

miles inland up into the mountainous Central Highlands and on to
the almost fabled grandeur of Mexique's great city of Tenochtitlan
standing like a gleaming vision in the midst of Lake Texcoco.

At 7,600 feet above sea level and surrounded on all sides

by hills, mountains, and ancient volcanoes. The clarity of highland

(2)

sunlight, the coolness of the air, and the almost manicured nature

of the landscape of farms and towns and large cities that ringed

the lake like a pearl necklace, someone said, were magical, beguiling

and seemed to those who saw them like something out of a dream.

My own Jessie was a simple one; I wanted to see it too and I was
willing to do what was necessary to realize a ^{one} desired result, which would stand ^{utterly alone}
But to see it I would have to know it, ^{and} that part of the journey would
take decades of scholarship, manual labor and a continuously deepening
empathy with the whole subject. The one real year is ^{but} one of the
many manifestations of that journey.

Although much of the book is spent describing

the setting for the rest of the work its primary aim

is the field of history and anthropology