

Wed. June 15

I begin these notes today, although I've been in San Cristobal since Monday, because this is the first day I visit the Field. In San Cristobal, with Rich and Sally Price as tutors, I have been learning the techniques of bartering, and have bought various necessities, e.g., toilet paper, a bottle and a funnel, Klea powder, a rain cape, etc.

Cep was drafted as my guide to Z life, and we set out for 7apas at about 10:30 AM. We were unable to find a truck heading towards Tuxtla from the market, so we took an 11:00 second-class bus as far as Navenchawk. The bus driver was a bit 'tonto' and we had to pound on the windows to get him to stop to let us off. (Price: \$2) On the bus, Cep gave me some useful Tzotzil words for various musical things which follow:

kitara	
arpa	
violin	
trampol	(drum)
ama	(flute)
hvbahem(etik)	musician
vob	music

From Navenchawk we started across the mountains for something more than a thirty minute walk. I walked behind Cep and it was a little difficult to hear the exchanges with people we met on the path. He advised that I learn the simple "Cibat, _____." (where the blank is filled with such things as totik, me7tik, a name), with the reply "Batan" expected. The women we met, as predicted, went off to the side of the path. I noticed that Cep generally stopped at the side himself when he met males, no matter who was leading them. The exchanges were filled with little words like ce7e, te, etc. which I couldn't pick out.

I got a little information from our conversation as we walked along. I asked, in one instance, why a man of Cep's apparent age had called him 'totik'. He explained that because he had passed one cargo he deserved a certain amount of respect. He also explained why certain cargoes on the first level are better than others — or are deserving of more respect. (?) Roughly, it seemed that the scale was based on the amount of 'work' involved in performing the duties of the cargo: the number and duration of fiestas for which one is responsible, the clothes and supplies one must buy, the musicians to be procured.

Musicians? Ah, I asked Cep to tell me more. He told me that as Martemorey segundo (language mixing) he had need of the Violin Harp Guitar trio. He himself bought the three instruments for his musicians, and he kept them in his house. He told me, however, that one doesn't have to buy them — he did so that his hijitos could learn to play. The harp and guitar came from Chamula, but the guitar was of Z make, and evidently Cep went through elaborate bartering with its maker to get it. (He says that it is part

of the cargoholder's job to go three times to the maker with gifts and drink, until he consents to sell the instrument ---- in this case, for 15 pesos.) For a cargoholder, the other instruments generally cost about 50 pesos for the harp, and 30 for the guitar, although tourists will generally get scalped for four times those amounts.

Two of the musicians (I don't know which) whom Cep generally used were from Hteklum, the other from somewhere else. If his regulars were sick or didn't have sufficient time, however, he says he was perfectly free to get others.

He also mentioned that the musicians associated with different cargoholders played different piezas. Not only the words but the melodies ~~xxx~~ are different. (How this can be I will describe below.) The piece for his cargo was called

son martomoreyetik.

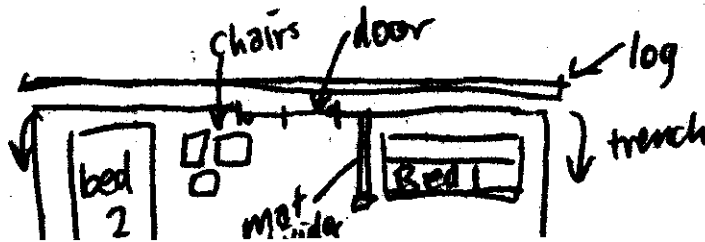
(Note that, as recorded elsewhere, the musicians associated with the alfereses are only two: the harpist is omitted. Moreover, these musicians are more or less permanent; they have a somewhat official position. For example, Cep says they wear special trajes, having ---- among other things I don't remember ---- green trousers. Cep's musicians, on the other hand, dressed as usual, even though Cep himself wore a special wool suit which he later showed me.

12:30

We reached Cep's house just after noon. It had started to rain on the path, so we hung our capas just outside the door. I had asked Cep what to say as we went in; he had said something as one possibility, and

cahvulahan

as another. As it turned out, I was more or less ignored when I came in. The wife, Maruc, was seated by the fire with her eyes squinted up from the smoke. She had her baby (about 1½ months old) hidden ---- all wrapped up on her back. There was a young girl, also Maruc, running around. The two boys were at school. Below I will diagram the house.



The smoke from the fire was let out through the top, which had a cupola-like design. The walls were made of boards, but firewood was stowed in long poles all around the outside of the walls. The roof was straw — Cep said it was rather expensive to make. The whole structure seemed to be supported by poles sunk in the ground ringing the house. Table 1, by the fire, had cooking utensils, cups, a bottle of medicine for the girls, who had the whooping cough, and a large stone for grinding the corn to make tortillas. The other corn grinder in the diagram is like a meat grinder, into which boiled corn is put as the second part of the tortilla-making process. In bed 1 slept Cep, his wife, the baby and the girl. The boys slept in Bed 2. Table two was piled with various mats, and there we put our bags. The altar design will be described below. Behind and on it Cep had various things stored: his instruments, a box containing money and notes, some chairs, and posh. Two crude images of cows (?) with riders sat in front of it. Cep later told me that it was maintained from his cargo days. The chairs were moved around to accommodate whoever came in.

Though I gather that Cep had not been home for some time there seemed to be no particular flurry when he came in. Everyone more or less sat where he had been, while we removed our coats, hung up our morales and sat down. I had no way of knowing what to do, so I didn't bow or anything. I just sat, while my presence was explained.

The mother sent the girl out to procure some eggs, and immediately set about giving us some food. First she offered a bowl of water which Cep explained was for washing.

Mi ca7atin, Xun? (Will you wash, Xun?)
The two eggs were hard boiled and passed out to the two of us. (All the cooking was done in pots nestled in the coals of the fire.) Meanwhile the two boys had come home (early, I think) and they sat near Bed 1, in a circle with the mother to eat. Cep and I, on the other hand, took chairs out in the middle of the house. We had eggs, reheated tortillas, and some beans out of a pod which another Zinacantecco had given Cep in the market. No beans.

Hna7 hlo7 ton kaxlan. (I can eat eggs.)

After lunch

It was raining rather hard when we finished, so Cep set about various at-home tasks. He sent one of the boys out to borrow a tool, a sort of chisel, and set about

the job in about an hour; the lid swung but wouldn't latch. Then Cep turned to the job of repairing Cepbil's (Cep jr.?) sandal, which had come apart at one side.

The little girl's cough was quite awful, and whenever she had an attack she would run outside and cough into the drainage trench. No one seemed to pay much attention to that, seeing that there was little they could do. In fact, the multitude of cries, whimpers and screams from the children met with little reaction.

A few random notes: 1. The water dripping off the roof from the rain was collected in buckets, and used for washing. (It was quite dirty; but, then again, it was never used for cooking either.) 2. A visitor came by for something --- perhaps just to get out of the rain --- and was not invited in. She stood outside and talked through the slats, while the rest of us remained inside, busy at our tasks. 3. The baby was completely covered almost all the time, and hung in a sling on the mother's back. None of it was visible. When it cried the first few times, I looked around to see where it was. The only time I ever saw it unwrapped was once at mealtime, and once at bedtime.

It cleared up a little and Cep and I went out to look around. He offered me a cigarette which I accepted. I told him that at home I don't smoke but that here I understand that it is good to smoke and give cigarettes to your friends. He said that that was the custom, and outlined for me the circumstances under which one ought to pass them out. The verb in question is:

es ci-sik'alah (I smoke)

I also learned the following words:

lekon (I am well; the normal suffix addition which I had forgotten)

soz vo7 (hard rain; literally strong (or much) water)

hutuk no7ox (a little, no more)

Dusk

Various people came to call as we were just sitting around. A woman neighbor came, and after talking for a time, borrowed two pesos. A boy came by selling corn, and Cep eventually bought 100 pesos worth. A girl brought several balls of thread which Cep says is used to make the material of the chamarras. The boys sat outside and practiced their Spanish from school. They appeared to have learned their lesson by heart, without much attention to the letters, much

ok'ob to — till tomorrow, hasta mañana

We ate our final meal, plain beans and tortillas. I couldn't see the beans in the bowl, and I got them all over my fingers trying to get them on the tortilla. I watched the whole tortilla making process. The corn from the grinder is put onto the grinding stone where Maruc ground it still finer into a dough. She takes a small hunk of it (about the size of a plum) and pats it first in her hand, then on a piece of polyethelene film to the proper shape. Then she cooks them on a dry griddle, several at a time. The hardest part of the work seems to be keeping up with everything: grinding, shaping, and cooking, which all go on simultaneously. It must also be difficult to stay on one's knees for such long periods.

At about 8:30 PM we started preparations for bed. Several burlap bags covered with a pop' were spread out for me to put my sleeping bag on. Cep and the boys took off their long pants and their sandals but otherwise remained dressed as they went to bed. I did likewise.

Thursday, June 16

I woke up with roosters crowing very close to the house, and the church bell ringing very insistently. It was probably about 5:00. However, I kept sleeping until about 6:15 because I thought that Cep was still in bed. Maruc got up several times in the early morning to rebuild the fire — which burns continuously. In fact, she even lent some fire to a woman who came by.

When I got up I was invited to sit by the fire and water was passed to wash the hands, and smish out the mouth. (One spits it out onto the floor. One advantage of a packed dirt floor is that it doesn't matter if things spill. All bones, eggshells, pieces of greens, spit, etc. are placed on the floor. Once, an unwatched baby urinated on the floor. No one minds, although Maruc occasionally swept the place out.) The kids called my sleeping bag
sna Xune (John's house).

Cep played the radio at breakfast and we laughed over the advertisements. Breakfast was tortillas, beans, hard-boiled eggs again, and coffee sweetened with brown sugar. (The last was unfinishable.)

ta7lo

basta, enough

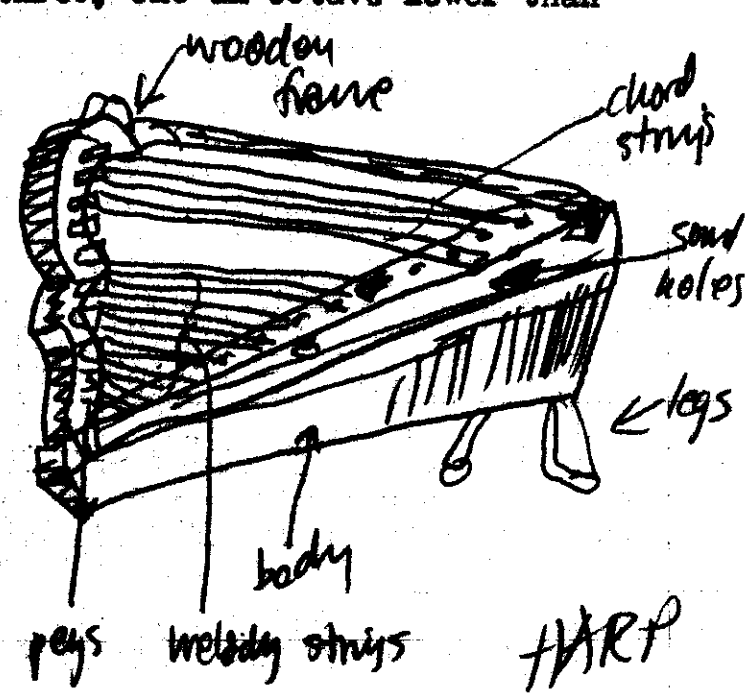
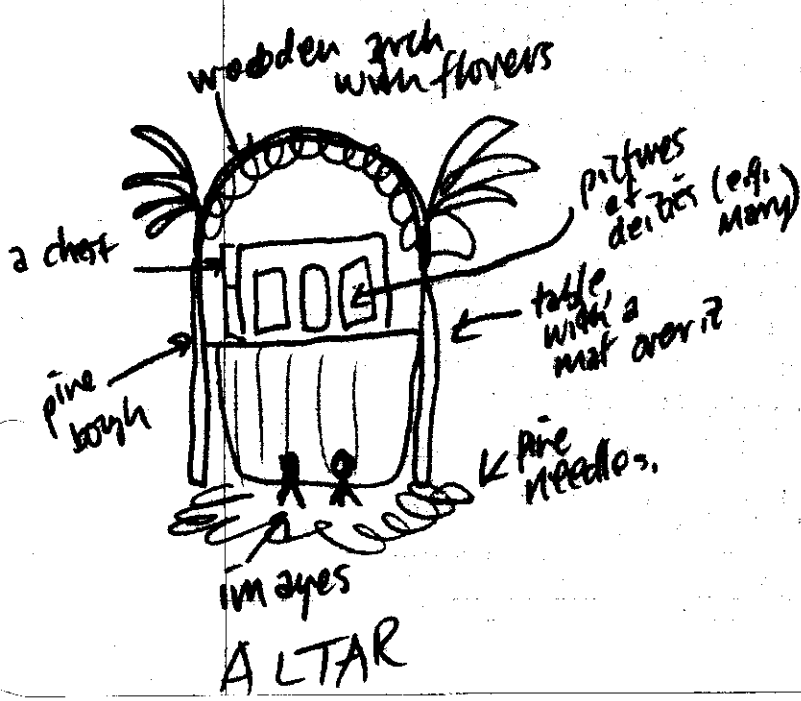
ta hk'an toh s'uhuk

I'd like a bit more.

pine boughs off the cross and proceeded to put the new ones on. (The cross is located just to the right of the entrance as one faces the house.) First he put a small tree on either side of the cross, then one directly in front of it, tied on. He stripped off all the branches ~~in~~ which broke the vertical plane in front of the cross. Then he covered the ground before the cross with pine needles.

Before he went in to adorn the altar, we talked for a bit about our trip. We complained about being a little tired. Even Cep said his legs were a bit tired because he had become acostumbrado a la vida universitaria en San Cristobal. When he was in his regular form, he said, he would go off to work and travel up and down the mountains for weeks without getting tired.

Then he started pulling the old pine boughs and dried flowers off the bow-like arch over the altar, while he sent a child out for some red flowers. While he was weaving them onto the altar (a diagram of the finished product is seen below) I studied the instruments. The harp (see drawing) has 13 melody-chord strings, and 5 plain chord strings. The body also contains various sounding holes. The violin has a flat top and bottom, three pegs, and two metal strings. No chin rest, one very crude sounding post. Furthermore, the nut is so high off the fingerboard that it is impossible to press the string all the way to the fingerboard (as with European violin playing) without distorting the pitch, and, as it were, skipping the second entirely. Fortunately, this is not fatal, for it is possible to get a creditable tone by merely placing the finger on the string, not pressing. This also allows a glissande effect, similar to that of the sarod. (The bow has crude horse hair, and is made of one piece of wood --- with no provision for loosening or tightening the hairs,) The guitar has 12 peg holes but 11 pegs and strings, tuned in five groups. The very lowest string and the two highest strings have a heavy gauge wire. All the others use the same gauge (evidently). Frets are quite high, but more or less correctly spaced up to the fifth. (The bottom string set is composed of three, one an octave lower than the other two.)



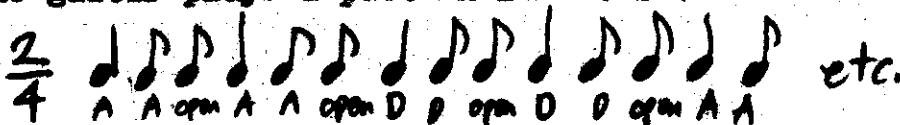
Violin: Standard tuning for top two strings, i.e., A,E. As I had anticipated, the things is played in the rather odd fashion of not pushing the strings to the finger-board. (Like playing harmonics on a standard violin.) The glissando effect is prominent in the high register figure. The bow is held above the frog.

Harp: Bottom 5 strings (used soley for chords) tuned D,G,A,D,E. The only combinations observed were A,E (A chord) and D,D (D chord), plucked on the downbeats with thumb and forefinger of the left hand.

Top thirteen strings tuned in an A major scale, with flatted seventh (i.e., \sharp natural) starting an octave above the A in the bottom strings. Chords and a few connecting notes between chords are played, with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand.

Tunes

I was told that the guitar and harp play the same thing, no matter what the pice being played is. Only the violin melody changes. The normal pattern is an alternation between A major and D major chords, with two $\frac{2}{4}$ measures each. The guitar plays a pattern like this:



The left hand of the harp plays chords on all ~~xxxx~~ beats, and the right hand plays eight notes, both chords and connecting melody notes.

The violinist plays melodies composed of two parts, each containing various figures which reappear in all the different songs. Characteristic is a slide from high A to B, followed by a slide from G to F (the high part); and in the low part, and syncopated run from C-B-A. The following double stops appear:

AE, CE, ~~DE~~ DF.

Hopefully, I will be able to systematize the violin part's variations, and record them in some standard way.

ta kth vob I'm going to play music
ta xkik ta I'm quitting.

We played all afternoon, until the pesh was gone and it was dark. Cep had thought it would be a good opportunity for me to learn to play. I think I mastered the guitar and harp, and I need a little practice on a violin, along with a certain familiarity with the melodies. What surprised me most was the apparent blankness on the musician's face as he played the same thing over and over, with seeming to be either bored or interested. It doesn't appear to be what we might call creative activity.

After everyone left, we worked more on the chamarra, ate as usual. (I began to get used to the whole eating ritual. AND after pesh, beans tasted good.) We went to bed late, around 10:00.

Friday, June 17

We got up early, at 5:30 with the church bells. (At various intervals during the day the church bells would ring a few tentative times, then bang away furiously for a few minutes. Cep said it was as a service, since most people had no watches. Strangely, though, the ringing came at different times each day.) When I got up, a boy had already come to visit Cep and make a request of some sort. He brought a bottle of posh; ~~which~~ he bowed as he presented it. Cep gave him an empty bottle in return.

I think that I was given special treatment, because we had a chicken for breakfast. Maruc disembowled it with my knife (which was really too dull and had to be sharpened.) The chicken was cut up into relatively small pieces (the feet, too) and thrown into a pot of water with chile. The broth was very hot, but extremely good. One eats both by sopping the broth with the tortilla and drinking it from the bowl. For special dessert, we ate the pineapple which I had brought with me at Rich's suggestion. Some useful phrases:

cibat ta pana	I'm going outside (to the bathroom).
mu k'u ca7al	de nada.
7iht17 kazlan	I ate chicken
ta hlo7etik pazak	We're eating pineapple.
tuk'ulan aba	Tenga cuidado, watch out

(i.e., pesos)

Finally, I packed up my things, paid Maruc \$15 for the three days meals, bowed to her saying Me7tik (I'm learning), and we left. We met a cuñado of Cep's by the church who was bringing his son to ~~the~~ town. On the trail back to Navenchank, we encountered two drunk men coming from the fiesta there. The first was with his son, and we avoided him altogether by taking a little side trail. The second was with a group of men. He knew Cep and stopped us, to talk and offer us some posh. Cep treated him very carefully, and it turned out that the man had already passed three cargos. "one more," said Cep, "and he will be libre." He kept calling me 'maestro' as he thought I must be the teacher at the school in 7apas.

We waited on the road until a truck came along with places to ride in the back. It took us right into the market (along with its load of (uggg) dried fish) for 1.50 each. We came back to the ranch. I got my sandals, looked at

Saturday, June 18

After cleaning the dead fleas of my DDTed sleeping bag, I took my things down to the Baños, where I decided to stay. I went with Rich and Sally. After moving in a bit I took a wonderful hot shower (\$1.50) and went to wait near the market, where I saw various rather sluggish looking people with guns being moved around by a soldier. (I assumed this was military service but I'm told it had something to do with the jail.)

Later, I took Romin back to my room and played my banjo for him as we waited for George, who was taking me out to Hteklum to search for a musician. Eventually (about 11:00) our party formed and we set out. We were: George, Cep, Romin (from Navenchauk), and myself. On the way to Hteklum the two Z's discussed various possibilities, that is, various practicing musicians with whom I could ~~live~~ live and learn. I had my first view of Hteklum sometime after noon.

We stopped for awhile and talked with the President in front of the cabildo. He was surrounded by people. First there were several women sitting in front, presumably involved in some cases. At the right as we faced the cabildo were some younger looking men (mayols?) who were drinking posh. The president sat at the extreme right of the left hand bench (i.e., the one to the left of the right hand door of the building.) He had various people near him, among whom some were special black, heavy skirt-like garments. George told me these were legal officials of some kind. I also noticed that some people were their poks with a knot in the front.

On the way up to the town we passed through the church yard and stopped in at the new hermita. Our trip through was rather rapid, and I didn't take note of the items inside. Roughly, there was an altar with at least three distinct parts (a main section, and two side sections.) There was some kind of a table or stand near the middle (the entry door was on the left side of the building.) As we came in, we stopped in the middle of the building, knelt facing the altar and performed a very rapid gesture of crossing oneself (top of the face, bottom of the face, chest, ~~mouth~~ fingers to mouth?). Then we walked to the front, touched the altar and did roughly the same gesture, then to the right part of the altar, the same gesture, then back a few paces, knelt and gestured again. I was too busy trying to follow the gestures

George kept giving me hints, I was to pour with the right hand. When the half-bottle didn't come out quite right (by my miscalculation, I guess. I should have made the bottle last longer.) I gave the extra shot to the oldest man, our host. Otherwise, the ritual was straight out of the book. I noticed that Romin never bowed (and it was not simply because he was too far away.) Perhaps their relationship was a bit closer, as Romin was courting the daughter. The man also gave George a bottle, invited him to ~~ka~~ come visit, and had him try on a sombrero (which was too small.) We finally took our leave, after my feet and lower legs had been consumed by fleas.

We proceeded to walk around Hteklum searching for a musician. All seemed to be either ta olon osil, or just not around, c'abal, who-knows-where. We were lucky to have Cep and Romin along, for not only did they know all the possibilities, but they (or more properly, Romin --- at Cep's command ---) went running around to search out people and information. We sat for awhile in a little store, drinking beer and comparing beer bottles, hoping that one fellow who was reportedly off in Chamula, would return. But he didn't so we left.

Back in Hobei, I bought some peanut butter, cleaned up my room, got a small supply of firewood (leña), and went to the bus station where Ron and Haven had arrived.

Tomorrow, back we go to Hteklum, to hear some music and hopefully find me an informant and host.

More words:

ta hmalatik

we're waiting (presumably for something)

citob, z'i

pig, dog (dictionary has z'i7)

civi7nah tahmek

tengo mucha hambre

Sunday, June 19

Ron moved into the Benos, and I helped him get equipped in the morning. We waited so long for the party which was going to Hteklum/ that we missed lunch--- something I regretted when the drinking began. At about 12:30 we loaded up the Jeep with all kinds of Z's, Ron, George and me, and headed out. I got to show off all my recently acquired knowledge of the geography. (I was also reprimanded for 'discussing arrangements' in front of the wrong people.)

We parked in front of the Cabildo, and Cep went over to try and lure away his compadre, a regidor, who is a musician. Evidently, my staying with him was unacceptable, so we talked for awhile about other possibilities. We settled on going to see the son of the land boss of the area (we gave him a ride down to Hteklum in the Jeep (the boss); ~~was~~ he said his son was around.)

There was considerably more activity in front of the cabildo than there had been the day before. In addition to the Presidente and the black skirted men I had noticed yesterday there were all kinds of men with black chamarras, big ceremonial boots, and red bandannas on their heads. (also, sombreros). Just as we were about to visit this land boss's son, the fancily dressed people left the Cabildo and went to the Hermits. As rain began to threaten, this looked like a good place to go. In we ran, bowed as we entered, and then sat down on a bench at the right hand side of the building as Cep and the other Z's (including the famous Domingo) went to the altar and did the little crossing manoeuvre. It seems to be something like: cross the forehead, touch the nose, cross the chin, cross the chest, touch the mouth and appear to pray for a bit. (Sometimes, too, people seem to kiss the altar.) As I watched I determined that my impressions of yesterday were mostly wrong. In the front half of the building, in the middle, are two benches with backs, and a table. There were sitting all the fancily dressed men... eating? drinking? smoking. The altar in the front had a large section, and a smaller one to the right. (No left side.) The altar was decorated with new flowers and candles?

Most interesting, however, were the three Chamula musicians who were sitting at the front end of the church, on the right hand bench at the side. The combination was VHG, as usual, and the guys played first just the first part of the sonetik martemoeik. (See below) They were also laughing and joking with the various people who sat around, smoking cigarettes (which were stashed in the harp) and generally seeming friendly. Certain people with blue handannas (I think there were three) but special black chamarras with red crosses on the back were wrapping and unwrapping rosary before the altar. (One, the man from whom we bought posx the day before, beckoned George up and tried to borrow money.) My attention was constantly being distracted by the following things: 1) the men seated at the tables (with the red tops) offered cigarettes from time to time; (2) the various young boys who are helping with the proceedings

kept talking to me in Tzotzil (asking my name, asking to see my watch, asking where I lived), (3) numerous people came by offering pox, among them, Cep's brother-in-law who was requesting a cargo (--- he poured first for those seated at the middle tables, also offered cigarettes; he also had a special sort of liquor, brown, sweet), the blue-handanned participants, the musicians. All in all, it was quite enough to make one drunk --- I tried to resist, knowing that the worst was yet to come.

After awhile the three men with blue handannas began to dance, a simple dance consisting of knee-bends and foot-shifts (see below). They didn't seem to concentrate much on the dance, however, but moved around to offer pox from time to time. The rain began to ~~kick~~ lessen and by the time we left the happy scene in the Hermita, the musicians had played at least three different pieces (i.e., melodies are different), without stopping to make the transitions--- that ^{is}, they were smooth.

All of us ^{being} slightly drunk, we made a rather wobbly trip to the house of the land boss, who was ~~surrounded~~ surrounded on all sides by Cep, Domingo, and George who tried to persuade him that his son should take me. We finally settled on \$5 per day for food and \$12 per day for music teaching. (The bargaining was actually all done by the father; the musician involved, his son, came up at the end and drank some pox to seal the bargain.) By this time I was feeling more than a little unsteady on my feet. I was very glad to sit by Cep's fire and eat some boiled cabbage (with chile.) ~~stuck~~

The family was slightly different from Cep's (in Apas): smaller, and younger. My host is 26, and he tells me he has been married since age 20. His eldest ~~is~~ child, Maruck, is about 7 (and makes a very good tortilla). The wife, Loxa, is 20+ (?) and smiley; but the two little boys, Petul and Marian are both of them rather troublesome. Marian, the younger, is at least four; but every morning when he wakes up he cries until his mother lets him nurse a bit. The parents are generally permissive in the extreme; when, however, a child is really obnoxious, they tweak his ear till he howls, then shove him outside.

After we ate a bit (at about 4:00 in the afternoon) Cep showed me one of his prize possessions, a compressed air insecticide sprayer, and a bottle of poison for his corn fields. (Later he rented this to a friend who was going to hot country, for \$15.) Then we started out to borrow some instruments from a neighbor. Cep had his own harp, but it was very old and had no strings --- there seems, as we shall see, to be a premium on appearance of the instruments. The owner of the instruments was away in Tuxtla, but we negotiated with the wife, presented two small quarter bottles of pox, and carried them away without further ado.

We carried the instruments back, and while Cep tuned, I was interrogated a bit by the wife. The question foremost in her mind was "Do you have a wife?" to which I had to reply "Mu7yuk. Lastima." They thought that funny. Here was a family which had evidently been visited only a little, if

at all, by one of our anthropologists. They were always asking if we have this or that in my country: tortillas, fish, chile. They also were more amused than my previous hosts about my attempts to speak Tzetzil.

I found a few useful music phrases:

ca kohol son = two songs (discovered numerical classifier for songs)

mas natotik = lower. (i.e., in pitch. This is what Cep said was wrong with Chamula made violins. Here 2 fiddles are used, but the harp and guitar are Chamula-made)

Cep played a piece for me on the harp and I found it amazingly complex. I had thought the music would be relatively simple. Unfortunately, rhythmically the music is subtle, and very difficult to pick up. So I gave up, after awhile of trying. Cep was very good natured about it, saying at all my feeble attempts: Este falta un poquito. Finally, at about 7:00, when I was discouraged, my host suggested that we wait until the next day and eat a little. We had more tortillas, and prepared for bed.

I was given a raised platform for my sleeping bag. The girl and the elder boy slept together on a different platform. The husband, wife, and younger son slept together on a mat spread on the floor. (When do babies and infants stop sleeping with their mothers? when weaned? When do brothers and sisters stop sleeping together? at all?)

At this point I might describe the house a bit. It had a tile roof, and walls of mud-bricks, with straw evidently mixed in. The house was built in an area cut into a hill, and behind the house, the trenches drained into a pit. The whole house and yard were on a ledge above the cornfields. The house was part of a complex of houses surrounding the father's- I don't know who then other people living there were, but I presume they were relatives. There was sort of a communal stock of dogs, though the chickens roaming around seemed to have specific owners. (The wife fed them, for example, and fussed over them.) The house itself had two rooms. The front one was partially filled with large bags of corn. Otherwise there were just a few chairs, a fire and two sleeping platforms. The back room was shallower, and had mostly broken instruments, K'oxox in large baskets, and an apparently inexhaustible supply of pox, in various large and small containers. (Several large bottles of lahuneb litro) There was also a small altar (?) in the back room... really just a table with some pictures, and a small candle which burned for a bit each night at supper-time. The house seemed considerably darker than the one in Apas, perhaps because it was bigger.

Monday, June 20

Everyone got up at 5. The first job was to wash out the mouth and drink some coffee, even before the food came. (Loxa made coffee with white sugar from a bag — a considerable improvement and a sign, I'm sure, of certain affluence,) I also had to explain the use of my flea powder, and to assure

them that I must have gotten fleabitten elsewhere. We had beens for breakfast, cooked with chile (which makes them better).

Afterwards we began working away at the first piece of music, trying to learn the violin. I managed to get the technique of playing, but again, the rhythm of the piece eluded me. While we were working, my host received two requests for his services as a musician. The first was from a woman, who asked him to play at some sort of ceremony at the house of a mayordomo on Tuesday. There was very little bargaining (and most was carried on outside my presence) but he agreed, and received a small bottle of pox, and a Coke bottle filled with coffee. (We drank it cold. No pox was drunk.) (Later, when I asked, Cep said that he hadn't even been given any pox, though that wasn't strictly true.)

Later, an old man came stumbling in and bought 20 litres of pox. He then had Cep bring out nomless than four small quattros of pox which we had to drink. (Cep and I had a small conspiracy going when he poured: he gave me only half glasses.) The man was evidently one of the moletik, and he wanted Cep to play on Saturday. He sat around and watched us as I was being taught, and eventually asked to borrow 200 pesos from me, which I easily refused; I told him I had only enough money to pay for the teaching. If I had been in the USA I would have labelled this man a drunk. He certainly drank with relish and never seemed completely sober. Cep, strangely, treated him with a mixture of respect and amusement. He occasionally looked over at me ~~wink~~ as if to wink when the man would do something a bit drunk-like. But he spoke respectfully, bowed often, and generally carried out the man's requests for pox, or attention. (The next day the man returned and bought another 10 litres of pox!)

When the old man finally left it was almost 1:00, and I had learned the guitar and violin parts to the first piece. One problem was that my host really lacked a steady rhythmic sense. I had to learn the guitar part first, to steady the beat. I was also amazed at the endurance the fellow had for the same bloody piece over and over again --- I would have gone wild with a student so stupid.

At this point we decided to take a little walk and rest, so we went into the center and looked out at the cabildo from the church yard. While we watched most of the people left the cabildo, presumably for lunch. We watched a group of moyols bring in someone, dressed in Ladino clothes, and with much effort put him in jail, where he bellowed for a bit. He told me the following words:

rehlol= the fellows with black skirts at the cabildo
 kulem= vulture
 tok= cloud

We stood around and ~~man~~ smoked, while he told me a bit about the musician's life. He evidently profits from being the land boss's son, by having great amounts of land. He never goes to farm corn himself, only sends Chamu, as, whom he pays in corn. He seems to prosper and looked pleased with himself. Other musicians, he says, haven't quite such good luck, and

play less because they have to go off to farm. ~~But~~ I had the impression all along that Cep is something of a speculator, and tends to make money on everything he can. Rain threatened, however, and we went back to the house to eat. The wife had brought napux, which everyone ate with great relish.

---- minuta sk'an ta ---- 7ora+ x minutes to y.

The rain really poured and suddenly I managed to learn the first song on the harp, too, so I had it complete. It was very strange that the determining factor was how closely I followed the patterns between chords (i.e., the transition, phrases between chords) and until I mastered them exactly, the thing was not acceptable. I have noticed considerable variation in the playing of various pieces, and it is especially desirable to find out what variations are acceptable, and what render the song wrong. Just as I had learned to play, in came Cep's father and another man: I played for them both, and they laughed and danced about, with great satisfaction. The father offered to show me that he could play, too, and so Cep went to pull out his guitar. Suddenly it was revealed that the combination of guitar and violin, without harp does not simply omit the harp, but uses a different guitar and a slightly lower tuning as well. The other guitar (used in the duo) is considerably larger and is played with an additional chord: a G chord, played without using the A string.

This brought up the whole subject of the different kinds of music and the different pieces. So far as I can determine now, the ~~music~~ pieces are associated with various occasions, or, with various people (usually cargo-holders or people of some ritual importance) and are played at their respective fiestas and ceremonies. For example, the songs that I had been learning belong to the set of six melodies of the son santoreno or son martomoetik (martomreyetik?) which are played at the Fiesta of San Lorenzo and at all ~~music~~ mayordom exercises which are plentiful. But tentative questioning revealed that there is a set of 13 songs for alferoces (vg only), one of about 11 connected with the mamaletik (played at a festival in the Christmas season and the new year with tances, with the various participants. I will need to get a fuller description of what happened: Cep seemed to describe a rather obscene ceremony with men dressed as bulls with huge penises, and men dressed as women — the mamaletik — who are raped or attacked or something. There are songs for all these things.) (also VG only), plus a set of 11 songs for the moletik. I think it certain that there are more sets, but it is interesting that the classification should be made on these lines. One thing that I need is a complete list of fiestas, and ceremonies (!) to check the whole list against possible types of music.

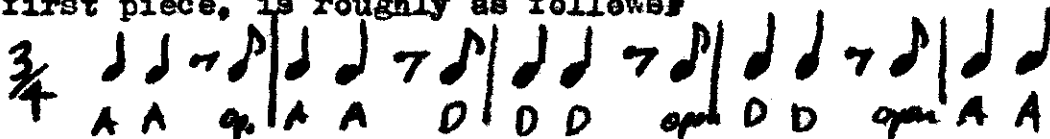
For supper we had beans wrapped up into tortillas. I was feeling very tired and pleased with myself for learning as we went to bed.

Tuesday, June 21 (htob sci7uk hun)

I woke up late, to the sound of the two little boys fighting. (One of them screamed "7isti7oni" which I figured meant "He bit me..") The kids were generally noisy; bites were itching; my bag was wet from the all night rain.

I noticed that animals were never tolerated in the house when they were seen. Dogs were always shushed out, and occasionally a little boy sneaked up behind one and gave him a wicked whack with a stick, sending him howling off. Chickens (which Cep called /kalak/) were fed in the yard just outside the door, and were urged out by more gentle means. (Once, a dog ran in and stole a tortilla, to great shouts of 'Cabron baz'i:'.) (Note: these Z's do use the wheel in a semi-litter, semi-heelbarrow contraption, with a very crude wheel freely suspended on an overlong axle. Ron mentions that the wheel is not a particularly useful device for mountain trails, anyway.)

I had determined that the most efficient way to learn the music was to learn some fundamentals on the instruments (which I already had done) and then record whatever else I wanted to learn, to practice under more favorable conditions at home. The various musicians I encountered seemed unwilling to play a piece in short phrases: they wanted, rather, to complete a whole large section at a time. When George arrived with the tape recorder, we recorded the first piece and tried to arrange the purchase of instruments for me (without much success.) After George left we recorded all six pieces of the son santorense/ (martomoetik) which we had been working on. The songs are all in 6/8 time (or, better, 3/4 time, played fast: see notes on rhythm below.) rather than 2/4 as reported earlier. Thus, the guitar rhythm for the first piece, is roughly as follows:



I backed him up as he played to keep the rhythm steady, and he went through both violin and harp parts for all the songs. There turned out to be only five, for the first and the sixth are the same. The names of the songs, as I heard them, are (perhaps)

1. tuk li son
2. xa kohol son (2nd song?)
3. yox kohol son (3rd?)
4. tek'om (or tek'ob ?) son (part of the verse)
5. bik'it Marian

I later recorded the verses to the songs as well, and tried to get my informant to tell me what they were so that I could write them down. He turned out to be unable to do this. That is, he either couldn't remember words, or left out some which I heard on the tapes. Hopefully, however, I can construct the words from what I have.

We had planned to go work in his nearby milpa after we recorded. Unfortunately, we couldn't find any shoes, and Cep

wasn't really too hot for working in the fields anyway. So we talked about the possibility of my getting instruments. The instruments we were playing on at his house were mostly borrowed, and Cep didn't seem to think I could buy them. He also said that there would be a scarcity of instruments in Chamula (new ones) because of the fiesta of San Juan, for which everyone would have bought new ones. I asked about the harp which he had in his back room, which had no strings and was quite old. When he realized that there was a possibility that he might sell it, he brightened considerably, brought it out and we started to recondition it. It was clear that he was especially interested in picking up some money on the deal. (In fact, in all of our dealings he seemed ready to turn my presence into a financial success.) Our restoration of the harp was particularly useful, for it gave me certain beginning ideas about what Z's value in their instruments. The very first thing that Cep thought important was to sand the outside to make it "newer." Of course, from my point of view, the appearance of the outside made absolutely no difference to the playing. But before gluing it up, making new pegs, or looking for strings, he spent a good half hour sanding it — sanding off a good deal of what seemed to be wood stain in the process. He then made a glue and we fixed the cracks, and glued on a few pieces that had fallen off. Then we got some wood and started carving new tuning pegs and string holding pegs. We made them even for the holes which held no strings. Finally, it seemed to make no difference that the new pegs were entirely of a different color from the remaining original pegs; the resulting patchwork appearance was allright. (I considered the possibility that Cep was reconditioning the thing to what he considered to be my standards — despite my protestations that I didn't care about sanding etc.)

We finished putting the thing together and putting on strings at about 3:00 — except that the little kids held up the whole process somewhat by pulling off some of the pieces we had glued on — for which they were soundly walloped. So we had to find other things to do. Cep went off to talk with some other men in the compound, while I played with the kids; getting them to climb ladders and then lifting them into the air, after which they jumped with glee. My host climbed a tree and brought me down a fruit whose name I didn't get. It had the shape of a pear, the consistency of an avocado, and a sickly, half-sweet taste. I got rid of it ~~as~~ furtively, and played for a bit with the seed. The father came by and was interested in why I wanted to play this music — I told him I liked it, no más.

We made an attempt to tune the reconditioned harp, and both hurt our fingers. When it was reasonably well tuned, it played terribly, so I remarked that it must be very old. He replied, to save face I think, that it wasn't old, and that in fact he only kept it around in hopes of selling it. Well, it wouldn't do. So, we determined that by paying an extra ten pesos, I could purchase the other harp and be sure that the owner would be willing to sell.

Some other useful phrases:

- malo hlikeluk ta hcap li vobe = wait while I tune the instrument (lit. dress or get it ready*)
 yak'il li vobe = strings (of the instrument) (lit. fastenings, tieings?)
 xelaik li vobe = (probably) adornments, ribbons on the thing (actually, I wanted to point to the tuning pegs.)
 skob li vobe = violin bow (doesn't agree with Zabala)
 sni7 k'obtik
 " k'icaktik = fingernails, the part of the hand that plays the harp (lit. the nostril or point of the hand.)

(now I determine that /toh/ or /tohol/ is a numerical classifier used in forming ordinal numerals, not for songs: that is, yox tohol son is 3rd song. Because:)
 va kok' sonetik = six songs (e.g., in the first set) hence, the numerical classifier is kok'

Notes on playing techniques:

1. Harp: played with thumb and forefinger of the left hand for rhythm and chords on lower strings. Played with thumb (for melody) and first two fingers of right hand on upper strings.
2. Guitar. Played with backs of fingernails brushing over the strings (usually emitting the lowest set of strings.) Occasional brushes upwards.
3. Violin. Played without pressing strings to the fingerboard. Bow held slightly choked-up. first three fingers used on top string, first two on second. Bow resin stuck on back of the instrument, often smeared across bare skin to soften it up. To get more tension, the bow is held over the fire.

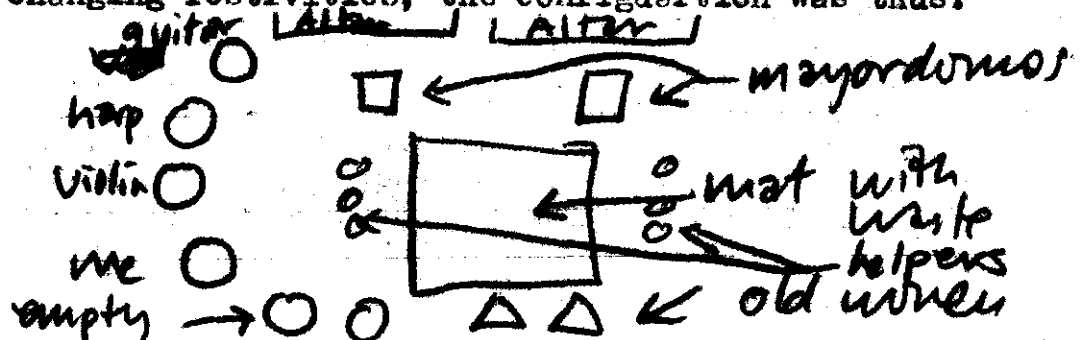
At just after six o'clock, we got ready to go to a ceremony where we were supposed to play. Cep dressed up in his finery, lent me a pek, took a heavy black blanket and a couple of empty bottles, a clean shirt and set off. We went to the house of a mayordomo (I think it was c'ul me7tik (??)) who was going to have some sort of flower change. I never knew exactly what was going to happen, or who the people were or what the occasion.. I couldn't really ask. At one time Cep told me that it had to do with the Fiesta of San Juan, but this did not appear to be true. (At the ceremony some people were talking with me about that fiesta, and according to them it hadn't begun yet.) The house was quite large and had been well swept out. It had two large altars to the right of the entry door... both decked out with red flowers, pine boughs, whiteflowers in vases, pine needles in front, and about five small cow images etc. in front of each. Behind and around were various buckets of fresh flowers and pine. There was a very large open area in front of the altars, and in the far corner sat a number of women, cooking. (Including one very old woman who might indeed have been supervising, who took part in later festivities, and was accorded a good deal of respect.) (Unfortunately I was a

little awed throughout the ceremony, and I tried to be as inconspicuous as possible, so I took few notes (all under my chamaro) and asked no questions: e.g., who are these people? Afterwards, we were in no state to talk.)

In addition to our host, there were two little boys, and one youth, about my age who stood around at first, served food, and generally assisted throughout the evening. Cep and I were the first guests to arrive. We were given chairs to the left of the altar (oh yes, we bowed to the altars as we came in with the usual mumbling and rigamearole. We also bowed to the host and to the old woman.) I identified myself to the host and he welcomed me without further ado. (I felt I had arrived when he offered me a cigarette.) He passed around some coffee and a bowl with two small sweet rolls, which were consumed with incredible speed. At about 7:00, no one else had arrived. The host lit a candle on each side (i.e., before either altar) and one of the little bows started working on getting a fire started in two censers. The host brought out the harp which Cep tuned. Then I was put on exhibition a bit, and played the only piece I knew on the harp.

Eventually, a small table was brought out, and four of us (the host, Cep, the youth, and I) washed and began to eat. We each were given a bowl of some sort of meat (I thought it was pork --- Cep said it was beef) in chile broth. I thought it was awful, and didn't know what to do until I saw Cep wrap up a piece in a tortilla and stick it in his mouth. I did likewise and later fed it to the dogs.

While we were eating another musician came in, a very old man (he turned out to be the most senior man present) and he ate with us a little. There was a very elaborate bowing ritual, when the men would proceed from most senior to least, each time bowing and releasing (depending on relative age) several times (about six) both spouting a wild stream of Tzotzil. (I am informed that the words differ from time to time.), From now on, whenever people entered the house and at other times I will indicate, this bowing ritual (hereinafter called 'bows') went on from oldest to youngest, excluding the cooking women and the youths. (Occasionally someone would come to me and I would do a simple bow.) (Actually, after entering, the only people who did the bowing were the two mayordomos.) While we were eating, several other people came in: another musician, another dressed-up cargo-holder, another youth, another old woman. When we finished eating, the host got up, donned a ~~red~~ blue handanna hat and a black chamarrow with a cross on the back in red. (He wore normal shoes; the other performer wore the special ceremonial boots.) We changed places, and a mat was spread out for the old adornment. For the changing festivities, the configuration was thus:



The old women were kneeling through most of the proceedings; we musicians remained seated. The others stood. While things were getting set up, the musicians tuned. I never saw what the exact cues were, but suddenly the violinist began to play, and everything began. (It is just possible that the violinist, as the most senior man present, was somewhat in charge. He was certainly in charge of the music, starting and stopping songs, starting and stopping singing, changing pieces.) The cargo-holders began stripping the flowers and pine boughs off the altars and placing the pieces on the mat, where the old women gathered up the red flowers. Also, the white flowers were taken from the vases. The music played for the stripping of the altars was the first piece from the ~~mix~~ son martomoretik (the one I had learned.) The left altar was stripped first. When it was finished the little boys came by with a round of pox (which everyone poured off; there were two shots each round.) (The music stopped for the drinking.) Then the second altar was stripped, to the same tune.

Another round of pox, also poured off. Then the musicians started up with the second piece in the series while the men cleaned up the pine needles from under, in front of and behind the altars. The candle holding images had to be moved for this, and new candles were put in. (These candles may have had a dual role, too, as they were used for light. The incense burners went constantly the whole night... every now and then being replenished by one of the little boys.) While the needles were being taken up, the old women were stripping off the white blossoms and placing them in a basket with the red.

(I didn't mention that while the altars were being stripped, they were also put back together with new furnishings. The old women prepared bundles of needles and flowers in the correct size, handed them to the helpers, who in turn handed them to the cargo-holders. Thus, when the pine needles were cleared, and the images put back, the altars were all fixed up with new furnishings and new vases of white flowers.)

All the old pine boughs, needles, and flower stems were loaded onto a mat. The new white flowers were prepared by the cargo-holders, who ~~he~~ broke the stems to the right size and placed them in variously shaped containers which the helpers had filled with fresh water. When all this was complete, the two cargo-holders picked up the mat with the waste and, after bowing around, went outside, presumably to dispose of everything. (They were gone at least 20 minutes.) While they were gone, the old women swept up all the remaining old pine needles which were taken out. Then the helpers came in and spread clean pine needles on the floor, and put the images back in place. During all this there was no music, and in fact, the musicians went to sleep.

When the cargo-holders returned, there were bows (these bows included the musicians), and then the baskets with the old blossoms were taken up and the blossoms spread on the pine needles before the altar. (No music). A basket containing some sort of cloth (like chamazo material) was brought out, and for the next 40 minutes, the two cargo-

holders proceeded to pull out the pieces of cloth one by one, hold them in the smoke from the censer and (evidently, because I couldn't really see where the cloth went) wrapping something with them. This time everybody in the room went to sleep, except the two cargo-holders, the one helper holding a candle, and me. The musicians got all bundled up in their blankets, with their pokes around their heads --- it was rather cold.

Finally, they were through. They got up, had a set of bows, and brought around a round of *posk*. (I think it was as much to warm everyone up as anything, though it was poured off.) Then the musicians started up the third piece, and candle lighting began. First, the two cargo holders, knelt before the altars, with the two old women on the outsides, also kneeling. They all had candles. They prayed for a bit, bowed to the altars, ~~knelt~~ lit their candles, and placed them on the images. Then they repeated the process. Then there was a sort of candle lighting free-for all, with all the remaining images and candle holders filled. One of the men beckoned to me and I even lit one, trying to look solemn and pious as I knelt and bowed before the altars. Each segment of the whole ceremony was closed by a round of *posk*. To drink each round, the musicians had to stop playing. (I noticed that whenever the violin player was offered *posk*, he would play to the end of his phrase before stopping.) Thus, there came a round of *posk*, and bows by the cargo-holders.

Now came what I hoped would be the last part of the whole deal (it was now 11:00, the hour at which Cep had promised that all would end.) The people began to dance. The two cargo holders stood in front, facing the musicians, dancing their normal, kneebend clomp. Behind them stood the two old women, dancing by simply moving their feet first right then left, in the same time as the men. (Note on tempo: the most natural time reading for the music from the point of view of the musician (especially the guitarist and harpist) seems $3/4$, or a three beat measure, broken into eighth notes. Hence, a group of six, broken into three. I say 'natural' for that's how it seems to my ear. The dancers, however, dance as if the tempo were $6/8$, i.e., a group of six broken into two triplets. Thus, they seem to be out of phase with the melody. Perhaps, the music is 'heard' in this way ... sometimes it seems possible to 'hear' it this way -- but not always. I'm not sure that it's possible to determine how the musicians think of their music as being played.) For the dance, all six pieces in the set were played. The tradition was direct...no stopping, no hesitation. For these songs, too, the musicians and the dancing men sang together in the falsetto range.

Every once in a while the dancing would stop, with the following diabolical trick. The two shots of *posk* were now put in with a little coffee --- a mixture impossible to pour off --- and everyone was expected to drink except the old women and the senior violin player (they were given normal *posk*, which they poured off.) The rest of us un-

suspecting people had to drink. There were at least four of these coffee breaks, each one more damaging than the last.

When at last all the pieces had been played, there was no more to be done, all the people who had come in when we were eating before bowed to everyone and left. I thought evryt ing was finished.

However, the four who had eaten before plus the old violin player all sat down again for another meal the same as the last. At about 1:00 it was all over. We said thank you, goodbye, and went home to bed.

A comment about the pox. I found it somehow easier to understand and get along with the people when drunk. Perhaps it was just because I didn't try so hard, and assumed I understood the Tzotzil better. I have also forgottent to mention the dirty jokes (la Victoria may have been right) which were passed around when the old musician arrived. He told it in a very leud voice as soon as he came in, and even translated it for me... it was about a burro and a woman on the trail. I also noticed that the musician I was living with swore in Spanish, or at l east using the words cabron, and various forms of the verb chingar.

Wednesday, June 22

I got up at 5:00, had a drink of coffee, and packed up my things. It seems to be the custom to carry things around in the harp--- there I carried my violin bow. I wrapped the violin in my sleeping bag. We went out to search for the truck to San Cristobal, which was loaded with tables, and such illustrious Z's as Remin and the Presidente. We got to the market at about 6:00. My stay in Hteklum, including the two instruments had cost me \$119.

I came to the Banes, laden with harp, tape recorder, moral, and sleepingbag/violin, wearing my Chamaro. I was gratified that a Z came up and talked to me in Tzotzil of his own accord, curious, I suppose, about my load. I spent the rest of the day buying things, paying people back, getting a San Cristobal guitar for \$70 (pesos), and trying to build a fire. In the next few days I have to learn the pieces I have recorded. And I may go out to make some tapes at the Fiesta of San Juan in Chamula.

Thursday, Friday, June 23-24

A couple of dull days in San Cristobal, moving things around the room, fighting with Ron's stove, typing notes and learning music. I think I can play all the pieces now, although I don't really have them in my memory in the correct order. I also made my pok, and wrote down what might be called a canonical form for the violin parts to the son mottomoreyetik. (I've noticed considerable variation in the melodic phrases, though a given piece is easily recognizable. I'll have to devise some way to test out the limits of this variation.) I can still use these tapes to transcribe the harp part and one set of words. (See below about words.)

Saturday, June 25

Ron and I got up early and went to the ranch. I hoped to find some sort of check list of fiestas, or of ceremonies at which music occurs. These did not seem to be available, and Goerge seemed to think that a morning with the informant would be pretty good, anyway. So I went to the market to get a bus out to Hteklum. I waited around, talking Tzotzil with various Chamulas. One Z came up to me, guessing that I was a Carnegie student, and told me how he had worked with 'la Victoria'. (Every male around here seems to have taken special note of her research.) Finally I took a 10:00 Chamula bus as far as la ventana. (Several Chamulas on the bus had worked with Don Carlos -- Carter Wilson?)

At the crossroad I saw a ladino dressed family: a man, his wife, and (I presume) his daughter. I asked them in Tzotzil if I could walk with them down to Hteklum, and they welcomed me along, asking whether I wanted to speak Tzotzil of Spanish with them. I said Tzotzil, and the ,an launched into an impromptu Tzotzil lesson, showing me how the question 'Bu cabat?' can lead to an immense number of answers. We went through all the little ritual greetings. I couldn't figure out if the man was a Ladino who had learned Tzotzil, or an Indian who had just dressed ladino. Probably the former, since his Tzotzil though fluent didn't seem too grammatical. (Of course, I thought his Spanish was a little funny, too.) Every once in a while we would stop and take a swig of poz. (The women thought it was hilarious that I me7tiked them.) They left me when we were almost in Hteklum, so I donned my Z clothes and went to Cep Zarate's house, where I arrived at exactly 12:00. He had gone somewhere, so his wife said "Malo hlikeluk!" and went back to her weaving. In the exchange "Mi latal?" "Lital." "Latal!" I was reminded again of the super-repetitiveness of the language. On the trail, too, there had been enumerable "Ha7"'s and the man repeated the fact that "alunal ta Estados Unidos nom nom xa, mas nomol li Mexico," about ten times. In any case, I played with the kids. The little one, Marian, whenever he doesn't get his way, hits his tormentor or throws something at him. Every once in a while he'd start to throw mud clots at me, so I had to restrain him. (Once he started to cry, which everyone

seemed to think was very funny. To shut him up, Loxa (the mother) let him nurse until he went to sleep and then put him in bed.

When Cep came home he greeted me cordially, and was then very cagey about my wanting to stay three or four days. It turned out that he was going the next day to hot country four about five days. I thought that was fine and asked if I could go too, to help, and maybe talk about music. He thought it funny that I wanted to go, but he said fine, we'll leave in the morning. I told him I would go back to San Cristobal first to drop off my tape recorder, and then return by Jeep. Fine. Then we set up a bed for me in the back room (taking a plank out of the wall), and we made a pillow out of a sack.

xanxoltik (?) = pillow

ti7na = door

We sat for awhile by the fire and I tried to get some more formal information. The interview ended up about half and half in Spanish and Tzotzil. I asked about kinds of music and the various times they occur. (I now determine that the numerical classifier for song is not kok' but koh, which is also used for grades of hills, stories. (of buildings). (Check this//) I asked about musicians, got a list, asked about how musicians are drafted, how paid, and how they learn. All this material will appear separately, though it seems a bit high-fallutin' to call it formal interview.

After we had become tired of the subject of music, I asked casually about the flute and drum music. Cep said it was very different, that it had another class of musicians, that he didn't know any of it, and that (he thought) it was played only at fiestas. He gave me new words:

t'en t'en vob = drum (trampol also used). This is evidently not just the sacred drum of Sansebastian, as the dictionary reports.

'ah == ama or flute, made from reed.

He said that there had been flute and drum music the day before, for the Fiesta of San Juan (which, damn it, evidently was celebrated in Zinacantan as well as Chamula— Friday at least.) But there would be no more flute and drum music, it appeared, until Santo Domingo in August. It makes me mad that I didn't know that such music (or such a fiesta) would be going on: I can see why there are no tapes of flute and drum music, if it occurs so rarely.

A man came by, the son of one of the moletik, to ask Cep to play the following Saturday for a ceremony the same as the one for which he was playing this day. He again brought a quarto of pox, which Cep tasted and then poured into a larger bottle, so he could return the smaller.

It was raining hard. Learned the following:

tol vo7, tol ac'el (lots of mud, lots of rain)

I noticed that when the little boys woke up (or were awakened) it was their wont to stand around and whiper or cry. I could see no reason for it, and no one paid any attention.

A man came to the door, and Cep went out, telling me to wait in the house. He was gone about half an hour; it was never clear what he was doing. Meanwhile I ate a rather paltry meal at the house, with just a few beans.

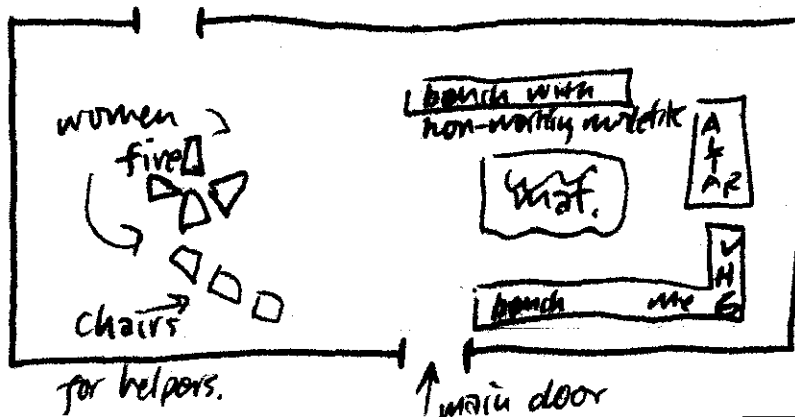
si7 = (I wanted the word for fire. Dictionary has lena = firwood.)

c'all = smoke

When my host came back it was four o'clock and time to set out for our playing engagement. Cep dressed as he had the previous time, took a couple of empty bottles in his moral and off we headed for a flower change with the moletik. (I still don't know exactly who these folks are. They dressed in black chamarras, with crosses, black hats, and red bandanna tops. They wore fancy ceremonial boots. They carried the tipped sticks. Someone told me that there are six of them, but that two were not present at last night's ceremony-- in their houses they were. And they change flowers, it appears, every two weeks.)

We went to a nearby house where the man who had come by before, and old and a young woman sat. They had us sit down and made us drink two cups each of spiked coffee (ugh .) We talked for awhile about who I was and what I was doing, and every one had the predictable reaction: disbelief and laughter. Finally, the man I described before as a drunk came in, evidently sober. He is the mol. We all bowed to him. As soon as he arrived the son went running off and came back later with a guitar. The mol then dressed in his fancy clothes as described above, sat, and we ate a meal. We had scrambled eggs (which is the vile stuff I think made me sick later) beans, and tortillas -- and some regularly coffee. (When the boy had offered us the per-ed coffee before, he said 'It's only coffee...') After the meal (as, it seems, with all ritual meals) everyone thanked everyone else, in rank order. (Kolaval coffee ... and other things(?)). Then we all got up and went out, to the larger house in another part of town, where the flower change was to be. (The old man had loaded up with per, taking a litre bottle and several small ones. One of the bottles he had wanted to take was bad: it had a very strong odor of gasoline...I hope we didn't drink any.) (Ron says it might have been kerosene.) (Maybe that's what made me sick.)

The new house had several helpers, three other moletik (two of whom were not dressed yet), two old women supervising the cooking, and two musicians. (Does the violin player always come separately, with one of the main participants, while the other musicians eat at the big house?) The house was:



We bowed at the altar, and to all the elders present, and I went with Cep to sit in the corner and help tune. Everyone seemed very busy with getting dressed, moving chairs out of the way, and candles back from the altar. Finally, the two non-working moletik sat down (they did not participate in the cross stripping or decorating.). The other two - there were two pairs of two, each with a senior and junior mol, as I found out later with the bowing. - got up and bowed (the long kind) to everyone, except me. (Later the long bows began to take on in, too, when people got drunker and friendlier.)

Then these two took off their special chamarras and ban dannas and began to strip off the old decorations from the altar. (Pine boughs and red flowers.) Meanwhile the musicians began to tune. The moletik had already begun to adorn the altar (not with boughs this time, but with what looked like friends or leaves from some flower) when the musicians started to play. (Cep was playing the guitar. A great fat man named Palas Tretzil was playing violin; the harp player, Xan Lepis, was already drunk when the evening began, and he had to be awakened several times --- once in the middle of a piece.) They played the first song of the mayordomas, without singing. The music was stopped by the first round of pex, which came when the greenery was put up. Everyone drank the first round. The two working moletik bowed and crossed themselves before the altar, then went around with long bows to everyone. (The other two moletik had remained dressed, and remained seated throughout this first part of the ceremony.) Then the flowers were put onto the altar, the arc part being done first, then the uprights. (The two moletik worked together, one on either side of the altar. The helpers put the bunches of flowers together and handed them to the moletik.) The tune was again the first one, and was again ended by a round of pex. This was Cep poured off, and I did likewise, though it drew some criticism. Bows and cigarettes.

Then the moletik swept up the old pine needles, putting them, as all the other waste, on a pop in the middle of the floor. The second tune was played for the sweeping up, also without words. This piece was ended without pex; the musicians just stopped playing, at a ~~xxxx~~ signal from the violin player. (I'm not sure who ordered each round of pex; I think it was one of the seated, non-working moletik, who seemed to be the owner of the house.) The non-workers gave two small quartos to the other two, who carried out all the waste after a round of bows. While they were gone, new pine needles were spread by helpers and the candles returned to their normal place in front of the altar.

Seen, the other moletik came back and bowed, presented the small bottles for people to drink, and then there was a regular, poured round of pex. I tried to pour it off, but was stopped with the rhetorical question "Mi cavud?". Thus began the fall. The two working moletik then put on their ceremonial garb again, and all took candles. To the accompaniment of the first piece, again, they lit the candles and placed them before the altar. Then they had an elaborate prayer, bowed to the ground with another elaborate prayer. Then they

bowed and released in the following manner. They were seated as follows.

^a
b
c
d altar

First a and d shook hands. Then d bowed to b, and a bowed to c. Then b and c shook hands. Then there were more prayers, then more bowing. After they had finished, they signalled the musicians, who stopped playing and came forward to light their own candles and pray a bit. After they had finished, one brought a quart of pex to each of them. (These bottles were later passed around during a lull in the dancing, for everyone to drink --- although it was the regular drink -pourer who carried them around.) Then all the moletik put on their hats (big black ones, with red bands, and two blue ribbons), and prepared to dance.

The musicians began to play the normal sequence of five songs (the ones I have recorded) singing them. Cep tells me that the words for these songs are different for the moletik. There was a round of pex after the first song and again after the fourth. No one was pouring off. After the series was complete (with the first song repeated at the end) there was a long pause, with multitudes of cigarettes, several rounds of pex; several bottles passed, and lots of joking around. I played the guitar a little to amuse everyone.

Then the moletik got ready to dance again, and Cep warned me that the pieces were going to be different. (This was a surprise because earlier in the day he had told me that they were exactly the same.) The progression of things was as follows: a new first piece, almost like the other first piece (only one note changed in the third measure); the normal second and third pieces, then five new pieces, evidently unrelated to the others I knew. There were very different words --- including one about /akaxlan/ and /xinulan/. (Cep didn't think it would be a good idea to bring a tape recorder, which is too bad.) Then there was a long pause, with pex and cigarettes. I played again, showing that I knew several harp pieces. (Anyway, the harp player was now so drunk that was only playing with one hand; the other didn't touch the strings, and was probably asleep.) Then we had the normal first piece, another pause, and then the first piece again, all the while with dancing.

Towards the end things really got wild, with people making jokes during the dancing, special little falsetto yells from the moletik (how long do they play each tune? how many verses?). One of the helpers came up to talk with me, and went through what seems to be a well-defined pattern of questioning. (a) How much did x cost (with everything I have showing, especially the watch.) (b) What time is it?
(Hayib stohel ta// or k'u ca'al teh...)
(K'usi 7era xa?)

(c) How old are you? Do you have a wife? a sweetheart? when are you getting married.

(d) What time is it (again)?

(e) Are you learning music? Tzetzil? is it good (lek)?

Finally the music was over, and all the moletik came around