(or perhaps they just shwoed her the correct way to wear her own shawk. We stopped by the alferes cross to play a bit and then went on into the ch8rch smid many other similar mayordomo groups. The party moved inside and set by their saint. I sat with the musicians and watched... no playing for a bit. Suddenly in came the whole collection of alferese and other random C's for a Mass to be given at the front of the church. This was indeed a wild event, with the priest chanting and gesticulating away, impervious to the drums and the milling mas of people in front of him, a choir of C boys, etc. etc. My musicians began to play, together with another group who had arrived, all quite out of tune. It only heightened the unreal atmosphere. Soon the mass was over and all the alfereces trouped out, almost trampling an Indian from San Andres (or somewhere) who had lac d some candles on the floor and was praying when the priest disappeared. A group of loud alfereces (or helpers) came back for thir banners--- on long poles and made mostly of floral pattern ladino cloth. These men all went to the back of the church, by the door and waited. Then the priest, decekd out in a very impressive golden robe and accompanied by boys bearing censor and holy water came through. (He stopped unflinching long enough for the authorities to move a drunk who was sprawled alseep in thir path.) He took up a position behind the banner men. Then one by one groups of martomoetik bearing saints on litters started a procession behind the priest, with their musicians and women joining in , swarming around the sides. (The saints and martomoetik were on the right, the musicians on the left --- ie the inside as the procession moved counterclockwise around the churchyard.) Thus, with great pyrotechnic displays and the music of too many harps, guitars, flutes, drums and accordions, the procession moved out of the churchand around the courtyard. The alferes groupsesjed separate fxm the rest, moving first --- with the banners, Tumni7 of guitar, one flutes, two drums leading the way. They made the concession of stopping from time to time to let th priest and saints catch up. The second group would proceed a few paces, whereupon the priet woul turn, spread incense toward the saints and mumble a prayer, turn and continue. Finally the procession reached the chur h door. The banners rrmained outside, while the martomoetik started in. The priest said a final prayer and sprinkled holy water on the alfereces. The martomoetik went inside long wnough to drop their saints, and thenall, including musicians went out to the churchyard nd sat around the edges, probably to eat and drink. (I was give my only other pox of the day at this time, from a harpist.) We were subjected to some terrible ear-crunching fireworks: bombs set on boards running around the churchyard. It was all exhausting, colorful and unbelievable. I convinced Judy to leae, much against her will, because othr gringos had gathered nd the general crush of people was too opressive for constructive observation. (In order to avoid becoming a public clock I told people who asked me the time that I didn't know how to read time; I just had a watch.) So we said good-bye to a very drunk Mrs. Oso and drove away from Chamula.

left on) with cotton. A large roll was ready for this purpose and the attendants were not at all stingy in its use. They soon coolected a huge pile of cotton by going over and over the face and hands of the saint. Then, to our surprise, a helper gathered up all of the cotton and went around to all the participants: cargoholders, wives, helpers, musicians, giving each person a wad of cotton to be eaten. Some chwed away with great relish, others stuffed it in gingerly and chewed rather mechanically --- but all finished their portions. (Why???)The process of dressing began. There was already a child-sized blaxk/herkail/ on the floor under the saint, but many many white dresslike things were now placed very carefully on her. The music bgan for this part of the operation and the cargoholders began to dance, rattle and sing. Their singing was barely audible, and not altogether on pitch --- certainly I couldn't make out the words. The musicians began playing the same old tune, also not particularly audible. The dancing proceeded for awhile when the cargoholders stopped their dance for a pause --- they had to shout to the musicians to stop. Calls of 'maestro' si,eneced the group and a new tune was taken up --- almost exactly the same, with a different high figure. (It is hard to talk about melody in this music since the harp is the only thing that plays a tune and its melody is hard to hear, anyway.) The dressing continued; the remarkable thing was that the cargoholders, and perhapsthe old man supervising the dressing, were so obviously the leaders of the entire performance... the called to the musicians, asked for things to help with the dressing. I left before the dressing was over and returned to San Cri tobal and thus did not see 3vrything that went on. The scene in the church as a whole was a mass of people clustered in groups around the multitude of saints,--- each group with saint, cargoholders and wives, helpers and 4 or more musicians. The mus cians were like props, without much individual will in the proceedings, following orders given by sokeone else --- rather different from Z, /yilel/.

Wed., Aug 30

Got up quite early and headed for Krus Obispo where I had arranged to meet Tucni7 to go to the fiesta again. I found him just setting out from his house with his little boy. We three, plus a younger brother --- Merian --- piled into the Jeep and rode into the center where we parked near Oso's. The crowd was much bigger in thecenter but we as a group attracted much lrss attention than before--- probably because we were only men, and mostly real Chamula anyway. I wore my /cuh/ over the reguler /k'u/ and this attracted attention in itself, marking me as rich, I believe. Tucni7 was a bit nervous having to lead me around, but he did with good humor anyway. I passed some Z's I knew, including one of Petul Buro's daughters who was selling tortilles; she giggled a little at my clothes and I was embarassed.

We walked to the large set of crosses to the left of the main churchyard. There,at the foot of the crosses and to the sides, sat all the alfereces, among them two dressed

Brief notes about the fiesta of Santa Rosa in Chamula, with special emphasis about what musicians were doing.
Note: I went with some rather foggy hypotheses about what form music would take: e.g., rather indefinite tunes and rhythms in music, directed primarily by cargoholders who sing. My impressions turned out to be about half right: the musical part of the fiesta performance was disorganized and casual by Z standards, but there were recognizable formal norms which the cargoholders fought to approximate.

Monday, August 28

This is the first day of thefiesta —— the day that my musician was playing for a wake —— when all the saints presumably come into the church in C center. I drove the Jeep out with Judy and Abbie in tow. As we reached the center and started down the road we passed a huge party of unidentifiable cargoholders clustered around the large cross to the right of and slightly above the road. (These fellows were not dressed with their fancy hats on their heads but down their backs.) One of the people was Judy's regidro/curer who waved us down. About eight of them insisited on piling into the Jeep and riding down to the marketplace. As we got out the crowds gathered which never dispersed: especially around Judy and Abbie and the Jeep. The younger, pushier ones were a little afraid of me, I think. We made our way gradually to Oso's store where Judy left her things. (We had talked with the regidor and probably put him off a bit when we asked about the possibility of hearing music in his house —— Judy had, in any case, abandoned plans to sleep there.) We heard that the incoming alferes Santa Rosa would put in an appearance at Oso's later, anyway. As we watched a procession came down the near road with saints, but no 'real' music —— only a brassband. The band escorted the party to the church (and Judy followed) and thme retreated to the bandstand. More saints gradually appeared and finally, with them, some musicians. A procession came down the road by Osos's store, headed by two guitar players and two harpists, more or less abreast. (The two guitar players were obviously much older than the harpists, though the seemed —— perhaps only to my Z senses —— lower ranking in the procession: they hesitantly grouped theselves at the front of the procession whever it stopped.) Very hard to make any defnite statements about relative ranks because the procession structure was so amorphous.

This firts group played down the road and stopped almost in front of Oso's, facing the church (or some hill behind??) and played for a while. That is, the musicians played, shifting their feet nervously under my gaze; the cargoholders played their rattles, danced alittle (no foot movement, jsut slight knee bends) and sang a little (no loud recognizable tune — just a chant, no falsetto roughly in pitch with the instruments.)(Note: the saints were not actually arriving —— just the parties associated with saint images already in the church. the parties were coming to dress the saints for the fiesta.) The procession finally picked up again and headed for the churchyard. At the gate they were met by the band and escorted in. (I wasn't able to follow, because just as I got to the

Zinacantan and called sometimes 'cien kilo' or --- by me-- Pauncho) had arrived to visit him for undetermined period, bearing many bottles of pox and Fanta. We sat down and drank for awhile, and I offered him a kawrto to come the next day and complete the musica; ensemble. (In fact he was a~~ø~~ bad choice, as he didn't know how to play /mol kitara/ and was given that job for my poor tape.) Finally, with this huge musical event arranged (at no cost to me) we returned to Hobel, barely making it up the mountain in the Land Rover.

That night we had Cep 7Apas for dinner and I learned ~~Saturday xxxAugx19x~~ some useful words:

cuvah: insanity, insane person.
hvoviel: mad person (or dog)
cih: blanket
-isim: moustache (also joking term for pubic hair)
tah: that, there (then?)
-vok': break, crack (similar to /-voc'/= smash)
-sok: break, be ruined.
(note: a car has /sokem/, a guitar, /vok'em/)
-hat: tear, rip (also: to deflower) not to be confused with /hat'/: sneeze)

Saturday, Aug 19

Spent the entire morning taping the grand performance at the Hotel Espanol. The Fd portion was slightly abortive, as Patul only knows a few songs on the flute well enough to venture in public, and because we had only one drum. The VG music was impossible and not even tapable because Palas Zozil was an incompetent /mol kitara/ player. After all was over and the Polaroid pictures were distributed to everyone's satisfaction (Comments from Z's like: no, this one's too dark, I want another. No this one doesn't have jsut me, I want another.) we abandoned to the Banos where I had four free informants telling me about the various tapes I had made of Zarate, Martines, and Konseres playing and singing in various divided ways.

In the evening I talked to the group who had heard the music --- fee ~~$200~~ $100!!!

Sunday, Aug 20

Taking Mikel Vaskis down to Tuxtla we had several cases of car sickness which taught me the following:

ci-xen (un)= I'm about to vomit (not in Laughlin)
ci-mil-van-tik= Perhaps I'll die

Tuesday, Aug22

Went to Nacih to secure the services of another hcik' pom for Leslie. Cep Nuh suggested that the woman Leslie had talked to before would really not do as she was old and deaf and poor of memory. She suggested Mal Hilyat, of whom many people had spoken as th most accomplished of all the old serving-type women around, who was /mas vivo./ We drove part way up the road towards Voc'ohvo7 (that Cep called the 'carbon' road) and walked up to the top of a rather high hill where the woman's house was located.

new tortillas. New wood was put on the fire and it began immediately to smoke at an incredible rate. The smoke did not escape from the roof but circulated darkly through the house, just about choking both Leslie and me but having no visible effect on any of the others. We kept running outside gasping for air or wiping aour smoke-teared eyes. (This was the only thing that made the otherwise rather stony wife laugh...) Meanwhile I convinced the mastro to tune up a harp and play a little. I accompanied him on the guitar, learning in the process that the combination of rhythms is most complex. As we were playing the kids found and killed a rat (/c'o7/) which was thrown into the center of the house where it remained for the rest of our stay.

I tried playing the harp, but I was hampered by my own bad ear and the general choked state of my entire body caused by the smoke. Finally the women couldn't stand it any longer either and went outside to comb some wool. The mastro followed, carving down the pegs on his guitar. I followed, coughing. I learned that a fence is called /mok/ and that the smoke didn't go out of the roof because the hole was /toh cukul/ (very narrow.) We talked about the high price of corn and the house. He claimed to have been living there for about eight years, since his mother died. The houses n arby were all occupied by his brothers. I examined the door and found that it had a very complicated wooden lock on it. (Never seen one like that in Z.) I asked about Chamula clothes, and was told that making me a /herkail/ would take at least a month. The other words:

- sinco, c'ukil: belt (leather ones cost ca. $5, and deerskin ones over $100)
- vexal: the white, football-length pants
- kotonil: the storebought shirt
- hamal: wide
- -vuk' : break, split: li hvobe vuk'em xa: my instrument is split
- -bah : fall (also 'play' --- a shortened form of /-vabah/.)

I decided that most effective music-learning use of the time would be to go into San Cristobal and record. I convinced him that it would be a good idea and we started to walk in to avoid the rain (that never came). The path is quite short as far as the Quinto where one takes a bus for 50 centavos.

Various differences suggested themselves between C and Z, most of which bear considerable further observation. Relations between people do not seem so ritualized. Dogs are treated much better. The most striking things for me were differences in language, the more obvious of which I will record here: (Chamula version, followed by Z word and English)

- hun tot, hun me7 (totik, me7tik --- sir, ma7am)
- ca7e (ca7e --- then, ques)
- -un (-on, first person suffix)
- kerem (krem,--- boy)
- vohle (volhe --- yesterday, unless my men just had a speech impediment)
- van (nan--- perhaps, uncertainty suffix)

spoke no Tzotzil --- fluent in Spanish --- and knew not how to weave.) Generallythe man seems likely a very likely informant, and his wife is interesting in her own right. While we were talking we saw Vogtie returning, still not h having completed our task --- we hadn't even seen Tucni7 yet. Leslie went off to gkeep Vogtie from leaving us behind and I went to call on my man. He was up and around and came outside to greet me. I told him that I had come to learn music. He said" My house is too small to teach in. Perhaps Salavador Gomez Oso will offer us his house for this." I told him that in fact I wished we could stay with him. He would be happeir in his own house, where he had his own instruments. And my wife could come and learn Tzotzil and learn to make tortillas etc. etc. I gave him the bottle and he accepted without much hesitation. He wouldn't drink (his tooth still hurt evidently) but he poured it off.

The pattern was not identical to the Z pattern, however, and I wonder if these next obse vations will hold true throughout Chamula. The accepting of the pox did not seal the bargain and close the arra gements. <u>After</u> pouring off my limets he talked to his wife --- who had a one weekOold babay --- and she indicated that she didn't want us in her house at that time. Good reason, having a week-old baby. Mikel returned and suggested that I come back in about two weeks. I told him, gee, I'm going to be gone by then. Won't you please let us ig. My wife will be no trouble; ahe'll just sit in the corner and say nothing. He finally ~~fix~~ prevailed upon his wife to let us comer $5 per day for food (for the two of us) and $12 per day for teaching. I we t off to get Leslie and we returned straighgaway with our gear. The amazing thing was that the ritual operation of presenting pox and having its being accepted as the symbolic agreement to a request didn't seem to have the same force. The pox was more informal-a part of the dealings and accepting it didn't seem terribly obliging. (I noticed a similar lack of formalized behavior or ritualized behavirr surrounding commonplace things like eating throughout my stay. Perhaps things are different in richer houses or regulat ritual.)

We entered the house and groped around trying to find places to put our things.It was the blackest house I've ever bern in--- no wendows and a tiny door which somehow didn't let in much light; the fire was low and I didn't get a chance to see anything in the house until the next day. We sat vaguely by the fire and tried toadjus our eyes. As well as I could tell then the family was made of Mikel and his wife (plus the unseen baby) and two little girls plus a boy of a bout ten who arrived home from school. Later a young girl entered quite summarily (just saying "Mi lioxuke" and coming in without waiting for a reply). She took over the main food making duties --- I expect she was a goddaughter coming to help while the wife was unable to do any hardtasks. She spent the night and left after making breakfast. The food being cooked included some /maruc itah/ and /isak/ --- a quantity of cold tortillas were heated.

37, K'usitik k'inal oy li vobe?
Oy ta k'in San Juan, Santa Rosa, San Mateo, Rosario, Santobastaian, Carnaval, naka oy vob.
K'usi sonal catih huhun k'ine. (Names of saints, evidently.)

38. K'u x7elan scanik stihel li vobe li hun.ac' mastro? ta scano stik. Ta sk'el kuayelan t stih li svobe, ta sman yu7un ta stih. ta sna no7ox.
K'usi ora xu7 stih ta eklaxia; k'usi ora ay buc'u oy yabtel ta k'in.
K'usi hal ta scan li ac' mastro? Oy t hun ora ta cib ora. Oy yane mu scan NUNCa. Hne7tik k'u caal.

39. Hay koh son sna7 li muc'u xtun xa lek ta maistro?
Mu xana7 --- nakata stih no7ox.

40. Muc'u tik li mastro lek sp'isoh sba ta vinik lek xtun ta va7bahel yu7un hpasabtel?
Won't give me any names; the only one fitiing this descciption (who even played in Tuxtla is dead now.)

23. K'u ora iscan ta ba7yie smelzan vobetik ta Camula?
Mas vo7ne.
(Mi xan7 hun antivo k'op sci7uk k'uyelan iscan smelzan?)
Muk8 ku laka7i. Ha ndox sna7 smelzan.
(Mi ko7ol smelzan li vobetik ta vo7ne, mi mas ...) ko7ol
(the skill, he says, is passed on from father to son and
the products remain the same.) Mas muk' hutuk ta vo7ne?.
Ko7ol no7ox li stihel ta vo7ne.

24. Muc'u mas mol mi ama, mi trampol? Ha7 trampol, li muk'ta
trampol mas mol, más iz'inal li ama (!!!) K'u yu7un:
yecoh.

25. Muc'u mas mol, muc'u stih arapa, mi kitara? Ko7ol, mas
buc'u t estih arapa. K'u yu7un? Mas bankilal (even if
the old guy is playing guitar and the ~~krem~~ playing harp.)
Still no reason available.

26. Hay cop sone oy ta skotole?
Oy ep: ha ta xal ta buc'u oy abtel. Ha7 xk'evuhin li
buc'u oy abtel. Ca8bal li mastro, mu7yuk, mu sk'evuhin,
ha7 no7ox ta stih vob no7ox. (He sayd he doesn't know
how to sing.) (We willhave totest exactly where variation
is permissible in playing; he says now that the cargoholders
sing and have all variation.)
Mi oy yan krixcano muc'u xk'evuh? Mu7yuk mas. Bucu&u
xk'evuh ta k'ex nicim ta sna San Juan: ha no7ox alperes
--- sci7uk Salavdor (Gomez Oso--- totilme7il, sna k'inoh)
(Oso is just the contact man necessary.)

27. Mi oy muc'u mu sk'an yo7onton scan li vobe?
Oy, hec no7ox. Lek ta scnike li vobe, pero ora oy mu sk'an
yo7unton. (Gone away from the old principle of stupidheads.)
Mi oy li muc'u mu xu7 scap li vobe?
Oy, mu sna7. Mu sna7 li shol no7oxe, oy yan ta scan pero sna7
(hna7tik k'u yu7un) --- mu scan yec ----
Mi oy li muc'u mas lek sna7 scapale, oy mas copol.
Mu scapeh yu7un. Mu xa7i, mu scap lek. Mas Oy mas ta ora ta
scapah, Oy mas lek li mastro, li krema---mas lek sna7 scapel.
Ha más sna7 lek li kerema, mas bih shol. (mas vivo
la cabeza.)

28. K'usi ta krixcano, mas lek xtun ta mastro?
(Conversation doesn't seem to be a determiner: oy
mu sna7 xle7ilah, muc'u ta xtun ta mastro.)

29. Mi xvaycin li muc'u x'oc ta vabahel? Ta xvaycin tana,
ta xabat: Tiho vob, xutat, hmabtel.
Ta xak'bat hun svob, ta sk'elambat svob ta vacil.
(Not my guy, he says, he dreamed but about other things.)
Lahvaycin, xi, Lisk'elanbe hvob, xi, Tiho vob, xi.
(Ta stih vob ta vacil. Y ora komem ta mastro.)
Ta ora c'abal muc'u xvaycin. (Ti lavacin vo7ote? Mu7yuk.)

8. Muc'utik hpasabtel oy svob ta huhun k'in?
Martomo San Juan, Martomo Totik, Rosario, Sant Roxa
Alperes San Juan, San Mateo, San Pedro, Corazon, Santa Roxa,
San Agustín, Rosario,
(Paxonetik -- oy pero Naka ta x'ak'otah ta spas k'in, San
Juan, San Mateo,-- parte yan spaso k'in Santa Roxa.)
C'abal svob rehiroi, alcalte, presidente c'abal noxtok.

9. Muc'u hpasabtel ta spas k'in Santa Roxa?
Yan alperes: Santa Roxa bo7ox (Li yan alperes mu spas k'in)
Martomo Santa noxtok.

10. Hay vo7 mastroetik ta stih li svobe alperes Santa Roxa
ta k'in?
Ta sna li alperese cib; k'al ta sk'ak'ai li K8in ta eklexia,
mas 7ep (doesn't know how many.)

11. Ta K8in k'u ora ta cbat li mastroetik ta sna alperes?
Ta xbat ta kanxexae sk'an to 8ox xci8uk nicim,
(K'usi sonetik kalai tey ta sna alperes: ta xal li sone
Santa Rox noxtok....Mu hna7 muk bu htih svob tey ----.)

12. K'alal la7ay ta sna alperes San Juan ta sk'ex nicim,
K8u ora iak'ot ta sna.?
Ta baluneb ora.
K'u ora latih to vob.
9;30, k'usi hal latih: hun ora no7ox
Hay koh li sone? Ha7 no7ox sone yu7un San Juan.
K'usi lapas k'al slah li vobe? Liveskotik. (K'alal lasmelzan
nicim, ihtih otro hun bueita noxtok.) (Ta ora no7ox).
Then: cibat yak' skanteia ta exlexia.
Mi latih ta be?Ta htih ta be -- ha no7ox San Juan no7ox.
IK8at ta eklexia ta las tres, tey ihtih ta yet eklexia.
huno7ox ora, olel ora.
Then: isutalel, ta sna alperes. Htih no7ox vob noxtok.
(k'al ak'otah li alperesetike,) (2 or three hours)
Tey livay, iisut ta hna ha7 to sakub xa. ta las once slah.
(I don't know what time it was, he said: c'abl hreloxo,
c'abal k8uun, mu xkil.)

13. Hay koh sa sonetik xana7 xatih ta skotole li vo7ote?
Ha7 ti muc buc'u k'uis ta xalik abtele. Pero hmoh, pareho
li stihele. Nutuk no7ox helei li K8evuh.
Hay koh k'evuh xana7 ta skotole: yu7un
(C'opo hutuk xa li stihel yu7un alperes, yu7un paxon, yu7un
martomo...)
alperes--- oy can koh:San Juan, Pedro, Corazon, San Yago
Iacalik ta svobik (Santa Roxa;; mu hna7)
martomo: moh No7ox hec li k'ev uh
(Now he says that the harp parts are slightly different
for all the different cargoholders.)

14: On the tape: skwenta salvarol vinik skwenta paxon
bato lanicim--- only this on the tape.
(The left hand, he says, is the same, the right hand slight y
different: right hand: bar'i Kob,z'et= left hand.)

most of the gear, asked around to locate the house where the party was to stay. There we went and whisked such things as the illegal pox hoard inside and quickly under the house altar. The reciprocal term of address with Nibakians is /amiko/. Soon the other car arrived and everyone came in and settled down to make house.

The house belonged to friends of the Vaskis family who had evidently made trips to Nave cauk in the past two years. Buro told me that six cargoholders would come with parties to Nibak: the two martomoetik Rosario, along with the following alfereces: Santo Domingo, San Lorenzo, Trinidad, and SantAntonio. He mentioned that there wer six martomoetik in Nibak: for Rosario, for Ascension, and for /Totik Riox/. He also said that the music was different here --- heard in the houses of the martomoetik --- with violin and guitar, but a medium sized guitar.

(We saw and tried to play a guitar hanging on a wall in the house. Its frets were bad and some s rings were missing. Petul's comment: /mu stak. toyol li ste7el/ --- it won't work, the frets are too high.)

The Vogts and Haviland were given a meal after which one group departed for a waiting station to meet the Saint as he arrived, and we went to Tuxtla.

The alferes then went to th altar --- i gave him his candles --- and said a prayer and lit them. He then stood, faced the table with his back to the altar, and the same procedure of swearing in --- with all standing in turn etc., was repeated. This evidently completed the ritual. The new alferes then sat across from the others newly swotn-in alferes and there was considerable drinking and joking for about half an hour.

Comment: though this seemed to be a highly emoti nal experkience for the new alferes, everybne else in tne chapel seemed quite detached. This contrasts heavily with George's impression of a similar seremony in 7Apas for a martomorey there which was more highly charged. This is obviously dependent on the number of such cer monies that Hteklum sees, yet it seems worth commenting upon.

After the business inthe church was concluded we reformed into a large group composed of the moletik, the sacristanes, the totilmeiletik (Mol Marian Zarate wa the other one) the new alfereces, and all the dozens of helpers, bottle carriers, musicians, anthropologists etc. We went to the house of the new Santo Domingo, stopping at crosses along the way. There many people waited outside, all the cargoholders seated t ekselves on benches inside and were served two pieces of /bkaxlan vah/ and some coffee. (The underlings --- including Ge rge and [illegible] --- were served only one roll. They had sesame seeds.) There was, as before much joking, and a few canones from time to time. The FD musicians stood stamping by the fire, playing occasionally to keep their fingers warm.

Soon the whole group moved to the house of our man, Mikrl, the new Santorenso, and the same procedure was followed. After everyone had eaten (most people stuffing their rolls away for future reference) the moletik and sacristanes filed out leaving only the new alfereces with their groups. Their was some pox, and some long Bobs, and everyone went home. Unfrotunate lack: no ritual meal, unlike the ceremony George talked about in 7Apas where each person was fed one whole chicken.

Wednesday, Aug 9

L and I went out to see the /maitines/ in the vening. Generally we spent the time looking at the market etc., though I was also impressed by the sobriety and responsibility of the Chamulas I saw.

Friday, Aug 11

Trip to Kros Obispo to find the musician, Oso's son-in-law, Mikel Komis Tuchi?. We arrived by Jeep, speculating about exactly which hill and which path would takes us to the house --- we didn't really know the man's name. Judy was giving pointers about how to address people on the road etc. and we accosted a group of young Chamula schoolboys, asking vaguely about a /mastro/ named Miguel Gomez. They said they didn't know, and we got our first evidence and information from a cowherd who told us to look near the blue tienda we could see. As we approached the tienda, the school

trading positions. The band took every opportunity possible to drown out the FD. (Who employs these guys? Probably the outgoing or incoming alferes.) It seems clear that the function of the FD is much like the function of the ~~xxxx~~ cannons and flares that accompany processions: announcement.

After various business that took me back to the Vaskis house twice --- once with Vogtie to resent a copy of Los Zinacantecos, and once with Mark and Fred to buy a hat for Mark --- I went back to San Cristobal to find the hat that Cep was supposedly bringing me. Leslie was feeling rather ill with a sore throat so she elected to stay home. I told Mikel that I would be back to assit him later in the night and he promised to serve the chickens I had given to Buro when I returned. (He was also going to put the ribbons on Mark's hat for him.)

I returned with George about 2:30, and after our hats were fixed, Mark and I spent th afternoon resting our hearts and looking at the fiesta. (This included a reciprocal set of drinks with Domingo in Anselmo's bar during which he told us his troubles and astonsihed us with the list of common English words he had at his command.)

We went back to the Vaskis house at about 5 and by 5:30 everyone was sitting down to eat our chickens. George walked in just in time for dinner (!!!) and was welcomed all around. He was given charge of lighting and generally caring for the gasoline lamp throughout the proceedings. There was some joking about us at the meal, and some about the fact that Mark no longer had his hat --- he had left it at the clinic where he would spend the night due to rain.

After supper was over we retired to a bench back at the wall and the preparations for the swearing-in cer mony began in earnest. The lamp was moved to afford the best light and the whole center of the house was cleared. Mikel began to put on his new clothes. He put on a new sh rt and new white pants, which seemed inordinately large. Over these he put on green velvet pants (which George ex lained were new and belonged to Cep Apas) Over this he put a robe, his white pok', the ribbon necklace. Finally his brother put a red bandanna on his head, wrapped an tied in the proper way. They were aware at all times of the sounds of the fiesta and other ceremonial activities around them. They asked Buro to identify musicians coming nearby--- to tell, for example, what cargoholder they were for and where they were going. Once a canon went off in the distance a d was identified as not the moletik coming to this house, but the moletik fetching Alperes SantoRominko who was also being sworn in on the same night. Finally the singal was heard from the church that the moletik were on the way. The FD group heading the procession was also audible. The house answered with a canon of its own. Seated on the bench facing the door were the alferes, his brother the ritual advisor, Mol Xun Vaskis --- farther down were the other older people present * Buro, and Marian Vaskis, the oldest son in the family. I was given the job of holding the gas lamp so that little Romin could see to pour drinks for the moletik as the entered the house. There was considerable last minute cramming! Petul told his brother the prayer

Monday, Aug 7

Leslie and I went out in the late afternoon in search of a place to stay at the fiesta. It was too late for a trcuk so we drove in the almost rain. At Buro's house there were Burros and people drssed in ladino clothes. The girls told us that Petul was at the house of the incoming alferes San Lorenzo, Mikel Vaskis; they also advised that the house was already /zinil/ (tight --- with people, in this case) /muk' lek xokol/ (not well free --- for us to stay) and it looked doubtful whether we could remain there. So we went off to the Vaskis house, mostly to talk with Petul.

At that house we were invited in without any rela preliminaries: it is a very open and friendly family, joking and hospitable. The men of the house, excluding the incoming cargoholder who came later, were all settled around a table in the process of making the alferes's black hat. Buro and Petul Vaskis were seated by the door and shared the decisions about the hat. (Vaskis was officially tatilme7il, though Buro was his senior and often seemd more in command.)

I presented Petul with a picture of last year's moletik which was a lucky excuse for us to b visiting in the first place. We sat and watched for a while. There were several young men serving as helpers including little Romin and Buro's son-in-law Mikel.

Buro went out to go to the bathroom after awhile, and I followed him. I told him we were searching for a place to stay and mentioned that we had hoped to stay with him. Or we could sleep in our car. He said, well that's fine, but where are you going to eat. He, it seemd, was going to be helping Mikel through the whole fiesta and would be eating off the /oc'eb alperes/ all that time. About that time Mikel himsel arrived and offered us his house to sleep in as we wanted. In exchange I agreed to help, serving as /hp'is vo7/ etc, though it seemed plain that there were already enough helpers. We agreed after a little polite hawming and hawing. Then the problem arose of where to put my car, which they dubbed 'turismo' and examined with envious glee. We decided that it would not enter into Mikel's yard, but after we had cut down a stump guarding Petul Buro's gate everyone thought 'x7oc yilel' (it seems it will enter) and sure enough, in we went: a ready made Z parking space.

The procedure in making the hat was something like this: First two holes were punched to admit the strap which was made out of twisted green ribbon, and to atch the two ribbons which hand down at either side. (/hebal/= I twist, twine: what the men do to a string with their pants rolled up.) then a band of some sort of silverish fabric is sewed on to bake a band. Finally the peacock feather (/k'uk'uma:) with a stick backing is placed on at the front and a little metallic badge put at the bottom of the feather.

(This particular feather, I found out later, belongs to old Xun Vaskis and has evidently come down the family for a long time. No one was quite sure where to buy one.)

All these actions were carried out with incredibale atte tion and almost ridiculous over-care. It is clearly erious business. Mikel actually had the men make a new hat band, since the first oje made was of old ribbon, and he wanted a new one.

About the tuning he said he didn't know, although I'll bet if I handed him a harp strung properly he could tune it in Chamula style.

Leslie was continuing to knit by the fire and they exclaimed over her eyes, that she might hurt them to continue working in such light.

/ta xk'ot sat/= she is able to see

/s-muz'oh ssat/ = her eyes have closed, she blinked

The conversation before eating centered around what had been going on since Petul had been in Hot Country. Evidently there had been interesting cases at the cabildo, and there was considerable gossip about women running away from their husbands, (-c'ak = to separate, split, divide) and about others getting engaged. (~~xxxxx~~ / -nak -ahnil/ = to cover a wife, i.e., get engaged.)

/te?tikal tuix/= chives, or some kind of onion

/ha? no?ox hlik li zeke, cabal calik/= only one piece, the skirt, not two pieces. (They examined Leslie's skirt. /-lik/= a classifier for clothing.)

/pak'tanih/ = pat tortillas, /cak' pak'tanih = she offers to pat tortillas.)

Leslie decided to be some help in the domestic workings so she was given a little apron, a table, and a lump of tortilla dough to play with. Her various attempts went into the common tortilla bowl with comments. Mostly she had them uneven and they refused to stay together. (/mu xtoz/, they said, i.e., it won't lift up (from the plastic sheet).)

/hoy/ vs. /pim/= thin vs. thick --- a distinction important to tortilla patting.

/tol x-hat/= it breaks too much (L's tortilla)

/tol x?ut/= (he scolds too much: me, talking to L about her tortillas.)

Various parties of FD passed as we were eating. Buro wasn't able to tell who was playing from the sound (as he might well have been able to do for VHG musicians) but he said they were just groups playing for the outgoing alferes who were just wandering around --- /ta xenav/= on a walk.

We made ready to go to bed and Leslie, as she got up from the fire, found her foot to be alseep. We tried to convey the message and they told us that she ~~xxx~~ /poztahem/, or had been chilled. They suggested as a remedy ~~xxx~~ makinf a small cross on the foot with spit!

Aug 3 We passed a very uncomfortable night with some sort of stomach trouble culminating in my throwing up quite suddenly in the middle of the house about 4 AM. "Mi cahen" asked Petul's wife who stayed awake all night. (Presumabley this means: Is your belly bloated?) I told them I was sick in the morning and Leslie and I quickly jumped the nearest truck and headed to the Banos to recuperate.

Friday, Aug 4.

After a short recovery period we drove out to Hteklum on the day of the fiesta of Santo Domingo. There were several large groups of gringos already there and two of the project vehicals bearing Vogts and Brazeltons were visible. We went searching for Cep Zarate and were told that he was off /ta vabahel/ and his wife was searching /si?/ (firewood).

Wed., August 2

We decided to go out by truck and find a place to stay from which we could both work on our respective tasks. I wanted a musician with whom I could talk, especially about flute and drum, as well as someone who could inform Leslie about /hcik' pom/ -ing. We had to run to catch the truck, as it had already left the market.

nakato = just now, a second ago

The truck was occcupied almost solely by old men and some Chamulas who got off along the way to the Ventana. We went first to call on Cep Zarate, thinking it a good idea to stay with someone active, and use his house as a base. He was not home --- he had gone off to resell peaches in Tuxtla --- so we talked briefly with his wife and gave her some pictures I had taken last year. She appeared to have a new baby, a girl named Maruc, about 6 months old. On we went to Buro's house with misgivings --- I was expecting that he would still be in Hot Country on his milpa-cleaning expedition, or that he wouldn't welcome us into the house for an immediate prolongued visit. He greeted us with smiles, however, and was quite pleased that we had found him home --- he had arrived back from Hot Country just within the hour. We came in and sat down. (before entering I had bought a media of /pox/ just as a way to enter the house --- much amusement.) Leslie started to exclaim over the shawl that Antel was weaving --- it was a pretty grey color --- and we began some friendly conversation. They asked about our dog and revealed that Antel had cried when we took it away. This was enough to make her start cryingagain, crying and laughing until her face was very red. He fiancé Xun chose exactly this moment to come calling to her great embarassment. He was somewhat surprised to find old Petul home, and he questioned him closely about the work in /7olon/. Evidently, from the conversation, things were very bad. Petul had come home early, that is, without finishing the work, and was not planning to return. He complained of being extremely tired, and reported that /olon osil/ was tremendously hot and buggy. The milpa was hard, /zoz/. from lack of rain. "Muk' lek ha7bil, muk' lek tyempo (Not a good year, not a good season)," he said. The converstaion turned to the general hard times, including the high price of corn. (According to the suitor, corn is being sold by the bodega at $5,or $4 rather than the regular $3.50.)

Buro also told me that he was going up to help Mikel Vaskis (who was going to enter the cargo of Alperes Santorenso at the fiesta) starting just after Santo Domingo, on Saturday. He said he was going to help, not as totilme7il, but as /hp'is vo7/ (which, as Cep later said, was a lie: ta xnop= he's lying).

We went visiting a little later in the afternoon to see what was happening with the fiesta of Santo Domingo and to meet Voytie who had promised to come out with the filmmakers to make sure we wern't stranded with no place to stay the night. We went to Yerno Nuh's

10. s-ẓiṇulan; skotol li k'ak8al yu7un sk'an noox yo7on;
k'alal mu sk'an yo7on (no bite at my suggestion of upper tightness limit.)

11. sz'ot: k'alal ta scap li svobtike;
K8alal mu7yuk bu cvaḇaha, ta xlaho sk'obtik, ta svoc k'obtik, k'alal zoz li ste7ele

12. sz'uz'upta: k'alal sk'an yo7on;
yolel k'ine mu xu7, (mi xokol k aka'al ha7 xu7)

13. scan vob; sk'an yo7on scano, skotol ɥ sk'al;
oy yabtel, mu sK8an yo7on. (mi sk'anok li yo7one, xu7)

14. scap/ svobe; K8alal x7oc' ak'ot;
stih li svobe, mu xu7, mu stak8 yu7un mu stak' s k'ecil li vobe., (ha7 to mi lah huhun pyesa.)

15. sci7in yan; k'alal cotahtike, stih svobe;
k'alal ta stih mu stak' slo7ilah hutuk
(can't have two play, yu7un hun nox yahval sk'an)

16. sc'abi; k'alal slah stihik k'ox sone, huhun pyesa;
k'alal c7ak'otahike ɥ (ko7ol: sc'ani)

17. x7elavah; ka8lal yole kline, yolel ak'ot, ;
k'al c'abal li vobe (yu7un ba ak'el buc'u c7ak'otah, ha7 sk'elik, elavetik)

18. s-helulan yok: k'alal cotole, ta k'ine;
canave, yu 7un xlub li yoktik.

End, and not a little inconclusive.

anil; 3 ha7 copol k'ala anile; anil sk'an xi7ak'otahikotik noxtok, K8ala k'un li vobe, k'ala k'un stih, k'un, lek ci7ak'otah.

arpa; 2 xtun

-av; c'abal li "yav vob"

-avan; 1 mu xtun; mu sna7ik vobe;;;;
-avlahet; 3; lek; (K'u ora lek sci7uk li xavulahet?) Ta hun rominko, ta k'in, muk' puersa ta k'in. (Mu xu7 x7avan k'alal oy li vobe) Ta xk'evuhin nox, ha7 nox. (Ali x7avulhaet, ko7ol mi c'opo sciuk li K8evuhe?)hC8opo mu xtun li avu lahete

-bahulan stanl -e; 1 mu7yuk; ha7 no7ox ta sc'ayo yo7on (Mi xu7x slok'es li sone k'a; sbahulal stenel ye?) mu7yukha nox ta xuxubah.

-bak'; 1 mu7yuk; mu sna7 yec (K'u ora xu7 xbak'?) ta xbak' ta smal to, xmal k'aka'al no7ox, li yakubel.

-balin; (Mi xbalin li vobe?) sbalin ce7e yu7u li vobe, ha lek.

banta; 2 mu stak noxtok; stih no7ox, mu stih vob. (K'usi stih li bantae?) Ep kanaion etik.

pom; 2 xtun; skwenta son kahvaltik, skwenta sk'in kahvaltik. nopunel. (Bek'tal pom--) skwenta stih-vobel (K8usi spas) skwenta yo lek x7ok' li vobe.

-b'iulan; (Mi sbiulan li stihvobil); ta sbiulan, skiiulan.

Bitrola; 2 mu xtun, pero skwenta nox kkaxlan me tik. C8abal skwenta intiotike.

-boh; 1 xtun; yem komem to vo7ne. (Mi xu7 sboh li violin) xu7 ce7e (Mi lek?) lek

ze7et; 3 lek; le sze7et sci7uk vobe; (K'u yu7un) lek sci7uk sze7et pero copol sci7uk xavulahet?) ha lek xa li yo7on k'al sze7ile.

zinzin; 3 lek; (K'usi li zinizin) kitara
zinzon; 1 xtun; sna7 stihel.

zinulan; 1 xtun; litoe sk'an ta scan li vobe, sk'an to (Li muc'u sna7 szihulan mi xu7 scap li vobe?) Xu7 scap T xa7i k'u xelan kb7ol xbat shup, xa hz'otbetik ste7el li vobe, xka8etik mi lek capa.

zoz; (Mi mas lek k'ala zoz li vobe?) Ha7 mas lek. Mas K8un ha7 copol

read, for he was unable to read the numbers (2 or 3) on the string reels to tell ~~how~~ what gauge the wire was. He had too judge that by eye. (He also unrolled the ends with his teeth -arrgh!) The conversation ranged over a wide variety of things; one of the foremost subjects was the coming of the lights and questions of where they would be, who would pay, etc. Evidently the workers had run out of lightpoles in the city, and there was the possibility that the lights would be inaugurated with the bridge (which was still out.) We paid for the strings (I made arrangements with Duro to come in on Tuesday) and we left. Vogtie treated Cep and me to sardines in lieu of lunch, and off we went to Hobel. (There by the way, we found John still sick, visiting at the Banos.)

Tuesday, July 25

I tried to use the list of sound words culled from Laughlin's dictionary to get more music words and discover the sort of things about music that Tzotzil can describe. (this listed as FI #2). Not too successful.

The rest of the week was spent in meetings and vacationing.

Tuesday, August 1

In the morning at the bank I ran into the martomo Santa Krus who invited us to come out again to the baile preceding the fiesta of Santo Domingo. I thought this would be a good chance for Leslie to get more definite contacts with some /hcik' pom/ and for me to recruit musicians like Konseres for more work -- he seems quite sharp and is --- by reputation a better musician that his older brother. We drove the Volvo out about 3 o'clock and parked at the truck stop. We first planned to meet Petul Buro and buy some pox and chat. Instead we were intercepted by Marian Xulemte7 from Apas (George had warned me that he was searching for us to borrow money) who immediately put the finger onmme for a small touch. He complained about the expense of candles, told me of the ceremonies over the weekend, mentioned that anything I lent him was 8 /skwenta kahvaltik/. But he offered no pox and immeditaely spoke Spanish when he began the real request. I turned him down again and again, with the truth (we have no money) but he was very persistent. Finally I told him that he would have to come to my house to ask me and we managed to get away. On the path we met Santa Krus, who was delighted to see us. He was on his way up muk'ta viz to pick flowers (/ec'/) for the ceremony. We offered to come along and did, despite his protestations that it was very far, that Leslie would get tired, and that it would be better if we waited at his house.

As we walked I ~~aks~~ asked the man about his /hcik' pom/ and what her schedule would be. We discovered that for the fiesta period that was just beginning that /hcik' pom/ would be in the man's house for at least a week. I also learned what I had suspected --- namely, that good musicians would be hard to get during the fiesta time.

Leslie did give out about halfway up the mountain, so we sat down to wait. The martomo was gone picking flowers for an entire hour, part of which time we sat and part of which

Wed., July 19

Interview with Buro at the Banos. Managed to record some different versions of /baz'i son/ which showed that each cargoholder group has an essentially different tune for /baz'i son/ even though all are clearly related and easily confused. Also tried to elicit the framework of Buro's life, though I relaized that the significance of this might prove limited.

Note: do musicians form a 'cross-compadre' group? That is, even if they have no close business association, are they in enough contact with one another to have some closer connection than one Z to another. E.g., Martinez and Konseres have been playing together everywhere I've seen them this year and they are compadres.

Sunday, July 23

After several unsuccessful attempts to get out to Hteklum to notify Buro that I wanted to come on Sunday to the Chamula market to buy a harp for Vogtie's son, I just went out on Sunday with some others in hopes of finding the man before he left. The business of the rest of the group was to install Bik'it Xun with Mol Xun Lopis. my old musi'ians friend (and brother-in-law (??)) who would be playing at the Hermita for the martomorey and who, it turned out, was either the incensario-maker or his brother. The arranger was Cep Nuh, and Vogtie came to lend his weight to the proceedings. (We drove in by way of the center of the Earth. Mark was also along to be left at the clinic for some days.)

As the others went to the Hermita I ran off to find Buro. At his house I met only his daughters in the yard and an otherwise unidentified old woman (who was around later when we returned). They reported that Buro and wife had already gone to market and that they had left word for me to come along and meet them there if I wanted.

I went back to the Hermita, entered with the usual bows and greeted the various people present. Vogtie and the rest of our contingent were seated with the helpers on the bench to the left of the altar. All the moletik were present with thw two new scribes; and all five of the principals in the ritual were present, including a mayol from /Az'am/ who was there to bring salt (though he appeared too drunk to carry out his duties.) Vogtie seemed to be waiting for Cep's signal about when to move, so I went over to pass the time with the musicians. They were, as before, Konseres, Martinez, and Lopis. (Luckily for us, mol Xun, the object of the quest was playing the guitar on this occasion --- thus, I was able to fill in for him.) I came just as everyone was tuning up to play a bit. Everyone offered me drink, and Lopis offerred me his guitar. The cargoholders, especiall my previous acquaintance martomorey bankilal, seemed eager for me to play, so I tuned up (with a rather gruff Martines giving me the pitch) and off we went. Baz'i son, with rather drunken dancing -- the two martomoreyetik had to hold the mayol from Salinas on his feet.

While we were playing the first time, Lopis slept. After the song had petered out, the cargoholders asked Cep Nuh what

Monday, July 17

We satyed in bed as long as possible. When we awoke the drunk compadre was in evidently good conditions again and was having an earnest conversation with Buro. As we were lying in bed waiting until it looked safe to get up I heard the man ask one of the daughters to run off to fetch some beer; I'm not sure what the reason was, though I think he just liked to drink. We arose after the beer was finished (and the dead bottles xxxxx turned on their sides) and I sat by the fire just in time for the second round of beer which had been ordered out of my hearing.

Petul explained a little to his compadre why we were there in his house: I was learning music, L was learning to be a wife (earlier they had called her /ac' anz/ --- a new woman --- because she didn't know such basics as weaving and tortilla-making). The compadre was relatively interested and launched into a long discussion of exactly where the United States are: this may be interesting from the point of view of Z cosmology. The United States, said he, is where the sun goes down. This compadre was evidently not invited for breakfast, for when Petul's wife handed out the bowl of water for washing he promptly excused himself and took off. We had been playing a little before, and perhaps that is what encouraged him to stay in the first place.

After a rather late breakfast Petul showed signs of wanting to go to work. He started off, xxxxxxx offered me an extra long hoe (which was still at least a foot too short) and we went to a nearby xxxx milpa for a little cleaning. The next three hours were rather grueling for me as my hands blistered because:

mu xnop xak'in: they aren't accustomed to hoeing.

I almost gave up several times, but somehow managed to hold on. I was given a botany lesson, with Buro pointing out various plants and naming them before axeing them down. I here record only the interesting ones:

sat pukuh: devil's eyes (small red berries growing on an otherwise innocuous looking green)

e'ix: thorn

z'i?lel: any plant, or (?) weed: things to be chopped

Beside the field which we were cleaning was another with much shorter corn. He said that that was his, too, but shorter because

mas z'akal hz'un (I planted it later). (!!)

When my back and hands were just about to give out we took a pause to ta k with Petul's wife who had appeared walking the pigs. She had with her the oldest daughter with her baby Loxa. Finally I returned to the house, before Petul, and Leslie and I went off to visit Yerno Nuh to see about meeting with the /mol hvabahom/ who plays for the alfereces. No one was home there, and we returned just in time to meet Petul and his wife. Evidently someone had died and there was some special service in the church (though this was all more than a little unclear). Buro merely told me to wait a little, while he and eventually the whole family walked off toward the church. There was no hint of an

that we go visiting. He took one full litro of strong pox and a kwarto of the same in a rope bag and off we went. We headed almost directly towards Muk'ta viz and came to what must have been the end of the town. The path ceased and we were obliged to climb over a small fence (which had a hacked log provided). We found ourselves in quite a large cornfield, which, as we passed through, turned out to have hoses in its midst spraying water to keep the ground wet. In the middle of the field was a small house, which was the object of our visit. A man, about 40, named Xun was sittin making the fringe on a new chamarro. His wife and son and young son were around the yard, with an old woman ... evidently the mother. Buro started talking in a requesting manner, and his business was this: he evidently owns two horses who presently graze on the big Ranch nearby. He wanted to have permission to graze his hosses on an unfarmed plot of land owned by this man Xun. There was some hemming and hawing and extended holding out of the bottle. (I wonder if Buro has wind of the latest manover to take over the Rancho, and thus wants to provide for his horses in advance.) The man Xun eventually agreed, though he was still reluctant to receive the pox, saying :

/Muk' perxa li poxe/ (It's not necessary).

The man did not even have a proper /p'is/ in his house amd hence served us from a coffee cup --- inordinately large amounts, especially when mol Pedul poured off --- into me.

On the way back we stopped at another man's house to borrow a mol kitara. The man's name was Xun Komyox, the present martomo Xanxevastian bankilal. As we arrived he was standing by a newly erected pigpen with his son, feeding a pig which he said he had just acquired for 70 pesos. We asked him if we could borrow the guitar, just for a day or so, to teach me. The man was very reluctant to give it away. He extracted the promise that we not take the guitar away to San Cristobal. He wanted to be very explicit about how long we would have it. Finally he accepted our pox and we drank it down. As a parting shot --- their conversation over drinks mostly left me out and dealt with a new curer from Nacih and his antics --- he demanded five pesos as rent for the guitar. This was somethingI had never heard of before, and we said we'd pay when we brought the thing back. Quite un-cricket. He also tried to sell me a new chamarro; it had a fairly good look about it but was too samll, and probably was extremely expensive. I was actually quite annoyed with the man and did not ask him about his Incense Bearers or musicians.

The guitar had not been used for some time and the strings were quite rusty. Buro asked for some sandpaper (lija) and cleaned off the strings. (We repeated the smae process on my harp strings later on.)

When we got back to the house the girls had gone out for a short time, picking vegetables. Leslie came in later, complaining that she had lost her pen. She went out for water to search: / -bat ta voʔ/ = go for water,

the words I learned and the contexts in which I learned them.

We arrived about 11:00 AM at the Buro compound (which Leslie has diagrammed) and found only the two youngest daughters, Antel and Xunka, at home. They were both preparing to weave and they invited us to wait--- their father was expected momentarily. We sat down and Leslie moved in closer to make their acquaintance. They were very pleased with Leslie and were happy to treat her as a little plaything throughout our stay.

-hal, -halav: weave (trans, intrans.)

Xunka, the bear of the two, was weaving material for a skirt and everytime she slammed down the crossbar she shook the support tree. Antel was working on /pok'ul/ cloth. We had waited about fifteen minutes when old Petul came lumbering in with his wife behind, lugging a huge pack of goodies from Chamula. He invited us into the house and sat by the fire while his wife unpacked and generally made ready to feed him. I introduced Leslie, and everyone seemed pleased. Buro reported that there were some instruments at the market, mostly the large size guitars used in Chamula (with eight strings) costing around $50. There were evidently no harps at the market. Petul told me that one must talk to the man who makes the harps first. He made a rather shaky date to go to the market the next week to order a harp.

The trip to Chamula had produced several special foods. Petul passed around some black bananas of the large and starchy kind. Meanwhile his wife, Lolen, began to cut up some vegetable that looked like cabbage and was called /muruc itah/. It was boiled and served with lemon juice for lunch. Just before lunch a man came to buy a kwarto of strong pox, which he again offered to Petul. I thought some sort of request was involved and asked him whether he was, perchance, going to play some music. He wasn't --- apparently the pox was just a friendly gesture. (Many people came to buy pox during our stay, and, in fact, by the end he had run out. He told me that his pox came from Chamula, from /ton krus/, and that it was delivered to him. If this is so, his price is four times what he pays for it.) Very soon afterwards another man came for pox. He had no bottle of his own, and he also asked for a cup. (I carried the bottle out and received the money.) He was evidently having a small party outside Buro's front gate. Several strolling groups of men passed during the day --- illustrating Buro's dictum of the day:

Hkux ko7ontik ta rominkee. (We rest our hearts on Sunday.)

We finished the meal despite these interruptions. We were even given avacado to eat.

Bek' 7on: avacado pit

The meal was finished with a set of thank-you's around the table, to which I was told the proper reply was:

Yec kote, totik. (???)

During this meal, by the way, we were first attracted to our puppy dog who brashly ran about the fire picking up bits of avacado etc. even though she was in mortal danger of having her backbone pulverized by a sneaky shushing stick.

forgotten and so that my wife could be with the various women in his house to learn food making and other wifely things. Here's your pox back, mai totik. While a daughter went to fetch a /p'is/ Domingo reexaplained in fuller Tzotzil what I wanted. He readily agreed and we drank one of the two medias, with John serving as /hp'is vo7/. It was indeed hot and John whispered to me that he hoped I would be willing to drive the Jeep home. I was and we arrived, surprisingly, in one piece with two useful contacts.

Saturday, July 15

Aside from local social events, nothing too eventuful. Little Romin stopped by early in the day and confirmed my earlier wild hypothesis that the use of /zek/ reported earlier in connection with stars represents a constellation. Other constellations are /xonob/ (sandals), and /krus/ (cross). Interesting to find out where these come from.

Late in the afternoon I was conned --- by Domingo and Mariano Martinez --- to taking them , plus the Presidente out to the ventana. They had missed the truck. Hating to set a precedent I took them at high speed as far as las tijeras.

Some words culled from various contacts with Z's in the last few days:

-ta: meet; bu canta? = where will I meet you
bak'o: bridge, incorrectly listed in Colby
supul: moth
cakxonobil: ceremonial sandals
pim: thick, double (seems to be a complicated word)
ok'il: coyote

K'usi yu7un krixcano: a part of a person (lit: somethibg for a person.) (Clearly from Rick's test)

Sunday, July 16

Up and away with Vogtie and a stuffed Jeep about 7 am. The project was to leave Leslie and me in Hteklum and to show the others around. As we started down the road from the ventana we stopped by /muxul viz/ and took a short hike up to the crosses at the top which afford a good view of the town. It's nice to go on sight-seeing trips with Vogtie because he knows all the good spots. Once in town Vogtie took a party to the church and I went into the Hermita to visit with the martmorey and see how John was doing.

I entered with the normal bows etc. and noticed the table of unfamiliar moletik-faces staring at me. I arrived at a pause in the dancing, just in t me to be offered some drinks. The seating was as usual amd has been reported elsewhere. John was sitting on the left side of the chapel on a separate bench, looking on. When I arrived a man and his wife were praying at the front altar so I greeted the moletik and scribes seated in the center and tried my best to greet the rest --- it is somewhat uncomfortable when

singing. The martomoetik had been singing rather halfheartedly while changing the flowers. But now the women began to sing in a falsetto sqeal, not following the tune at all, but repeating the words over and over. The first phase of the dance, with just /baz'i son/ lasted about ten minutes, when the musicians asked for a round of pox. The other /hpis vo7/ told me that this would be /kakbil/ or /kakbil kahve/, that is, a mixture of one shot of coffee and two shots of pox. We prepared several cups of this mixture: it cannot in general be poured off. All the cargoholders and musicians received this mixture, as did the younger of the incense bearers. The older incense bearer took her regular pox so that she could pour off. We drink pourers were also asked to serve Leslie and Judy as well as ourselves.

After the round the musicians began again with the second song and dancing continued until the fourthbsong, /tek'ob son/. Another round of spiked coffee (or spiked pox, if you like). The musicians continue with /tek'ob son/ and continue through the end, i.e., back to baz'i son. Again a round of coffee. (By now the xxx other drink pourer did not want any more of the coffee mixture. But he continued to pour one for me, so I continued to pour one for him.) After this round there was another short pause during which the incense bearers sat again where they had been during the flower change and rested. The Chamula started crying again and was silenced by the iz'inal Santa Krus who offered him a cigarette. The song and dance then continued through two more rounds of spiked coffee, with only baz'i son and an appropriate ending verse. During the first break the martomoetik, who had given bottles of strong pox to each mauicain, carried these bottles around for everyone to try. During this break, also, I was asked to come to the house of the iz'inal where the same ceremony would be repeated. Judy was not looking well at this point, and we had no particular urge to stay, but I said I might come. In any case, the ritual dancing was over at about 12:30 AM. The martomo asked me againnin earnest to come to the other house and gave me a small bag with four litros of pox to carry. I walked ahead with the other drink pourers and this did not see the procession ffom one house to the next. I expect the order was: musicps, women, men, in reverse rank order. I was told, also that they stopped to kiss the crosses that lay on the path between the two houses. The girls stayed behind and when the martomoetik arrived I said that I had to take the girls home for one was quite sick --- not just drunk. They seemed worried that I should be going but said goodbye.

We zipped to Domingo's house where I got him out of bed and we loaded his corn into the Jeep. We arrived innHobel about 2 o'clock. Some new words:

mak: top, or cap (also a verb) = suk
ixtalal: ring
-k'ak': burn oneself up; Judy was bent over with her head almost in the fire: they said /xk'ak' shol/.
-hel: change ---
-alav: divert, enteratin: Colby lists this as an intransitive meaning entertain oneself. I had the form/xelavbe/ --- namely, what a radio does.
-k'elanbe: give (someone) present. My watch was a present from my father: 7ik'elanbon: he gave it to me. The word gift is /monton/.
tuxnuk: the filter on a cigarette: literally, a piece of wool.
tucobni7icskil: a nail-clipper, from /tuc/-to cut,/ni7/- nose or tip, and /7icsk/, fingernail.

to be his /hp'is vo7/. I thought that was a lovely idea since I had little interest in getting so drunk that I could not take notes. (In fact I couldn't take many notes as hp'is vo7 because I was always in the public eye. I did learn some words, however. The following observations dwell very little on the ritual itself --- that subjcet should be adequately covered by the girls who watched and made notes theoughout. I will concentrate on the musicians, their apparent functions and relations to the others.)

--- The musicians began to play baz'i son and everyone took the places shown in the diagram on page 13. (Judy came forward and offered to help as an assistant when she saw that one was missing. All the men except the musicians and the drinkpourers when not pouring stood. All the women, when not dancing, sat.) The martomoetik spread mats and everything proceeded as expected with taking down flowers and pines and then putting them back. As drink pourer I was quite aware of when the drink rounds come and how they start/. My previous impressions were confirmed; namely, that the violinisit, watching the procedings, of course, is the complete master of the timing of the rounds, whereas the martomo bank'ilal more or less directs the protocol of each round. The first round began when the music began. I poured from a bottle furnished by the bank'ilal and the other pourer, Lol, was the iz'inal's son and used his pox. Two cups to eac person. The round started with the old ladies, then proceded to martomoetik, then musicians, then Leslie and Judy, then the assistant and finally the women tending the fire. We drink pourers did not drink at all, in a smiling conspiracy, until later. All in all there were four rounds of pox in the actual changing of flowers: one during the ~~stripping~~xx early stripping of the old, one about when the pine arch was complete, and two while the flowers were going up. The violinist did not seem to be paying much attention, though he clearly must have been. The musicians were ordinarily deadpan. Only once did the violinist point out that one corner of the altar had been missed and still had old flowers.

The first verse the musicians sang was
paso m avokol, totik xca etc.
sk'ex to me anicimxca/ syanalte

which is essentially an exhortation to the cargoholders to do their duty and change the sacred flowers and leaves. The 'refrain' which appeared throughout the songs was

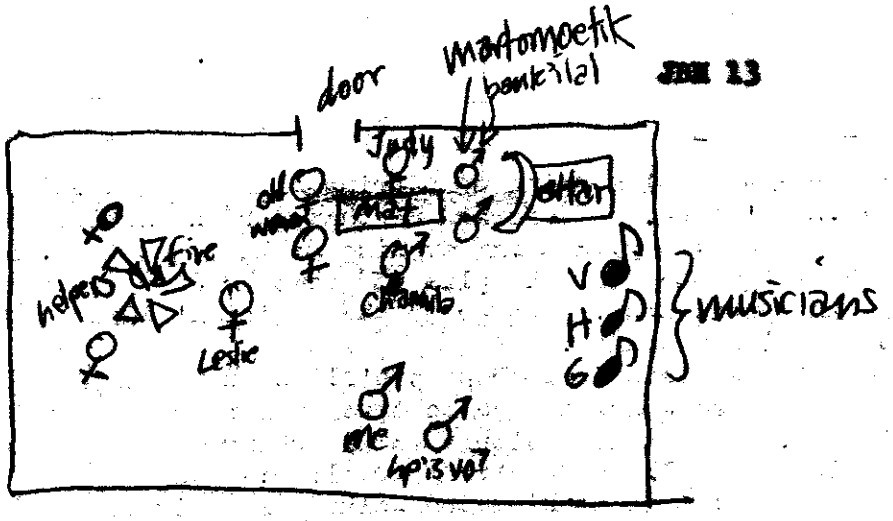
Nicimal xa me c'ul kahveltik/ yayatot

which praises the beauty of God. When asking for a round of pox to begin a verse began, as noted elsewhere

Pertonal me heet'uk xca/ ht'abek
K'usi no7ox yepal li xi7abil/ sk'exabil

which asks for pardon for the little amount of pox to be offered, the so-called 'cause for fear' and 'cause for embarrassment'.

The changing of flowers finished without a special round of pox. The music was silenced by a round of bows started by the cargoholders after they had loaded the old decorations on to the mat and were ready to go outside to dispose of them. They bowed around in the same order as a round of drinks, omitting all but the two women and three musicians who were actually part of the ceremony. While they were outside the musicians sat and discussed what other musicians were playing for what other events. The incense bearers swept up all around the altar and under it to remove all traces of the old pine needles. Afterwards they set up the incensarios, which presumably



Judy's prompting I asked 'Hi mu? ashkilat?' which eventually produced results. He had realized that he hadn't enough gasoline so he sent me off to 'ma?kik Alinas' to buy a liter of gasoline and two pesos worth of candles. Unfortunately I didn't know what size candles to buy, anyway, I went hurrying off. At the store the girl greeted me in Spanish, but she was obviously a Z as we continued our conversation in Tzotzil. She seemed quite surprised when I asked for two one peso candles --- I should have immediately realized her wrong I was.

On the way back to Santa Cruz's house I met Domingo who had evidently just recently arrived back in town. He asked my me in a fever asking voice if I might be able to carry corn corn into town for him the next day. I told him I wasn't sure what time we would be returning as that depended on what time the baile was over. He explained that he had to carry the corn directly to the Ranch because the soldiers in and around the market would stop him if he appeared with corn, take him to the Presidencia and force him to sell the corn at the $3.50 instead price of the $4 he wanted. We finally agreed that I would come by his house before leaving Nabichan --- though I wonder this might be at some thing other than a civilized hour --- and carry his corn to the Ranch.

Back at the martomo's house I discovered the candles we a considerably too big. The martomo wanted candles only half or one quarter as large. He seemed a bit annoyed though he said ' Ta xhan' (They'll do). When I offered to exchange them for smaller ones he replied "I'll go whose." I wanted to undo the damage so I ran after him down the path (that was the first time I had ever seen a Z running on a path) and offered to buy those two large candles myself 2 / shvants kuvalilil/. He accepted the two pesos without a trace of enthusiasm and afterwards seemed considerably more favorably disposed towards me. We went from the store where we bought the new candles to Marian Martinez's house to see if he had returned yet. We stood in the yard while the old woman of the house reported that Marian had not returned the most likely possibility was that he had gotten drunk in Nabil and would not appear in time for the ceremony. The martomo repeated, for the benefit of me mu in particular, the conversations he had had with Martinez in asking him to play at the baile. Since the martomo was rather worried that his ceremony was going to come off rather badly I dropped several hints that in a difficult situation I might serve as a replacement. We decided to wait a short time to see if Martinez would appear. The woman passed two small chairs through the door and we sat in the dark out in the yard for a short time. Our conversation was rather typical of such meetings; we talked about my family, the English language, my sandals. I showed him the blister on my foot and he asked to examine my sandals, speculating that in my country people wear 'pure zapatos'. He showed me his ceremonial shoes and admitted that they weren't too comfortable either. Most difficult was the thong between the toes: he said that /an xhak'/ (the foot wouldn't go in) and /an alap/ (it wouldn't go on). I knew that the moon was /k'al ma?tik/, but I found out that the Evening Star was /kual k'anil/. (Is /k'anil/ a word for star? I was told, I thought, that another word for star was/k'ak/. The word was elicited

to a martomo flower change soon. He said he played for the martomo Santa Krus, whose flower change came the next day, /myerkolex/. There was some amusement at the idea that Leslie might want to learn to be an incense bearer, both because she was so young and because she was married. They volunteered, all the same, to find her the special cloak that these women wear so that Leslie could dance with them if we came.

-lap: to dress oneself, mi ta slap? (Does she want to dress?)

We arranged to meet the next day, and drank our medis to seal the bargain.

Later in the day we went to the Chamula bar where I had occasion to play a large guitar set up in the Chamula manner with eight strings: like a Z guitar missing the center set of strings, plus the very low bass string. The following words appeared:

-bah: to play (music? guitar? string instrument?) must be related to the form wh ihc appears in Zinacantan -vabah.

-ze?in: laugh (-ze?in lo?il: tell dokes)

aük: top, cap, tapa

breakfast to the house of the martomo. Rick and I were in the lead and stopped to pray at the house cross. We went inside, leaving the girls in Maruc's hands to go to another house for food preparation. We greeted the elders and I was asked to sit among the musicians with whom I had played the day before.

The house was arranged as in the diagram on page 3. There were flute and drum musicians sitting outside near the house cross. Clustered nearby were the men who shot off the canons. Two sets of VHG musicians were sitting inside as shown. I presume that the set of musicians closest to the altar were specially hired for this occasion. They were the musicians who later accompanied the h7iloletik on their first trip. The musicians on the wall facing the altar were the musicians from the previous day with the martomorey. I sat down at the harp place and began to tune. Rick sat as low man on the left hand bench. The elders must have heard that I could play for they were much more cordial than the day before and laughed when I took up the instrument. Quite soon after I arrived we started to play a while at baz'i son. The music was essentially led by the other group of musicians, all of whom were older men. Occasionally that band would stop... for example to receive pox ... whereupon our group would continue until the pox reached our violinist who would stop to receive it. No one danced and, judging by the conversation level, no one really noticed our music at all, though occasionally someone would look over and laugh at me.

Soon there was a pause, more benches were set up; and we all prepared to eat. The food was simply beans and tortillas, but there was no coffee: large bottles of weak pox were passed around for everyone to swig from. After most everyone has sat sfied himself, the bowls of beans were passed around to drink from (Mi cavuc' cenek?). At this point a large group of men, including about six h7iloletik (who were quite unrecognizable, as they wore no special clothes) stood and left the house with long elaborate bows. With them went the setof six older musicians who headed a procession along with one set of FD musicians. Everyone said they were going to Tolon/ though they never said why. (Cep had, the night before, described a very steep trip down to some place 3 km. away where they went to pray.) These people were expected back in the late afternoon for a ritual meal and all night prayers. Meanwhile it was unclear what those of us who remained were supposed to do, as nothing very important to thenfiesta could happen until the h7iloletik and the men who had gone to San Cristobal for supplies returned. So we continued to play and drink. The violin went back and forth between Cep and Antun. A helper came and offered us all medias of pox (that is, each musician received one) for playing. Everything got terribly dull so Rick and I went out during one pause to see the girls at the house next door. It later turned out that this was a great <u>faux pas</u> as the women and the men --- even gringo husbands and wives --- were not supposed to have contact with one another during the ceremonies. The girls even came into the house where I was playing for a few moments and drank from one of the musicians bottles (mine).

About 10 o'clock the idea began to circulate to go to another place to continue playing. Canons were fired and we musicians prayed at the altar, bowed around and went outside. We were followed by about ten people, the last three of which were among the high ranking six mentioned at the previous day's meeting. We started on another procession, headed by flute and drum, then VHG, then the rest which

ceremony at the church to continue the proceedings. Not without some misgivings (my thumb was getting sore) I agreed. About 1:30 the dancing stopped in the church and we began to pick up our instruments, morrales, etc. The cargoholders climbed onto the altar and removed the rosaries from around the saints and placed them in bags! It became apparent that I was to march in the procession as a harp player. The other musicians began to worry tuat I was improperly dressed; one offered me a pixalal/ and from somewhere I received a black musician's blanket to put over my shoulder. We musicians bowed first and prayed at the altar... then all people knelt in a line at the entrance to the church and said a long prayer. We stood up in a line with the highest ranking person near the door. Then the guitar player, who was to lead the procession, bowed down the line with entended bows and finally went out of the church. I did the same being second. Actually all the musicians waited just inside the door until the procession was somewhat formed. Then we played /lok'ebal son/ or the song for going out until the procession reached the cross. There everyone stopped and prayed briefly to the cross. Again all stood in a line and, facing the mountain up the hill from the church, all said a long prayer in that direction. Then the procession started in earnest in the dircetion of the martomorey bank'ilal's house, playing bez'i son and singing all the way. (Note: I will have to discover some way to keep track of the verses that are sung at different times, for the choice of what to sang is clearly not completely random --- though perhaps partially so.)

We arrived at the house, stopped playing, said a prayer at the house cross, played /oc'ebal son/ and entered. The various other musicians bowed to the ladies and sat on benches beside the house altar. I was still expcated to play the harp so we tuned the instruments and prepared to play. Before playing, however, all the musicians (actually, just three of us --- the one whom I replaced not included) knlet before the bags containing the rosaries --- these were held out to us by the martomoreyaetik --- and said some mysterious prayer. After the prayer we sat down and the dance prepared to go on. We played through about two sets of songs with appropriate stops for pox. By this time Xun, the guitarist, was barely awake and his playing could hardly be heard. Meanwhile the original violinist Cep had given over the violin playing to the displaced musician Antun and had himslef passed out in the corner under the altar. I was the only musician at all awake and I was getting exhausted and thumb-weary. Sometimes the music would just die out and the cargoholders, who had at first been bouncy and high-stepping, were weaving and almost asleep. The martomorey bank'ilal kept emphasizing, however, that the ceremony was not over and that much remained to be done.

About 5:00, though, a movement started among the musicians to leave outright before the ceremony was finished. Xun especially seemed unable to go on and he encouraged me to leave with him. The cargoholders tried to encourage us to stay but finally all three musicians who were still awake picked up our things and said a long prayer at tye altar. (Both Xun and Antun cried during this prayer.) We went outside where one of the mexonetik tried to detain us. Undaunted we walked on: four people for we had been joined by Marian, the martomorey iz'inal and Xun's brother. I know we left early, though this was apparently not terribly serious (though, unfortunately we missed a good meal I feel sure). In fact, in the next happenings on the su ceeding day I noticed that musicians, at least these young ones from 7Apas, do not always have enough endurance to last long ceremonies--

ceremonial dress ~~xxxx~~ yelling at each other, separated by another man. The taller of the two, the martomorey iz'inal Marian Xulemte7 and one of Cep's brothers-in-law, tore the pok' off his head, took off the black chamarro, and walked away while the others returned to the church. Some of my party were amused by this, but not Cep. He rather sternly called for theman to come talk with the fiesta martomo. He did come up, still yelling a bit, and got Cep in a hammerlock as thay talked. I never discovered what the original argument was about, although Cep, sounding like the voice of community spirit, lectured Marian seriously about serving kahvaltik in an orderly fashion. At any rate the argument seemed forgotten when we all arrived at the church.

The whole party came up to the church and entered. The cargo ritual was at a pausing point (partly because of the argument, no doubt) with no music or dancing. The party of tax collectors knelt and prayed three times, once just inside the door of the church, once at the middle, once just at the altar. (We had all been greeted at the door by the martomorey bank'ilal.) Then, as the rest of the party actually went to the altar to pray, I went over to the musicians and the other cargoholders to greet them and be introduced. Cep called me up to the small altar with Señor Isquipulas and asked me to make a small contribution onto the little silver tray that George had given to the church. Afterwards the musicians beckoned me to sit down with them and passed around some small qwartos of pox. A string was broken on the guitar and fixing it was holding up the regular proceedings.

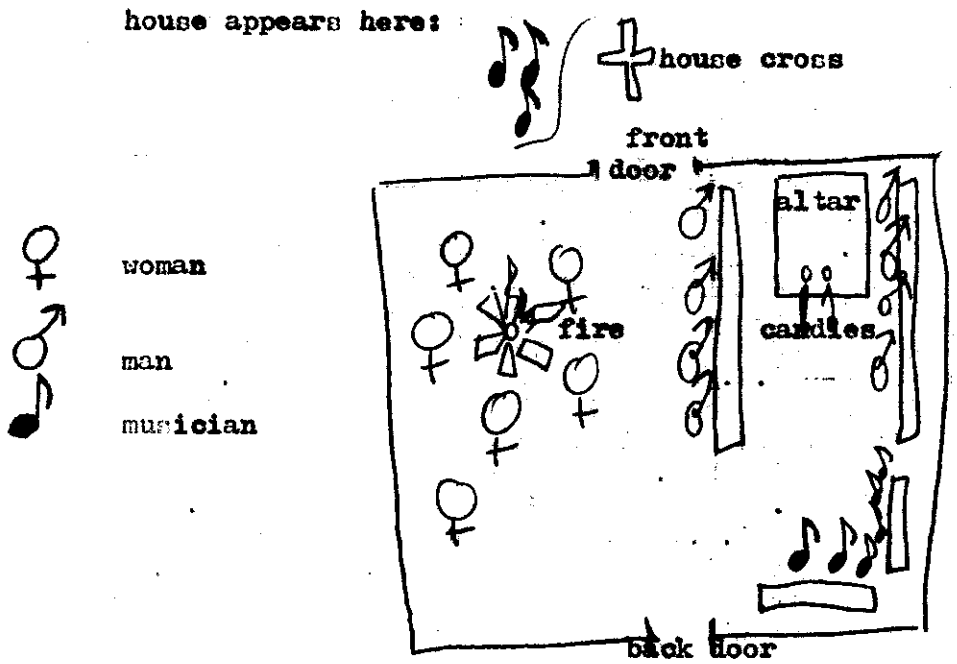
Cep seemed to think that Rick and I would enjoy staying with the ceremony at the church more than continuing to /-pas cobrar/, so we said goodbye to the rest and sat down with the musicians and helpers. Cep had told the others that I knew how to play (I told him: 'I don't know the songs' and he said: 'You'll learn') so they pressed a violin into my hands. In fact, since the violin player has to lead songs etc. I protested and took up the harp instead. The harp was badly out of tune and I startedto tune it in a rather slow —— but precise —— way. Everyone got impatient and told me to give the harp to the violin player (Cep ??) /yu7un scap lavobe/. (The correct form would be, for me:

Capo li-hvob-e, abulahan. Please tune my instrument.

Finally everything was settled: I sat in between Xun Xulumte7, the guitar player and one of my old informants, and Cep ¿¿, the violinist and lead singer. Antun ??, who had previously been the harp player sat below Xun and continued to sing while I took his place. (Throughout the music the rest of the day and during the next day Antun and Cep relieved each other at the violin, until the very end.)

By the time we had arrived at the church the ceremony there was in its final stages. We started to play with /baz'i son/ and pregressed through the whole set of songs back to the beginning. About halfway through the series the cargoholders asked Telex to join them in their dance. He seemed to enjoy it despite the fact that, accordingto his reckoning he danced for forty minutes. At first I had some difficulty playing the harp, since I hadn't practiced for almost a year. Especially difficult were the song changes. But soon I remembered enough to perform credibly, even though I had never sung before while playing the harp at the same time. The reactions of the others to my playing vaied as time went on. At first everyone was saying 'mu sna7' (he doesn't know how) and ~~xx~~ 'copol' (bad). I was a bit fumbly at first, anyway. I occasionally got the chords wrong, but just as often Xun got his guitar chords wrong, too. Soon people began to giggle because I was

house appears here:



(Note that this diagram will serve also to describe the house on the next day and therefore includes some extraneous features: namely, thre were no musicians on this first day; secondly, the number of people present varied.) The sex-separation line is roughly from door to door, and this line was crossed only by the male helpers who served food etc. The highest ranking men sat at the altar end of the pictured benches. The helpers (and the next day the musicians) sat on the benches farthest from the altar.

We entered the house after a brief prayer and greeted everyone present working down the benches, but ignoring the women. (There were however, long exit prayers to the women when people went out.) Telex and I were introduced by Cep as his /ca vo7 ixkirvano/ (two scribes) who were to help with the collecting. Some people seemed a bit annoyedat our presence, but Cep answered with a smile. There was some joking, the main gist of which was: would the new scribes make an offering of their own or not. (We never did.) Soon everyone got down to business and we were ignored. The main order of business was how much money would be needed for the fiesta and, collaterally, how much should be collected from each person. There was some talk about the $400 spent for /ac' habil/ (new year) and the general consensus was that more would be needed. Everyone finally settled on $5 per man and 5 tostones per woman (does this mean only heads of households??). During the discussion we were served three rounds of rather weak pox — two cups each round. I couldn't see who gave the signal for each round though it seemed to come from the general direction of the wool-cha marroed, pok'-headed old men at the altar.

In fact, it was generally difficult to tell who the people active in these notes were. I have the following guesses: the two men at the head of the proceedings were martomoetik chosen especially to make the /k'in 7olol ha7bil/ run. These men were called 'martomo' by the others— and they were not the regular 7Apas martomoreyetik. They were also the men who did the actual asking for money during the collecting. There were two other old men present, sitting at lower positions from the supposed martomoetik — advisors? elders of the paraje? Next