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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

J. Pérez-Moreno y L. Villareal, Los Hongos y
Myxomycetes del Estado de Chiapas. Micología Neo-
tropical Aplicada 1: 97-133. 1988.

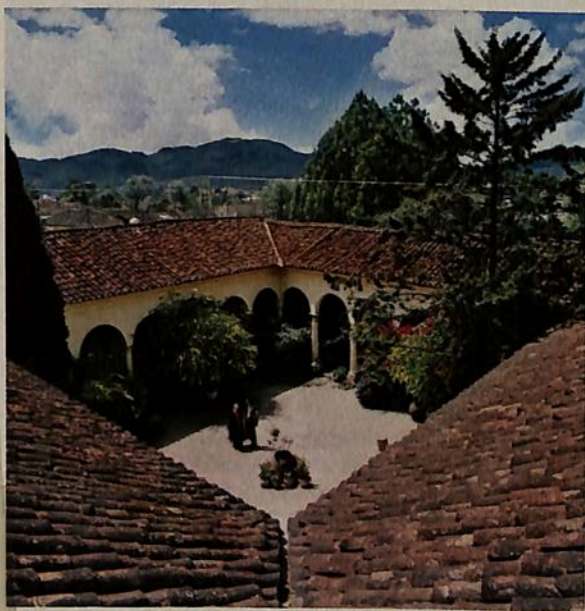
Dirección: Daniel M. Martínez-Carrera, Editor
Proyecto Micología

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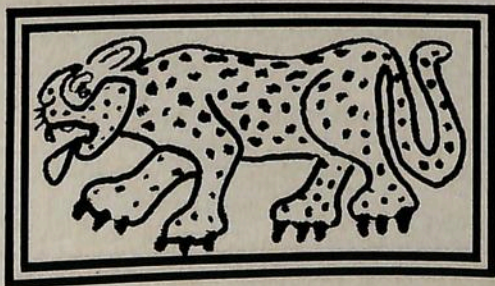
Apartado Postal 490

Xalapa, Veracruz 91000, México

NA-BOLOM



SAN CRISTOBAL DE
LAS CASAS,
CHIAPAS — MEXICO



21-V-1985

USA

EEUU

Thank you

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con maximo

GERTRUDE DUBY BLOM

Av. Vicente Guerrero No. 33
San Cristóbal Las Casas,
Chiapas, México, 29220.
Tel. 8-14-18.



FRANS BLOM

FUNDADOR

Centro de Estudios Científicos
Center for scientific studies.

Biblioteca
FRAY BARTOLOME

NA - BOLOM

Casa del Jaguar

At the Sing of the Jaguar.

1 September, 1982

Dear friends,

As you know, Mexico is now a fantastic bargain due to the devaluated peso. Now is the time to visit, your dollar is worth more than ever!

We thought you would like to know about our special rates for the fall:

A double room with all meals: \$39 U.S.

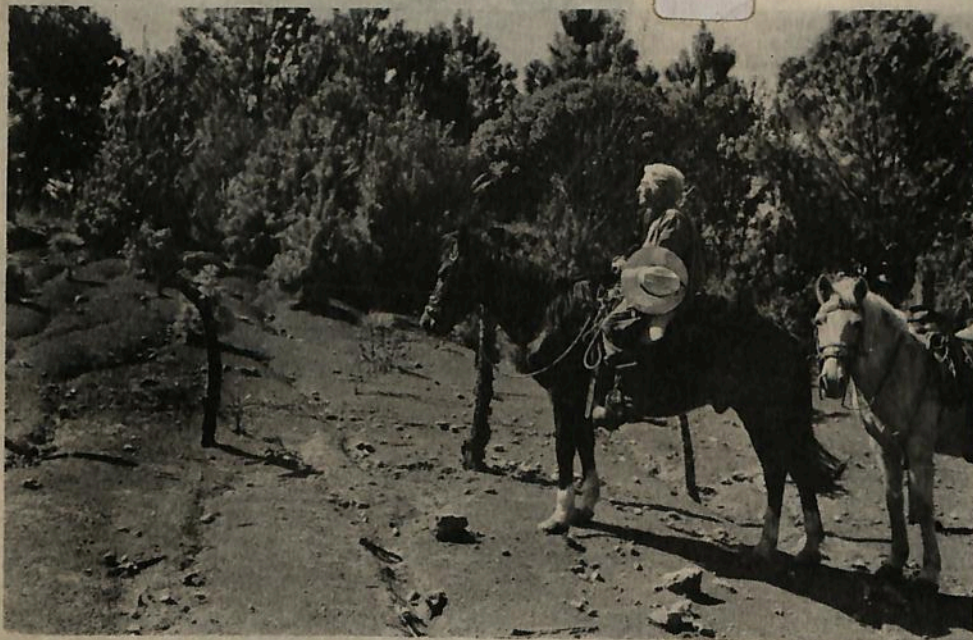
A single room with all meals: \$22

These prices will only be in effect through November 30th. If you've been to Na Bolom then you know how unforgettable a stay with us can be. Our meals include home baked bread, marmelades and cakes; fresh vegetables grown in our own organic gardens; ranch eggs, butter and delicious fresh fruits. San Cristobal itself is a valley nestled in the highlands of Chiapas. The air is clear, and the stars shine brilliantly at night. You can spend your days visiting open air markets, buying local handwoven textiles, visiting nearby Indian villages and traveling to the incredible Montebello Lakes in the lowlands. Horses are available for rent or you can hike on foot up into the pine forests that surround the valley of San Cristobal.

Reservations for a stay in Na Bolom should be accompanied by a deposit of 25%. We look forward to your visit.

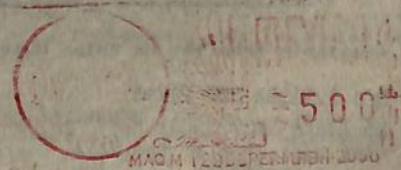
Sincerely,

Joan Darby Norris
Joan Darby Norris



NA BOLOM
Centro de Estudios Cientificos
Av, Vicente Guerrero 33
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Chiapas, Mexico 29220
tel. 967-8-14-18

DR. BERNARD LOWY
LOUISIANA STATE UNIV.
DEPT. OF BOTANY
BATON ROUGE, LA. 70803
E.E.U.U.





NA BOLOM

December 1982

Dear Friends,

I do not really feel inclined to write a newsletter, but I do want to keep in contact with all the good friends of Na Bolom spread over a great part of the planet. Things continue at Na Bolom - the important routine life - keeping the house, its rooms, museums, library and projects going on as much as we can. My last letter was considered by some to be pessimistic and somewhat negative, but I think I just faced the realities. Unfortunately the state of the world is not in any way better and possibly worse. There is one thing though that should make us feel better, the new awareness of the danger of destruction of our planet - the danger of a horrible war and the reckless use of atomic energy. Demonstrations are being held all over the world; it is an awakening on a broad scale among different political groups, social classes and religious creeds.

In spite of all, I continue to fight to save the Lacandon tropical rain forest. We had elections this year for the President of the Republic and the Governor of Chiapas. I participated in the Popular Consultation meetings attended by the President Elect, Miguel de la Madrid, and in one of these meetings I was able to give Lic. de la Madrid an album of my photos showing both the destruction and the beauty of the jungle. He acknowledged it saying, 'and you have fought so much to save it,' a remark that pleased me because it showed that he was informed and aware of the situation. I also had several chances to participate in the meetings with the Chiapas candidate, General Absalon Castellanos Dominguez, who also shows a great interest in ecology.

The trouble is, there is little money in Chiapas and Mexico to help with all the problems confronting us. Our national economic crisis is linked up with the world economy which is heading for disaster. On top of that, 1982 has been a bad year for agriculture - a severe drought hit a considerable extension of farm land in Mexico.

In Chiapas the eruption of the volcano El Chichonal killed people, cattle, and ruined a big portion of land. The city of San Cristobal was also covered with 2 inches of ash which took weeks of heavy clean up work to remove.

Many citizens donated their own vehicles to help haul ash out of the streets and courtyards. The ash fall stopped all tourism to our area for quite awhile.

Another serious problem for Chiapas are the thousands of Guatemalan refugees who are escaping into Mexico from the brutal military regime of that neighboring country. These peasants are fleeing their lands

leaving everything behind to save their families. They must be helped and given a place to live. There is a refugee relief program here in San Cristobal and Na Bolom is making an effort to send food and clothes into the camps. We collected a good deal of money from the proceeds of the film, "Todos Santos Cuchumatán - Report from a Guatemalan Village" by Olivia Carrascia and from visitors to the museum which goes directly to the refugees.

Thinking of all those problems, what we did seems like a drop of water in the sea; but that is all we can do and our efforts will continue. Tourism in Chiapas has suffered greatly and it has been hard to keep Na Bolom floating on this stormy sea.

A recent trip into the jungle inspired some hope. I was one of the opposers of the colonization of the region called El Marques de Comillas on the Lacantun River. The fight was lost; people have been there since some years and more are there now. There are also petroleum explorations in the area. A high government official whom I admire greatly offered to take me in a helicopter accompanied by other people. When we arrived I found an excellent project going: a big cacao plantation where wild cacao trees grow, which indicates that the soil is adequate for this plant. Cacao needs shade and so only the underbrush has to be cut to plant it. It will give an income to the settlers so they do not need to burn the forest for corn planting or take up cattle grazing. This project should help a large reservation of wilderness to be left, a proposal of mine which I fight for. Unfortunately, all the tropical forests are located in third world countries where the people really are forced to use the available land. The only hope in these countries will be to organize the use with a carefully planned project so they won't destroy huge extensions of the remaining jungle.

UNICEF should help Mexico to do similar projects for the thousands of Guatemalan refugees. These projects cost money though and Mexico at this time has none. Finally also the preservation of the Biosphere of Montes Azules is getting organized, and the very important region of El Ocote was rescued from destruction to become a 'national forest.

I was many times in the Lacandon jungle. The most memorable one was the seven and a half hours riding with our English volunteer Caroline Karslake, a striking blond girl, through a totally white tropical forest. The main eruption of the volcano Chichonal caught me at the cattle ranch El Real. Though El Chichonal is located some 100 kilometers from the ranch, on the night of April 3rd we heard a terrific explosion. Next morning we watched a black wall of ash advance on us and we were covered and in total darkness for almost 2 days. While the ash fell, nature seemed to die; there wasn't a sound to break the stillness, neither birds nor insects. Luckily the radio gave us the news on what was happening. When daylight returned I decided with the agreement of my 2 muleteers to go through the ash covered trail to Naha. English Caroline had expected a lush green forest, but instead took home memories of a white jungle where every blast of wind unloaded the ash from the trees onto us. My camp was cleaned with the help of the Lacandons. We stayed four ashy days at Naha and then drove in the Lacandons' truck to Palenque where everybody was shoveling ashes from the houses and streets and where the ruins were totally white.

My June horseback expedition in the highlands was less dramatic but more pleasant. This is an annual ride I do accompanied by anyone who has the spirit of adventure and wishes to join me. This year there were eight riders. They took everything very well; when they tired of riding the horses they walked. The ride through the mountains is spectacular; we arrive in Chenalho for the Fiesta of San Pedro. We slept in the schoolhouse there and in the Tzotzil village of Chilam 2 days later. The ride back takes us over the high mountain of Tzontehuitz - wild and beautiful. Those interested in next year's ride should contact Na Bolom.

In July San Cristobal was host to a conference commemorating 40 years of anthropological investigations



I left Frankfurt for Switzerland; my trip was totally paid by generous Swiss friends. I didn't need to use funds from Na Bolom as even the railway ticket inside Switzerland was paid; and when I had my hair cut I found upon leaving the salon that that too was taken care of. The friends in Zurich invited me to their house near Yassin above St. Tropez Côte d'Azur, a beautiful spot surrounded by forest, trees, bushes, flowers and vineyards. We made the trip through the Mount Blanc tunnel going over the gorgeous San Bernardo and many other passes and arriving into the lovely valleys of Italy and France - a two and a half day trip. We returned on the Mediterranean road through the St. Gotthard tunnel (14 km. long) and into Zurich in one day.

I was also in Bern to visit my family - brother, nephew, cousins and friends. My trip took me to the Bernese Oberland where I was born and spent part of my childhood, visiting friends in Basel and Geneva.

In Zurich before I left, Margaret Keller and Peter von Gunten made it possible for me to see the film they made in Mexico for television and cinema. The film was partially made with me and shows my great preoccupation: the destruction of the Lacandon jungle linked dramatically to the death of tradition among the Lacandon.

On the first of November an exhibition of 30 of my photos opened at the Stockeregg Gallery in Zurich which will last for 6 weeks.

Throughout my travels in Germany, France and Switzerland I was treated in the most generous and cordial way - there is no better cure for bad nerves.

A new photographic project opened up for us this year. Alex Harris from the Center for Documentary Photography at Duke University in North Carolina will be publishing a book which will cover the span of my work over the last 40 years. To be included are about 100 images from my earliest work with the Zapatistas up until my present emphasis on the destruction of Mexico's last remaining tropical rain forest. Alex Harris and Margaret Sartor spent a considerable amount of time with me this summer interviewing me and making their selection of photos. Tim Burns preceded their arrival and made contact prints of every existing negative - some never before seen - an extensive work that we are very grateful for. This book will be published in the Spring of 1984 in conjunction with an exhibition of photos at the International Center of Photography in New York City and an international conference in that city on the pressing ecological problems of the Lacandon jungle. Barry Norris, my printer, spent 2 months in North Carolina this fall making the images for the book and exhibition.

I am still president of the Patronato Fray Bartolome which was asked to coordinate a book about San Cristobal and its surroundings. I wrote a chapter and provided the photos, but the book is now awaiting funding for publication.

I was very much saddened by the loss of several close friends this year. Demetrio Sodi, a member since its foundation of the Patronato Frans Blom, and Luis Lindau, both of Mexico City. Also Professors Jose Weber and Chilam Mijangos of San Cristobal.

We had 877 visits by Lacandons from all 3 communities this year. With more roads into the jungle and more cars available, my friends are now quite often on the road. Many of the young ones overuse this privilege. I'm afraid they lose their love for their land.

I have so many friends to thank for their generosity in donations of every sort. Some sent books for the library, others sent monetary gifts; many helped in other ways as well. I want to thank with all my heart the friends who gave me the opportunity to escape the routine of Na Bolom which tires me so. Bill Goldman and Carl Schachter drove me to Morelia this summer for a much needed rest. My good friends Wally and Fran Franklin also invite me to rest at the Alborada whenever I feel overwhelmed. I cannot mention all the friends of Na Bolom and if I tried I

in Chiapas. It was nice to have so many old friends from all over the world return and share their investigations. A book will be published by the State of Chiapas including many of the papers given. I spoke on the work that Frans and I started 40 years ago in the jungle and described the changes there as the years have gone by.

I was several times in Palenque where my good and generous friends Carlos and Socorro Morales always made me feel welcome. The Lacandons from Naha took me in several times to my camp; my old friend Yaroslav Petryshin accompanied me on one of those trips.

With all our financial difficulties at Na Bolom we have been able to keep going and my nursery was not given up. Many people came to get free trees and we planted in the badly eroded land around the valley. We gave away some 23,000 trees even though the late rains held us back somewhat until September.

In 1981 Ossi Urchs and Siggie Höhle came to Na Bolom to make a film on Chiapas, including 10 minutes about Na Bolom and me, for the Western Television in Munich. During their stay they saw my photos and slides and decided that a book should be published. Returning to Germany, they found a very good publisher, the Athenäum, who was interested in such a book. Next came 2 months in the library and photo archives documenting the text and selecting from amongst the thousands of photos. We talked about each picture they chose.

In September I received a ticket from the publisher to fly to Frankfurt and promote the book at the International Book Fair. I stayed with Siggie's parents, the Höhles, lovely people with a very pleasant home in Mühlheim near a big forest. I was so relieved to be outside of Frankfurt which I had known in the twenties as a beautiful old town, but which is now terribly polluted.

I was asked to appear on the Bavarian and Hessen television; also on the Hessen Northern radio and two channels of the Berlin radio, 30 minutes each time. Even if this was kind of heavy going, especially in the horrible air inside the immense halls of the Fair, I liked to do it because I was very pleased with the book, Das Antlitz der Mayas. The book is available through Na Bolom or through Athenäum in Germany.

would forget many for they are scattered all over the globe. They are all so warm and generous that I am given the strength to go on.

Trudi
Gertrude Duby Blom

THE STAFF:

Ken Nelson continues as manager of Na Bolom and oversees all projects and maintenance. The chapel has been given a new light source from a large window in the south end which makes it warmer and more inviting. Ken designed a permanent exhibition of crosses for the museum and many temporary displays of textiles and jewelry.

Barry Norris, director of audio visual projects, is busy with the printing and packaging of the limited edition portfolios on sale, as well as constant requests for publications and exhibitions of Trudi's photographs. His big project this fall has been the printing of Trudi's book in North Carolina.

Joan Darby Norris, as librarian, helps students and tourists in their research. The Fray Bartolome library specializes in Chiapas and Mayan Culture. We try to keep our collection current; this is very much dependent on the donations we receive which, in the form of publications, have been generous.

Berta Rivas works as our very bi-lingual tour guide and secretary. She continues as secretary to the Patronato Fray Bartolome as well.

Doña Maria Escandon and Maestro Manuel Ramirez along with all the cooks, house cleaners and gardeners have maintained body and building for all of us.

VOLUNTEERS:

We are very pleased to welcome Cynthia Wooley back after 2 years away in Los Angeles. She will be gradually recataloging the slide collection as well as actively participating in the entire scene. We are very glad to have had as well: Dorte Meyer of Germany, Caroline Karslake of England, Cornelia Bartsch of Germany, Pierre Jourdan of France, and Lawrence Jarosy of England. Our volunteer program is one year doing all sorts of work here in exchange for room and board. Interested people should write for more details.

* * * *

NA BOLOM is pleased to offer to collectors of fine photography, CHIAPAS MAYA, a portfolio of 15 black and white images by Gertrude Duby Blom. This portfolio is limited to an edition of 50. Brochures are available on request.

Available from the Na Bolom Museum Bookshop:

Das Antlitz der Mayas
La Selva Lacandona, 2 vols.
Nine postcards of the Maya
by Gertrude Duby Blom

* * * *

Tax deductible contributions can be made through:

Bernarr MacFadden
CEDAM INTERNATIONAL
436 Monssen Drive
Dallas, Texas 75224

Photos by Cynthia Wooley





The Jungle
is
BURNING

Na Bolom
Av. Vicente Guerrero 33
San Cristobal de las Casas
Chiapas, Mexico 29220
Telephone: 967-8-14-18

Jul - 1983

DR. BERNARD LOMY
RENISTA INTERAMERICANA Review
LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY
DEPT. OF BOTANY
BATON ROUGE, LA. 70803
S.W.U.



I have been making trips to the Lacandon jungle since 1943. I come from the Swiss Alps and I fell in love with the jungle from the moment I first saw its incredible vegetation of great trees and exotic plants with leaves as big as parasols; the rare insect-like flowers, the enormous vines that hang from the tops of the trees with roots that curl around the trunk to eventually kill it so that another giant tree can grow in its place.

I was spell bound by the incredible musical sounds of the insects that ranged from the highest notes to the lowest, and the singing of the frogs and all the hundreds of birds which I had never seen before in my life. I listened in amazement to the peculiar cry of the howler monkey and the deafening sound of the tapir crashing through the undergrowth like a tractor. I was transfixed by the enormous flocks of parrots and the macaws describing a rainbow of colors in the sky. Then there were all the snakes of different colors slithering in between the fallen leaves on the floor of the jungle.

I didn't feel any fear in the midst of this new environment that was so fascinating; on the contrary I felt quite at home and in my element. I wasn't bothered by the mosquito bites or the bees who were attracted by the smell of sweat, nor by the exhausting heat. I accepted all these little nuisances as part of the fascination of this new environment.

I travelled in this fantastic jungle on long and short expeditions, on mule-back, on foot and in dugouts. I saw it from the air in its seemingly endless vastness, with its rivers of intense blue and green, its lagoons and lakes of sparkling turquoise and its turbulent streams.

This jungle filled me with a sense of wonder that has never left me, it has cast a spell over me and I always return to it; the lumber men say it is like a siren.

Everything is Dying

I have seen all this perish. At first it started happening almost imperceptibly - a ranch would appear here and there or a little colony lost somewhere amongst the immense vegetation. The real assault on this rich reserve of Mexico dates from the 1960's.

For more than ten years I have been making annual expeditions to the jungle during the weeks when it is being burned. The purpose of these expeditions is to record in photos and writing the changes that are occurring.

This year we left San Cristobal by way of Ocosingo and arrived by Lacandon truck at the cattle ranch of El Real. We progressed by mule in the direction of Tani Perlas, the ranch San Bartolo, lake Ocotal Grande, and afterwards to Infernillo and Nahá. It took five long days. Again in truck from Nahá we went on to the crossroads of Chancalá, and travelling on a fairly wide road from there we went to the Lacantún river and on to the colony Benemérita de las Americas which is situated on the right hand side of the Lacantún river in the area of the Marqués de Comillas.

We visited lumber camps where mahogany is cut, and on the way we witnessed the riches of the jungle being taken out on huge trailers loaded with enormous tree trunks. This wood is being taken out of a jungle that not so long ago was virgin and completely undisturbed.

From there we left for Yaxchilán where we admired the remains of the exquisite classic Maya culture with its temples and refined architecture and the sculptures that have such an incredible expressive living quality, mute testimonies to a glorious past. The question often comes to mind, what was the reason for the sudden collapse of such a refined culture? The answer is that they too exploited the delicate tropical soil and exhausted it until it could take no more; but what is clear is they did not exploit the jungle half as brutally as we since they only had stone implements whereas we have the chain saw and tractor at our disposal. The classic Maya also never burned down huge expanses of jungle for cattle ranching because they had no cattle.

The jungle was able to recuperate and grow back again. We, with our advanced technology, are condemning it heartlessly to total extinction. Paul and Ana Ehrlich are quite right in saying that if mankind continues abusing the planet as we are doing today, the effects in the near future will be far worse than the devastation that would be caused by any atomic bomb.

Our expedition ended in Palenque and lasted from April 4th to April 26th.

The "Banco Rural" is Destroying the Jungle

In 1943 Jethá was a small and barely noticeable clearing in the jungle. Today they are clearing huge stretches of jungle, even on the steep hills; much of the land is being devoured by fires that rage out of control.

Monte Lfbano (the old Puná where a few Lacandons once lived scattered in the jungle) today is a large colony and its inhabitants have cut and cleared an enormous expanse of land. Censo and Tani Perlas used to be virgin forest until a few years ago, now they are densely populated and the forest is being pushed further and further back. Since last year, exactly the same thing is happening at Infernillo.

At Nahá, the Lacandons are also having to move up the hillsides because of the great invasion of people from outside; and they have been forced to group together in communities. They have lost their jungle despite the fact that Echeverría granted them land precisely in order to control this outrageous invasion. Now, however, they cannot get the best land for their crops and because of outside influences they have lost their own agricultural techniques that were so well adapted to the jungle and which they had been practicing since time immemorial.

The Tzeltal colony Lacandón now has practically no forest at all and it is the same story in colony after colony until the crossroads of Chancalá-Lacantún, where we travelled on a new road on which enormous works are still taking place. We saw with our own eyes how much



of the jungle has been turned into great flat plains which are totally denuded of forest.

This is the landscape that can be seen over and over again from Palenque right up to Frontera Corozal on the Usumacinta. The destruction is getting worse and worse, not only because of the growing necessity for agricultural land, but also because land is being cleared to make way for the introduction of cattle.

Colonies, ranches, "ejidos" and, I presume, the cattle owners as well, all receive credit from the "Banco Rural", an institution which is surprisingly generous. I don't think that any of the representatives of this institution ever actually see how the millions of pesos of credit they give is being spent. If any of them actually took the time to go and see, I'm sure they wouldn't be able to sleep with an easy conscience - unless they are totally unscrupulous and illiterate human beings who haven't bothered to read about the disastrous effects that the hooves of the heavy cattle have on the delicate tropical soil.

Destruction from the Logging of Mahogany

In the 1940's I saw the logging of the mahogany in the region of the Usumacinta river and its tributaries. In those days you didn't hear the deafening roar of the chain saw which destroys the majestic trees in a matter of minutes; you never smelled the sickly odor of gasoline from the tractors and trailers. Oxen were used to transport the mahogany to the rivers and the great Usumacinta took the logs to the sea.

They tell me that the machine is a symbol of progress and that it makes the exploitation of timber possible in places where there are no big rivers to transport it. I don't know if anyone has stopped to think and calculate just how much forest is being lost by the construction of roads and by the clearings left by the tractors when they take the enormous tree trunks out to the road. What is left behind is a terrible biological ruin. They also tell me that these roads mean progress and that they facilitate communication to the colonies. Even where there are no roads the invasion continues; more and more clearings keep appearing in the jungle.

The "campesino" cuts the jungle to plant his corn so that he can survive; but the first real damage was done by the lumber men, and the "campesinos" simply follow in their wake. Where there was once virgin forest, there are now scores of invaders cutting down hillsides to make cornfields; and the land they are planting on will soon be barren rock. I ask myself who has bothered to take a look at these new settlements? Where are the forest rangers? Trailer after trailer is taking out the last trees and no one says or does anything in protest; it seems that getting rich is more important than the future of our planet. We are leaving a sad legacy for future generations.

In the first days of our expedition a strong storm stopped the burning for awhile, but in the end we saw accidental burnings of both cultivated land and virgin forest because fire walls had not been made. We saw kilometer after kilometer of flames burning wildly and unchecked; it was an apocalyptic vision of the end of the world.

All the way from the Usumacinta to Palenque we were enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke and dust. Everything smelled of burning and the heat was heavy and asphyxiating. Not even the sun's rays were able to penetrate the curtain of opaque gray smoke in which we were travelling. It was an inferno of destruction.

Never in my forty years of travelling in the jungle had I witnessed such uncontrolled destruction. The sad and painful truth is that "la milpa que camina" (slash and burn agriculture practiced on a vast scale) and even worse, the cattle, have subjugated the once majestic jungle.

Cows are being brought into enormous stretches of land, but who knows how long the topsoil is going to support the pasture which these animals feed on? While in these months people don't even have enough corn in other parts of the jungle.

For the poor "campesino" the credit of the "Banco Rural" is a nightmare. In the Tzeltal colony Lacandón, they are afraid that they won't be able to cover the repayments and the interest if the cattle get sick. Ten people received 500 head of cattle and this has worried the other "ejidatarios" because they are afraid that they are going to lose their land which they mortgaged to the bank as a guarantee for the repayment of the loans.

The jungle is burning, the great trees are being destroyed and the land is enveloped in a sinister darkness. No one cares, people only seem to be thinking about the cattle they are going to bring in and the profits from them. They don't stop for a moment to think that the floor of the jungle is turning into laterite, that the springs of water that the cattle need will dry up, that the level of the rivers will go down, that when the rains come there won't be any plants or trees to stop the water's fury and the rivers will flood the fields and meadows, washing even the houses away in their mighty torrent. Everything will be swept away by the dark muddy water; and the bluish green crystalline rivers will be only a memory from the past.

Is it Worth the Trouble to Write About This Anymore?

I have published so many articles which have appeared in newspapers and journals; I have given so many talks on the radio and television, and taken so many photos that show the problem visually in a much more dramatic way than words ever can. I have given these to government officials, but now I ask myself if there is any point at all in it. It costs me money and a great deal of time and energy and none of my efforts seem to have been enough to wake people up and make them do something concrete about this disaster.

It is well known what is happening; we are suffering the terrible consequences of our irresponsibility towards nature. We have upset the

ecological equilibrium and are now experiencing torrential rains, water shortages and excessive heat all because we haven't stopped to appreciate the marvellous environment in which we live. We have only sought to exploit it and have finally exhausted it. And how well we have done it!

We have stood by and allowed all this to happen and haven't looked for solutions to stop it or change it; so it just gets worse and worse. It is time to stand up and shout about it before we haven't got any solutions left and we turn our planet into a starving and miserable wasteland.

On no account should any more people be allowed to enter and settle in virgin forest. The solution to the problem of the landless "campesino" will not be found in the jungle. Another way must be found, not these short term solutions that end up by destroying the environment and upsetting the natural equilibrium. There would be room for more people if they settled in colonies in valleys that have already been deforested. They could be involved in plans and economic projects that would work in harmony with the environment; the deforestation could be controlled and people encouraged to cultivate cocoa, coffee and fruit trees. At the same time, small local industries could be started, such as canning factories for the produce. Alligator and "tepezcuintle" farms could be set up which would provide both food and a source of income for the local population. Small sawmills could be constructed that would utilize the vast quantities of wood thrown by the roadside that now just lie and rot there; this wood could be used to make houses and furniture. These are only a few ideas for solving the problem. First of all, however, all these settlements should be properly studied so we do not create even more mess.

I have personally seen a marvellous project for the planting of cocoa in the area called El Marqués de Comillas. The plan would have been perfect if a little part of virgin jungle had been left intact and if roads hadn't been made through it in a completely haphazard way, since it is along these same roads that all the invaders enter.

It seems that now the Decree of Montes Azules Biosphere is going to be organized. Now is the best time to organize plans for the protection of other places like Yaxchilán, Bonampak, the beautiful lakes of Miramar, Ocoatl Grande, Lacanhá, Metzabok and Tzibaná, and also the incredible waterfalls of the Santo Domingo River.

I am writing this at the end of April 1983 and I would like to state once more that a vast expanse of the jungle is on fire and one of Mexico's greatest riches is being destroyed forever - lost in suffocating smoke and asphyxiating heat. No one is doing anything and there is a kind of pragmatism around today that says everything for today and let's not think about some distant future, only the next few years. This kind of mentality will be our downfall.

The indifference and impotence towards this situation is heart-breaking; memories of the singing birds, the exquisite colors of the vegetation and the beautiful rivers come back to my mind like echoes from the past and the only thing that remains for me to say is that the time has come for us to wake up to what we are doing and take steps to stop the destruction. Let's think about the future or else we are going to be the last species left on this planet.

Gertrude Duby Blom
April 1983

Gertrude Duby Blom lives in the highland village of San Cristobal de las Casas, Chiapas, Mexico. At the age of 82, she is an active conservationist. Her home, Na Bolom, is a center for information on the peoples and problems of Chiapas. Na Bolom is a non-profit volunteer-staffed organization. Our tree nursery provides tens of thousands of trees each year to the people of San Cristobal and the surrounding highland communities for reforestation - a solution which cannot be applied to the delicately balanced environment of the tropical rainforest.

Article originally published under the title, "Arde la selva, arde" in *Avance* of Villahermosa, Tabasco; and as "Progreso deja ruina biológica en Chiapas" in *El Norte* of Monterrey, Nuevo Leon. Translation by Laurence Jarosy. All photos by Gertrude Duby Blom.



Our changing exhibition room presented a textile show last Spring of work done by Chip Morris with the Pellizzi collection entitled, "Ancient textiles, Young weavers." The theme of the show was restoration and care of old textiles as well as the revival of weaving designs and dyeing techniques.

In July Ken Nelson designed and presented a new exhibition, "Bearers of Light and Transformation - graven images of the Mixteca regions of Oaxaca." This collection of 93 objects includes ceremonial and processional masks, candleholders, and god figures. The items are from remote mountain villages in Oaxaca and were used in rituals to insure success of fecundity. The exhibition will run through January 15, 1985.

In line with our hopes that the young people of San Cristóbal will become more and more aware of ecology and the solutions to the world's problems, we have aimed most of our energy toward the practical approach of education. Thus when we heard of the organization of a new school, Centro de Desarrollo Pequeño Sol, based on the holistic principles of Rudolf Steiner, and that the school was looking for sponsors for underprivileged children, we offered a grant to the seven year old son of one of our workers. The school continues to seek assistance of all kinds in order to expand its facilities, hire experienced teachers, and raise the proportion of its scholarship children to fifty per cent.



The opening of a new museum in the temple of Santo Domingo here in San Cristobal will focus a lot of attention on our city and its artesans and heritage. The opening is planned for December 1984 and Trudi will have an exhibition there at that time entitled, "Gertrude Duby Blom: Forty Years of Photography in Chiapas".

Our library continues to be very popular with students of Maya culture and many school children of San Cristobal now visit us for special projects. We appreciate the donations of books by our good friends; this helps our collection to stay current.

Many thanks to the volunteers who have visited us in the past year to offer their assistance on many projects: Gilles Weidemann, Clita Romana, Lucia Casalinuovo, Eva Canger and Truls Baer. We welcome our newest staff member, Jorge Bolivar Perez of Ocozucuatlan, Chiapas who brings his many talents and warm spirit from Puerto Vallarta, Jalisco.

The exhibition "PEOPLE OF THE FOREST - Photographs of the Maya by Gertrude Duby Blom" will travel through 1987. After New York, it was in Portland, Oregon's Western Forestry Center. January - February, 1985 it will be in Memphis, Tennessee; March 2 - May 26 at the Chicago Academy of Sciences; October - November in New Orleans; April 1986 in Ontario, Canada; May - June of that year at the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth, Texas; and November 1986 - January 1987 in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

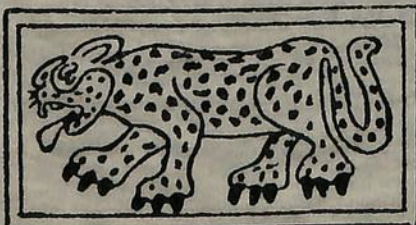
Any museum or gallery interested in the exhibition should contact the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service. The show contains 65 framed black and white photos, a number of photo murals and text panels.

Newsletter photos are by Barry Norris & Cynthia Wooley

CHIAPAS MAYA is a limited edition portfolio of fifteen original prints by Gertrude Duby Blom. The portfolio is of archival quality and packaged in a custom made archival box including introductory text by Gertrude Blom. This is an edition limited to fifty. These exceptional photographs include portraits of the highland and lowland Maya taken over the past 40 years.

Our museum shop offers photos, post cards, and books on the Maya of Chiapas. Telephone (967) 8-14-18.

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Winter 1984

Dear Friends,

Like last year, I start my 1984 letter at the end of the year - sitting in my lovely room in Gassin Var in France. I see flowers and trees out of my window - I am again with my beloved friends Wolf and Ingrid Hansen and Elsi, Ingrid's mother and my colleague from the social work school where I studied from 1919 to 1921. The hospitality and generosity of my Swiss friends is without end. Every year I think it is the last time that I cross the ocean, but here I am again. This year we are earlier here and the weather is bad - more rain than sunshine - but the peace and the company make one forget that the sun is missing. I was already in Kilchberg near Zürich and then with family and friends in Bern - again with the Grüniger at the gorgeous Aeschelen. We went for an excursion up in the high mountains above Saas Fee. Although the nature of the surrounding countryside is in tact there, Saas Fee unfortunately is overbuilt like places all over this planet.

I have a most interesting book by J. R. von Salis, a Swiss aristocrat somewhat my age with a broad view and a deep understanding of the world situation: Erinnerungen eines Müssiggängers. His books are memories. I lately read books from my generation with feelings as I have and I wonder if I really should write my memories. Von Salis knew lots of people and has a fabulous memory. I knew a lot of people and meet new ones all the time but my memory is rotten. My notes, when I did have any, got lost in my different lives: sheltered youth, rebellion, politics and change of country, jails and concentration camps, fights against the establishment and facism and nazism . . . New York, Mexico City, jungle, Na Bolom. It is hopeless. I do remember with love and thankfulness close, good generous friends. Is that enough? I sometimes wish I could remember everything.

Before returning from Europe, I gave a lecture organized by the Ambassador of Mexico in Switzerland, Augustín Barrios Gomez and the Sociedad Iberoamericana. It was a big success. The hall was so crowded there were people standing on the staircase and some had to leave. The International Swiss Radio made two interviews - one in Spanish and one in high German.

In January I was invited to participate at a forum in Colima about the environment, resources and their use organized by Museo de Artes e Industrias Populares. I met old friends and made new ones and marvelled at the warm, human congenial atmosphere amongst the participants, artesans and speakers. Teresa Pomar and Ruth Lechuga were the animators of this harmonious

feeling. The whole atmosphere was an inspiration, useful in times when everything pushes one to pessimism. Teresa Pomar, who is director of the Museo de Artes e Industrias Populares in Mexico City, also attended the artesan competition here in San Cristobal in August of which I was also a judge. It is always encouraging to see the beautiful work still being produced by the local artesans.

The 4th of April I left with Barry and Joan Norris and their son Chan K'in for New York. I stayed two days in Mexico City with my old friend Betty Lindau, treated with the hospitality and friendship of many years. I miss my good friend Luis who died last year.

It is funny that everybody thought I would be excited about the opening of my photo exhibition. I wasn't in the beginning, but New York did become a great forum for my ideas and the fight I am involved in since years - the defense of the forest, the planet, our home.

The exhibition entitled: People of the Forest - Photographs of the Maya by Gertrude Duby Blom, was beautifully mounted in the International Center of Photography. The crowd which gathered was incredible - a mass - so many had been at Na Bolom and of course many I had not seen in years. I could never have stood the onslaught without the help of Joan who assisted me and almost protected me.

My new book: Gertrude Blom: Bearing Witness published for the Center of Documentary Photography at Duke University by the University of North Carolina Press was presented also at the opening. I owe much for the care and excellent printing of my photos to Barry Norris and for the promotion and editing I thank Alex Harris and Margaret Sartor. The essays by James Nations, Robert Laughlin and Alex are excellent; written in my same spirit, and I was happy that one chapter was a reprint of my article, "The Jungle is Burning," originally published in newspapers in Villahermosa and Monterrey. The second printing of Bearing Witness, which will be paper bound, is already being planned.

Arthur Sulzberger, Carl Spielvogel, Barbaralee Diamonstein and Duke University President Terry Sanford hosted a dinner after the opening which was interesting and agreeable. The guests were a mixture of writers, artists, professors, industrialists - some good speeches.

The following day the symposium: People of the Forest - Prospects for Cultural Diversity in a Changing World was held at the City University of New York. The lectures by Evon Vogt, Robert Wasserstrom, James Nations, Robert Laughlin, June Nash, Robert Bruce and Gary Gossen dealt strongly with the problems of the destruction of our forests and of the traditional cultures. The three Indian speakers were well received, not only because they were in beautiful costumes but for the regal way they spoke: Mariano López Méndez of Chamula, Sebastian Ramirez Intzín of Tenejapa, and Antun Mendez of Tenejapa.

Even if the telephone calls, interviews, press, television and radio could sometimes be annoying and tiring it was rewarding: If not all the interviews were good, most gave the possibility to ventilate the problems of our earth. Our room in the little old hotel across from the Museum of Natural History was a busy place. The telephone was ringing constantly. Many friends who found out where I was called and I was sorry not to have been able to see everyone.

Upon my arrival at the hotel I had a lovely surprise: many flowers sent from friends - a big basket with fruits, black bread, cheese and orange juice was there with a card from Jimmy Male who was once a volunteer at Na Bolom. He had arranged a haircut for me at the fancy Elizabeth Arden salon . . . and there a funny thing happened. The hairstyler spoke perfect Spanish, a second generation American. He told me he had lots of relations in the Yucatán and that his great uncle was a

governor of the Yucatán involved in the Mexican revolution of the twenties, Felipe Carrillo Puerto. He was so pleased to learn that Frans was a friend of his great uncle and that I greatly admired him and knew his American girlfriend, Alma Reed. Later when I asked Jimmy why he had done all this for me he said, "Because I love you." I was deeply touched.

A good friend, Susan Ruggieri, wanted us to enjoy New York, not only work, so she and her brother Ron drove us around to see the sights and I really found this town not that changed since the time I collected money in the forties for the boats which brought those fleeing from Nazi persecution to Mexico. It is bigger, with taller buildings and there is a lot of trash in the streets, but it is still full of interesting things to see and enjoy. Friends Jimmy Baker, Mona Schermerhorn and Bill Binderman invited us to interesting shows on Broadway like "42nd Street" and "Zorba the Greek." I enjoyed the film, "Seeing Red" which was a series of interviews with the old labor leaders and "A Good Fight" where former members of the Lincoln Brigade spoke about their experiences in the Spanish War - I was taken back to old times.

After New York I visited old friends in Cambridge - Ida and Nat Burwash; then in Columbia, New Jersey near the Delaware water shed I saw my dear friends Jo and Asa Bordages. I had a few lovely days with Claire and Harry Tobey in their home in the forest outside of Princeton. The peace was only interrupted by an interview from a journalist from "The Trenton Times." A pleasure to work with her, she was prepared and knew what to ask.

My last USA stop was in Philadelphia where I was invited to speak at a meeting of the Mexican Cultural Society which was well attended and followed by a good discussion. I stayed in the home of Muriel and Jack Wolgin, a house full of interesting pieces from all over the world, Mexico included.

In March 1985 my exhibition will be opening in the Chicago Academy of Sciences in conjunction with their seminar on "Habitat Destruction." Friends in that area, Jeffery Short and Bill Goldman, have invited me to lecture both at the Academy and at the Mexican Fine Arts Center.

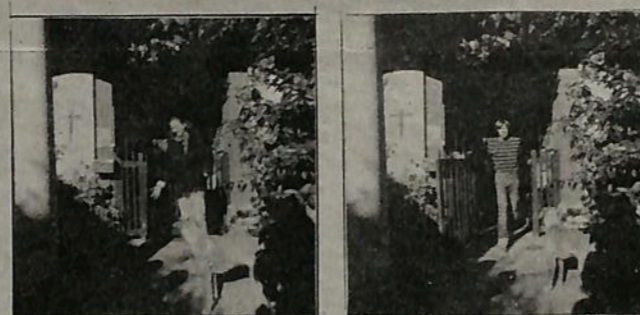
The euphoria of New York was soon over as we drove up the mountain from Tuxtla to San Cristobal. The smoke from the forest burning was so horrible that no mountain could be seen. Sure, there is an awakening to the problems of the planet, but all too slow and with little awareness as to the sources of the problem - our over-industrialized society and an overpopulated, hungry world. The drought of last year dried the forests out and the fires started to clear land for corn planting or for cattle grazing are left to burn wildly out of control, augmented by strong winds.

Even though it was later in the season than usual, I still decided to go on my annual ecological jungle trip accompanied by one of my assistants, Laurence Jarosy of London. Chan K'in Presidente of Nahá came with his truck to pick us up in mid May. The road to El Real was so bad we decided to forego the mules this year and do the trip by vehicle.

Our first stop was Palenque, as always very pleasant with the Morales clan. In Nahá, Old Chan K'in was very worried for his oldest wife, Koh, who was very sick; but as always everyone was very helpful to me. I drove with Young Mateo through Nahá territory and found the forests well taken care of. We visited the colonies of other Indian groups and found a disasterous situation. At the very limit of Nahá begins the destruction - all done for cattle grazing - whole mountainsides cut and burned. Many fires were still burning. After Lake Ocotalito we saw huge cleared areas ready for cattle. On the Nahá side the road goes through lovely high forest and the Lacandones driving with me said, "We do not want this road made wider, it is sufficient like this. We do not want more cut on the sides." How right they are.

In June I attended the conference for freedom of the press in Villahermosa. It was saddened by the assassination of one of Mexico's leading journalists, Manuel Buendia. The conference was most interesting. The governor, Gonzalez Pedrero, presented me with a very good book written by him and his wife Julieta about Tabasco. At that time my article, "Remembrances with Old Mateo" about our expedition the month before in the jungle, was published by my friend Luis Sanchez Arriola in his high quality newspaper, "Avance."

The June highland horseback trip to the villages of Chenalho, Mitontic and Chalam passing through the incredible landscape of the high Tzontehuitz was made again this year. Lucia Casolinuovo helped me a lot on that trip and we were joined by several friends from afar. It is notable that in spite of changes and the disappearance in many communities of the old ways, these fiestas preserve all of the color and animation of the antique Maya traditions. Next year I plan to do the ride in July to attend the fiesta in Magdalena. We would welcome people to join me and experience five unique days amongst the highland Maya.



The publication of San Cristobal y sus Alrededores by the Patronato Fray Bartolomé is a big success. I contributed a chapter on the ethnology of the region and many photographs. Berta Rivas, my close collaborator, did an excellent job of editing the two volumes which contain sections on the history, geography, architecture and tourist attractions of this region. The governor of Chiapas, Absalon Castellanos Dominguez, presided over the ceremony for the book and a dinner given in Na Bolom for 80 people. It was a harmonious occasion that brought people of different opinions together in peace. The chapel and other museum rooms were candlelit for the event and we were treated to a concert of classical music performed by Harley Reifsnnyder and Elaine Tobey.

Our program of ecological education through reforestation continues with success. This year the rains were plentiful. We distributed some 30,000 trees and it is a pleasure to note the awakening in Indian communities and little green trees growing in all parts of the valley - including in many of the heavily eroded areas. The entire Na Bolom team helps to plant and water the small forests that we are maintaining. Many of our staff were called out this May to fight a forest fire in the Biosphere Reserve Gertrude Duby Blom, a large tract of forest on the eastern end of the valley of San Cristobal proposed to be given to the city by Francesco Pellizzi to be preserved unexploited.



Now I write from Na Bolom having just returned from Europe. It is always sad to say goodbye; will I ever see beloved people and places again? I should not write just now, the heart is sad. So many good friends and people I knew have died lately; amongst others, Wally Franklin, my companion for so many trips to the jungle and a loyal friend for many years. Now here I must watch my little puppies die one after the other and the mother, Pamira, looks so sad. The more advanced in years I get, the more sentimental I become. Is it because one feels death nearer? Is it because so much should be done yet one should not think of destruction looking at a beautiful landscape. It so often happens to me that I go into the jungle, gorgeous place, then return and find it burnt down. The worst nightmare.

It makes me feel better to remember the 70 year old woman at my lecture in Bern who came up to me and said, "You give me new strength." And a young girl who said, "I want to fight also." That is why I do not mind lectures, radio, press and television interviews - someone might be reached.

The love of good friends also gives me strength. How good it was to travel back to Mexico with Etzel and Biorg Baer, such warm hearted people. Christa Christen, the Germans, Bitzli Bizozoro, my nephew and his wife Matthias and Mariane, the Nyfenegger who help me with medical check-ups and donations for the tree nursery and my friends Dr. Edi Leuthold. Also here in San Cristobal Dr. Elisa Jimenez.

I also want to thank my good friends and collaborators in the Patronato Fray Bartolomé, Pablo Ramirez and Bety Paniagua who substituted for me in my absence. I thank all those who work with me in Na Bolom, my loyal staff, the volunteers and all the workers in the house and gardens. Because of space I cannot mention everyone here, but you are all in my heart.

With love,

Trudi

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

We are pleased to offer our home to more and more special interest groups. In 1984 the University of Oklahoma sponsored a two week watercolor workshop under the skillful guidance of Milford Zornes with 25 participants. The group painted all over town as well as taking excursions to the countryside. This February we look forward to their return and another chance to enjoy their work.

The Instituto Nacional de Antropologia e Historia (INAH) from Mexico City brought two groups down in 1984 interested in the archaeology and history of the area. The participants were teachers, professionals, and tourists from all over Mexico.

In October the Patronato Fray Bartolomé, of which Trudi is president, hosted a symposium in honor of Fray Bartolomé de los Casas. Na Bolom housed many of the participants for this event and gave two large dinners in honor of the visiting historians including Antonio Pampa y Pampa, Lewis Hanke, Edmundo O'Gorman, Angel Robles, Cuahémoc Lopez Sanchez, Miguel Leon Portilla, and Roberto Moreno de los Arcos.

Besides the watercolorists' return in February 1985, we will also welcome the Philadelphia Mexican Society and the University of Pennsylvania Museum Group. Any groups interested in our accommodations should write for details.



In 1984 we began the Artist in Residence program and invited Robert Semple for the winter months during which he completed an embroidered hanging entitled, "A Comment on Yaxchilan Lintel Number Twenty-five." This incredible piece now graces our comedor. Robert and his collaborator Edgar Wenhold will return this winter and present an exhibition of librapoint embroidered hangings inspired by "Pre-Columbian Sources."

In July and August Flora Edwards of San Cristobal brought her brushes and color to our "back patio" and created a very spirited mural reflecting the diverse ambiente in which we live.

Future artists in residence include Susan Banyas from San Francisco, a performance and mixed media artist who will help us to present composite theater with ecological themes to the community. She will be here in the Spring.

A proposed project is the videotaping of Old Chan K'in telling stories in Maya and performing ritual and daily activities. This gentle man has lived over eighty years in the jungle and is one of the few remaining traditional Lacandones. The project will require outside assistance by way of borrowed video equipment although we really need someone to donate these pieces to us. Our goal is to develop a permanent archive of Lacandon and highland Maya traditions on video.

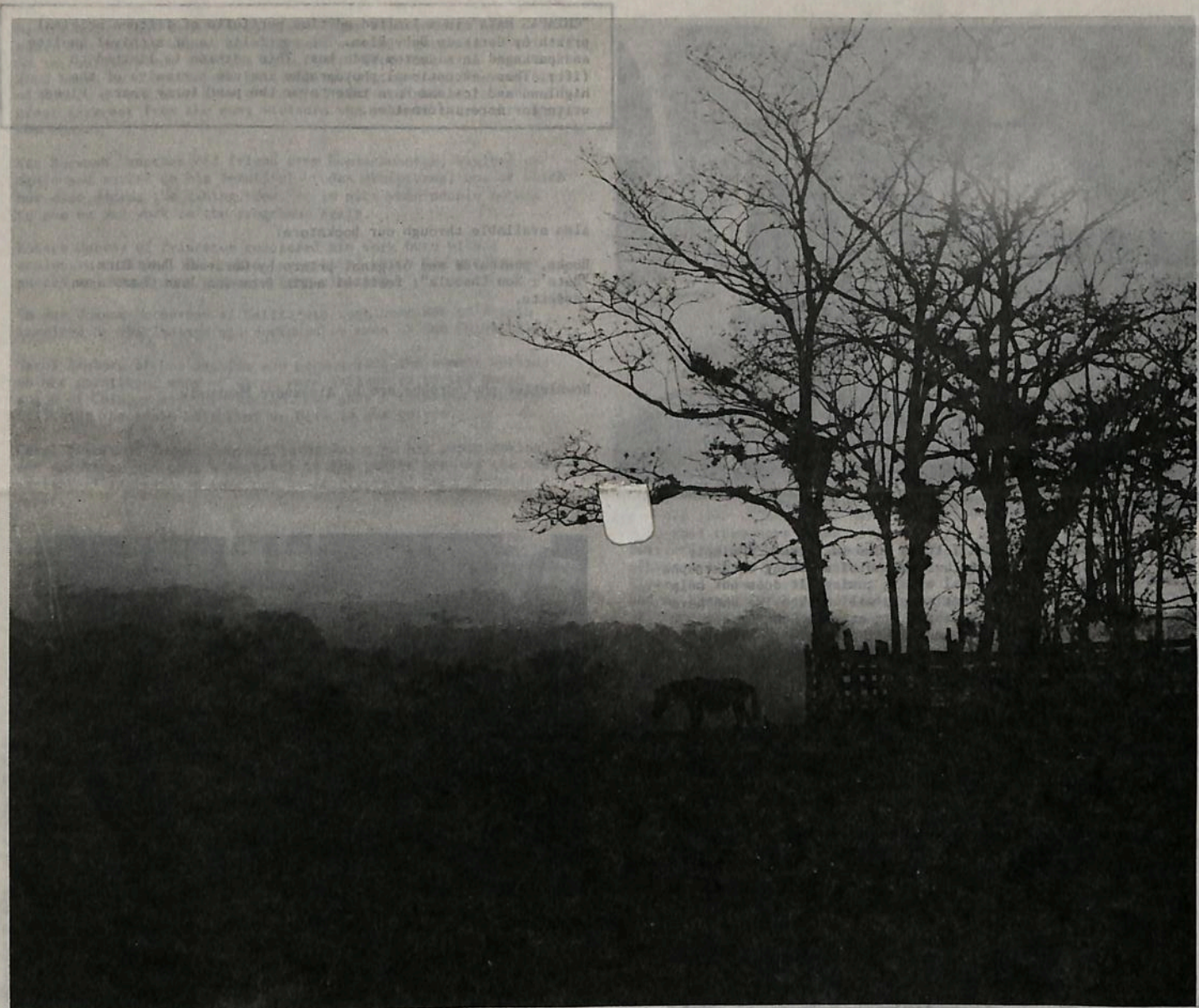
On the same line, we are reviving our recordings of indigenous music and will once again have tapes for sale of the original music of the highlands. These will be sold non-profit to the Indians, who have not stopped requesting this music since we discontinued the project three years ago.



The FONTANA music group from the University of Michigan visited San Cristobal in June of 1984 and presented a music festival to the city which was very well received. The group has been given local, state and federal approval to return for a summer festival in 1985 and will present concerts, master classes and informal sessions - probably in late June. The musicians will be housed here with us; anyone out there who would like to be here at that time should be in touch. This is the beginning of a dream many of us have had to make San Cristobal a center of the arts and sciences - the best way to help the local community without destroying the environment.

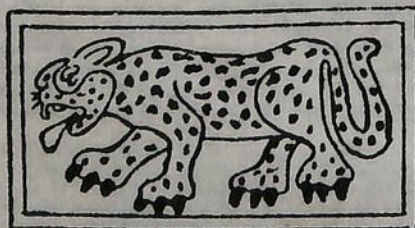
Cynthia Wooley has organized an ecological show from Trudi's slides into a presentation for school children and invited the participation of area schools, including Tuxtla and Comitán. We have had a fabulous response to this show and tour of the museum which we also use as an ecology forum.

Our cultural program is enriched by friends like Harley Reifsnnyder who donated and shipped us a Steinway grand piano this summer. Harley, a very talented musician from Los Angeles, will hopefully be Artist in Residence with us in the near future. We appreciate his continual support and love.

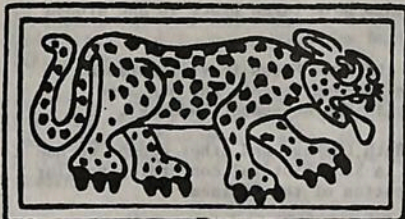


Photograph: Gertrude Duby Blom

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NA BOLOM

NEWSLETTER



Winter 1986/1987

Dear Friends,

I have just returned from Europe. Last year I wondered if I would return there. When you are in your eighties every year counts. Not only does one become a year older, but one alters too - this is true, even if everyone is nice enough to say that I look so well.

Once more I started this newsletter in Gassin in the hills above Saint Tropez in the house of my good friends Ingrid Hansen and Wolf Behles, who, together with Lotti and Antonio Hernandez and Bjorg and Etzel Baer, again made my trip possible. I have so many good friends in so many places - I feel glad about this, but wonder how I deserve it.

I was fortunate to travel with Pamela Overeynder, who is trying to write my biography. It was a pleasure to be with her and she received a great deal of material from the interviews that she made.

My friends organised the whole visit - with whom to stay, how long, lectures - and the fact that I also had my own ideas resulted in a certain confusion, especially when I changed places very often.

My first home was in Bern with Katrin and Jurg German and their wonderful children, with a glorious view from their apartment of the lake, hills and green meadows with abundant flowers. My morning walks took me along the lake to the River Aare. I was thrilled to see the hundreds of gulls waking up from sitting on the logs where the boats are tied and I watched the feeding ducks and the take off of the swans in elegant flight.

The landscape was beautiful, but I could not avoid noticing the multitude of boats on the shore, the fancy villas up river, and even here I could not help but remember the shops in the streets of Bern, the arrogant elegance, the unbelievable richness of foods of all kinds, the signs of opulence everywhere. I had to think of Mexico, my country now, with the hungry people and the terrible economic problems. In addition I was noticing what excess causes - dying trees attacked by acid rain and many signs of pollution.

I also could not help but think of the mess that humans have made of agriculture. Here, like in most of the developed countries, there is an abundance of everything - too much milk, butter, cheese, sugar, wine. There are too many farmers losing their land because they are in debt through over industrialisation and too much monoculture. Too many ruin their land with over fertilisation and the use of all kinds of poison. There are some bio farmers, but they do not get enough help.

All of my Swiss friends understand this situation and in one way or another help to wake up the other people. It is not easy. Jurg German, who is a professor in a school for teachers, has noticed the stupefying effect of television - people do not read anymore, and hence they cannot really write anymore either.

I went from Bern to stay a few days with Franz and Irma Grüninger, old friends from the years that they lived in Mexico. Their chalet in the Bernese Oberland has a view on the lake of Thun and the Alps and I could also see the Niesen and the medieval castle of Wimmis where I passed part of my childhood. We visited the Oeschinensee. Long, long ago, in the twenties, I climbed from Oeschinen to the Blümlisalp through snow and ice. If an elegant hotel and restaurant has slightly changed the lake shore here, the high mountains are as proud and imposing as ever.

After this we travelled into the high mountains of the Diablerets. The road en route passes beautiful forests and gorges which up until now have been saved because public action has avoided the construction of a major highway, which would ruin the country.

On the return journey we visited the old town of Gruyere, not only famous for its cheese but also for its well preserved medieval character. There are no cars allowed in the town - I only wish that my town, San Cristóbal, would adopt the same policy and close some streets in the centre so that all the people who come to visit could appreciate it more.

Also in my programme in Bern was the showing of the film "Xunan", made by Peter von Gunten and Margrit Keller, about the Lacandon forest and my work against deforestation. Afterwards Margrit and I directed a discussion with the full theatre, which proved to be a very positive interchange.



Christa Christen and others of my beloved friends took me on a trip to Therwil to give a slide lecture. The hall was full of interested people and there were many questions which showed awareness for the ecological programme. There was a collection made to help my tree nursery - I hope to raise the necessary money to build a greenhouse to avoid the loss of the small trees when heavy frost hits us, like this year.

From Switzerland we travelled through the Mont Blanc tunnel to Italy and then on to France. En route we drove through terrible forest destruction caused by fires which had consumed hundreds of hectares of pine and oak forests. Around the house of Ingrid and Wolf the forest is intact, but the pines are dying with the exception of the parasol pine. The cork oaks are as beautiful as ever, with their branches which seem to perform wild dances - the bark of the powerful cork oak is almost not used anymore, stupidly replaced by artificial materials.

We do not use what is possible to use, and destroy what we should conserve.

We had a very harmonious time here in Gassin, with no rush and a peaceful atmosphere. We ate simple meals outside under big trees and I also went walking, enjoying the green beauty of the hills and the meadows with wild flowers. For a few days Dr. Bally with his wife Anti and daughter Martin shared this life. It is a relief in our time of wars and terrorism to share beauty for a time with friends of similar awareness of the world situation.

Wolf and Ingrid have a good library in their house and I read two further books by Barbara Tuchman. The first was called "Distant Mirror" which documents the similarity of this century with that of the 14th century - wars, with sects fighting each other, all in the name of some god. It was the time of the change from feudalism to capitalism, the fall from a corrupt, degenerated aristocracy to the bourgeoisie. The time in between the change is the worst because the ones who have the power will not give it up, and fight with all their means to keep it. We are in a similar situation now but the ones who know about what is happening are divided and confused and a new system will only come through a collapse - only now the position is even worse because of the over populated world and the dangers of the nuclear age.

The second book, "The Guns of August", was about the First World War. It is really incredible that after the horror of that, a second war could follow and that much worse was possible. How can humanity after all of that still accept the preparation of another by pouring so much money into the most destructive armaments. Does anybody really believe that we are the most intelligent of creatures?

From Gassin I travelled on to the Centovalli and stayed with my friends Lotti and Antonio Hernandez, where I had a few peaceful days and heartwarming friendship.

From here I left for Paris where my good old friend Francois Reichenbach was expecting me, and I was able to take walks in the beautiful area of the Bois de Boulogne where the enormous trees, ages old, have survived the growing of Paris.

Francois arranged a showing of his films of Chiapas and an extraordinary one about the 'Ceremonies of Passion' from all over Mexico, using the famous childrens choir from Leipzig for part of the musical score. Much of this may soon be history if the invasion of our so called civilisation has more impact on the yet rich tradition of Mexico.

We also visited the gorgeous garden of Claude Monet after having seen an exhibit of some of his paintings inspired by its landscapes. This was a very special place for me, as Monet is my favourite painter, and was so far removed from the thought of the recent spate of terrorist bombings in Paris.

I returned to Bern where I was glad to assist with an exhibit in the largest department store entitled 'Viva Mexico', which will be followed with sales of Mexican folkart. Franz Grüniger showed two films of Chiapas and I gave the explanations to a room filled to bursting point. The Mexican Ambassador and many important people were present and it was a good propoganda exercise for Mexico, in addition to enabling me to meet many old friends again.

Finally in Bern I spent time with my nephew Matthias and his family and had long discussions with my brother Hans; it is always very pleasant for me to be in the company of my family.

I left from the house of the Baers to fly to Mexico with Jürg and Kathrin Nyffenegger, who took good care of me and accompanied me to Na Bolom.

I was happy to be home again and find everything going well - Na Bolom cannot disappear, we put too much into it.

During the past year many events have taken place in and around Na Bolom.....

I participated in the Day of the Free Press in Villahermosa, invited by my old friend Luis Sánchez Arreola who has also published some of my articles in his newspaper "Avance".

Together with Teresa Pomar, Ruth Lechuga and other groups we had a very interesting round table in San Cristóbal concerning popular art, with the active participation of the Indians.

In addition I also took part in the round table of Palenque, where every second year archaeologists and other interested people come together. A great woman, Merle Green Robertson, is the driving force behind those events and I am pleased that her beautiful books entitled "The Sculpture of Palenque" are in our library. The three volumes give an exact account of the Mayan ruins of Palenque and also contain beautiful colour photographs and excellent drawings.

We have received many books - we already had the huge volume about Kohunlich and the whole Maya region with fabulous photographs by Enrique Franco and now also have the book about art at the time of the Independence, which contains more of his work, to mention just a few of the books enriching our library. We greatly appreciate the book donations to our collection and are pleased that more and more people are coming to use these facilities to study.

Na Bolom is a member of the Centro de Investigaciones Humanísticas de Mesoamerica y el Estado de Chiapas and I attended the meetings of the centre in November and gave information about the problems of the tropical rainforests. Later we entertained fifty of the delegates for supper in Na Bolom.

Other groups that have stayed with us in Na Bolom during the year include the University of Oklahoma, whom we were pleased to welcome back for another watercolour workshop and we look forward to their return in 1987, and the Young Presidents Club who arrived in November for a break from their meetings in Mexico City.



We are continuing our school programme, with slide shows about the problems of the planet and tours through the house. The ages range from the first class through to college students, and we are finding it a very positive experience.

Also the work with the tree nursery continues, although this year was a very bad time when an extreme frost killed many of the small trees. The terrible drought made reforestation difficult and was very negative for the big project organised by the town government. We had very little rain. Nature gives us back what we do to her.

I have more and more interviews to give as a result of the awakening of ecological interest - sometimes two a day, plus radio and television programmes. "What do you think about the situation worldwide?", "What can you tell us about the Lacandon forest?". These are the questions put to me in the interviews I share. Well, in an article that I wrote some years ago I said that we who tried to avoid the destruction of the planet would one day be called realists, and not romantic idealists. This has happened. When I read books, magazines and newspapers I sometimes feel as if a sudden bolt of lightning after a heavy storm has opened the minds of lots of people in many countries.

If I am not yet an enthusiastic optimist, I do feel a little less pessimistic and I can relate a few happenings that make me feel a little better.

It started with a television programme. Jaime Maussan from Televisa came to ask me to go with them to the Lacandon forest to show them the destruction going on. I wrote about this programme in the last newsletter, but only now can I share some of the results.

There were three shows, repeated twice, and millions saw it. The impact was strong. The President of Mexico asked to see the film and a ten year old boy called Omar Castillo Gallegos walked 1000 km from his home to Tuxtla Gutierrez with a poster asking for a stop to the destruction of the Lacandon jungle. He was received by the Governor of Chiapas and then returned to the zocalo of Mexico City and waited until the President received him. These events and more and more articles, television and radio programmes have created an awakening of more and more people and organisations.

Scientific institutions like the Centro de Investigaciones Sureste (CIES) and the Instituto Nacional de Investigaciones sobre Recursos Bioticos (INIREB) called for a round table to which representatives of federal and state government departments (for example Agriculture), Petroleos Mexicanos (Pemex) and people like me were invited to discuss the possibilities to save the jungle and find alternative plantations that avoid further burning of the forest - for example the growing of cacao, coffee, vanilla, pepper, etc., which need the shade of big trees. Rubber plantations can also give an income with which the farmers can buy the corn that exhausts the soil very rapidly. The recommendations went to a new federal commission of conservation, of which I am a member.

I also participated in a meeting of the government institution concerning rural development to help the farmers, especially those in the jungle, and at this meeting the already existing alternative plantations were shown.

The director of Pemex, Lic. Mario Ramon Beteta, visited Na Bolom with many of his collaborators, and we had a long discussion. Afterwards the representatives of the ecological department of Pemex brought me their stipulations for the way that they work in the jungle. For the time being they are only carrying out exploration work, opening only very small trails for the movement of their equipment and using existing roads for their machinery. They also told me that no processing of oil was going to take place in the Lacandon selva, as the crude oil would go out in pipelines to the industrial places outside the forest.

All the investigations about the problems of the planet are useful, if followed by action. Better governmental decrees for conservation are good, but totally useless if they are not seriously controlled.

I was several times at my camp in Naha, where I love to see the forest in so much better shape than in other settlements - old, wise Chan K'in is still able to influence some of the younger ones to keep some of the old traditions and to know that their fate depends on the forest; their religion has strong ties with the forest, rivers and lakes - the lovely Lake Naha is still as beautiful as when I first knew it in 1943.

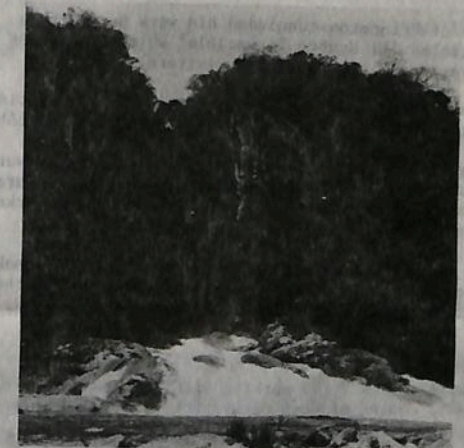
Chan K'in says "You are my mother" and I say "You are my father". This may seem peculiar, but that is how we feel.

I again made an ecological expedition, this time in a truck with the archaeologist Thomas Lee and Na Bolom worker Jorge Bolívar. It was not long, but was an exciting expedition, first following the big statistical road towards the border of Guatemala. The work stops because of a lack of money at a colonia called Flor de Café. At the beginning of the road we passed terrible forest fires, but later saw incredible landscapes. The mountains are very high and so steep that only fire can destroy them, and no cattle, no farming, not even timber exploitation is possible. There is also no water as it all runs off in tremendously deep valleys, so deep and wooded that only small parts of a river can be seen; even in Flor de Café only a miserable little stream exists.

Years ago Frans told me of an unforgettable place called Cataratas de Santo Domingo (waterfalls) which he discovered, and ten years ago I found it when making a two week expedition on muleback with my old friend Juan Bulnes and his two sons. I tried to have it declared as a protected area, but it was in the last weeks of the government of Dr. Velasco Suarez in Chiapas and nothing could be done.

I could not forget the place - this time we found an easier way to reach it by scouting around and then making camp on the beautiful

blue river of Santo Domingo. We were shown the way to cross the river - the colonia was going to repair the rope bridge but waited so that we could pass. It was quite an experience! Five metres over the roaring Santo Domingo, on a 48 metre long bridge, it tilted badly to one side, and there were planks missing all the way. We eventually crossed it to climb and descend the mountain for some two hours, along bad trails through dense forest with remarkably steep rock formations on one side, to find the place where Frans had been in the twenties and I ten years ago. It was intact, but the settlements at the entrance and exit of the gorge have caused a great deal of destruction. I was maddened and decided that I must do what I can to save it.



Photograph: Gertrude Duby Blom

A funny coincidence occured on the second day of our return, for Dr. Velasco Suarez visited me. I asked him if he remembered ten years ago and he replied that he did. I talked about my idea of protecting this extraordinary place and gave him my proposals which he passed on to the director of the ecological department. Some two weeks later I had the reply that my idea had been accepted, but now I hate the job of seeing that this is carried out - not easy at all.

I also stayed at Lacanha Chansayab, the southern Lacandon settlement, for a few days with INIREB who have an alternative programme for saving the fauna and the different kinds of wild animals in danger, for example crocodiles and peccaries which they raise on farms there. The animals will be given to the Lacandons for them to use for meat, and with the money that they will receive for the valuable skins they will be able to buy corn and beans and other things which cannot be well produced in the Lacandon forest.

Even if I sound more optimistic I still unfortunately see that we are far from the aim of saving the forest. The new rules are not easy to apply, and even more difficult to control. We are a little step further, but the great mass of humanity has not yet realised, or has refused to see, what is happening to the planet, and that the humans might have reached the end of creation and will disappear like the dinosaurs.

The exhibition of my photographs, named "People of the Forest", continues to travel throughout the U.S.A. and other pieces of my work can be seen in Oakland Museum, California in the exhibition "Three Visions of the Maya".

We are still in the initial stages of our video project to film Old Chan K'in relating stories in Maya. Very generous donations have meant that we now have the basic equipment, but there are still a few further necessities that we need before we can begin on a programme that we feel would have great historical value.

The Instituto de Artesanías Chiapaneca have arranged two displays in our exhibition room. The first portrayed the contents of the church in Chamula and the second a lovely insight into the big range of toys that are produced in the highlands of Chiapas. These displays have been incorporated into our museum tours and thus have been seen by thousands of people.

Our artist in residence programme is continuing well:

At the end of November 1985 we had an exhibit of the work of Naju, Tuino, Gabriel and Yagui who call themselves collectively 'Los Juntos', in spite of the fact that some of their paintings are individual works. The artists returned to Na Bolom this year to escape the heat of Puerto Vallarta, where their centre is, and to produce an incredible amount of clothes and paintings.

We are happy that Robert Semple and Edgar Wenhold were here again for several weeks, working hard on their gorgeous embroidery. An incredible piece inspired by a lintel from Yaxchilan that took 2000 hours to complete now enlivens our dining room. The exhibit of Robert's work also drew a crowd of admirers and attracted great interest from the many visitors who pass on tours through the house.

Nat Burwash, another old friend from Massachusetts, visited us again and worked on his beautiful wooden sculptures, one of which now also adorns the dining room. It is nice when people return to see us and work on the programme again.

Robert Harvey of Princeton concluded his work here with a sculpture entitled 'El Hombre Invencible' which now graces our garden and draws many comments from visitors.

In May Joanna Mersereau of California continued her paintings inspired by the Indians and surrounding area of San Cristóbal.

Carol Newborg of Los Angeles was here during the summer working on her paintings, many of which were influenced by the Mayan ruins of Chiapas and the Yucatan. She gave a ceramics workshop utilising the adobe kiln that we have in our garden.

Carol Sebert of Toronto worked in Na Bolom on her paper making and paintings and gave a workshop to the public showing the wide variety of ingredients that can be incorporated into handmade paper.

Robert Solywoda of New York, working with the photogravure technique, made copies of some of my photographs and helped with other photographic activities.

Deborah Saupe of California spent some time with us creating baskets from a variety of materials.

Harley Reifsnyder returned to give another excellent piano concert of French classical music to the public, along with David Goodman of California.

We have also been treated to concerts of jazz and Latin American music in the chapel, which have been a great joy to hear, and we all look forward to further musical events in the future.

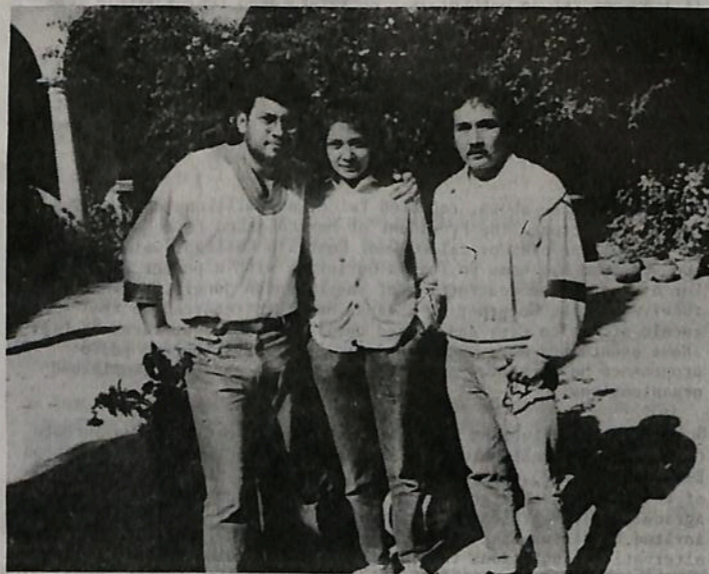
The artist in residence programme is designed to offer an interchange of energies between the community of Na Bolom and the visiting artist. Our invitation now extends to include scientists in residence. For further information contact us at our address.

Na Bolom is not only a centre with museum, library, photographic archive and lecture facilities. It has become a world centre where many different natives, cultures and social classes meet. Since the existence of Na Bolom it has received the Lacandons, giving them food and shelter like members of the family, which they are for me. They sit at the table with the other guests, no matter if they are such people as Ambassador Dr. Franco Ferreti and his group of Belgians and Swedes, amongst them a niece of the King of Sweden, or whoever. They talk with my old friend Marcel Disler, the Swiss Ambassador, and Brent Sondergaard, the Danish Ambassador.

Our museum tours are composed of people from all over the world, and more and more Mexicans. We had at least 20,000 visitors during the year - a big task for the volunteers. We also have people coming like Gustavo Petricioli, previous director of the largest bank and now secretary of Hacienda, and Ricardo and Georgina Garcia Saenz, the secretary of social securities and his wife. If that does not help directly, indirectly it can be useful in the fight in which Na Bolom is involved.

Many of the oldtimers of Na Bolom will be astonished not to find the names of Ken, Joan and Barry in this newsletter. Hard, painful weeks and even months are behind me. In fact it even became a trauma with some bad effects. We were many years together, we worked together, and I feel thankful for what they have done for me and for Na Bolom. I will never forget this. I hope that they also remember the positive things that we achieved together - I want everybody to know that some decisions were hard to take and many difficult to understand, but that we still remain friends.

Na Bolom has known other changes, several of them difficult ones. It must, and will, go on with the same principles and ideals on which Frans and I founded it. I will say that I know that there will be times when I miss the three of them, but there are also marriages that dissolve and end in friendship, without grudges and hatred. Situations in the world around Na Bolom change, and one is forced to adapt to them if one is to survive.



I would like to thank all my many friends for the generosity and help that they have shown me - the great number of people in Switzerland and France who made my visit so enjoyable, and the others who have worked with, and aided me here in Mexico: Bertha Rivas, to whom I send my best wishes for her new life in the U.S.A. and my thanks for her unstinting years of work in Na Bolom; all of the cooks, house cleaners and gardeners who keep Na Bolom functioning and are so well organised by Doña Maria Escandon and Maestro Manuel Ramirez; Jorge Bolívar, Alejandro Montoya and Maria Elena Ferrer, the permanent members of staff; past volunteers Lucia Casalinuovo, Daniel Barczay, John LeVere, Camilla Hjalsted and Lanore Fontes for their help in many projects and the current volunteers who continue the work - Franziska Nyffenegger, Christian Fuest and Anthony Klein; the members of the Asociación Cultural Na Bolom A.C. of which I am President - Jorge Bolívar, Lic. Armando Mijangos, Don Gustavo Armendare, Prof. Prudencio Moscoso and Francisco Zebadua, all from Chiapas, and Teresa Pomar, Dr. Ruth Lechuga and Enrique Franco from Mexico City; there is also a council comprised of old friends from many countries who advise, but have no voting power; last, but not least, the doctors who have helped me through another year, my friends Edward Leuthold in Switzerland and Elisa Jimenez here in San Cristóbal.



Following the death of my old horse last year I was very pleased to receive a new one, the beautiful Grano de Oro, given to me by Barry. It is still a great joy for me to ride a little whenever I find the time.



Often I am called a pessimist. I think this is untrue. I simply have the courage to be a realist. I warned of a coming catastrophe before we stood in front of it, I saw it coming. It does not help to say that it will be O.K., that people will awaken. We who have fought against the destruction of the planet, the home of all living things, were considered somewhat like stupid idealists; we who warned about the new gods - more and more machines, inventions to destroy humanity, were told that the new technology would help us to live a better life. Technology could help us if we would use it in a way to conserve nature, to use it only for what it is able to offer us.

We still could be able to halt the disintegration of nature, of which we must remember that we are only a part. We have to learn to live with it, or we will die with it.

With love,

Trude



"CHIAPAS MAYA" is a limited edition portfolio of fifteen original prints by Gertrude Duby Blom. The portfolio is of archival quality and packaged in a custom made box. This edition is limited to fifty. These exceptional photographs include portraits of the highland and lowland Maya taken over the past forty years. Please write for more information.

Also available through our bookstore:

Books, postcards and original prints by Gertrude Duby Blom. "Bats'i Son Chamula": festival music from San Juan Chamula on cassette.

Newsletter photographs are by Alejandro Montoya.

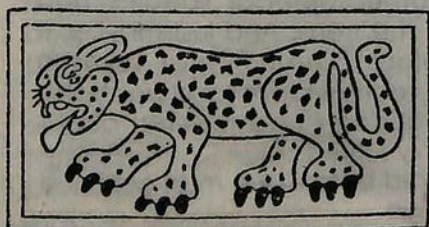




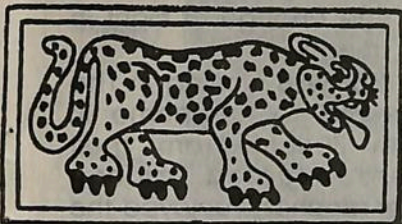
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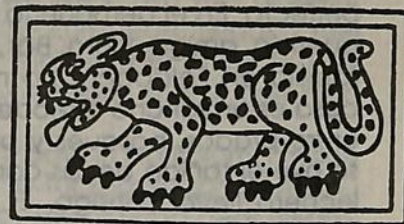
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CENTRO DE ESTUDIOS CIENTIFICOS

NA-BOLOM

NEWSLETTER



NUEVA EPOCA No. 1

SAN CRISTOBAL DE LAS CASAS

1988



Foto del recuerdo, de derecha a izquierda: Frans Blom, Bety Mijangos, Trudy, Kayun y Kin.

VIAJE A EUROPA.

También en mi *Carta* de Información del año pasado me pregunté ¿si regresaría a Europa?, este regreso fue posible gracias a la generosidad de mis amigos que financiaron mi viaje. Durante mi recorrido por Europa me pregunté si no había cometido un error al hacer este viaje, pues en casa había problemas que resolver. Sin embargo, por mi estado de salud sentí que estos podían arreglarse mejor durante mi ausencia y concluí que mi viaje era una necesidad.

El vuelo fue una pesadilla. Tuve que cambiar dos veces de avión en Houston, el servicio de silla de ruedas está muy mal organizado. Por fortuna, en este lugar conté con la ayuda de mis amigos Nick y Kathrin Hopkins, quienes tenían dos horas de espera en su vuelo.

En Londres la organización del aeropuerto fue

TRIP TO EUROPE

Last year I wondered in my newsletter if I would return to Europe. Once more my visit was made possible thanks to the generosity of my friends. Again, I begin the newsletter in the splendidly beautiful region of Gassin in the south of France, in the pleasant house of my dear friends Ingrid Hansen and Wolf Behles.

Throughout my travels I asked myself if I was wrong to have made this trip because there were problems at home to resolve. I finally decided to go, knowing I needed the rest, and that the problems would probably be better resolved in my absence.

The flight was a nightmare. I had to change planes twice. In Houston the wheelchair service was poorly organized. Fortunately, I counted on the help of my friends Nick and Katherine Hopkins, who

perfecta. En el aeropuerto de Zurich me esperó mi querida amiga Biorg Bär, quedándome con su familia en Feldbach, no muy lejos de Zurich. Su casa es un rancho remodelado que está ubicado entre prados, bosques y otros ranchos de donde se oye el tañido de las campanas que el ganado lechero lleva consigo. El Dr. Etzel Bär y sus hijos Trults y Mons, fueron una agradable e interesante compañía.

En Berna, como cada año, me hospedé en las casas de varios amigos. Allí me recibieron mis viejos amigos Kathrin, su esposo Jürg German y sus diligentes hijas Brigit, Anna María y Regula.

Otra vez empiezo mi carta anual en la preciosa región de Gassin, en el sur de Francia, en la agradable casa de mis queridos amigos Ingrid Hansen y Wolf Behles. Franz e Irma Grüninger, Christa Christen y otros amigos nos juntamos varias veces en sencillas comidas y cenas, o para dar un paseo, como el que hicimos en el Valle de Adelboden, por mencionar solo uno. Rosa Bizzozero fue muy gentil conmigo; Jean Liniger de la región de Ginebra llegó a Berna para visitarme, ambos tenemos -a pesar de ser él más joven-, muchos recuerdos de nuestras vidas en la lucha política. El encuentro anual con el Dr. Vitali Gawronski es siempre un grato recuerdo, con él tuvimos una comida con abundante charla de sobremesa sobre el pasado de nosotros y acerca del futuro de la humanidad.

En Suiza ví también a mi familia, mi hermano Hans, mis sobrinos Matthias y Mariane y a sus hijos Martha y Thomas, así como mi prima Anita Lohner. Todos los encuentros que allí tuve me hacen ver claramente que no solamente tengo la nacionalidad mexicana, sino que me siento como tal. Entonces estoy lejos del "Primer Mundo", de este lugar donde nací. Sin embargo, mi estancia en Europa es agradable -mucho reposo y gran fascinación-, estar allí es útil para contrastar el lujo que hay en los Países desarrollados y la deprimente pobreza que hay en los del "Tercer Mundo". A pesar de la diferencia de los mundos, en el círculo de mis amigos europeos me siento bien. Vale decir que estamos viviendo iguales e importantes metas.

Después de 12 días de estancia en *Na Bolom*, hice un segundo viaje. Primero fuí a Tucson, Arizona, donde me recibieron mis viejos y queridos amigos: Leny y Gerd Schloss, ellos tienen una preciosa casa cerca del desierto, próxima a una reserva ecológica de xerófitas (principalmente cactus). Debo aclarar que los desiertos no me gustan, para mí son como una imagen del futuro, sin embargo debo mencionar que me fascinaron las increíbles formas y variedades de cactus y arbolitos que allí observé, las pequeñas y verdicitas hojas captando la suficiente

also had a layover there. The change of flight in London, by contrast, went smoothly.

My good friend Björg Bär was waiting in the airport in Zürich to take me to her home in Feldbach, not far from Zürich. From their remodeled ranch house situated among meadows, forests and other ranches, I enjoyed the melodious sounds of the beautiful milk cow bells. Dr. Etzel Bär and their sons Trults and Mons were pleasant and interesting company. Good friends and the natural beauty of the land relaxed and revitalized me.

In Bern, as I do every year, I stayed in the homes of various friends. There I was welcomed by my old friends Kathrin and Jurg German and their lovely and talented daughters Brigit, Anna Maria and Regula.

Frans and Irma Grüninger, Christa Christen and other friends got together several times for simple



María, Víctor, Trudy y Camerino San Román.

meals or for outings like the one we made in the Valley of Adelboden. Rosa Bizzozero was very gracious with me. Jean Liniger, from the Geneva region, came to Bern for a visit. Though he is younger than me, we both have many memories of our political fights, and we have interesting conversations about those days. The annual meeting with Dr. Vitali Gawronski is always a great pleasure. We had a dinner with rich conversation about our past, as well as about the future of humanity.

In Switzerland, I also visited my family: my brother Hans, my nephew Matthias, his wife Mariane, and their sons Michael and Thomas, as well as my cousin Anita Lohner.

Visiting Switzerland makes me realize clearly that I not only have Mexican citizenship but that I feel Mexican. How far I am from the First World, from this place where I was born. Still, my stay in Europe was good a much needed rest filled with the richness of friendships. But it is important to be aware of the contrast between the First and Third Worlds, the luxury that exists in the developed countries and the depressing poverty that exists in



Trudy y Victor M. Esponda.

clorofila en este clima tan seco. En Tucson, Gerd me puso a trabajar con cuatro conferencias, cada una con diapositivas diferentes; en estos menesteres él también se vió en apuros; pues los proyectores 6 X 6 son ahora una rareza. Después de mil dificultades logramos hacer la proyección de las transparencias gracias a la ayuda de la Señora Elizabeth Woolin, quien tiene un proyector poco diferente del que yo tengo, el cual manejo con habilidad. La recepción que organizaron los Schloss, me puso en contacto con bastante gente del lugar; varios de ellos han estado en *Na Bolom* y guardan gratos recuerdos de su estancia allí. De Tucson volé a uno de los aeropuertos de Nueva York, donde me esperaron los Tobey, los siempre cordiales Claire y Harvey que siempre están llenos de cariño y atenciones para mí. Estar con ellos fue un gran descanso. Su casa de Princeton la rodea un bosque que disfruté; allí ví muchos amigos como Alfred Bush y Bertha Rivas, eficaz y paciente ex-colaboradora mía en *Na Bolom*, ahora casada con Robert Harley, un talentoso escultor que en años pasados fuera uno de los artistas en residencia de *Na Bolom* y que nos dejó una obra interesante; con ellos me visitaron los ex-voluntarios James Male y Christopher Little, muchachos muy simpáticos; también saludé a un distinguido visitante de *Na Bolom*, el Profr. Gillet Griffin, conocido mayista.

the Third World. Though we live in two very different worlds, in the circle of my European friends, I feel happy because I know that we are animated by similar concerns and we share many common goals.

After a stay of only 12 days in *Na Bolom*, I made a second trip. First I flew to Tucson, Arizona, where I was generously hosted by my old and dear friends, Leny and Gerd Schloss, who have a beautiful house near the desert, close to an ecological reserve for Xerophytes and other cacti. I might mention that I don't usually like deserts: for me they are like a vision of the future. Nevertheless, I was fascinated by the incredible variety of the cacti and trees I was able to observe there, some capturing the sun in so dry a climate with the chlorophyll of their very tiny green leaves.

In Tucson, Gerd put me to work with four conferences, each one narrated with different slides. This was especially difficult for him to arrange, because 6 X 6 slide projectors are hard to find these days. After a thousand difficulties we were able to resolve the problem, thanks to the generous help of Elizabeth Woolin, who loaned us a projector which is only a little different from the one I have, and which worked out very well. The reception which the Schlosses organized put me in contact with many people from Tucson, and other parts of the Southwest, a few of whom have stayed at *Na Bolom*, and who have fond memories of their stay there.

From Tucson I flew to one of the New York airports where Claire and Harry Tobey were waiting for me, as always full of kindness and warm attention. It was very peaceful to stay with them in their house in Princeton, which is surrounded by a beautiful forest. I saw many old friends there, including Alfred Bush and Bertha Rivas, one of the best collaborators I have ever had at *Na Bolom*, who left us an interesting piece of their work. It was also nice to visit with James Male and Christopher Little, exvolunteers, and Prof. Gillet Griffin, the well-known Mayanist.

These two trips once again enriched my perspective. I saw a different America once more.

Now, out of respect for my Mexican friends whom I appreciate for their aid to myself and to *Na Bolom*, I want to mention: Dra. Ruth Lechuga, Teresa Pomar, Enrique Franco Torrijos, Marcel and Moreina Disler; the members of the Patronato Fray Bartholome de Las Casas: Angel Robles, Pablo Ramirez, Tomas Lee, Bertha Solis, and others; Cuauhtemoc Lopez Sanchez, Director of the Center of Humanistic Investigations of Mesoamerica and the State of Chiapas; and Francisco Zebadúa, Director of the Institute of Chiapas Artisanry, and others.

Estos dos viajes de nuevo enriquecieron mi perspectiva. Ví una vez más la otra América.

Ahora bien, por lo que respecta a mis amigos de México, no me olvido de ellos: Dra. Ruth Lechuga, Teresa Pomar, Enrique Franco Torrijos, Marcel y Moreina Disler; los miembros del Patronato Fray Barfolomé de Las Casas: Angel Robles, Pablo Ramírez, Gustavo Armendáriz, Tomás Lee, Prudencio Moscoso, Armando Mijangos, Bertha Solís y otros, y a Cuauhtemoc López Sánchez, Director del Centro de Investigaciones Humanísticas de Mesoamérica y del Estado de Chiapas, a Francisco Zebadúa, Director del Instituto de la Artesanía Chiapaneca.

SALUD

Mi recuperación progresa; sentirse con el calor de la amistad, calmada y alejada de problemas ayuda mucho a recobrase. De todos modos, para mi paciencia este progreso es demasiado lento. Con 86 años de edad creo que es tiempo de cambiar algo en el carácter, en los deseos y en los impulsos y, sobre todo, luchar contra la idiotez del ser humano.

Atrás de mí quedan meses muy pesados. Como algunos de ustedes saben, me fracturé el fémur izquierdo, y ello simplemente por actuar demasiado aprisa, bajé precipitadamente del vehículo de Tom Lee y me caí de un escalón, dándome un golpe en el piso de cemento del parque de Las Margaritas, un poblado cercano a Comitán. Esto me hace reflexionar que para evitar la senilidad, es importante saber que ésta empieza cuando uno ya no sabe darse cuenta que las facultades han bajado considerablemente. Bueno amigos, es útil que le digan a uno la verdad.

CAMBIOS

Antes de informar sobre este punto, quiero decir que no es posible que mencione a todos mis amigos, sin embargo sé que tengo enemigos y algunos dicen cosas que me provocan carcajadas y me olvido que son mis enemigos. A propósito de esto, recuerdo una entrevista que tuve, cuyo título fue "el que no hace nada no tiene enemigos". De modo que espero olvidar también a los que me engañaron, pero ya no dejarme engañar.

Ahora bien, decidí reunir a la Asociación Cultural *Na Bolom*, Organismo Civil Cultural sin lucro, antes de salir a Europa, para discutir la situación real de *Na Bolom* y proponerle una organización adecuada. Tuvimos dos reuniones, en la primera se hizo un balance general de *Na Bolom* y se hicieron propuestas para su futura organización; en la segunda se informó sobre los acuerdos de la

HEALTH

My recuperation continues. With the warmth of friendship, I feel calm and far from problems, and this has helped greatly in my recovery. Still, I am impatient with the progress. At 86 I feel it is time to change some things in my character in my desires and impulses and overall to keep fighting against the idiocy of the human being.

Behind me are some very difficult months. As some of you know, I fractured the left femur simply from being in too much of a hurry. I stepped down too quickly from Tom Lee's car and fell from a step onto the cement ground in the park of Las Margaritas, a town near Comitán. This accident made me realize that the avoid senility, it is important to know that it begins when one does not realize that one's faculties have diminished considerably. Well, friends, it is good that one tells the truth.

CHANGES

Before talking about this point, I want to say that it is not possible to mention all of my wonderful friends. Still, I know that I have enemies and some of them say things that make me laugh so hard I forget that they are my enemies. This reminds me of an interview I had once called "He who does nothing has no enemies". I hope to forget those who have taken advantage of me, but not to allow myself to be taken advantage of again.

Life is change. The world changes, people change, and *Na Bolom* also must continue to grow, expand, improve. Frans Blom is still very much here with us. Without him *Na Bolom* would not exist. We must continue to make improvements in this organization which has grown gradually since its foundation, without losing sight of Frans' and my original goals and spirit.

Knowing something of human history, I see that the major changes, as for example, the change from feudalism to capitalism, and now the breakdown of our present system into another new form, are followed by a more or less violent collapse. Influenced by this idea, and seeking a better solution for *Na Bolom*, I called a meeting of the Cultural Association of *Na Bolom*, which is nonprofit, and whose members include: Gustavo Armendáriz Ruiz, Ruth Lechuga, Teresa Pomar, Enrique Franco Torrijos, Prudencio Moscoso Pastrana, Armando Mijangos Ross, Camerino San Román, Francisco Zebadúa, María Escandón, Beatriz Mijangos, and myself, as president. This meeting was called before my departure to Europe in order to discuss the existing situation of *Na Bolom*, and to plan a reorganization. We had two meetings. In the first, a general evaluation of *Na Bolom* was made, along with proposals for the

reunión anterior. La Asociación Cultural *Na Bolom*, la constituyeron las siguientes personalidades: Gustavo Armendáriz Ruiz, Vice-Presidente; Ruth Lechuga, Teresa Pomar, Enrique Franco Torrijos, Prudencio Moscoso Pastrana, Armando Mijangos Ross, Camerino San Román, Francisco Zebadúa, María Escandón, Beatriz Mijangos y quien esto escribe, Presidenta de ésta.

El mundo y la gente cambia, por tanto, *Na Bolom*, tendrá que cambiar en algo, pero las metas y el espíritu deben ser siempre firmes. Frans Blom está aquí todavía. Sin él no existiría *Na Bolom* y su organización, que ha crecido gradualmente desde su fundación, tiene que mejorar ahora.

Si bien es cierto que en mi trabajo no todos fueron errores, sé, sin embargo, que he cometido muchos. Es fácil perder el control. En general puedo juzgar sobre el carácter de una persona, pero también es fácil no querer ver las fallas o malas intenciones de una persona. Por la actual situación del mundo hay cambios que son necesarios. De modo que en este caso no se debe tener miedo de cambiar colaboradores no adecuados. Es mejor quedarse algo sobrecargado de trabajo, en vez de tener la carga de mala gente e inútil. Conociendo algo de la historia humana veo que los grandes cambios, como por ejemplo, el del feudalismo al capitalismo, y ahora el de éste que se está quebrantando a otra nueva forma, sé que se realizan finalmente por un colapso más o menos violento. Influenciada por esta idea y buscando la mejor alternativa para *Na Bolom*, me reuní con los miembros de la Asociación Civil y la pusimos en práctica. Acción ésta que para algunos de ustedes puede resultar sorprendente.

Asimismo, no es fácil admitir, amigos, que con 86 años de edad pueda seguir con la carga de todos los detalles que precisa *Na Bolom*. Es necesario contar ahora con gente de reconocida capacidad para que se ocupe de los asuntos de *Na Bolom* y que tenga la suficiente inteligencia para valorar a la Institución. La reconstrucción de la casa desde 1950, fue una gran tarea, considerando el poco dinero con que contábamos. Creo que las instalaciones de *Na Bolom*, como los patios, la capilla, las salas del museo, los cuartos, el jardín que está frente a la casa y el bosque que está atrás de ella podrían ser un buen ejemplo de cómo conservar a San Cristóbal.

Las colecciones que hay en la casa: Arte religioso, arqueológico, artesanal, etc., fueron hechas para conservar algunos aspectos de la cultura chiapaneca y pensamos que son de gran valor. Asimismo, el museo, la biblioteca que da servicio al público (actualmente en proceso de inventario y de reorganización), y mi fototeca que consigna historia gráfica de la selva y de la cultura



Trudy con parte del personal de la casa; de izquierda a derecha: Elena, Angelina, Bernardina, Fidella, América, Elvira, Carlota, Teresa, Elsa, María e Isidro.

restructuring. In the second meeting we discussed what happened in the first meeting. The resulting changes may be surprising to some of you, and I thank the members of the Association for helping.

If it is true that in my work I have done many things well, I have still made some mistakes. It is easy to lose control. Generally, I can judge a person's character, but it is also easy for me to not want to see his/her faults or bad intentions. Considering the actual situation of the world, there are a lot of necessary changes.

It is not easy to admit, friends, that at 86 years of age, I cannot continue to carry the full responsibility for running *Na Bolom*. It is necessary now to rely on my capable and knowledgeable staff to take the burden/responsibility from my shoulders a staff, I am happy to add, who have the intelligence to value the institution.

The reconstruction of the house beginning in 1950 has been a great labor, considering how little money we had. I believe that the installations like the patios, chapel, the museum rooms, the guest rooms, the garden in front of the house, and the forest behind it are a good example of how to conserve San Cristóbal.

The collections in the house of religious art, archaeology, artisany, etc. were made to conserve some aspects of the Chiapas culture and we think they are worthwhile. Likewise, the museum, the library open to the public (now in the process of inventory and reorganization), and my collection of photographs in black and white and in color, which document the graphic history of the Selva and the culture of Chiapas since 1943.

ACTIVITIES

In spite of my accident, I stayed active all year, giving interviews to the press, radio and television, national and international. Among other activities I accomplished, I gave several tours of the Museum, (especially for groups of French-speaking visitors). Larwe, when I could move

de Chiapas desde 1943, en una gran cantidad de fotografías en blanco y negro y otras en color.

ACTIVIDADES

A pesar del accidente que tuve, no pude quedarme sin actuar día, varias entrevistas a la prensa, a la radio y a la televisión, tanto nacionales, como internacionales; desde luego hice esto sentada en silla de ruedas. Entre otras actividades que realicé se encuentran algunas visitas guiadas por mí en el museo de la casa, esto principalmente cuando habían muchos franceses. Más tarde, cuando pude tener más movimiento, sustenté una conferencia en la Escuela de Arquitectura de la Universidad Autónoma de Chiapas, en la Ciudad de Tuxtla Gutiérrez. Asimismo, todavía apoyada con andador, expuse y expliqué cien fotos más en las instalaciones del Centro de Investigaciones Humanísticas de Mesoamérica y del Estado de Chiapas.

Debo mencionar que toda esta actividad aunada con mi poca movilidad, afectó mis nervios. Soy una persona activa y con muchos proyectos y me parece que es importante salvar algo del planeta pero en las condiciones en que me encontraba, fue difícil actuar normalmente, de modo que para mí es desagradable depender de la ayuda de otros por mucho tiempo.

Otra acción que originó muchos nervios fue la invitación que el Secretario de la SEDUE (Secretaría de Desarrollo Urbano y Ecología), Lic. Manuel Camacho Solís, me hizo para participar en la reunión de todos los representantes de las Secretarías dependientes del Gobierno y con algunos ecologistas en Pico de Oro, un pueblo de la Selva. Teniendo antecedentes del accidente que tuve, se me brindó todas las facilidades para que yo acudiera a la reunión; vehículo, el apoyo de dos ayudantes de Na Bolom para subir y descender de los helicópteros. Evité, en los tres días que duró este viaje, poner peso sobre mi pie izquierdo. Esta constante preocupación fue motivo de nervios, pero creo que el no haber ido hubiera sido peor. La reunión fue de gran importancia. Se legalizaron las colonias que no tenían documentos y se hicieron buenos decretos para el uso de la selva. A Petróleos Mexicanos se les hizo saber que debe observar normas más estrictas para así evitar la destrucción. Ahora es de fundamental importancia controlar esos decretos, sin la colaboración de todos no sirve la mejor ley, ni el mejor decreto.

Durante este año pudimos arreglar varios defectos, en la casa que necesitaba desde hace tiempo, como el cambio del sistema eléctrico, que requirió de un desembolso oneroso; arreglar las maderas del techo, la construcción de dos cuartos más, en el lugar donde antes estuvo la

carpintería que se quemó el año pasado; el arreglo del laboratorio fotográfico; la puesta en marcha del inventario y reorganización de la biblioteca; el montaje de una choza indígena típica en el bosque que está atrás de la casa, con el fin de ampliar la museografía.... Cuando hay poco dinero, se tienen que hacer primero las cosas más necesarias, sin olvidar, desde luego, las que se precisan para el futuro, logrando evitar gastos nuevos que van al parejo con la inflación.

Otra de las actividades de la casa es el programa para escuelas, en él presentamos exposiciones de los días que me tocó presenciar la destrucción de la selva y lo que de repente podemos hacer para salvar la gran belleza y riqueza de las selvas tropicales.

En el mes de septiembre hicimos acto de presencia en el Centro de Investigaciones Humanísticas de Mesoamérica y del Estado de Chiapas para discutir el informe de labores (1985-7) y el anteproyecto que lo convirtió en el "Centro de Estudios de la Frontera Sur A.C."



Georg Janthur (pintor alemán) y Chan Tub.

En el mes de noviembre, en ocasión de la llegada a Chiapas, del Candidato a la Primera Magistratura del País, Lic. Carlos Salinas de Gortari, me trasladé a la Ciudad de Tapachula, donde fui invitada para participar a un acto con distinguidos intelectuales; allí entregué un album de fotos más al Candidato, donde se aprecia de manera clara mi preocupación sobre la destrucción de los bosques de Chiapas.

Nuestro vivero sigue adelante. Con la ayuda de una organización particular logramos hacer un invernadero, el cual hemos protegido con plástico especial para evitar que los arbolitos recién trasplantados sean perjudicados por las heladas del invierno. Este invernadero favorece a nuestras tareas y es de gran utilidad para el impulso y valoración del árbol.

Ahora estamos en busca de fondos para ampliar nuestro vivero. Pretendemos, si conseguimos apoyo y financiamiento, extender nuestro programa de reforestación a comunidades cercanas. El proyecto de reforestación ha evolucionado, hoy tengo la certeza que el sembrar árboles es sólo una parte del trabajo que se requiere para preservar la tierra y los bosques, pero la tarea principal, creo que es la de proponer alternativas adecuadas a la capacidad técnica de la agricultura que practican los campesinos, es decir, buscar una tecnología apropiada e integral en el uso y explotación del suelo y bosques, de ese modo, tal vez, se logren mejores posibilidades económicas.

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Afortunadamente en Chiapas aumentó el

decrees, but without the collaboration of everyone, the best law or the greatest decree is useless.

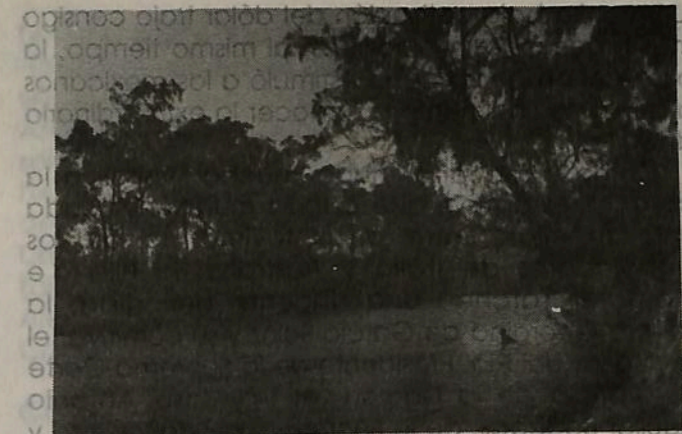
During this year we were able to make some necessary and long overdue repairs on the house, including the installation of a new electrical system which was a burdensome expense. We also replaced parts of the roof and constructed two new guest rooms where the old carpentry shop used to be. It burned down last year. We renovated the darkroom, began the inventory and reorganization of the library, and built a typical indigenous hut in the garden behind the house, a project initiated by one of the volunteers, to expand the offerings of the museum. When there is little money, one first has to do the most necessary things without forgetting the repairs which will be necessary, and always more expensive, in the future.

Other on-going activities of the house include educational programs for the schools; tours of the museum and a lecture and slideshow presentation of my ecological work which emphasizes the destruction of the Selva which I have witnessed, documented and fought against, and what we can do to preserve the great beauty and richness of the tropical forests for future generations.

In September we presented and discussed the Report of Work (1985-1987) of Na Bolom at the Center of Humanistic Investigations of Mesoamerica and the State of Chiapas, renamed the Center of Studies of the Southern Frontier, A.C.

The tree nursery continues on. With the help of a donation, we were able to build a greenhouse this year which we have covered with plastic to protect the recently transplanted trees from the damage of frosts in these cold winter months. This greenhouse was much needed we had lost thousands of saplings to hard freezes the past year.

We are now seeking funding to expand the tree nursery and reforestation program into a



Paisaje del Río Sto. Domingo.

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turismo. La baja cotización del dólar trajo consigo más americanos y europeos, al mismo tiempo, la baja del peso mexicano estimuló a los mexicanos a decidirse finalmente a conocer lo extraordinario de su País.

Como cada año, hubo muchas visitas a la casa, no es posible que pueda mencionar cada una de ellas. Entre otras tuvimos la de los Embajadores de Italia y Australia, la hija de Margaret Thatcher; una diligente periodista; la Señora Georgina de García Sainz y su comitiva; el Dr. Carlos del Río, Presidente de la Suprema Corte de Justicia de la Nación; el Lic. José Antonio Aguilar Bodegas, de la Secretaría de Agricultura y Recursos Hidráulicos; el Presidente Municipal Constitucional de San Cristóbal de Las Casas, Lic. Gustavo Víctor Moscoso Zenteno; un grupo de Northland Collegue vino para investigar el uso de la tierra y para conocer la selva. Nos visitó también un grupo de INIREB (Instituto Nacional de Investigaciones sobre Recursos Bióticos), con la finalidad de establecer posibilidades de cooperación para el futuro. Como ya lo mencioné, vinieron también muchos periodistas, tanto de México, como de otros Países, como los de Chicago Tribune y los Angeles Times, que me entrevistaron. La T.V. de Tabasco vino a filmar un reportaje sobre la casa; Bob Cazens, encabezando el equipo de la Houston Public Television, estuvo aquí para hacer una película sobre mi trabajo y sobre las culturas de Chiapas; el Dr. George Collier, con un grupo de Stanford University estuvo en los Altos de Chiapas, realizando investigaciones antropológicas. Debo mencionar a Pamela Overeynder que ahora está viviendo en San Cristóbal y que escribe mi biografía.

En el mes de noviembre visitó la casa la Sra. Cecilia Occelli de Salinas, en compañía de otras distinguidas damas. Al iniciar diciembre, el Sr. Embajador de Inglaterra en México, Michael Brooke y señora Susan Brooke, vinieron a visitarnos.

Nos visitaron algunos funcionarios de SEDUE y de PEMEX, el Young Presidents Club of America tuvo aquí una comida y la American Society of Jalisco vino para conocer la casa, esto entre otros eventos de este carácter.

ARTISTAS EN RESIDENCIA

Como en el año anterior, también tuvimos artistas en residencia. Este año, Nat Burwash hizo nuevas esculturas en madera; Robert Semple y Edgar Wendhold nos dejaron otra pieza bordada cuyo motivo es "Parte de los murales de Bonampak". Joanna Mersereau y Don O'Neill realizaron acuarelas sobre motivos mayas. Kayún Ma'ax, un lacandón, pintó y expuso las leyendas lacandonas que le contó su padre Chan Kin Viejo.

community-based comprehensive reforestation program. We have come to realize that planting trees here in the Highlands of Chiapas must be accompanied by alternative agricultural and economic projects if the land, soil, and forests are to be preserved and reclaimed.

VISITS TO NA BOLOM

Fortunately tourism has increased in Chiapas. The fall of the dollar has brought more Americans and Europeans, while the fall of the peso has encouraged Mexicans to vacation in their own beautiful country.

Like every year, there were many visits to the house and it is not possible to mention all of them. Among others, we had the Ambassadors of Italy and Australia, the daughter of Margaret Thatcher an intelligent journalist, Georgina Garcia Sainz and her staffperson lic. José Antonio Aguilar Bodegas of the Secretariat of Agriculture and Hydrolric Resources (SARH), Dr. Carlos del Rio, President of the Supreme Court of México, the Municipal President of San Cristobal, Lic. Gustavo Moscoso Zenteno, and Cecilia Occelli de Salinas, the wife of the Presidential candidate. A group from Northland College in the U.S. came to study ecology and to know the Selva. A group from INIREB (National Institute of Investigations of Biotic Resources) came to talk about cooperation and future collaboration with us. As I already mentioned, many journalists came, as many from México as from other countries, representing among other papers, the Chicago Tribune and the Los Angeles Times. Tabasco television came to make a film about the house. Bob Cazens brought a team down from Houston Public Television to make a film about my work and the cultures of Chiapas. George Collier came with a group from Stanford University, to study anthropology. And I should mention Pamela Overeynder who is now living here in San Cristóbal and writing about me.

Some officials of SEDUE and PEMEX also visited us; ther Young Presidents Club of America was here for a meal, and the American Society of Jalisco came to know the house, as well as other events of this nature.

ARTISTS IN RESIDENCE

Again this year we had Artists in Residence. Nat Burwash made new wood sculptures; Robert Semple and Edgar Wendhold left us with another embroidered wall hanging inspired part of the murals of Bonampak. Joanna Mersereau and Don O'Neill worked with watercolors inspired by Mayan imagery. Kayum Ma'ax, a Lacandon Indian, painted and exhibited the Lacandon legends as told to him by hisfather. Mitzkouy Kouketzu showed

Mitzkouy Kouketzu expuso sus litografías y las de otros artistas de la Academia de Arte de San Carlos, México. David Goodman, un pianista de Los Angeles, hizo algunas composiciones y dió algunos conciertos en la capilla de *Na Bolom*, una de sus composiciones que fué un regalo para mí, la dedicó a Nicaragua y lleva por título "Canto de Esperanza". Lilit Pincus, una terapeuta, también estuvo en casa. Dos músicos, un pianista y un violinista, César Alexis Díaz y Juanito Rus, respectivamente, son dos jóvenes talentosos que nos ofrecieron un concierto, los dos son originarios de San Cristóbal.

Georg Janthur, un joven pintor alemán, realizó una amplia obra pictórica de 50 óleos de diversos tamaños, más 40 pinturas extras tamaño postal, hechas como bocetos.

El primer científico en residencia que tuvo *Na Bolom*, fue Richard Griggs, geógrafo de Los Angeles que intentó hacer un mapa cultural de Chamula.

Por último, debe mencionarse que el programa de artistas en residencia ahora está siendo reconsiderado y reestructurado, con la finalidad de darle un carácter más formal y profesional.

BIBLIOTECA

Considerando la gran importancia que tiene nuestra especializada biblioteca, el crecimiento de su acervo, el natural deterioro que los ejemplares han sufrido durante tantos años de consulta, etc., se ha puesto en marcha un programa de reorganización de la biblioteca que contempla, entre otras cosas, la elaboración de un inventario técnico y pormenorizado de todos los títulos que hay en ella; la clasificación técnica de estos, la restauración y reposición de los que estén en mal estado, la elaboración de un catálogo con fines publicables, la actualización de nuestro fondo Chiapas. En suma, con este programa se pretende poder brindar un mejor servicio a los usuarios, al mismo tiempo que conservar a la biblioteca en condiciones óptimas. Por la anterior situación, actualmente no podemos ofrecer los servicios normales de nuestra biblioteca. Nuestra intención inmediata es volver a dar pronto servicio.

EXPOSICIONES EN NA BOLOM

Hubo en casa durante el año varias exposiciones diferentes. El Instituto de la Artesanía Chiapaneca, montó una exposición de juguetes populares de Chiapas, así como una de máscaras del mismo Estado; estos eventos fueron organizados por el Lic. Francisco Zebadúa, Director de dicho Instituto. Robert Semple, exhibió sus obras de bordados con motivos de los antiguos mayas y de otras culturas. Kayum Ma'ax, mostró sus

her lithographs and the work of other artists from the Academy of Art of San Carlos, México. David Goodman, a pianist and composer from Los Angeles, wrote various compositions and gave some concerts in the chapel of *Na Bolom*. One of his compositions was a gift to me which he dedicated to Nicaragua, titled "Song of Hope". Lilit Pincus, a therapist, was here in the house. Two talented Musicians, a pianist and a violinist, César Alexis Díaz and Juanito Rus, respectively, of San Cristobal, gave a concert.

The first Scientist in Residence was Richard Griggs, a geographer from Los Angeles who planned to make a cultural map of Chiapas.

Georg Janthur, a young German painter, completed 50 oil paintings of various sizes and 40 postcard-size sketches, most of which he exhibited in the house and the Fine Arts Center in San Cristobal, as well as the Goethe Institute in Mexico, D.F.

Finally, it should be mentioned that the program of Artists in Residence is being reconsidered and restructured, with the goal of giving it a more formal and professional character.

LIBRARY

Considering the importance of our highly specialized library, the growth of its archive, the natural deterioration of the originals have suffered during the many years of use, et., we have begun a program of reorganization of the library with plans, among other things, for a complete technical inventory and detailed listings of all authors and titles, their technical classification, and restoration where necessary. With the expansion of the Chiapas collection, we are elaborating a catalogue from which a bibliography can be published. In sum, with this program we will try to offer better services to the public, while at the same time conserving the library in its optimal condition. Because of the reorganization, we are not able to offer normal services at this time, but we hope to be able to open again soon.

EXPOSITIONS IN NA BOLOM

There were several different expositions during



Leticia, Julia, Trudy y Martha.

excelentes pinturas de leyendas lacandonas inspiradas en los relatos de su padre Chan Kin Viejo. Las litografías de Mitzkou Kouketzu y de otros artistas de la Academia de Arte de San Carlos, fueron exhibidas con éxito. La obra de George Janthur fue presentada a finales del mes de noviembre aquí en *Na Bolom* y en la Casa de la Cultura. El primero de diciembre el Instituto de la Artesanía Chiapaneca montó una exposición sobre el trabajo del ámbar. Por último, el Director del mencionado Instituto nos ha prometido ayudar con otras exposiciones.

PROYECTOS

Entre los proyectos que *Na Bolom* tiene, cabe mencionar el programa y convocatoria que se está elaborando para científicos en residencia. Este programa será difundido a través de los principales centros científicos y universidades, tanto del País, como del Extranjero.

Con motivo al próximo XXV Aniversario de la muerte de Frans Blom, la casa está preparando un programa de actividades culturales para el mes de junio de 1988; entre ellas está el proyecto de inauguración de la Sala Frans Blom, en el Museo, la edición conmemorativa de una de sus obras.

Entre los proyectos editoriales, que *Na Bolom* tiene, están la reedición de la obra *Chiapas Indígena* de Gertrude Duby; la publicación de una antología de obras selectas de Gertrude; la reedición de la obra del Dr. Manuel B. Trens *Historia de Chiapas*.

Se está tramitando el decreto formal de la Reserva Biótica Gertrude Duby, área ubicada entre hermosos paisajes de bosques.

La Agregada Cultural de la Embajada de Colombia en México, Linda R. Berg, se puso en contacto con nosotros para programar una jornada cultural que pretende realizar en las instalaciones de *Na Bolom* del 4 al 8 de enero del próximo año. Esta jornada cultural presenta un interesante programa de conferencias y exposiciones.

EL GRAN FINAL

A pesar de todas las dificultades mencionadas, *Na Bolom* logró seguir su camino. Con la ayuda de la Asociación Cultural *Na Bolom*, Institución civil no lucrativa, hemos podido superar una crisis y evitar una catástrofe. Los cambios de la organización interna de la casa han sido provechosos para su buena marcha; ahora a mí me da más tiempo para dedicarme a mis intereses ecológicos. El realista no es forzosamente un pesimista. Si los sistemas que la humanidad ha creado se están tambaleando, creo que de todos modos se puede seguir poniendo algo de verde en los lugares erosionados. Las diferentes especies de

the year. The Institute of Chiapas Artisanry mounted a show of popular figures of Chiapas, and another of masks of Chiapas. These events were organized by Lic. Francisco Zebadúa, Director of the Institute. In November we exhibited the works of Georg Janthur and another exhibit from the Institute of Chiapas Artisanry, this one with exquisite works of amber. Finally, the director of the Institute has promised to help with other shows. As mentioned earlier, Robert Semple, Kayum Ma'ax, Mitzkou Kouketzu, Joanne Merserau and Don O'Neill all had exhibitions of their work during the year.

PROJECTS

Among other projects that *Na Bolom* has, we should mention the program being developed for Scientists in Residence. This new program will be advertised through the principal scientific centers and universities, in México and abroad.

The house is preparing a program of cultural activities to commemorate an important date, the 25th anniversary of the death of Frans Blom, including the inauguration of the Frans Blom Room in the Museum and the commemorative edition of one of his works.

Among the new editorial projects of *Na Bolom* are the re-edition of "Chiapas Indígena" by Gertrude Duby, the publication of an anthology of the selected works of Gertrude, and the re-edition of the work of Dr. Manuel B. Trens, "The History of Chiapas".

The formal decree for the Gertrude Duby Blom Biosphere Reserve is being concluded. This reserve will protect a still beautifully-forested area on the outskirts of San Cristobal.

THE BIG ENDING

In spite of all the difficulties mentioned, *Na Bolom* has continued to progress. With the help of



Un aspecto de la capilla. the Cultural Association of *Na Bolom*, we have been able to overcome a crisis and to avoid a catastrophe. The changes in the internal organization have been beneficial for its

dinosaurios dilataron millones de años antes de ser extinguidos. Nosotros vamos más rápido porque no sabemos controlar nuestro cerebro tecnificado, pero mientras existamos, debemos luchar en contra de esta destrucción.

Entre las noticias tristes de *Na Bolom*, está la muerte de uno de sus viejos colaboradores, Sr. Manuel Ramírez, que fue atropellado por el vehículo de un sujeto irresponsable que conducía en estado de ebriedad.

Espero motivación de todos mis amigos para darme más valor y así poder superar los tiempos difíciles.

Agradezco a mis doctores y amigos: Elisa Jiménez, Eduard Leulhold y Dominique Verut; al personal que labora en *Na Bolom*; cocineras, jardineros, mantenimiento, afanadoras, etc., algunos de ellos han trabajado conmigo por muchos años.

Quiero mencionar a mis actuales colaboradores, quienes han puesto en su trabajo gran empeño, sobre todo entrega. Al Antropólogo Víctor Manuel Esponda, mi más cercano colaborador y encargado de la casa; Elsa Bonifaz, Secretaria e hija de Bety Mijangos; Charlie Cray de Chicago y Bernard Lemay de Quebec, ambos entusiastas voluntarios, e Isidro Hernández, eficiente *fait de tout*.

Por último, quiero citar un párrafo que encontré en el libro de Donald Berry (*Life Above the Jungle Floor. A Biologist Explores Strange and Hidden Treetop World*, 1986: 156)

Dentro de veinte millones de años, mucho después cuando el planeta tenga billones de hambrientos arrastrándose, después que el hombre haya extinguido las especies; luego que observemos el fondo de nuestro intelecto y nuestro espíritu sin esperanza, y haya pasado la época cuando nos juzguemos incompetentes para vivir y para reglamentar el uso de las herramientas destructivas, fatales y venenosas, sólo entonces podrá la selva tropical erigir su grandeza y festejar el calor del sol. En esta exhuberante fronda de la selva habrán especies arborícolas, que no dudo que algunas bajarían de los árboles para traspasar nuestro ingenioso curso. Tal vez podrán maravillarse de nuestros restos fósiles y descubrirán que otras especies bípedas precedieron a las de los árboles. Y quizá será una maravillosa criatura que ocupe un peldaño más alto en el plano del entendimiento, y tratará al planeta y a sus habitantes de una manera de la cual nosotros sólo hemos hablado.

A pesar de todo esto, como dije antes, debemos seguir luchando con más empeño.

development. These changes give me more time to dedicate to my ecological interests.

A realist is not necessarily a pessimist. Even if the systems created by humanity are nearing collapse, I still believe that one has to continue to put something green in this eroding world. The different species of dinosaurs lived millions of years before becoming extinct. We will go more quickly because we do not know how to control our technological brains, but while we exist we must continue to fight against this destruction.

Among the sad notices of *Na Bolom* is the death of one of our old collaborators, Mr. Manuel Ramírez, who was run over by a car driven by an irresponsible drunk driver.

I look for motivation from all my friends to give me strength and thus to be able to overcome the difficult times.

I appreciate my doctors and friends: Elisa Jiménez, Eduard Leulhold, and Dominique Verut.

I want to mention my present collaborators who have worked with great determination and dedication: the anthropologist, Victor Manuel Esponda, my closest collaborator and administrator of the house; Elsa Bonifaz, secretary and daughter of Bety Mijangos; Charlie Cray of Chicago and Bernard Lemay of Quebec, both enthusiastic volunteers, and Isidro Hernández, efficient *fait de tout*. As well as all the many other dedicated workers in the kitchen, gardens and guestrooms, who enspirit *Na Bolom*.

Finally, I want to share a paragraph I found in a book by Donald Barry: *Life Above the Jungle Floor. A Biologist Explores A Strange and Hidden Treetop World*, 1986: Page 156.)

Twenty million years from now, long after the planet has crawled with billions of the hopelessly starving, long after man has driven nearly all other species to extinction, and beyond when we see to the depths of our despondent spirits and intellect, and past the stage when we judge ourselves incompetent to live and rule by using poisonous and morbid tools of destruction, then and only then will tropical forests again raise their crowns in luxury, to feast in the warm sun. In that canopy there will be arboreal beasts, and I do not doubt that some will descend from the trees to cross our clever course. Perhaps one will stoop to wonder over fossilized remains and discover that nother bipedal species had preceded it from the trees. And just maybe, it will be a marvelous creature that takes a higher step in the mental plane and treats the planet and its inhabitants in a manner about which we have only talked.

In spite of all this, as I said before, we must continue fighting with more resolve.

Gertrude Duby Blom

The Fray Bartolome library at Na-Bolom specializes on Chiapas and Mayan Culture. Frans Blom originally started the collection in the early 1950s when he realized that there was not a single library in the area for students and scholars. At that time people began to donate books as well as their own theses, and today we continue to rely on such gifts to stay up to date on current publications in our specialty areas. In 1980 we acquired nearly 100 new articles and books thanks to many generous contributors. The Fray Bartolome Library is open daily to the public and is available at all times for our guests. We will be glad to send you a list of books and magazines we need upon your request.

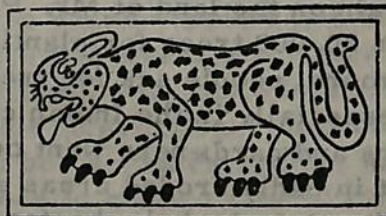
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All photos taken by Barry Norris

NA-BOLOM

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Dear Friends,

1980 was a heavy year for me. In spite of a good sounding horoscope, which a friend insisted on making, it was not such a good year for me personally. My sister Hanna died in August. She was six years older than I and had always been a mother to me. Always understanding, though not agreeing; always suffering for my way of living: adventure, travels and new frontiers. Hanna was very sick at the end, but even if her death was a freedom from suffering and for those around her, for me it remains a very sad thing. Maybe she was happy in the end to hear how lovely Na-Bolom is. It was also typical that even after her death she came to my aid. She left me some money

augmented generously by my brother Hans, which is paying for the cataract operation I have just had on my right eye. Na-Bolom would have been really stripped of money if this aid had not come from my family.

In April I went to Switzerland, thanks to generous friends here and there. My stay on the gorgeous island of Elba, as the guest of Magrit Keller, was the main reason for my visit in Europe. In Elba I dictated some forty hours of my life remembrances in the Bernese dialect. Margrit will translate them to German and eventually a biography will be published. There remains much to be done to finish such a book: amplifications of research and editing. In conjunction with the book Margrit took on the direction of a Swiss film crew in August to make a film in Chiapas about my work and the jungle.

I had a hectic time commuting between Bern and Zurich. I gave a lecture in Bern which raised money for my tree nursery in Chiapas. From there I went to Gland to meet people in charge of the World Wildlife Fund's Latin American division. I still hope to motivate people in Palenque to create a tree nursery there. Ideally, the nursery could be linked up with a school to animate the people of the region into planting trees around schools, along the roads, and to create a forest of mahogany, ceibas and cedars like the one that still stretched to this area in 1943. The World Wildlife Fund may have money for such a project.

I had an extraordinary experience in Switzerland when some friends took me to the tiny village of Sexeten. This was where my grandfather Johannes Ritschard came from, the first of us to study and have a career. I had not been there since 1915 and was a little afraid to go. Now there is a road for cars but it is bordered by lovely forests on both sides. Sexeten is a small valley between high mountains.

What a miracle to find it totally unspoiled! The old school had been replaced by a bigger one but of the same typical chalet style. The hotel, not large, was in the style of the houses. There still existed the meadows full of alpine flowers and the cows grazing with their harmonious sounding bells. Incredible and hopeful to still find such an unspoiled place. It did not matter to me that we ate our lunches under the school's roof during a heavy rain. I was happy to be there, eating my Swiss cheese, in a memory that still existed.

This past year I have been almost blind with a cataract. It made me very insecure to not be able to read well and take pictures. If Elba was bad for my arthritis because it was cold and lacking in sun, the excellent mud baths at Terba, the massages and seaweed baths gave me momentary relief. The beauty of the place, the peace and the smooth work with Margrit helped my health. Now I have just had a successful cataract operation in Mexico City and I look forward to restored vision in several months. I do have a cataract growing in the other eye and in time this will necessitate another operation to correct it.

In January I visited with my old friend Phiz Mezney in Naha and Palenque. We met with Lacandons in Palenque and drove to Naha. The invasion of people into the Lacandon forest follows the road, destroying more of the tropical forest every year. The road, instead of being a means of progress, is fomenting a massive and permanent destruction. The whole tradition of the Lacandon is changing. Their new god is the car. The old and some of the young men are sad and disturbed by this new development. The new situation in the forest has changed our relations with the Lacandons. Now it is easy for them to get into their cars and come to San Cristobal. They come for the treatment of sickness, shopping, enjoyment and most recently women have started to come to have their babies in hospitals here. We try to help them in their dealings with the hospitals, bureaucracies, instruct them in the use of medicines and influence

them on how to sensibly use the money they receive from the mahoghany exploitation. As victims and products of our own civilization we try to point out the bad results of our ways, not only the benefits. Na-Bolom is their house and I hope this is always true, long after I am gone. We have just finished a new house in the garden for the Lacandons. It has two double rooms, bath and laundry facilities. The Lacandons have made shelters for me in all their settlements and always help me when I am in the jungle.

In March I travelled with Moira Hodgson from the Ranch of El Real to Naha by mule. Moira needed this trip to write an article on me, still to appear, for the New York Times. I was able to photograph the bad deforestation on the new road. Like every year I made my fiesta horseback trip at the end of June, starting in Jovel riding down the forested mountains and through Indian settlements. We rode around the sides of the highest mountains in Chiapas, the Zontehuitz, and passed through the still charming village of San Miguel Mitontic- not yet ruined by "progress".

We made camp halfway to San Pedro Chenalho in a lovely schoolhouse near a clear stream coming down from the mountains, forming small cascades and pools in which we bathed. The muleteers, Jorge and Humberto, made a kitchen in one corner of the corridor. From our camp we rode to the celebrations of San Pedro, enjoying for two days the beautiful people and the elaborate ceremonies. On the fourth day we left very early to avoid the rain and to reach the village of Chalam where we could sleep in the corridors of their school. I was happy to see the eucalyptus we had given them three years before lining the streets of the village, already about ten feet high. The fifth day took us through the most dramatic of landscapes- over the top of the Tzontehuitz, through many settlements, incredible views of mountain ranges and valleys. We passed through

narrow valleys with the cone-shaped mountains all around. Thousands of years ago the Tzontehuitz was a wild volcano. We reached Jovel at midday for a welcome home feast. I plan to make the trip again this June if any of you are interested in joining us.

In July Margrit Keller and Monica Iseli arrived to begin work here on the Swiss film. I took them to El Real to give them a feeling and an introduction to what a great part of my life means. El Real was the starting point of most of our expeditions as they supplied the animals we needed to enter the jungle. What in 1943 and for many years after took five days from Jovel we now drove in four hours. I do not like it better. The expedition with the Swiss film crew started the 2nd of August after the arrival of the camera and sound men; Peter von Gunten and Tomas, and ended in Palenque the 19th. We used trucks, mules and dugouts on the Usumacinta. We slept at ranches, in my jungle camps, at the nice archeological camp in Yaxchilan and at my favorite Hotel La Cañada in Palenque, home of my dear friends the Morales brothers. We travelled in kneedeep mud, were drenched in downpours, spent hours digging out our truck, carried loads like mules, were devoured by mosquitos and survived it all healthy in body. Carlos Henstenburg accompanied me on this trip and was indispensable in its completion. The film crew may have to return here in the coming year to complete their footage and experiences in the jungle.

In mid-September Grace Johnson, a volunteer here, accompanied me to Naha with a German film outfit under the directorship of Emily von Sarkoz Herner. Producing the script written by Mrs. von Sarkoz Herner was Peter Grassinger. They have filmed all over the world recording the relationship of mother and child under the age of one. I helped them make contacts and had a lovely experience with them. After the film crew left I stayed on three more days with Grace, a virgin to the jungle, but the best of company.

It proved so rainy and penetratingly wet that we left for Palenque early, where I was spoiled again by Carlos Morales.

Another film crew came in October. They were making a film about petroleum in Mexico and its influence on the country and people. They also shot a short film on Na-Bolom. Their stay and trip through the highlands was most agreeable. It was amazing that a group composed of two German directors; Ossi Urchs and Sigi Hohle, a Mexican cameraman who lives in Los Angeles; Jesus Elizondo, a Mexican woman; Berta Navarro, a young Chicano; Roberto Becerra, and an Argentinian sound specialist; Nerio Barberis, were able to work without tension in even the most difficult situations.

I am still president of the Patronato Fray Bartolome de las Casas. It is a positive and negative force at the same time, in that most of its members in this cultural organization are now involved in the town and state government. Since Prof. Jorge Paniaguas is now Mayor of San Cristobal, and also Vice-president of the Patronato Fray Bartolome, some of our goals are being realized. Many of the parks in town are being fixed up and expanded. This year I reformed the Patronato which will manage Na-Bolom after my death. It is now called the Asociacion Cultural Frans Blom-Gertrude Duby. I hope that this group of people will maintain Na-Bolom as an ever continuing vital center in San Cristobal, housing the collections Frans and I have created and promoting the works in which we have involved ourselves. Na-Bolom will always rely upon our guests as the means to maintain the center and we hope for their continuing support through the years.

Na-Bolom maintains contact with the town and state. We were asked to give a lunch for Doña Natalia Venegas de Sabines, the wife of our governor.

All 25 ladies who attended are involved in voluntary social work, under the direction of Profr. Bety Paniagua, wife of our City's Mayor. Whenever I make a trip in Chiapas I inform the authorities of what I feel is going wrong and what could be done. I also continue to write articles for publication about what is happening in the Selva Lacandona and give lectures whenever asked.

The 1, 2 and 3rd of July was a symposium organized by the New World Archeological Foundation and the University of Mexico dedicated to the work of Frans Blom. This was a gratification for me and all of Fran's friends who are glad to see his work recognized for the importance it has. Tom Lee and the Centro Estudio Maya de UNAM are compiling a book out of the material from the Symposium which will be available in early 1981.

LOOKING AROUND THE HOUSE:

Anyone who has been at Na-Bolom knows we could not exist or function without the voluntary aid of many people. Ken Nelson, who has helped me with all my affairs for over eight years, continues to direct our volunteer staff with the constant aid of Joan and Barry Norris. Joan is currently supervising the library which had a busy year with over 1500 people using its facilities. Barry still takes care of the audio-visual work here. He printed a lovely set of my photos for an exhibition this November



at the Polyformo in Mexico City. Barry and Maestro Manuel Ramirez have started the construction work in our A-V Room which will create a closed, dehumidified environment for our negative and photo archives, a great advancement. Our sincere thanks to Roy Nelson for generously providing the new ventilation system for the darkroom.

I was greatly aided by Carlos Henstenburg this year, who only recently left us. Julica Schall helped us in the office and around the house. Currently with us are Elisabeth Ehrhorn of Germany, who is great all around- helping specifically in the library, Chris Lyttleton of New Zealand who oversees the tree nursery and the gardening which supplies our table and beautifies our lives,; and Grace Johnson, an American, who came to us from the School for International Training and has given of her services without fail. We ask volunteers to make a commitment of one year. In exchange for their time they receive excellent room and board plus any incidentals life at Na-Bolom provides in stimuli and interesting connections. Volunteers must be fluent in Spanish or English and willing to expand their language knowledge. The work they do consists of museum tours, helping at the table, informing guests, library and office work, gardening and whatever else lies in their interest or ours. If you are interested in volunteering at Na-Bolom please send us a letter including your interests, skills and photo.

In March Charles Brauchle of Vermont stayed with us a month and very beautifully restored and repainted the ceiling of the chapel. It looks wonderful!

Doña Mari Escandon, supported by Carmela Trujillo and the other ladies in the kitchen keep us well fed and content three times a day. The men under Maestro Manuel keep the house functioning and the gardens a pleasure for all to enjoy. I thank them all!

Mica McGuirk and Ken changed the exhibit in the textile room. Due to the vastness of the Chiapas textile collection created by Francesco Pellizzi, we must change the exhibits periodically to show the whole collection in our limited space.

The 7th of July was again a great fiesta organized by the volunteers and all of the house personnel. It was one of the nicest I have ever had, full of friendship and joy during the many hours it lasted. This fiesta is not just my birthday party but an occasion for contact among the many groups of people in San Cristobal. I was tremendously spoiled and liked it!

My favorite project, the tree nursery, that we maintain on the land of Mr. Pellizzi produced over 20,000 trees for planting this year. Many more people ask for trees every year, especially in the Indian communities. The volunteers and gardeners went out many times to plant in badly eroded areas around the valley. We also planted a hectare of land that Ing. Carlos Rodriguez, a member of the Patronato Fray Barolome, donated to make a small forest of 300 trees behind the town cemetery. The nursery costs Na-Bolom much money since the trees are given freely, but it does provide me with a feeling of hope in a world which provides little.

My horse is old, I am old. My horse has arthritis and so have I. But we ride together almost every day- so life goes on. My good friends in Mexico, Europe and the United States are so many that I will not name them for fear of forgetting someone. But I thank them all from my heart for what they do for me and Na-Bolom.

Sincerely,

Gertrude Duby Blom



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All photos taken by Barry Norris.



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VIA AEREA





Dear Friends,

NA-BOLOM 1981.

I must make a confession. It is most difficult for me to write the newsletter this year. I should be happy and thankful to be able to read now with my heavy thick glasses after living through many many weeks unable to read anything and not seeing what I was writing. Depending on friends to read sometimes to me. Without glasses I can stumble around seeing foggy forms and colors. I can ride a mule or a horse for many hours - up to 8 or 10. But I seem unable to get old gracefully and to accept failures, I do not seem to be able to forget that I had such good eyes, even after 50, when I should be thankful to have enjoyed such good eyes for many years.

It is frustrating to have fought for causes and now accept that the results were negative. People tell me that I should be happy and satisfied for the realization of Na Bolom. I cannot be satisfied with that - Na Bolom is more the work of Frans. Without him it would not have started and without the many volunteers I could not have continued and expanded greatly Na Bolom. Also the interest and help from friends from many countries helped a great deal to leave something valuable for the Patronato. Faithful workers in the house, kitchen and gardens who stayed years with me were also essential.

The trouble is, the spirit of fight is still in me. A fight I continue, inspite of feeling it is for lost causes... like the so terribly endangered tropical rain forest, the Selva Lacandona.

My life is full of lost battles. Fighting against the Nazis - I had to see Hitler running all over Europe, and fascistic tendencies are reviving all over the planet today.

Fighting for peace and living through a world war danger, a war with weapons which can destroy many times the planet. Fighting for a better life for everybody and not only a good life for an elite; and to realize that there are more hungry people than ever in this world. Now fighting for the life of the tree-and to know by experts' and my own empirical knowledge that the Lacandon forest has only 10 years to live if we cannot stop what is happening there now. Destruction because of greed and stupidity combined.

Dilema which rules the world: everything today, nothing tomorrow. In spite of little hope, I make an ecological expedition,

write about what has happened, show in lectures my slides of the destruction as well as the riches and beauty, which we still can save.

But Na Bolom does more than that. We go on with the tree nursery, even if this is a tremendous luxury - really too heavy on the budget, especially in times when inflation soars and tourism is lax. We had bad luck last year. Some very heavy frosts killed thousands of the small transplanted trees, but we were still able to give away some 10,000 trees, planting many ourselves in badly eroded areas. We see the forest coming back in places we planted in former years, and more people awakening to the problem of what deforestation means. More Indians come to ask for our trees and more students ask questions when they come to the museum. The arousing interest gives a little hope that maybe sometime something can be done. Those are some glimmers of hope.

The trouble is that we can reforest only in the highlands of Chiapas. The pine will grow almost anywhere. The way the tropical rainforest is attacked with tractors, chain saws and all the modern machinery will cause finally a new desert in the Lacandon forest.

The Lacandons from all groups (Nahá and Metsabok in the north and Lacanhá-Chansayab in the south) are frequent visitors. We had up to 20 at a time. The roads and their cars make those visits easier. I also go as often as I can to visit my camps in the forest.

I decided to go in March on my annual ecological expedition by muleback, starting at the cattle ranch, El Real. I did it in spite of being handicapped. My right eye was successfully operated on to remove the cataract but of little use because of what is so horribly called "senile macular degeneration," about which nothing can be done. My left eye was with a cataract ready to be operated.

I was unable to read and photograph - only with the help of another person. With me went lovely, intelligent Elizabeth Erhorn, who helped in taking pictures and read to me all the ecological material for my article. This way we had very fruitful days at the ranch where I always find peace to work. The owners, Pepe and Soli Rubio not only offer me their hospitality, but insist to loan me the mules without accepting any money. An immense help for my expeditions.

Juan Bulnes, and son Juanito, is my helper since 1948 and there is no better woodsman than he. Some friends thought I was crazy to go with such poor eyesight, but I knew that the mule could see for me. And in Naha expecting me, was brilliant young K'ayum Max who helped me stumble through pretty rough trails, visiting the lake and all the Lacandon houses. I enjoyed greatly my 8 hours' ride, inspite of being terribly upset about the destruction of the forest since August 1980 when I rode through the same stretch of it.

The camp was ready when we arrived. K'ayum and Jimmy Male, an ex-volunteer, had made a fire, coffee was hot and flowers were on the table. Everything nice and clean.

We also visited, in Lacandon trucks, the gorgeous lakes of Metzabok and Tzibaná. We didn't mind the heavy rains which soaked us to the bones traveling in the mahogany dugouts.

I was very disturbed in the 45 minutes' ride in the truck from Nahá to Metzabok to see the great increase of cattle, which causes an enormous amount of burning of forest.

The 30th of April I left with Ken Nelson, who has been with me for 8 years as manager of Na Bolom, for Minnesota to get my left eye operated on at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. There were 2 reasons that I went to the United States of America, in spite of the fact that the first cataract operation in Mexico City was very well done. I wanted a faster method of recuperation. My impatient character took the long tedious recovery of the traditional operation badly. It made me a nervous wreck.

A stronger reason was the situation in Mexico City. I was unable to move around in town alone and could not face depending on my friends again. Like the Francos, who had to take me in their car to all my appointments. This is a real horror in the Mexico City of today. They never made me feel what it cost them in energy, but they knew what it meant to me.

We had as guests Dr. Harry Hoffman and his wife Alice from the Mayo Clinic. They offered to arrange everything in that famous clinic and invited us to be their guests in their home. We spent most agreeable days there; I was impressed by the clinic. The operation was performed by their top ophthalmologist, Dr. Waller.

The days between the operation and the final check up we passed at the home of Ken's brother and his wife, Roy and Bonnie Nelson; a farm near the little town of Glencoe. That stay could not have been more pleasant. Their beautiful house, all wood, is situated in a small forest and surrounded by big farms. We enjoyed the most gracious hospitality. I saw some of the state and admired the farms. Of course they have problems like everywhere - too much forest cut and as a result much of the good topsoil is blown away.

Before the operation I gave a lecture in Rochester for Sigma Xi and after the operation I spoke to the top people of the big outfit of the Pillsbury Green Giant in Glencoe. An interview was also published in the newspaper "Post Bulletin." The problem of the endangered tropical rainforest touches the whole world with its consequences.

We left with regret, but we were also glad to go home, taking with us a small English Bull Terrier as a present from Bonnie, who raises them. With us also went a very warm feeling for all the hospitality we received.

Upon my return to San Cristobal, I was deeply saddened to hear of the loss of my dear friend Carleto Tibon of Cuernavaca.

The end of June, we had my annual highland horseback trip on which guests are invited to go along. This year my good friend of old standing Ingrid Hansen went and she brought a friend, also called Ingrid. Barry Norris and Virgilio Tafoya accompanied us. The efficient muleteers Humberto and Jorge went again. Everybody enjoyed the harmonious ride through the dramatic landscape of the highlands of Chiapas and the colorful and interesting fiesta of San Pedro Chenalhó. We started on the 27th of June and were back on the first of July. I would like to make this same trip again next year - anyone out there interested?

I was several times in Palenque. Sometimes in the company of friends and also to get away from Na Bolom where guests find peace and I get unrest. Carlos and Socorro Morales make La Cañada a refuge for me where I can work on articles sitting on the terrace of their lovely room #5. In the free moments there I enjoy their company, joined often by Moises and Mario Morales and friends dropping in during mealtimes.

This year I finished the work there with Sigi Hohle and Ossi Urchs on the text of the book of my photos to be published by Athenäum Verlag in Germany in color and black and white. It should come out in 1982 in time for the opening of the Frankfurt book fair in October. We will be distributing the books here in Na Bolom as well.

I also went for a rest to El Real loaded with ecological material to write about what is happening on our horribly abused planet. I did nothing but riding, swimming and resting on the porch, shaded by an old gorgeous mango tree - a bad sign - or maybe a new acquired wisdom?

In September, after several years of absence, the Swiss scientist Dr. Max Burger came with his daughter Maya. They brought Dr. Hans Thoenen and his wife Sonya along. The relatives of Hans were playmates of mine in Weimmis Canton Bern during my childhood of the remote years in the beginning of the century. We flew to my camp in Nahá for a few days. Nasha Rustomjee came to help with the cooking. We spent days where no shadows spoiled the harmony. Next, we flew to the gorgeous Maya center on the Usumacinta river, Yaxchilan, where we stayed a few hours. K'ayum Max came along to pray at the ruins. We left him in one of the temples while I strolled around the ruins. I can't go too fast because I don't see quite well - stumbling on stones and bad trails - and prefer to walk alone. I came back and saw a fire yet in the temple. K'ayum saw me and called me in and said he wanted to pray for me also. Chan K'in had told me in Nahá that I am included in the prayers when they offer the sacred balché to the gods. Even if one has not the same gods, or no gods at all, those prayers help one's mental situation and the nerves.

I am still president of the Patronato Fray Bartolomé de las Casas. Even so I had to neglect this organization for some time because of my eye trouble. We are now again reviving it. We are active in the protection of the colonial aspect of this town; San Cristóbal de las Casas, where Fray Bartolomé was one of the first bishops and the great humanist and defender of the Indians. We also fight for the protection of the frame of this town - the oak and pine forest. Promoting newspaper interviews, television shows, radio spots, articles, and cultural events. I also try to get more contact with other ecological groups in Mexico and the world.

Thousands of people from all continents walked again through the museum rooms. With some we make nice new contacts and new friendships. We have very many school groups from San Cristóbal Tuxtla and Comitán and I take the opportunity whenever I can to talk to these young people. It is a very pleasing feeling and hope-inspiring when intelligent questions come up - showing an interest which seems to awaken in some of the young people.

Terrible inflation and the reduction of tourists and less help coming in from friends because of the world crisis makes it more and more difficult to keep up Na Bolom, a most expensive institution to maintain. Fortunately, several groups have

come to visit this past year, including the California Academy of Sciences and High Country Passage of Montana. The participants seem to enjoy Na Bolom immensely. We are able to offer special rates for those of you who wish to stay with us a month or longer.

I am most thankful for the help of many friends. My operation at the Mayo Clinic was only possible through the initiative of my faithful friend, Alfred Bush from Princeton, who wrote to friends of Na Bolom to help with the costs. The response was most generous and made me feel deeply thankful for such warm friendships.

Cordially,

Gertrude DUBY Blom
Gertrude DUBY Blom

The library received many generous donations of books this year. The National University of Mexico presented Trudi with over 100 new books on Mexican anthropology, history and culture. We have had many serious students from all over the world using the facilities here and we try to maintain the library as much as possible up to date through donations and purchases. The magazine subscriptions are a constant expense which we can always use help with.

Orit Megged of Israel assisted Joan in the library for several months most productively, and now continues as a full-time volunteer in Na Bolom. We are very glad to have as well: Cornelia Bartsch from Germany, Cheryl Biggins, Laura Woodward, and Mia Nelson from the United States, and Nasha Rustamjee from Pakistan. Berta Rivas of Mexico works as museum guide and secretary to the Patronato Fray Bartolomé.

The audio-visual room is now completely sealed off - a dehumidifier controls the moisture content of the air and an automatic heater maintains the temperature. Barry Norris continues as director of the AV department. He and Joan traveled to New York this September to show Trudi's portfolio to galleries and museums. He is doing the archival prints for the portfolios mentioned below as well as keeping up with other sales and publications.

Thor Anderson is continuing a film project in collaboration with the AV department. He is working with Chamula elders, using Na Bolom as field headquarters, in editing an "auto-ethnographic" version of Chamula's Carnival called, as it is in Tzotzil, The Festival of Games. The research will be completed at the end of the year, and we look forward to seeing the completed film in 1982.

As of January 1982, Na Bolom is pleased to offer a limited edition of 50 portfolios of original prints by Trudi. The sets of 15 black and white photos are archival quality and are offered to private collectors, museums and galleries. The prints will be numbered and signed by Trudi. We would like to acknowledge David Hunter McAlpin as the purchaser of portfolio # 1. Among other achievements in the world of photography as art, Mr. McAlpin founded the photography section of the Museum of Modern Art.

Our museum bookshop continues to offer individual photos for sale as well as sets of 9 postcards of the highland and lowland Maya by Trudi. The postcard sets can be ordered by mail for \$ 3.50.

Tax deductible contributions can be made through:

Bernarr MacFadden, Pres.
CEDAM INTERNATIONAL
436 Monssen Drive
Dallas, Texas 75224

All photos taken by Barry Norris.



Each record costs \$8 (US) in Mexico, \$9 in the United States and \$10.50 in Europe.

We have also collections of 9 different photos by Trudi (post card size) which we will mail to you for \$5 (US).

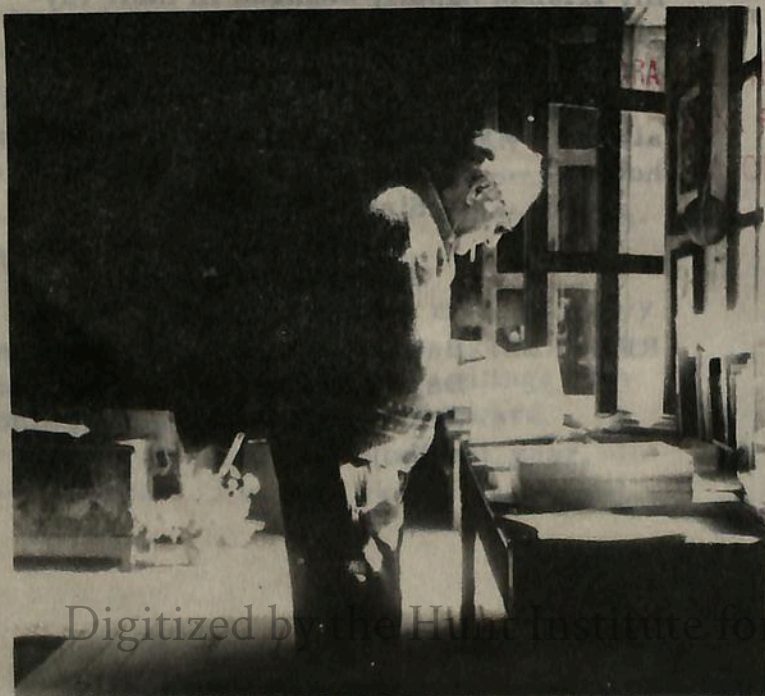
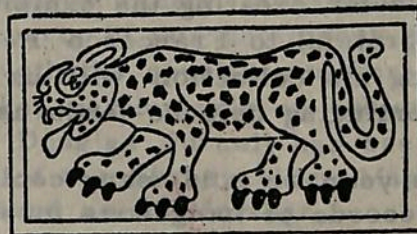
If you wish to make a contribution to Na-Bolom and receive your tax deduction we have a special friend in CEDAM who receives funds for us in the States and will supply you with your tax slip. Please send to:

Bernarr MacFadden, President
CEDAM INTERNATIONAL
436 Monssen Drive
Dallas, Texas 75224

NA-BOLOM

CENTRO DE ESTUDIOS CIENTÍFICOS
Tel. 967-8-14-18
Av. Vicente Guerrero No. 83
San Cristóbal de Las Casas,
Chiapas, México.

Photos of Trudi taken by
Barry Norris Photo of
Frans is by Trudi.



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POSTAL
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Dr. Bernard Lowy
Dept. of Botany
Louisiana State Univ.
BATON ROUGE, LA
E.U.A. 70803



Dear Friends,

In our last newsletter we spoke of my upcoming trip through California, Texas and New Mexico. As planned, it took place and I think was a success. The photos taken by me and excellently Printed by Barry Norris were exhibited by the University of Texas Gallery at Inving under the direction of Dr. Lyle Novinsky. Everywhere I had full lecture halls, even the three in Los Angeles. Many ex-visitors of Na-Bolom provided propaganda for my lectures and were ever available to assist and help with organization. I found the most generous hospi-



tality and lovely receptions everywhere. I want to especially thank Lloyd and Dale Wolf, Conrad Jamieson, Vivienne Bennett, Pat Arca, Joan Ablon, Dorthy and Chester Lay, Charles and Danny Bell, and Lawrence and Fran Jeffries. Thanks to all for their support and friendship.

After Christmas I was able to travel to Switzerland as a guest of Wolf Behles and Ingrid Hansen. They had arranged a stay for me at the natural medicine clinic, Vita Sana, in Lugano where I had some very successful treatments for arthritis with acupuncture, massage, baths, gymnastics and diet. I gave one lecture at the clinic for the staff and patients. From there I went to Bern to visit my family and friends, the Linnigers, in their most comfortable and interesting converted Swiss ranch. Driving with some Swiss friends, the Germans, up into the snowy mountains, I visited with my brother, Hans, my sister, Hanni, and my nephew and his family.

The parties arranged everywhere for me to meet old friends and to make new ones seemed to never end and I thought I'd have to check into Vita Sana again! I gave a lecture in Bern and a radio interview in Zurich, well directed by Margaret Keller who plans on joining me here this April to work on writing my official biography.

I had a stay overnight in Paris to make my flight connection and was invited to stay a week by my old pal Francois Reichenbach, the great cinematographist, who had arranged interviews, parties, theater dates etc. Unfortunately I had such an urge to return home that I declined the invitation incredible as it may seem. Francois did meet me at the airport and through him that evening I was able to meet the great old man and incredible artist, Rubenstein, with his lovely young wife. I am a little

sorry I didn't stay in Paris, next time I shall be sure to make time to enjoy Francois' company.

I was again this year a great deal in the jungle. In April I made my yearly ecological expedition to see what was going on. I was accompanied by 2 of my colaboradores, Joan and Barry Norris, who were a great deal of help and good company. Juan and Juanito Bulnes again accompanied me as muleteers and general helpers. We started at my beloved "El Real" where I was to see my good friend Pepe Tarano for the last time. To my sorrow, he died on May 29th. Left at the ranch are my friends Soli and Pepe Rubio who always help me generously in my expeditions, never charging for the mules they let me use.

We saw a lot of beautiful forest on this trip, but like always, an ever increasing destruction of forest for agriculture, cattle raising, and a much too severe exploitation of the mahogany trees. We passed through the same regions we had visited 2 years ago, but taking many new roads to see what was happening. My frustration was deep and motivated me to call people, send telegrams and write articles to try and awake attention to this very grave ecological problem. The disappearance of this unique tropical rain forest, the Selva Lacandon, is a grim and very personal reminder to me that we continue as a species to insure our own rapid decline and destruction. I continue to hope that somewhere there are individuals still with the vision and voice to join together and try to reverse all the negative and suicidal pathways our world travels. Is anybody there?

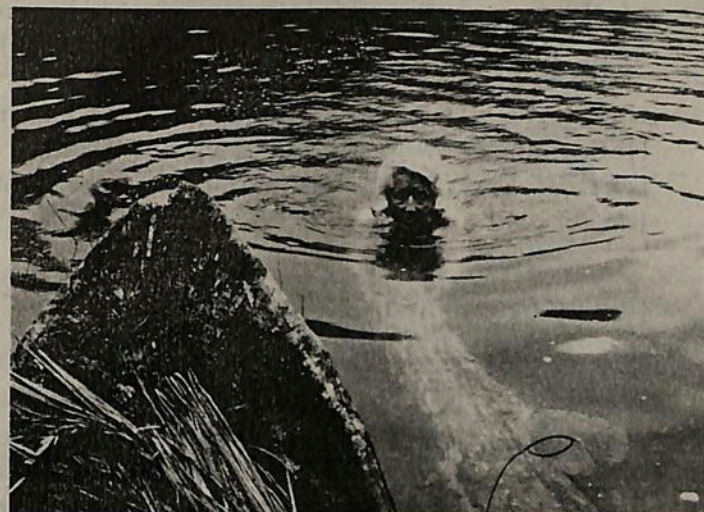
On some of the other expeditions I made, I travelled in and out of Naja and Lacanha on trucks owned and driven by

the Lacandon communities. On stopovers at Palenque I have always been met with the generosity of the Morales at "La Cañada" and wonderful talks with my friends Carlos Morales and Jose Luis Zentella, people who do everything to make Palenque like a corner of paradise for me. Through Jose Luis I met the doctor and painter, Miguel Angel Gómez Ventura, who came from Villahermosa to see me and gave me his gorgeous book, "Voice and Light of the Tropics" (Voz y Luz del Trópico). I also met there the interesting journalist and painter, Luis Sánchez Arriola, who generously gave me one of his beautiful paintings for the corridors of Na-Bolom.

In August I travelled with my friend, the ex-queen of Italy, Marie Jose de Sarrre and her friend, Jeanine Rocha, to Yaxchilan. I had visited with them both when I was in Geneva this year and it was wonderful to have this reunion in the jungle. I never get tired of revisiting Yaxchilan where I was the first time with Frans in January, 1944.

In June I went with Anne Reuter, Ann Jung, and Cynthia Stonick on a highland horseback trip to Mitontic, Chenalho, and Chilam (Tzontehuitz). We had a fine time seeing the fiesta and passing through dramatic and beautiful landscapes. The trip was a success and if there are any riders, I will repeat it next June.

In Monterrey, Nuevo Leon, the government of that State published a volume of many of my articles written between 1941 and 1968. It is called "The Family of Na-Bolom". A second volume may follow. The governor of Nuevo Leon honored me with a beautiful introduction and I also wrote a chapter explaining the changes that have occurred since the writing of the articles. In May I was invited to Monterrey for the inauguration of the book and a lecture.



During the course of the year I published articles in newspapers and magazines about what I have been seeing in the jungle. I also made an album of photos with text showing the beauty and the destruction of the Lacandon jungle which I gave to the President of Mexico, Lic. José López Portillo, when he visited Tuxtla Gutiérrez.



In July my nephew, Matthias Lortscher, his wife, Marianne, accompanied by their friends, Dr. Kurt and Catharine Niffenegger, came to visit me. This was my first visit by close relatives in all my years in Mexico. At the same time. I was visited by my close Swiss friends Crista Christen and Monique Pietri.

They were all here to participate in my 78th birthday celebration--always a major affair and occasion to mix the townspeople, Indians and foreigners in joyful celebration. I took my nephew and friends to my camp on the Lacanja River for a stay of some days. It was all new for them and quite exciting. The sad thing during their visit was that I was suffering from a ameoba flair-up which I finally got rid of by drinking a daily tea for a month made from the leaves of the jacaranda tree.

After the Swiss left I had some beautiful days of rest in Cuernavaca in the lovely home and gardens of my beloved friends, Carletto and Gutierre Tibon.

Didier Boremanse returned from England in March where he completed his doctorate at Oxford. He has spent many years with the Lacandons and continues to visit them and pursue his investigations. Currently he has a job at the Universidad del Valle de Guatemala teaching anthropology.

What a change I am seeing now among the Lacandons--not all is positive or pleasing. They have excellent drivers among them with roads entering every Lacandon community. Many have left the traditional housing for modern constructions of concrete and metal. With the roads and trucks we have many more Lacandons visiting us at Na-Bolom. We had over 800 visits by Lacandons this year. The new housing unit we are building in the garden for

them is complete except for the interior work. The work is slow as we make all the concrete blocks here and Maestro Manuel does all the woodwork. Also we have to interrupt the work many times to attend to maintenance and other projects around the house. At this time we are also doing some remodeling to the "Torre" --one of the houses in the garden.

My favorite project here is the tree nursery I started on the land of Francesco Pellizzi some years ago. This year has been an excellent one for Na-Bolom's reforestation project. It was mostly due to what long time residents of San Cristóbal recognized as a return to more normal rainfall levels. We planted many trees ourselves and were also literally able to watch those planted in previous years grow.

In terms of numbers, this year we distributed nearly 27,000 trees of a variety of types between the months of March and October. We, here in the house, planted more than 200 of these, frequently in terribly eroded areas on or near the periferico. Of all the trees distributed, the majority were planted right here in the valley, including nearly 1,000 in the stark new barrio, "14 de Septiembre" behind the market. However, nearly 4,000 trees were also planted in indigenous municipios (Chamula, Chenalho, Mitontic and Tenejapa) by the communities themselves or, in one case, by the Instituto Mexicano de Seguro Social. Usually the trees planted in these communities are planted around the schools, clinics or the parque central.

Sr. Pedro Martínez, the man who ably takes care of the nursery, is again germinating and transplanting seedlings for the coming year. We look forward to one as successful as this past year. In this respect, I would like to thank all

of those guests and friends of the house who have made contributions to this very important project. Nursery activities have all been supervised by Carlos Henstenburg who joined us as a volunteer in May. He has done an excellent job.

The Library continues as the center of the house proper. More than 800 people used the library officially. We have tried to keep up with the purchasing of new releases relevant to the library, but this becomes increasingly difficult as the price of books published becomes dearer and their numbers increase. Nevertheless, we managed to make 200 new acquisitions this year. Anyone ever able to help us with donations of books would be doing a great service. Currently CIES (Center of Ecological Studies) is microfilming substantial parts of our catalogues and materials with the specific emphasis on rare books, particularly on subjects Chiapan. Douglas Purcell has been in charge of the library since May when he arrived as a volunteer.

I was happy to be informed that the "New World Archaeological Foundation", under the direction of Tom Lee, is planning a symposium in Frans' honor for the coming year. I look forward to this occasion. We hope to present photographic materials and a special exhibition in Frans' library of his works.

Barry Norris continues the printing of my photos and the supervision of all darkroom work. Presently he is trying to arrange for a major photo exhibition of my work in a gallery in New York City. We still lack an adequate ventilation system in the darkroom. Barry printed many photos for magazine articles and for a book of photos of mine that the Friends of Na-Bolom hope to produce in the States this coming year.

Joan Darby Norris helped me in handling much of the paper work that always surrounds me and in looking after the house when I travelled. Ken Nelson, my friend and collaborator of 8 years, continues to provide me with valuable assistance also.

The garden, one of my daily joys, provides us with high quality vegetables and salads. Cynthia Stonick, a volunteer working here at Na-Bolom, has been helping very devotedly to upgrade the garden and keep it in top shape. Anyone eating at our table appreciates her work.

The new room housing the Pellizzi exhibit of textiles was inaugurated this year and has proved a big success with all the people who come to tour the house. Mica McGuirk and Chip Morris were responsible for creating the exhibit. I am ever grateful to Francesco Pellizzi for sharing his collection with us and for the continuing help he lends us.

This year we sold many copies of the two records of indigenous music we have made. Most all of our customers are Indians whom we sell to at cost. To others we double the original cost in hopes of making some money to produce more records for the Indians. So far our hopes in this regard have not been realized as the majority of our customers are Indians. If anyone is interested in financing the production of more records please let us know.

Our newest volunteer is James Male who arrived here in August. He has been helping Barry in the darkroom, Cynthia in the garden, and all of us generally.

I am thankful to so many friends for their hospitality, aid and friendship. To name a few Silvio and Goshi Maznata, Swiss Ambassador, Dr. Ruth Lechuga, Rafael

Carillo, Teresa Pomar, Peggy Muendel, Carlos Larralde, Enrique Franco, Demetrio Sodi, Alfred Bush, Nancy Wood, Profr. Jorge Paniagua, Lic. José Casahonda and Profr. Prudencio Moscoso. I am also pleased to have among our guests many Mexican and foreign scientists working for CIES and other organizations.

I was happy to have my friend Cynthia Wooley return to San Christobal. She spent the summer here with us and now has her own place in town. She is teaching here and continuing her photographic work. She had a successful showing of her photos at the "Galeria", a new gallery and restaurant here in town.

Without our kitchen, house and garden staff most of what we do would be impossible. My deepest gratitude for the ever faithful cooking of Doña María Escandon and the ladies who help her, especially Carmela Trujillo and Elena Trujillo, all with me for many years. Maria de Luz Urbina is still helping me in the afternoon with odd jobs and Cora Ramírez has returned to help the volunteers with museum tours. Her father, Maestro Manuel Ramírez continues in his excellent maintenance of the house, new construction and supervision of the male workers. Thank you all for your faithful service.

I hope the coming year finds all my friends happily engaged in their myriad pursuits and that all of our works have some effect in turning the world's mad course. Please keep in touch--you'll always be welcomed visitors here in my house.

Sincerely,

Gertrude Duby Blom

RECORDS: Batzi Vom (Music of Chamula)
Batzi Son (Music of Tenejapa,
Zinacantan, Magdalenas, Chenalho)



NA BOLOM
Centro de Estudios Cientificos
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NA BOLOM

December 1982

Dear Friends,

I do not really feel inclined to write a newsletter, but I do want to keep in contact with all the good friends of Na Bolom spread over a great part of the planet. Things continue at Na Bolom - the important routine life - keeping the house, its rooms, museums, library and projects going on as much as we can. My last letter was considered by some to be pessimistic and somewhat negative, but I think I just faced the realities. Unfortunately the state of the world is not in any way better and possibly worse. There is one thing though that should make us feel better, the new awareness of the danger of destruction of our planet - the danger of a horrible war and the reckless use of atomic energy. Demonstrations are being held all over the world; it is an awakening on a broad scale among different political groups, social classes and religious creeds.

In spite of all, I continue to fight to save the Lacandon tropical rain forest. We had elections this year for the President of the Republic and the Governor of Chiapas. I participated in the Popular Consultation meetings attended by the President Elect, Miguel de la Madrid, and in one of these meetings I was able to give Lic. de la Madrid an album of my photos showing both the destruction and the beauty of the jungle. He acknowledged it saying, 'and you have fought so much to save it,' a remark that pleased me because it showed that he was informed and aware of the situation. I also had several chances to participate in the meetings with the Chiapas candidate, General Absalon Castellanos Dominguez, who also shows a great interest in ecology.

The trouble is, there is little money in Chiapas and Mexico to help with all the problems confronting us. Our national economic crisis is linked up with the world economy which is heading for disaster. On top of that, 1982 has been a bad year for agriculture - a severe drought hit a considerable extension of farm land in Mexico.

In Chiapas the eruption of the volcano El Chichonal killed people, cattle, and ruined a big portion of land. The city of San Cristobal was also covered with 2 inches of ash which took weeks of heavy clean up work to remove.

Many citizens donated their own vehicles to help haul ash out of the streets and courtyards. The ash fall stopped all tourism to our area for quite awhile.

Another serious problem for Chiapas are the thousands of Guatemalan refugees who are escaping into Mexico from the brutal military regime of that neighboring country. These peasants are fleeing their lands

leaving everything behind to save their families. They must be helped and given a place to live. There is a refugee relief program here in San Cristobal and Na Bolom is making an effort to send food and clothes into the camps. We collected a good deal of money from the proceeds of the film, "Todos Santos Cuchumatán - Report from a Guatemalan Village" by Olivia Carrescia and from visitors to the museum which goes directly to the refugees.

Thinking of all those problems, what we did seems like a drop of water in the sea; but that is all we can do and our efforts will continue. Tourism in Chiapas has suffered greatly and it has been hard to keep Na Bolom floating on this stormy sea.

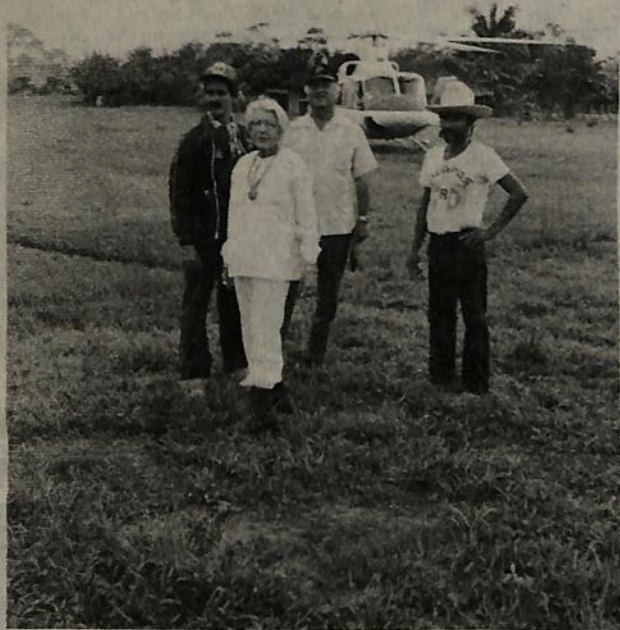
A recent trip into the jungle inspired some hope. I was one of the opposers of the colonization of the region called El Marques de Comillas on the Lacantun River. The fight was lost; people have been there since some years and more are there now. There are also petroleum explorations in the area. A high government official whom I admire greatly offered to take me in a helicopter accompanied by other people. When we arrived I found an excellent project going: a big cacao plantation where wild cacao trees grow, which indicates that the soil is adequate for this plant. Cacao needs shade and so only the underbrush has to be cut to plant it. It will give an income to the settlers so they do not need to burn the forest for corn planting or take up cattle grazing. This project should help a large reservation of wilderness to be left, a proposal of mine which I fight for. Unfortunately, all the tropical forests are located in third world countries where the people really are forced to use the available land. The only hope in these countries will be to organize the use with a carefully planned project so they won't destroy huge extensions of the remaining jungle.

UNICEF should help Mexico to do similar projects for the thousands of Guatemalan refugees. These projects cost money though and Mexico at this time has none. Finally also the preservation of the Biosphere of Montes Azules is getting organized, and the very important region of El Ocote was rescued from destruction to become a national forest.

I was many times in the Lacandon jungle. The most memorable one was the seven and a half hours riding with our English volunteer Caroline Karlake, a striking blond girl, through a totally white tropical forest. The main eruption of the volcano Chichonal caught me at the cattle ranch El Real. Though El Chichonal is located some 100 kilometers from the ranch, on the night of April 3rd we heard a terrific explosion. Next morning we watched a black wall of ash advance on us and we were covered and in total darkness for almost 2 days. While the ash fell, nature seemed to die; there wasn't a sound to break the stillness, neither birds nor insects. Luckily the radio gave us the news on what was happening. When daylight returned I decided with the agreement of my 2 muleteers to go through the ash covered trail to Naha. English Caroline had expected a lush green forest, but instead took home memories of a white jungle where every blast of wind unloaded the ash from the trees onto us. My camp was cleaned with the help of the Lacandons. We stayed four ashy days at Naha and then drove in the Lacandons' truck to Palenque where everybody was shoveling ashes from the houses and streets and where the ruins were totally white.

My June horseback expedition in the highlands was less dramatic but more pleasant. This is an annual ride I do accompanied by anyone who has the spirit of adventure and wishes to join me. This year there were eight riders. They took everything very well; when they tired of riding the horses they walked. The ride through the mountains is spectacular; we arrive in Chenalho for the Fiesta of San Pedro. We slept in the schoolhouse there and in the Tzotzil village of Chilam 2 days later. The ride back takes us over the high mountain of Tzontehuitz - wild and beautiful. Those interested in next year's ride should contact Na Bolom.

In July San Cristobal was host to a conference commemorating 40 years of anthropological investigations



I left Frankfurt for Switzerland; my trip was totally paid by generous Swiss friends. I didn't need to use funds from Na Bolom as even the railway ticket inside Switzerland was paid; and when I had my hair cut I found upon leaving the salon that that too was taken care of. The friends in Zurich invited me to their house near Yassin above St. Tropez Côte d'Azur, a beautiful spot surrounded by forest, trees, bushes, flowers and vineyards. We made the trip through the Mount Blanc tunnel going over the gorgeous San Bernardo and many other passes and arriving into the lovely valleys of Italy and France - a two and a half day trip. We returned on the Mediterranean road through the St. Gotthard tunnel (14 km. long) and into Zurich in one day.

I was also in Bern to visit my family - brother, nephew, cousins and friends. My trip took me to the Bernese Oberland where I was born and spent part of my childhood, visiting friends in Basel and Geneva.

In Zurich before I left, Margaret Keller and Peter von Gunten made it possible for me to see the film they made in Mexico for television and cinema. The film was partially made with me and shows my great preoccupation: the destruction of the Lacandon jungle linked dramatically to the death of tradition among the Lacandon.

On the first of November an exhibition of 30 of my photos opened at the Stockeregg Gallery in Zurich which will last for 6 weeks.

Throughout my travels in Germany, France and Switzerland I was treated in the most generous and cordial way - there is no better cure for bad nerves.

A new photographic project opened up for us this year. Alex Harris from the Center for Documentary Photography at Duke University in North Carolina will be publishing a book which will cover the span of my work over the last 40 years. To be included are about 100 images from my earliest work with the Zapatistas up until my present emphasis on the destruction of Mexico's last remaining tropical rain forest. Alex Harris and Margaret Sartor spent a considerable amount of time with me this summer interviewing me and making their selection of photos. Tim Burns preceded their arrival and made contact prints of every existing negative - some never before seen - an extensive work that we are very grateful for. This book will be published in the Spring of 1984 in conjunction with an exhibition of photos at the International Center of Photography in New York City and an international conference in that city on the pressing ecological problems of the Lacandon jungle. Barry Norris, my printer, spent 2 months in North Carolina this fall making the images for the book and exhibition.

I am still president of the Patronato Fray Bartolome which was asked to coordinate a book about San Cristobal and its surroundings. I wrote a chapter and provided the photos, but the book is now awaiting funding for publication.

I was very much saddened by the loss of several close friends this year. Demetrio Sodi, a member since its foundation of the Patronato Frans Blom, and Luis Lindau, both of Mexico City. Also Professors Jose Weber and Chilam Mijangos of San Cristobal.

We had 877 visits by Lacandons from all 3 communities this year. With more roads into the jungle and more cars available, my friends are now quite often on the road. Many of the young ones overuse this privilege. I'm afraid they lose their love for their land.

I have so many friends to thank for their generosity in donations of every sort. Some sent books for the library, others sent monetary gifts; many helped in other ways as well. I want to thank with all my heart the friends who gave me the opportunity to escape the routine of Na Bolom which tires me so. Bill Goldman and Carl Schachter drove me to Morelia this summer for a much needed rest. My good friends Wally and Fran Franklin also invite me to rest at the Alborada whenever I feel overwhelmed. I cannot mention all the friends of Na Bolom and if I tried I

in Chiapas. It was nice to have so many old friends from all over the world return and share their investigations. A book will be published by the State of Chiapas including many of the papers given. I spoke on the work that Frans and I started 40 years ago in the jungle and described the changes there as the years have gone by.

I was several times in Palenque where my good and generous friends Carlos and Socorro Morales always made me feel welcome. The Lacandons from Naha took me in several times to my camp; my old friend Yaroslav Petryshin accompanied me on one of those trips.

With all our financial difficulties at Na Bolom we have been able to keep going and my nursery was not given up. Many people came to get free trees and we planted in the badly eroded land around the valley. We gave away some 23,000 trees even though the late rains held us back somewhat until September.

In 1981 Ossi Urchs and Siggi Höhle came to Na Bolom to make a film on Chiapas, including 10 minutes about Na Bolom and me, for the Western Television in Munich. During their stay they saw my photos and slides and decided that a book should be published. Returning to Germany, they found a very good publisher, the Athenäum, who was interested in such a book. Next came 2 months in the library and photo archives documenting the text and selecting from amongst the thousands of photos. We talked about each picture they chose.

In September I received a ticket from the publisher to fly to Frankfurt and promote the book at the International Book Fair. I stayed with Siggi's parents, the Höhles, lovely people with a very pleasant home in Wühlheim near a big forest. I was so relieved to be outside of Frankfurt which I had known in the twenties as a beautiful old town, but which is now terribly polluted.

I was asked to appear on the Bavarian and Hessen television; also on the Hessen Northern radio and two channels of the Berlin radio, 30 minutes each time. Even if this was kind of heavy going, especially in the horrible air inside the immense halls of the Fair, I liked to do it because I was very pleased with the book, Das Antlitz der Mayas. The book is available through Na Bolom or through Athenäum in Germany.

would forget many for they are scattered all over the globe. They are all so warm and generous that I am given the strength to go on.

Trudi

Gertrude Duby Blom

THE STAFF:

Ken Nelson continues as manager of Na Bolom and oversees all projects and maintenance. The chapel has been given a new light source from a large window in the south end which makes it warmer and more inviting. Ken designed a permanent exhibition of crosses for the museum and many temporary displays of textiles and jewelry.

Barry Norris, director of audio visual projects, is busy with the printing and packaging of the limited edition portfolios on sale, as well as constant requests for publications and exhibitions of Trudi's photographs. His big project this fall has been the printing of Trudi's book in North Carolina.

Joan Darby Norris, as librarian, helps students and tourists in their research. The Fray Bartolome library specializes in Chiapas and Mayan Culture. We try to keep our collection current; this is very much dependent on the donations we receive which, in the form of publications, have been generous.

Berta Rivas works as our very bi-lingual tour guide and secretary. She continues as secretary to the Patronato Fray Bartolome as well.

Doña Maria Escandon and Maestro Manuel Ramirez along with all the cooks, house cleaners and gardeners have maintained body and building for all of us.

VOLUNTEERS:

We are very pleased to welcome Cynthia Wooley back after 2 years away in Los Angeles. She will be gradually recataloging the slide collection as well as actively participating in the entire scene. We are very glad to have had as well: Dorte Meyer of Germany, Caroline Karlake of England, Cornelia Bartsch of Germany, Pierre Jourdan of France, and Lawrence Jarosy of England. Our volunteer program is one year doing all sorts of work here in exchange for room and board. Interested people should write for more details.

* * * *

NA BOLOM is pleased to offer to collectors of fine photography, CHIAPAS MAYA, a portfolio of 15 black and white images by Gertrude Duby Blom. This portfolio is limited to an edition of 50. Brochures are available on request.

Available from the Na Bolom Museum Bookshop:

Das Antlitz der Mayas

La Selva Lacandona, 2 vols.

Nine postcards of the Maya
by Gertrude Duby Blom

* * * *

Tax deductible contributions can be made through:

Bernarr MacFadden
CEDAM INTERNATIONAL
436 Monssen Drive
Dallas, Texas 75224

Photos by Cynthia Wooley



Na Bolom is pleased to offer to collectors of fine photography, CHIAPAS MAYA, a portfolio of 15 black and white images by Gertrude Duby Blom. This portfolio is limited to an edition of 50. Brochures are available on request.

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Dallas, Texas 75224

Photos by Cynthia Wooley, Barry Norris, and Gertrude Blom



We are very pleased to announce an exhibition of black and white images by Gertrude Duby Blom in a show and symposium entitled: "People of the Forest, People of the Bat: Cultural Change and Continuity among Two Maya Peoples" at the International Center of Photography in New York, late Spring of 1984.

The exhibition and symposium are a culmination of many projects and much effort which will now be made possible by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. We would like to express our gratitude to Alex Harris for his extensive work in obtaining this grant and to James Nations for his expertise and assistance. The show will travel throughout the United States and in Mexico over the next three years, sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution Touring Service.

Coinciding with the opening in New York, Trudi's new book, Gertrude Blom: Bearing Witness, will be released. This publication is a collection of images from 1943 to the present which document Trudi's work among the Maya of Chiapas and her deep concern with the deforestation of the Lacandon jungle. The book includes essays by Trudi, Robert Laughlin, James Nations, and Alex Harris.

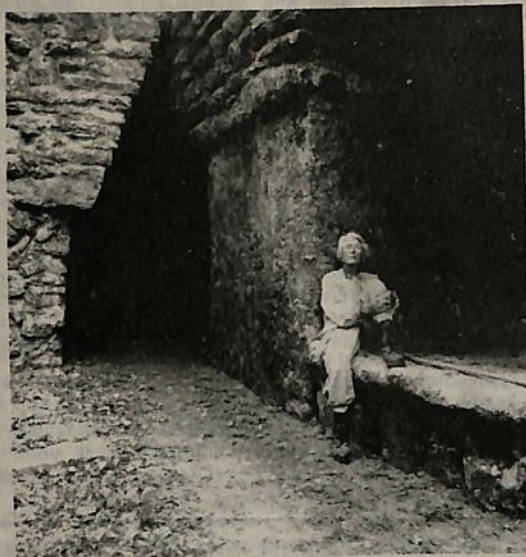
Gertrude Blom: Bearing Witness, edited by Alex Harris and Margaret Sartor, is funded by the Center for Documentary Photography at Duke University and will be available from the publisher, University of North Carolina Press, or Na Bolom. It will be a small edition of 2000 printed at Meriden Gravure in Connecticut.

NA BOLOM
Av. Vicente Guerrero 33
San Cristobal las Casas
Chiapas, Mexico

tel. (967) 8-14-18

Dr. B. Lowy
Dept. of Botany, Louisiana
State Univ. Baton Rouge,
LA. 70803 E.E.U.





NA BOLOM

December 1983

Dear Friends,

I write this letter in the house of my friends Wolf and Ingrid Hansen, built amongst gardens, forests and vineyards on the hillside above the Cote d'Azur near the old romantic little town of Gassin. I feel this minute like the intense blue sky - cloudless and happy, full of beauty and friendship.

The perfumes from the trees, the colors of the flowers, the unspoiled natural beauty and the warm, generous friendship let me forget for a moment the bad news about my left eye. It seems to be following the way of my right eye which is practically useless, developing what is so obscenely called "senile degeneration". The human race invents the most awful devices to kill each other, spending billions on new poisons, but cuts back on scientific research. The best ocellists know no cure for the black spots which finally reduce the eyesight to practically nothing. We also have not found a remedy against a sickness which kills a beautiful pine in the forests of Germany and Switzerland.

"The most efficient Dr. Berkeley of Houston tries to console me; "it can take years before reading is impossible." The development is slow. I am 82 now, so I can hope that my life ends before my eyesight.

The last year was for me like a fruit tree loaded with apples - so much that next year the tree will have to rest. When such a tree is old, it gives one more big harvest and then dies, or bears his last fruits. I had a very successful 1983.

It started in January when Peter von Gunten rang up to ask if I would come to Switzerland for the promotion of the film "Xunán" (The Lady), which is about my work, the dangers of destruction of the tropical rainforest and the disappearance of traditional cultures. He sent me a ticket and 10 days later I was on the plane to Europe. It was no vacation. The film was first shown at the film festival in Solothurn and was declared among the five best. Then it came to Bern and Zürich. After each showing there was a discussion with the public which lasted for hours. Many interesting questions were raised about the fate of our planet.

In Bern the film ran for six weeks and afterwards I had to give six radio talks there and a television appearance in Zürich. The radio programs were especially interesting. There were three interviewers and then a call-in show for the public to ask questions. This caused an avalanche of phone calls to the radio station and later to me at home. Many letters also arrived. Some showed a grotesque lack of knowledge about the world situation but fortunately the majority demonstrated a real awareness of the problems and a desire to help change the trend. Answering telephone calls and letters was tiring but rewarding; I even received letters from two children aged 11 and 14.

The interviews brought me in contact with people I had not seen for years. A colleague of mine from my years at the social work school in Zürich (1919-1920) found me and even claimed to recognise me after all these years. A reception with a lecture at Wimmis, the town of my childhood, brought me in touch with a playmate I had not seen since 1907; I envied his young and healthy looks.

I had ample possibilities to take beautiful trips up in the snow covered mountains above Grindelwald with my friend Li de Man, and above the lake of Thoune in Aeschelen with the Gruningers. I only stayed both places two nights - my stupid restlessness was the reason. In Wimmis Frans Gruninger showed two films he had made in the lowlands and highlands of Chiapas. I acted as commentator and made a funny speech about my childhood in this town where my father was pastor suffering from the pranks of his wild daughter. The event was organized by the municipal authorities and ended with a lovely supper of a most agreeable provincial character.

Like every year, I went in April on my ecological horseback expedition, the time when farmers and cattlemen burn the forest for planting or grazing. My companions were Barry and Joan Norris, their six year old son, Chan Kin, and Peter Canby of the "New Yorker." We left on April 4th and returned on the 30th. For five days we traveled on muleback and the rest in Lacandon trucks. The deforestation was worse than ever. Afterwards I wrote an article which was published in two newspapers in Mexico and also translated into English under the title, "The Jungle is Burning." (copies available on request.)

In June I did my five day horseback trip through the highlands, participating in the colorful fiesta in honor of San Pedro in Chenalhó. Everything went well; the Indians were all very pleasant and everyone joined in

with them to celebrate the fiesta of their patron saint. Anyone who is interested in coming on this trip in 1984 should write to us well in advance.

In July I decided to take a vacation and went to stay for a few days with my friends the Jones in their lovely home in Oaxaca and then to the beautiful place of my old friend Gutierre Tibón in Cuernavaca. I missed Carletto, Gutierre's brother who died two years ago, very much. Gutierre did everything to make me feel at home. There I met Jerry Brown, ex-governor of California who ate with us in the subtropical garden of the Tibón house. Jerry, an interesting man, stayed with us later at Na Bolom.

At the end of July I went to Nahá with my old friend Jaroslav Petryshyn. We stayed at my camp and visited the Lacandon families some 20 minutes from the camp; they in turn came every day in the afternoon for chocolate and cookies. Jaroslav worked with wise old Chan Kin; I got involved with problems of the community that never fail to occur where humans live together.

I cannot imagine Nahá without old Chan Kin. When he goes, the few remaining traditions will disappear. Young K'ayum, son of Chan K'in, has developed his painting in an incredible way. He illustrates the legends his father tells him with great imagination and skill.



In August I was a judge in a weaving competition promoted by the state government. This event was preceded by a forum of Indian leaders to discuss the importance of preserving the quality and tradition of the textiles that are produced for the tourist industry. The best weavings received prizes which will hopefully encourage the weavers to maintain good standards of work and preserve the traditional designs. The government appears to be showing much more interest in the conservation of traditional Indian arts.

At the beginning of September I was called to Mexico City to be at the presentation of a beautiful new book entitled: *Arte Maya, Selva y Mar*, published by the Editorial del Sureste under the directorship of Lic. Luis Gutierrez. I feel happy that some ten photos of mine are in the book, mostly of jungle landscapes. The Secretary of Tourism, who wrote the introduction, was present, together with crowds of journalists and radio and television reporters. I gave many interviews and a short speech. There were many questions that indicated clearly that there is an awakening about the problems of our planet. If only we have time enough for the next step - to do something about our destructive way of life.

At the end of September I went to Monterrey to give two lectures; one in the Centro Cultural Alfa and the other at the Casino. I went to lunch with members of the Centro, directed by Guillermo Schmidhuber and I also visited in private homes. I discovered that Monterrey is not only an industrial center but is also open to culture both past and present. Let's hope it will manage to find a way to adapt its industry in a new direction - to produce not only for the sake of producing more, but also to satisfy the things that humanity needs. The production of useless goods will only accelerate the destruction of our planet. I met people in positions to go such a way; intelligent and human enough to help to take new roads to get us out of a mess in which nothing functions anymore, and where most of the energies and resources are put to finding ever more effective ways of destroying ourselves.

On the 23rd of September I left for Houston. Our good friend Howard Barnstone had sent me a ticket and made arrangements for me to see a famous eye specialist about the continual tears in the left eye - my only good eye. Howard and Robert picked me up at the airport and brought me to their lovely home amongst gardens and trees. I found a warm hospitality and friendship there that I shall never forget. Dr. Berkeley was able to cure the tears by cutting out a stitch that had been left from my cataract operation. Howard and Robert took me on a trip through the nice countryside to the pretty town of Austin to meet a group of Maya archeologists for lunch.

We returned to Switzerland on the Route Napoleon and the Alpes Maritimes that crosses several mountain passes and glides down into deep valleys, many of which have lakes. We spent the night in one of the old towns called St. André and entered Switzerland through Geneva driving on the shore of the lake.

From Houston I flew to Zürich where I was invited again by my Swiss friends, Ingrid and Wolf. We left on the second day, like last year, for Gassin in the hills above Saint Tropez on the Cote d'Azur. It was like last year, the same harmonious ten days in the company of friends and surrounded by a beautiful natural environment of forests, vineyards and flowers. Ingrid's mother, who was with me in the social work school in Zürich, was with us. We only went on one trip which was to the beautiful white cliff-surrounded island called Porqueroles. Neither the beaches nor the copses have been spoiled and there is no auto road to destroy the natural beauty.

After Zürich I went to Bern where I was received like always by Mrs. Bizzozero, and then by my nephew Matthias and his wife Marianne in their lovely new house in Muri, only five minutes from the natural reserve on the shore of the river Aare. I was invited again then by Irma and Frans Grüniger in their home. I became a real tourist. They took me first to Ballenberg, the open air museum where centuries old houses are reconstructed exactly as they were, in a setting of meadows, forests and mountains. We travelled over the Grimsel, Furka and Susten, passes of grandiose beauty; we also visited the Dientigental, which I had last seen around 1948 and which is still very little touched. There our host was Gottfried Ast from Wimmis. We had tea in his lovely 400 year old farmhouse. The trip in car and cable railway on the Stockhorn, which I had climbed as a teenager, gave us a wonderful view of the whole chain of the Alps.

Eugen Diezi, relative of the Grünigers, took me up to the Jungfraujoek, which is a place I always wanted to go. The rack-railway is dug into the rock, partly covered with ice. At the end of the trip one is surrounded by glaciers and has a tremendous view to the lowlands.

We also visited my brother in Sumiswald, a village with many very old wooden houses. I had to attend two events that got me out of the world of leisure and back into work. In Zürich and in Basel, a presentation of the film, "Xunán" with long and interesting discussions following. My last stay in Switzerland was in Bern with the Germans with whom I had been to the Lacandon jungle many years ago. I thank profusely all those friends who by their generosity did everything to make my stay restful and rewarding.

Next I was invited to Paris by Francois Reichenbach who has produced the most beautiful films about Mexico with very good material from Chiapas. He arranged three days of theater for me: *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Tempest* and a play by Pirandello - all with exquisite "mise en scene." I was also able to see an exhibit by the English painter, Turner. I stayed for a few more days there in the home of Behles Hansen before returning to Mexico.



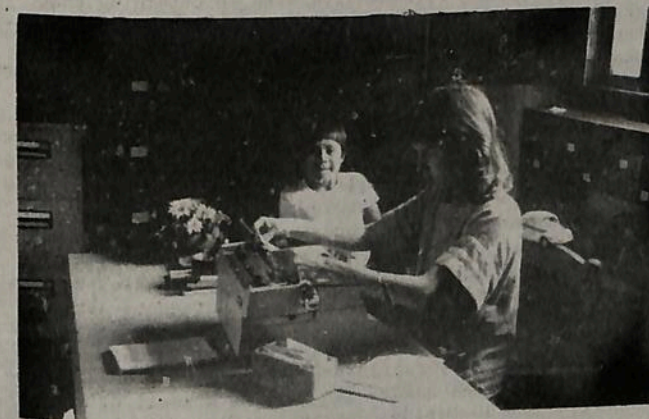
I am still president of the Patronato Fray Bartolomé de las Casas. We promote and participate in ecological and cultural events and help in the conservation of our colonial town and its beautiful surroundings of pine and oak forests. The members of this organization produced a book about the highlands of Chiapas containing chapters on geography, flora and fauna, colonial art and archaeological treasures. We try to make our national and international visitors aware of what can be seen in our region. Hopefully the book will be out this year.

In spite of the economic troubles of Mexico which of course affect Na Bolom, we hope to keep our projects going, like our tree nursery. We had a bad drought this year, the driest I have seen in my 43 years in Chiapas. The rains finally came late and were not plentiful as they usually are in our region - but enough to do some planting. We were able to give away and plant some 30,000 trees. Individuals and representatives of Indian communities came for trees; persons in fact from all walks of life. We were pleased to note an awakening of interest for the tree among the Indians. Two municipalities came for thousands of trees to reforest - an idea totally foreign to them before.

Even if a few things in me are covered with rust, I have no right to complain since I find in so many places such friendship and love. I thank all those people, both the ones mentioned and the ones in my heart, for all their generosity. Also the staff and volunteers who keep Na Bolom going.

Trudi

Gertrude Duby Blom



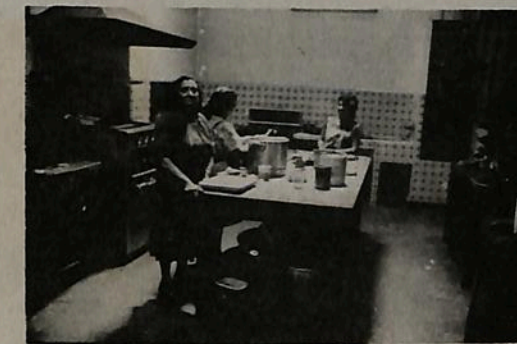
NOTES:

This year two books were published in honor of Frans Blom. One was a reprinting of his notes and sketches from his 1923 expedition to Palenque entitled: *Las Ruinas de Palenque*. The other, *Antropología e Historia de los Mixe Zoques y Mayas* - Homenaje a Frans Blom, was published jointly by the Centro de Estudios Mayas and Brigham Young University. Both of these books are available through Na Bolom.

Das Antlitz der Maya, Trudi's photo book published in Germany last year, won first prize in the photo book section of the Stuttgart book fair.

Robert Semple of Philadelphia and Monhegan Island, will be Artist in Residence at Na Bolom during the winter of 1984. During his residency he will be completing a commissioned embroidered hanging, the working title of which is, "A Comment on Yaxchilan Lintel Number Twenty-Five." Periodically he will display the work in progress and his unique librapoint stitch.

Artists interested in participating in this program should write to Na Bolom giving details of work and experience.



THE STAFF:

Many thanks to Doña María Escandón who continues to provide such gastronomic delights at the table, and also to Doña Carlota and Doña Bety who have introduced many innovations in the kitchen. We also thank Maestro Manuel who supervises his men in keeping the house in one piece and making the gardens a pleasure for all to enjoy.

People from all over the world live and participate in the life at Na Bolom. Each contributes in their own way to the house and to Trudi.



Left to right: Kyla Schneider, Laurence Jarosy, Cynthia Woolley, Ken Nelson, Gilles Weidmann, Barry Norris, Joan Darby Norris, Clita Rossi, Lucia Casalinuovo. In front: Trudi and Chan Kin.



Berta Rivas

Item(s) not included due to copyright.

Article: Fischkin, B. 1988. Letter from Mexico City. The New Yorker 20 June: 69–84.

New York Times

National Edition

Southwest: Showers in the Texas and Oklahoma Panhandles. Partly cloudy elsewhere. Warmer. Mostly cloudy tomorrow, showers continuing in the Panhandles. Weather map is on page 37.

APRIL 12, 1989

50 CENTS

Mexico City's Filthy Air, World's Worst, Worsens

By LARRY ROHTER

Special to The New York Times

MEXICO CITY, April 11 — All winter, especially on days when pollution readings reached record levels, the 20 million inhabitants of this metropolis longed for spring. April, with its normally refreshing winds, has finally arrived, yet there is no relief in sight.

If anything, the air pollution problem here, already the most serious in the world, appears to be worsening, overpowering even natural factors that once held it in check.

Javier López Moreno, chairman of the environmental committee of the Mexican Congress, recently termed the capital "a disaster zone" and described the conditions that the residents of the world's largest city are forced to endure as "an attack" on their well-being.

Heavy Debt Is a Factor

To some extent, the Government's ability to act is constrained by budget cuts imposed by Mexico's need to repay its \$102 billion foreign debt. Retooling the state oil company to produce gasoline with less pollutants, replacing the fleet of smoke-belching buses that are a major source of public transportation, expand-

ing the subway system or even hiring more people to enforce laws already on the books would all seem at the moment to be measures beyond the country's ability to pay.

The extent of the problem is daunting. According to a confidential report by the United Nations Environment Program in January, ozone levels here tripled between 1986 and 1988, reaching a median level 60 percent above World Health Organization standards.

Levels of Lead High

In 1988, 90 percent of all air samples taken here registered above such limits, and the number of hours each month in which readings exceed "international norms of ozone tolerance" is now seven times what it was just three years ago, the document found.

Levels of lead, four tons of which are deposited in the air daily, according to the estimates of environmentalist groups here, are also taking a toll. The United Nations report found the average lead level in the blood of Mexico City residents to be nearly four times that of a Tokyo resident and

Continued on Page 4, Column 1

MEXICO EXPECTED TO GET \$3.6 BILLION IN LOAN FROM I.M.F.

TENTATIVE ACCORD IS SET

Debt-Plagued Nation Is First to Gain From Big Change by Brady in U.S. Policy

By PETER T. KILBORN

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, April 11 — Mexico has reached a tentative agreement to borrow \$3.6 billion from the International Monetary Fund to help it dig out of years of a debt-imposed squeeze on wages and growth, Treasury and other officials said today.

Mexico thus becomes the first of the big debtor countries to profit from a sharp change in American debt policy. Because of Mexico's close ties to the United States, its participation was of particular symbolic importance to Washington.

The change in American policy, proposed last month by Treasury Secretary Nicholas F. Brady and endorsed by world economic leaders, is meant to lead to substantial reductions in both the debts of poorer countries and their interest payments.

Encourages New Lending

Mexican Capital's Filthy Air, World's Worst, Gets Worse

Continued From Page 1

more than double the levels found in Baltimore, Stockholm, Lima and Zagreb.

To this disagreeable soup must be added such other contaminants as carbon monoxide, sulfur dioxide and nitrogen dioxide. All told, it adds up to five million tons of chemicals and suspended particles spewed into the air each year, most of it from the 2.8 million vehicles and 36,000 factories here.

Normally, the spring breezes help disperse the clouds of pollution that tend to form over the city daily from November through March, the period when the thermal inversions that trap the air are most common. But this year, those winds, though unusually strong, have brought additional problems, a result of the high concentration of fecal dust they contain.

Local medical and environmental groups have lobbied the municipal government to halt growing deforestation on the outskirts of the capital and to plant trees that would act as a barrier to the dust storms common this time of year, demands as yet unheeded. The groups say the winds, carrying the deposited body wastes of about six million people and two million dogs, are a major source of disease.

Mexico City's population growth long ago passed the city's ability to process

State Dept. Applauds Salinas In Arrest of Top Drug Figure

WASHINGTON, April 11 (Reuters) — Mexico's arrest of a reputed drug baron proves that President Carlos Salinas de Gortari is determined to act against the narcotics trade, the United States said today.

"This is the latest and perhaps most important of several arrests in Mexico of major narcotic traffickers during the past year," the State Department spokeswoman, Margaret D. Tutwiler, said of the capture on Saturday of Miguel Angel Félix Gallardo.

"These arrests demonstrate once again President Salinas's determination to act resolutely against narcotics traffickers," she told reporters, adding that Mr. Félix Gallardo was "perhaps the most notorious drug trafficker in Mexico."

The United States, in its 1989 report on international narcotics trafficking, applauded Mr. Salinas's commitment to anti-drug efforts and said Mexico last year expanded its opium and marijuana eradication programs and increased cocaine seizures. But it expressed concern about continued corruption and Mexico's standing as a major source of the heroin and marijuana being smuggled into the United States.

sewage, and the 1985 earthquake made the situation even worse by damaging some sections of the system. An estimated 30 percent of the residents of the metropolitan area do not have sewage service and are forced to dispose of their wastes wherever and however they can.

The United Nations study calculated that 600 tons of solid human waste are dumped into the air daily and found the "number of colonies of microorganisms per cubic meter of air to be uncountable." A partial list of the pathogenic organisms it found in the air includes streptococcus, diplococcus, staphylococcus, salmonella, shigella and amoeba.

There had been hope that President Carlos Salinas de Gortari and Mayor Manuel Camacho Solís, both of whom took office on Dec. 1, would mount an immediate and aggressive effort to fight the pollution problem. But critics charge that opportunities have been lost and now say relief is likely to come only with the rains that normally begin late in May or early in June.

"The President gave an indication in his inaugural address that he intended to do something, but his Minister of Urban Development and Ecology is a politician with no experience and no ecological consciousness," said Homero Aridjis, founder of the Group of 100, Mexico's most active and outspoken environmental alliance. "You can't be learning on the job when 20 million people have their health at stake and are facing a veritable epidemic."

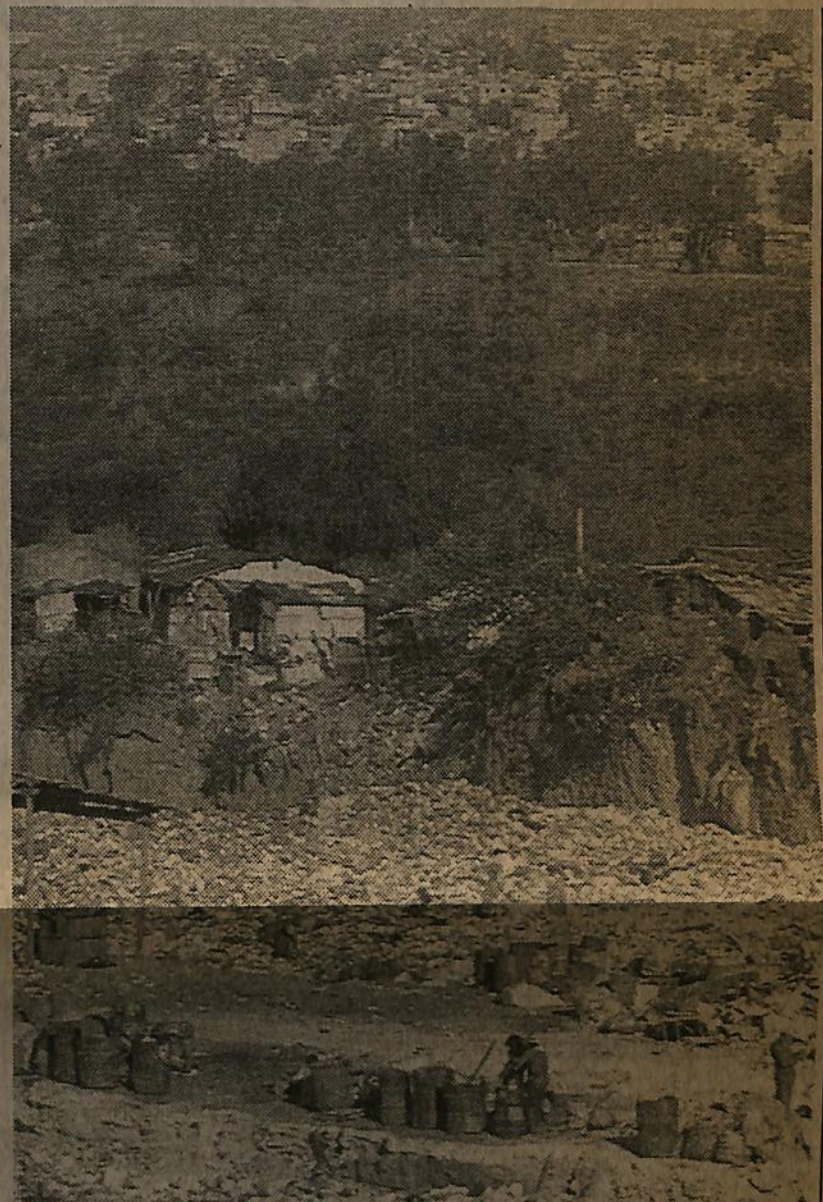
Because air pollution of an intensity and duration comparable to Mexico City's has never been recorded anywhere else, doctors here say it is difficult to gauge the likely permanent effect of the various forms of pollution on human health. But it appears that prolonged and heavy exposure to ozone and other chemicals weakens the body's resistance to the pathogenic organisms that are also in the air, doctors here say.

'Clean Air' Offerings

The primary victims appear to be the elderly, especially those with existing respiratory problems, and children. Hoping both to cut down on car exhaust and to spare youngsters the dangers arising from prolonged exposure to the air on their way to and from school and during recess, the Government shut the capital area's school system for the entire month of January.

Increasingly, coping with the contaminated air is becoming a lucrative industry. Newspapers and television are full of advertisements for air purifiers for home and office use, and hotels a few hours' drive from the city offer regular weekend "clean air" packages to those who can afford it.

Many foreign embassies and companies here have bought or rented houses



The New York Times/Sergio Dorantes

One of the garbage dumps that contribute to Mexico City's overpowering pollution. Spring winds, which dissipate exhaust emissions but spread bacteria from the garbage dumps, have failed to help.

outside the capital and strongly urge their employees to use such quarters regularly. Some embassies, including those of West Germany and Canada, officially advise diplomats to leave all young children in the home country and not to have a baby while here.

The average resident of Mexico City, however, has little choice but to adapt his way of life to the conditions around him, following doctor's orders to avoid jogging or outdoor sports and driving with car windows closed even on the hottest days. "In our family, we try to limit the amount of time we let our children spend outdoors, because we know it's not good for them," said Fernando Rueda, a 28-year-old motorcycle messenger.

"As for myself, I always wear a mask with a filter when I'm out on the street," Mr. Rueda added. "But mine broke last week, and I went two days without it. Now I've got some kind of in-

fection, which I'm probably going to end up passing on to my baby. It really makes you wonder about the world our children are going to inherit from us."

Under mounting public pressure, the Government has announced some measures intended to cut down on emissions, including more regular and rigorous car inspections. There are also calls for a comprehensive long-term plan like the one recently announced in southern California, a step the Government seems reluctant to take.

"If stringent efforts are undertaken immediately to combat pollution," it is reasonable to "expect to see a slight improvement in 10 years' time," a recent United States Embassy study concluded. But the document also said that "years of dedicated effort and a change in life style will be necessary before air pollution can be controlled."

and fumes of the traffic. You'd be well advised to take the bus — it's cheap enough and frequent enough to hop on and off at will. The *glorietas*, traffic circles at the major intersections, each with a distinctive statue, provide easy landmarks along the way. First is the *Glorieta Colón*, with a statue of Christopher Columbus (*Cristóbal Colón* in Spanish). Around the base of the plinth are carved various friars and monks who assisted Columbus in his enterprise or brought the Catholic faith to the Mexicans. The Plaza de la República is just off to the north of here. Next comes the crossing of Insurgentes, nodal point of all the city's traffic, with *Cuauhtémoc*, last emperor of the Aztecs and leader of their resistance, poised aloof above it all in a plumed robe, clutching his spear, surrounded by warriors. Bas-relief engravings on the pedestal show his torture and execution at the hands of the Spanish, desperate to discover where the Aztec treasures lay hidden. *El Ángel*, a golden winged victory atop a column nearly 50m high, is the third to look out for — the place to get off the bus for the heart of the Zona Rosa. Finally, right by the entrance to the park, but shifted to one side of Reforma to make way for more traffic, stands a bronze *Diana*.

Zona Rosa

Running parallel to, and south of, the Paseo de la Reforma, the *Zona Rosa* is an area delineated by Reforma and Avenida Chapultepec, abutting the park to the west and spilling across Insurgentes in the east. You can spot it by the street names, all famous cities: Hamburgo, Londres, Genova, Liverpool, and so forth. Packed into a tiny area here are hundreds of bars, restaurants, hotels, and above all shops, teeming with the city's wealthy and would-be elegant and with vast numbers of tourists. You'll also find the highest concentration of beggars and rip-offs anywhere in the city — there are official multi-lingual policemen wandering around specifically to help the tourists (they wear little flag emblems to denote which languages they speak) but there are also ranks of impressively uniformed unofficial guides whose only task is to persuade you to go to whichever shop or market employs them. You should come and look — for the constant activity (*street entertainers*, especially around the corner of Hamburgo and Florencia), snazzy hotels like the *Galería Plaza*, and an incredible diversity of shops and places to eat and drink — but remember that everything is very expensive. It's also worth noting that this is no longer where the very best hotels and classier shops are located. They've generally moved out to *Colonia Polanco*, on the northern edge of Chapultepec near the *El Presidente Chapultepec* hotel.

On the fringes of the Zona you'll find the *Wax Museum* (*Museo de Cera*, Londres 6; daily 10am–8pm), thoroughly and typically tacky, with a basement chamber of horrors that includes Aztec human sacrifices. Entrance here costs around ten times as much as any other museum in the city, but that's still probably less than a dollar.

On the other side of Reforma, where the streets are named after rivers (Tiber, Danubio, etc.) is a much quieter, luxurious residential area where many of the older embassies are based. You can spot the U.S. embassy (which is actually on Reforma) by the long lines snaking around it throughout the day. Near the British embassy is the *Museo Venustiano Carranza*

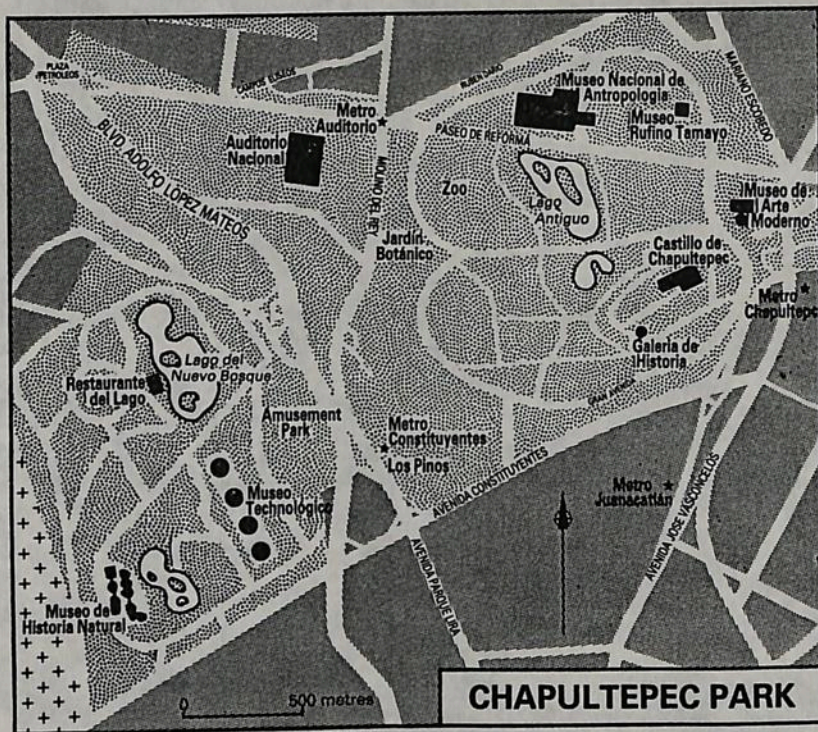
(Lerma 35; open Mon.–Fri. 9:30am–2:30pm; free). Housed in the mansion which was the Mexico home of the revolutionary leader and president, shot in 1920, it contains exhibits relating to his life and to the Revolution. Not far away, just north of the junction of Reforma and Insurgentes, the *Parque Sullivan* hosts open-air exhibitions and sales of paintings every Sunday: there's nothing of great quality, but a pleasant holiday atmosphere prevails.

Chapultepec and the National Anthropology Museum

Chapultepec Park, or the *Bosque de Chapultepec*, is a vast green area — some 810 acres in all, dotted with trees, scattered with fine museums, boating lakes, gardens, playing fields, a zoo — and a resort from the pressures of the city for seemingly millions of Mexicans. Sunday, when at least a brief visit is all but compulsory and many of the museums are free, you can barely move for the throng. They call it, too, the lungs of the city, and like the lungs of most of the inhabitants, its health leaves a lot to be desired. Large areas of the park, towards the back where it's less frequented, have been fenced off to give them a chance to recover from the pounding they take from the crowds. There has even been talk of closing the whole place for three years to give the grass a chance to grow back and the plants to recover their equilibrium. Whatever the hopes or fears of the authorities, though, this is never likely to happen — public outrage at the very suggestion has seen to that. Meanwhile it still manages to look pretty good and remains one of Mexico's most enduring attractions: some of the fanciest new developments in the city are going on around the edges, including the vast *Camino Real* and *El Presidente Chapultepec* hotels, two of the most modern, elaborate, and expensive you could find.

The rocky outcrop of *Chapultepec* (Hill of the Locust), which lends its name to the entire area, is mentioned in Toltec mythology, and first gained historical significance in the thirteenth century when it was no more than another island among the lakes and salt marshes of the valley. Here the Mexica, still a wandering, savage tribe, made their first home — a very temporary one, since they were defeated and driven off by neighboring cities provoked beyond endurance. And here they returned once Tenochtitlán's power was established, channeling water from the springs into the city, and turning Chapultepec into a summer resort for the emperor, with plentiful hunting and fishing around a fortified palace. Several Aztec rulers had their portraits carved into the rock of the hill: most were destroyed by the Spanish soon after the Conquest.

The hill, crowned by Maximilian's very peaceful-looking "castle," confronts you as soon as you enter the park. In front of it stands the strange, six-columned monument to the *Niños Héroes*, commemorating the cadets who attempted to defend the castle (then a military academy) against the American invaders in 1847. According to the (probably apocryphal) story, the last six flung themselves off the cliff wrapped in Mexican flags rather than surrender. The *Castillo* itself had been built only in 1785 as a summer retreat for the Spanish Viceroy — until then it was the site of a hermitage established on the departure of the Aztec rulers. Its role as a military school dates



from independence, but the present shape was dictated by Emperor Maximilian who remodeled it in the image of his Italian villa. Today it houses the National History Museum.

First, though, as you climb the hill, you pass the modern Gallery of History, devoted to "the Mexican people's struggle for Liberty" (open Tues.-Sun. 9am-5pm; free). It's known in full as the *Museo Galeria de la Lucha del Pueblo Mexicano por su Libertad*, or colloquially as the *Museo del Caracol* after the snail-like spiral through which you follow the displays. These, with the use of models, maps, and dioramas, trace the history of the constant wars which have beset the country — from independence, through the American and French interventions to the Revolution. There are also murals by Siqueiros and Juan O'Gorman.

The Museo Nacional de Historia itself (daily 9am-5pm) is a much more traditional collection spread over two floors of the castle. The setting is very much part of the attraction, with many rooms retaining the opulent furnishings left behind by Maximilian and Carlota, or by later inhabitants with equally expensive tastes — notably Porfirio Diaz. Rivaling the decor is a small collection of carriages, notably the fabulously pompous state coaches favored by Maximilian. The bulk of the exhibits downstairs, though, follow a straight historical progression, from a small collection of pre-Hispanic objects and

reproductions of Aztec codices, through weapons and paintings of the Conquest and on to documents, pictures, memorabilia, and patriotic relics from every era of Mexican development. There are several murals here also, including works by Orozco and Siqueiros, but the ones by Juan O'Gorman most directly attract attention for their single-minded political message. Upstairs is a more miscellaneous collection of objets d'art, jewelry, period costume, furniture, clocks, and a host of other bric-a-brac. Traditionally there should also be wonderful views from here, across the city to Popocatepetl and Ixtaccshuatl, but of course there never are.

The National Anthropology Museum

The park's outstanding attraction — for many people the main justification for visiting the city at all — is the Museo Nacional de Antropología, the National Anthropology Museum. It is beyond doubt one of the world's great museums, not only for its collection, which is vast, rich, and diverse, but for the originality and practicality of its design. Opened in 1964, the exhibition halls surround a patio with a small pond shaded by a vast square concrete umbrella. This is supported by a single slender pillar around which splashes an artificial cascade (or "inverse fountain" as the architect described it). The halls in turn are ringed by gardens, many of which contain outdoor exhibits.

If you plan to rush it, or to spend most of a day here, you can follow the logical progression from one room to the next; but each gallery is devoted to a separate period or culture, and all open separately onto the central space, so it's easy enough, and far more satisfactory, to pick one or two to take in on each of several separate visits. You can take the bus virtually to the entrance (located about 700m into the park beside the Paseo de la Reforma), or walk easily from the Chapultepec metro station or any of the other museums at this end of the park. The entrance from Reforma is marked by a colossal statue of the rain god Tláloc — rumor has it that its move here from its original home in the east of the city was accompanied by furious downpours in the midst of a drought. Opening hours are from 9am to 7pm (Tuesday to Saturday, 10am to 6pm Sunday) closed every Monday — on Sunday it's free.

As you come into the entrance hall there's a bookshop selling postcards, souvenirs, books in several languages on Mexican culture, archaeology and history, and detailed guides to the museum; some of the latter are slightly dated (the Mexica room in particular has been rearranged to accommodate new finds from the Templo Mayor, and theories are constantly changing) but they do provide full descriptions of most of the important pieces. Straight ahead is a small circular space with temporary exhibitions, usually devoted to the latest developments in archaeology and often very interesting. More of these lie to the right, beyond Rufino Tamayo's mural of a battling jaguar and serpent, and here also are the library and museum offices as well as the small Sala de Orientación, which presents an audiovisual overview of the major ancient cultures. The ticket office and the entrance to the museum proper are by the huge glass doors to the right. You can get tickets here too for the regular guided tours — free in Spanish, or for a fee in English, French, or German. They're very rushed, but do get you a tour of the whole thing with some form of explanation; labeling inside is meager and in Spanish only.

The full tour of the museum starts on the right-hand side with three introductory rooms explaining what anthropology is, the nature of and relationship between the chief Meso-American cultures, and the region's prehistory. Skip or skim them if you're in a hurry. They're followed on the right-hand side by halls devoted to the Preclassic, Teotihuacán, and Toltec cultures. At the far end is the vast Mexica (Aztec)* room, followed around the left wing by Oaxaca (Mixtec and Zapotec), Gulf of Mexico (Olmec), Maya*, and the cultures of the north and west. The second floor is occupied by the ethnography collections devoted to the life and culture of the various Indian groups today: stairs lead up from the first and last rooms on each side. Downstairs, behind the hall devoted to the cultures of the north and west of Mexico, is a cafeteria/restaurant — expensive but a welcome sight.

The Pre-Classic room covers the development of the first cultures in the Valley of Mexico and surrounding highlands — pottery and clay figurines from these early agricultural communities predominate. Notice especially the small female figures from Tlatilco (a site in the suburbs), probably related to some form of fertility or harvest rites, and the amazing acrobat, also from Tlatilco. Later the influence of the growing Olmec culture begins to be seen in art and, with the development of more formal religion, recognizable images of gods appear. Several of these, from Cuicuilco in the south of the city, portray Huehueteotl, the Old God or god of fire, as an old man with a brazier on his back. A small model of the circular pyramid of Cuicuilco stands in the garden outside.

The next hall is devoted to Teotihuacán (see "San Juan Teotihuacán" later in this chapter), the first great city in the Valley of Mexico. Growing sophistication is immediately apparent in the more elaborate nature of the pottery vessels and the use of new materials; shells, stone, and jewels. There's a full-scale reproduction of part of the Temple of Quetzalcóatl at Teotihuacán, brightly polychromed as it would originally have been, and copies of some of the frescoes that adorned the city, including *The Paradise of Tláloc*, a depiction of the heaven reserved for warriors and ball players who died in action. Many new gods appear too — as well as more elaborate versions of Huehueteotl, there are representations of Tláloc, of his companion Chalchiutlicue, goddess of rivers and lakes, of Mictlantecuhtli, god of death (a stone skull, originally inlaid with gems) and of Xipe Tótec, a god of spring, clothed in the skin of a man flayed alive as an emblem of regeneration.

The Toltec room actually begins with objects from Xochicalco, a city near modern Cuernavaca that flourished between the fall of Teotihuacán and the heyday of Tula. The large stone carvings and pottery show distinct Mayan influence: particularly lovely is the simple stone head of a macaw, similar to ones found on Mayan ball courts in Honduras. Highlights of the section devoted to Tula are the weighty stone carvings, including one of the Atlantean columns from the main temple there, representing a warrior. Also

*These two, if you have limited time, are the highlights: what else you see should depend on where you plan to visit. But every hall has at least one outstanding feature.

of note are the *chac-mool*, a reclining figure with a receptacle on his stomach in which sacrificial offerings were placed, symbolizing the divine messenger who delivered them to the gods; the small human figures which acted as flag poles when a standard was inserted into the hole between their clasped hands; the stone relief of a dancing jaguar; and the exquisite mother-of-pearl-on-clay mosaic of a coyote's head with a bearded man emerging from its mouth — possibly representing a warrior in a headdress.

Next comes the biggest and richest of them all, the Mexica Gallery, characterized above all by massive yet intricate stone sculpture, but also displaying pottery, small stone objects, even wooden musical instruments. Many of these objects have been or are being rearranged to make way for new finds from the Templo Mayor. For now, though, two of the finest pieces stand at the entrance: the *Ocelocuauxhxicalli*, a jaguar with a hollow in its back in which the hearts of human sacrifices were placed; and the *Teocalli de la Guerra Sagrada* (Temple of the Sacred War), a model of an Aztec pyramid decorated with many of the chief gods and with symbols relating to the calendar. There are hundreds of other powerful pieces — most of the vast Aztec pantheon is represented — and everywhere snakes, eagles, and human hearts and skulls are prominent themes. For some relief from the viciousness and hopelessness of most of this, be sure to notice Xochipilli, the god of love and flowers, dance and poetry. You'll come across him just before the exit, wearing a mask and sitting cross-legged on a throne strewn with flowers.

The undoubted highlight is the enormous (24,000 kg) *Piedra del Sol*, the "Stone of the Sun" or *Aztec Calendar Stone*. The latter, popular name is not strictly accurate, for this is much more a vision of the Aztec cosmos, completed under Moctezuma only a few years before the Spanish arrived. The stone was found by early colonists, and deliberately reburied for fear that it would spread unrest among the population. After being dug up again in the Zócalo in 1790 it spent years propped up against the walls of the cathedral. For a more detailed description wait until a guided tour comes past, but to summarize briefly: in the center is the sun god and personification of the fifth sun, Tonatiuh, with a tongue in the form of a sacrificial knife and claws holding human hearts on each side, representing the need for human sacrifice to nourish the sun. Around him are symbols for the four previous incarnations of the sun: a jaguar, wind, water, and fiery rain — this whole central conglomeration forming the sign for the date on which the fifth world would end (as indeed, with defeat by the Spanish, it fairly accurately did). Encircling all this are hieroglyphs representing the twenty days of the Aztec month and other symbols of cosmic importance, and the whole thing is surrounded by two serpents.

Moving around to the third side of the museum, you reach the halls devoted to cultures not from the central highlands, starting, in the corner of the museum, with the Zapotec and Mixtec people of Oaxaca. Although the two cultures evolved side by side, the Zapotecs flourished earliest (from around 900 B.C. to A.D. 800) as accomplished architects with an advanced scientific knowledge, and also as makers of magnificent pottery with a pronounced Olmec influence. From around A.D. 800 many of their chief settlements were taken over by the Mixtecs whose craftsmen and artists,

working in metal, precious stone, and clay, were outstandingly talented. The great site for both is Monte Albán (see "Zapotec and Mixtec," *Chapter Seven*). In the Zapotec collection notice above all the fine sense of movement in the human figures; the reproduction of part of the carved facade of the Temple of the Dancers at Monte Albán; a model of a temple with a parrot sitting in it; vases and urns in the form of various gods; and the superb jade mask representing the bat god. Among the Mixtec objects are many beautifully polychrome clay vessels including a cup with a hummingbird perched on its rim, and jewelry of gold and turquoise. There are also reproductions of Zapotec and Mixtec tombs, showing the manner in which many of the finer small objects were discovered.

Next comes the **Gulf of Mexico room**, in which are displayed some of the treasures of Olmec art, as well as objects produced in this region during the Classic period. The Olmec civilization is considered the mother culture of Mexico by virtue of its advanced development as early as 1500 B.C., which provided much of the basis for later Teotihuacán and Maya cultures. Olmec figures are delightful, but display many puzzling features, in particular their strongly Negroid (or childlike as some would have it) features: nowhere better displayed than in the famed colossal heads (see "Prehistory" in *Contexts*) which can be seen both in the hall and in the garden outside. Many of the smaller pieces show evidence of deliberate deformation of the skull and teeth. Outstanding are the statue known as *The Wrestler* — arms akimbo as if on the point of starting a match — and the many tiny objects in jade and other polished stones; notice the group of sixteen little figures and six ceremonial axes arranged to represent some religious ceremony. The later cultures are substantially represented, with fine figures and particularly excellent pottery. The two most celebrated pieces are a statue of Huehuetotl, looking thoroughly grouchy with a brazier perched on his head, and the so-called *Huastec Adolescent*, a young Huastec Indian priest of Quetzalcóatl (perhaps the god himself) with an elaborately decorated body and a child on his back.

The hall devoted to the **Maya** (see pp. 336 and 360) is perhaps the most varied of all, reflecting the longest-lived and most widely-spread of the Meso-American cultures. In some ways it's a disappointment, since their greatest achievements were in architecture and in the decoration of their temples — many of which, unlike those of the Aztecs, are still standing — so that the movable objects found seem relatively unimpressive. Nevertheless, there are reproductions of several buildings, or parts of them, friezes and columns taken from them, and extensive collections of jewelry, pottery, and minor sculpture. Steps lead down into a section devoted to burial practices, including a reproduction of the Royal Tomb at Palenque (see "Palenque" in *Oaxaca and Chiapas*) with many of the objects found there — especially the prince's jade death mask. Outside, several small temples from relatively obscure sites are reproduced, the Temple of Paintings from Bonampak among them. The three rooms of this temple are entirely covered in frescoes representing the coronation of a new prince, a great battle, and the subsequent punishments and celebrations — very much easier to visit than the originals, and in far better condition.

xochipili

As a finale to the archaeological collections on the ground floor, there's a large room devoted to the north and the west of the country. Northern societies on the whole developed few large centers, remaining isolated nomadic or agricultural communities. The small quantities of pottery, weapons, and jewelry that have survived show a close affinity with Indian tribes of the American southwest. The west was far more developed, but it too has left relatively few traces and many of the best examples of Tarascan (Purépecha) culture (see p.114) remain in Guadalajara*. Among the highlights here are some delightful small human and animal figurines in stone and clay, a Tarascan *chac-mool*, and a copper mask of Xipe Tótec representing a flayed human face.

To get to the **Ethnography Section**, cross the courtyard back towards the beginning of the museum before climbing the stairs — otherwise you'll be viewing in reverse order. The rooms relate as far as possible to those below them, showing through photographs, models, maps, and examples of local crafts the lifestyle of surviving Indian groups in the areas today. Regional dress and reproductions of various types of hut and cabin form a major part of this inevitably rather sanitized look at the poorest people in Mexico, and there are also objects relating to their more important cults and ceremonies.

The Rest of the Park: and More Museums

The enormous success of the Anthropology Museum has led to a spate of other audacious modern exhibition halls being set up in the park. Two are very close by.

The **Museo de Arte Moderno** (Modern Art Museum — open Tues.–Sun. 10am–6pm) is not far from the entrance to the park between Reforma and the Niños Héroes monument. Two low circular buildings, linked by a corridor, house a substantial permanent collection of twentieth-century Mexican and Latin American art, including works by Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros, as well as landscapes of the Valley of Mexico by José Velasco (one of Rivera's teachers) and hauntingly surreal canvasses by Frida Kahlo (Rivera's wife). Often though, it's the temporary exhibitions that prove more arresting. The garden outside, fenced off from the rest of the park, has been turned into a sculpture park.

Nearby, on the other side of Reforma and up towards the Anthropology Museum, another collection of modern art graces the **Museo Rufino Tamayo** (same hours) — this time an internationally-based show. It was built by, and stocked with, the collection of Rufino Tamayo, an artist whose work in murals and on smaller projects is far more abstract and less political than the Big Three, but who was nevertheless their approximate contemporary and enjoys an international reputation almost as high. There is much of his own work here, and exhibits of his techniques and theories, but also an impressive collection of European and American twentieth-century art — most of it from Tamayo's private collection. Artists represented include Picasso, Miró, Magritte, Francis Bacon, and Henry Moore.

*In Mexico itself, the Museo Anahuacalli has a collection of Tarascan objects at least the equal of those here.



LIVERPOOL 166

5-28-58-23

LISTA DE VINOS

Tequila:

Sauza { CONMEMORATIVO 9/5 55
ANEJO
BLANCO 9/5 45
HORNITOS

Herradura Blanco 9/5 45

Eucario González Blanco —

Mezcal de Olla 9/5 45

Cervezas: 25

Bavaria

Superior

XX

XXX

Noche Buena

Whisky Escocés 80

Whisky Americano 75

Martinis 55

Coñac Francés 125

Ron del País 50

Ron "Negrita" 50

Ginebra Inglesa 80

Vodka Importado 80

Vermouth Italiano 55

Vino Rojo Francés y Español —

Vino Blanco Francés y Español —

Vino Blanco y Rojo Mexicano 200

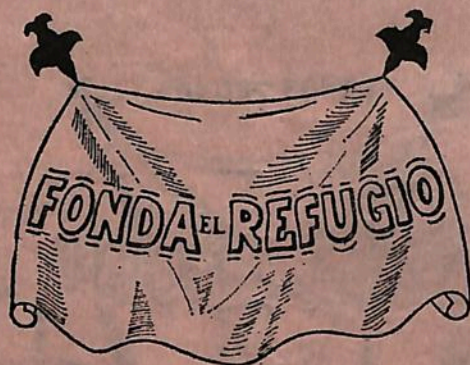




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✓ SOPA DE TORTILLA	56.-
✓ ARROZ BLANCO CON ELOTE	56.-
✓ SOPA DE HONGOS	65.-
✓ GUACAMOLE	50.-
✓ NOPALITOS COMPUESTOS	50.-
QUESO FRITO ESTILO RUBEN ROMERO	75.-
TACOS DE CARNE DESHEBRADA CON SALSA BORRACHA	90.-
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MANITAS DE CERDO EN VINAGRE	100.-
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Quesadillas



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SERVICIO A LA CARTA

Sopes 75

✓ Quesadillas 35 (solo de queso!)

Garnachas 75

Enchiladas de pollo

verdes o coloradas 90

Chalupas 75

Tostadas de Pollo 75

Pollo frito con papas 140

Gorditas de manteca pellizcadas 75

Chocolate de metate

molido en Pátzcuaro (tablilla) 25

Aguas frescas de chía,

jamaica y tamarindo 15

Infusiones:

Manzanilla 15

Especialidades de la Casa

Lunes:

Mole de gallina 170

Martes:

Manchamanteles 150

Miércoles:

Mole verde de pepita 160

Jueves: 25-II-82

✓ Pipián colorado 160 (pollo con salsa) 47!

Viernes:

Romeritos con tortas de camarón 170

Sábados:

Albóndigas en chile chipotle 130

