

July 7

After getting settled into the Bañes and buying the various necessary items, I had a small talk with Cep which served for nothing more than to remind me of how much Tzotzil I had forgotten. Here I record a few words which I relearned:

ci-ok' (I) cry, llorar  
 -yul ta hol remember, lit. arrive in the head  
 7icay xka7i (I) ~~fargak~~ forgot

Cep joked with me about having been reduced from four wives to one — giving further evidence of his good memory. He mentioned that the 7olol habil (mid-year) ceremonies would be taking place over the weekend in 7Apas. He also informed me that the incense bearers for the martomoetik who are Leslie's subjects are called

h-oik'pom

and are viejitas ~~que~~ que no tienen esposas, which evidently means widows.

July 8

Ron, Fred, Leslie and I drove the Volvo out to Hteklum (not a good idea) for various reasons. I wanted to see the place again and to find out which of my old musician friends were around. Leslie, dressed in Z clothes, and Fred came along, mostly to listen I think. I noticed first that the paths had been widened appreciably since my last visit. In fact I ~~had~~ lost my way going to the Zarate compound — an old woman on the path told me that I had stumbled onto a new path.

At the Zarate compound, we came upon Loxa (Cep, the musician's wife) delice-ing the two children in front of their house. She ~~infxa~~ informed me that Cep was in 7olon 7osil and not expected back for a week. At that ~~point~~ point Mol Marian appeared in his door and continued to talk, though in Spanish. If Cep should appear, said he, he would be informed that I was looking for him; he asked about Mol Xun (Vogtie) and when he was coming for a visit.

We continued to the house of Petul Buro. I sneaked around the empty house at the corner of the compound asking 'Mi liote me7tik' etc. The three daughters were sitting outside doing various tasks, and Buro's wife came out of the house looking very surprised. She dispensed with the normal greeting procedure, merely staring at me. I asked about mol Petul, and he turned out to be off working ~~ix~~ ta 7olon. He was expected back on Monday and it seemed at first possible that I could see him on Tuesday. Then a daughter remembered that he would play for a wedding in Navencha7uk on Tuesday, so I left saying that I would come again someother time (tana).

Lastly we started toward the house of Marian Gonzales (who is both an accomplished musician and the major maker of violins in Z). A few houses away from his house we met his wife, and she and I were

Juxtia seem to be, in a blue shirt and plastic 'cowboy' hat, with a pok'ul and no pok.

The walk to 7Apas was rapid and uneventful, as we met almost no one on the path. At the cemetery we found Carolyn (Barku) who accompanied us to Cep's house. We passed the church where a rosary ceremony with the 7Apas matromoreyetik and mexonetik — no music audible, though drunk cargoholders much in evidence.

Cep has a new house. The second room is occupied largely by the corngrinder and is called the molina, or mill. I did not examine this remarkable machine, but it evidently grinds cooked corn down to tortilla paste. The other room was about as large as Cep's old house and arranged in roughly the same way — i.e., the same things are present. The altar showed less evidence of use than it did in my previous visits: flowers were more withered, and the little cow statues before the altar were not so neatly positioned. The platform for sleeping seemed larger than in the old house. Cep gave me these contrasting num. class:

- ca k'ol na: two rooms (i.e., the house has two rooms: this classifier is also used for parts, also e.g. pieces of paper.)  
 ca p'eh na: two houses (i.e., whole houses)(used for 'round things').

We came up to Cep's house and went through the usual greetings. He was inside just preparing to go out to help with preparations for the fiesta. We entered and sat. (There is always something of a problem in etiquette in such a situation: one clearly must bow to Maruc, who is older. But it sometimes seems awkward to bow to Cep, though I always do in public with other Z's. In general if an older man sticks out his hand as if to shake, I bow if there are others present or if it seems that the other man would appreciate being bowed to. If one has not grown up with one's neighbors so as to know their ages it is hard to know when to ~~bow~~ /-nup k'obol/.) The problem of clothing for the girls came up. I paid Cep \$100 for Abbie's skirt, and Carolyn was asked to pay for her clothes. Cep explained that because he personally was making arrangements with the various women to make skirts and shawls (/z'ek/- skirt, /moseb/ - shawl) he could keep the ~~fix~~ price at the previous year's level, namely \$100 for skirts, \$30 for shawls, and \$17 for belts (/cinail/). He said that a woman would bring clothes for Leslie to look at later on. Meanwhile we settled on the names Maruc and Loza for Candy and Leslie respectively. (The former was Cep's suggestion, stemming from the possible name Maria Candelaria.)

Cep had previously explained to me that on Sunday the various people responsible for the fiesta (it never became clear exactly who these people were) would spend the first day making a collection of all the offerings to support the costs of poz, food, fireworks, etc. He suggested that Felix (Rick) and I accompany him as /eskirvano/ (scribe) in this task. So we set out at about 9:30, leaving the three girls behind under Maruc's protective wing. Cep carried some money with him and as he left he took some money from the woman living next door. (These contributions were handed in and later recorded in a sort of census book.) We arrived at the house of the martomo especially designated for /k'in 7olol habil/, bowed at the house cross (chocking on incense as we did all the rest of the day) and entered. The house was clearly divided into two halves, one for men (with men's business) and one for women (with theirs). This division persisted the next day, and presumably, for all the activities in that house related to the fiesta. (Why the strict division of men and women?) A diagram of the

sat the men who later were instrumental in the proceedings of the fiesta. There were three men who later accompanied the h7iloletik to the mountains, three men who stayed with musicians and rocketeers in 7Apas the next day and prayed most vociferously. Then were four people who seemed to know how to read and write (included in this group was Cep) and who subsequently kept the records — these four were chosen to come to San Cristóbal the next day for supplies — but we are getting ahead of our story. In addition there was present a /krinsupal/ who later ran around to out of the way houses and led the procession, being well acquainted with the lay of the land.

It is worth noting that Cep seemed to have considerable authority with this group. He commanded attention when talking; he later was instrumental in deciding where and when to go to which houses during collection. In fact, he told us later he had been asked to help in so many ways that he felt he could request that the various gringos present be allowed to take part in whatever they liked without fear of any disapproval. He was also served about four extra cups of /poz/, probably to catch up with drinking that had occurred before we arrived at the house of the fiesta's martomo.

At about 11:00, at some mysterious cue, the joking which had followed the decision making at the houses ceased and people started to file out of the house with extended prayers, bowing and releasing, with the lowest ranking leaving first. Cep motioned to Rick and me to slip outside and wait while everyone else came out. They prayed at the house cross and then formed a line .... we fell in behind Cep about six from the front. The line consisted of about fifteen men. It was headed by the krinsupal and ended by the martomostik. At first the line was rather rigidly ordered, but later it disintegrated as some people wanted to go one way while others had already started somewhere else. In fact the party eventually split up and met again near the church.

The collecting went generally this way: one of the scribes (people with census books), assisted by Cep, would examine the lists till he found a name which was not paid. The name would be told to the krinsupal who — if this person lived nearby — would lead the pack to the correct house. The dialogue:

Krins: Mi liote, me7tik.

M: Liote.

K: ~~Adouk7antik~~ Ta hvula7antikot. (We are visiting you)

(repeated by all the party)

Up then stepped the eldest man who asked if the woman (no men were home while I accompanied this group) had a /limoxna/ for the fiesta or for /kahvaltik/. The offering came one per house and there were no refusals or /c'abal/'s while I was watching. After the money was passed to the proper man and the name recorded one other man, identity undetermined, would step forward and go through an elaborate thanks, after which everyone would leave.

The party eventually came to one end of the open space near the church and all stopped for a short rest. (The big joke at which everyone was laughing was that one half of the party had tried to collect from a woman who had already paid the other half.)

At this point, when the party was preparing to make a short rest stop and pray at the church there was a disturbance. Some shouting and drunken yelling came from the church and two cargo holders appeared in

playing correctly --- I soon remembered some of my fancy harp tricks. Once I played a special high figure that I had heard from mol Xum Lopic in Htekium --- a very respected musician who plays only the harp. This one earned me a good deal of respect (which again raises the question of the possibility of and reception for improvisation.) Soon people, especially Xum the guitarist started turning to me and saying 'Xum! Lek xal' (In fact, sometimes people said rather unintelligible things to me. For example, Cep the violinist would occasionally turn to me and ask "Mi copel?" to which I, ashamed, would have no reply. Then he would laugh and say "Lek" --- though sometimes he continued to assert "Copol xe.." --- all very confusing.) After one full series of songs and some retuning the dancing stopped. There had been numerous double rounds of pox. If the pox came while we were singing it was held until we stopped and then poured unceremoniously down our throats. This process at first caused me to lose the beat etc. etc., though I eventually learned to keep playing even with pox dribbling down my neck. It was clearer to me ~~at~~ this time than any time before that the violinist is the one who gives the various cues that keep the ritual going. For example, a round of pox is always initiated by the singing of a verse which contains such lines as

Pertonal me hsetuk xc'a/ or  
K'usi no7ox yepal li xi7obil/ sk'exobil

which both refer to pox. The mexon iz'inal would occasionally dance up to the violinist and ask about whether to proceed with passing out cigarettes or setting the hp'is vo7 in motion.

People suspected at first that I could not sing, and it was mostly true. I wasn't sure which of the verses that I had collected were appropriate in these circumstances. Eventually it turned out that the verses were essentially the same as those used with the martomoretik in Htekium: centering around 'iskipula'.

After the series of songs was over Rick, who was looking rather uncomfortable after all the pox and dance, asked if we could extricate ourselves to go home for some food ... i.e., back to Cep's. I began explaining to the cargoholders etc., that we wanted to go see how our wives were doing. They would not let us go, however, asking us to eat with them beside the church. We all went outside, with brief prayers and sat in rank order on benches set up outside. The meal consisted of tortillas with eggs fried into slices, chile and warm coffee in Eke bottles. There was considerable joking all on a rather low order ('You're from Estados Unidos? Well, I'm from Estados 7Apasi He ha.') Rick wanted to leave at this point as he was both drunk and sick, so I said he was going to see his wife and he left. The meal went rather quickly, in fact, and everyone else went back into the church.

We continued with more of baz'i son and dancing for at least one half hour. The other musicians started to pour off their pox by indicating to the hp'is vo7 to put the drink in the moral. The violinist had a good strategy for this by refusing to stop playing for a round of pox or even to look up. There is a special phrase which indicates to the hp'is vo7 that the drink is to be poured off, but I did not get a chance to note it down. The drink pourers were a bit baffled when I waved away the glass since they did not think I would have a bottle in my moral--- I did, and undoubtedly that lucky fact saved me an upset stomach.

During one of the pauses the martomoretik bank'ilal approached me and asked me to please come with the rest to his house after the

in any case, these certainly had less endurance than those of my previous experiences in Htekium.

Xun accompanied me back to Cep's house. The girls were still there and Rick was lying around inside. Cep had not yet returned from tax collecting and didn't seem to be expected. Xun and I sat down. Little Cepil was sent after Cep's old instruments (left over from his cargo two years before, presently loaned to the martomo for the /k'in 7olol ha7bil/) so that we could play a little. We got back harp and violin and Xun and I proceeded to play more music and sing while everyone else stood around. Later Rick and Candy volunteered to ~~show~~ demonstrate some dances from /aluma/ so Xun and I played for them, to everyone's amusement.

As it got dark the playing began to die out again. Xun approached me with a completely changed manner. He switched to Spanish and began talking in a very solicitous manner. He wanted to sell me a pak /pok'ul/ but wanted 80 pesos for it --- a sum I considered extravagant. He got almost whiney--- rather a surprise --- and continued to say that it was very well made etc. He then asked me if I could loan him some money to build a new house with. I told him, of course, that I had none. He mentioned that he was also willing to part with his black blanket, which I had been coveting, though his price was \$180. Finally after being rebuffed with regard to all his purchases he and his wife Loxa left. He had changed back to his cheery self again.

We ate a meal of cold beans and hard boiled eggs. Maruc's tortillas are not so good now that she uses a press. The Schweders decided to go to bed, so they started to blow up their air mattresses. I found it impossible to describe what air mattresses are for --- Rick let the children demonstrate the softness for themselves. (When Cep came in he immediately called the things colchones, but he did not explain their function in Tzotzil. This reminded me of the generally interesting problem of explaining foreign concepts within tzotzil.)

Cep described the events of the coming day so that we could decide what to do. Then we all went to bed. Cep was planning to get up about 4 AM for a special meal at the fiesta martomo's house, then to go into town with three others to buy supplies. He said that the day's collection had amounted to just over 700 pesos.

Some words:

ci7atin vs. xk7atin: wash (e.g., hands with water) vs. warm (e.g., hands over fire) I had always thought that these were the same word.

7ol : heavy. Contexts: Muk' bu 7olhe -- it's not heavy (the air mattresses)

xokol- : free, available: mu xokolon: I'm not free.

July 10- Monday

I was dimly aware, at some very early hour, of Cep's leaving. Similarly I heard the sounds of a procession moving outside accompanied by flute and drum music: this music must have something of an announcing function. However, I did not come fully awake until I heard the sounds of Maruc bargaining with another woman in the molina. This woman was the wife of the martomo for the fiesta who had come to secure Maruc's help in the preparation of food for festivities later in the day. Her price was  $\frac{1}{2}$  liter of pox.

We all dragged ourselves out of bed and marched, without

ended up at a cross beside a water hole down below Cep's house. There we all prayed briefly and sat down. The last three men in the procession gave a long and loud prayer at the cross and then sat beside it and more or less directed the ceremonies from there. While we were tuning Rick complained of being sick and I encouraged him to go back to find the girls. During the procession to the cross, Cep had given the violin to Antun and we three Antun, Xun and I, began to play and sing. An old man from a nearby house came up and joked a bit about my playing but encouraged me. I had by this time developed a blister on my finger; and I was getting annoyed that the other musicians were using my presence as an excuse to loaf and absent themselves. So I complained of wanting to rest and made Cep take his guitar violin again so that I could stop playing and give the harp to Antun. Then I went to sit with Marian, the martomorey iz'inal who had come along. He offered me some peaches. Very soon, however, with the sun and heat and pox Antun keeled over at the harp. He could not be roused so everyone shouted for me to take up the harp again. I showed people my blister (/vuc/ or /-vuc/ the verb). The three important, loud-praying men examined it and told me to ask kahvaltik to make me better. I wasn't sure whether this was just a nasty remark or something more serious so I said I didn't know how to pray in Tzetzil. They would not let me bow out, anyway, so we continued to play. Soon Cep was another casualty: he also put down his instrument and went to sleep. Xun, the guitarist, who had been weaving for a long time also went off and lay down. The elders were a bit distressed so they reassured Antun and bid him play with me. Just we two went on, Antun playing harp and I playing guitar. It was sad, indeed.

Two ladinos appeared and were found me extremely curious. I could endure my blister and the heat and the pox, but I could not endure their stares. (Actually I max talked with them a bit and asked them if they didn't like Z music, to which they had no reply.) Finally I stood up and said I had to leave and sneaked away to Cep H's house where everyone else was waiting in a state of boredom! We asked Maruc about what would happen and everything sounded rather like a repetition of what had gone before so we decided to leave.

I learned one bit of food information, namely that while chicken is served at the new year festivities, meat is served at half-year.

When we got to the road at Navencia 7uk we met Cep and the others coming back with supplies. They Cep was a bit disappointed that we didn't stay, I think, but let us go with a few shots of very /kixin/ pox.

July 11- Tuesday

Leslie and I left at about 6:30 for Hteklum to make some arrangements. John Miyamoto came to meet with the martomorey; we wanted to wangle an invitation to a martomo baltea to introduce Leslie to some /hcik' pom/. In Hteklum we talked briefly with the presidente while waiting for Domingo. We bought two medias of relatively strong pox in a shop and went to the house of Mariano Martinez, the musician. He was had another visitor when we arrived so we talked briefly with the mexon iz'inal who was sitting outside. He told us that the martomorey bak'ilal was in Hot Country, and that the rosary count would only involve the bank'ilal half this weekend.

Finally we went in to see Martinez. I asked him about our coming

July 12- Wednesday

After the usual morning meanderings I met Domingo in the market around two o'clock. He informed us that Marian Martinez was in town and that the ceremony that was evening night start late. Little did I know how right he was. The plan was to take Judy to Chamula to arrange an appointment, then go to the musician's house and accompany him to the flower change.

We left San Cristóbal about 5 o'clock and drove at high speed to Exh Chamula where Judy managed to arrange her arrangements in about two minutes. She had no Z blouse so she changed the rest of her costume into Z style and covered herself with thorn /mochal/. We arrived about 6:00 in Hteklum and walked directly to the Martinez house. His mother was home and we learned that Marian was not home, was going to play music that night, but meantime was in San Cristóbal. When would he be back? Late, she said, on account of his musical obligations. Where did the bank'ial Santa Cruz live? She knew, but was unwilling to show us or send one of the kids. Did we want to wait? (It was lucky, as we shall see, that we did not want to wait.)

We set off, not without some trepidation, for /one bank'ial Santa Cruz/ and we finally met a little boy who took us there at the cost of two of Judy's chilets. I was not sure at this point that Martinez had spoken previously with the martomo about our coming (this was part of the dela made the day before) nor that we could even get into the house, especially after the ceremony had started. As we arrived the martomo was alone in the house with two helpers and one old lady who turned out to be his /nik'yan/. They were eating a snack, and no one else was present. The ceremony had clearly not begun and there was at first no evidence that anyone was even expecting it.

I asked the martomo (who is, in fact, a very young man-- from his looks and voice considerably younger than, e.g., the /ist'ial/ --- probably about 25 years) if Marian were there. No, he was in San Cristóbal, though he was expected around 7 o'clock. Was there anything special we wanted to say to Martinez? Well, frankly we wanted to see the /valte/, the girls wanted to learn to /-sik' yan/, I wanted to play a little music. The martomo, hearing our reasons, was only too happy to invite us in and bid us sit. Judy and Leslie sat by the fire and began a discussion with the woman, especially the old one. From the time we entered the house my attention was directed at essentially different things from that of the girls: their observations will complement mine. For example, while Judy and Leslie helped the old woman to assemble or strip flowers in preparation for the ceremony they discovered that she was unrelated to the martomo, that she had no longer a husband, that she came from Sebentik and had already spent /mammagat/ the night before in Hteklum. (Also, they found out she was deaf.) During this time the martomo had excused himself briefly to go buy some flowers and I was tuning the harp.

The house itself was quite large, with the altar to the left of the door when entering. The diagram on the next page shows the configuration in the house for the flower change itself. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ When we first arrived the martomo petted us in a great hurry and then suddenly started running about in with tremendous excitement, looking for beetles, uncovering candles, fiddling with his gasoline lamp, etc. (He left saying he had to go very fast --- /7antl/ --- to buy flowers.) When he came back he looked so distressed that I offered to lend him a hand. This didn't get across, so with





Friday, July 14

John and I had agreed to go to Zinacantan to visit the martomorey ~~bankilal~~ bankilal to help John make friends. I thought it would also be a good opportunity for me to contact Petul Buro to arrange an extended stay at his house: ideal because he is such a good musician, and because of the plenitude of women about to assist Leslie. We agreed to meet Domingo and his informant before going out around 4 pm.

When we arrived in Hteklum, Domingo's informant invited us into a cantina for two kwartos of pox; not a good way to begin a request filled visit. After we had discharged the two bottles and said a goodbye without regrets to the drink-furnisher, John and I started towards the house of the martomorey with Domingo in the lead. I never learned the man's name, though he was around 30 years old and from Paste7 (?). His house was tile-roofed and sprouted a large yard. As we approached we saw that the only people present were an old woman --- with whom later conversation was carried on --- a young Z girl, and a Chamula woman. The C woman was weaving a black blanket which looked like those that, e.g., musicians carry to wrap about their legs in the cold of ceremonies. She seemed, also, to be showing the young Z girl how it was done. Domingo addressed the older Z woman and determined that the martomorey had gone to his house in Paste7 and was expected sooner or later. Domingo continued the conversation for a while, never really entering the compound but climbing about on the entrance gate. He told about his sick little girl (hohum) and mentioned about corn prices. There was talk about the scarcity of corn, though Domingo revealed that the government bedega was selling again.

We were about to leave when the martomorey came down the path, leading a mule and a wife. We backed away from the gate and let him pass into the compound. Then Domingo addressed him and we were invited into the yard. Domingo said that John wanted to talk with the martomorey and we were offered chairs and sat. Domingo explained John's request: to be allowed to come to the Hermite ritual. It was also mentioned that John had interest in the trip to the incensario maker. John presented his media and we drank it down, the martomorey himself pouring drinks. John and the martomorey agreed to meet the next day at the market: we thanked him and left.

Next, at my request, we went to visit Petul Buro, even though I had no pox to offer. He was not home when we arrived, though his wife and daughters showed signs of recognition when I came strolling up. I told Domingo that my purpose was to come out on Sunday and stay. He suggested that we make all the arrangements immediately and reminded me that Buro was a local pox merchant. Buro came up very shortly, hoe in hand, and seemed genuinely pleased to see me. I asked him for two medias of pox --- total cost of 4 pesos. I gave them right back to him, explaining that I hoped I could come to live with him to relearn all the music I had

one doesn't know the exact rank of each man present. I gathered that only the martomorey bankilal and the two moxonetik were present and dancing. The musicians were Maraan Konseres (the younger), mol Xun Lopis, and Marian Martinez --- I think Martinez was replacing Cep Zarate who was off in Hot Country. I said hello and bowed around, took a couple of drinks and then talked with John. He had had a hard night apparently and was ready to leave. We told the martomorey that Mol XUN had arrived with a car to take John back and went out of the Hermita with the proper set of bows --- though I still think I reversed the rank of the moletik.

Actually John should have stayed awhile longer, as Vogtie had other business so back he went --- we will send a mayol to fetch you, Vogtie said. We went on to visit Domingo to see about filming in his house. He wasn't home, but Natal immediately invited Vogtie in. We sat and conversed for a bit --- Domingo had apparently come into San Cristobal to work, despite the fact that ~~xxxxxxx~~ it was Sunday. As Vogtie predicted she let us sit as we liked, served us coffee, and said good-bye. Natal seemed most interested in Leslie, both as my wife and dressed as a Z. The most interesting thing I noticed was the foul looking meat strung from the rafters: /zukul/ she called it, and it looked like intestines. She explained that it was meat for the Chamula workers who were going to Hot Country.

We took our leave and went to the cabildo. No presidente -- I did see the scribe of the previous year, Marian (??), who said that that very day he had changed jobs to Secretarai ~~de~~ de la Junta, presumably for the Fiesta. We proceeded to Dona Alicea's, ate some sardines and I went to rescue John. He was sitting outside the Hermita with all the rest eating. I came up and pulled him away, earning a piece of egg (offered by Martinez) in the process. We got his sleeping bag at the martomorey's house and went back to the Jeep. Leslie and I took our bags and books and went to wait at the house of Petul Buro. He had told me he would be back in Nteklum about 11:00 --- he was planning a trip to the market in Chamula. (This trip turned out to be quite fortunate for us as it meant great variety in our diet during our stay.)

In the account that follows of our stay in the field I will keep track of the events ~~xxxxxxxx~~ only roughly. The stay, from the point of view of doing things and finding out facts, was fairly dull. I got the impression that Petul, following a very active cargo year, had withdrawn considerably from the activity in the center. He didn't drink; he had relatively poor information about the happenings in the cargo ritual. He often seemed content just to sit, or to listen to the babbling of the women in his house. For purposes of my study this makes him both a good and a bad informant. He is good because he is accomplished, an old acquaintance and patiently friendly, and quite free to work with me. (Last year he was more suspicious and bysier.) He cannot, on the other hand, give me great invitations to special events, due to his essential retirement from public life. I keep general track of events and mention

Buro had evidently no intention of doing much of anything the entire afternoon, so we sat and talked for a bit about what he was doing. As I have mentioned he seemed to have withdrawn quite completely from the ritual world. I asked him about what musicians were playing for cargo-holders and he generally didn't know. (He knew, I think, the musicians for the martomorey.) He himself was not playing much, though he had played at a wedding the previous week. (Question: how do people choose musicians for weddings? Or: will usually inactive musicians play for weddings?) I showed him my newly acquired nailclippers and he clipped a while. At first he didn't master the use of the machines, but used the clippers to grip one corner of the nail, after which he ripped the rest off. But after one such unsatisfactory attempt he learned and finished off both hands without further injury.

suhem: easy (not in Colby), facile.

While he clipped I wandered around looking at the various things in the house. Inspired by the Spanish words for the snaky deposit formed on the roof (lloro de humo = smoke tears) I found the Tzotzil to be

/7obak/ or /7obak ca7il/

which is not so poetic on the face of it.

We went outside where the girls were weaving still and carried on our conversation. It ranged ~~xxxxxxx~~ over everything from Leslie's clothes to Cep (7Apas) and his wife. The ground and milpa in /7olon 7osil/ was reported to be very /taken/ (dry) because of the small amounts of rain. We complained of our flea bites and found these words:

c'ak: flea

7us: mosquito

s-tiben c'ak: flea bite

bakuna: injection (is there such a remedy for fleabite?)

I mentioned that I had visited with Cep H.G. in 7Apas for the fiesta (and that I had played) and Buro was very interested in their domestic relations. (He is a compadre.) Gossip travels fast, for he asked of Maruc:

/Mi mu sc'akoh?/ (Hasn't she left him?)

and he was curious when I reported that she hadn't.

There was considerable examination of L's clothes; they thought that both her skirt and shawl were very good and worth having though they mentioned that

/toh yih snuk ~~sk'u7~~ li Loxae/

(that is, the yarn bordering was very thick--- with overtones of old, as well.)

More people came to buy pox, and it was then that I was told that the pox came from Ton Krus and that

/ta ctal yak'/ (they come to bring it).

After selling a little pox, Petul told me he was sleepy (ctal vayel) and went in to take a nap. The pigs, which had been running around, scratched themselves against the fence, revealing that the word for scratch is the same as the word for 'grind by hand':

/s-huc' c'akil/= he scratches his fleas.

After some more standing around while Petul was napping I was beginning to wonder how to put some life into matters. He saved me that trouble, however, by waking up and suggesting

~~xxxx~~k'ib = the water jug.

We spent the time tuning the guitar and talking more about instruments at the Chamulal market. (I had in the back of my mind that I could rescue the afternoon from boredom if we went to see the Chamula instrument maker. Buro didn't know where he lived, though he repeated his statement that a harp could be made for 70 pesos in about one week.) Leslie came back after we had played for awhile and she and I went out to search for the missing pan. We found it in a field to everyone's amazement. We returned and played until it got quite dark.

The women had picked napux and potatoes in the afternoon and it was the former which we had for supper. The discussion continued as supper was being prepared; it smelled delicious (/lek mu?/ must mean 'It smells good!' as well as 'It tastes good!') I asked if there were two kinds of chicken and the reply was yes, there are tax hol kaxlan (presumably, bare-headed chickens) and baz'i kaxlan (or real chickens) I asked the name of ~~xxxxxxx~~ some flowers that looked like daisies and was told ~~xxxxxxx~~ /haval me7tik/ which is given in Colby as 'boss arriba -me7tik-' or 'face-upwards me7tik'. (??)

The fire flared up, and Buro exclaimed: /eik'ak'otik/ (we burn up) and this brought on an explanation of how all my things had burned up in my house /ta hlumal/ to explain why I had no clothes. This, for some reason, prompted a series of discussions about weddings in the USA. They were curious about things, finding them moderately expensive; it was considered quite curious that I bought my ring and hers. Was there merimba music at our wedding? Was there a /pale/ (priest)?

Before dinner several visitors arrived. The first was a young man named XUA, a greasy haired mod-looking Z, who turned out to be the suitor of Antel, the youngest daughter. He stayed for supper and departed. The second visitor was quite unexpected. About 8:00 some men came to the door and reported that they had a ~~xxx~~ drunk compadre of Buro's outside who couldn't go home and who wanted to be taken to his compadre's to sleep. We were welcomed in and helped to a chair. He kept up a steady stream of babble until he was finally put in bed. He found it and me to be very curious indeed.

We dined on napux and went to bed about 9:00 pm. The sleep was occasionally interrupted by a screaming fit on the part of the drunk compadre, but otherwise we slept well.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~

invitation or we would have followed. (The daughter explained that, because someone had died, they were going to the church just /ta hkuxtik ko7ontik/ (to rest our hearts). The thought that we might want to come produced instant laughter.) With nothing else to do and no one around to do it with, we sat and read the books that we had thoughtfully brought along. We were just a little hungry: Lolen had said as they left "If you're hungry, eat a tortilla..." (Blech.)

It rained a bit, and Leslie and I picked up the weaving which was left outside and moved it in, trying not to tangle everything up. When they returned and found it put away the girls exclaimed over how 'lek yo7on' I was. Buro's wife put on the kettle and we found that we would get a chance to eat some potatoes, which number among my favorite Z foods.

/tok'on/ \* ready, ripe, cooked

While lunch was cooking Buro spent some time washing and examining an old rock which he had turned up in the milpa. It looked like a small axe-head, though it had no place for attaching it to a handle. He said it was for

/ak'el antigua / (which I can't translate)

We continued to play after lunch, and Buro showed me some fancy G-D guitar figures which I hadn't known before. I asked him to play some flute music for me but he couldn't seem to find any flutes which were satisfactorily in tune. The rest of the afternoon was spent in playing, reading, and watching the baby eat beans and generally wasting time. Some old man came to buy pox, for himself, and was quite intrigued by my playing. (He got himself quite drunk and began talking about how "Todos nosotros somos mexicanos, somos de Ciapa de Corzo ...." all of which was hard for me to fathom.) We talked briefly with Antel, the youngest daughter, who was quite surprised that Leslie knew how to read and write. She told us that she hadn't wanted to go to school because it was, for some reason, /copol/. I learned that there had been some kind of chicken epidemic (/xcam1 kaxlan/) recently, though Petal still had chickens in evidence. And we made final arrangements to buy the little dog whom we had determined must be saved from the fate of Z life. All our efforts on the dog's behalf met with screams of laughter, especially when I wiped the blood from a cut on her nose.

spet z'i: she pets the dog. (-pet = pet, caress, etc.)

c'o\* xax rat

venon= bee

We were in bed rather early.

Tuesday, July 18

We got up in time to have a very hurried breakfast and run to the truck. Antel and the oldest daughter Maruc came with us on the truck, as they were selling flowers in Hobal. I arranged to see Buro on Wednesday. In the market, Antel asked me to pay for the dog, and we bargained down from 5 to 3 ~~xxxxxxx~~ pesos. A worthy purchase, though not quite the pig we had originally hoped for.

he had to say for himself, and the question of Mark's taking pictures was brought up --- I think, quite at Cep's own initiative. This caused some commotion (and it was the violinist Koneses who seemed most upset at the suggestion. Things were eventually ironed out and we started to play again, this time starting on a set of songs. Vogtie and Cep made their proposal --- to leave John M. visiting in corral buro - to Xun Lopia who was conveniently free from his musical obligations at the time. They presented their bottle and several rounds of pox were initiated. When the music was stopped Vogtie informed me that we would wait in the church until Lopia had disposed of his bottle, and then he would 'extricate me' from playing. He finally did, sending Lopia back. He took the guitar in mid piece -- something I had never seen done before --- and we all took our leave.

I checked in again at Buro's house and his daughters assured me that he was still there (they told me) at the market in Chamula and that I would find him if I went soon. Vogtie was then in the process of installing Mark at the clinic. We also saw Anselmo (Domingo's young curer friend, really called Marian) and convinced him to come into Hobel later for some work. Then we left Mark's gear at Domingo's house, stopped to say hello to the presidente and, leaving Mark, hightailed it to Chamula in search of a harp.

We arrived about 11:00, having taken a stop to remove our Z clothes. John --- who had been installed for Tuesday --- was feeling sick, so Vogtie took him to get a refresco while Cep and I searched. We saw some guitars being sold, but no harps and no Buro. We also caught a glimpse of three Z's walking down the road, one bearing a harp, and after asking some Z's in the market it appeared that one of those men was Buro. Cep and I hopped into the Jeep and chased them. The two men with Buro were bungler and both musicians, though I never found out their names. The youngest had bought the harp --- I'm not sure why. Buro knew I was after a harp and he told me that the harp maker had come home from the market, drunk. After some discussion the youngest man offered to sell me his new harp, unstrung, for 60 pesos --- a good price. Then we all went back to the market to look at the guitars there. Buro was secretly interested in one of the large guitars, though he wasn't willing to pay 40 as asked. But he did do a tremendous bargaining job on Cep Nuh's little guitar, not budging an inch from 25 pesos (the starting price was 50 ! Buro said: 'No, it's not for this gringo here, but for my companion, you can't do that to us.')

Over refrescos we also arranged that Buro would take us to his house and string the instruments for us if we would give them rides home. (Several other Z's in the market had asked me for rides back: Marian Koneses (the older) 's wife, and the previous year's matmorey iz'inal among them). We agreed and back we went to Zinacantan, leaving John and his upset stomach at las tijeras to catch a Chamula bus home.

We drove the Jeep clear to Buro's house, and Cep, Vogtie, Buro, the older of the two companions and I went in and sat in the yard, while Buro brought out some strings. Both the harp and guitar were correctly strung in the hour that followed. I was given demonstrable evidence that Buro can't

Pedro Gomez Buro, Tuesday, July 25 at Banos.

Initial word study with entries from Laughlin dictionary and the following basic patterns:

1. Ali muc'u verb lek, mi xtun m# mu'xtun ta vabahel? and: K'u yu7un?

2. Ali thing -e, mi xtun mi mu'xtun yu7un vobe?

3. K8alaloy li vobe, mi lek mi copol sci7uk sound ?

-a7i: 1. mi xa7i li xcik'ine xtun, ; lek s'ok'es son, ha7 yec sk'an.

7ah; 2 mu7yuk; ma7uk yec skwenta. (K'usi skwenta?) skwenta na, noxtok skwenta ama.

yak'il; 2 oy xtun, oy mu'xtun; oy copol, oy lek (K'usi tik ~~xxx~~ yak'ile lek xtun yu7un vobe?) oy torchado 3o, alambre 2o, alambre 1o. (K'usi tik yak'il mu xtun?) 7oy copol yu7un ta xtun, ha7 no7ox yec alambre, mu7yuk zoz. (K'u ca7al mas zoz li yak'il muc'u xtun) 7oy lek fino yak'il vobe, mas lek.

h-ak'-musika: 2 xtun; ha7 lek h shak' bu lek : (Mi ko7ol mi c'opoh li hak'musika sci7uk li hvabahom?) C'opo -- yano yahval. (Muc'u li yahvale li hak'musika, li hvabahome?) Yano vinike tey ta hteklun. (Mi stih ~~xxx~~ vobe hpasabtel li hak'musika) stih (Pero mu xka7i k'u ca7al yano li yahval ... ? different men, that's all.)

ak'ot: 2 lek xtun yu7un vob; lek ta sk'upinik li vobe ta x7ak'otak o. Yec komem ta mos vo7ne, yec skotol li kriscanp (Mas lek vo7one, mas ta ora?) Mas lek lavie, mas copol vo7ne (K'u yu7un) Mas mu sna7ik to stihel lek. Lavie lek xa sna7ik stihel.

ak'otah/ h-ak'ot; 1 mu7yuk; ha7 no7ox ta spas x7ak'otah. (Ali muc'u lek sna7 x7ak'otah mi mas suhem scan li vobe?) Mas, yu7un ba7yi ta scan x'ak'otah mas suhem scan stih li vobe. (Pero k'u yu7un mas suhem?) mo7oh k'un scan li buc'u x7ak'otah (K'u ca7al) Sk'an yo7on yec k'un t astih, ali yan hvabahometike 7anil fa stih. Li buc'u lek k'u n ta xa7i li buc'u x7ak'otah lek ca7i li vobe.

ama; 2 mo7oh; xtun nox scuk trampol, li amae; (Mi xu7 mi xu7 stih li sonetik yu7un vob ta ama?) Mu xu7 (K'u yu7un) Mu stak' yec, parte ta x7ih vobe, parte ama. (Mi xu7 stih li sonetik skwenta ama ta violin?) Mu x'ok' yec, (K'u ca7al e'opoh li catos sonetike) Ha7 yec komem ta vo7ne (Hutos mas anil, k'un, zoz?) Mas xa ep sonetike cacionetik sna7 lavie. (K8usitik sonetik mas anil stih; yu7un ama, yu7un vobe?) Ha7 mas anil stih li amae, hutuk no7ox. (K'usi sone mas zoz stih?) Ha7 mas zoz li amae. (Mi mas lek mi mas copol ) mas lek koz xtune.

hamarero; 2 mu sna7; (Mi mas suhem scan stih li vobe li h7amarero?) suhem li amae, ha nox. (Mi mu xu7 scan stih li vobe?) Buc'u sk'an yo7one scan noxtok.

1. Albon smelet ta k'uxi elan li vabahela... ta htihik li vobe, ta cec'o k'in, ha yec sk'an ali kanvaltike, ha7 yec s'ec'o sk'in kanvaltike.
2. K'usi krixcano li hvabahometike? Viniketik. (Ali azetik?) mu sna7 stihel, ha7 no7ox x7ak'otahik. (K'usi 7ora x7ak'otahik) Ta huhun k'in.
3. K'uxi ealan li yo7on li hvabahome? Lek yo7on. (Syempre?) Yec. Ha7 copol-yo7on k'ala/c'abal li hvabahom. Lek yo7on skotol li hvabahom. (Mi mu copol li yo7one mu x7on mi xtun ta vabahel?) K'alal copol yo7on mu xtun.
4. Mi lek p'ih: li hvabahometike? Lek, ha7 lek yo7on hvabahom mi cuc' hutuk pox, k'alal mu7yak li pox, copol hutuk yo7on ta x8exah hutuk.

Try new pattern of words to elicit more vocabulary, pattern for verbs:

Li hvabahome xu7 \_\_\_\_\_ k'alal \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ali hvabahome mu xu7 \_\_\_\_\_ k'alal \_\_\_\_\_.

Try the following:

1. -a7i; ta scape/, mi lek li svobeik, mi lek capa;  
 mu xu7 xa7i k'alal ta stihik, ta xa7i mi yikta li svobtike.
2. x7ak'otah; k'alal ta x7yakub hutuke;  
 ta ta xvabahe, ta stih li svobe (Mi x7stih k'alal x7ak'otah? Mo7oh)
3. -avan; ta stih (yu7un lek yo7on, yuc yakub xa); (tana)  
 k'alal kuxule mu xavan
4. sbahulan stanal ye: muk bu sk'il sbah stanal yec yu7un  
 mu xtun.  
 (Muc'u xu7 sbahulan stanal ye? Muc'u sk'an yo7one?  
 Mu xkoht kin muc'u spas le8e.)
5. s-b'ak': k'u 7ora sk'an yo7on (Buy?) y7oc' vabahel;  
 xokole xbak', pero k'alal mu xokole mu xu7 xbak', k'alal  
 ta stih svobtike.
6. x7axi x7sbiulan: k'alal ta scap li svobe. k'alal cak'be  
 bek'tal pom stihobil li svobe;  
 mu stih lek mi mu sbiulan. (Scraping sound: t x7ok')
7. s-boh: mi lah yak' baxli bek'tal pom;  
 k'alal ta xkuxe. (Ti mi mu sboh, mu xok' lek li sone)  
 (Ti mi htith ta dni7 k'oktik mu xal li sone.)
8. s-ze7in; ta stih svobe;  
 ta xk'ote yu7un mu iyuc' poxe.
9. szinzon; k'alal ta stih kitarax, k'alal stambe stihel li svobe;  
 mu xu7 k'alal canabe, (but can strum other instruments,  
 though /mu stak'/)

we used for picking raspberries which grew along the path.  
/makom/ = berries.

Durman was quite surprised that we had such things in our land, and he somewhat criticized our choice of berries, calling the ones we gave to him /poh/ or bitter. Also,  
/k'u 7ora xavik'/ = what time did you call (her), i.e., when did you request the hand of your wife?

It was after 6 when we hurried back to the house. On the path we met no less than three other martomoetik; Sacramentu bankilal, Santxevaxtyan bankilal, and Santo Rominko iz'inal. There were short conversations at each meeting and some talk about the big flower change at the church where all the martomoetik would be the next morning. The last man, Santo Rominko, had evidently just been installed earlier that day. He offered pox, and tried to buy some of the flowers that our man had just picked (he had 200 of them.) We didn't sell but hurried off again.

At the house, the wife the kothe (in-law?) and the odd /hcik' pom/ were clustered around the fire. Another man and an unidentified woman were sitting cutting up a large strip of meat to be smoked --- probably for later use during fiesta time.

Leslie sat. Everyone asked about Judy (mostly commenting that she knew how to converse so well.) The martomo reported that he had seen someone who looked like Matel in the market all dressed up like a real /ulo?/ and I said that was right. We set out to popatik and started stripping the bad lower leaves of the /ac'/ we had picked. Of these, one hundred were put in a basket for immediate use and the rest were stuffed in a bag. An interesting incident occurred while we were stripping the leaves. The martomo picked up one flower and started to strip and then threw it down with a jerk. When the gasoline lamp was lit we examined this flower carefully and turned up a worm. When he started to squirm violently everyone jumped. They called it /con/ (worm) or /akuxa con/ (needle worm, sting worm). Everyone looked on with disgust, as the worm was fried on top of the lamp.

Soon Martines arrived, prayed at the altar (where a candle had been lit with the 7 o'clock bells) and greeted everyone. Leslie he called 'yah', though it got no response. We had been trying to arrange for Leslie to come out sometime to talk with the /hcik' pom/ since she would be in the house. I went to Martines to find out when he would be free to come and record for me. He said that until the fiesta was over he had too many other things scheduled in Zinacan'an. But when Konseres came to the house, Martines asked him if they both wouldn't be able to come work for me the very next day. This caused some argument, for Konseres had a sick child (/camel ta sna/) and was in no mood to go, and Martines was scheduled to play in the church the next day. (Konseres kept saying /Paso me 'avaakol/ (do your duty!)) So nothing was really arranged. We turned down the offer of a meal, saying that we had to go (we did not want to get trapped into a two day ritual which was just beginning). I mentioned that I might come tomorrow, and Konseres clarified that he would be free to work on Saturday, which I hope will prove true. We left the house and were almost run over by the party of Santa Krus iz'inal which was just arriving. Sigh --- it would have been a good meal.

and found that neither the Nuh brothers nor the gringo photographers were expected until later or the next day. We went to the house of Santa Krus bankilal. We wanted to arrange for Leslie to come to the house and talk with the IB sometime during the fiesta. He agreed that we would try to come the next day and that we would pay about \$5 for their trouble. (Santa Krus himself volunteered to work, though he said he would be very cheap for a day's work since he didn't know how to write etc. --- 12 or 13 pesos per day.) At his house we noticed that the little daughter, Loxa, had a terribly swollen ankle and was limping around in evident pain. /oc' xa c'ix/; they said, meaning that she had a thorn in it. We finally met Vottie who mentioned that he had talked with Mikél Vaskis to get us into his house if we couldn't stay someplace else; then we lugged our things to Buro's house and sat down for some conversation. When we had been at the house earlier Buro had shown me some reeds (/ah/) which he had acquired in quantity while in Hot Country. He had started to make a ~~reed~~ flute, carving out the four holes (including one for the whistle part) with a very small knife. When we returned the flute had been finished and I asked about it. "Mu xtun," he said, "~~xiexixexixmu~~ x7ok'." I tried it and it seemed to 'x7ok' very well, though it didn't seem exactly in tune. Yes, but ... /mu xal some /; that is, it made noise (cried out) but did not speak the songs. I do not know exactly what was wrong with the flute: perhaps it just didn't play loudly enough. The trouble, whatever it was, had something to do with the fact that the reed was /pim/ (thick). Not having seen the flute being made I would guess that the tuning, which is only approximate anyway, is mostly a matter of educated guessing, and that the idea I had about all tunes being tuned to the same pitch is simply erroneous. To get the thing to play roughly in tune it is only necessary to get the holes roughly in the right places.

A woman dropped by to pick up some packages she had evidently left in Buro's house for safekeeping. Buro would play idly at his flute and seemed to do well enough with the songs. At 7:00 a stream of rockets went off, which Buro reported were for 'novena' (??) As it got dark Leslie pulled out her knitting and all the girls exclaimed over it. She mentioned how soft it was and pretty, and pulled it saying "ta x7ac'" which I assumed meant 'it stretches.' (Actually it means 'it leaks' --- /-ac'/ is related to /ac'el/, mud.) They also said "lek ta lic'el" which means "it's good at stretching out."

Also heard the progression of days: caeh (or cameh), oxeh, and caneh: ~~xxx~~ day-after-tomorrow, two days after tomorrow. These go with :/samel/, last night, x / camhe?, /oxhe?/, = day before-yesterday, two-days before etc. (This was when we would hear more drum music, he said: /caeh/ and beyond.)

I questioned Buro about what he knew of Chamula music. He said he didn't know how to play it (though I'm not sure I believe him) but that he did know something of the tuning. He said:

vak p'eh yak'il éba li vobe, vo7lahuneb p'eh li sbik'tal  
(6 strings at the head of the instrument, 15 little ones)

We went to Petul Huro, with whom we hoped to work, and found that he and his wife had run off to the market in Hobel, to avoid the festival, perhaps. So we gave up and went to watch some of the fiesta proceedings with the rest of the group. Among the sights we saw were the palferoces dancing with Vogtie. We had made arrangements to work with the /hcik'pom/ of Santa Krus on Thursday so we thought it might be possible to work with her, briefly. We went to the house and they all allowed us in and gave us chairs. We felt a bit nervous for the house was filled with women making tortillas at a great rate. We tried to ask questions of the old woman, and had relatively good luck, with other women giving us answers. After only a few questions, however, the women got up and lit some incense and seemed to be preparing the altar. Sure enough we soon heard the sounds of a procession approaching. Sensing that ceremonies were about to begin in this house we said our good-byes in a frantic rush and got outside just in time to meet Santa Krus and his musicians walking into the yard. We said we had to go and left, though it might have been useful to stay.

(I should mention that earlier I had recruited three musicians to come into San Cristobal on Saturday to record. I had met Cep Zarate and exchanged greetings while he and the musicians for all the martomotik were resting outside the church prior to a large playing inside the church. We had gathered together Meko Konseres and Marian Martinez and with three kwartos of pox and some persuasive talking by Zarate I convinced them to come. The bottles I presented were passed around to all notables sitting in the area.)

Finally, distressed, with our bad timing etc., we returned to San Cristobal and interviewed Cep briefly on the subject of /hcik'pom/-ing.

/c'ilbil/= fried

/-c'am -vo7/= pour off (pox)--- literally, receive or accept; /c'amemvo7/ is pox which has been poured off.

/ci-hulav/= I get up

/sci7inik sba/= they go together

Saturday, Aug 5

I took the Jeep out early to Mtéklóm and found Cep Zarate in his house working on the colored paper cut-outs to put in the church for the fiesta. He sent runners out to find the other two musicians who had agreed to come. They had evidently not been clear that we were to work in Hobel, and I spent another short while convincing them. They agreed and decided that they wanted to take their own instruments with them: Martinez had brought a harp, Konseres a guitar, and Zarate a violin. (They eventually sat down that way.) I concentrated on recording in a useful form pieces and instrumental/vocal configurations that would show something of individual style. All three musicians are accomplished and popular.

One of the most interesting things turned up on the tapes was the rather-greater-than-expected variation in singing style just among these three men (and different again in, say, Cep 7Apas). These three turned out, also, to be mutual compadres.

The process of creating the A's new clothes was continued with the making of the /sakil pok'/ (white scarf) which he would wear at his swearing in. The material was especially fine white cloth with 'flowers' made from the same sort of silk as is used on tassels for the /pok'ku?ul/. The light ran out while this was being done and Mikel went to fetch his gasoline lamp. The lamp which was lit at about 7:00 was not extinguished until about 5:00 AM the next morning. After all the work was finished (actually the feather was not put on the hat until the next morning) all the men sat in rank order to eat. I was placed above the helpers. The meal was rather ordinary, just tortillas and white beans. I had brought two chickens to give to Burq for the fiesta and had offered them to him earlier. These were intended for later to spice up the menu.

Finally everyone made preparations for going to bed. The floor was very crowded, with 28 people being provided for. (Buro and those members of his family who were cooking went home at this time to bed.) We stretched out with some unidentified old man on our right and one of the helpers on the left. We didn't get much sleep the entire night, however, because the light remained on and there was never a time when all the men were asleep. Throughout the night people were sitting by the fire making conversation and telling jokes. Buro, who is an insomniac anyway, returned to the house about 2 AM and took up his share of the noise-making burden. We were scandalously long in bed... staying until about six-o'clock.

Tuesday, Aug 8

I had asked little Romín to take me around to see some of the saints come in the next morning if he was free. After I had gotten up he mentioned that some of the saints were arriving. I was given a whole bowl of rather sour ?ul and a breakfast of beans. We stood around while Leslie ate .. during this time Xun Vaskis arrived with much fanfare, and he sagely advised about the placing of the peacock feather. Finally we set out for the market and the saints, pulling Romín away from the job he was pursuing, namely sorting ~~Rxxxxx~~ ribbons for the necklace of ribbons which the alferes and all the other officials at the swearing-in ceremony wear.

We found Vogtie and strolled around with the saint procession seeing various saints brought in. At the muk'ta krus I had a chance to see the music in more detail. The VHC group was singing a verse centering around the Virgin and with the refrain

Nicimal xa me c'ul kahvaltik/ yayatot  
whatever this may be about in this case --- it seems rather non-committal and the verses may vary from saint to saint. Who employs the VHC men? (Martomoetik??)

The FD people seemed very informal, led by the flutist. The drummers seemed to have only two basic rhythms, one in four and one in six. The left hand beats, respectively, 1-3, and 1-3-5. The right hand beats, respectively, \* 1-3-4, and 1-3-4-5-6/, or 1-3-5-6. The rhythm may change without a pause if the flutist changes piece while marching. The capitanes were doing their hop-dance on the downbeats dancing approximately 50 steps before going 'whooooo' and

for something and all the helpers were dashing about making sure they had everything. (Little Romin is an incredibly efficient drink pourer, using two /p'ia/ and moving at amazing speed.) Soon the molatik and party arrived: they had quite a lot of helpers. The FD remained outside in the yard and did not stay.

The alferes and his ritual adv sor went to the door of the house to greet the Elders. There was elaborate ritual greeting. Each mol came first to the totilme7il standing at the right of the door as they approached and that said a long-bowing greeting, ended by a reciprocal kissing of the ribbon necklaces. After a mol had greeted both men in the door he was poured a drink by little Romin. Finally all the molatik were invited in and they greeted all present except helpers. They sat in order on the benches provided and began a ritualized banter, with Petul Vaskis carrying most of the burden. (Actually, the molatik were not present, only the rehiritetik.) Several rounds of pox were poured. George and I tried to follow the joking but were largely unsuccessful --- there was some unmistakable punning, however.

Soon everyone stood up to go. George was given the task of carrying the gasline lantern, and I was asked to carry the candles that Mikel would light at the altar at the ceremony, so we slipped out a bit early and got towards the front of the procession. I may remark that at all the houses there was a fire built outside, evidently for the comfort of the FD people and whatever helpers stayed outside. The procession made its way to the church, first setting off a cannon, at which point the musicians began to play --- we waited for an answering cannon from the church which came eventually. At the church, all the helpers entered from the side door and more or less milled around (the Hermita, of course, is what I mean) while the official part of the procession came to the back door. The FD stopped playing outside the church and all entered and sat in the correct places. The alferes stood facing the altar at the foot of the table. (The newly sworn in alferes Santo Domingo was seated, too, between the muk'ta alkalte and the rehirit primero.) The flute and drummers came inside the Hermita, standing near the door, and piped out tunes from time to time during the proceedings. We were seated on a bench at the left of the altar, among very many sleeping people. The martomoretetik were busy with their dance etc. on the right. The swearing in followed this pattern. Each cargo holder seated at the table stood in rank order and called out an oath which was answered by the alferes standing at the foot of the table. Several (4) men were seated below the molatik (They must have been sacristanes??) who ~~xxx~~ also took part. The alferes was visibly emotional and tears were in his eyes. After the swearing in the mola alkalte proceeded to the end of the table to ~~xxx~~ say a prayer --- sort of a benediction. The alferes knelt at the foot of the table with his forehead and thumbs touching the tips of the bastones of all those molatik and sacristanes. The mol alkalte said a prayer and finished by making the sign of the cross over the back of the head and shoulders of the kneeling alferes.

children began screaming and yelling and pointing in the direction that we later found out was correct. At the time we thought it best to pursue the course we had chosen, and with the direction of an old woman we got to the store and were welcomed very cordially. The man at first told us that he didn't know anyone vaguely resembling the description we had given of the man we wanted. When we mentioned that we had asked him before --- and that he had welcomed us to his house he suddenly brightened and said "Oh yes, Mikel Komis Tucni? the musician!! Oh, but he's very sick." At our first meeting the man had felt very badly with a sore tooth and this was what we expected was wrong. He was evidently in bed. We said we would go anyway, maybe, as Judy suggested, to talk with his wife. He suggested that in that case we go to a nearby house and talk with the man who was the musician's /yermano/ --- friend. We left and went to the house where Judy asked the woman if she knew Mikel Komis Tucni?. Never heard of him, she said, what did we want anyway? We related the whole story: that I had met him before, that he was going to teach me to play --- still didn't recognize the name. We said: but the store man said he was your friend... Finally the husband came home and the wife explained what we had said. Everyone then seemed to remember who we meant and one man took us off to see him. He was still sick and in bed, they cautioned, but we could talk with him.

We walked through the corn and rain and arrived at a straw house which, according to Judy, bore the signs of a recent curing ceremony: no chickens in the nest, chicken remains visible etc. We waited outside while the guide talked through the wall telling Tucni? what we had said we were doing. He seemed to be in considerable pain. Judy went into an extended sympathy routine and determined that he was suffering from 'pain in the mouth', had had a curing ceremony, and was expecting to be up and out of the house on Monday pending beneficial effects of a steambath. I talked for awhile and arranged to come back again on Monday to see how he was feeling.

We departed in the pouring rain and arrived at the Jeep, our feet caked with mud. We proceeded to the center where we talked with Oso and Vogtie made some beneficial arrangements with curer's etc.

Saturday, Aug 12

L and I took the Jeep to Zinacantan about 7:00 to pick up the party of the new Alferes San Lorenzo to take it to Nibak --- Ixtapa --- where there was to be reciprocal ritual activity. On the way we met little Romin who explained that he hoped we could take another car to carry mol Xun Vaskis back to Navenchauk. In Htkelmu we were given 7ul and we sat around for a bit as the arrangements were made. The alferes himself along with some helpers were going to walk to Nibak that night with the Saint. The people to go were the women and the two advisors Petul Buro and Petul Vaskis. Those people walked over the mountain to Nacih where they were met by Vogtie and I took Xun Vaskis out to Navenchauk. There we split everyone into the two cars and zipped to Ixtapa. Buro, who was in my car along with

Interview at Ranch with Mikel Komia Tuchi? (Gomez Lopez)  
August 24, 1967

This maestro/ is both shy and interested; he is quite retiring and yet is one of the most questioning of Indians I have met. The purpose of this interview: to get some sort of outline about musical practices in Chamula.

1. Hay tos 7oy li vobe ta skotole?  
Yu7un paxon/--- salvarol vinik (sbi)(skwenta Senor Xalik);  
-- xanvil vinik --- ta xanav;  
--- sanna maria;

xanvil anz  
(Mi hehel ta hubes li vobe mi ko7ol li vobe, ha7 no7ox hutuk li k'evuhe hehel hutuk ---- evidently the music is the same and only the songs differ.)

(All the names he gives me --- and I won't list them all are connected with the name Xalik or Salvador: yec xal li kahvaltik riox, ta toyole, ha totik Xalike.)

2. Hay tos oy li vobetike ta skotole:  
Mu hna7 k'al ciyakub, (&Oy xk'axol ta c'ul na, ta sklexia, 'yahvalel vinehel' xi. Ta spasbik sk'inal ta Caruatal).  
(Rather queer answer: the question doesn't get through.)

3. Hay koh sonetik 7oy ta skotole?  
Oy ep:ta ox koh ta x'ak'otah -- ta xhalik8un.  
K'usi sbi: Ha no7ox ko7ol, oxib buxak bwelta.  
(The names are:  
salvarol vinik : ha7 no7ox ta xal.)  
xax xanvil vinik

Ha yec ta spas k'in, ta x7ak'otahik, ta x7ud pox, lek k'in ta spas.)

4. Hay kot vobe oy ta skotole?  
Oy canib yu7un paxone: cib arpa, cib baz'i vob (kitara)

Mi oy otro yan vobe yu7un hpasabtal:  
Oy pero parte xtoki pareho.  
Hay kot ta alperes: cib no7ox, hug arpa, hun kitara.

5. Skwenta muc'utik hpasabtal oy vobe?  
K8al ta k'ine 7ep.

6. Ta Junio, ta bac'utik sna latih vobe?  
ana alperes San Juan ocel -- 24 Junio, ha no7ox k'al ec' k'in San Juan ta hitih vob.  
(Ta Julio?) c'abal, (Muk' bu latih?) mu7yuk.  
(Ta Mayo)- mu7yuk noxtok  
(Ta Agosto)- Ta slahem to (He denies having already played this month.)

7. Hay tos vobe oy ta hun k'in?  
Oy martomo --- muk' bu kil k'us7elan li vobe, k'u yelan vob.  
(Ta htih... ha no7ox yu7un San Juan martomo, ko7ol sciuk avob alperes San Juan.)

Hmoh xa no7ox skotol  
(Mu hna7 hay vo7 martomoetik oy ta huhun k'in-- ep hente.)

15. K'u ora ta ba7yi' lacan latih li vobe?  
 Oy xa vaxakib ha7bil,  
 (Buc'u lascanubtas)-- Ha lascanubtasun ihtote, ha kuxul to  
 Ta primero ta ekil kaalal ta stih li htote, ta sbah.  
 Ora lahcanun, C'amee xa 7ox boot.  
 Latota mastro noxtok, ep latih, moe mastro.

16. K'u ora laoc ta vabahel, ta mastro? K'alal hcan vobe,  
 tal abtel, taho vobe. Ta primero ihtih ta San Mateoalpetes.  
 (Buy li snae?) Ta calvario.  
 Ta primero arpa  
 Ciyotikin xa, htih ta sna ta spas k'in. (K'in San Mateo).

17. K'uxelan lacan xak'evuhin?  
 Maco vinik ta xal: yu7un skotol alperes. Ha k'ehuh- maco vinik.  
 (means: Senor San Mateo.)

18. K'u yu7un xak'an xatih, xacan?  
 Lahcan no7ox, yu7un mastro htote, ikomee svob. Ilahtinbe8un,  
 lahcan 8un.

19. Muc'u tik krixcano xu7 scan li vobe?  
 Skotol xu7 scan. (K'u yu7un oy li muc'u mu sna7) Mu sna7,  
 ha7 sonso li shole. Oy otroo mas p'in mu sna7,  
 ta sa7 otro k'usi xaxax yan abtel, ta scon isim. Mu sk'an  
 scan li vobune, mu sk'an spas k'in.  
 (Mi snae skotol li krixcano li K8evuh?) Mu sna7. (The only  
 ones who can't see stupid in the head.)  
 Mi oy li muc'u mas lek xK8evuhun, oy mas copol? (- oy  
 mas lek hun xK'opoh, oy mas mu xk'opoh van yec le7e.. Ha7 tey  
 ha7 copol li yeh, mu xhoybik ta anal li ye7e (yeh?) Mu  
 sna7 k'ehoh.

20. Muc'u vobe mas mol, ali brapa, mi kitara?  
 Ta mas arpa? ha7 mas mi mas lek sone?-- ko7ol sci7uk kitara.  
 Yec skom zenh, rioxe. (Mu hna7 k'u yelan.) Ko7ol lek li  
 cakot vobe.

21. Mu sna7 stih v dlin, ha7 no7ox korion. Ko7ol sci7uk sone  
 ta arpa, lek. Xu7 stih korion skuenta hpasabtel. Ta stih.  
 (Oxib trampol, noxtok, sci7uk cib--oxib van-- ama.)  
 K'u ora ta stih li korione: ha7 k'al ta k'in, o mi sk'an  
 yo7ontone ta stih.

Ama? Ha7 to ta k'in. (Mo7oh, mu stih k'alal c'abal li k'ine.)  
 Oy ta Nicim li FD, oy taskotol li k'ine yu7un alpers  
 pero c'abal ta martomo. Ko7ol li sone yu7un ama sci7uk  
 baz'i vobe. (Note: certain Z songs on the FD are identical  
 to VHG or VG songs.)

22. Ta K8in mi xu7 stih ha7 no7ox kitara k'alal c'abal arapa?  
 Xu7 sci7uk ha noox kitara mi cabaluk arapa. Xu7 noxtok  
 sci7uk arapa noox.

Mi xu7 oy k'ex nicim, k'in, k'alal c'abal li vobe?  
 (Oy c'abal li vobe ta K8ex nicim --- mi ip, mi oy ptamel  
 -- pero ta K8in oy pwersa vob.) sk'inal ta kahvaltike.  
 Stekel oy svob ---- (can't get across theidea that there  
 might be a fiesta with no music.) --- martomo, alperes.

30. Muc'utik mastroetik oy ta Kius Obixpo?  
 Xalik Komis --- (he claims not to know the name.)  
 (He claims not to know how many --- round 25 he says ---  
 c'abal nakal ta mero Hteklum, ha nom nakal lk yan ~~xxxxxxx~~  
 mastroetik.)

31. Mi oy mastroetii muc'u scan stuk stih, ay oy muc'u  
 scubtas? (There exist people of both classes he says.)

32. What did the alferes say k'alal(xtal ta k'opohuk)  
 Mazstro, xi, mi apas papor cabat tih vob, xi.  
 Bwend, xkut un. Caabulah, xi. (ta xak' cib limete sik no7ox.)  
 (ta primero beelta.)

Mu ta stoh, skwenta yu7un Riox, ta xak' ve8el, hutuk pan.  
 Xtal ta primero ta hunabil to. Mu to x7oc.

33. K'usi skwenta li vobe ta k'inetike.?

Skwenta skinal kahvaltik Riox.

K'usi skwenta li vobe ta k'ex nicim?

Skwenta ta sk'ex ta xnicim no7ox.

K'usi skwenta ;i ak'ot?

Skwenta kahvaltik noxtok.

34. Mi oy musika ta K'inetik ta Hteklum?

Oy banta; musika . Ta tocadiscos noxtok, pero mu7yuk vob.  
 Mi stih vob ali amae? Mu7yuk --- no special name for that  
 music.

Mi xu7 stih vob ta hkaxlan kitara; ta slok'es. Xu7  
 noxtok slok'es li sone ta violin (yu7un Chamula)--- ha7  
 li buc'u sna7e. ( Probably violijn makers in Chamula  
 can do it.)

35. Mi mas ta vo7ne mi c'abal li vobetike ta balamil?

Mu hna7.

Mi xana& k'u yu7un oy oxkot vobetik ta sna ulo7 pero  
 he no7ex cakot litoe ta Chamual. Ha no7ox, cib no7ox.

Mi sk'ex li snicim li hpasabtel muc'u c'abal li svobe.  
 (Oy --- paxon, alperes, rehiorol. ) Mu7yuk pwersa ta oy  
 svobe. Li hpasabtel oy ta spas k'in oy ta x7ak'otah,  
 oy svobe.

Mi pwersa oy svob li hpasabtel? Pwersa me. Pero  
 ka K8uyelan li k'ine mi ti mi ctal ta xmale li mastroetik?  
 Ta pwersa xmale li hpasabtle mi mi mu xk'ot li mastroetik.

Mi oy vobe ta hun k'ak'al, ta hun ceremonia, K8ala  
 c'abal li K8evuh? Oy, k'u ora? --- ta rominko, li  
 muc'u sman svob ta stih stuk.

K'alal cam hun vinik oy vob, c'abal k'evuh. K'u yu7un  
 mu xK8evuhin li krixcano. Mu xtun mu xu7, kahomal ta x7ok'---  
 mu xk'ehin.

36. K'usi mas lek t scapel, mi zinil mi yocol?

Mas lek zinile. Lek xak' ti mi zinil. Mi yocol, mo7oh,  
 mas hutuk ta x7ok'.

Mi mas lek zoz li stihela, mi mas lek k'un hutuk? Ha7  
 zoze. Mas lek x7ok' noxtok.

Mi mas lek anil li stihela, mi mas k'unK'un no7ox.?  
 K8unk'un, anil mu7 xu7 ta htihetik.

Aug 14, 1967

Trying to get into a house in Chuamula turned out not to be so difficult, but (ironically) finding and buying pox presented problems when I went out with Leslie to try to stay with my tooth-ache-mastro in Krus Obixpo. Vogtie stayed in the Jeep (he was on the way to Pete?) while I went off to the house, rather sceptical about the efficacy of a /pux/ on a sore mouth. I met the inevitable schoolboys on their way home and they directed me to a house on the second hill overlooking ~~the~~ Tucni7's house for pox. It seemed, as I approached it, to belong to either a rich man or a cargo holder (or both, as was in fact the case)--- the yard was littered with flower petals and there was an elaborate cross. No one answered my attempted greeting, and a woman came up with a flock of sheep. Was there any pox to be had, I asked. Sorry, we don't have that, she said and immediately began moving away. I tried the whine approach (which seems to work well for some people in the Project) but was unsuccessful. Finally the woman said: "C'abal. Va7i. Cibat ca7e." and off she went. (Freely translated: There is none. There you have it and kiss off, buddy, and good0bye.")

I was rather dejected so I went back to the blue house (nearly getting eaten by the alleged pox-seller's dogs on the path) which we had assumed was a tienda. The man, Tex (Andreaa) Something-or-other, was an excellent person whose house is not, however, a tienda. I told him I had been searching for pox at the house on the hill. That turned out to be the house of the ocel alperes San Juan (!) who undoubtedly would not sell to me because "mu xohikinot, txxi7" (they don't know you, they're afraid.) He mentioned that the revenoors had been around making everyone cautious. He lent his son running out to fill my bottle at the same house--- \$4, and tasty. While the boy was gone I sat in the yard (--- Leslie was with me at this point since Vogtie had left ---) and learned something about the man and his family. He evidently was connected in some way with INI. He had been to Mexico on INI's money and had several books in Spanish (and Izotzil) which clearly were of INI origin. He was proud of his reading and writing and showed us one book--- the catechism in Spanish and Izotzil facing pages--- and read from it. He had several buildings in the compound and seemed outwardly quite rich. The blue house had an altar in it and a chest with treasures but no sign of a bed (visible from the yard that is.) He was wearing the long black chamarro closed at the sides called a /cuh/ (unposs. /cuhil/). I asked what it cost, mentioning that that seemed to be what mastros wore. He said it cost \$85 used but that mastros also had to have regular /kolorail/ of /herkail/. He showed me some that he had which he had just bought, he said for \$180 and \$120. The one was much thicker than the other. He had mentry-it on to prove to me that it wasn't too small. (I said I probably wanted it mas /hamal/ or wide.) Why was it that he bought his clothes instead of having his wife make them? His wife was n t a Chamula, it turned out. He had mether and married her when he worked in a finca in Tapachula. (I later heard that he ran off to the finca after his first wife died about eight years ago; He came back with a new wife who

From some obscure corner of the house Mikel pulled a guitar. (If I squinted and concentrated I could make out another guitar and two large harps sitting in the corner, too.) He tuned the thing up and showed me some of the elements of the music. The rhythm was evidently in 8/8 or 4/4 instead of the 6/8 of Z music. The chords were the same, of course, with the third string missing from all configurations. (I will describe tuning, rhythm and generally harmonic and melodic line below separately.) I mastered the rhythm (which was not particularly complicated anyway) in an unsurprisingly short time, though it seemed to impress my host. He would not agree to take out the harp, however, but contented himself with playing the guitar part long into the night while I watched --- or letting me play the guitar long into the night while he watched. I asked if there were variations in the tunes as played on the guitar; he said there were lots of tunes but that on the guitar the playing was /moh/ on all of them. (Equal.) This remains to be seen, though it seems not impossible --- Z musicians told me the same thing when I first asked and it was a lie.

We ate, and this was a queer event, as well. The children were served separately, itah, eating from a common bowl in a distant corner. I searched out a table at the host's request and we set it by the fire. Three bowls were placed on this table; one of tortillas, one of potatoes and one of salt (with chiles placed beside.) The salt was very carefully dug out of a large bottle --- I'm not sure whether the salt bowl was just coincidentally empty or whether the family rarely ate salt and had it just for our benefit. A bowl was passed around to wash with and again there was a significantly different style. Instead of taking a handful of water and rinsing the hands separately one just dipped one's hands in and rinsed in the bowl, thus distributing the dirt among everyone from the second washer on. No one quite wanted to take a whole tortilla; everyone broke off a piece and put the rest back on the pile. I think it was the meal that gave both L and me the impression that the house we were in was exceedingly poor. No one ate much (and Leslie and I literally stuffed ourselves --- potatoes in Chamula are every bit as good as potatoes in Z) and the whole procedure of eating and serving and shrinkingly offering more food suggested frugality and was in marked contrast to the expansiveness in the Z houses where I've stayed. There was no beverage except some slightly heated water with which to wash out the mouth. We played a little more after supper, lay down our sleeping bags and went to sleep. It was unbelievably dark in the house but that could not hide rat sounds and the almost audible itching of fleabites.

August 15, Tuesday

We awakened at 6 with the feeling that in order to conserve food the people in the house had already eaten. My first impression of the day was that my feet were covered with mud immediately upon entering the house after going to the bathroom. Mud was very abundant during that stay and gradually clogged my sandals and toes. We sat doing nothing until almost eight o'clock when we finally ate: beans and

Thursday, August 17

I went out to Krus Obispo hoping to wangle an invitation to a flower change at the house of the new alferes San Juan. I had asked Mikel Tucni7, who was going to play for this event, to see whether or not it would be alright for me to come as a visitor, more or less on his coattails. I arrived about 8:00 as planned (he told me he would go to the alferes's house about 9) and met the man at his house. He seemed a little surprised to see me and sheepishly told me that the alferes didn't want me to come. \*Mu sk'an x, mo7oh, " xi lahyal. --- they told me. I thought about it for awhile and explained again that I only wanted to stay for a little while, just to find out what I could about music at flower-change etc. Perhaps if I offered 10 pesos? He said that he still didn't know but would go out to ask again... alone. I waited by the car until he returned, informing me that the man didn't want me no matter what.

We went, only a little discouraged, to Zinacantan in search of Petul Buro with whom we hoped to work in the next few days. We called at his house and his daughter said he was not at home, having gone to the church to be part of the party to welcome back San Lorenzo from Ixtapa.

-uz'i = sniff (i.v.)

We came up to the church and I met Marain Konseres and just began a conversation when we saw Petul coming out of the church with one of Mikel Vaskis's little boys. He was carrying flowers (which we sniffed: uz'iof the command form) and he offered a small sprig to Leslie. He was on the way to his house to offer them, he said. We walked with him and arranged for him to come on the next day. We entered Mikel Vaskis's house briefly and then left, stopping momentarily at the house of Santa Krus (who was, of course, at the church and not available.) Then we headed home, without much luck.

~~Wednesday~~ Friday, August 18

<sup>12th</sup> Leslie worked with Buro all morning. This fellow Carter Taylor, who has worked in Rincon Chamula, appeared and seemed willing to pay some musicians to come in the next day to give a show for his students (which I could record.) We went out with Buro around 3 to search for people. We went to Petul Comyox's house, taking one full litre of pox with us and several small kwarto bottles. (The litre, from Buro, cost 5 pesos and was relatively strong.) No luck at the first house, nor at the second, where Cep Zarate was not at home. We went on and bought Rick a hat (which Cep 7Apas had ordered) for 35 pesos without ribbons and returned by way of the store of ??? whose three sons all played music. There we presented a kwarto of pox and secured the services of one son and botj a harp and a guitar for the next day. We also tried to borrow a drum, but found the owner (mehirol primero) to be away. We returned to Buro's and discovered that his compadre Palas Zozil (reputed to be the fattest man in



gate a drunk arrived and was pushed around severely by several men who seemed to be informal gate-wardens. I waited until things quieted down and went rather nervously across that huge — empty — churchyard. I wandered inside and was greeted by a scene very nearly 'psychedelic'. There were huge crowds of people gathered staring forward just about twenty feet inside the door. I pushed through them. (I was eager to hide my faux pas of crossing etc after entering the church. The other Chamulas I saw generally not did a deep bow, though various Indians from elsewhere did kneel and cross etc.) Of course, it was useless to try to hide since I stood a foot taller than everyone else in the church. Abbie and I picked our way through the candles and C women all over the floor past so many Saints that it would have been pointless to ask their names. We saw Judy well up in the front of the church by a group of rattling, singing, knee-bending martomoetik. There we went and installed ourselves as observers. The scene was positively wild: people rushing around lighting huge handfuls of candles, sticking them — it seemed — in any free square inch of floor; women chanting and looking suspicious. Cargoholders and their advisors and helpers stripping saints right and left. And musicians, mostly tuning when I arrived, squeezed here and there, on floors, steps. I worked my way in with the /mastroetik/ leaning against an altar and, when not seated, crouched so that my head was not inordinately high. (The two girls had to stand behind the cargoholders to see and were the subject of much attention and not-accidental jostling — they were, I hear, propositioned constantly from the time they arrived.) The musicians treated me with amusement and answered my questions about tunes, who was playing etc. The guitarist with whom I spoke most (the only one wearing a /cuh/ — another myth dispelled) was a good friend of one of the mayordomos; hence, his job. There were four martomoetik (often pronounced /martoma/ with the stress as marked) for the Virgen Rosario (who was the one we were watching, evidently, though I'm sure the men were dressing someone else at the time) who danced and sang the whole time. The actual dressing was supervised — as was most everything else — by an old man, who had some helpers in tow. They first stripped off all of the old clothes — many layers of white dresses. (She had been originally wrapped with a cloth which covered her entire head.) The cargoholders mainly watched the undressing. The musicians were tuning — a rather long process for with about four harps and four guitars staying together can present problems. There seemed to be no rank order in the seating of the musicians, unless it was that guitars be on either end of row and harps in the middle (one old guitar player was standing at the end while all the rest were seated on the floor.) Also present were the martomas' wives, seated with their backs to the door of the church — all adorned with special necklaces and praying heavily. (Furthermore some sort of silver cross or otherwise ~~gum~~ fancily shaped object was passed around as object for prayer — to the cargoholders and their wives in descending rank order so far as I could tell.)

After the saint was undressed her entire face and hands (the only 'flesh' parts uncovered — an under-dress was

San

in red, the two incoming alfereses Santa Roxa and/Akustin. All were drinking and joking and there were many observers just standing around. Tucni<sup>7</sup> had brought his guitar because he planned to play in the procession for the alferes SanJuan later --- about two hours later, in fact. In the meantime he planned just to stand where he was waiting. Among the people clustered around were some flute and drum players and a trumpet player with a huge long bugle like trumpet; to know how to play was evidently to know how to make at least three distinct notes. (Called /korneta/.) These people were playing more or less constantly, with a little boy always beating the drum. Accordion players began to multiply and play. Tucni<sup>7</sup> tuned up his guitar and began to strum away --- he didn't stop at all while I was there.

To our surprise, Oso himself appeared, bedecked in all kinds of new finery and a cargoholder's hat. He had returned early from Mexico it seemed. Other men came up, among them a former /paxon/ with huge keys and a bottle opener in his belt. Mostly they talked about the hard times, and the bad weather. It was the opinion of this ex-/paxon/ that the bad weather was due to the insufficient activity or improper completion of duty on the part of the cargoholders --- in particular, the most recent /paxonetik/. I stood there for about an hour and became very bored, so I went in search of Judy at Oso's. She was there, having just awakened, and we went at her suggestion to the house of a martona from Yalicin where she had spent the evening before. We went to the house apparently reserved for the saint which was hung with corn and plants and had a considerable number of candles burning. We entered and greeted the two mayordomos (San Mateo??) and sat with them for awhile talking about what had happened, what was going to happen. The joking turned to Judy and her marital status and I unwittingly joined in with the joking --- she was actually propositioned then and there and the women of the house seemed quite serious about her marrying a Chamula cargoholder and staying on. She managed to change the subject and I moved over to the other side of the house to watch the musicians. They seemed friendly enough; two harpists and two guitarists, arranged with the guitarists on either end. They said they were friends of the cargoholder and Judy reported that at least one of the guitarists also came from Yalicin. They challenged me to play so I started playing on the guitar and they joined in gleefully. We played through a long joking session on the other side of the house; Judy bought a bottle of poz which was served around the house. The playing was noticeably less detached than in Zimacantan, with the musicians being alert to all that was happening, if silent. They paid little attention to me but watched the cargoholders banter with Judy.

It appeared that the whole party was going down to the church to take part in a procession. Everyone arose, I gave the guitar back to its rightful player, we all exited and walked in rather amorphous order down to the church, playing all the way. The musicians were first, then helpers and women and cargo. in a shifting line. The women gave Judy something to cover her head