bear doctors wore bear claws around their necks or painted bear tracks on their bodies. This enabled them to speak with the animal spirits and walk among them without fear. Likewise, bears were thought to take human form and visit the medicine-men, bringing them great wisdom from the spirit world. When a bear doctor died, it was believed he went to live with the animal spirits.

The Hopi People believed the bear spirits were friends of the War Gods. Warriors prayed to them before going to battle, and often they wore tiny carved stone bears around their necks. If someone happened upon bear tracks near the village, it was an omen. Plans had to be changed, and the spirits were consulted by the chiefs.

In the mountains the Pueblo people kept altars of prayer in honor of these forest creatures, whose friendship was so important to them.





# *Soundbooks* MAKE WONDERFUL GIFTS

## HERE ARE THREE UNUSUAL SOUNDBOOKS:

### SONGBIRDS OF AMERICA IN COLOR, SOUND AND STORY

Birds come to life in your home the year round, as you *see* them in color, *hear* their beautiful songs, *read* about their life. Written, photographed and recorded by the world-famous authorities, Drs. Arthur A. Allen and Peter P. Kellogg. Introduction by Roger Tory Peterson. Endorsed by Audubon Societies and the National Wildlife Federation.

BOOK, COLOR PLATES AND 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  OR 45 RPM RECORD 4.95

### THE TIME OF SINGING; THE STORY AND SONGS OF PASSOVER

A charmingly illustrated story of the development and significance of Passover. A refreshing, new literary contribution that traces Passover to its earliest days as a shepherd's spring festival. The unbreakable, long play record contains wonderful old Yemenite, Israeli and European Passover melodies, by the baritone Michael Alexander.

BOOK, PICTURES AND 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  RPM RECORD 4.95

### THE STORY OF THE MUSIC BOX

The touch of magic is in this brilliant recording of a famous century-old collection of priceless music boxes.

*“ . . . they range from rich, sedate bass to trembling little embellishments of molten silver . . . reproduced with astonishing fidelity.”* —THE NEW YORK TIMES

The text and pictures bring to life all the sensitive, romantic charm of the 19th century.

BOOK, PICTURES AND 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  RPM RECORD 3.95

AT YOUR BOOK, RECORD, GIFT SHOP—OR WRITE TO  
BOOK-RECORDS, INC., DEPT. P, 680 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



CS 1015 WITH ONE 33 $\frac{1}{2}$  LONG PLAY FOLKLYN EXTENDED PLAY RECORDS \$5.

# Swift Eagle

PUEBLO INDIAN story-teller, singer, dancer

RECORDED ON LOCATION:

Hunting the Fox  
The Laughing Horse  
The Buffalo Dance  
Story-Teller Song  
Green Corn Dance  
Medicine-Man Chant  
The Legend of Kuo-Haya,  
The Bear Boy

*HERE, IN WORD, COLOR AND SOUND  
IS A REAL SENSE OF PRESENCE IN  
THE WORLD OF THE PUEBLO INDIAN-  
TO READ, TO SEE, TO HEAR*

"One is carried back to the fragrance of the piñon tree, the clear skies, the canyons and the mesas of New Mexico... Swift Eagle is a rare talent... Little Kuo-Haya, the Medicine Man, and the whole Indian world of nature come alive. This delightful Soundbook, with its powerful drawings, is the most successful effort I know of to convey the feeling and spirit of the Pueblo Indians."

—WILL ROGERS, JR.

*Soundbook*  
by

WITH  
HIGH-FIDELITY  
RECORD

BOOK-RECORDS, INC.  
680 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK