



# FINDING THE CENTER

## NARRATIVE POETRY OF THE ZUNI INDIANS

### TRANSLATED BY DENNIS TEDLOCK

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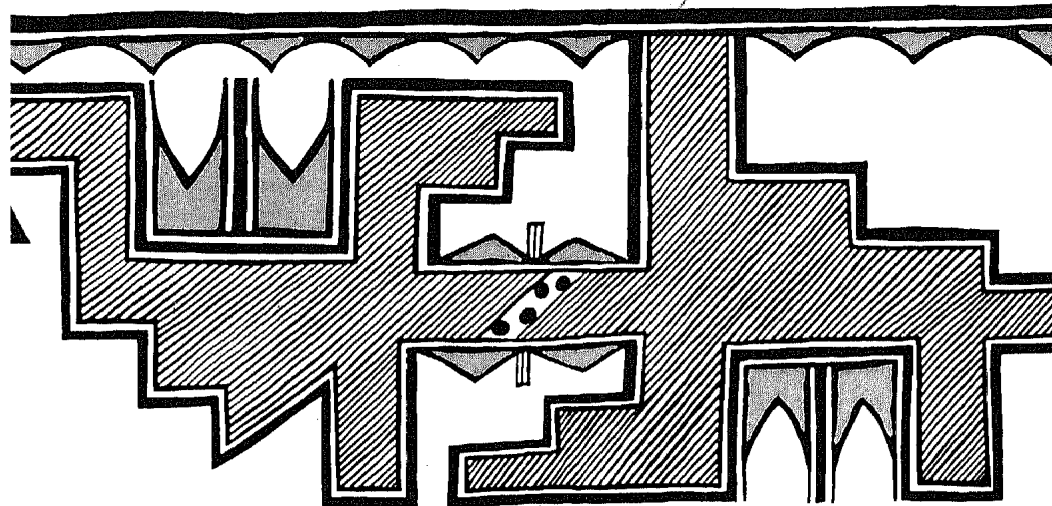
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FROM PERFORMANCES IN THE ZUNI BY ANDREW PEYNESA AND WALTER SANCHEZ

## *Introduction*

The Aashiwi, as they call themselves, or the Zuni Indians,<sup>1</sup> live in western New Mexico. They are one of twenty separate groups of Pueblo (village) Indians stretching from Taos in northern New Mexico to Hopi in northeastern Arizona. Their language is unrelated to those spoken by the other Pueblos, and in fact has no clear relationship with any other American Indian language.

The land of the Zunis is a high, rugged plateau, broken by red and yellow sandstone mesas; most of it is covered by low brush or open woods of juniper and piñon (nut pine), but there are ponderosa pine forests in the higher elevations and small irrigated farms in the valleys. When the Spanish arrived in 1539, the Zunis made their living by growing corn, squash, and beans, by gathering more than a hundred species of wild plants, and by hunting deer and smaller game. After the coming of the Spanish they added wheat, chili, and peaches to their crops and began raising stock, primarily sheep. Today their income derives largely from wage work, handicrafts (especially silversmithing), and livestock. They are now more numerous than at any time in their recorded history, with a population of over 6,000.

During the sixteenth century the Zunis lived in six different villages, which the Spanish called "The Seven Cities of Cibola"; by 1630 they had come together in the single village where most of them live today, Shiwina, or "Zuni," also called Halonaawa, "Red Ant Place," or Itiwana, "The Middle Place." Their social structure is exceedingly complex, involving twelve matrilineal

clans, thirteen medicine societies (organizations with secret curing powers), a masked dance society into which all males are initiated, a series of hereditary rain-bringing priesthoods whose highest-ranking members form the religious government of the village, a secular government of elected officials, four mission churches, three public schools, a crafts cooperative, and a small factory.<sup>2</sup>

I first went to Zuni in December of 1958 to attend the famous Sha'lako ceremony.<sup>3</sup> I returned to do anthropological field work in November of 1964 and continued until January of 1966; this work was done with the permission of two successive heads of the Zuni civil government, Fred Bowannie and Robert Lewis. My principal interest was in oral narratives and their social and psychological contexts, an interest which had been encouraged by John L. Fischer and Munro S. Edmonson of Tulane University.

Formal Zuni narratives are performed largely by men, and almost any man over fifty knows at least a few of them. They are told in the home, where television is now supplanting them, and in medicine society meetings. They fall into two main categories: *telapnaawe*, or "tales," which are regarded as fiction; and stories of the *chimiky'ana'kowa*, or "The Beginning," which are regarded as historical truth. There are other, less formal narratives (not represented here) which fall outside these two categories, including accounts of historical events which are more recent than "The Beginning."

*Telapnaawe*, including the first seven narratives in this book, may be told only from October to March, lest the narrator be bitten by a snake, and only at night, lest the sun set early. Anyone who falls asleep during a *telapnanne* or who fails to stand up and stretch at the end of such a story may become a hunchback. *Telapnaawe* are "fictional" in the same limited sense that our own fiction is, which is to say that they may contain many realistic

details and may even be based on "true" stories. Among the stories in the present collection, this ambiguity is strongest in "The Sun Priest and the Witch-Woman," which is regarded as "true" in almost every detail and yet is given the opening and closing formulas and other stylistic features of a *telapnanne*.

Stories of "The Beginning," represented here by the last two narratives in the book, may be told at any season of the year and at any time of day. When told in a ritual context they are chanted; the present examples, told as they were in a hearthside context, contain only a few chanted lines and make less use of esoteric language than ritual versions. The remaining story in this book, "The Shumeekuli," would fit neatly into the early portion of Part II of "The Beginning," but its narrator chose to present it as a separate story, though he himself regards it as part of "The Beginning."

Andrew Peynetsa and Walter Sanchez, the two narrators represented here, were both in their early sixties when their stories were recorded. Related by clan, they are among the few Zunis who still devote a good deal of time to farming. Andrew speaks English but Walter does not. Joseph Peynetsa, who helped in the making of the Zuni transcriptions and English translations of the stories, is Andrew's brother's son. At present he works in the offices of the Zuni government.

I collected nearly a hundred narratives from Andrew and Walter, half of them *telapnaawe* and the rest having to do with "The Beginning" (only a few of these) or with more recent history. In all instances I used a tape-recorder and had at least one Zuni present other than the narrator himself. The recorder caused no apparent "stage fright"; after all, narrators are "on stage" anyway, with or without a recorder. Andrew and Walter decided for themselves which stories to tell, and in what sequence. The story titles were provided by Andrew, at my request.

Once a story was recorded, Joseph Peynetsa and I faced the

massive task of getting it off the tape and onto paper. Joseph would listen to each Zuni clause or sentence two or three times and then repeat it to me until I was satisfied that my phonetic transcription was accurate; he would then offer a translation which we often discussed or modified before I entered it between the lines of the transcription. As time went on and I acquired more knowledge of the Zuni language, I played an increasingly active role in this process. Our results were good enough as these things go, but linguistic training, with its excessive emphasis on the precise notation of phonemes, had made me deaf to the subtler qualities of the speaking voice, and the tediousness of our work (ten to twenty hours for each hour of tape) made Joseph and myself care less about the precision of the translations than we should have.

When I left the field in 1966 it was already my intention to put together a book of Zuni narratives. At first I saw this task as largely a matter of polishing the rough translations done in the field, but I was unhappy with the flat prose format which had always been used in presenting such narratives. Thinking of Melville Jacobs' suggestion that oral narratives might be better understood as a kind of theater than as an oral equivalent of our own written fiction,<sup>4</sup> and noting that Zuni stories contain many quotations, I considered using a play format, with each quotation labeled according to its speaker and the remaining passages labeled "narrator." But I eventually decided that such a presentation would add nothing, since, in Zuni narratives at least, it is usually perfectly clear which character is responsible for a quotation anyway. Moreover, a play format would divert one's attention from the unitary nature of the storytelling experience: the narrator performs *all* of the roles, not just one of a number of fragmented possibilities, and in a sense he must "identify" with all of them.<sup>5</sup>

I was first led to consider the possibility that Zuni narratives might be poetry by Edmonson's discovery that the *Popol Vuh*,

which had always been treated as prose by translators, was composed entirely of couplets.<sup>6</sup> But my search for a similar structure in Zuni stories did not uncover anything which would justify a couplet format. It was not until late in 1968, after listening to many oral performances of modern poetry, that I returned to my Zuni tapes and began to work out the details of the mode of presentation used here, which combines poetic and dramatic features. The intensive listening involved in such a broad-spectrum translation greatly improved my knowledge of the Zuni language over what it had been in the field, so that I was also able to revise and refine the wording of the original rough translations.

The results of this effort have convinced me that prose has no real existence outside the written page. Narratives of the kind presented here have been labeled and presented as "oral prose" for no better reason than that they are not sung or (in most passages) chanted. Earlier field workers, including my predecessors at Zuni,<sup>7</sup> were hampered in their recognition of the poetic qualities of spoken narratives by the fact that handwritten dictation was their only means of collection. This is a tedious method which involves constant interruptions of the flow of speech and deprives the performer of an attentive native audience. But now that the tape-recorder has become practical and accurate as a field instrument, it is possible to capture true performances and to listen closely, as many times as may be necessary, to all their sounds and silences.

What makes written prose most unfit for representing spoken narrative is that it rolls on for whole paragraphs at a time without taking a breath: there is no silence in it. To solve this problem I have broken Zuni narratives into lines: the shorter pauses, which average three-fourths second and almost never drop below one-half second, are represented here by simple changes of line; the longer pauses, which run from two to three seconds, are represented by strophe breaks. Among the present narratives only two

pauses (both about six seconds long) fall outside these two groups; they are represented by spaces markedly larger than the regular strophe breaks.

As a casual inspection of the narratives will show, the punctuation marks and paragraphs of a prose presentation would not be much of a guide to Zuni pauses. Some of the pauses fall between clauses and sentences, but many do not, and some of the clause and sentence boundaries are not accompanied by silence. Even the longer pauses sometimes occur in the midst of a sentence; such pauses help to build the tension in a narrative.

Zuni lines vary constantly in length, ranging from one syllable to more than seventy. In passing from Zuni to English it is possible to at least approximate the original contrasts in line length, as can be seen by comparing the text and translation of "Coyote and Junco."<sup>8</sup> There is no point in preserving exact syllable counts in translation, but radical changes would distort the pace of the narrative. Line length—or, to put it the other way around, the frequency of pauses—is the major cause of variations in the apparent rate at which human speech is delivered: passages with short lines (many pauses) seem slow, while those with long lines (few pauses) seem fast. The rate of syllable articulation, by contrast, plays little role in the speed variations of Zuni or any other language,<sup>9</sup> but there are two occasions in "Pelt Kid and his Grandmother" when the narrator, by deliberate effort, greatly slows his articulation in order to make his words absolutely clear; I have marked these lines *slowly* at the left-hand margin.

Occasionally Zuni word order makes the transposition of lines desirable: in "The Boy and the Deer," for example, a strictly literal treatment would produce some lines like, "Her clothes / she bundled," or "His kinswoman / he beat." It might be argued that the hearer ought to be kept in suspense for a half second as to what the woman is going to do with her clothes or what the

man is going to do to his kinswoman, but my sense of the matter is that since "Her clothes / she bundled" sounds like ordinary Zuni, it ought to be transformed into "She bundled / her clothes," which sounds like ordinary English.

The loudness of Zuni narration ranges from just short of a shout to just short of a whisper. Representing this on the page is something of a problem, since most of the devices offered by our writing tradition are ambiguous: an exclamation point, for example, most often indicates something loud, but it is also appropriate after a whispered interjection. My present solution to the problem is to use small type for soft passages or words, larger type for middle-level passages, and capitals for loud passages.

Sometimes middle-level passages are delivered with a heavy stress on the last syllable of each line, as in this example from Part I of "The Beginning":

Kwa' kwa'holh uhsona ho' yu'hetamME.  
Ma'homkwat liwan ho'na suWE  
Alahho ShiwaNI:  
homkwat lukhon ayyu'yaanaky'anNA.

If the meanings of the stressed elements were used as a guide to English translation, the passage would come out something like this:

But I do NOT know about this.  
Perhaps our younger broTHER there  
the Coral PRIEST:  
perhaps he WOULD know.

But the purpose of the stresses in the original passage is not to single out particular *meanings* but to mark off lines. In the words of Joseph Peynetsa, the speaker is "saying it in a way that is not ordinary. He is trying to stress, to bring out an important idea.

It shows authority, and to have a complete thought at the same time, not just trailing off." The following rendition, which emphasizes the line structure, is more appropriate than the one offered above:

But I do not know about THIS.  
Perhaps our younger brother THERE  
the Coral PRIEST:  
perhaps he would KNOW.

The effect of this version does not correspond precisely to anything in English poetry, but it does suggest the stress which is often given to line-ending rhymes.

The important lines in Zuni narrative are sometimes chanted rather than given final stress. As in the following example, most chanted lines are limited to two pitches with an interval of roughly three half tones, and most of them are loud:

TON <sup>AA</sup>WAANA TON <sup>HE</sup>SHOTAWASHNA

The higher pitches in these two-pitch lines tend to fall on the most important words, so that in this case, unlike that of line-final stress, meaning is an appropriate guide to the arrangement of the translation:

WHEN YOU HAVE <sup>GONE</sup> THERE YOU WILL BUILD  
HOU  
SES

Occasionally a chanted line breaks into three pitches, as in this case:

NALHAKNAawe  
nalhaknaawe  
nalhaknaawe

Here the interval between the top and bottom pitches runs to about four tones, with the middle pitch closer to the top than to the bottom. The translation is simple:

KILLED THE DEER  
killed the deer  
killed the deer

It should be noted that the pitches in chanted lines, while far more controlled than those in a normal speaking voice, are not as controlled as in singing.

A long time or distance in Zuni narrative may be indicated by drawing out a vowel sound for two or three seconds while keeping a steady pitch. Thus "akya," "he went," may become "akya——," which seems best in English as "he went o——n." This feature might be represented by repeated vowels rather than by long dashes, but the vagaries of English orthography often preclude that: "oooooooo" would appear to have the same vowel sound as "soon." Lengthened consonants, on the other hand, turn out well as repeated letters: thus Zuni "KY'ALHHHHHH" becomes English "KERSPLASHHHHHH."

Sometimes the lengthening of the Zuni vowel "a" is combined with the control of loudness to produce a crescendo, as in this line:

aaaaaaAAAAAA LHITON IKYA

In this case the repeated vowels have a stronger graphic effect than a long dash, which might work out this way: "a———A." I have kept the "a" in the English versions of such crescendos, but have added an "h" to remind the reader that this is like the vowel in "ah" and not like the one in "bat":

aaaaaaAAAAAAH THE RAIN CAME

Vowel lengthening may also be combined with change of pitch, which produces a glissando:

ta<sup>l</sup>aaaaa

This is the sound of a person descending a ladder at great speed; I have retained it unchanged in translation.

The special manipulations of voice quality (or tone of voice) in Zuni narrative can be transferred directly into English with no real confusion about the meanings of the affected lines; as in the script for a play, such lines can be introduced with parenthetical, italicized instructions. Sometimes these special voice qualities involve imitations of the voices of the story characters; a boy may be given a *high* voice or, as in the case of the adolescent younger brother Ahayuuta in "The Sun Priest and the Witch-Woman," a *high and hoarse* voice; a woman may be given a *tight* (tense) or a *high and tight* voice; a mountain lion may be given a *low and gravelly* voice. In other cases voice qualities depend on situations rather than on particular characters: the words "he pulled" may be rendered *with strain*, as if the narrator were trying to hold his breath during great exertion; a character who is starving may speak *weakly*; a sleepy owl may sound as if he were *almost yawning*; a man planning to witch someone may speak with a *rasping* voice.

Italicized notations are also useful when events other than speaking itself play a part in a narrative, as when the performer clears his throat, sighs, breaks into laughter, turns his head to make an aside, or gestures. The two narrators represented here make relatively little use of gestures, mostly limiting themselves to indications (with extended arm and hand) of the position of the sun or the direction in which a story character is traveling. I never worked out an efficient system for correlating these gestures with the narrative texts while in the field (my tape-recorder did not

have a counter), so most of them have been lost; the few which remain are indicated by parenthetical notes. In any case, a Zuni gesture is almost never essential to the understanding of the accompanying line, the only real exception in the present collection being this passage from "Coyote and Junco": "Coyote has no teeth here (*points to molars*)."

A Zuni audience usually responds to a narrative with affirmations: in the case of *telapnaawe* the listeners say "eeso," and in the case of "The Beginning" they say "hacchi" or "eleete," which are more serious and formal than "eeso." Such responses come at the rate of once a minute or more and are usually inserted during a pause; they are most likely to occur after an explanatory sentence, especially if such a sentence is delivered as an aside or is followed by a deliberate pause. Unfortunately it is almost impossible to get a Zuni audience to respond fully in the presence of a tape-recorder. The responses noted in "The Boy and the Deer" have been reconstructed; those which follow the two introductory formulas are standard for all audiences, and the others are based on the restrained "mm" which Walter Sanchez uttered three times while he listened to this story. The "eeso" in "The Girl Who Took Care of the Turkeys" and the audience comment in Part II of "The Beginning" are given exactly as they occurred. Audience laughter is frequent on the tape of "Pelt Kid and his Grandmother," but since written notations of this would create the feeling of "canned" laughter I have indicated only the narrator's own laughter.

A narrator's uncontrolled moments, of which the laughter just mentioned is one example, are usually eliminated in written presentations. But they are a natural part of performance, and keeping them in translation helps preserve the "live" quality or unexpectedness of the original story. A narrator may get ahead of himself, for example, and then back up to fill in a missing detail, as Walter Sanchez does in "Pelt Kid and his Grandmother." If I

were to eliminate this error in translation I would be doing something an oral performer cannot do, which is to erase something he has already said. Moreover, I would be distorting Walter's personal style, for this "error" is one aspect of his general tendency to great haste and excitement. Other aspects, which I have also preserved, include an occasional stutter, a proclivity for ending lines with connective words, and the production of lines of extreme length (ranging up to twice as long as Andrew Peynetsa's longest). Andrew, by contrast, "tries to bring out his stories not fast, but precisely," as Joseph Peynetsa put it. But even Andrew gets carried away sometimes, as in this passage from "The Boy and the Deer":

Your belly grew large  
you  
you were to deliver, you had pains in your belly,  
you were about to give birth to me, you had pains in  
your belly  
you gathered your clothes  
and you went down to the bank to wash.

The "you" in the second line and the repetition of "you had pains in your belly" might be considered errors, but Andrew is quoting an agitated person at this point: his slips actually enhance the story by making the quotation more realistic.

Even when repeated lines are not accidental they are usually removed from written presentations. But repetition is a common feature of oral discourse, whether formal or informal, in any language, and its elimination in writing is self-conscious and artificial. Moreover, such repetition frequently serves obvious poetic ends. The following passage might seem awkward in a prose format, but with pauses and softnesses restored, the repetitions give it greater force:

At that moment his mother  
embraced him  
embraced him.

His uncle got angry  
his uncle got angry.

He beat  
his kinswoman  
he beat his kinswoman.

Most of the remaining problems encountered in translating Zuni narratives are of a more conventional nature than the ones discussed so far. There are, for example, grammatical problems, as when an incomplete past action is given the present tense in Zuni instead of the past; such use of the present would sound awkward in English narrative, so I have chosen to use the imperfect instead (see "Coyote and Junco" for examples: each English imperfect there corresponds to a Zuni present). One other specifically grammatical problem worth mentioning involves the occasional shifting of the subject of a Zuni verb from its normal position before the verb to a sentence-final position: instead of the normal "Le'holh Nepayatamu ikwekkya," or "That's what Nepayatamu said," the narrator may say, "Le'holh ikwekkya, Nepayatamu." "Le'holh ikwekkya" alone would have meant, "That's what he said," but the narrator, as an afterthought, has gone on to specify the subject of the verb. Arranging the English translation in a parallel manner preserves this afterthought quality: "That's what he said, Nepayatamu."

Zuni narratives contain many words, usages, and phrases which would be absent in completely neutral everyday speech, including the formulaic frames which enclose *telapnaawe*, esoteric terms borrowed from ritual language, highly formal greeting exchanges, and archaic interjections. "Son'ahchi," which opens all *telapnaawe*, and "Lee—— semkonikya," which closes



them, are declared by the Zunis to be untranslatable, so I have left them as they are. In a sense they are not really "words," just as the frame around a landscape painting is not a part of the enclosed scenery. "Son'ahchi" might be rendered as "Once upon a time," but even aside from the unfortunate fairytale connotations of this English formula, it is not as "abstract" as the Zuni one, in that it does have a decipherable meaning. The Zuni formula which sometimes follows "Son'ahchi," on the other hand, does lend itself to a partial translation: the first word in "Sonti inoo—te" is purely abstract, but the second word means "long ago," a split which is appropriate to the fact that this formula is halfway between the "frame" and the "picture." I have preserved this split by using "Sonti lo—ng ago" in the translations.

The esoteric terms used in Zuni narratives usually refer to matters which might also be referred to (by different terms) in everyday life, rather than to matters which are unique to a ritual context. The ordinary term for a coyote, for example, is "suski," but there is an esoteric substitute, "sani," which I have translated into the less common of the two English terms for this animal, "prairie wolf." The ordinary term for "southward" is "ma'ky'a-yakwin," but a narrator may use "alahho'annankwin," or "toward the coral," instead. Some other esoteric terms are metaphorical: "onanne," for example, which ordinarily means "road," may be used to mean "life," and "shipololo," which ordinarily means "mist," may be used to mean "smoke"; I have retained these metaphors in English rather than translating them into "life" and "smoke."

The greeting exchanges in Zuni narratives are more elaborate than those of everyday life. Ordinarily a person might say "Kesshé," which has the effect of "Hi," and be answered with the same or "Tosh iya," "So you've come." But in a story he may say, on entering a house other than his own, "Hom aatachchu, hom chawe, ko'na'to tewanan aateyaye?" and be answered with, "K'et-

tsanisshe, ho'naawan cha'le, tosh iya, s'iimu." A straightforward translation of this exchange preserves its highly formal character: "My fathers, my children, how have you been passing the days?" "Happily, our child, so you've come, sit down." When the characters who exchange greetings are of great importance they may go to even greater lengths, as they do in "The Sun Priest and the Witch-Woman" and "The Beginning."

The archaic interjections used in Zuni stories, most notably "Tísshomahhá" and "Hanáhha," are difficult to translate: they have no meanings other than the emotions they are supposed to express, whereas all strong English interjections have reference to sex, bodily functions, or religion. Some English interjections are only covert in such reference or lack it altogether, "My goodness!" or "Wow!" for example, but these lack seriousness, and interjections which are archaic in addition sound even worse, "Gadzooks!" or "Zounds!" for example. In the hope that the contexts of the strong Zuni interjections will make their meanings clear, I have chosen to leave them untranslated. But where archaisms of no great weight are placed in the mouths of ridiculous characters, as in "Pelt Kid and his Grandmother," I have given them English translations which sound old-fashioned: thus Pelt Kid's "A'ana ha'la" becomes "Oh, drat!" and his grandmother's "Atíikya" becomes "Dear me!"

Zuni narratives contain no slang (penaky'amme, literally "non-speech"), but at least one slightly substandard term is used: "okyattsik'i," which Zunis translate as "old lady." In "Coyote and Junco," for example, the Oregon junco, or "silo" (a bird), is referred to as "sil'okyattsik'i"; translating this simply as "Old Lady Junco" preserves the original effect quite well.

The Zuni language offers narrators a rich fund of onomatopoeic words; English is also rich in such words, so there is no great translation problem. Even so I have left some of the original Zuni words as they are, especially where they seem more

vivid than their English equivalents; in these cases the context usually makes the meaning clear, as in this line from "The Women and the Man": "Tenén! his body fell dead."

Some Zuni proper names are untranslatable, "Payatamu" (a character) and "He'shokta" (a place) for example, but wherever names are at all translatable I have put them into English, as in the case of "Kempewi Ts'ana," or "Pelt Kid," and "Towayalanne," "Corn Mountain." In order to cut down on the number of difficult Zuni words remaining in the English versions of the stories, I have sometimes translated a name even when its meaning is uncertain; this is the case with "Shoplhuwayal'a," for example, which I have rendered as "Standing Arrows" on the basis of a Zuni folk etymology.

The songs which accompany three of the stories have been left untranslated. In the case of "The Hopis and the Famine," the song is in the Hopi language; since it is unintelligible to the Zuni audience, it seems appropriate that it remain unintelligible to the English-speaking one; moreover, the general meaning of the song is explained by the narrator after he sings it, so that a translation would be redundant. In the case of "Coyote and Junco," the song is composed of vocables which have no meaning; they are not difficult for an English-speaker, so I have left them as they are. The song in "The Girl Who Took Care of the Turkeys" is also composed of nonsense vocables, except that "TOK TOK" is the Zuni rendition of the sound made by a turkey; I have left this song as it is because I prefer "TOK TOK" to "gobble gobble." As for the melodic lines of the three songs, I have treated them in a manner analogous to my handling of the chanted lines rather than using conventional musical notation, in order to emphasize that speaking and singing are on a continuum, with chanting in between.

Beyond interjections, proper names, songs, and the like,

there is something else in Zuni narratives which cannot be "translated" in the ordinary sense, and that is the kind of thing which is not *said* but which takes place in the minds of the narrator and his listeners. This is what Joseph Peynetsa had in mind when he suddenly asked, in the middle of our work on a story, "Do you picture it, or do you just write it down?" Of course part of what the Zunis picture depends on their specific cultural background, and although I have provided some notes to help readers fill in that picture, nothing I could do would make them experience these stories precisely as a Zuni does. But there is no single, "correct" picture of a given story even from one Zuni to another. What makes a narrative work for anyone other than the narrator himself is this very openness, and I think that some of the present narratives are open enough to permit the reader to do some picturing of his own. As Joseph says, "If someone tells a story, you can just imagine it."

## NOTES

1 In using "Zuni," rather than the Spanish "Zuñi," I follow the practice, in both spelling and pronunciation, of the English-speaking residents of the Zuni region, including bilingual Zunis; this is the spelling used by the Zuni tribal government. "Zuñi" is a Spanish corruption of the Keresan (a Pueblo Indian language) corruption of the Zuni "Shiwi"; if anything, "Zuñi" resembles the original Zuni word even less than "Zuni" does.

2 For detailed descriptions of Zuni, see especially Matilda Coxe Stevenson, "The Zuni Indians," *Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, 23 (1904); Ruth L. Bunzel, "Introduction to Zuni Ceremonialism," *Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, 47 (1932), 467-544; and Dorothea C. Leighton and John Adair, *People of the Middle Place* (New Haven: HRAF Press, 1966).

3 For the best description of this ceremony, see Edmund Wilson, *Red, Black, Blond, and Olive* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1956), 3-42.

4 *The Content and Style of an Oral Literature*, Viking Fund Publications in Anthropology, 26 (1959), 7.

5 It is worth noting in this connection that the Zunis have great difficulty in answering when they are asked which character they "identified" with in a given story, even when they have a reasonable understanding of what identification means.

6 Munro S. Edmonson, trans., *The Book of Counsel: The Popol Vuh of the Quiche Maya of Guatemala*, Publications of the Middle American Research Institute of Tulane University, 35 (1971). Dell Hymes has also used semantic structure to break text into lines, as in "Some North Pacific Coast Poems: A Problem in Anthropological Philology," *American Anthropologist*, 67 (1965), 316-341.

7 The principal earlier collections of Zuni narratives, all of them in a prose format, are Frank Hamilton Cushing, *Zuni Folk Tales* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1931); Ruth L. Bunzel, *Zuni Texts*, Publications of the American Ethnological Society, 15 (1933); and Ruth Benedict, *Zuni Mythology*, Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology, 21 (1935). For an extended discussion of the history of the collection and translation of American Indian narratives, see Dennis Tedlock, "On the Translation of Style in Oral Narrative," *Journal of American Folklore*, 84 (1971), 114-133.

8 It is the vagaries of English orthography that make the lines of the Zuni text seem shorter than those of the English translation; the respective syllable counts are reasonably close.

9 Frieda Goldman-Eisler, "Discussion and Further Comments," in *New Directions in the Study of Language*, ed. Eric H. Lenneberg (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1964), 120.

## Guide to Reading Aloud

She went out and  
went down to Water's End.

Pause at least half a second each time a new line begins at the left-hand margin, and at least two seconds for each dot separating lines. Do not pause within lines (even at the end of a sentence) or for indented lines.

On she went until  
she came to the bank  
and washed her clothes.

Up on the hills  
HE SAW A HERD OF DEER.

Use a soft voice for words in small type and a loud one for words in capitals.

The <sup>girl</sup> would sit <sup>wor</sup>king.

Chant split lines, with an interval of about three half-tones between levels.

O————n he went.

Hold vowels followed by dashes for about two seconds.

KERSPLASHHHHHH

Hold repeated consonants for about two seconds.

aaaaaaAAAAAH

Produce a crescendo when a repeated vowel changes from lower case to capitals.

it is pronounced simultaneously with them.

ta<sup>l</sup>aaaaa

Produce a glissando for ascending or descending vowels.

cch, hh, kk, ll, llh, mm, nn, pp, ss, ssh, tt, ww, yy, "

Double consonants are held a bit longer than single ones, like the double consonants in Italian.

(*gently*) Now come with me.

Tones of voice, audience responses, gestures, etc., are indicated by italics.

Stress is always on the first syllable except in words marked with accents.

PRONOUNCING ZUNI WORDS

a, e, i, o, u

Vowels should be given their Continental values.

aa, ee, ii, oo, uu

Double vowels should be held a bit longer than single ones, like the long vowels in Greek.

ch, h, k, l, m, n, p, s, sh, t, w, y

These consonants should be pronounced as in English, except that p and t are unaspirated.

lh

This sounds like English h and l pronounced simultaneously; something like the Ll in Welsh "Lloyd."

,

The glottal stop is like the tt in the Scottish pronunciation of "bottle." When it follows other consonants

*Note:* In the songs, the pauses, loudness, lengthened sounds, glissandi, and the pronunciation of Zuni words are as indicated above. The beat follows the stresses and pauses in the words. The contour of the melody is indicated by the ups and downs of each song line; the reader may determine the exact pitches according to his own ear.

*Further Note:* The reader should not attempt mechanical accuracy to the point where it interferes with the flow of performance.

SON'AHCHI.

SONTI LO—NG A GO.

THERE WERE VIL LAGERS AT HO PI

AT LUUHAY

A PRIEST, A YOUNG MAN, HAD HIS FIELDS

AND AT HO PI THEY WERE GOING TO HAVE

THE FEA THER-CARRYING DANCE.

They were going to dance

and the dancers were meeting for practice.

They were li ving this way, meeting for prac tice

and the young man always went to his fields, that's  
the way he lived.

The day before the dance

•  
when the young man returned from his fields

his wife

was with her lover.

It seems

•  
she had a lover.

She went with her lover to his house and there she washed  
and combed his hair  
and when the young man came home to his in-laws his wife  
was not there.  
Her elders told him she had gone out to the neighbors  
to fix their hair.  
When the young man  
had eaten  
he went over to the neighbors.  
His wife  
was fixing her lover's hair.  
He found out.  
He found out.  
The young man got angry.  
He got angry when he found out and returned to his own  
house.  
He took out his bundle of feathers.  
And this  
was the day before the dance.  
The young man took out his bundle of feathers  
and went to his fields at Luuhay.  
When he got there he started work on his prayer-sticks.  
He worked on his prayer-sticks until he finished.  
Finishing them, making them good  
he painted the sticks with the clay from The Beginning.  
When he had finished them, made them good  
he went into his field  
into the center of his field.  
There in the center

•  
he planted the sticks.  
Famine was to come.  
All waters  
were to end.  
•

He sent in the prayer-sticks  
so that  
there would be no rain, but  
for his own fields there would be enough to plant yearly.  
And at Hopi they danced and danced and danced until it was  
finished.  
The next year  
the people planted  
what seeds they had.  
They planted until there were no more, and by the fourth  
year  
the earth was completely HARD.  
The earth was completely hard  
and so  
the people  
dispersed because of hunger.  
Some went to Acoma  
and some to Laguna  
because of hunger.  
The young man's  
wife, who had a lover  
got married to her lover.

THEY LEFT HER TWO SMALL CHILDREN  
WITH THEIR OLD GRANDMOTHER AND THEIR OLD  
GRANDFATHER

TO STAY

while they went to Acoma because of hunger.

And the young man was getting along well in his fields.

JUST AS HE HAD WANTED IT

it was a time of famine

there was nothing to eat.

It had been a year since the people left

it had been a year.

His two children were still small then, they were  
on the cradle-board.

After four years

*(sighing)* there was really  
nothing.

The young man thought, "I'll go to my  
village and see whether my children  
are alive

or perhaps dead.

Who could be alive after all this?" he thought, and the young  
man

left his fields.

Having left his fields he went on to Hopi.

And the  
grandfather and the grandmother

and the sister and her

younger brother

these four

were barely able to live, but still living, and the very old

Hopis

were all in one kiva, LYING AROUND ALMOST DEAD  
FROM HUNGER.

They were lying around this way

when the young man came.

On their roof, in the sun

together with their grandfather

the two small children

sat there.

*(straining to see)* When he was far off, "Someone is coming."

That's what the little boy said. "Where is he?" "There he comes."

"Well it must be someone who eats well"

that's what their grandfather said.

"Indeed."

He came closer.

"It looks like our father."

"Where is he now?" "Well, there he comes."

"Yes, that's him."

They were all sitting there this way

when their father came.

Their father

came closer

and it really was him.

"Yes indeed that's our father.  
Perhaps he's living well  
and that's why he's coming."  
They were sitting  
sitting there when he came up.

*(shyly)* "My father, my children, how have you  
been passing the days?"

"Happily, our  
child, so you've come." "Yes."

"Where's  
their grandmother?"

*(weakly)* "She's inside  
making parched corn for the children  
one more time  
with the last remaining ear of corn," that's what  
their grandfather said. "Indeed.

Let's go inside."

The young man  
and his two children and his  
father

went down inside to their grandmother  
who was making parched corn with THE LAST  
REMAINING EAR OF CORN.

They were going to be hungry.

They were already hungry.

When they entered:

"My mother, how have you been passing the days?"

"Happily, my  
child, so you've come." "Yes.  
*(shyly)* I've come  
to see you  
because it's been a long time  
since I left you. That bad thing happened to me  
so I left you, and it's been a long time so I wanted to see  
my children  
and I thought of coming to see you, and you  
are barely able to live."  
*(weakly)* "Well, there's nothing left, only this last ear of  
corn  
which I'm parching for the children, then we'll probably  
starve," she said.

"That's why I've come.

Is anyone else around?"

"No.

There is no village.

Everyone has left for Acoma because of hunger," that's what she said.

"Indeed."

"There might be someone else around:  
there might be old people  
gathered in the kiva.  
Perhaps a few of them are still alive," that's what she said.

"VERY WELL, I'LL BE BACK," he said.

The young man then  
went back to his fields.



The young man  
went into his fields and picked some CORN.  
Having picked some CORN  
he got together a sack of corn-meal and  
ears of sweet corn and  
melons and  
rolls of paper-bread.  
Having gathered these

he went back a second time  
to leave them with his small children.  
Then they ate.  
They were safe now.  
The next day  
the young man  
came again  
and spoke to his son. His son had been growing.  
"My son," he said. "What is it?"  
"I'm going to take you with me."  
That's what he said.  
His grandfather said, "Very well, you  
may go with your father."  
The boy went back with his father.  
They went on together  
until they came to his cornfield.  
The boy was amazed.  
There was so much in the field  
all over the plot

tall corn  
melons, watermelons  
all of them grown.

The father took his son into the field  
and built a fire to ROAST him some CORN.  
When he had roasted some corn the boy ate the corn.  
He filled himself. "Are you full?" "Yes."  
"Now you'll have plenty to eat," he told him.  
Again he picked some corn. Having picked corn  
he put some venison with it  
put some paper-bread with it.  
"Take this back with you.  
Leave it and then you can come back here," he said. "All  
right."  
The boy carried the load on his back and went to his village.  
He was taking it to his grandfather, his grandmother, his  
sister.  
When he brought it into the house:  
"My father asked me to go back." "You may go."  
That's what his grandmother told him, and he went back.  
He went along WHILE HIS FATHER  
WAS SHELLING SOME CORN FOR HIM.  
He put the kernels in a sack.  
He said to his son, "NOW  
you must go back  
you must take these corn kernels with you.

With this sack of kernels on your back you must go

o———n until

you reach the village.

You must take these kernels to each house

to each dwelling

to each door.

You must go <sup>ALL OVER THE VIL</sup> <sub>LAGE</sub>

leaving kernels in every place. If you are lucky and have

some kernels left over

then you must take these home.

If nothing is left, then that's the way it will be."

That's what his father told him.

"Indeed." "Yes, that's what you must do.

Just before

you reach the village

you must start singing," he told him.

"When you finish the song

you must give the ik'oku call," he told him.

"Indeed." "Yes."

HIS FATHER SANG FOR HIM. He sang

o———n until, when he finished the song

he gave the ik'oku call.

And he sang and sang and sang and gave the ik'oku call.

"DO YOU KNOW IT NOW?" he said. "Yes

I know it."

But the little boy

did not ask his father what the song SAID.

As he was leaving his father said, "When

when you get near there you should start your song, so your

grandmother and your grandfather

and your elder sister will hear you."

"All right."

AS THE LITTLE BOY WENT ALONG HE CARRIED THE

SACK OF KERNELS ON HIS BACK.

He carried his kernels until he CAME NEAR THE

VILLAGE.

When he came near he sang:

LOHO<sup>HO-</sup> O-O-O IHI<sup>HI-</sup> I-I

HAW<sup>'U-U</sup> HAW<sup>'U</sup>

HA-A-<sup>A-AAA</sup> A HAW'U-U

HA-A-<sup>A-</sup>  
A-<sup>A-</sup>  
A HAW'U-U

HAW'U-UHA

WU<sup>HA-</sup>  
A-<sup>A-</sup>  
WU

WUSHA-  
AKKYEWA

WU-  
UTTIMA

HU<sup>WINI</sup> WA-  
A-A-A

U<sup>LEWA</sup> ANI<sub>TI-I</sub>

WUT<sub>TIYAMA</sub> ANI<sub>TI-I</sub>

YU-<sub>U</sub> YE<sub>SHE</sub> KI<sup>WE E</sup> E<sub>EE</sub>

U-UWI<sub>U-UWI</sub> U-U<sup>WI</sup> HU

HU-<sub>U</sub> LI<sub>II</sub> II

WHEN HE FINISHED HE GAVE THE IK'OKU CALL.

WHEN HE GAVE THE IK'OKU CALL

HIS

grandfather and his grandmother

(frowning) heard him.

THEY WERE NOT HAPPY.

AND THE SECOND TIME HE SANG, HE WAS

SINGING VERY NEAR.

IN THE SONG HIS GRANDMOTHER WAS WUTTIMA

HIS GRANDFATHER WAS SHAKKYEWA

AND THE LITTLE BOY WAS HUWINIWA:

HE WAS CALLING HIS OWN NAME.

HE WAS TELLING HOW THE FAMINE HAD STARTED

IN THE SONG.

When he sang this

his elders became unhappy.

The third time he sang it

THERE AT THE KIVA

THE OLD HOPIS

WERE LYING AROUND ALMOST DEAD

WHEN THEY HEARD IT.

There was one

who was listening.

"A<sup>HA</sup>AA."

"What is it?"

"Someone is saying something."

And soon he ENTERED THE VILLAGE and sang.

He sang

and when he sang the Hopis listened to him.

WHEN HE FINISHED SINGING he gave the ik'oku call.

"AHA<sup>HA</sup>AA

SO THAT'S WHY WE'RE ALMOST DEAD.

BECAUSE OF THAT PERSON

we're almost dead.

TÍSSHOMAHHÁ.

Our children don't know any better.

So that's why

(sighing) there's a famine.

For it is said

that when the wife of a priest is taken

there will be a famine

there will be an earthquake:

SO IT IS SAID and

THAT'S WHY WE'RE ABOUT TO DIE."

That's what the old Hopis were saying  
LYING AROUND THINKING, lying around while the  
little boy went from house to house  
giving out corn kernels. He went on and on a——ll over  
the village  
going around until  
when he got home  
he had a few left over.  
He entered. When he entered, "My  
grandmother, my grandfather, my  
elder sister, how have you  
passed the day?" "Happily, our son, so you've come home  
now." (*seriously*) "Yes, I've come home  
and I've done what my father told me to do  
and these  
I will take  
inside there  
where the corn used to be stored.  
Father said  
these will multiply themselves magically.  
When we don't have enough parched corn, when we aren't  
full  
you  
must go inside  
where the corn is  
and bring out AS MUCH AS YOU WISH  
for there will always be enough.  
That's what  
my father told me  
that's what he said."

"Indeed."  
"Yes indeed."

And that's what  
he told his grandmother, his grandfather, and his  
elder sister. "Indeed.  
THIS IS THE WAY IT WILL BE, but now I must  
go back again," that's what he said.  
"Very well, you may go back."  
"Do you have enough food now?" the boy said. "Well  
well, we have enough food now.  
You might be given further instructions."  
Again the boy went back to his father.  
After spending the night, he went back to his father.  
"My father, how did you pass the night?" "Happily, so you've  
come."  
"Yes." "Have you given out the corn kernels?" "Yes."  
"Were they all gone?"  
"No, I had a few kernels left and took them home."  
"So finally everyone got some."  
His father  
took some corn and roasted it in the coals for him  
he roasted the corn.  
The little boy ate the roasted corn  
until he was full, and he brought him a melon which he also  
ate and  
he set out a roll of paper-bread and some venison  
which he also ate, until he was full.

"Are you full?" "Yes."

When he had cleared away the meal:

"TOMORROW

I will work on some prayer-sticks," that's what the young man  
said. "Indeed."

"Yes, I will work on some prayer-sticks tomorrow.

How IS it?

Does your grandfather still have some food left?"

"Yes, they have some food left:

that's what they told me."

That's what he said to his father.

"You must take some more corn to them  
and then you can come back here to stay with me.

Then

you will stay here with me about four nights  
and then you may go back," that's what his father told him.

"Indeed." "Yes, that's what we must tell your elders  
so they won't wait for you," he said.

"All right." So his father gathered some CORN  
a sack of corn-meal

some corn, some rolls of paper-bread, some venison  
some melons.

When all these had been gathered they took them there  
to his house.

Now they had enough food  
so the boy  
and his father told them.

"Very well, we won't expect you until then."

When this had been said THEY LEFT, AND THE NEXT  
DAY

he worked on his sticks, the PRIEST.

He made the sticks.

It was about noon when he finished the sticks.

He painted them with the clay from The Beginning,  
and when he had finished

the young man spoke:

"Son." "What is it?"

"You must sit at the door," he said.

"All right."

"And I will go to the center of the field  
with the prayer-sticks

and give the prayer-sticks to the Uwanammi."

There

in his shelter there

at the end of the field

he brought out

his sacred bundle.

Having brought it out

HE SANG A STRING OF PRIESTLY SONGS.

He sang priestly songs.

He kept on singing, singing these until he had sung them  
four times.

He told his son, "Look outside and see if anyone  
is coming up," but

he did not say, "See if the clouds are coming up."

The boy went out  
and looked all around.

*(aside)* "No one is coming up."

And he sang and sang  
and the second time he sang, he asked him  
to look again.

The fourth time he sang  
when he had sung the first part  
he told his son, "Look outside and see if anyone  
is coming up."

*(aside)* It THUNDERED.

It thundered.

"Are they coming up?" "Well now  
the clouds are getting very dark." "They're the ones I'm  
talking about," he said.

"THE CLOUDS ARE SWELLING," the boy said.

He sat down again and sang, and the rain came  
aaaaaaAAAAAAH

ALL OVER HOPI IT WAS REALLY RAINING.

That's how it happened.

It rain rain rained and  
all his fields were full of WATER.

THE OLD HOPI MEN WERE ALMOST DEAD

THEY WERE BARELY ALIVE, alive  
when it rained. When the rain passed  
the next day

he said to his son, "Son." "What is it?"

"SOME PEOPLE ARE LYING INSIDE THE KIVA

*(aside)* ALMOST DEAD.

You must take them this sack of corn-meal  
five melons

and this sack of corn-meal.

You must take this sack to them

and feed them. You will break the melons, take out  
the flesh and FEED THEM and THEY WILL GET WELL.

They will go to their own homes, bring back corn kernels  
parch the corn

FILL THEMSELVES and then go home again," that's what  
that's what he told his son, *(aside)* and that's why

he was supposed to take these things to them.

He took the food, and when he got there  
he went inside.

They were almost dead.

When he entered, "My grandfathers, my fathers,  
how have you been passing the days?"

*(weakly)* "Happily, our child.

So you've come in," they said. "Yes.

I've come in, I've come in to FEED you.

My father

told me to, that's why I've come.

That's why I'm here." "Tísshomahhá, our child.

*(sighing)* It's because of your PARENTS

that we're ALmost DEAD.

It's because of your parents that we're almost DEAD.

Who was singing, was it you?" they said.

"Yes, it was me." "Indeed.

Are you HUWINIWA?" they asked him. "Yes."

"Haa——, so it's your father

who is a priest

for the old ones spoke of this.

So that's why this was done, and that's why

we're about to die."

"You will NOT die.

You must get up," he told them. (*hoarsely*) "Why, we can't even get up, (*aside*) you must feed us lying down," they said.

THE LITTLE BOY BROKE A MELON AND TOOK OUT  
THE FLESH

AND MIXED THE FLESH

WITH CORN-MEAL TO MAKE DOUGH, AND WENT  
AROUND FEEDING THEM, FEEDING THEM UNTIL

when he had used a couple of melons to make dough they were full. "ARE YOU FULL?" "Yes, we've eaten but we must get WARM, we'll lie here until we get WARM."

He went out to get some kindling and when he came back in he built them a fire.

He said, "My fathers, grandfathers of mine

you will get well, get well and WARM YOURSELVES

and you will go to your own houses, and each of you will bring corn kernels back here

and in this fire

you will parch

your corn kernels.

THEN YOU WILL EAT ALL YOU WANT

and go back again to your own houses."

"Indeed.

How could it be? We don't have anything, that's why we're almost dead," they said.

"IN YOUR HOUSES  
there is CORN.

Because of the thoughts of my PARENT your houses have HEARTS again.

There are stacks of corn and you need no longer be hungry, and you must bring some kernels here:

THEN you will eat until you are FULL.

You will be safe, you will not die," that's what the little boy said.

"Tísshomahhá, our child

is this true?" "YES IT'S TRUE, I'm not lying.

That's why I've come, but now I must go back. May you have a good night."

"By all means may it be the same with you."

The little boy went out

AND FINALLY THEY ALL GOT UP AND WARMED  
THEMSELVES UNTIL THEY WERE ALL WARM.

(*with pleasure*) THEY BROKE A MELON AND ATE,

AND THE SECOND TIME THEY BROKE A MELON  
THEY WERE ALL FULL.

THEY WALKED AROUND.

They could do that now.

They talked about what they'd been told:

“HA”<sup>AA</sup>  
MAMA,  
IT MUST BE TRUE.”

And having talked, they went to their own houses.  
Just as he had told them, there was plenty of CORN,  
stacked where the corn had been stored before.

There was corn of every kind.  
When they had eaten they went back to their houses again  
and the little boy went on back  
to his father, and arrived there.

The marks where the water had run were all around, and  
far away there at

Acoma  
the mother of the two children  
said to her new husband, “Why don’t you go to our  
children’s land. Perhaps  
our children are dead.  
Perhaps our elders are dead  
for we came here a long time ago.”

That’s what  
his wife told him. “Yes, I should go.”  
And then the young man set out from Acoma.  
He arrived.

HE RAN ALL THE WAY AND SPENT FOUR NIGHTS  
BEFORE

HE ARRIVED AT HOPI. It was about noon when he came  
and again they were up on their roof:  
all of them were sitting there.

The young man was coming.

(*straining to see*) “Someone is coming,” they said. “There he  
comes, running. Well, whoever it is  
must eat well to move that way.”

When he got closer they said  
“Well, we know who it is. It’s our mother’s husband.”  
That’s what the two children said. “Indeed.”

“Let no one speak to him,” they said.

His elder sister went in  
and the little boy went in. Having gone in, they spoke to their  
grandmother:

“Our mother’s  
husband is coming.

When he gets here and comes inside

don’t speak to him, for it’s his fault  
that we almost died of hunger.

Our mother didn’t know what was right.  
You mustn’t speak to him, and we’ll see what he does.”  
They were inside, and only their grandfather was sitting  
outside.

And soon their mother’s husband climbed up.

When he climbed up

he came

to where their grandfather was sitting.

(*with overdone friendliness*) “Father of mine, how have you  
been passing the days?”

He didn’t answer him at all.



He climbed down  
and entered.

The two children were with their grandmother  
and she was parching corn for them.

When he entered:

"My children, my mother, how have you been passing the  
days?"

No one spoke to him.

He spoke to them repeatedly.

The young man went out and  
went among the houses.

He went around the village

and the smoke was coming out wherever the old people were.

He went all around before

he went back to his Acoma.

They lived on until the boy

went back to his father

and while he was there

he was told the ways of a priest, they lived this way

o———n until the next year

and his mother's new husband, who had come visiting

had told the Hopis at Acoma about the good land

and the marks all around where the water had run

and then

they were talking about going back to Hopi.

And the boy had his own  
cornfield.

He had a big cornfield.

And one by one they were coming back, and the mother  
had made shirts for her children, pants for them:  
she had made everything for them to wear.

And they left Acoma and went o———n spending several  
nights, and on the fifth day

THE HOPI PEOPLE CAME BACK TO HOPI.

The mother and her new husband went there  
to clothe their children, but no one spoke to them.

They went out and went to their own house  
the house of the husband.

O———N ONE BY ONE ALL THE HOPIS WHO HAD  
LEFT BECAUSE OF HUNGER WERE  
COMING BACK, COMING BACK.

They went into their houses

and the storeroom doors would not open  
there was so much corn.

The old Hopis

were the ones who

told what had happened, the old ones told it and the others  
told one another.

They told one another

about that person

about the priest's

wife

who didn't know what was right and who almost caused them  
to die, the old Hopis told the others.

And the priest lived on  
until he told his son

“Now, my SON, this is the way you will live.”  
Having said this, he sang the priestly songs, he untied  
everything for him.

When he brought his elder sister, he told both of them about  
PRAYERS:

he untied these for them.

How to WORK WONDERS:

how to cause great floods and STOP them

how to do EVERYTHING, to cause FAMINES:

he untied everything for them.

And they understood clearly.

The corn grew old.

When the corn grew old  
their father said to them, “My children.” “What is it?”

“You must go back to your own house.

You will tell your grandfather to summon the Bow Priest.

He will announce that the people will come

here to my fields and haul corn to your house four times.

All the people will come and they will haul it  
to your house four times

and they will take whatever is left in the field  
for THEIR OWN.

That will be theirs.

When you

go back

you will live this way.

Now you have TAKEN MY PLACE.

You will think of all the prayers I have lived by  
of the sacred bundle, that's the way you will live.

The wonders, the rituals

whatever I have known

you will live by

and in the future

we do not know what will happen

to you

and I will return to my village

I will return to my home

and there perhaps

I will find another wife. I will find another wife and  
you two will replace me

for you are young, and you must do this.

When you go back you must tell the Bow Priest

that there will be a corn harvest on the fourth day.”

THAT'S WHAT HE TOLD THEM.

Then, taking their sacred bundle with them

and their paint, they returned to their house.

When they got there they told their grandfather  
their grandmother

of all the things their father had told them, of how  
they were now

both

priests

and of the things their father had untied for them.

“We must summon the Bow Priest.”

Their grandfather summoned the Bow Priest.  
The Bow Priest came.  
Then the two children told him, "Now  
we have become persons of value  
and four days from now  
there will be a corn harvest at Luuhay.  
You will haul it for us four times  
including the melons, four times, then you will  
bring in  
what is yours."

That's what they asked.  
"Very well."

The Bow Priest went out and shouted his announcement.  
On the fourth day

they went out to gather the corn.  
When they arrived there was lots of tall corn.

Just as they had been told, they hauled it four times  
and then they hauled their own.

That's the way it was lived there.

That's why the Hopis knew how to WORK WONDERS:

how to THROW one another off the CLIFFS

how to ROAST one another

how to cause FAMINES, how to cause great FLOODS and  
STOP them.

That's how these things were untied.

That's how they came to be such knowledgeable people. This  
was lived long ago. LEE———  
SEMKONIKYA.

## NOTES

Narrated by Andrew Peynetsa, later in the same evening on which he did "The Boy and the Deer." He said that "The Hopis and the Famine" was borrowed by the Zunis from the Hopis and that the song is in the Hopi language, but most of the details of the story fit the Zuni way of life as well as they do the Hopi. The performance took thirty-five minutes.

Feather-Carrying Dance: a social dance, no longer performed at Zuni.

Hair-washing: this is done on the eve of almost any major ceremonial occasion.

Prayer-sticks: these consist of series of feathers tied to willow sticks; the sticks are painted with "the clay from The Beginning," which was brought out of the underworld by the Zuni priests at "The Beginning." Prayer-sticks are "planted" in the ground as offerings to the raw people.

The famine: in causing this, the priest uses his normally benevolent powers to do the people harm. Priests are regarded with suspicion, for, as Joseph Peynetsa puts it, "They get to a place where they know too many prayers, and they say, 'Let me try this, maybe it'll work.'"

The grandparents: these were the maternal grandparents of the two children; when the priest calls the grandfather "father," he means "father-in-law."

Cradle-board: a board to which a swaddled infant is snugly laced with thongs.

Kiva: a rectangular ceremonial chamber, sometimes partially underground, entered through the roof by a ladder.

Foodstuffs: "sweet corn" is the familiar yellow corn. "Parched corn" is usually made from black corn; it resembles popcorn but the kernels are only cracked, not burst. "Paper-bread" is usually made from blue corn; the watery dough is spread on a stone griddle, and the resulting "bread" is in sheets thin enough to be translucent.

The ik'oku call: a tight, high-pitched whine, most commonly heard from some of the kachinas.

The Uwanammi: rain-bringing raw people who live on the shores of the four oceans.

Sacred bundle: one of the principal sources of a priest's power, brought from the underworld at The Beginning. Laymen are not supposed to know exactly what these bundles consist of.

"The marks where the water had run": small eroded channels and alluvial deposits of sand, clay, or leaves and twigs.

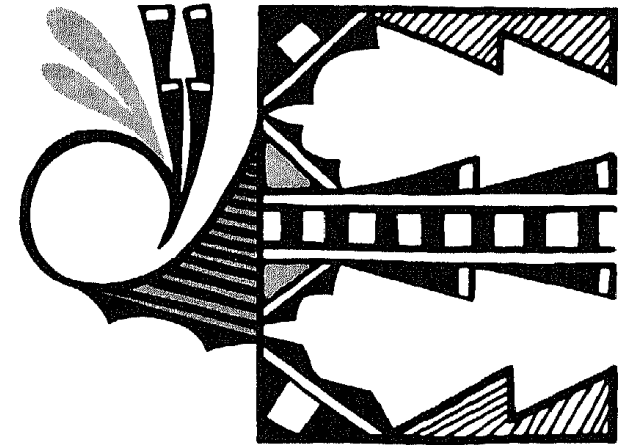
The children become "persons of value": this refers to their possession of powerful knowledge rather than to material wealth. The boy becomes the priest proper, while his sister becomes the female assistant which some priesthoods have.

The harvest: in former times, the villagers took care of a priest's fields.

"How to throw one another off the cliffs": according to Andrew, in one of the religious societies at Hopi, "When someone was initiated, he was thrown down to try him out." "How to roast one another" also refers to an initiation trial.

## THE GIRL WHO TOOK CARE OF THE TURKEYS

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Son'ahchi.

(audience) Ee———so.

There were villagers at the Middle Place

and

a girl

had her home

there

at Wind Place

where she kept a flock of turkeys.

At the Middle Place they were having a Yaaya Dance.

They were having a Yaaya Dance, and

during the first day

this girl

wasn't

drawn to the dance.

She stayed

with her turkeys

taking care of them.

That's the way

she lived:

it seems  
she didn't go to the dance on the FIRST day, that day  
she fed her turkeys, that's the way  
they lived  
and so  
the dance went on  
and she could hear the drum.  
When she spoke to her turkeys about this, they said  
"If you went  
it wouldn't turn out well: who would take care of us?"  
that's what her turkeys told her.  
She listened to them and they slept through the night.  
Then it was the second day  
of the dance  
and night came.  
That night  
with the Yaaya Dance half over  
she spoke to her big tom turkey:  
•  
"My father-child, if they're going to do it again tomorrow  
why can't I go?" she said. "Well  
if you went, it wouldn't turn out well."  
That's what he told her. "Well then  
I mustn't go."  
That's what the girl said, and they slept through the night.  
They slept through the night, and the next day  
was a nice warm day, and  
again she heard the drum over there.

Then she  
went around feeding her turkeys, and  
when it was the middle of the day, she asked again,  
right at noon.  
(tight) "If you  
went, it wouldn't turn out well.  
There's no point in going:  
let the dance be, you don't need to go, and our  
lives depend on your thoughtfulness," that's what  
the turkeys told her.  
"Well then, that's the way it will be," she said, and  
she listened to them.  
But around sunset the drum could be heard,  
and she was getting more anxious to go.  
She went up on her roof and  
she could see the crowd of people.  
It was the third day of the dance.  
That night she asked the same one she'd asked before  
and he told her, "Well, if you  
must go  
•  
then you must dress well.  
YOU  
must go around  
just four times:  
you must THINK OF US," that's what he told her.  
"You must think of us, for if  
you stay all afternoon, until sunset  
then it won't turn out well for you," he told her. "Well

well, I'll certainly do as you say: why should I stay there  
for a long time?

They get started early and I'll  
do as you say," that's what she told her  
her  
tom turkey.

"Let's get some rest," they said, and they went to sleep,  
but the girl JUST COULDN'T GET TO SLEEP.

So

she got up and built a fire in the fireplace  
then

she made some yucca suds.

She washed her body all over and then went back to bed

but she couldn't sleep, she was so anxious, she was  
EXCITED

about going to the dance, she was so excited. She passed  
the night.

THE NEXT DAY

the sun was shining, and

she went among her turkeys and spread their feed.

When she had fed them she said, "My

fathers, my children, I'm

going

to the Middle Place.

I'm going to the dance," she said. "Be on your way,

but think of us.

Well

they'll start when you get to those

tall weeds, so

you'll get to the dance in plenty of time," that's what  
her children told her. "Then that's the way it will be," she  
said, and she LEFT. (*pained*) It was getting so hot.

It was so hot when

she entered the village.

They noticed her then.

They noticed her when she came up.

She went to where

Rat Place is today, and

when she entered the plaza, the dance directors noticed her.

Then they asked her to dance.

She went down and danced, and she didn't

didn't think about her children.

Finally it was midday, and when midday came she was just

dancing awa———y until

it was late, the time when the shadows are very long.

The turkeys said, "T'isshomahhá! our mother, our child  
doesn't know what's right."

"Well then, I must GO

and I'll just warn her and come right back

and whether she hears me or not, we'll

LEAVE

before she gets here," that's what the tom turkey said, and  
he flew away.

He flew along until he came to

where they were dancing, and there

he glided down to the Priest Kiva and perched  
on the top crosspiece of the ladder, then he sang:

KYANA AAAAAA TOK TOK KYANA AAAAAA TOK TOK

YEE-E-E-E HU LI HU LI HU LI TOK TOK TOK TOK  
THE ONE WHO WAS DANCING HEARD HIM.

LHA PAA————

HE FLEW BACK to the place  
where they were penned, and  
the girl ran all the way back.  
When she got to the place where they were penned, they  
sang again, they sang and FLEW AWAY, GOING ON  
until they came to what is now Turkey Tracks,  
and they glided down there.  
When they glided down they stood there and made their  
tracks.

WHEN SHE CAME NEAR they all went away  
and she couldn't catch up with them.

Long ago, this was lived. That's why there's a place  
called Turkey Tracks. Lee———— semkonikya.

## NOTES

Narrated by Walter Sanchez, immediately following Andrew Peynetsa's "The Hopis and the Famine." The response is Andrew's. The performance took seven minutes.

The keeping of turkeys: this is done more for the feathers than for the meat; it started in pre-Columbian times.

Yaaya Dance: in part, a social dance; the dancers form rings around an evergreen tree which is set up in the center of the plaza. The Yaaya was revived in 1969 after a lapse of twenty years.

"My father-child": an abbreviated form of "My father, my child."

"Our lives depend on your thoughtfulness": Joseph Peynetsa said, "Just because there's a dance doesn't relieve you of any responsibilities. If you've had your pleasure, it doesn't mean you have to stay out all day. It's like people who own sheep, maybe they like to see a lot of things that go on, but because they depend on them for their livelihood, they can't just let them stay in the corral and go hungry."

Yucca suds: soap is made from the tuberous root of the yucca plant.

Rat Place: the western entrance to the central plaza of Zuni.

Priest Kiva: the main kiva at Zuni, on the north side of the central plaza. The Priest of the North is supposed to live next to it.

"The top crosspiece of the ladder": not a rung but a stay, high enough to clear a person standing on the top rung.