we had seen before streaming down from an alfereces house which overlooked the cross. The procession was preceded by several young men (including little Romin) carrying steaming buckets of 7ul. I cornered Buro at one point and asked him if he could work sometime in the next few days. He answered 'Ma7yuk xokolon.' (I'm not free.) All the moletik go to the fiesta in Ixtapa, which has its big day on the 15th. Then the procession moved on back, making its way to the church. It was not a very orderly parade. I managed to get down the very rough order of things.

The capitanes, dressed up and painted, dancing. (They did a sort of one foot hop, after whiched they 'Mmuu'ed.

Flute and Drum musicians

Four men inblack chamarros (??)

A large group of men bearing flags, the last few of which were dressed in black chamarros.

Alfereces, 10 of them without any musicians playing. (Among these was Yermo, with a peacokk feather and pink tights, for he was on his way to being sworn in.)

The Band, stroggling and out of formation.

A huge group of people in which I picked out some mayordomos, at least one martomorey, and the moletik who were marching in correct order. Here also were the scribes.

Most everyone I knew was very drunk, and little Romin could be seen later shooting off rockets, which did not speak well for his sanity.

Renato found his compadre from Salinas carrying a tray that looked as if it was for donations. He sought him out, and after they talked for a bit, we reassembled by the Jeep and left.

Friday, August 12 - Sunday, August 14
Worked on notes in San Cristoabl, and went for a hike in the mountains behind the Ranch. Tried to hot wire the Jeep with a peso.

Monday, August 15
Interviewed Cep's brother-in-law Xun, who is a beginning musician. He has been playing in earnest for only a year. (He is presently 19.) We worked both at the Ranch, and recording in my room. He is not terribly good, but he has given me a pretty good sense for the learning process in Zincacantan for musicians. It really is pretty lonely. I also had a brief try at Renato's method of having the informant act out, not just tell about, a ceremony. It proves to keep everyone happy because it's not such a dull method. Improved my ping-pong.

Tuesday, August 16

The martomorey, who is working with Re ato, had tried to arrange for mol Xun Lopis to come in to work with me. Evidently hr was a little drunk the day before, because he didn't show. I took one of the people from 7Apas who was supposed to work with Ron out to the Ranch. He turned out to be an extra, since Ron already had two informants. So I tried to use the man, who had been martomorey bankilal when Cep had been martomorey iz(inal, to find out about recruiting musicians and the relative place of musicians in the community. I had little success. Came back to

the room to type notes and transcribe some tapes.

a promise he later broke very handily. Ma vel and the godson were the only ones drinking with us at that point. Cep called several frineds over in the course of the bout. We finally left when the horse race began... called anil ka7 (running of the horses). We watched from just outside the cantina --- about 11)00. I saw various moletik standing bearby, so I went to watch with them, wanting their protection when I took photographs. (I later got them all in picture). Afterwards we never went back inside. The horses run down from the cabildo, back, and down again. They com efrighteningly close to the poeple standing along the road, despite the efforts of the mayoletik. There seemed to be lots of Z's riding.)

We never quite got in, however, because the Presidente called me over and gave me some beer, and this distracted the whole journey as everyone crowded around. Furthermore, we spied Cep inside the cantina and didn't want to risk another drinking session.

Back at his store, Cep Zarate invited us (Haven and me) to go with Loxa and et at his house. We decided to offer some food so we bought some shrimp and avacado at a stand. Both turned out to be pretty bad. We had some smoke dried, reboiled beef in broth. Loxa fed us and made a big pot of soup to take down to her husband. Haven dressed up in Z clothes, braving the ladinos, and I picked up my taperecorderxxxxxxxxxxxx hoping to find something I could safely recotd. After lunch we couised around and again hooked up with the others. I went searching for something to record but was quite unsuccessful. Either the music wasn't any good, or the crowds were such that I didn't want to try recording. So I left my taperecorder in Cep's tienda and went to talk with the moleti, whowere sitting on the wall next to the Ermita, eating peanuts and ahan. (Peanuts: manya cenek.) Another basketball game started as I waswatching.

It began to thretean to rain again, so I went back to the house to take my taperecorder. Haven came to. Just when we had gotten in the rain came quite furiously. I didn't have time to close the door when in xxxxxx burst three drunk men and their families. Since Haven and I were all alone in the house, without the host, we thought there perhaps there was something wrong here. (Actually, it later turned out that thesepeople were Zarate's compadres from Salinas. They stayed th night.) I thought they were intruders coming out of the rain. I was rather annoyed, because I hadn't any idea how to get xxxxxxxx them out of the house. They invited me to drink so I made frimnds with them all. (In fact, they asked me if I wanted to become a compadre... I think for confirmation of one of the little girls.) Then i began to drop hints that they should leave, but I couldn't convince them. I consulted the old women next door about what to do, once the rain had stopped, and they threatened to settle in. The old women just laughed and said leave them. So we shut the house as best we could (leaving the people drunk and singing within) and went and told Loxa, who didn't seem overly worried.

(Forgot to record a procession with the Reina (Queen?) whihc passed earlier in the afternoon. So recorded.)

So Ron and I sat for a bit to rest while the others went off. Ron and I wanted to practice our Tzotzil so we carried on lengthy converstaions with the numerous people who came by to stare at us. We got tired of it soon enough, and verycold. So We went again

We got Ron settled in and starte to go back to the market. On the path we met an old man, Cep Gomez Sanchez, who said he was a compadre of Romin's and asked us if we could write. He was slightly drunk. He then told us that he had goods to sell, like hats and poks so, since Ron had lost his pok and I wanted a hat, we went with him up a very steep muddy hill. After considerable bargaining and small talk, I bought a hat with ribbons -- quite well made --- for 50 pesos, and Rona arranged to come back the next day to pick up a pok they were making for him. We went back to the market and sat in Anselmo's stand to have a Coke. It rained quite hard and we watched an odd assortement of people staggering around. Meanwhile, Gene caught a truck back to San Cristobal, since he wante to be sure he got back. When the rain died down a little we went to stand by thePresidencia where we talked with the Presidente. Again the moletik urged me to bring my tape recorder, but the mol alkaltee, who is considerably soberer than the rest, told me that the music now in the Ermita was very bad, as the musicians were drunk.

Wandering around we suddenly came upon Cep, quite drunk, drinking beer with Palas (Paumsho) Zozil. He stopped us, told us he thought his children were going to die, and gave us drink. Then he held on to us a bit longer; he invited us for more drinks at Doña Alicia's. He bought us several rounds of beer. (We were drinking with his compadre/cunado Manuel, and his godson, Cep Perez Condios... someone else???) As we darnk he got drunker and drunker, and Dona Alicia got more and more annoyed with the fact that he was neglecting his sick children who were in the back rom. Eventually he went to sleep and we sneaked out. Haven and I went to Cep Zarate's house where we were fed some potatoes. Cep came home about 8:00 PM. He told me we would go out to the martomo's house at about eleven; he suggested we sleep until then. So we turned off the house and went to bed, with mud on ourfeet.

While we were trying to stay asleep someone came to the house to ask Cep to play that night for the Martomo Sacramentu. Evidently this man was having trouble getting musicians for that night. Cep, of course, said that he was playing for someone else. So we waited until 11:00 and Cep got me up. Off we went to the house of Xantevantian, where things were a little strange. There were several old men sitting around but all the talking seemed to be done by another young fellow, who told me he was a sacristan. (He went to sleep under the altar, after talking to me for a long time about teaching him English.) The old men and one fellow who turned out to be the harp player were eating when we arrived. We sat beside the altar and tuned instruments for awhile; no one paid us much attention. (We were given two sweet rolls and a cup of coffee to pass the time.) After the others had finished, bity Cep and I were brought beef and broth to eat. When we came in there had been little or no ceremony: bowing atthe altar, nomal bows to elders present.

At midnight another group of people arrived: some old men and women and the guitarist. They arrived with long bows around the room. (The fellow who came --- I presume he was iz'inal --- always used the elaborate bow/release, while the other martomo always was simple.) I moved over a bit to let the musicians squeeze in, and this brought me within arm's reach of a drunk young guy called Xun who never left me alone the res of thetime (and who never

without singing. The harpist went to sleep cold after awhile, and the musicians stopped to wake him up. I took this opportunity to say good-bye. We dropped off our packs and returned to the market. Cep had told me that he was going to play that night for the martomo Xantevaxtian, so I agreed to meet him later.

In the market I was hoping to buy a pixalal (sombrero) so we wandered about looking for things. We stopped to buy some ahan, which is roasted corn whose kernels are chipped off with the fingers and eaten like candy. Very soon we saw what must have been the first procession of the religious officials. The whole deal was led by the ladino band, and was roughly composed of the following people: the martomoetik, the alfereces, and the moletik in that order. There were also some dancing capitanes, but I don't remember where they marched. I was pretty far from the procession, which marched up the main street, into the churchyard, and eventually into the church. When I got there, I saw the (new) doctor and others taking pictures furiously. Soon the moletik came out of the chur h (one winked at me) and went to the Hermita. I decided to follow them in to see what was going on. The martomorey primero was quite drunk when I arrived. He was sitting next to the musicians crying. In fact the only sober person was the mexon primero who was trying to keep things organized and to have people rest. I had to drink some pox and then I talked with the musicians. The guitar player complained that his hands would be very hurt before the festival ended; his fingers were already badly grooved. The violinist was now a Z., I don't know who. The moletik were accompanied by both scribes at this point, and they encouraged me to bring my tape recorder around. I told them I wanted to record some other things first, and then hurriedly sneaked out of the Hermita as the martomorey etc. began to dance.

We looked around the market then, and I went off to Zozil's store to look for a hat. He had some (for 40pesos) but they had no ribbons and no strap (camosa), so I decided to wait and look for these items first before buying. Back in the chur hyard there was some sort of ceremony for the basketball players who were in various different costumes and sizes. A game started shortly, but it was cut short by the rain. Ron, Gene, Haven and I ran to hide from the rain inthe Hermita. The otyer three cowered in the back of the chapel with various women while I went up again to watch the procedings. This time I was unluckily cornered by the crazy-drunk second mayordomorey, who put his arm around me, gave me pox, and started telling me his life history. He also tried to get me to dance. Finally, I told him I had to go to the bathroom and rushed out the back of the chapel.. (They tell me that he screamed after me and tried to follow.) Outside I met little Romin who offered me some lunch--- cold broth with beef. (The moletik were eating on the floor in the Ermita.)

The weather cleared a little and we went to sit by the wall in the churchyard. The bull running., or torito, started, w th men wearing bull-like frames of wood covered with firecrackers running around the little ganche in themiddle of the yard. The people who wear these things must be deaf by now, with all the rockets singing around them. Meanwhile, we had recruited a couple of guides to take us to (big) Romin's house. They walked us over and we found Domingo asleep but, contrary to reports, not drunk

could talk with the moletik, who of course said yes. So I set the recorder up on the bench next to the musicians and held the microphone out in front of everyone singing and dancing. (After I had been squatting for awhile, they brought me up my very own bench.) As before at the flower change, all the little boys avywhere nearby came up and looked over my shoulder. I recorded some of all five songs in the series, as well as considerable laughing and yelling.

I forgot to mention that before I started to record, during on of the breaks, I played back some of the moletik songs from the previous night --- at the request of the mol alkalte. At that time I sat at the table with the moletik, while everyone laughed and cooed over their own voices. This was probably what convinced the martomrey to let me play, i.e., the reaction of the moletik to the tape recorder. Renato remarks that when they see that the moletik think something is good, they do not hesitate to accept it. I'm lucky that my best informant so far has been Petul Buro.

After a while the dancing stopped (Renato said that generally the ceremony seemed to be falling apart), and everyone went out to sit in the sun and eat lunch. We were invited along, and I brought my taperecorder to have a little music with the meal. (The food was rather strange: two tortillas with about a 1 inch square piece of scrambled egg, then two more tortillas with about half an inch of meat strip, cold coffee and bloody hot chile.) We sat for awhile afte we had eaten, then went inside for more dancing. I was invited to dance as the last man on the line, and we danced and sang for another set of songs. Then there was aleng period without music during which the one non-drunk mayordomo climbed onto the alter and pulled down the rosaries. These were carefully placed in a sack. Everyone then kissed them (i.e., the musicians came up to do it; Renato and I did it; then the officials themselves did.)and they were wrapped into separate packs. Afterwards we all danced some more, with the mayordomorey, the mayol, and themmexonetik holding the rosaries allwrapped up. I had hoped to return to San Cristobal around noon to prepare for the fiesta, but the mayordomorey invited me to come along to his house. I was reluctant, because I knew that the only reason for the invitation was that he wanted to hear the tapes I had made. (I had by now played them quite a few times.) But I was pretty well trapped into coming and I did.

The procession moved off from the Hermita with the musicians in the lead. What salt was left from the distribution was carried back in a special pack. (I do not remember who carried it.) As we walked back, we were followed by a particularly strange man, dressed in rags, with long hair and a shaggy beard. (He later came into the martomorey's house to get out of the rain, which came down pretty ferociously after we left.)

I was annoyed to be held up, and annoyed by the fact that I would have to play my silly taperecorder without a chance of playing myself. (Vanity.) But very soon after we got to the mayordomorey's house we started to dance again, through a whole set of six songs. Then we sat and some fairly complex procedure was gone through to put the rosaries back (ina box?) on the mayrodomo rey's altar. A pox was spread in front of the altar, and a incense-thing was placed at one end. Each packet of rosaries was unwrapped and moved through the incense, kissed and put away.

the church.

Sunday, August 7

I got up at 4:30 because there was by then so much acitivity that it was no use to stay in bed. The girls were running around gigglingand Buro was sitting by the fire with a bucket of water washing his legs and hair. (!) In fact, Buro woke me up by asking me if I had any soap (xaven = jabon), which of course I did not. I packed up my things and sat around for a bit puzzling over Buro's washing and my watch—— which I did not believe. At 5:00 bells and rockets went off with unusual fury, followed by a record as the cantinas on the main street blared to life: they played the mañanitas before launching onto the normal fare.

I had to contibue teaching English words, while I asnwered more question about myself, my country etc. They asked:

"Mi kuxul to li atote, mo?ob?" (Is your father still living, no?" I answrad yes. (The way the'mo?ob' is appended to certain question makes one think that 'No' is the expected answer; except, often times the questioner seems entirely unjustifies in expecting a negative answer —— this is not such a case.) I also learned the name for what comes out when you sneeze (or cough):

simal (obal).

At around 6:30, Petul and I set out for thenHermita. Buro dressed as he had for his flower change except that he put around his neck a thing which seemed to be a resary, except that it was covered with multi-colred ribbons. He tucked it underneth his black chamarre. (I do not know if all the moletik had such things too.) As we started out we saw mol Petul Xulhol whowas walking towards the Hermita, too; we stopped with him ata tienda to buy candles. (They were nice ones, too.) As we entered the Hermita, I failed to recognize Renato because he was not wearing his gringo clothes. (He had stolen a chamarro and a pok from someone: the pok belonged to martomorey is'imal.) (Procedure and rigamarole began to mount upmas the day progressed. I will record only what comes easily to mind.) We came in the back door of the Hermita, which Renato tells me is the main door (name?) which all the big men have to use; (later they did go out for lunch through the small side door), Buro and I went to kneel just behind the big table where we crossed ourselves and prayed. While Buro went to the altar and made the rounds of the officials, I went to the bench on the right side of the chapel and talked with Renato a bit. He was very pleased with the way things were proceeding; evidently this year's martomorey primero is a solid, sober man who takes a certain pride in keeping the ritual going properly. When we arrived in the room, the following people were already present.

The performers: 2martomoretik, 2 maxonetik

The musicians: violin (Chamula- ?

harp (Xunk hbankil Xun Lopis)

guitar (? wearing ceremonial boots

Moletik: Rehirol [illegible], (Xulhol), (Buro) (others arrived later

Helpers: Uncountable, unavoidable little boys etc.

Later many people came in to pray momentarily. Mariano _____, the scribe, arrived about mid-morning and was much in evidence sitting at the moletik table the rest of the ceremony. And of course, the mayol mayor arrived with salt, and he remained with the

3. 3. Sse7ete me snicim ba/ snicim sat
B//M

4. Paso ma wekel li totoxuk/ hmheexuk// smoso bi/ skelem bi
K'usi me7ex yepal ta smuk'ta k'in/ smuk'ta paskua
Ihtabetik me ta savaro/ srominko
SK'exina xa me li snicime/ syanalte
B//M

All music accompanied here by much laughing. A round of small bottles of pox interrupts the music.
Music: tuk li son again, more dancing

1. Ma7 no me ta sobeletik/ letoletik
sk'exina xa me li snicime/ syanalte
B//M

2. Sse7ete me snicime/ syanalte
B/
c7ec'o me smuk'ta k'in/ paskua
Santorenso me c'ul kahvaltik/ yayatot
Santo Rominko c'ul " / "
Sci8uk me c'ul Maria/ Rosario
Vinahel a li anzebi/ la ximulan
Bikitik xa Maria/ Rosario

3. ? 4. ?

5. Sse7eto me snicim ba/ snicim sat
B/
Ihtabetik xa me li smik'ta k'in/ paskua
Nicimal xa kahvaltik/ yayatot
Santorenso me c'ul kahvaltik/ yayatot
Santo Rominko " " / "
Sci7uk me c'ul Maria/ Rosario
Vinahel a li anzebi/ la ximulan
Bikitik xa Maria / Rosario

6. Like first three lines of #5

7. Kuxo nan yo7en htotik o/ hme7tik o// smosá bi/ skelem bi
B//M

8. Sse7ete me snicim ba/ snicim sat
Bik'itik xa me c'ul Martilo/ Piarol
Sci7uk o me7 Maria/ Rosario // smoso bi/ skelem bi
B//M

Large scream, shouts of Lahoun... Round of pox.
Tuning. Musicians pass around their own bottles.
Music: More tuk li son for dancing

1. Ma7 no nana yec hlikeluk/ htabeluk
K'usi me7ex yepal li snicime/ syanalte
Sk'exin na me li s nicime/ syanalte
B//M

2. Kuxo nan yo7en hotetuk/ hme7exuk// hlikeluk/ htabeluk
K'usi me7ex yepal li snicime / syanalte
B//M
Htabetik o me li svaro/ srominko
Ma7 no nan yec sobeletik/ letoletik

K'usi me7e yepal ta yolon yek/ yolon sk'ob B//M

A drink round is started, whichstops the music.
Tuning
Music: Tuk li son for dance
1. Skuxe nan yo7on htotik/ hme7tik bi
Skuxe nan yo7on smoso bi/
B//M
Music stops to allow Pale Zozil to play violin. He came in and prayed while the song was going.
Music: Tuklinsoh, w. Palas Zozil playing
1. Skux o nan yo7on htotik o/ hme7tik o
Skux o nan yo7on o smoso bi/ skelem bi
B//M

2. Ha7 no me ta zobolotik/ lotolotik
Xk'exina xa me li snácim ba/ syanalte
B//M

3. Same as #1

2nd song, switched in the middle

1. Skuxe yo7on htotik o/ hme7tik o // smosobi/ skelem bi
Bikitik Martile/Piarel
Martil c'ul kahvaltik/ yayatot

2. Xak'otah htotik o/ hme7tik o// smoso bi/ skelem bi
B//M

3. (falsette)Bikitik Maria/ Rosario
Maria, Rosario/ xinulan
Vinahel smsobi/ xinulan

4. Sse7oto snicim ba/ snicim sat
B/
Sk'exina snicim/ syanalte
Nicim xa kahvaltik/ yayatot
B//M

3rd Song

1. Zobolah htotik/ hme7tik
Zobolo smoso/ skelem
Xak'ota htotik/ hme7tik// smoso/ skelem

2. Skuxe yo7on htotik/ hme7tik// smoso/ skelem
Xkiomah " "
Sse7oto ma " "

3. Sse7oto Htotik/....
Xla7oto .....
Xli7ilah .....

4th song (Tok'ob son)

1.Tok'ob son me ta vinahel/ balamil// yolon yok /yolon sk'ob
Bikitik xa me c'ul Martile/ Piarel
Martil xa me c'ul kahvaltik/ yayatot

Sunday, July 24

Ron and I got up at 5:30 and ate our sardines and peanut butter. George, Rye Prices, Doctor and daughter all came by about six and we drove to Navenchauk. I was hoping to get to 7Apas, meet with Xun (the new musician) see some of the festivity in the church there in 7Apas, and stay a day or two to finish up my pre-first-draft research. As it turned out I mostly ended up doubling with Ron as interpreter for the Doctor. Xun was not expected back from Hot Country until Tuesday.

The walk over to 7Apas was uneventful, if slightly fast. I led and got to try out my conversational Tzotzil explaining why we were going etc. etc. (We heard at least once the greeting "Batan, xere." Cep tells me that it means "Adios, joven." But he was surprised that the man had said it, for generally only people like cargo-holders and other important personages can use the expression.) As we came in I heard the music in the chur h but didn't go in. It didn't sound particularly good.

Cep fed us some beans and then took the Doctor out to see various babies. The general requirement was: he wanted to see three or four sick kids from previous trips, and he wanted to examine a few slightly older ones. We went first to distribute some vitamins (which were one form of payment the Doctor was using for the women.) In general, the other children were active and free in movements. They were mostly uncinched. (Two kinds of obstacle were encountered. In one case the woman and child were home but they didn't want to be examined. In another, a house was barred to visitors as a result of a curing ceremony the day before.)

We also saw part of a funeral procession, for a mayordomorey from 7Apas who had died. (The Sunday ceremony at the church was going on without him). In the procession I saw the musicians were followed by a man with a pick and shovel, and a whole line of women. There was no singing, but the tempo of the music seemed to me unusually fast. (The normal progression of six songs was played, but later as we passed the house I noticed that some other songs I didn't recognize were played.)

Walking around with the Doctor I learned a variety of words, some of which related to ailments I may again encounter.

mas nopem xa7ik	=	they are accustomed
ta xlok' khol	=	I get a haircut. (They cut my 'hair')
seu7un	=	he's nursing (cu= teat)
mkotih	=	he is crawling
k'ek'	=	(here) fever
obahl	=	cough (verb: ci7obah)
xa7nal / c'utal	=	diarrhea (verb: ssa7an = he dirties himself)
cem	=	vomit
ctal yev (?)	=	get better (?)
lukum	=	worm
hok'el	=	hanging, suspended

(listening to the heart)

xoz c[illegible]	=	it beats strongly
xpumpem li pe7em (a made-up word)	=	the heart's going pum pom.

We had a g ueling walk back, after many pictures, and took the three o'clock bus to San Cristobal.

drinker. He can put it away in enormous quantities and survives very well --- I've never even seen him sway, and he's always a bit loud and joking. Such ability doubtless serveshim well as rehilol.) The meal was dragging along. Our host didn't seem to take our hints: I kept consulting my watch, Xulhol kept asking the time. Finally the two of us just stood up, and made moves to go. Our host staggered out ahead and we were on our way. (On the path later we met the Martomo Sacramentu --- for whom Cep Zarate plays the violin --- dressed in ladino clothes on the way to Hot Country.)

Hoyhel is built on the sides of a ridge that goes from the highway down down into a valley. He made our way down very slowly, and I begna to get the impression that our krinsupal was cheating on us. Often he would say that a particular family had only oneman (no sons) or that sons lived in other parajes etc., while my Regidor seemed highly suspicious. (We later discovered that in fact the man had given some misinformation --- when we talked to a man who lived in the paraje.) Hoyhel is considerably more sparsely populated than either Navenchauk or 7Apas; in area it is huge, though only a few families seem to be there. It also touches Sekemtik, which in turn extends through what seemed to me to be two large valleys. We met the krinsupal for Sekemtik in aschool yard in Hoyhel. We drank with our already drunk dishonsest one and we wobbled home. There had been ~~xxx~~ people who didn't pay in Hoyhel, coming to 3 pesos. The krinsupal didn't want to go collect that money, so he offered to paythe difference. (Mu xu7, said my man.) He then paid 2.50, saying that that was all he could give, please accept it. (Mu xu7, mu xu7.) He kept rtying, ~~xxxx~~ when he had gotten Xulhol to accept the money, to slice off fifty centavos, the dishonsest wretch.

Finally we went off to Sekemtik, which is breathtaking to look at but hell to walk. I was becoming exceedingly tired, and my feet had developed welts from protruding parts of my sandals. I kept debating with myself whether to make myself stick it out until Wednesday night, or whether to dr am up an excuse and go home. I finally adopted the second plan as we started down into our third valley; I knew I'd barely make it up the other side. I made a big show of taking a vitamin pill, explaining that it was medicine for stomach pain arising from bad coffee. At one rest stop I pulled off my sandals and gingerly (but ostentatiously) examined the welts on my feet. Finally I suggested that though I wanted to help it might be best if I take a bus back to Hobel. Unfortunately we had to climb out of yet another valley to reach the road, and about half way up an incredibly steep hill it began to pour rain. But I finally got on a bus at about 11:30, and came home. (Unfortunately I forgot to leave the list of Sekemtik deadbeats.)

In any case, I now am known to a huge number of Z's from these parajes. I also have a healthy respect for the strength and endurance of the men I've been working with.

This pattern was repeated with frightening regularity. It was broken only when someone wasn't home (in which case I went into action), when someone had no money (likewise), or when the man of the house was present. Then we would usually stop and talk for awhile, almost always drinking pox. (K'usi skwenta? Ta hkuxtik no7ox.) On our travels we of course met lots of people who had never seens me, and doubtless some who had never seen a gringo dressed up as a Z. They were usually a bit baffled when I bowed to them at first; if no explanation was made, they invariably said 'Batan, kere.' when I went.

In any case, we did the up-on-the-hill part of Navenchauk in about two hours. Then we met Petul Buroand the Iskirvano Cep. We stopped on the path for awhile and compared lists of those who hadn't paid, to deteremine how much was still due. The lists were given to the krinsupaletik, for them to collect the money by some later date. It was also determined that I would serve as iskirvano for Xulhol that afternoon in 7Apas. We then went to what I believe is Xulhol's house, being occupied this year by another family. We had eggs and beans cooked with onions. After considerable joking and money counting (the morning netted some hundred fifty pesos), we set off for 7Apas: Cep (Sribe), me, Xulhol, Buro. The pace was very fast, and we arrived at about 1:30.

Waiting by the Hermita in 7Apas were the two krinsupaletik for 7Apas. (The two?) We greeted them, and they waited while we went into the Hermita for crossing, kissing of altar, and bowing. (Three bows one the way to the main altar, then one at the righthand side part of the altar, one set of bows on the way out.) After everyone had kissed the altar, the big-city Hteklum folks stood around and made nasty remarks about this country church: about the dirt, the water dripping from the altar, the steam on the mirrors, etc,. Then we went out and there was much drinking and considerable discussion of how to split up the parage for collection. (Cep went to sleep, I wandered off.) I could see down into Cep's yard where the doctor was playing with the children. Then we set out in two groups to collect the money. I was explained as 'iskirvano iz'inal' when people stared strangely; thecollection was not too good and we ended up with some sixteen unpaid names. This krinsupal seemed to know the route well, but he was also the theiving kind: he took peachs from every tree he passed, as well as berries etc. etc.

We came to Cep's house at about 5:00. He told me that his brother-in-law wanted to go to Hot Country. I explained that I had evidently been drafted by the moletik. He suggested that I try to come back to 7Apas the next week when Xun musician would have more time, and that I go ahead and perform this "service" for the moletik. I agrred, somewhat dejectedly and away we went. When we finished the rounds in 7Apas, one of the krinsupaletik invited us to his house for a little meal — it turned out to be a two egg omelet per person. And pox, made from those nasty yellow berries, and quite foul. It was 6:30 when we started to go back to Navenchauk. Due to several stops on the road (to talk with passers-by and drink with them) it was well past dark when we arrived again at Xulhol's house.

July 16, 1966

Dear Folks,

Here is another installment in my exciting journal. I apologize for the Tzotzil and other diagrams out of which I am sure you can make nothing. Perhaps my occasional translations are enough to fill you in on the details. Life is alternately pleasant and uncomfortable, exciting and dull. Sometimes circumstances force me to stay in San Cristobal, interviewing or just sitting. Other times I stay uncomfortably long in the field. I have a very busy week of research coming, after which I'm going to try to write a first draft of my report — more to see the holes that remain than to put anything together. We get a vacation after that — I hope to find a beach for a few days, before coming back to see the hard fiesta schedule.

Things aren't quite so bad as they may sound here. I'm in pretty good shape, I think, though the fleas enjoy my company. I take my vitamins ~~yesterday,~~ every day, though in the field I don't think it's necessary. We get stuffed! (Napux is a green leafy plant with yellow flowers and a slightly bitter taste; it's boiled whole and one eats the leaves and flowers. Isak are potatoes.) In San Cristobal we wander around quite a lot before we settle on places to eat. I mostly miss milk and cheese — neither of which is safely available around here. I already hate coffee, but it has to do — along with bottled, purified water.

What has happened to the various letters etc. you were going to forward? I've heard from ASF that they'll send me my first installment in dollars as I specify. How are you coming with tickets etc.? I've been working on next years plans, both academic and non. When I make up my mind, I'll let you know... I'm leaning towards the philosophy of language. There are some books I may want to read if they can be procured, Pop.

Tell Peter I'm proud of his distinguished baseball record. Are the Colts in first place yet? I've played some frisbee football and a couple of games of basketball. Most of my exercise, however, comes from walking mountain trails and (recently) hoeing corn.

Send the checks to the Bank. To write notes I need addresses.

Love,
John

I heard some chanting nearby, which Petul told me was a curing ceremony. I asked if the singing was vob. No, it isn8t --- prayer, no mas. In Tzotzil, the word is
ah --- which is the same word for flute.(lit. a reed)
We got to talking about my blue jeans again, and I said that I could conceivably have my parents send me some in his size. (I'm not sure that's true.) The girls came in breathless to report that a whole gang of gringos had been in town looking at the church; I determined that it was not our group and lost interest. (Blue jeans (or at least pants)= vexal.)

cib metro spahem = two meteres in height (not in Colby thus)
We decided to go borrow a guitar. The close neighbor wasn't home so we went to find Cep Zarate and his mol kitara (left over from when he was playing for alfrescos.) He was still out fixing fence posts, so we climbed a mountain --- with a spectacular view of the city --- and asked him to borrow, with a kwarto of pox. He gave some crazy story that someone had borrowed the guitar and the harp, quite drunk, just the day before ('Volhe, volhe' he kept repeating) and taken them to 7Apas. So we had no luck. We went back to the house, I read and Petul played to himself. Finally, the wife went out for a guitar hunt which turned up a new one... the owner wouldn't take pox, however, and I had to shell out a peso for the pleasure of playing yet another guitar. We played until about 6:00. Petul showed off his versatility by playing everything he could think of, including some Huisteco songs and his rendidtion of the Bolomcon, which he said was a band piece.

He told me that he was going out next week to collect 60¢ from every man in the municipio to pay for the fiestam and in particular for the masses said by the Padre, at 100 pesos a shot. So we went to see one of the escribanos, named Cep somethingorother, and drank a kwarto. (I discovered that pox mixes badly with Chiclets.) (The other scribes, who was at the baltee was named Mariano Promas.*)

When we returned, we ate napux, pore potatoes, and especially delicious fried beans (boiled first, then fried in a skillet.) I also conducted an impromptu English lesson, whose Tzotzil words I will merely record.

p'in= pot
ak'al = the coals in the fire
mec = basket
semal = griddle
cikin = ear (brought on by my rendition of the English word for kaxlan).

(and a whole list of body parts too numerous to list.) Soon I tired of the game, and went to bed. The women seemed to stay up all night, making kosom for the next day. And my sleep was periodically interrupted by the curing ceremony next door, which was still going when I got up.

Saturday, July 16

Got up at 5:00, with the koxox still being turned out and the hilol still chanting. We ate (even at that barbarous hour) and I set out. Petul and his whole family were planning to come into Hobel, but on foot, as the wife was afraid to go by truck.

The truck meanwhile, was jammed; they made the right choice.

seb = temprano.
yayih = (as a noun?) wound, cut..(Both of us had done ourselves damage with the hoes; he on the leg, I on the foot).

Miguel made as if to go off, but stayed for a few potatoes. When he did go, he took a torch of ocote. As soon as he had left (about 8:25) Buro suggested that I go to sleep. We spread out two pepetik, (my sleeping bag is nat (long)) and I unrolled my bag. There was much discussion of my flea powder (I said that there were fleas in the bag...) and the zipper. But I was soon asleep.

Friday, July 15

This household gets up early, I was telling myself at 5:30 the next morning. It was quite cold, and poor old Petul already had his pok around his head. We had more potatoes for breakfast (in fact, they lasted through lunch) and some strange, almost tasteless Atah. We also had a bottle of what corresponds to Southern USA pepper-sauce. (A bottle filled with peppers --- in this case chile --- and covered with simmering liquid -- usually vinegar; in this case I almost think it was pex.) /Ya/, they said, which means picante. Buro did more meddling in the meal than I had noticed elsewhere. That is, he did more than adjust the fire occasionally: he stirred cheerfully boiling pots, he tasted food before it was finished, and he complained when the potatoes were underdone. (Two of tye duaghters left rather hurriedly during the meal, eating a sort of potato taco as they went.) Everyone was very entertained by my height earlier in the morning as I couldn't stand up to put on my chamarro. I was invited to try on the black chamarro of the cargoholder, which is supposed to be very long, reaching almost to the floor. It stopped somewhere below my knees, which gets its share of 'Kere's'. (He evidently used one chamarro as Mayordomo and Alferes, but got a new, longer one as Regidor.)

I went out alone after breakfast to talk with Cep Zarate and Marian Konseres, to see if they would be playing any time soon. I met Cep on the path. He had an axe and was on his way to cut branches for a fence. He siad that except for the moletik, he wouldn't be playing until Santo Rominko. Konseres was off in Hot Country until Saturday or Sunday, according to his wife --- I'm having bad luck with my friendly pukuh. So I went back to Petul Buro and offeredto help him with whatever work he might have. (I wasn't really ready to interview him, and I thought it more than a little silly to pay him just to sit around a play --- later in the day I did just that.) So we took up our hoes again and headed for the milpa.

It was very hot after about half an hour of working, and we stripped down. The hoe was too short and my back started to ache. (I notice --- Price take notice --- that the left hand is forward on the hoe, right hand back; but the right foot is forward, and in constant danger of getting chopped.) I made several forays into the large bean plants, heroically cleaning out random greens. After we finished a row, we took a long break and went tesurvey another field, which had some friut. Buro told me that he had planted potatoes there but was unable

13. Is playing loud or soft better.
R: Zoz and k'un are equally good. (Note the wide use of k'un in musical context.)
When doesanne play loudly?
R: K'alal ta hcaptik - zoz (when tuning)
Kčalal ta vayel - k'un
(Mas alegre zoze, mas triste k'un)

14. (I try the direct question) K'usi skwenta li vobe?
R: Skwenta sk'inik kahvalte —— during the flower change.
skwenta sk'antik pertonh sci7uk kahvaltee lah k'exuh snicim, syenaltee — during candle lighting (to ask pardon that the flower change is over.)
skwenta gusto yo7on kahvaltik — during dancing

15. Why do the martomorey musicians walk outside:
R: Ta xc'ec'o li rominko. (Here: to welcome Sunday in(?))

DREAMS = Bob Laughlin suggested that some musicians have dreams. On this subject, my informant gave the following information, and his own dream.
Buc'u p'ih xc'ulel cvaycine. Ta x7al kahvaltik
(Everyone with an intelligent soul dreams.) (Our Lord tells

xcanik li vobe ti pwersa. Sketol li hvabahome cvaycin.
him to learn music, that he must.)(All musicians dream.)

Ak'o svob kahvaltik. (?)
(Our lord gx offers his music.) (?) And if one is bad he won't do.

(Buro's dream —— seems rather sketchy.)
(He goes to see kahvaltik.)
Ččal ta c'uleltik: "Hije, canc li vobe, lek xatun, mu xatoyebah", xi.
(Said he to my soul: Son, learn music, you will serve, you are not wicked, said he.)

"mac'un li mantale, ha7 catun, " xi. "Bweno, mi
(Obey me -- take my advice -- you'll do, said he.) (Bweno, if

mu xac'unhmantale, cacam ta 7ora," xi.
you don't obey me, you will die immediately, he said.)

Those who are not good, who are drunk, or wicked, won't do as musicians. They won't be approved by Kahvaltik. (7Oy kriscano muc'u sk'an stih vob, pero mu xtun.... yu7un stoyisbah, mu sk'an sp'is sba ta vinik lek —— mu ctun ta yolon yok kahvaltik.)
Some people have dreams but do not learn to play. (But not, I hope, if the dreams are like Buro's!) And those musicians who have no dreams: mas mu sna7 hutuk. (Know a bit less well how to play.) Because: mu ta smantal kahvaltik stuk scan no7ox. (Those without Our Lord's advice must learn all alone.) Others: scan sci7uk li kahvaltik. (The Lord helps them learn.)

The Orogin of Instruments:

Kahvaltik lasmelzan cib ba7yi mas antivo ta balamil hun kitara hun arpa. Ispas li probar listih li li kahvaltike. Ha7 stih li vobe. Bwēno, 7ital hun pukuhu. Bweno, "copol li vobe" xi li pukuhu. "Mi xak'an ta hmelsan" xi li pukuh. Li pukuh ha7 7ismelzan k'ox violin. Ba7yi violin. 7Istihik li ox vo7 mas lek.

(Note: In Chamula, another mythical source of Z music, the violin is not used: only harp and guitar.)

I wasn't getting drunk, but I did feel sick, so I went out to the milpa wheraI stayed for some fifteen minutes, writing notes, eavesdropping, and missing two rounds of pox. The conversation touched on all kinds of tyings, including Me ian Kennores, though I don't know what they said about him. Cep excused himself and went off to the corner store for beer. He came back with another man, whom they all called Bol. I finally came back toawrds the house, just in time to see the fat Palas Zozil rush for the door and throw up mercifully just in the yard. He was out for some time, looking as green as I felt. Cep whispered to me that it was from the trago, which I knew all enough. Old Petul was now reeling and wild (though he mostly just sat and cried in his seat). Cep and Bol were both showing signs of their drunkeness --- they had demolished the beer and were on another bottle. It was rather incongrous to look out the door at the fairly sedate early morning Mteklum with the sounds of the mayordomo reyes' musicians drifting up from Iskipula.

I dteremined that I would drink no more, so I offered to be p'is vo7 --- a good trick. Most people were so drunk that they didn't notice my portion, and Cep told me after a while thatI could pour off. But it did me no good to remain sober,because more andmore bottle appeared and everyone else drifted off into his own little world. Cep was dancing, Petul was crying, Palas and Bol were playing. (When someone wasreluctantto drink a glass, Cep sang a song verse at him.) So, partly to get away and partly to feel important I bought and kwarto of pox and went off to borrow a harp from Cep Z. I presented it fine. He wanted to know what tmx I was going to do with it and where I was going to play, ut all in all he seemed amused by my request. Helet me take it, however. On the way back I met Cep returning his beer bottles. He was drunk still, but I convinced him that I should try to get Petul Buro to come into San Cristobal on Monday. He said h wanted to go to San Cristobal, even though it was to late to work. We decided we'd set out togther, at about 11. I wasn't convinced that he really wanted to go. But he told me that Sunday wasn't a good day to work, and I knew that nothing was going to come out of Petul Buro that day --- or at least nothing of use to me. So we went back and I played the harp for about an hour. (I was fed cigarettes while playing, which was gratifying.) At 11 I reminded Cep that we should go, and after long delayswe departed. I arranged with Buro's wife that he should come in, and when Petul woke up a little, I got him to agree also.

I then went to return the harp, arranging to meet Cep in front of the Presidencia. I tmmx found him in the churchyard. He told me to wait while he went to talk with a 'friend.' He disappeared. While I was aiting some 2 youths invited me to play basketball and I instigated a game. At first my height advantage and superior ball handling was negated by the absence of fouling rules. But soon I caught on, except that my endurence was limited (both altitude and pox responsible.) We were killing our opponents when it struck 12. Someone told me that the gringo-car had arrived. It turned out to be the Jeep. I rode back, leaving Cep and a houseful of drunks behind.

were out Palas Zozil arrived and I moved back to the bench from the guitar seat. I continued to sing, however, the rest of the evening, which everyone thought was fine.

When the flower man came back, they dressed again in their black robes and took candles for the candle lighting phase. Since the sixth mol had not come, the young list-keeper was invited to take his place for the candle lighting. The people kneeled in front of the alatar in th following pattern

a b c d e f

alter

'a' is the list man. 'f' and 'e' are muk'ta and Bik'it alkaltee respectively. 'c' is Pedro Buro, and the others are also regidores. The bowing pattern fascinated me again, as it took place about three times in the complicated set of prayers which followed the lighting itself. First, a bows to f and b bows to e. Then a bows to e and b bows to f, alternating bows so that the arms cross conveniently. This cross pattern continues through all pairs, and then adjacent pairs bow or shake with one another. (Seniority does not seem always directly related to cargo-rank; the bik'it alkaltee seemed to be the most senior man present.) During all this, the musicians continued to play tuk li son. The candle lighting was stopped by a round of pox, and then the musicians went up to light candles. There was a short wait in which the harpist pulled out a wickedly strong bottle of pox which he let the other musicians swig from.

At this point Cep (who had been sitting next to the alkalde) moved next to me on the bench along with the list-holder. The cargo-holders all lined up to dance, spread out in a line facing the alter and musicians. The dance lasted from aboipt 8:00 until 9:30. There were numerous round of pox from the six main bottles of pox (about 4) and others from private collections. An interesting thing is that while I was playing officially I was allowed to pour off. But when I was just sitting, I could only pour off when no one was looking. There didn't, however, seem to be as much sport in getting the gringo drunk just to see if he could take it as there had been the time before. During the dance the musicians played first through the normal set of six songs, then the modified set with the different tuk li son (for molstik), with "zebon ti .." and "chala Maria..." as well as the three unsung dance tunes, zapataryo, palomita and _____(?). Then, back to the modified tuk li son. I found this set much easier to sit through than I had the time before. Somehow the music was more soothing --- perhaps because I was singing and not so bored. Perhaps the informants are right: music does make one happy.

When the dancing finally finished everyone sat around some more. I was called upon to show my guitar prowess by playing some of the sonetik alperesetik, after short demonstrations by Cep Z. Conversation dwelled on my musical skills for awhile. We also tried to locate a station on the radio which would give the correct time, as our various watches differed. (Infact, the radio was played during the dance; no one seemed to mind the not altogether harmonious combination of sounds.)

We then sat down to eat a meal of beef. There was a long drawn out joking session afterwards.

at that minute. He was in the process of dressing for the flower change and had one of the young women in the house adjust his head-thing (nam?) while I stood around and put my things down. The house was spotless, well swept and pretty much empty of furniture. A young man, whom I take to be Buro's son, was cutting up some red cloth -- he later helped at the flower change and ran some errands. (He also carried the pox, even though he did not come with us immediately.) In the pox-bag, Petul took one full litre for the 'working pox', two quartes of strong pox, and two empty bottles.

We walked down towards the muk'ta alkaltee's house, and I felt very important marching behind such fancily dressed men. We stopped at a store and bought two candles (I din't know what size) and some cigarettes. Then we went on to the house of the flower change --- unfortunately without the normal urination stop before entering. The following people were present: one regidor, dressed up and seated on the bench along the wall to the right of the door. (See diagram on page 26.) Two old cooking woman (who were me7tik-ed). The muk'ta alkaltee, not dressed up and looking alittle tired. (He had a lot to undergo still.) My two regidores went to the altar with a rather elaborate prayer, then went around with simple greetings to everyone. (The long elaborate bowing/greeting I have described elsewhere did not begin until just before the actual flower change --- after which it continued until everyone left.) I tried out my newly learned crossing technique bowed to everyone concerned, and sat down on the benchnnext to the door.

Everyone sat for awhile joking and talking about me, about the fact that one of the Regidore was sick and wouldn't come, about the harp player who couldn't come, etc.etc. (I dom8T think, for example, that 'politics' were discussed.) Soon, Cep came up from the outside, just as he had predicted he would. He adressed the old woman who was presumably the mol alkaltee's wife, then the man himself, calling him "Tot Muk'ta Alkaltee." Heexplained that he had come to talk for awhile, and about what -- therewere all sorts of jokes and comments among the people inside which I couldn't follow. (Cep stood outside through all of the discussion.) Finally it became apparent that the keeper of the lists of cargo-holders etc. (named Marian something) would have to be sent for, so a runner was dispatched with a kwarte of pox. Cep was invited in; he came in with elaborate courtesy and piety (an especially long prayer at the altar), and eventually took a seat beside the mol alkaltee. (Early in the proceedings Cep wouldn't accept a bow from me, but always offered his hand. Later, when we were alla little drunker, I started bowing with success.)

There started a long banter bewteen the various men, which followed a sort of joking pattern which occurred throughout the night. Someone would tell a story or make a remark, to gales of laughter, and someone else would then merely make a variation on the line, more gales of laughter etc.etc. During this time (it was now about 4:30) people got out their moy and cigatrettes, and Cep presented a large bottle of store-bought whiskey, and beer for all those present. (He had about four bottles which were passed around. The liquor was untouched until later.) Someone brought in a harp which Petul

Tentative translations of Basic Song Parts JBM - I 12

1. Ha7 [illegible] because they can see that
Yes, the [illegible] are being entertained. (Maybe la
2. Vinahel [illegible]
(?)Heavenly woman/ Heavenly ladies
3. Tek'ob son me ta vinahel/balamil // yelon yek/ yelon sk'ob
Tek'ob son in heaven, on earth, beneath his feet, beneath his hands.
4. Sci7uk (xa me c'ul) Maria/ Rosario
With (the sprirt of)Mary/ of the Virgin of the Rosary
5. Zebon ti zebon ti zebon bi/ etc. // Xheyebah (?)
I'm a girl, I'm a girl, I'm a girl Twirl!
6. Hk'antik o pertonal/ lesensia
We would like pardon/ permission
7. Spase me svokol li bankilal/ iz'inal
Endure your suffering (Do your work?) Sacramentu bankilal/ iz'inal
8. Hmalabetik o slumalbi/ yac'elalbi
We (musicians) are waiting at his earth, at his mud
(i.e., the groom's at a wedding)
9. K'upinbil me li slumalbi/ yac'elalbi
(You?)(You!) enjoy (sexual relations?) on his earth/ his mud.
(part of wedding songs)

a) Ihtabetik (?)We've found? b) Sxe7ete (?)
c) Bikitik (little?) d) C'sc'o Pass! (i.e.,(?)begin!(?))
e) Zebolo (Join together!) f) X'ak'e bah(k?) Dance! (are dancing)
g) Ohala - Oxala h) Maria = Holy Mary
i) Nicimal (flowers) j) Skux o yo7on They are content
k) Xk'iemah ([illegible] to C-holders dancing in special costume)(xk'iet =
Xlo7ilah (the dancers are talking, chatting, thus having [illegible])
Xla7ete (they are singing = xk'evuhin)
l) Xk'ex i nah Change (eg, flowers)
m) K'usi no7ox yepal = how much (or how long) ?
n) Va7i nan xca = (perhaps) it (they) have stopped
v) Xmupunah = they're getting married

aa) smuk'ta k'in/ smuk'ta pasku = the big fiesta, the big (fiesta of)
bb) kahvaltik/ yayatet = Our Lord, Our Dear Father (paskua
cc) Bankilal/ is'inal = (roughly) Senior/ Junior
dd) Maria/Rosario/Ximulan etc = Virgin Mary
dd) Vinahel, balamil = Heaven, Earth
ff) savaro/ sremingo = Saturday, Sunday (as ceremony days)
gg) snicimba/ snicimsat = upper flowers/ lower(?) (sat = ojo?)
hh) yalab/ snicnab = son, daughter (e.g., in wedding)
ii) Martilo/ Piarel = martyr, savior
jj) maretik/ li ahvetik = (?)
kk) anzetik/ zebetik = women, girls
ll) htotik/ hme7tik = Father, Mother (respect)
mm) yorail/sk'kak'alil = his hour, his day (or theirs)
nn) slumal bi/ yac'elalbi = his earth, his mud
oo) hpetembi/hkuem bi = (?)
pp) snaik xca/ skuleb xca = their house , their (?)
qq) stoyal xca/ smuk'ul ta se (?) = his [illegible], his thigh (?)
raising (e.g., of house)
rr) skuxabil yo7on/ svikobil sat = resting his heart, opening his eyes
ss) smoso/ skelem = his maid, his servant (here: cargoholders)
tt) Maria, cinita = Mary, niñita
uu) yolon yek/ yelon sk'ob = under his feet, under his hands (Sr. Isk.)
vv) snicimal/ svenalteal = his flowers, his (?) eyes
ww) kaxlan be/ ximulan be = ladino, ladina

Interview with Cep Hernandez Zarate, July 6 at Banos
(Used previous set of questions (p.31) and Check list)

1. Hay tos li sons 7oy ta skotole? K'usi sbi hutos?
(gave me the names of certain songs)
tuk li son
xna kohol son
zebole htetik — in first group
tek'eb son
Bik'itik Maria
ohsla Maria
zeben ti zeben ti — additional for moletik
sapatyaro
ansansion to xx — for moletik dance, not sung
Palomita

2. K'usi tik k'inal 7oy li vobe? K'usi sonal catih huhun k'in?
(Informant started giving a list of festivals so I used the calendar and a festival list from Cancian's book) (List will appear after further checking).

3. K'uxi 7slan scanik stihel li vobe li hun ac' hvabahome?
R: Vokol la scon. Vokol skom ta shel muc'u scan ta stih.
It's hard to learn. It's hard to keep (the music) in the head.

4. Muc'u tik li hvabahom lek xpt sp'isoh sba ta vinike lek ctun ta va7bahel skwenta li hpasaoteletike?
R: Petul Buro
Palas Zozil
Xun Lopiz
Marian Konseres
Palas Mucik'
Cep Mucik'
Manvel Vaskis
Cep Parisyan
{ Cep Zarate - brother of Mol Marian Zarate
{ Cep Crus
(The last two are not such good musicians, i.e., they don't play all the songs or instruments.)
(New complete list of musicians forthcoming.)

5. Hay koh son sna7 li muc'u xtun xa lek ta maistro hvabahom?
R: Sonetik martomoetik, martomoreetik, moletik

6. Do you ever play for enjoyment?
R: Ha7, ta htih veb ta malo vah hve7. (I play music when I'm waiting to eat tortillas. ??)

7.(Instrument parts elicited. More complete list forthcoming).

8. Who are the regular playing musicians for cargo-holders?
(The following were the only ones informant knew for sure.)

Moletik	Martomorey bankilal	Martomorey iz'inal
1.Palas Zozil	1. Cep Mucik'	1. Lukax ? (a Chamula)
2. Xun Lopis	2. Xun Lopis	2. Martil Zozil
3. Cep Zarate	3. Cep Kengex	3. Mikulax (another C.)

Musicians listed in rank order. (Violin Harp Guitar)

9. Skwenta k'usi tik k'inal latih li ve7ote?
R: (a)(see next page)

ca7uk = thunder

For lunch we had potatoes, Loxa ground some and mixed them with water in which she put larger husks and chile. It was quite delicious, with mapax. (During the meal one of the children had to be disciplined for taking off all his clothes and jumping on his brother, for no apparent reason. Somehow he looks healthier undressed than dressed.) During the meal it turned out that the drunk old man I have mentioned before as dropping by from time totime is named

Manvel Gomez Perez, and is the bik'it alkaltee.

I also asked about Terra Caliente, to find out whether the various doubts about Cep's working there were unfounded. He said he had indeed worked there, with two Chamulas. (It turns out that his brother is working there now, and evidently that the fields are shared in common. If he goes back on next Wednesday, I plan to go along.) (The milpa, he says, is about 3 feet high.)

I tried to find out if there were any new musicians in the area from whom I could find out about the learning process. His answer: muk' li7e - not here. He told me that there were new musicians, however, farther out --- a man named Komliox in 7Apas, and others in Navenchauk and Nachih.

The beverage looked a bit strange, seemed to have a mush at the bottom, so I asked what it was. Cep saidit was chocolate or kok'ove, but in reality it turned out to be 7ul (or, more appropriately, gruel), and prrtty awful. It tastes something like a hot breakfast cereal, which is hardly the thing one wants to quench chile.

Ma7uk- No, it isn't. (answer to question: was that girl I saw you with your wife?)

After the meal Cep got up and went away. I thought at first he had gone to the bathroom, so I didn't try to follow. Soon, however, it appeared that he had gone 'out' and so I was left with the fascinating prospect of tuning the harp. (It was raining too hard to go visiting.).

After at least an hour, Cep came back with two new violins, which he had bought (he wouldn't tell me the price, saying only "Caro") from the brother of Mariano Konseres, the other % violin maker. Both the violins seemed a bit tinny to me, but were probably quite allright. One of the violins, it seems, was destined to go to 7Apas with some other musicians for some sort of exercise in the church there. I couldn't quite follow all ofvthe stroy, which had to do, also, with Cep's wife. We spent the rest of the afternoon tuning the violins to various pitches and generally breaking them in, with other intruments being used from time to time. (We also spent about 10 % of the time fighting off the kids, who seemde determined to break strings on all instruments.) I finally asked Cep if he would be willing to come into San Cristobal the next day, as it was obvious that we would get nothing done there in Htek. He agreed so I went to visit Marian Konseres to let him know I'd be around on Friday. He was just glueing up a violin, which looked quite good. He had a system of ropes and had jammed in some sticks to tighten the whole assembly. I watched

5. How long did it take you to learn to play?
R: 8 days. (!?)
If it takes others longer, why?
R: Mu xu7 shol (Their head can't do it) Mu scap yu7un. (? Theirs (their what?) isn't ready.)
Ali vobe kahvaltik sulas ta holtik muc'u scantik li vobe. (Out lords put music in the heads of those who are learning it. Colby has: -ul ta hol as 'remember'.)

6. (I tried to get at ideal pitches for songs, instruments.)I tuned the violin down: mas yocol. My informant tuned it up again (mas zinil) saying
R: Ha7 lek ta tihel mas zinil.
I tuned the instrument still higher, and it was better still. What about singing higher?
R: Mas lek, pero ta xlub ke7on li k'evuhe mas soz: mas vokol mas zinil. (Its better, but singing harder tires one ('s heart) — it's harder to sing higher.)

7. (I wanted to find out if there is an ideal pitch. So I asked how one tunes a new instru,ent. 2 / I didn't get what I wanted/)
R: Syempre ta hcut li yak'il. (That is, I always (?) finger the strings with thumb and forefinger. (Colby has:/cutub/as a num. class. referring to a measure of thumb and forefinger.))

8. (I was interested in individual versions in songs.)
R: Ke7ol — everyone plays the same.
What about older musicians? Did they play better or worse?
R: Mas antivo mas copol, mas anil stih. Mas k'un t a 7era. (Long ago they played worse, much faster (hurriedly). Now it's much slower (sweeter).) Mu sk'an yec kahvaltik stih mas anil. (Our Lord(s) don't want fast playing.)
R: But people learn alone, and don't change their music.

9. (I asked about the reason for singing, the way one feels)
R: One sings because: ha7 lek, ha7 snupol yec (people are just gathering togethere ?), slokol li K'in ((so that) the fiesta flows along).
K'usi skwenta li k'evuhe?
R: Skwenta k'in, skwenta kahvaltik... ta xkux yo7on kahvaltik (yu7un huhun santo 7oy k'evuh).
How do you feel? When can you not sing?
R: Lek yo7on. One can't sing — k'alal scam krixcano. (When someone dies.)

10. (I wanted to explore the relationship between dance, music, happiness, and pox.)
Mi xu7 estih k'alal copol li avo7on?
R: Mu xu7. Muk' lek.
Xu7 k'alal c'abal li poxe, pero mas copol hutuk. (But one cannot dance without music.)
Muc'u skwenta stihtik li hvabahemetike? R: Skwenta hpasabteletik.
Muc'u skwenta xak'otah? R: Skwenta kahvaltik - ha7 lek o yo7on.

11. Could one talk a song (instead of sing it.)
R: No. Ma7uk yec snupim li vobe. (It doesn't meet the song.)
It should be: ke7el scuk li sone; pereho slokes li sone.
12. The violin is mas bank8ilal.- ha7 mas lek slok li sone/ ha7 yec komem (?) ta sve7one/ ha7 s'akin li yoxebal vobe.

They play skotol rominko ta Iskipula
skotol savare skwenta baltee
and most fiestas: e.g., at santorenso ta Iskipula
sma tot Xanxsvastian at San Sebasteian
(Three new musicians are evidently recruited for K'in Rosario)
Again no pay is involved, only food and drink. Some money is also given to buy strings. (It seems customary for the new cargoholder to buy new instruments.)

E. Mexonetik
Two songs (no instruments, no musicians) at the Sunday ceremony at Iskipula.

F. Mayoletik
Special song verses for when they come to bring salt to the Sunday dealy at Iskipula. (Is this only a Mayol Mayor?)

G. Paxonetik
Five songs, using violin and guitar only (and songs) played at Carnaval, at the church and sequentially in the homes of the various cargoholders (all?). They also use rattles.

(List of dates etc. to appear later when completely checked.)

1. Mi mas mol li t'en t'en vobe mi li vobe sci7uk violin?
R: Ke7el. Scanik hi ba7yi moletik. Isomnik te yolon yok Santorenso. Scan stiktik.

2. Mas vokel li vobe sci7uk violin, sci7uk arpa, yu7un mas xlubo k'obtik. (It tires the hands more.)

3. Ladino music isn't 'vob'?
R: Ma7uk = yec svob ta Hteklum. Pero xu7 stik sci7uk hkaxlan vob. (One could play music with ladino instruments, e.g., ladino violin.) Cop'o li sono.
BUT, one can't play these songs with totally different instruments (like flutes, or band instruments), because they are made for different songs.
cop'o pieza slokes. Mu sta7.

4. Again, if everyone wanted to learn music, xu7 ce7e (they could, after all.) Skotol xu7 k'evuhin. (Everyone can sing.)

5. The music can't be changed; any change would make it worse.
Heltos — mu ke7eluk. Ma7 ti mi lek pareho, sk'an lek stihel. (If one person doesn't play the same — I used the example of the harp playing of my informant and a previous one, it is because:
yu7un ha7 k'uxi 7elan xul ta shol, mas lek sma7 stih hutuk. That is, he can remember better, knows how to play a little better. There is an idea of some ideal, unchangable form forthe music.)

6. Mu xu7 spas k'in k'ala c'abal li vobe, k'alal c'abal li trahoe. Teh me7emotik. (Can't have a fiesta without music, without whisky — we'd all be sad.)

7. (What are the various parts for = K'usi skwenta li _____)
strings: ta htihtik
pegs = ckahil o yak'il (to mount the strings ?)
fingerboard = yo lek lek o sba (to make it pretty!)
(others undecipherable)

8. (Wanted to get the difference in quality between different instruments'sounds. I couldn't) They are ke7el, pareho, snupin
(Though one can tell them apart.)

18. Where did the songs, pieces come from?
R: Tey yut ta sholik li moletik (long long ago).
(The Chamula origin myth was mentioned by me, but drew little response).

19. Did the music sound different in the past?
R: Well, they were the same pieces but
mas antivo toh7anil stihik li moletik. Mu xa xtun.
Ta 7ora mas lek, mas k'um (for 'slow') stihik.

20. Why did the moletik want to learn music. What for?
R: Sk'anik kahvaltik 7oy some, sk'anik o7akčotahik li hpasabteletike.
(Note that here 'Our Lords' is plural).

21. Why do you play at a ceremony?
R: Civabah ta skux li yo7on kahvaltik.

22. How do you feel when you play?
R: Lekon, k'u yu7un xkuc' pox. Mu xu7 (htih) k'alal copol li xko7on. (For example, when a relative dies, one can't play at all.) (Also, one never plays music to make oneself feel better.)

23. Some vocabulary ---
yocol to = mas bajo = lower (literally: looser)
mas zinil = higher
(mas zinil, mas lek xa son = a violin sounds better when tuned higher... there doesn't seem to be an absolute sense of pitch.)
smak'obil = chord (G chord is bik'it smak'obil, the other xca kohol smak'obil. Also the phrase: ta hmak ta k'obtik, to make a chord..Lit: cover, or fasten the hand)
ta heltik li son xa = the songs are changed (?). Here: refers to changing of pieces, e.g., during the dance.

24. What makes a violin worth buying? good?
R: Lek ilo7 (?) Pero 7oy copol ac' violin: mu xok, copol batim sto7ele (?) It is possible to sand off a violin whose top or bottom is too thick to improve its tone (presumably) and make it mas hoy. (delgado) (I notice that a musician does not play on a violin before buying it.)(It is sold without strings.)

25: Notes on technique
A better sound is obtained from the violin if it is held at an angle from the side (i.e., not flat in a horizontal plane, but more at a 45° angle.)
A non-nasal voice is not acceptable for singing.
One plays better when drunk (according to this informant) because one knows all the songs that way.

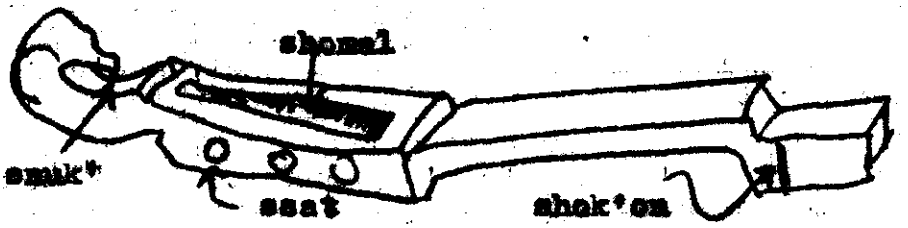
26. Why would someone want to be a musician?
R: yu7un xnc' pox, ta scan stih vob. Ha7 no7ox. (!)

27. xu7 spas k'ine k'alal c'abal li vobe?
R: Mu xu7, ... K'u yu7un? Ha7 yee.
(Explained that the cargoholders dance to sooth yo7on kahvaltik, and that they can't dance without music. With music, everyone (yo7on li kahvaltik, yo7on li moletik) is contento.

19. Names of alfereces songs (dances) (there are no words.)
ak'ot xak'otaho dance of the dancers
kehlebal son (?)
spasik krasya (*)
canava
ta xcelol sba
ta xcoti e
ta xk'evuhino
ta spase yakubel (they dance as if drunk)

20. Normal request to play involves 2 litres of pox (At least for the first musician.) From a new mayordomo, the job requires threevisits, each with three litres of pox and three pesos of bread. (This is before he takes his cargo.) If a cargoholder wants to buy a violin, he brinks one bottle of pox and three of cervesa. The customary price is 15 pesos (as George predicted). The custom, as Marian explained iy, comes from the fact that cargoholders are poor.

More violin parts:



21. What is the longest time one plays without rest?
R: K'ak'al K'alal x'oc' li martomo. 4 hours or more, three complete time through the set of songs, for dancing.

22. Marian says the rhythm of the dance and the songs are the same (but he doesn't really understand the word: ritmo?)

23. Do the instruments have the same sounds?
R: Yes, they are : smuk'tzbal, and sbik'tal
The violin sound is similar to the voice, but the sounds of the others are different because they play accompaniment.

24. (I tried to find out if 3 musicians think they are always playing at the same pitch. Instead, I found that the instruments are always tuned in the following order: harp, violin, guitar.)

An old story about [illegible]
[illegible] There was
[illegible] Evens deepwoo [illegible] bu'u tik was
[illegible] in Chamula. Guess later they found out who was
[illegible]
the [illegible] mol".

25. Kousi stun buc'u lek maistro? (What does a good m. do?)
R: ta xcanubtas li martomoresyetik, ta xcamubtas li martomoresyetik, maxnetik.

30. One must be a good man to learn to play (Mu7yuk hvabahom muc'u scanubtason k'alal copol yo7on ta sci7ile.

11. (I wanted to find out the good things you can say about people, about musicians etc. My informants's answers reveal more, I think, about him than about prevalent % standards.)
Good things to say about people:
teh lek ye7em he has a very good heart
lek xk'epen wam
yamike sketel li krixcanoe he's everyone's friend.
Bad things to say ....
cepel tahmek li krixcanoe he's very bad
ma sna7 sk'epen sei7il tak he can't talk with others
mu7yuk shel (literally: he has no head)(here) he is afraid to let others see him
Good things to say about musicians....
teh lek sna7 stihel li vobe he can play very well
7ey tahmek shel he very much has a head
sna7 sketel la sonetik he knows all the songs
(continues with a list of songs)
What do little boys want to grow up to be? answ: hard workers (habteletik = is this a multiple-meaning word)?

12. Music structure vocabulary:
play slowly = k'un ta htihtik (k'un = lit. suave, soft, smooth)
play fast = suhem ta htihtik (hurriedly)
D chord = smuk'ul (big) ; A,G chords both = sbik'tal (little)
A string on v. = smuk'il ; E string = sbik'tal
(Is D, then, the primary key?)

13. 7ey k'evuhetik yu7un (there are songs for)
moletik, martomoreyetik, mupuneletik, hpas k'in kruzetik, ak'limex maetik, stoy smaik, martomoetik (6), ik'aletik, mamaletik,
and for the following k'inetik:
xanxebastim a, canib viernex, san pegro martil, trinyat, sakramentu, san juan, santdrenso, santaroxa, natividad, rosario, santo, rey

14. Bas'i son (i.e., the set of six) stihtik ta k'usi k'inal ?
moletik, martomo, y martomorey, mupunel, hpas K8in kraetik, ak'limex maetik, stoy smaik, the fiestas.
(Words being collected for these)

Session w th Mariam Kenteres at Rmh, June 30

1. Hay tos 7ey li vobe?
R: ve7 tos (violin, arpa, kitara, sma, trampol)
(no generic word for 'music'; 'vob' also means instruments)

2. Ta k'inetike 7ey hay tos vob?
R: canib (?) (martomo, alperes, martomorey, moletik) (??)

3. Musica de banda no es 'vob'. Hayib 7ey sketel li musikaetik?
R: 7ey banda, 7oy tekadinka skwenta kantinetik.
(The other kinds of indigenous music is not 'musika')

4. K'u yu7un 7ey vob li ta Hteklum?
R: Yu7un ta spas e k'in (of various kinds)
ta xx xk'ec'e li hpasabteletik (changing cargholders)

4. One learns only by watching and practicing alone at home. One does not use a teacher (except, perhaps, for learning words). One begins to play at fiestas when some senior musician requests one as an accompaniment.

5. (The moletik,/past cargo-holders among the musicians)
Mariano Konteres (1)
Mariano Martinez (2)
Xun Lopiz (6)
Petul Buro (17)
Palas Zosil (8)
Manvel Vaskis (7)
Petul Komliox (4)
Cep Mucik' (10)
Xun Komliox (13)

6. vak koh skwenta li aklexia (but he gave seven)
bas'i son/ tuk li son
bik'itik Maria
zoboloh totik
tek'ob son
bik'itik Maria (a different one)
z'evon (??)
ohala Maria

first 5 are for mart/ moletik both

last two only for moletik

7. Yes, he plays all of the various songs for his own enjoyment, sometimes with friends. Mostly he plays them to rest himself, on Sundays, when he is drunk. He also plays some hkaxlan sometik, like La Cucuracha. (some on tape)

8. At flower changes:
flower change = bas'i son
dance = all of the songs
candle lighting = bas'i son

<u>Other Questions</u> (in random order)
1. Marianlearned to play at age 10, because he liked the sound of music (he says). He started playing for fiestas at age 15. He used to play with several of the old musicians, now dead, and others not now playing, like Pedro Buro.

2. (I tried to see if musical ability is inherited. I tried to explain the idea by saying that a tall man's son is likely to be tall; Marian disagreed, and said it tended to work the other way.) Not everyone has a musical ear, i.e., not everyone is able to tune, e.g, the harp. But if one's father is a musician (tentatively) one is likely to be able to learn to play, if one wants. (Check.)

3. (I tried to find out what the range of properly musical sound is. For example, is whistling music? Yes, says Marian but it turns out he is talking about FLUTE music; I taped some. The next few sets of data pertain to flute and drum music.)
a) How any kinds of flute/drum songs are there?
ANSW: 8 songs for the Alferesses (taped), nameless, played at the following festivals: San Seb, San Pedro Martil, Trinat, Santerenso, San Juan, Natividad, Rosario
7 songs for Mamaletik, played at rey, paskua, k'exul;

Instrument parts (compared with Arbuz)
(elicited June 29, sma Marian Kenteres)

Violin Part	Violin name given	Ravel Arbuz
head and neck	shel (head)	shmh
tuning pegs	ste7el (limb)	same
tailpiece	s'ak yakil (boundary, landmark of the strings)	
bridge	ska7il (?)	
sound holes	seat (eyes, face)	
'nose' of top part	sni (nose)	
sound post	telyut	
Guitar	Kitara	Web
peghead	shel	shol
neck	smuk'	smuk'
back surface	spat	
front	xcut	
inside	yut	
side	xekon	
fret	strasto7al (— branch?)	rasto
hole	sat	
strings (and strap)	yak'il (fastening)	yak8il
Harp	Arpa	
low register strings	smak'ul	
high " "	shik'tal	
pegs	ste7el	
top support	shel (head)	
pegbox	smabte7e (?)	
top surface	c'ut (?)	
sides	xekon	
legs	yok (legs!)	
holes	sa,t	
ribbons	x zela7il (ribbons)	
(more forthcoming)		
fingerboard top piece (of violin)	trask'al	
fingerboard	ye7on veb (heart of the instrument)	
bow	stihebil	
hair of bow	nak	

named Xun, and his sister (about a year younder) is Maruc.) All the working furniture was located to the right of the house looking from the front. That is, there were two beds, one against the front wall, one against the back. The fire sat in a small ditch in the middle, slightly to the right. The whole interior of the house was blackened, as if by fire, and there wsse long, black dangly things hanging from the roof which I couldn't identify. Along the left hand wall were all kinds of boxes, containing such things as woodworking tools, books (or diaries), chunks of wood, unfinished instruments and furniture. Scattered around under the beds were miscellaneous objects: dolls dressed inZ clothes, wooden handmade dolls, broken flashlights and laterns, snails (just brought from hot country for the women to eat), cans and cups. In general the place looked like it belonged to arather packratish, unconventional Zinacantecs, though everything may have been part of his rather complex trade: musician/corn farmer/woodworker. I do, however, think that Marian and his family lead slightly unconventional --- somewhat 'modern' lives --- as we shall see. As a last note on the house, to the side there is a small shed which shelters wood, a workbench, and pigs. The house is built into ahill and the trenches run from the high lefthand side in front of the house and down over another hill to the right. There is no trench to the right of the house, and evaidently none necessary, though the present arrangement leaves a small swamp in front of the house.

Finally, Gep managed to work the conversation to a point where he could get them excused, and (after 2 rounds of pox) the deal was settled and George andGep left. I moved in by the fire for a meal of xxxx napux and tortillas. (Notes: we had no coffee except early the next morning; then it was only slightly sweetened. Once in a while a child would drink some water. We ate on a table --- probably one Marian had made. The wife used a wooden tortilla press, similar to the one they use at the empanada place, only larger, to give her tortillas a uniform, final flattening.) While we xxx were eating a neighbor came up to visit (without the normal greetings) and he sat around most of the morning doing not much except weaving a new pixalal (sombrero) for San Lorenzo. Immediately after eating, the boy went off to borrow a xxxx guitar, and Marian began to play some xf violinsof his own make. I got a list of parts, which will appear with the interview material at the end. While we were waiting for the guitar a woman came, who stood around outside the gat for awhile, then moved inside. At first I thought she came to borrow some corn, but it turned out that she had brought a whole flock of chickens with her, and wanted the corn just to feed them. Finally the guitar came, and we began to record. For the first set of pieces (nartonreyetik), the boy played the guitar while I manned the tapereorder. I noticed immediately that Marian plays these songs differently from either of the two musicians I have been particularly aware of before. At sometime I may try to see if the different versions can be reduced to some sort of standard model, perhaps by some sort of seive method.

[illegible]

[illegible]

- [illegible]

[illegible]

- [illegible]

[illegible]

- [illegible]

[illegible]

- [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Tuesday, June 28

Went out to the Ranch with Ken (everyone else is out) where we played go and waited for Cep. (In three games, I won out by about 14 stones.) Then I had another conversation with Cep which yielded the following notes, and a set of questions (which appear below) to ask Petul Buro tomorrow when I go out.

Vocabulary:

mamob = guarachas
ta hcapaba (and capaban) = I'm getting ready, I'm ready
lista mahsik = I've gotten a cold (estoy resfriado)
spas balbe = mbalste = mk'exta maicimik = change flowers
to7 lubel = bas'i lubeman = estoy cansado
cis'ibah (trans: tahs'bah) = I write (am writing)

Notes:

1. Certain musicians (notably, the special ones associated with special fiestas or cargo-holders) are especially deserving of respect (almost as much as that of the cargo-holders), for they know all the songs, all the rituals, and are thus something like ritual advisers.
2. Musicians do play (says Cep) to amuse them-selves, but there are no Z songs which are not somehow connected with some sort of ceremony(There are none which are NEVER played in ceremonies). Some bad musicians play bad versions of Z songs. And, of course, some musicians can play 'hkaxlan son.'
3. There is never what Cep is willing to call an obligation for a musician to accept a particular playing engagement. But he still says that unless the fellow has other 'compromises', he willaccept. A lot of the matter is in the choosing of what musician to visit. In the dialogue, clearly Cep went to Buro as a compadre. But in general he would not be likely toselect a musician who was too old, or who had a cargo, etc.

Questions:

1. Hay tes li some 7ay ta sketohe? K'usi sbi hutas?
2. K'usi tik k'inal 7oy li vobe? K'usi somal catih huhun k'ine?
3. Buc'u tik li hvabahometike (li ta Ptekluma)?
4. K'uxi 7elan scanik stihel li vobe li hun ac' hvabahome? K'usi 7ora xu7 stih ta sklexia?
5. Muc'u tik li hvabahom lek sp'isah sba (Sp. abrigarse, pass.) ta vinike lek ctun ta va7bahel skwenta hpasabteletike?
6. Hay keh son sna7 li muc'u xtun xa lek ta maistro hvabahome?
7. K'usi somal catih skwenta cakux mo7ex o svo7on ta tuk? Ni xu7 catih hkaxlan son?
8. Buc'u tik li hvabahometike sna7 stihel lek vob skwenta hpasabteletik?
9. (For flower change ceremonies)
   K'usi somal catihik k'alal cu7baltee?
   k'alal c'sk'otah li hpasabteletike?
   k'alal xs'an skantela7ik?

Later I got up, and got soaked in the rain. (This did not help my cold.) I typed up my notes for the previous day, and then played my guitar to fill my time. I determined that I really haven't gotten very much out of Cep Zarate, since his talents as informant are nowhere close to his talents as musician. (He doesn't have his music laid out neatly in his own mind in more or less publishable fashion.)

Monday, June 27

I set out early for the Ranch, where I told George my troubles. He suggested that I try to go back to the field with another musician, Cep's compadre, Pedro Gomez Burro (Petul Burr), whom I had met on Saturday night — after a fashion. Meanwhile I asked for the use of Cep HG to help me get down the words of the songs I have on tape, and to tell me about recruiting procedure for cargo-holders when they want musicians. Both the song-texts (for the K'in Santoremao) and a dialogue showing Cep asking his compadre to play appear separately. I will note here some of the extraneous information Cep furnished.

ɔik'evuhinetik = Venus a center

Q: K'uni 7ere ɛtun yu7un hvabahomatik li martomareye?

A: ɛkotal k'in, ɛkotal savare, rominke.

Notes on song texts:

ikhabetik me = (roughly) we are here, have come here

smoce, kkelem = refer to the cargo-holders as sort of maids, those in whose charge something has been left for cleaning and keeping.

yolem yok, yolem sk'ob = sacred ground (?) under hands and feet of th saint (??)

kahvalitik = (?) listed in dictionary under -ahwal (?)

xinulam = what is the reference?

Notes on procuring musicians.

1. For the mayordomo rey there is a customary pattern of three visits to the first musician (the violinist, the mas bankil of the group) to convince him to play. This man in turn says with whom he'd like to play (see dialogue.) These three visits do not all come at once, sometimes months apart. (And they take place during th year before the cargo is taken on.)

2. The visits to the musicians (all of them) must be lubricated with ɔib limete pox ɛɛi7uk pexa hkaxlan mmk vah.

3. These musicians then agree to play throughout the year of the cargo, though sometimes they go off to hot country and others must be found. (Cep says that several times he used my friend, Cep Garcia (?), and sometimes ?? Pedro Comlioy.) At every time the Cep visits these fellows, however, he must go to them with a bottle of pox to ask them to come — even though they are regulars. (It is not clear whether he went for everything, or once a week, or what.)(And, of course, there are always to mmk mayordomo rays.)

Returned to the room to try cooking on the fire.