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The ways of alcheringa

In opening this New Series, the Editors of *ALCHERINGA* renew their intentions of 1970:

As the first magazine of the world's tribal poetries, ALCHERINGA will offer a place where tribal poetry can appear in English translation and can act (in the oldest and newest of poetic traditions) to change men's minds and lives. It will be aiming at the startling and revelatory presentation that has been common to our own avant-gardes. By exploring the full range of man's poetries, we hope

- to enlarge our understanding of what a poem may be*
- to provide a ground for experiments in the translation of tribal/oral poetry and a forum for the discussion of the problems and possibilities of translation from widely divergent languages and cultures*
- to encourage poets to participate actively in the translation of tribal/oral poetry*
- to encourage ethnologists and linguists to do work increasingly ignored by academic publications in their fields, namely to present tribal poetries as values in themselves rather than as ethnographic data*
- to initiate cooperative projects along these lines among poets, ethnologists, performers, and others*
- to emphasize by example and commentary the relevance of tribal poetry to where-we-are today.*

As in the five issues of the Old Series, the new *ALCHERINGA* will continue to publish, from all over the world, transcriptions and translations of oral poems from living traditions, ancient texts with oral roots, and modern experiments in oral poetry. There will be songs, chants, prayers, visions and dreams, sacred narratives, fictional narratives, histories, ritual scenarios, praises, namings, word games, riddles, proverbs, sermons. These will take the shape of performable scripts (meant to be read aloud rather than silently), experiments in typography, diagrams, and insert disc recordings.

In addition to poems, ALCHERINGA will publish, more often than in the past, essays dealing with problems of translation and presentation, interviews with oral performers, and explorations of the meaning of tribal cultures for Western urban culture. To these established topics will be added the problem of the sacred/powerful dimension of language and its possible restoration in English: just as we have desecrated the landscape, so we have carelessly depleted the potent resources of language. In tribal ontologies, cosmologies, and the poetries that present them may be found the answers, or the beginnings of the answers, to both these problems.

Philosophically, ALCHERINGA finds itself close to hermeneutic phenomenology. In the words of Paul Ricoeur:

We wish to recharge language, start again from the fullness of language. . . . The same age develops the possibility of emptying language and the possibility of filling it anew. It is therefore no yearning for a sunken Atlantis that urges us on, but the hope of a re-creation of language. Beyond the wastelands of critical thought, we seek to be challenged anew.

The poets of ALCHERINGA start with the voice. The essayists will look, ultimately, to the very origins of poetry. ALCHERINGA will be radical—that is, going to the center—in approaching the Word.

alcheringa [Arunta of Australia, *alcheringa*], *n.* 1. The Eternal Dream Time, The Dreaming of a sacred heroic time long ago when man and nature came to be, a kind of narrative of things that once happened. 2. A kind of charter of things that still happen. 3. A kind of *logos* or principle of order transcending everything significant. *v.* 1. The act of dreaming, as reality and symbol, by which the artist is inspired to produce a new song. 2. The act by which the mind makes contact with whatever mystery it is that connects the Dreaming and the Here-and-Now.

—adapted from W.E.H. Stanner

This is the Introduction to *Coyote Man and Old Doctor Loon*, by Jaime de Angulo (Copyright © 1973 by Turtle Island Foundation, San Francisco), one of nine volumes in Bob Callahan's "Jaime de Angulo Library." Following this essay is a selection of de Angulo's work made available by Callahan, to whom the Editors owe many thanks. For more about the Library see the end of the de Angulo section.

Bob Callahan

On Jaime de Angulo

Winter comes early to Alturas. The snow begins to fall in early October, and the long arctic winters stay until the last days of March. The Pit River Indians have lived on that barren, forbidding plateau in Northeastern California for thousands of years. The Snow People. That's what the Modoc call them. In the old days, with the first flakes of winter, the Indians would climb down through the smoke hole into the winter lodges.

Inside the lodge, dug into the ground, the roof covered with earth, it was warm even with a small fire. "Yet, you have to be an Indian," Jaime de Angulo writes, "to stand the crowding, the lack of privacy, the eternal squabbling of babies. And after a few months of occupancy the vermin was terrible. Once in a while someone would take out the old litter and bring in a fresh supply of pine boughs. But the fleas, lice, cockroaches, and other bugs soon returned, and made life once more a misery. People sighed for the coming of spring, and quarreled as to what month they were in. The old chiefs were consulted, but they disagreed." And so winter passed.

Jaime de Angulo bought a cattle ranch in Alturas in 1913. Dr. Jaime de Angulo. The son of a Spanish Don, de Angulo came to America at the age of eighteen, and worked his way out west as a cowboy, taking odd jobs on ranches in Wyoming and Colorado. He arrived in San Francisco just in time for the earthquake of '06. In San Francisco he began to study medicine at the former Cooper Medical College — Cooper then to Johns Hopkins where he received his first medical degree in 1912. The next year de Angulo became a partner in the ranch, and

met the Pit River People for the first time. His introduction was cut short however by the outbreak of the First World War. He volunteered for service, and before long he was sent to Ann Arbor to attend an early course on psychiatry for army physicians. He graduated then stayed on as an instructor at the school for the remainder of the war.

Back at the ranch a few months later de Angulo decided to drive a herd of horses down from the plateau through the long, five hundred mile, central valley to new homestead land in the Big Sur. He was living on the new land in the summer of 1919 when two college professors, Alfred Kroeber and Paul Radin, rented a cabin nearby. During the next few months the three men became close friends, and by the end of the summer de Angulo had accepted Kroeber's invitation to join him at the University the next year. So in 1920 Jaime de Angulo left cattle ranching for a while and taught his first two courses in Berkeley, one in Jungian Psychiatry, the other on the Mind of Primitive Man. He helped inaugurate the 'Golden Age of American Anthropology' at Cal. Kroeber and Radin were already in residence when he arrived; Robert Lowie, Carl O. Sauer, and briefly, Edward Sapir would also join the staff by the end of the decade.

Jaime de Angulo's presence alone, one suspects, would have been enough. His wonderful ear for language quickened the environment. In the company of these men he expanded his interests, seventeen new languages during the next fifteen years. Chatino, Chichimeco, Chinanteco, Chocho, Chontal, Mazateco, Mixe, Tequistlatec and Zapotec proper. The Indians

of Mexico. Karok, Klamath, Modoc, Miwok, Paiute, Pomo, Shastan and Achumawi. The Indians of Northern California. He even managed to translate Lao-Tsu with the help of only a small pocket dictionary. But de Angulo began with Achumawi, the spoken language of his former Pit River friends. In 1921 he returned once more to Alturas, this time to record the grammar and the literature of his chosen tribe.

"Real Primitive People," he would write, "not like those 'cultured' Indians of the Southwest . . . real stone age men . . . my Indians in Overalls." Season after season he camped with Old Jack Folsom and Lena in the sage brush on the Plateau. His eye caught the detail of gambling games and healing rites, and his ear, always his ear, picked up the short, clipped cadences of the Pit River tongue. He never lost his fascination with that language. In de Angulo's later novels, David Olmsted writes, the Indians continue to speak "in sentences which are undeniably and perfectly grammatical Achumawi!"

In winter camp de Angulo began to translate the Dilasani qi, the old time stories of the Pit River People, the spirit history of the tribe. In the beginning was the Word . . . the stories, he felt, dated back into the furthest reaches of the stone age, were more ancient than myth. And the Word was with God . . . in these stories he felt he had found one of man's earliest attempts to make articulate the movement of the Spirit. And the Word was God. . . . "The symbolism in these stories is little disguised. . . . Ideas are still immanent in objects, and have not yet been separated either through identification or projection. In these stories we find the Tinihowi—the primitive religious spirit—reflected throughout . . . and yet, the reader might ask, if the Pit River Indians have no religious ceremonies, no priesthood, no ritual of any kind, and not the slightest approach to any conception of Godhead, how can one speak of their having any spiritual or religious values? I grant that it may sound somewhat paradoxical, but I must answer on the contrary, the life of these Indians is nothing but a continuous religious experience. . . . The spirit of wonder, the *recognition of life as power*, as a mysterious, ubiquitous, concentrated form of nonmaterial energy, of something loose about the world and contained in a more or less condensed degree by every object—this is the credo of the Pit River Indians. Of course they would not put it precisely this way. The phraseology is mine, but it is not far from their own." Jaime de Angulo had rediscovered the Logos.

Formed and transformed by a hundred Sierra mountain Homers, sung back and forth through these hills for thousands of years, the Dilasani qi were born that first morning. Dilasani qi. The Origin.

De Angulo left academic life in 1934. In the grasp of an endless series of personal tragedies he turned more and more to poetry and literature. In the late 40's he began to rewrite his early Northern California Indian texts to the delight of his children. The project grew, and after considerable revision, out popped the book called "Indian Tales." In 1949 he read the final text to an astonished audience over radio station KPFA in Berkeley. A year later he was dead.

In later life de Angulo had become something of a legend here in Northern California, both a legend and a mystery. A tragic, dark figure, some would say, the darkness of a northcoast Poe. No, old friends replied, he was just wandering. "I want to speak now," he wrote that first spring, "of a certain curious phenomenon found among the Pit River Indians. The Indians refer to it in English as 'wandering.' They say of a certain man, 'He is wandering,' or 'He has started to wander.' It would seem that under certain conditions of mental stress an individual finds life in his accustomed surroundings impossible to bear. Such a man starts to wander. He goes about the country, traveling aimlessly. He will stop here and there at the camps of friends or relations, moving on, never stopping at any place any longer than a few days. He will not make any outward show of grief, sorrow or worry. In fact he will speak of what is on his mind to no one, but anyone can see that he is not all right. He is morose, uncommunicative. Without any warning he will get up and go. People will probably say of such a man: 'He has lost his shadow. He ought to get to a doctor to get it back for him before it is too late.'

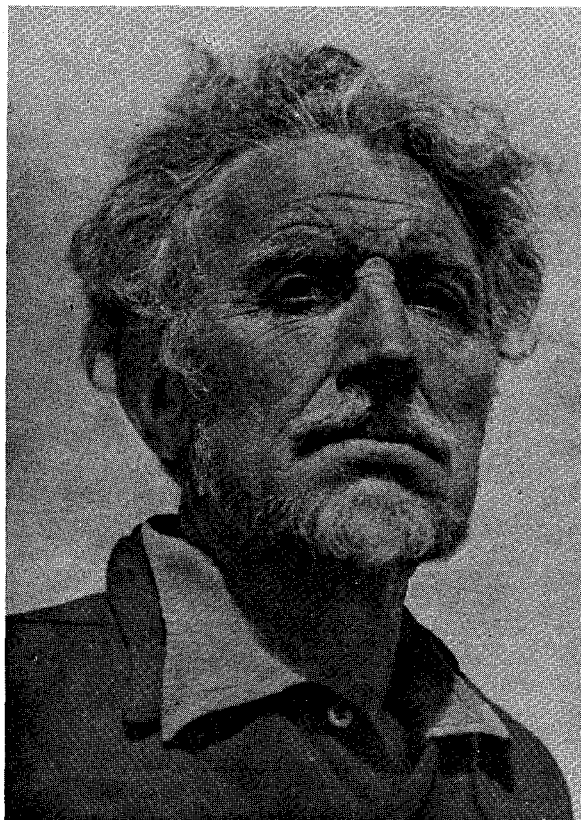
"The Wanderer, man or woman, shuns camps and villages, remains in wild, lonely places, on the tops of mountains, in the bottoms of canyons. Whenever anyone approaches, he runs away, throws sticks and rocks at his friends and relatives. They will spy on him, waiting for his condition to improve. They find him performing antics of behavior, running and jumping, with shouts and songs, and breaking branches, hurling rocks at trees.

"Wandering is something that may unfortunately befall any man or woman, and it can take many,

many forms. It may end up in complete loss of soul, and lingering death. When an Indian becomes convinced that he has lost his shadow he will let himself die out of sheer hopelessness. Or it may result in temporary madness. The Indian never courts pain. It would never enter his head to imagine that by making himself miserable and pitiful in the eyes of the Powers he might gain their sympathy and aid. This is not his conception at all. To him, the mysterious powers, the Tinihowis, (we might call them genii) are whimsical spirits living in the woods and entirely indifferent to the affairs of the Pit River Valley. In order to gain their friendship, in order to approach them without scaring them away it is necessary to become wild oneself, it is necessary to lose one's own humanhood and become as wild as possible, as crazy

as possible. Haunt lonely, desolate places. Act like a madman, throw rocks about, yell and dance like a maniac, run away when anybody comes. Climb awful mountains, climb down the rim of crater lakes, jump into the silent cold water, spend all night there. Of course, one suffers cold and hunger in such an experience, but it is only a necessary and inevitable accompaniment of getting wild. When you have become quite wild, then perhaps some of the wild things will come to take a look at you, and one of them perhaps take a fancy to you, not because you are suffering and cold, but simply because he happens to like your looks. When this happens the wandering is over, and the Indian becomes a shaman."

All white men are wanderers, the old people say; at the end de Angulo was trying to get home.



Jaime de Angulo

The Creation

Fox was the only living man. There was no earth. The water was everywhere.

"What shall I do," Fox asked himself. He began to sing in order to find out.

"I would like to meet somebody," he sang to the sky.

Then he met Coyote.

"I thought I was going to meet somebody," Fox said.

"Where are you going?" Coyote asked.

"I've been wandering all over trying to find someone," Fox replied. "I was worried there for awhile."

"Well, it's better for two people to go together. That's what they always say."

"O.K. But what will we do?"

"I don't know."

"I've got it! Let's try and make the world."

"And how are we going to do that?" Coyote asked.

"Sing!" Fox said.

With his thoughts Fox made a clod of earth. Then he held it in the palm of his hand, and clod in hand he began to sing. They were singing and dancing and stomping around in the sky. After awhile Fox threw the clod into space.

"Don't look," he said to Coyote. "Close your eyes. When I say look! then open your eyes."

Again Fox started to sing. After awhile he turned to Coyote and said:

"Look! What do you see?"

"I see something very small way over there," Coyote replied.

"O.K. Close your eyes."

Once more Fox began to sing. After awhile he said to Coyote: "Look! What do you see?"

"It's getting bigger!" Coyote said.

Fox and Coyote repeated this over and over, and each time the earth grew bigger and bigger. Finally Fox said to Coyote: "Close your eyes. We're going to jump."

So Fox and Coyote jumped down to earth. They began to stretch the earth on all sides with their paws. That's how they made the world. They made the mountains and the rivers, and the bear and the puma, the cedar and the pine, and everything that lives all around.

Transcribed by Bob Callahan from a recording of de Angulo's oral performance; translated by de Angulo from the Miwok (California).

Jaime de Angulo

The Water-Spirit and the Deer

A water-spirit is eating a little deer
Wren goes into the water to see the water-spirit
while she is busy mashing the bones
She is busy mashing the bones of the little deer
The little bird, Wren, wants to eat

He watches as she mashes bones
She does it like this
Watches as she mashes the bones of the little deer

As she eats right into his mouth flies a little bit of bone
"What have you got there" she says to the little bird
"It's nothing." He has gone he has taken it into his mouth
the little bird up above
he has given the elder deer, brother, the little bit of bone

There is a big basket this kind in that
they put the little bone to steam
He has covered it over . . . boiled it . . . IT BOILS

The little deer comes out
He has come out
"MAAAAAAY" he cries
he cries he cries much he cries
his elder brother cries
he has come to life, deer, he has gone into the brush

Jaime de Angulo

Portrait of a Young Shaman

They call him Sukmit. That is a nickname without meaning. He has no real Indian name.¹ I think of him as a young shaman. In fact he is about forty, but that is young for a shaman.

Sukmit himself is a strange product. His physical appearance is about as hideous as it could possibly be. He is a hunchback, otherwise he would have been tall. His hands reach his knees. A pair of enormous lips. Three or four black stumps are all that remain of his teeth. One eye gone (kicked off by a horse, years ago), the other already covered by a film. In this strange body lives a still stranger soul. Admixture of kindness, meanness, tenderness, brutality, viciousness.

He acquired his first "power" soon after puberty. It came to him as a locust, or grasshopper, singing above his head in the sunshine, one day when he was lying in the grass. He went "crazy" for several days, ran away and stayed in the hills. His mother tried to approach him several times, but he threw stones at her and ran away. His locust told him he would have to become a shaman, otherwise he would kill him.

After a period he regained his senses and returned home, but he did not begin to "practice" for several years. He kept on "going to the mountain," now and then, to become acquainted with his locust and "tame" him. He would go to a crater lake, spend the night there in the cold and the wind, plunging in the water, running along the shore, singing all the time the song that his locust had given him in a dream. Sometimes the locust would answer his song and come. Sometimes he would not. Gradually, the locust became tamer and tamer. On one of these occasions he acquired another "power," in the form of a "little bug." He plunged, and drank some of the water near the bottom, and swallowed the "bug." He identifies this bug with the cause of tuberculosis and typhoid fever.

Some time after that he began to practice on sick people, at first cautiously. His medicines, the locust and the bug, were not yet very strong. If he felt that the patient had been "poisoned" by a powerful shaman using a strong medicine, he would desist, for fear the veteran "poison" used by that shaman should worst his own locust and kill him.

Then, one day, while in the hills, he had another hallucination. He saw a beautiful girl with large breasts, surrounded by a circle of flames. She was made of "daylight." He added her to his list of medicines. Whenever he uses her in curing, he does something which is absolutely contrary to all shaman practice that I have ever heard of: he performs at noon!² When I asked him if this were not very unusual, he said: "Yes, it is. But every doctor has his own way of doctoring. I don't care what others do, this is my way. My daylight girl told me to do it like that, and if I didn't do what she says, she would kill me."

I will describe one of his performances, without omitting several ludicrous details, for it will serve the purpose of illustrating many things. It occurred at one of the "big time" gatherings when Indians get together. The sun was just setting. I was driving in my car toward the seat of the festivities. I noticed the figure of Sukmit wandering in the sage-brush not far from the road. I stopped and called to him, and asked him whether he didn't want a lift. He made no answer. Thinking he had not heard me I called again. This time, to my great surprise, Sukmit, who is always so friendly to me, turned to me with a snarl: "What do you want? Why do you bother me? Can't you see I am fixing for a doctoring? I had my medicine following behind me like a dog, and now you scared him and he ran away!" "I am sorry. I didn't know." "You didn't know! Well, you ought to know

... you have been running around with Indians long enough to know! ... Well, can't be helped now. You might as well take me there in your car, now. The people are waiting for me in that house over there. Come along. I'll tell them it's your fault. Maybe my locust will come back. You help sing like everybody."

So we went in. Sukmit made his explanations. There were about twenty people sitting on the floor. There was a candle burning. I recognized the sick man as "Old Pete," a very old man of the Hammawi group. He was lying on the floor on a blanket.

Sukmit then began to perform. Or rather, his "interpreter" did. Sukmit's interpreter is always his mother. She called to his medicines to come. Then Sukmit, kneeling by the side of the patient, began to sing his medicine songs. He would start a song, in his powerful voice, and repeat it a dozen times or so. Some of the audience who already knew the song well, would immediately join in. Others would hum, until they got the song, and raise their voices little by little. When everybody was in full swing, Sukmit would stop singing himself, and merely sway, apparently listening for something. After a certain number of repetitions, thirty or forty, he would clap his hands, and everybody stopped singing. Then he would start another song.

Then he stopped, to rest. Everybody started to smoke, talk, gossip, joke, in a quite informal manner. Sukmit himself joined in the general conversation. But in a little while he abstracted himself, started to sway, and began humming another song. The conversations subsided, and in the silence Sukmit's voice burst into a new song. Everybody joined in, and the whole performance was repeated. But during the next period of rest, Sukmit joined less in the general talk. He seemed more and more abstracted and inhaled deep breaths of his cigarette.³ Sukmit's mother whispered to me: "I think his power is coming pretty soon now."

The singing recommenced. But now, when in the midst of a song Sukmit clapped his hands for silence, instead of starting on a new song he addressed his power in a high staccato voice. This always happens at a shamanistic performance among the Achumawi. It marks the entry of the power-medicines. The shaman, in a state of hallucination, feels them coming through the air. They stand above his head. He speaks to them and they answer him. He questions them as to the cause of the disease, and they give their answers. Since he is the only one who can hear

them, he must repeat what they say. Everything that he says, both his own words and the medicines' answers, is repeated textually by the "interpreter." Sometimes the shaman is in such a state of frenzy that his remarks are a jumble of words unintelligible to the audience. Only the interpreter, who is well used to his shaman, can make it out.⁴

At this stage I have seen some shamans go into a complete frenzy. They foam at the mouth. They have to be restrained by bodily force by the onlookers. But most shamans do not reach this extreme degree, although very few of them can remember what they have said, after the trance is over.

In the present instance Sukmit did not go very deep into the trance. There was another rest, but this time Sukmit did not speak to anyone. The intermission did not last long. Sukmit clapped his hands again. Now he did not address his medicines any more. From what he told me later (for I do not understand Achumawi well enough to do more than catch a drift of a conversation), his medicines told him that there was nothing strange about the sickness of Old Pete, that it was not caused by anybody's malice or fault, that he simply was too old and could not expect anything else, and that the cause of the present trouble was an accumulation of "bad blood," in the belly.

This is the stock explanation for almost every ailment in Achumawi pathology. Accordingly, Sukmit set himself to the regular method of sucking out the bad blood. He applied his mouth to Old Pete's belly and sucked with a great noise of hissing, four or five times. Then he stopped. His mother passed him a tin can and he vomited into it about a quart of a dark liquid. This was followed by some more singing, and that was the end. Everybody stretched himself, people resumed their talking, some went out.

Sukmit seemed a little dizzy. He asked for water. Somebody passed a can full of water. I should judge that it held about a quart and a half. He drained it at a single draught. Then he asked for the can into which he had "spit" the bad blood, and lighting a match he peered into it. He made a grimace and said "Phew! Nasty stuff. Looks like coffee. Here, you want a drink?" and he passed the can to me as a joke. I lit a match and looked into it. It was difficult to see in the uncertain light what the stuff was, but it might well have been blood.

Sukmit then told me to look at Old Pete's belly. "You won't find a scratch there. It takes powerful

sucking to get all that bad blood through the skin. Not every doctor can do that! I am all weak now. And all this old fellow is going to pay me is five dollars. That's too cheap, but I do it because he has nobody to help him. Now you are going to be better, Pete." "Oh, yes, I feel better already. I'll pay you tomorrow."

Sukmit now took the can of bad blood and gave it to his mother to go and bury it outside. He said: "I don't see how some people can drink that dirty stuff!" He was alluding to the fact that some shamans drink it, to feed their bloodthirsty medicine-poisons.⁵

Sukmit is very proud of his voice, and it does not require much begging to persuade him to sing into my phonograph. He likes especially to sing medicine songs. One day I asked him quite innocently to sing one of his own songs. He was quite shocked and horrified. "I couldn't do that! My medicine would get angry. When you played that record, my medicine would hear it and come. Then when he wouldn't find me there he would think I had played a trick on him." "Then, why are you willing to sing other doctors' songs?" "Oh! That's all right. I couldn't fool their medicine. They know very well it is not the voice of their father." "But if I promise I will not play the record until I get back to my own home, wouldn't that be all right? It is almost five hundred miles from here. Your medicine couldn't hear that far." "Sure he could. My medicine could hear it everywhere, no matter how far you go, no matter if you go across the ocean. I'll tell you. It's just like electricity. It's just as if you had an electric wire going under the ground, all the way from here to your place. When you put that record on your machine, my medicine will hear it and he will go down there, he will travel through the air, and he will say: My father, why did you call me? Why do you want to fool me?"

Some time after this conversation, Sukmit asked me to take him to my home for a visit. He wanted to see San Francisco. I warned him that he might get lonesome, but he scoffed at the idea. Then I said: "What about your medicine? Are you going to bring him along?" "No, I'll leave him here. I have no use for him down there. I am not going to doctor anybody. Anyhow, if I get in trouble and I need him I can always call him." "But you couldn't call him from so far. He wouldn't hear you." "Why of course he could! I have already told you he can hear me no matter how far." "All right, very well, I'll take you

down there. But I have warned you. Now if you can't get your medicine to hear you don't come and complain to me!" "Don't worry. He'll come if I call him. You don't know anything about Indian medicine!"

So I took him to my place. As I had expected, he soon was full of nostalgia. The sights of the big town did not interest him. The crowds and the traffic made him dizzy. Instead of going to town, he would disappear in the morning toward the hills back of Berkeley and not reappear till evening. He appeared worried. Finally I said to him: "Now you tell me the truth. You have been calling your medicine, and it won't come." He admitted it was true. "It's just as you had told me. I never believed it could be so." I had to take him back north.

Notes

1. His father told me: "When my boy was born, people had already stopped giving Indian names. They thought it was smart to give them white names. Besides, it seems like the power to give names had already gone out of the country. In the old days a man would give his child a name from something he had dreamed. For instance, when I was born, my father dreamed he was tripping, and so he gave me a name that means "tripping." But when my boy was born I didn't dream about anything."

Very few of the younger generation of Achumawis have Indian names, but many older men have them. There was nothing sacred or secret about a personal name among the Achumawi. It was not ordinarily used in conversation. One would address a relative by the proper term, like "aunt," "brother," "mother-in-law," etc.; one would address a co-villager by his nickname; one would address a stranger by the name of his village. To call a man by his personal name was considered rude, insolent, and provocative. But there was no feeling of secrecy about a name.

2. Among the Achumawi, shamanistic performances begin invariably at sunset. Strangers, and even white men (if friendly) are not excluded. But once the performance has started, no one, Indian or white, is allowed to come near. Otherwise the shaman's medicine might take fright and run away.

3. In former days, shamans always used a tubular stone pipe. Such pipes are very rare nowadays. But even in the old days, these stone pipes, the result of much patient boring, were valuable objects, and only chiefs and important people could afford them. The tobacco smoked was one of the varieties native to California, uncured, rank, and powerful. It was inhaled in a long breath, with a loud sucking noise. One breath was enough to make you slightly dizzy. You passed the pipe to the next man, and so on around the circle of important personages. It is probable that this smoking was done less for pleasure than for the feeling of dizziness, mixed with concepts of power and the mystical properties of tobacco. When a shaman is waiting for the return of a medicine-poison whom he has sent on a killing mission, he has to quiet him by blowing smoke on him. Otherwise the medicine-

poison, already made bloodthirsty, would kill his own shaman.

4. I remember another shaman, Jack Wilson, who often used his older brother Tom Garry, as interpreter. Tom was old and deaf, and oftentimes could not understand what his brother was shouting and had to make him repeat it. This enraged Jack who said that it was impossible to keep up a conversation with his medicine under these circumstances.

5. There is an element of bravado in such a gesture. It is tantamount to admitting that you keep ferocious medicine-poisons for use. Most shamans disclaim ever poisoning anyone. But there are some shamans who enjoy having a "bad man" reputation.

Jaime de Angulo

The Gilak Monster and his Sister the Ceremonial Drum



Bill Benson

The typography and spelling used here follow de Angulo's manuscript (in the keeping of the Turtle Island Foundation). The illustrations are selected from among the dozens de Angulo pencilled on this same manuscript. The poet Robert Duncan, de Angulo's corresponding secretary for two years, encouraged him in his spelling reform, but publishers were not open on this front; Knopf once planned a book incorporating the story presented here, but dropped the project when de Angulo insisted on his ways.

De Angulo learned this story from Bill Benson of the Eastern Pomo. The insert disc recording in this issue of *Alcheringa* is from the first of the two installments of de Angulo's KPFA broadcast of the same story. As the reader/listener will note, the recorded version does not correspond exactly to the written one. Like any good oral performer, de Angulo never told a story the same way twice.

It was Swan-Woman who wove the first basket, the first basket ever made....she wanted something to keep her ear-rings in, and her beads, and her comb....so she thot about making a basket, she thought about it, she thot about weaving it

she went to see her sister...her sister was a woman who knew a great deal about the mysterious things, about magic... and now the Swan-woman asked her what she thought about it, what she thought about this idea of hers of making a basket, of making a basket by weaving

"yes, I think so...I think you can do it.....altho it is a dangerous thing to do....something might happen while you are doing it...there is danger in it....you will have to be careful, you will have to be careful"

Swan-woman then went to see her friend Quail-woman. Quail-woman also had magical force; her power was of snakes..."do you think it would be all right for me to weave a basket?...do you think there is too much danger in it..? I have been thinking and thinking about it"

Quail-Woman said nothing for a while. Then she said: "yes, I think you can do it...Go ahead, weave a basket, but you will have to be careful....As for me, i will protect you against the dry ones, the ones on land, but i have no power for water-things"

Swan-Woman then commenced her basket, and as she wove, she made a pattern: first, a snake-pattern going all around; next she wove a water-ripples pattern; and she added to it the quail-crest-plume pattern (Quail-woman had given her a feather from herself to keep among her weaving-materials).

So it was that Swan-woman made the first basket.

then Quail-woman also made a basket for herself. the basket she made was a large basket, a very large basket; it was this way: she wanted to give it to her husband for him to give it to his people for them to store in it their crop of acorns.....her husband was Hawk.

but after she commenced weaving it, she was sorry; she hated giving it to her husband Hawk because he was running with other women....

so she sat weaving and weaving, and feeling bad; she did not want to give her basket....

at last she had finished the huge basket, but she had made up her mind to run away

but everywhere she went, she left red tracks;

she went over rocky ground and she left red tracks on the rocks; she crossed the creek and she left red tracks on the rocks at the bottom; she thot: "he will follow me, the Hawk my husband", and she came back discouraged.

Now she took the large basket to the creek to wash it--she was thinking....then she climbed into it and went floating downstream toward the lake

then she thot: "I wish my house to become a stone-house!.... I wish my children to fall asleep; then when I get to where I am going, I will send them a dream, and they will know how to reach me" (she had left enuf food to last them for four days, dried meat, acorn-meal, and other kinds of food)

now she was sailing down the river--she floated like that all night--she floated to the middle of the lake--monsters came up on all sides....but they saw the designs on the basket, the patterns of snake, and of water-ripples, and of quail-plume; and they were entranced

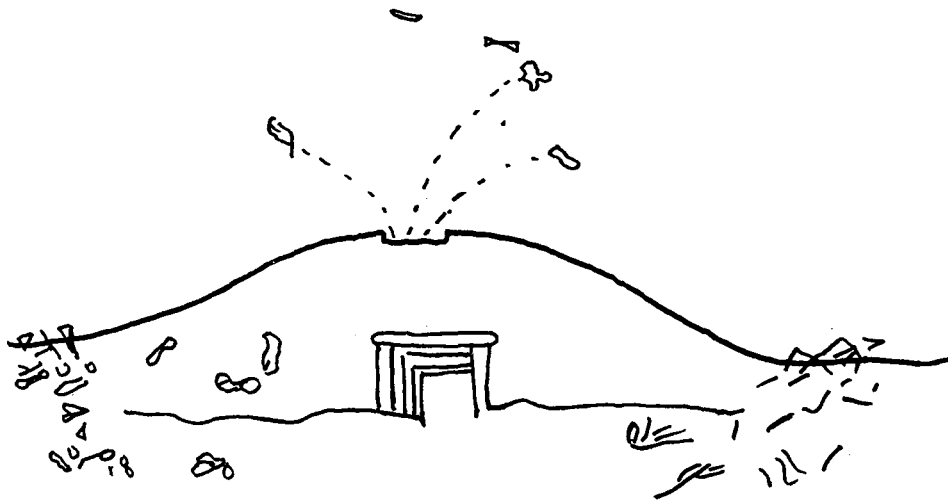
as the basket drifted near the shore; she did not know hwere to go "shall i go south? shall i go north? shall i go east? shall i go west?...." and hwile she was wondering hwere to go,

the GILAK-monster came soaring
in the air looking for people
to steal, and he saw her, and he
swooped down, and flew off with her to
his home in the mountains.

he goes flying thru the air...you can hear him
from afar...kinikinkinkinIKINIKINI.....when his brother
hears him he opens the flap over the smoke-hole.....
when his sister hears him she wakes up....she was their
younger sister, she was the Ceremonial-Drum

she wakes up;
she yawns and stretches
her limbs, showing her long, sharp
teeth.....

kinikinkinIKINIKINI....the Gilak is coming thru
the air, holding a man in his claws, he has a boy in his
claws, he has a woman in his claws, anyone he can pick
up in the lower country he brings home to his sister,
the Ceremonial-drum in their village in the mountains;
he brings them home, when his elder brother hears him
he opens the flap over the smoke-hole, and the Gilak
drops the man, the boy, the woman thru the smoke-hole...
the Ceremonial-drum opens her legs and chews them up and
spews forth the bones-----there was a heaped-up ring
of them all around the house.



and inside the door there were two bears crouching along the passage-way, and there were two snakes coiled along the passage

and the watch-man was BUMBLEfly; he stood on the roof of the house, watching all around---he had only one eye (the Gilak got mad one day because he found him asleep on his watch---so he gouged out one eye---"and next time I find you asleep I'll take out your other eye!!")

and the Gilak's elder brother had only one leg, because the Gilak got mad one day when his elder brother had forgotten to set the trap at the inside doorway----so he cut off his elder brother's leg and he said: "next time you forget to set the trap, I'll cut off your other leg!!!"

inside the inner doorway there was a trap set----somebody might catch the bears and the snakes asleep, but when he got to the inner doorway the trap caught him and flung him against the center-post and broke his back

that's hwere the Gilak People lived in the mountains--that's hwere the Gilak took Hawk's wife that time hwen he swooped down on her as she floated in the lake in the large basket; but he did not drop her thru the smoke-hole; he took her in at the door

he said to his brother: "take care of her for me"
and he flew out again to look for people in the valleys to feed to his sister, the Ceremonial-drum

hwen HAWK got home and found his woman gone, he felt bad---

he was sorry....he cried, he said: "I'll go and get her back!"

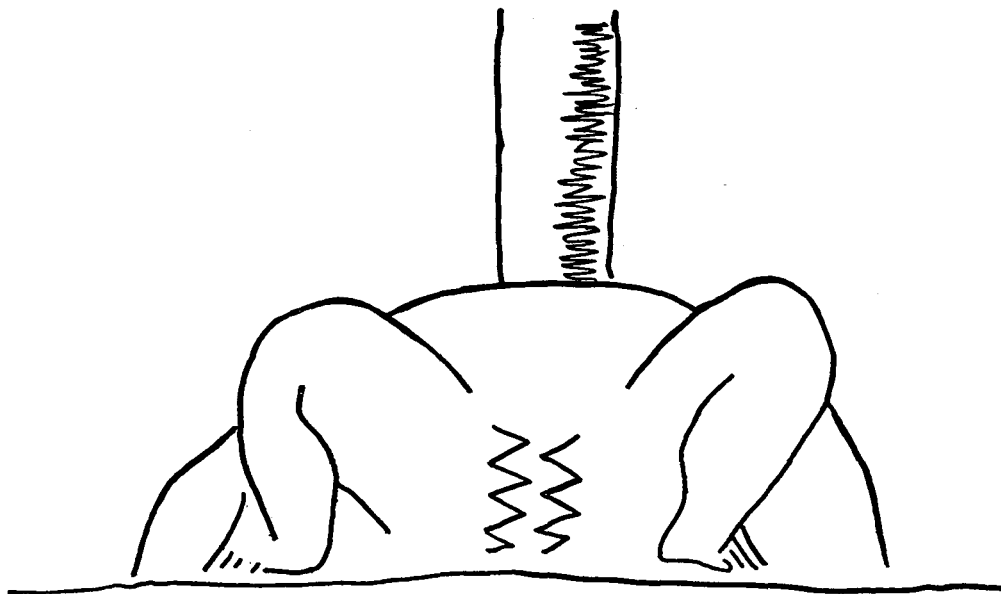
His grandfather Coyote said: "...you had better not go...you had better stay away from those Gilak people...they are bad people... they'll kill you!...it's too bad, and I feel sorry for you, but you had better not go....those Gilaks are hard people to beat and you don't know how!"

but Hawk wud not listen....
he rolled himself back and forth on the
ground, and feathers grew on him;
now he was a hawk
then he laid his bow-and-arrows on the
ground and tried himself for a short flight;
he went up a little way, and flew back again,
and swooped down to pick up his bow-and-arrows
and up he flew again, up into the air, toward the mountains.

hwen he arrived at the place of the Gilaks, he rolled himself
on the ground, and rubbed off his feathers, and now he was
Hawk again

then he crept to the door
then he shot the two bears
then he shot the two snakes
then he rushed in and the trap
caught him and flung him against
the center-post and broke his back

the elder Gilak picked him up and threw
him to their sister; the ceremonial-
Drum opened her legs and chewed him up and
spat forth the bones thru the smoke-hole



and right away his grandfather Coyote Old Man knew it that Hawk was dead; the old man cried and rolled over and laid his head into the fire, but his other grandson Hawk pulled him out by the feet

Now Coyote Old Man set about recovering the bones of his grandson; he wanted the bones of his grandson; he wanted warriors to go with him; first he went to see the FLINT brothers; Coyote Old Man went tonnnno-no-no-nonono.....limping along the trail with his stick and carrying his little buckskin sac hanging from his neck



he arrived at their haus; he went in; he sat down by the fire without saying anything...then he opened his little sac and he commenced pulling out of it a string of beads, he pulled it out, he pulled it out, he finished pulling out; there was quite a pile of beads; then Coyote Old Man cut the string, and he made a knot at each end, and he put one of the ends back into the little buckskin sac hanging from his neck; now he pushes the pile of beads across to the Flints,

"here, this is for you, I want you to come and help me recover the bones of my grandson"

"all right, Grandfather, we will help you, you can count on us, we will be there at your place to-morrow"

and then ton-no-no-nonono.....old man Coyote went along the trail, limping and leaning on his stick, to the house of the Blue-bird brothers

he sat in front of the fire and he commenced pulling out a long string of beads from the little sac hanging at his neck, he pulled it out, he pulls it out, he finished pulling out; then he cut the string and he made a knot at each end, and he put one end back into his little sac "I want you two to come and help me recover the bones of my grandson; they say you are good warriors, that's what I have heard" "Yes, grandfather, we are fear-for-nothing men, we can fight, we will help you, yes, Grandfather, you can count on us"

and then ton-mnn-nonononono.....Old Man Coyote went along the trail to the house of the Towhee Brownbirds...."they say you are good gamblers...that's what I have heard...I want you to help me" "yes Grandfather, yes Grandfather, we have power for gambling, we shoot straight, we'll help you, we'll be there at your place to-morrow morning, you can count on us"

in the morning, they all started, the six of them and Coyote Old Man, making for the mountains

and on the way

Coyote Old Man had said: "Boys, if you shud find a bit of punkwood lying around somewhere, bring it to me, I want it for a purpose"

And Coyote Old Man had said also:
"Boys, if somewhere along the trail you shud find a slab of rock lying around, bring it to me, I need it for something"

and now they had arrived at the place of the Gilaks, way back in the back of the mountains, and Coyote

Old Man hid his men in the bush while he went around the house, picking up the bones of his grandson Hawk from among the pile of bones that littered the ground

then Coyote Old Man put the bones of his grandson into the little sac hanging from his neck, and he took out of the sac the punkwood and the slab of rock

then he lit fire to the punkwood, he crept to the door, and blew the smoke down the passage-way; it blinded the bears and the snakes, and they all slipped by; and at the inner door-way Coyote Old Man threw in the slab of rock; the trap caught the rock and hurled it against the center-post.

when the smoke cleared up, Coyote and his men were sitting against the wall, humming a gambling-song

the older Gilak was very much surprised, but he said nothing; he brot some firewood, threw it on the fire, and sat down, watching the others

very soon they heard the younger Gilak flying home over the mountains.....kinikinikiniKINIKINKINI.....he flew in at the smoke-hole..."How did they get in?!" he shouted. His older brother answered: "I dont know...I dont understand it... the house got full of smoke and hwen it cleared up here they are!....I dont know how they got in, but they act as if they had come to gamble"

Coyote Old Man spoke: "Yes, we have come to gamble...that is, if you are not afraid of us....or maybe you havent got any beads..." and he pulled the string of beads out of the little buckskin sac hanging from his neck, he commenced pulling, he pulls it out, he pulled it out, then he cut the string, he tied each end into a knot, and he shoved one end back into the sac; the beads made a big pile in front of him

"That's a lot of money!" said the Gilaks, "but we can cap it" and they brot out their beads; it was just enough to cap the other pile

and the Gilak said: "you had better be good gamblers, because we shoot straight....and I want to warn you: we dont play like children, for fun; and we dont guess

by shooting out just our hands; oh no!...we guess with the arrows from our bows!....so if you are afraid it is still time for you to quit, and we will take all the beads"

but the others had already started the song, and Coyote had given the bones to the Flints to hide; they were singing and swaying together, and they sang



ho tunghtung yawallanee
waki waki yawallanee

The younger Gilak was stringing his bow; he tested the string and made it hum; then he took an arrow and straightened it carefully...the others were singing and swaying; they were singing all together; they were singing fine

now the Gilak nocks the arrow, he draws it to the head, he shoots once, he shoots again; one arrow hit the elder Flint sideways and glanced off, one arrow hit the younger Flint square and split in two against his face

Coyote Old man said: "Good guessing! good shooting!! you hit us both times...Now it's our turn to shoot" and he threw the bones across the fire to the Gilak

now the Gilaks take the bones and start their song



but the younger Gilak wud not stay still, he was jumping
sideways, fast, fast, now he is flying, darting from side to
side of the house, below the roof where it was dark, like an
angry wasp, buzzing the song

Coyote Old Man whispered to the Bluebirds: "you two do the
guessing!....shoot him next to the big toe,
that's where he keeps his heart!"

now one Bluebird strings his bow while his brother
shoots his medicine like a searchlight where it
picks out the Gilak where he flies zig-zag in the
darkness under the roof of the house

the arrow flies
and the Gilak fell down dead

the Brown Towhee Birds were dragging his
corpse toward the Ceremonial*Drum--she
was opening her legs...the elder Gilak
cried: "Dont do that!...She is his sister!!"

but they shot him too and threw both corpses to
the Ceremonial*Drum--she chewed them up and
spewed forth the bones thru the smoke-hole

now one Towhee said: "Brother, sing a song, and I will
stamp on the Drum to test if it's
a good sounding one"

they were stomping and dancing on the Drum..."It booms fine!...Boom, boom, boom, boom...that's a good drum!!..." they stomped so hard they broke the drum

now they all were going to tear down the house, but Bumble-Fly said: "No, give it to me to live in, i havent any place to go, and it's a good house

now Coyote Old Man told them to step outside for a while, and leave him alone inside the house.....then he took the bones of his grandson out of the buckskin sac hanging from his neck; he tied the bones together into a bundle--then he tied the bundle with a string to his own ear and he lay down to sleep by the side of the fire.

soon his ear twitched;
Coyote sat up and looked around,
but there was no one in the house;
he lay down to sleep, again

and again his ear twitched--Coyote sat up,
he sits up and looks around: there was no one
in the house

a third time his ear twitched

the fourth time a man was standing there

"Who are you?" said Coyote

"I am Hawk, your grandson!"

then Coyote Old Man called
to the others outside to come in

"Who is this man?"

"Why!!..that's Hawk, your grandson

now they all started on their way back home, taking along Hawk Chief and Quail-Woman, and their children

when they were but a little distance from the village,
the people came out to meet them

then it was that Meadowlark cried: "What is that they are
bringing back with them??!!...
stinks like carrion!..." and he
screwed up his nose

Hawk was ashamed--he called his brother aside--
he said: "they say I stink...I am ashamed...I'll go away!"
His brother said: "I'll go with you"

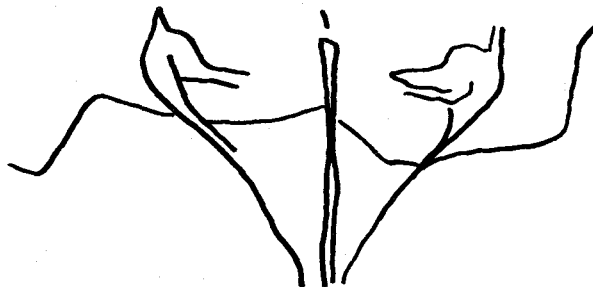
when Coyote Old Man missed his grandsons he cried; he
grabbed his walking-stick and hurried after them,
limping along the trail, following their tracks

when they had reached a fork in the trail where the trail
split in two directions, one Hawk had said to his brother:
"you go that way...and I'll go this way"

When Coyote arrived at the fork in the trail he did not
know which way to go...first he ran one way for a short distance
then he stopped: "my other grandson will think I liked
his brother best..." then he ran back to the fork and
started up that trail and ran a little way and stopped"
"my other grandson will think I liked his brother best..."
and he ran back to the fork....he was running back and
forth.....

then he stopped; he threw his cane high up in
the air....it came down again and struck him
on the head and cleaved him in twain

the two halves of Coyote looked at each other: "You
are I and I am you...now we can both go after my
grandsons"



Jaime de Angulo

Shaman Songs

Go away, big fly, go away!
Don't bother me, big fly.
I am dreaming.

Busy bee flying back to crowded hive,
You are no totem for shaman seeking power!
I am looking for a locust in the grass,
A locust whirring in the sunlight.

i will go the mountain to-night!
he will come, he will come!
he will scare me.

I climb the mountain
I am looking for a crater lake
Don't anybody follow me, I am in trouble
I must sing my bitterness to the lake,
Alone.

Coyote, my power, come!
Through the wind I call you
Through the rain, in the storm,
I, a young man, am calling you
Answer what's in my heart.

I am talking to the lake.
I am talking to all in the lake.
I am not a human being.

I am a head rolling down the hill.
I am a head calling for my power.

I run down the mountain.
I come from the lake
My power is a howling wind.

By the dark pool at sunset
the puma waits.
The shadows rise, clutching at the night
i dare not go back.

The Jaime de Angulo Library, published by the Turtle Island Foundation, will run to nine volumes, each in a limited edition of 1000 copies, when completed. Included are works long out-of-print, others from obscure sources, and still others never before published. Five volumes are already available: *Indians in Overalls*, an account of the Achumawi; *Coyote Man and Old Doctor Loon*, two Achumawi stories; *Coyote's Bones*, a selection of poetry and short prose; and two novels, *Don Bartolomeo* and *The Lariat*. For full information, write to Turtle Island Foundation, 2907 Bush Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94115.

George Quasha

Somapoetics 73

Essie Parrish in New York

Essie Parrish, a Kashia Pomo healer from California, spoke at the New School in New York on March 14, 1972. This poem is a reconstruction of her narrative of a dream-vision, based on notes Quasha took as she spoke; he remarks that "the greater portion of the lines are as I wrote them in the notebook. I'm just a humble scribe."

*It is a test you have to pass.
Then you can learn to heal
with the finger, said Essie
pointing over our heads:
I went thru every test on the way,
that's how come I'm a shaman.
Be careful on the journey, they said,
the journey to heaven. They warned me.
And so I went.
Thru the rolling hills
I walked and walked,
mountains and valleys, and rolling hills,
I walked and walked and walked —
you hear many things there
in those rolling hills and valleys,
and I walked and walked and walked
and walked and walked until
I came to a footbridge,
and on the right side were a whole lot of people
and they were naked and crying out,
how'd you get over there,
we want to get over there too
but we're stuck here,
please come over here and help us cross,
the water's too deep for us —
I didn't pay no attention,
I just walked and walked and walked,
and then I heard an animal, sounded like a huge dog,
and there was a huge dog and next to him a huge lady
wearing blue clothes,
and I decided I had to walk right thru —
I did
and the dog only snarled at me.*

*Never go back.
I walked and walked and walked
and I came to one only tree
and I walked over to it and looked up at it
and read the message:
Go on, you're half way.
From there I felt better, a little better.
And I walked and walked and walked and walked
and I saw water, huge water —
how to get thru?
I fear it's deep. Very blue water.
But I have to go.
Put out the first foot, then the left,
never use the left hand,
and I passed thru.
Went on and on and on, and I had to enter a place
and there I had to look down:
it was hot and there were people there
and they looked tiny down there in that furnace
running around crying.
I had to enter.
You see, these tests are to teach my people
how to live.
Fire didn't burn me.
And I walked and walked and walked.
On the way you're going to suffer.
And I came to a four-way road
like a cross. Which is the right way?
I already knew.
East is the right way to go to heaven.
North, South, and West are dangerous.
And at this crossroad there was a place in the center.
North you could see beautiful things of the Earth,
hills and fields and flowers and everything beautiful
and I felt like grabbing it
but I turned away.
West was nothing but fog and damp
and I turned away.
South was dark, but there were sounds,
monsters and huge animals. And I turned away and
Eastward I walked and walked and walked
and there were flowers, on both sides of the road,
flowers and flowers and flowers*

*out of this world.
And there is white light, at the center,
while you are walking.
This is the complicated thing:
my mind changes.
We are the people on the Earth.
We know sorrow and knowledge and faith and talent
and everything.
Now as I was walking there
some places I feel like crying
and some places I feel like talking
and some places I feel like dancing
but I am leaving these behind for the next world.
Then when I entered into that place
I knew:
if you enter heaven
you might have to work.
This is what I saw in my vision.
I don't have to go nowhere to see.
Visions are everywhere.*

Note

I know a bit about how it must have felt to be jotting down Mayan or whatever over the centuries: you sit there concerned only to get it down. Before it returns to the silence ungrasped. So the text seems to me *interesting* — as an oral performance, but not in the usual sense. Essie was speaking to anthropologists — or rather white people with “professional” interests. She speaks almost as she would to children, and yet she’s in awe — still — before her own story. She gets back into the journey itself, and some qualities of the vision are carried over into the pacing of her account. Changes in tone of voice, syntax, “time” or verb tense, and diction are unpredictable, and yet they seem to mark the inner contours of the sweep of her mind. I have not emphasized any kind of shifts over others: i.e., in keeping with a for-

mal principle of Somapoetics, the time is simply continuous and the shifts occur where they do, however awkward they may seem. My only “formal” concern was to distort her tone and overall temporal curve as little as possible.

What I’m concerned with in the Essie vision is Dharma transmission. It was clear to me that, despite her sharp irony about talking to white people and the protective distance she kept, she was offering us a portion of the sacred. What would it mean to take it on (as in Yeats’s “Did she put on his knowledge with his power . . .”)? To my mind it meant getting the *words* and their hidden *alcheringa*. And that’s literal enough. The task is poetic because the time is linguistic. And that hits the larger issue: that the whole matter of “trans-

mission," in any relationship other than guru-disciple, that is, the *public* matter of transmission, is strictly speaking a question of poetics. And to the extent that each instance of transmission is new (because specific) it involves a metapoetics — an act of language equal to the new event.

So ethnopoetics — to the extent that it is concerned with the mechanics of transmission — is meta-

poetics. And Somapoetics is my take on *that*. With SP 73 I swing back around to ethnopoetics, but I do it as court-reporter. Somapoetics means the whole body of the language as I can get at it; in 73 I grab a few feathers from the tail of Essie. She differs from my other communicants in that she is visible, palpable to feeling as to sight, or rather: the evidence can, in one sense, be double-checked.

Harris Lenowitz

Enuma Eliš



This is the first full English translation of the Babylonian story of the creation. It forms a part of *Origins*, a book of Ancient Near Eastern cosmogonies by Charles Doria and Harris Lenowitz (New York: Doubleday Anchor, to appear in July 1975). It is followed here by two Greek versions of the Babylonian cosmogony (p.82), by Lenowitz and Doria's notes on Babylonian cosmogony (p.86) and by an essay in which Jerome Rothenberg discusses the place of ancient texts in modern literature (p.88).

Akkadian god and place names are underlined throughout, with the English translation directly beneath. The cylinder seal imprint above depicts Marduk battling a dragon.

When sky above had no name
earth beneath no given name

APSU the first their seeder
Deepwater
TIAMAT
Saltsea their mother who bore them
mixed waters

Before pasture held together
thicket be found
no gods being
no names for them
no plans

the gods were shaped inside them

LAHMU AND LAHAMU were brought out
named

while they grew
became great
ANŠAR and KISAR were shaped
Skyline Earthline much greater
made the days long
added the years

ANU was their son
Sky their rival
ANŠAR made his first son ANU his equal
Skyline Sky
and ANU got NUDIMMUD equal
(EA)

NUDIMMUD
Manmaker
(EA) his fathers' boss
wide wise

v
ANSAR

full knowing
strong

stronger than Skyline his father
no equal among his brother gods

The godbrothers together
stormed in TIAMAT
Saltsea
stirred up TIAMAT's guts
Saltsea
rushing at the walls

APSU

Not Deepwater hush their noise
TIAMAT
Saltsea struck dumb
They did bad things to her
acted badly, childishly
until Deepwater APSU seeder of great gods
called up MUMMU
Speaker:

MUMMU
"Speaker messenger makes my liver happy
come! TIAMAT
Let's go see Saltsea

They went TIAMAT
sat down in front of Saltsea
(talk about plans for their first-born gods):

APSU
Deepwater opened his mouth said
to TIAMAT said loud:
Saltsea
"The way they act makes me sick:
during the day no rest
at night no sleep

I'll destroy them!
stop their doings!
It'll be quiet again we can sleep

TIAMAT
When Saltsea heard this
she stormed
yelled at her husband
was sick
alone:

"Wipe out what we made?!"

The way they act is a pain
but let's wait"

MUMMU Speaker answered APSU advising Deepwater: MUMMU
bad advice Speaker's
ill-meant

"Go on!
Put an end to their impertinence
then
rest during the day
sleep at night"

When APSU heard him
Deepwater his face gleamed
for the hurts planned
against his godsons
hugged MUMMU
Speaker
set him in his lap
kissed him

What they planned in conference was repeated to their first born
godsons

They wept
milled around distressed
kept silence

EA
Waterhome most understanding

skilfull
wise
knowing all

saw through the plot

came up with a plan made it up
crafted his spell pure and mastering
made it sound the water

where slept Deepwater well
poured more sleep APSU
stretched him out
soaked him with sleep

Counsel MUMMU stuck still
Speaker

APSU
Deepwater's belt crown aura
he took off tore away ripped off
tied up APSU killed him
Deepwater
tied up MUMMU shut him up
Speaker

Found a house in APSU
Deepwater
led off MUMMU by the nose
Speaker

After whipping his enemies treading them
did EA rest sureset victor
Waterhome
inside his holy home in deep peace

called it the Apsu
woven reed cult hut he founded

LAHMU AND LAHAMU
EA and DAMKINNA

Waterhome and Earthandskylady lived there in greatness
in the shrine of fate
lodge of divine order

Wisest wise MARDUK god was conceived
 Sunchild
 godsage

in side the Apsu MARDUK
in side godly Apsu Sunchild born
 MARDUK born
 Sunchild

EA his father fathered him
Waterhome

DAMKINNA
Earthandskylady his mother brought him out

goddess' tit he sucked
nurse nursed him full of fear

build seduced raised eye flashed
manly at birth mighty from the start

When EA his father
 Waterhome who fathered him
 saw him

he became happy
 laughed
 heart full of joy

He polished him up
 doubled his godness raised above gods':

his lines unknowable
 fine-made
 unthinkable
 unseeable:
 fourfold eye
 fourfold ear

lips moved fire flashed
fourfold huge eared
samenumber eyes saw all
highest god tallest tall
hugest limbs highest height

"My son my son!
Sunchild skySun!"

Dressed in 10 gods' aura
strongest
lightning charged

Then

ANU

Sky bears the fourwinds

in front the allwind the whirlwind

made waves

TIAMAT

stirring stirring the Saltsea

TIAMAT

The Saltsea troubled

comings and goings day and night

the gods harassed again

the gods in their hearts plot evil

they brothers to TIAMAT

Saltsea:

"When they killed APSU

Deepwater your lover

you did not go with him but sat still

"Now he's made the terror wind

your belly's disturbed we can't sleep

"APSU

Deepwater be in your heart

MUMMU

Speaker caught you live alone

turn along

don't love us

"Our eyes droop burn

all the time

We want sleep

Fight! and Revenge!

Make them ghosts!"

TIAMAT

Saltsea heard brightened god

said "Advice you've given

Let's make stormmonsters

gods among them

All battle against gods!"

They troop to her
surround TIAMAT
Saltsea
fiercely scheming day and night
raise the battle growling roaring
forming fuming

Mother HUBUR
undariver
(TIAMAT) all things molder
makes weapons
none like them
bears dragons
sharptoothed
merciless fangs
fills their bodies
poison not blood
clothes roaring dragons
with dread
splendor
makes them gods

(whoever sees them dies despairing
once they rear up they never back down)

She raised up:

a bašmu-dragon
a mušhuššu-snake
a laḥamu-monster
a Grand Lion
a Mad Dog
a Man-scorpion
Howling winds
a Man-fish
a Bison

They carry unstoppable arms
are fearless
her order so powerful
irresistable

She made 11 monsters these
and from the gods the firstborn
surrounding her raised up KINGU
land from them all
greatened him:

The first rank the battle group leader
the arms raiser the charger to war
the commander of the troops
she handed him seating him in Council

"I've said the spell for you
raised you in God Assembly
filled your hand potent
over all the gods
Rise! you my mate my only
your name
over all the ANNUNAKI
earthly gods"

She gave him the Tablets of Fate
hung them on his chest:

"So your command not to be changed
your word fixed"

When KINGU was over all
land was as ANU
Sky he set the fates for his sons the gods:

"Words of your mouth douse the fire
Mighty so in war
shaking very Might"

COLOPHON TO TABLET I First tablet of enuma eliš written ac-
cording to the original the tablet of Nabu-balat-su-iqbi son
of Na'id-Marduk by the hand of Nabu-balat-su-iqbi son of Na'id-
Marduk

COLOPHON TO ANOTHER VERSION OF TABLET I . . . Tablet I of enu-
ma eliš after . . . a copy from Babylon written according to the
original the tablet of Nabu-musetiq-umi son of . . . who
fears Marduk and Sarpanitum and did it not in fraud nor turn-
ing aside from the way . . . month of Ayyar 9th day 27th year
of Darius

TIAMAT

When Saltsea'd made her work strong
raised her offspring to battle against the gods
did evil to revenge APSU
Deepwater

It was told to EA
Waterhome
Hearing EA
Waterhome
stilled in black quiet wordless

When he'd thought his anger ebbed
he went up to his father ANSAR who fathered him
Skyline
told what TIAMAT planned:
Saltsea

"My father TIAMAT
Saltsea mothered us hates us
calls a troop
mad boils
all gods around her those you made too around her

They troop to her
surround TIAMAT
Saltsea
fiercely scheming day and night
raise the battle growling roaring
forming fuming

Mother HUBUR
undariver
(TIAMAT) all things molder
makes weapons
none like them

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hung them on his chest:

'So your command not to be changed
your word fixed'

When KINGU was over all
land was as ANU
Sky he set the fates for the gods his sons:

'Words of your mouths douse the fire
Mighty so in war
shaking very Might' "

ANŠAR heard how TIAMAT stormed
Skyline Saltsea
beat at his groin
bit his lips
heart full of dread
spirit worried
choked his cries:
"... to battle
You too must carry the arms you've made
You've killed MUMMU APSU
Speaker Deepwater
now KINGU
land marches before her"

NUDIMMUD
Manmaker
(EA) answered
ANŠAR ANU
So Skyline to Sky his son called

said this
full of wrath:

"Here is one powerful my hero
strength beyond ...
attack invincible Go to TIAMAT
Saltsea See her
so her anger be quieted
her heart opened

If she will not heed your word
say it is our word to still her"

When he'd heard his father's ANSAR
Skyline's order
he headed for her along the way
but
when he saw the battle order of TIAMAT
Saltsea
he did not dare see her
turned back to his father ANSAR
Skyline
cried what he had to say to TIAMAT
Saltsea:

"My hand too weak
to still you"

ANSAR
Skyline fell silent
stared in the dirt
mumbling
head shaking

The ANNUNAKI in Assembly drew together
earthly gods lips sealed
so silent stayed

No god would come at TIAMAT
Saltsea

Facing TIAMAT
Saltsea none departs alive

The god ANSAR father of the gods
Skyline lifts himself in splendor
gathers his wits
says to the ANNUNAKI
earthly gods:

"Whose strength is strong
will stand for his father
smash this war:

MARDUK
Sunchild hero"

So then EA MARDUK
Waterhome called Sunchild to his place

When he came he spoke his heart:

"MARDUK
Sunchild a plan hear your father
My son ease my heart

Go to ANSAR
Skyline as to war straight
Stand right up!
Say!
Seeing you he will be at ease"

The bel
lord
(MARDUK) rejoiced at his father's word
drew near stood at ANSAR
Skyline

ANSAR
Skyline looked on him his heart stuffed with joy
kissed his lips drove off fear

ANŠAR not dumb
Skyline open your lips
I bring you full heart

ANŠAR not dumb
Skyline open your lips
I bring you full heart

What man try you in battle?
A woman TIAMAT marches on you

My father my maker be happy relax
Soon enough your feet on TIAMAT's neck!
Saltsea

My father my maker be happy relax
Soon enough your feet on TIAMAT
Saltsea's neck!"

"My son know all wisdom
still TIAMAT
Saltsea by your bright word!

Drive hard the storm car!

Not her helpers hold you back
drive them back!"

The bel rejoiced at his father's word
lord heart bright
(MARDUK) said to his father:

"Bel of the gods Fate of the great gods
lord
(ANŠAR)
if I be your avenger
beat TIAMAT
Saltsea
save your lives

call Assembly
make my fate all potent!
Fate it!

in the Upsukinna sit happy
Fates hall
my word I set Fate like you
Unchangeable all I make
fixed set my lips command"

COLOPHON TO TABLET II *Tablet II of enuma eliš* *after the text*
of the tablet ... a copy from Assur

COLOPHON TO (another) TABLET II *Written according to the original*
the tablet of Nabu-aḫē-iddin *son of Etir-bel* *son of the priest*
of Maš *no departure from the way* *no blame*

ANSAR opens his mouth
Skyline says to KAKA his speaker these words:

"Speaker KAKA cheers my heart
I send you to LAHMU AND LAHAMU

You can make points can chatter

Bring the gods my fathers to me
all the gods come here together
talk with each other
sit at table
eat bread
drink wine

for MARDUK
Sunchild avenger fix fate

Go on KAKA when before them say them I say:
'ANSAR your son sends me to you
Skyline commands me say his heart word:

"TIAMAT mothered us
Saltsea hates us calls a troop
mad boils
all gods around her those you made too around her
They troop to her
surround TIAMAT
Saltsea

raise the battle fiercely scheming day and night
 growling roaring
 forming fuming

Mother HUBUR
undariver all things molder
(TIAMAT) makes weapons
 none like them
 bears dragons
 sharptoothed
 merciless fangs
 fills their bodies
 poison not blood
 clothes roaring dragons
 with dread
 splendor
 makes them gods

(whoever sees them dies despairing
once they rear up they never back down)

She raised up:

a bašmu-dragon
a mušhuššu-snake
a lahamu-monster
a Grand Lion
a Mad Dog
a Man-scorpion
Howling winds
a Man-fish
a Bison

They carry unstoppable arms
are fearless

Her order so powerful
 irresistible

She made 11 monsters these
and from the gods the firstborn surrounding her
 raised up KINGU
 land from them all

 greatedened him:
The first rank the battle group leader
the arms raiser the charger to war

the commander of the troops
she handed him seating him in Council:

'I've said the spell for you
raised you in God Assembly
filled your hand potent
over all the gods

Rise you my mate my only
your name
over all the ANNUNAKI
earthly gods'

She gave him the Tablets of Fate
hung them on his chest:

'So your command not to be changed
your word fixed'

When KINGU was over all
land was as ANU
Sky he set the fates for the gods his sons:

'Words of your mouths douse the fire
Mighty so in war
shaking very Might!'

I sent ANU
Sky could not face her
NUDIMMUD
Manmaker
(EA) feared turned back

MARDUK
Sunchild stood out wisest wise your son
made to go face TIAMAT
Saltsea

opens mouth says to me:

'If I be your avenger
beat TIAMAT
Saltsea
save your lives

call Assembly
make my fate all potent!
Fate it!

In Upšukinna sit happy
Fates hall
my word I set fate like you
Unchangeable all I make
fixed set my lips' command'

Hurry here fix him fast your fates
He will face your mighty enemy" ' "

Then KAKA left made his way
before LAHMU AND LAHAMU the gods his fathers
fell down
kissed the ground at their feet
bowing deep
said to them:

"ANSAR your son sends me to you
Skyline commands me say his heart word:

'TIAMAT mothered us
Saltsea hates us calls a troop
mad boils
all gods around her those you made too around her
They troop to her
surround TIAMAT
Saltsea
raise the battle fiercely scheming day and night
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fills their bodies
poison not blood
clothes roaring dragons
with dread

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save your lives

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make my fate all potent
Fate it!

In Upsukinna sit happy
Fates hall
my word I set fate like you
Unchangeable all I make
fixed set my lips' command'

Hurry here fix him fast your fates
He will face your mighty enemy"

When LAHMU AND LAHAMU heard shrieked
IGIGI
heavenly gods all cried hard:

"What has come change she make this so!?
We we don't know ways of TIAMAT
Saltsea"

Then they gather go
all great gods fate fixers

come in to ANSAR
Skyline

fill the Upsukinna
Fates hall

kiss each other
hold Assembly
talk to each other
seat for feast
eat bread
drink wine
pour sweet wine in their cups

drinking tubes

wet with liquor

bodies heavy

drink drink

sweet heaviness through them

fix fate for MARDUK
Sunchild their avenger

TABLET III ENDS

make him a great throne
He sits in face his fathers for speaking:

"You sure most heavy honor among great gods
your fate unequal
your word ANU
Sky

MARDUK
Sunchild most heavy honor among great gods
your fate unequal
your word ANU
Sky

They give him then scepter throne and bal
invincible weapons foe undoers

"Go! Cut the breath of TIAMAT
Saltsea!
The winds carry her blood to unknown lands!"

The gods his fathers setting fate for BEL
clear him way Lord
(MARDUK)
to full success

He makes a bow calls it his weapon
attaches the arrow
fixes its cord

picks a toothed-sickle (holds it in his right hand)

hangs the bow and quiver by his side

sets it lightning in his face
fills his body aflame

makes a net to catch TIAMAT
Saltsea

sets the fourwinds to hold her all
the Southwind
the Northwind
the Eastwind
the Westwind

puts the net

ANU

Sky

his father gave

by his side

makes:

the Evilwind Imhullu
the Stormwind
the dust storm
the fourwind
the sevenwind
the wreckingwind
the peerlesswind

The winds he makes he looses all 7
to stir TIAMAT
Saltsea's guts they rush at his back

The bel
(MARDUK) then raises the Hurricane his great arm
mounts his storm car peerless terrible
yokes a fouryoke up
the Destroyer
the Ruthless
the Crusher
the Quick
sharp toothed
poisonous
destruction familiar
wrecking learned

Smiter feared in battle on his right
Combat turns back the earnest on his left
clad armorclad in terror clad
horrible splendor covers his head

and the bel went fast
lord along his way

and to TIAMAT in her anger
Saltsea set his face
holds in his lips a spell
in his hands a plant against poison

This then his fathers race 'round him
the gods race 'round him
The gods his fathers race 'round him
the gods race 'round him

The bel comes up
lord sees in side TIAMAT
Saltsea the forces of KINGU
land
her lover
sees them his way upset
mind confused
acts chaotic

The gods his aids march at his side
see the brave the foremost
lose sight

TIAMAT

Saltsea casts up her word turns not her neck
savage lips rebellion:

"How honored you are BEL
Lord of the gods

They come with you
leave their place
come to yours"

The bel
lord rears the Hurricane his mighty arm
to TIAMAT
Saltsea enraged raises his word:

"So you are supreme superb
make your own heart make war
sons hate fathers
you spurn motherlove
make KINGU
land lover
make him ANU
Sky He is not
plot ill for ANŠAR
Skyline godking
set evil against the gods my fathers

Let your men stand in arms!
You be armed
Come on! You meet me in duel!"

TIAMAT

Saltsea hears these words
goes berserk
loses sense
cries madly in piercing voice
legs tremble both full length
calls a spell
throws a curse

Gods at war sharpen arms

Come together TIAMAT and MARDUK
Saltsea Sunchild wisest wise
raise at each other
join for battle

The bel
lord casts his net
catches her
looses Imhullu in her face from behind him

TIAMAT
Saltsea opens her mouth gobble him
He sends in Imhullu she'll never close her lips

The furywinds puff her belly to heartache
her mouth gapes
He flies the arrow it rips her belly
tears her gut
splits her heart

He binds her
cuts her breath
throws her body down
stands up on her

TIAMAT
Saltsea killed who marched first
Her troops scatter
gang breaks up
the gods her aids who marched alongside her
shake fear
turn backs to keep
save
their lives

Circled they cannot run
MARDUK binds them
Sunchild breaks their weapons

Thrown in nets ensnared
in caves wailing
His punishment they carry imprisoned fettered

The Eleven TIAMAT
Saltsea puffed full of horror
the Demontroop marched at her face
he threw in chains bound
their enmity he crushed underfoot

KINGU

land who was most strong
he bound gave to UGGU
deathgod
took off the Tablets of Fate
not his by right
sealed them with his seal
hung them on his chest

When he'd bound his enemy
beat him
dragged down the haughty foe
completed the triumph of ANSAR
Skyline

When MARDUK
Sunchild had done the will of NUDIMMUD
Manmaker
(EA)
made sure the captured gods
turned again to beaten TIAMAT
Saltsea
stood her on her legs
split her head
cut her vessels
The Northwind took off her blood to Nowheres

His fathers see
rejoice
shout joy
bring him gifts homage

The bel
lord paused
looked on her corpse

splits the monster

makes a fine thing:

cleaves her like a clam
puts up half for skies
bars it separate sets guards
to keep her waters

Made way through heavens looking there
to make an apsu a dwelling for NUDIMMUD
Manmaker
(EA)

measured it
set up a house after it
the Esarra
Worldhouse
the greathouse
Esarra
Worldhouse

he made the sky
made at home:

ANU
Sky

ENLIL
Earthgod

EA
Waterhome

COLOPHON TO TABLET IV ...146 lines Tablet IV of enuma elis^v
incomplete after a damaged tablet written by Nabu-bel-su
son of Na'id-Marduk the smith for his soul's life for his
house's life he wrote it put it in the Ezida

He made stands for the great gods
set the stars like them in lumasu-constellations
set the year limited
for every 12 months 3 stars
marked the year marks
made the stand of NEBIRU
Crosser to mark their limits

that none may cross or err

beside it set ENLIL EA
Earthgod Waterhome
opened ports on either side
fixed the left lock and the right

In her belly set the height of heaven
made NANNARU
Newmoon shine
gave him night
gave it the night spangle
to make the days:

"Turn all all months the first
unstopping
your crown
shine hours show 6 days
the seventh day a half crown
half moons two halves equal

When join ŠAMŠU
the Sun at Earthsky
bleach bit by bit
go back
at the darkness approach the ŠAMŠU
Sun way
again in opposition

Here see your sign go its way
Come close to ŠAMŠU
Sun both rule
no favor

. . . .

He gave days to ŠAMŠU
Sun
set day and night bounds ...

. . . .

gathered TIAMAT
Saltsea's foamspit
made
melded clouds full water
raise wind
make coolrain

made wet spit steam piles
he did
his hand

piled a mountain her head
opened spring rushing river
loosed through her eyes Parata
curvewater
(Euphrates)

Idikla
current
(Tigris)

stopped her nostrils held back water

piled mountains her teats
dug sprays channels

bent her tail up bound to band
APSU
Deepwater underfoot
her crotch forks sky up

now: sky top
earth set

made the womb of TIAMAT
Saltsea run
pulled out his net
sky earth limits set

Made his godwork done his god task

made chapels gave to EA
Waterhome

took from KINGU
land Tablets of Fate

brought
gave firstgift gave ANU
Sky
gods of broken weapons
flight

shoved bound 'fore fathers

TIAMAT - built eleven devils
Saltsea broken weapons foot-irons

made likenesses at Apsugate

"Here's a sign they won't forget!"

Gods saw him there
shone
delighted

LAHMU AND LAHAMU all his fathers

ANSAR

Skyline came to him
greeted him "King!"

ANU ENLIL EA
Sky Earthgod Waterhome give him gifts

DAMKINNA his mother joys him with a gift
Earthandskylady shines his face with tribute sent

USMU who brought her gift to hiddenplace
he made Apsuwarden chapelkeeper

IGIGI gathered
heavenly gods all bowed down

ANNUNAKI all many
earthly gods kissed his feet

All all came honoring

before him bowing:

"This is the King"

.

In kingly aura lifts the sickle
holds it right hand

slings the bow
takes the scepter
left hand

... his net all glows the Apsu

He sits
on his throne seat in the chair

The gods the many EA DAMKINNA
Waterhome Earthandskylady

open mouth
say to great gods IGIGI
heavenly gods:

"Before MARDUK
Sunchild our son
now your king

Proclaim his name!"

They say together:
" LUGALDIMMERANKIA
Kingofthegodsofskyandearth his name

Trust him only!"

When reign to MARDUK
Sunchild given
gave him plan peace and well-being:

"From now you keep the homes

You word we obey"

MARDUK opens mouth
Sunchild speaks

to gods
his fathers

says:

"Above the Apsu you live

like Ešarra

Worldhouse I build for you

below the dirt I gather to build

I build a house my pleasant home

inside holy grounds

I raise hol-cells

fix my reign

When you rise from Apsu for Assembly
night's rest for all of you

When you come down from skies for Assembly
night's rest for all of you

I name it ' BAB-ILI CITY
City at the Gods-gate

homes of the great gods'

I build it with craftmasters"

The gods his fathers heard his speech
asked MARDUK

Sunchild first born
how this would be:

"On all your hands build

who will have your agency?

Over the dirt your hands build

who will hold your court?

In BAB-ILI called in fortune
Godsgate found our shrines forever!

Let the rebel gods serve us daily
your agency ours
none else do our jobs"

. . . .

MARDUK joyed
Sunchild answered these gods

TIAMAT
Saltsea - killer
opened mouth nobly:

"I Command them serve daily
my agency in your hands"

Gods bow before him
proclaim him
say to LUGALDIMMERANKIA
Kingofthegodsofearthandsky:

"Before BEL
Lord was son
Now he is our king
whose bright words is our life
Lord of splendor sickle scepter
all-skilled

Let EA
Waterhome plan
We are the builders"

COLOPHON TO TABLET V Fifth tablet of enuma eliš Palace of
Assurbanipal king of the universe king of Assur

MARDUK hears the oath of the gods
Sunchild decides to build a fine work

opens his mouth to EA
Waterhome

tells heart plan:

"I will heap up blood
make a bone mass
build up a humanbeing
call it amelu

man

I will make humanbeing amelu
man

He will serve the gods
they will be eased

So I will finish godways
the same revered
in two groups"

EA
Waterhome says to him these words
to ease the gods
tells this plan:

"Only one of their brothers cut loose
put alone to death
to make mankind

Let the great gods Assemble here
Cut loose the guilty they will live"

MARDUK Assembles the great gods
Sunchild directs nobly
gives orders

The gods in place hear him out
The Prince says these words to the ANNUNAKI
earthly gods

"If you said truth before swear now:

Who brought rebellion?
made TIAMAT fight?
Saltsea
led the battle?

Turn him in that made rebellion

I'll bear him nemesis
leave you in peace"

The IGIGI
heavenly gods great gods say to him
him LUGALDIMMERANKIA
Kingofthegodsofearthandsky
godspeaker
their Bel
lord:

"It's KINGU brought rebellion
land made TIAMAT
Saltsea fight
led the battle"

They tied him
brought face EA
Waterhome
laid on him his guilt
cut his blood

EA makes humankind from his blood
Waterhome sets them godservice
(NUDIMMUD) sets gods free

a work that work unknowable

crafty planned by MARDUK done by NUDIMMUD
Sunchild Manmaker

MARDUK
Sunchild king of gods split the Anunnaki
sky and earthgods

all of them above and below

gave them to ANU
Sky to see to his command:

5 X 60 in sky gods to guard there
made in the same way the ways of earth
in sky and on earth put 600 gods

After MARDUK
Sunchild king made law for all the gods
set the laws for the Anunnaki of the sky and earth
sky and earthgods
the Anunnaki open their mouths
say to MARDUK
Sunchild their lord:

"Now bel
lord who sets us free
what can we do for you?
We build shrinehome then call it: see
'Room-to-rest-nights' may we sleep there"

When MARDUK
Sunchild heard their words his face gleamed bright like the day:

"Like another BAB-ILI built as you want
Gods'-gate bricks be made
call it:
'PARAKKA' "
Chapel

The Anunnaki
sky and earth gods use tools
one year long make bricks
second year comes and they raise ESAGILA head high as apsu deep
Headraising

build a ziggurat high as apsu
pinnacle
make a house a rest for:

MARDUK ENLIL EA
Sunchild Earthgod Waterhome

In glory he sat before them
looked up from the bottom to ESAGILA horns top
Headraising

When they had made the work of ESAGILA
Headraising
the Anunnaki
earth and sky gods
made their own chambers

gathered all at the ESAGILA
Headraising they had built for his rest

He set the gods his fathers down to feast:
"This is BAB-IL your home
Gods'-gate which you love

Come be happy in this place
make feast"

The great gods take their places
sit to drink zarbabu
festal beer
sit down to feast

are happy inside
make rites in glorious ESAGILA
Headraising

then
fix laws and fates
posts in heaven and on earth for all the gods

The fifty great gods sit
the seven gods of fate
make fate:

ENLIL

Earthgod lifts his bow his weapon (which he made)
puts it in front of them

The gods his fathers see the net he made
see the bow its crafty make
his fathers praise the work he made

ANU

Sky lifts it
praises it in the Godassembly

kisses the bow: "This is my daughter"
names the bow names:

Longwood first
.... second
Star/bow third I make it shine in sky

Praise revenging son
over all no equal
guard the black-headed his makings
mankind

who worship him forever
praise his ways
unforgetting

Let him make great foodgifts for his fathers

They keep the houses support the offerings
bring incense to be smelled whisper prayer

image on earth what he makes in sky

Order the black-headed to worship
subjects remember their god
obey the goddess at his saying
bring foodgifts for god and goddess
support their gods unfailing

build up their lands
build more shrines
black-headed wait on their gods

For us he is god by many names
We count his fifty names:

Whose acts are very splendid whose ways are splendid-

MARDUK
Sunchild

ANU

Sky his father called him coming out
Who sets food and drink full stables
Who whips the enemy with his weapon abubu
Deluge
Who saved the gods his fathers in their trouble

Yes truly the Sun's child brightest god
May the gods always walk in the bright shining of his light

Who put godservice on the peoples he made
quickenened
so we may rest

Making wrecking saving: his command
They will pray to him

MARUKKA
(MARDUK)

God who makes everything
Makes the ANUNNAKI
earth and sky gods happy-hearted
eases them

MARUTUKKU
(MARDUK)

Truly saves the land
keeps the people

the people praise him

BARSAKUSU _ SUTUNSAKUSE

Thronekeep

Who lifts himself to rule the world
greathearted warmbreasted

LUGALDIMMERANKIA

Kingofthegodsofearthandsky

the name we called him in Godassembly
raising his mouth's work over the gods of his fathers
Truly bel

lord of all the gods of earth and sky
whose order subdues the gods

NARI-LUGALDIMMERANKIA

President-King ofthegods ofearthandsky

the name we have given him: Watcher of all the gods
Who in sky and on earth makes our seats safe in trouble
sets posts for the Igigi and Anunnaki
earthgods skygods

His name makes the gods shake shiver in their seats

ASARULUDU

Judge

the name his father ANU named him
Sky

Truly light of the gods strong chief
who like the sedu and lamassu protects the gods and land
protector genies
who saved our homes in trouble in raging duel

ASARULUDU called too NAMTILLAKU

Judge God of life

by all the 600 gods
Who rebuilds the lost gods as his own creatures
The bel
lord whose pure spell rebreathes the dead gods
Foe beater Praise him

ASARULUDU third called NAMRU

Judge Oath

The Pure God Who Shines Our Way

ANSAR
Skyline

LAHMU

LAHAMU

each called him three names

said them to the gods their sons

"Each of us called three of his names.
You call his names like us"

They rejoice hear their word
in the Upsukinna fix decision:
Fates hall

"We will raise his name
brave son revenger protector"
and take their places in Godassembly to say fates
all together in holy place fix his name

COLOPHON TO TABLET VI Sixth tablet of enuma eliš

ASARU
Ruler

gives fertile fields sets seeds
makes grain herbs sprouts the green

ASARUALIM

Heavy Ruler

honored in council house first in counsel
the gods wait to him when fearing

ASARUALIMNUNNA

High and Heavy Ruler

honored light of his father who fathered him
Who leads well commands of ANU ENLIL EA
Sky Earthgod Waterhome

their provider fixes them income
whose sukussu-field is abundant swelling

TUTU

Starter

who restarts them
Make the shrines pure for rest
Make the spell gods rest
If they get up angry they go back

Truly first in the Godassembly
none of them his equal

TUTU- ZIUKKINA

Starter- Godband Life
Life of the Band of Gods
Who made the bright heavens for the gods
holds their ways together
sets their courses

May he never be forgotten among the hordes
his works be remembered

TUTU third called ZIKU

Starter Purelife

Pure Maker
Sweet breaths' god
bel
lord hearing and giving
makes richness and plenty
assures the teem
makes our lack fullness
whose sweet breath we breathe in distress
Proclaim Uplift Worship his fame

TUTU fourth called AGAKU

Starter Purecrown

the people praise him
bel
lord of pure spell rebreathes the dead
pities bound gods
lifts the gods' levied yoke
makes mankind to save them work
Making mercy whose power is to breathe life

His words last unforgotten
in black-headed mouths his hands' making

TUTU fifth called TUKU

Starter Pure Spellspeaker

their mouth speak his pure spell
whose pure spell undoes the evildoers

SAZU

Heartknower

knows the hearts of gods
sees their guts
The evildoer cannot escape him
who sets Godassembly makes their hearts happy
bends the rebel shades the gods
wipes out evil saves the right
keeps wrong and right apart

SAZU second named ZISI

Heartknower Lowlifter

quiets the rebel
praise him
Takes away pain from the body of the gods his fathers

SAZU third named SUHRIM

Heartknower Foeloser

with arm tears out the enemy
confuses their plots
winnows them in wind
erases the evil ones shaking

Gods praise him

SAZU called fourth SUHURIM

Heartknower Foestamper

who sets court
creates the gods his fathers
destroys the enemy smashes their children
confuses them
none left
Call his name
Say it everywhere

SAZU called fifth ZAHRIM

Heartknower Foeruin

praise
destroys the enemy
hunts down evil

brought hunted gods home
His name go on forever

SAZU sixth ZAHGURIM
Heartknower Allfoeruin
give him all praise
destroys all the enemy in war

ENBILULU
Adad of Bab-il
He is the grower god
strong
who names them
sets roastgifts
makes pasture and waterhole sure in the land
opens wells sets waters

ENBILULU second EPADUN
Adad of Bab-il Watercourser
praise him
who waters earth
washes sky and earth
sets planting
fixes land
to plow
to pasture
dam and trench
and furrow

ENBILULU third ENBILULU-GUGAL
Adad of Bab-il ...-Greatness
washes gods' crops
praise him
bel
lord of plenty
of richness
of heavy crops
gives richness
makes the homes rich

gives millet
drives up barley

ENBILULU

HEGAL

Adad of Bab-il Plenty

piles up plenty for the people
rains rich over wide earth
fixes green

SIR.SIR

piled up a hill on TIAMAT
Saltsea

carved TIAMAT
Saltsea with his weapon
guides the land steady shepherd
his head:

a field of grain
field rows high
leaps the broad deep in anger
crosses a bridge walk to duel

SIR.SIR second MALAH

his boat is TIAMAT
Saltsea
he rides her

GIL...

keeps grain heaps huge piles
pushes up barley millet
gives the land seed

GILMA

makes high godhouse last
builds fastness

barrel hoop
goods giver

AGILMA

high
takes the wave crown
makes the clouds
makes the sky last

ZULUM

who gives out lands
gives sections foodgifts

MUMMU

Speaker
builds sky and earth
orderer
makes sky and earth pure
or

ZULUMMAR

of strength unequal among gods

GISNUMUNAB

maker of all people
maker of the parts of the world
who disappeared TIAMAT's gods
Saltsea
made men of them

LUGALABDUBUR

Fatherking deepleader

wrecked what TIAMAT
Saltsea plotted
caught her weapons
strong base from top to bottom

PAPGALGUENNA
Firstgreat of all lords
prime of all lords
power prime
highest of his brothergods
of all gods

LUGALDURMAH
Highhouse King
gods' tie
bel
lord of the Durmah
Highhouse
first in godhouse
highest god

ARANUNNA
counsels EA
Waterhome
who makes the gods his fathers
whose high ways no god can equal

DUMUDUKU
Dukuson
the Duku doubles his pure home
(temple) Pure Home
the Lugalduku
Dukumaster does not judge without him

LUGALLANNA
Skyhigh king
whose power among gods is highest

bel
lord ANU
Sky strength
who ANSAR
Skyline called to greatness

LUGALUGGA
Deathking
took them off in battle depth
who has all knowing wideseeing

IRKINGU
Kingudragger
who took off KINGU
land in battle depth
passes rule on all
makes kingship sure

KINMA
Guide
who leads all the gods
gives direction
gods shake fear at his name
shake in storm

ESIZKUR
Prayerhouse
comes high in prayerhouse
gods set gifts before him
so he give them work
no making without him
maker of 4 black-headed
without him no god sets length of days

GIBIL
Reedfire
fire that makes the point sharp
makes crafty arms in TIAMAT battle
Saltsea

widewise
sureseeing
so deepheart
gods cannot see the bottom

ADDU
Stormwind
his name covers the sky
his wind blowing good over earth
then his speech blow clouds away
leave food for the people beneath

ASARU
Leader
who leads the gods of fate
he owns their fate

NEBIRU
Crossing
point of heaven-earth crossing
who cross must cross him
NEBIRU
Crossing star bright in sky
controlling spinning around him

"He halves TIAMAT
Saltsea
Call him NEBIRU
Crossing holds the middle
keeps the skies' starcourse
the gods are his sheep he is their shepherd

TIAMAT master
Saltsea
cuts her life short and tight
as long as mankind lives till days grow old
let her fade away and ever keep away"

BEL MATATI
Lord of Earth
Father ENLIL
Earthgod calls him
because he made the distances and the hard ground

EA

Waterhome's heart was high hearing the IGIGI
earth and sky gods call his names

"Whose names his fathers raise I call my name: EA
Waterhome

He rules my rites
does my order"

Calling him "hansa" the great gods call him whose names are fifty
fifty

Keep his names the guide explain them
the converse of wise and knowing
the father pass them to his son
herders of cow and sheep open ear to them
be happy with MARDUK ENLIL
Sunchild Earthgod of gods
so the land abound and he grow rich

(Marduk) His word is set
His order unchanging
No god calls back the word of his mouth

Where he looks his neck looks too
No god dares his wrath
Widewise
Deephearted

...

COLOPHON TO TABLET VII.....

Charles Doria

Two Babylonian Cosmogonies

The Berossos is from "The Dolphin Rider," in *Mind in the Waters*, edited by Joan McIntyre (New York: Scribners and San Francisco: Sierra Club, 1974); the Damascius will appear in *Origins*, by Charles Doria and Harris Lenowitz (New York: Doubleday Anchor, in press). Both are translated from the Greek.

The Babylonian Cosmogony According to Damascius

there are two

Tauthe Apason
(Tiamat) and (Apsu)

Tauthe
(Tiamat) mother of the gods

Apason
Apsu her lover

their child Moymis — who is everything we see
(Mummu)

and then they had

Dache and Dachos
(Lahmu) and (Lahamu)

and then

Kissare and Assoros
(Kisar) (Ansar)

and they had three children

Anos
(Anu)

Illinos
(Enlil)

Aos
(Ea)

Aos' and Dauke's son: Belos the Maker
(Ea) (Damkinna) (Bel)
(Marduk)

Berosos: Babylonian History

Berosos says in the first book of his *Babylonian History* that he lived during the time of Alexander the Great

that he had consulted the public records of Babylon which had been carefully preserved for 150 myriad years

that these records contain the history of heaven, earth, and sea of the first birth of everything of the kings and their deeds

• • •

in the first year
Oan/Ea came
from the Persian Gulf
fish body
but under the fish head
man's head
fish tail
but underneath
man's feet
speaking like a man
destroying the mind

you can see him still
in the temple

picture/costume/priest?

he spent the day with the people
he ate no food
gave them letters learning skill
how to start a city

write laws
mark the land
sowing reaping
everything

ever since they've found
nothing else useful
sun goes down
Oan/Ea went back to the sea
but he'll be back tomorrow

he lives in the ocean at night

then others came
same place
read about them in the Book of Kings

Oan/Ea left his word behind
he talked about how the world was born
the first birth
and how people live together

• • •

(Oan's word)

shadow and water
many born and living there

marvelous their holding their self-born form

men two wings
or four and double-faced

one body two heads maybe
both sexes
a man a woman?
or goat-footed goat-horned
or horse-footed
horse behind
man in front
hippocentaur

Jusparik
Siren

born and lived
bulls men-headed
dogs four-bodied fish-tailed
horses dog-headed horse-bodied fish-tailed
all kinds
plus swimmers creepers snakers
plus many more
you'd be surprised

they kept borrowing from each other

pictures of them
in Bel's Temple
Babylon

they all lived inside a woman
she was their mistress
Omorka/Um-ruk
in Chaldean Thalath/Tiamat
in Greek Thalatta (sea)
equaling in number Selene (moon)

• • •

things were like that
when Bel/Marduk came rushing in
and cut the woman in half
the lower slice he made earth
the upper the sky . . .

Bel/Marduk cut off his head
the other gods mixed his blood with earth
and made figures/people
that's how we get minds
and share in gods' thoughts

• • •

Bel/Marduk
Greek Dios the light/Zeus
cut open the darkness (of the woman)
he sliced sky and earth apart
put everything where it belongs
(this the Greeks call cosmos)

everything that lived
that could not bear
the power of his light
checked out

• • •

Bel/Marduk
saw that the ground was lonely
that it did not live
he said to one of the gods
'cut off your head'
rubbed earth in the blood
made people and animals
who can bear his light air

• • •

Bel/Marduk
made the stars and the sun and the moon
and the five wandering stars

Notes to Enuma Eliš, Berossos, and Damascius

The *enuma eliš* is one rescension of several different traditions and myths which has as its goal the elevation of the Babylonian national god Marduk. The cosmogony begins with unity (which Damascius misses): Tiamat and Apsu, monsters, an androgynous pair. But before Tiamat and Apsu there is a nondivided state in which everything is contained. In semitic myth this formless ground — dark and wet — is urged, attacked by light-heat to initiate historical creation. Tiamat and Apsu belong to the waters — the pair *hosekh* and *mayim* from Genesis I.2.

Tohu/bohu: Tiamat/Apsu: whatever they are — chaotic is fair

enough. But chaotic in that specialized post-Orphic sense of chaos as *mélange*. We could call this "mixing and mingling" the egg, even though no semitic cosmogonist does except Sanchuniathon. So the egg could be either Greek or semitic, a cross-slip between two traditions. At any rate when the mass does separate first it is darkness and waters. What parts them or specializes this chaos-mixture is light-word-wind Mammu; Marduk; Phanes.

Marduk's light, Mammu's word acts like a spear, a laser beam cutting and slicing. In Greek Apollo the Sun God slays

the dragon Pytho with arrows of sunlight. Almost certainly this is a European retelling of the combat of Baal-Marduk and Lotan (Leviathan) which took place in Syria by the Orontes, later preserved in the Christian story of St. George and the Dragon (also Daniel and the dragon). So here are a number of indicators which, if we follow them attentively, return us to the e.e., to Ras Shamra and to Genesis as source of this primary event.

A demiurge appears in the e.e., Nudimmud (Ea) whose name means “manfashioner.” But his function is shared with his syncretic, Marduk, who occupies the same position as Mummu in the generational pattern. Mummu separates the world into Tiamat and Apsu. By this separation the Igigi or Annunaki are set within Tiamat’s belly. In this same way, although in a more sophisticated manner, Marduk has man created as the gods’ servant (a political decision) a generation later.

In the e.e. although there is a lot of talk there is no logos in the sense of creating word. Nobody talks anything but talk and distinction into existence. Logos here has only to do with what word does, categorize and genericize. Things don’t get named into actuality, rather they are discovered. Mummu is the Speaker; merely by saying and speaking he calls attention to things.

Compare Mary and the Immaculate Conception. Christ as a Dionysian figure who inaugurates time, comes down as a word from the father. Traditionally this is represented as a dove, but in fact it is an angel (semitic “malakh,” Gk. angelos = messenger) who brings the genetic word. He speaks: Mary gives in and accepts the word. Christ is then conceived in her virgin womb in the same way Phanes is in the cosmic egg, without breaking either hymen or egg.

In IV Ezra god speaks to Earth woman; she conceives Adam who is a malefemale in the sense he later differentiates himself into Eve. Adam son husband of Mother: Christ son and word of Father. The god speaks a word which is active and creative. The word animates in the same way the lightning must have animated the clay figures Prometheus shaped in the earth. “Animates”: you can hear not only the Latin word for wind (*anima* or Gk. *anemos*) but also the word for soul (Gk. *pneuma*; sem. *ruah*). This in turn reflects conditions we have already noted in the e.e. and in Genesis. Speaker Mummu (= *ruah elohim*) is engaged in conversation with the other gods. Through these conversations conflicts as such develop, things get named, and the orders of existence — the visible world, as Damascius subtitled Mummu — is created. The e.e. contains these conversations not because it was primarily a stage ritual but because this talkiness reflects some notion of how the gods treat their participation in their own experience by analogy with ourselves.

Greek creation stories are inclined more towards action and statement with little discussion. Few of the figures say anything; their involvement is through their acts. The Greek gods are themselves embodied words, Significant Names, whereas in the e.e. the gods are characters in a dramatic poem who are creating words, speaking and living out the story through them.

Still it is very hard to tell if the movement is from name to god or god to name. Provisionally call the first “Hellenic” and the second “semitic.” In the latter the supposition is that the god-name exists first and later becomes commonized. See Baal as originally a god, then coming to mean “lord” and finally modernised to “husband,” “owner.” The Greeks however took the ordinary names of things and turned them into gods, like Hestia, one of the Olympians: her name means “fireplace.” The Romans went even farther in this direction; they had gods called *cardinalia* = “Hinges,” and *liminalia* = “Doorsteps.” Is this going to be a major difference, or are we just looking through the telescope from different ends?

Speaking of Baal we can detect an interlingual pun here with Pallas (perhaps even with phallus). In Appion’s conclusion to Sacred Stories the only way Zeus who is now supreme can maintain his position is if he can find a person called “Pallas” (or “Ballas”) to assist him. Appion supplies some etymologies such as “ball” or “brandish a spear” (from Gk. *Ballo* or *Pallo*) and assimilates this Pallas to Athene of the Greeks and makes it a woman. Without the help of Pallas Zeus is never going to be the Baal of the universe in the Babylonian sense of the word. This is where the interlingual pun comes in: Baal (Bel) — Belos — Ballas — Pallas. The word for the lightning Zeus wields is *bēlos*, another *ballo* derivative. We’ve already seen how Marduk becomes Baal by using his light splendor weapons, winds etc.

This brings us back to the demiurge. Etymologically that word means “one who works at large or for the people.” It usually translates as “workman,” but sometimes it can have a more abstract sense, like “fashioner” or “artificer.” The demiurge can be a woman, and is often pictured as such (Pallas Athene). She fashions what has already been enlivened inside her internal egg, the womb. The lady demiurge is the vase, the cup, the carrier, the developer, the moulder and nurse — but not the energizer. It is interesting to notice how ovoid the figures of the Cycladic Venuses are, how radially like flesh-clad eggs. In this icon of wom(b)man we see a complete stripping away of externals to reveal her generic personality. But when we consider the lady demiurge it is hard not to believe we are artificially separating two functions that were originally one, harmoniously blended in such androgynes as Phanes: begetting and producing, fathering and mothering.

Jerome Rothenberg

Pre-Face to *Origins*

What is presented here, these cosmogonies retold, is the paramount interest, & the work of the two who present it is an interest almost equal: & all of it & them are crucial to the development, the unfolding, changing recovery of cultures & civilizations, that is now to enter its latest phase. Nearly 200 years have elapsed since that possibility began emerging with the code breakers, the scholars out of Romanticism & driven by the same impulse as its poets, who drew meaning from hieroglyph & wedge, brought the old languages to light — & with those others (searchers & seers again) who needed, demanded, the subterranean & heretical texts that dominant religions & power elites had suppressed for centuries. A historical reconstruction to start with, it was at once more than that: a present concern turned backwards, to see the past anew & to allow it to enter into the process of our own self-transformation. “We live,” Charles Olson wrote nearly two decades ago, “in an age in which inherited literature is being hit from two sides, from contemporary writers who are laying bases of new discourse at the same time that . . . scholars . . . are making available pre-Homeric & pre-Mosaic texts which are themselves eye-openers.”

The gathering that follows has over sixty such eye-openers. Many have never been translated directly into English, almost none (save for an item like the Hittite “Ullikumi,” which Olson himself once handled) into the kind of language that Doria & Lenowitz provide for us here. The change — in the language & structure, the idea in short of what a poem is — isn’t peripheral but central, symptomatic of a complex of openings in the aftermath of the two-pronged attack alluded to above. In the paradigm that many of us have come to follow as poets, it’s the language that

causes us to see, that here can make poetry again from the lifeless things these words were in the first stages of their disinterment. So as the discourse comes to life now in what these two are doing, the past begins to speak through them — at least an image of the meaning & range of the past that no other means could give.

It seems so right here, so alive, that one wonders why it took this long in coming: why, for example, no collection before this had gone back to, translated the available materials around a single topic, to provide a “unified field” view of the subject. What happened historically can explain the present situation. Before 1800 our main sources of information for the religion & mythology, the poetry in short, of the ancient world, were classical Greek & Hebrew: Homer & the Bible. Each language had its established works, its canon, & each canon was sufficient to define a classical & sacred tradition: a field for truth & imagination which set the boundaries of reality for man & God. And if our present “curriculum” — whatever classical curriculum remains in schools or on the great books lists — may seem not to have changed much, our actual knowledge has grown through those recoveries that have unearthed & deciphered a score of ancient languages or have revealed alternative traditions in languages already known. Through the 19th Century & up to the present, specialists have been able to regain & reconstruct much of the poetry of the Ancient Near East. And this has led in turn to the publication of poems like the “Epic of Gilgamesh,” the Egyptian “Book of the Dead,” the “Ullikumi,” & the “Enuma Elish”: most in translations that have barely gotten under the skin of the originals or have, as a strategy for recovery of the poem, put it into the language of our conventional & orthodox past.

But for all of that poetic conservatism (& the other conservatisms it has often masked), the historical, mythical & ethnic realities have continued changing. No longer need one think of Western religion & philosophy as split between two essentially separate traditions: Hellenic & Hebraic. Greek & Hebrew poetry can be read in a new light — shed by literatures older & at least as complex, which paralleled, if not actually influenced, them & which pointed to the existence of an even larger Euro-Mediterranean culture complex. In addition, alternative Greek & Hebrew texts, often outside the established traditions, have continued to come to light: the sacred writings of pagans & gnostic heretics that make an even stronger case for a redefined network of cultural continuities.

Clearly all of this has involved more than pure, disinterested research, as the orthodox defenders, the puritan censors, realized from the start, along with those adventuresome scholars & poets who recognized that the history & roots of our civilization needed to be reexamined & revised in light of the new knowledge. From the latter point of view it was obvious, for example, that such accepted literary forms as epic, drama, history, & so on, didn't begin with the Greeks & Hebrews. Not only that, but these categories (the boundaries of which were clearly overlapping) were themselves preceded by an earlier one, the "theogony," & viewed in the light of new concerns with language & function, could be supplemented by forms more in line with contemporary practice: definition, naming, mantra, myth & dream, event & ritual, & so on.

Yet the resistance to popularizing this knowledge was initially widespread: based on prejudices so deeply engrained in the culture, that they could hardly be acknowledged until fairly recently. Feelings about Aryan superiority, say, kept many from accepting even the possibility that Homer & Hesiod could have come under Semitic influence — much less the fact. The Greeks had to be narrowly Indo-European or their contribution to Western Civilization couldn't be taken seriously. To undermine that uniqueness — blurring long-established distinctions between Jew & Greek — was to strike at the supposed strengths & virtues of Aryan Europe & America.

Religious interests had a parallel stake in maintaining the separateness of the Jewish experience from that of the pre-Christian "nations." And in so far as the scholars were "orthodox" & the texts "pagan" & "heretical," their ideological prejudices hindered

translations & studies free from doctrinal & dogmatic preconceptions. In this context it was difficult to empathize with the older texts, to see one's work as part of the transmission of religious & poetic forms that one viewed as superceded or inimical to the "authentic" Christian &/or Jewish revelation. So, for example, many of the "matriarchal" features in pre-Classical & pre-Hebraic literature were treated at best as relics or mere data: even more so when they turned up in Christian works, say, whose initial republication was hedged around by cautionary explanations. The puritanism of many of the early editors (or their response to the puritanism around them) also prevented the full & open handling of the erotic & sexual elements in the newly discovered materials — as it had also in long-recognized traditional texts.

Even where much sympathy was present — in Kramer's *Mythologies for the Ancient World*, say, or Pritchard's *Ancient Near Eastern Texts Relating to the Old Testament* — the results, the proof of the work in the poetry, were often ineffective. Almost unconsciously the translators held back, played down their own efforts, as if they were involved in an antiquarian discipline without much interest for the general reader. The language of the translations, the verse itself where verse was aimed at, was too hesitant: the translator as unwilling poet unable to make the leap that would recover the ancient vision & assist the search for primary modes of poetic & religious experience. Or when scholars like Victor Bérard pointed out a community of culture & folkways between Europe & the Near East, their work was dismissed or neglected — this in spite of the use to which Pound & Joyce, say, put Bérard's postulate of a Semitic Odysseus.

But it was among the latter — "contemporary writers laying the bases of new discourse" — that the scope & intensity of the materials were first revealed. Poets specifically & commentators with a less specialized, more universal view of the matter (Olson, Duncan, Snyder, Kelly, Schwerner in his reinvented *Tablets*, Graves & Eliade & Campbell) offered visions of ancient Europes, Asias, Africas, whole worlds united by what Olson called the "pleistocene" or Snyder "the Great Subculture (of illuminati) which goes back as far perhaps as the late Paleolithic." Yet mostly they worked off scattered, bowdlerized translations, taken, *faute de mieux*, at face. The poet's mind supplied the missing force, the linkage: not directly in translation

but at a third or fourth remove. The results came first as poems, & that sequence of events may in the long run have set the ground for a new order of translation deriving from the *nous poetikos* as source of energy & form.

The present gathering is a new phase in the process. For the first time the energy enters directly in translation, not as a fluke, an isolated instance, but a full compendium from languages like Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Hittite, Akkadian (Babylonian), Ugaritic (Phoenician, Canaanite), & Egyptian. With their time & place the ancient Mediterranean before the final triumph of Christianity & Islam, the editors have concentrated on a central, primal idea, *cosmogony*, the narrative of cosmic origins, & have gathered an unprecedented range of texts around it. These materials aren't taken as philosophy or theology *per se* but as *poesis*: the making or shaping of reality through speech: myth emerging naturally by way of mouth to ear. The narrative here is constantly in the process of defining itself: not the recollection of an ur-text but mind as witness to its own creations.

To bring across this sense of myth as process & conflict, Lenowitz & Doria, working as both poets & scholars, make use of all those "advances in translation technique, notation & sympathy" developed over the last few decades, from the methods of projective verse to those of etymological translation or of that attention to the recovery of the oral dimension of the poem that the present writer & others have, wisely or not, spoken of elsewhere as "total translation." The picture that emerges is one of richness, fecundity at every turning, from the first image of poem on page to the constantly new insights into the possibilities of "origin." To the latter end the editors offer a wealth of texts never before translated into English (or translated only in relatively inaccessible scholarly publications), along with more familiar texts reinterpreted: Lenowitz's polytheistic Genesis, for example, or

Doria's reconstitution of Empedocles as "magician, weatherman & raiser of the dead." Hesiod & Homer, Ovid & Vergil, the Yahvist & the psalmists, are here seen freshly, surprisingly, as part of a world with rhapsodic, light-struck Orphists, with Pythagoreans mapping out their worlds through numbers, with early Kabbalists exploring alphabetic powers. The work moves from the simplicity of Euripides' ". . . not my story/but one my mother tells" to surreal assemblages of hidden forms & names: the hermaphroditic Elohim & snake/cunt woman of Justin's *Baruch* (leading by stages to the primal god, Priapus) or that recurrent female body-of-the-world qua dragon whom even Yahveh knew. And this allows that "clash of symbols" which, those like Ricoeur tell us, both is natural to mind & forms its one sure hedge against idolatry.

The editors comment little, but go about the more fundamental process of constructing a world of possibilities: not a single sacred work of genesis but a space in which all works can come to light. Here the "imagination of men's thoughts" are no longer the evil that God saw continually but the reoccurring, strangely shifting *gnosis*, reflective of a wider community than heretofore known, with its roots into that older universal shamanism the West would later try to live without. To get this in the open, Doria & Lenowitz let the words (both of their sources & their own) enter again into that process of becoming — as if to begin anew the old work of *formation*.

And that is so much the achievement of this true source book: its great unifying image for poet & general reader alike. It is a presence still, a power & possibility that outlives the terror of its source. In that way the work is never merely literary, never ancient history, but contemporary with all our other works: the very thing we seek in our pursuit of those particulars, even contraries, that open on the universal vision.

TODAY is the crisis in consciousness.

— Mina Loy (1914)

These poems are workings of materials translated from the Dan language into French by Hugo Zemp in his extensive study, *Musique Dan* (Paris: Mouton, 1971).

Anita Barrows

Drums, Trumpets, and Voices of the Dan

The Dan, who inhabit the mountainous western region of the Ivory Coast and the back country of Liberia, have an elaborate musical system in which each musical instrument is assigned a specific function and related to a specific group within the society. For instance, the harp-lute is played specifically for hunters, and the trumpet specifically for the chief-tain. Others are permitted to listen; but music, which the Dan conceive as having the same power we might ascribe to drugs (e.g. amphetamines)—it “gives strength to a man,” it “wakes up his genie,” it “makes him feel strong enough to kill the most dangerous animal”—music will only have this effect when it is played by the instrument related to the person’s social function. A field worker, then, may listen to the harp-lute, but all he will experience is pleasure, whereas a hunter hearing the same instrument will be seized with the desire to run off into the bush.

The Dan culture has survived a curious mixture of influences. For instance, the sacrifice ceremony quoted in part here is performed on the Muslim feast of Ramadan, for the coming of the New Year; but sacrifice is being made to the ancestors through the “medium” of the drum. Feathers, rice, and pieces of cooked chicken flesh are placed on the drum while the chief asks for wealth, happiness, and fertility. In other chants, the realities of the imposition of western civilization are freely integrated with elements that have remained Dan: their hunters may go into the bush with rifles these days, but their strength is still revered; and the police may “walk as far as Abidjan” but the singer is unimpeded on his search for his second wife, and counsels his friends to rub *zya*, a medicine made of wood-coals, on their skin as a magic potion to keep their own wives faithful.

Two Dan Myths of the Origin of the Drum

(1) From Santa Village, Canton Santa

We never had drums before
The chimpanzees had them
In those days before we had rifles a hunter So Dyeu
took care of the traps

He was chief hunter, chief of those who used traps
Chimpanzees often came to his place in the fields

One day So Dyeu
Saw chimpanzees eating fruit off the trees
Then they started fooling around with a drum
That thing they're playing, said the hunter,
That's a beautiful thing

I'm going to build a trap

He dug a hole in the ground
Set the trap
Waited

Next day he heard the chimpanzees crying
Baby chimpanzees were crying
Young chimpanzees were crying
Old chimpanzees were crying

The trap had caught the drummer chimpanzee

So Dyeu called his dog
And went into the forest
The chimpanzees took off when they heard him
But they left the drummer behind in the trap with his drum

And the hunter took the drum and brought it
into the village

That's why the chimpanzees don't have the drum
That's why they beat their chests with their fists
Chimpanzees used to be men
They wandered around in the bush
They got lost
They did something bad, they were cursed, they became chimpanzees

Today they have no more drum, they beat their chests with their fists

'So Dyeu,' said the chief of the village,
'take my first daughter
as your first wife'

(2) Salopleu Village, Canton Blossse

a group (long
ago) of warriors
went to fight

on the way
met the *gboi*, bird
with all birds' feathers,
voice of all
things

gboi
on a high
branch sang

its voice was the drum's voice

bad luck,
warriors said
to hear a voice but
see nothing
better go home

another
returning from battle
said, 'we heard

a strange voice
afterward the enemy
fell at our feet'

go to the wood, find
the thing with that voice

gboi with its head
in a hollow tree (just
visible this time) sang

warriors
felled the tree, carved feet
into bark, stretched
antelope's skin
over the hole

beat the taut hide

Genie's Voice (speaking through a medium)

Zeunga, wood, Zeunga!

the wooden drum's voice
is stronger than the wood's
wait for me wait for me
I have an errand for you

—give an errand to water,
not stone!

the girl I'm in love with
that's what she's done

Beauty, my Beauty
have you seen another man?
don't give me those proverbs: explain!
the young bitch has stolen my money

—the antelope is too smart
for the trap
except when he doesn't see it!

how can I love that bitch
just for her beauty?
who'll take me to Mondeu village?
Zeunga, to that girl Zeunga's house?

lightskinned wife, wait
we'll go together
Zeunga, to Zeunga's house
don't tell a woman you love her
she'll take dirt in her hands and throw it at you
Zeunga, to Zeunga's house

don't tell a woman you love her
she'll take water in her mouth and spit it at you
look at these scars on my back
I got them fighting for the bitch!
fairskinned wife, Beauty, come
stand at my right side
come, kiss me, we'll go now
Zeunga, to Zeunga's house

who'll take me to Vazenaye's house in Gboli?
Zeunga, to Zeunga's house
who'll take me to my love's house near Daba?
Zeunga, to that girl Zeunga's house?
the police walk as far as Abidjan now!
I left my village, I came to the sea
then I took a leaf and threw it to the sea

those who watched told me
the sea threw it back again on the shore
look at these scars!
that's what the bitch did!
fairskinned wife, Beauty, when
will you cook attiké for me?
Zeunga, to Zeunga's house!
let no one steal Weu's dowry
while I'm gone!

wife gets angry when husband asks
where are you going?
where have you been?
old man, use *zya* to blacken your skin
old man, use *zya* to blacken your skin

Zeunga!

Hunting Songs

(1)

the antelope's corpse, my corpse
the antelope's corpse, my corpse
that animal I'm after (it's a
male) — he's
asleep, he's snoring
goo wan de goo wan de goo
there he is in the brush
snoring, snoring
hii dee
who can't come on the hunt?
tell me, "I can't come"
who will send word to Panther and Hyena
to kill that animal I'm after (it's
a male)

(2)

Seu, father of Non!
there's the catch! Lion!
Eagle!
It's Panther's big brother, Hyena,
who makes mouths water around here
gü yee
that animal (it's a
male) lying there
snoring

(3)

my animal's asleep—
he's lying there snoring
goo wan de goo
who can't come on the hunt?
tell me, "I can't come"
the animal's in the brush
snoring, he's snoring
come, son of Panther, come
old man of Droungouneu

Translation of Songs of the Trumpet Orchestra at Glangoule

(1)

the cricket's eyes
can't see
but the cricket
can

(2)

water won't
drown the young
of the sheat-fish

(3)

who makes
the guinea hen jump
by chasing her
out of her nest —
makes a mistake

(4)

go! daughter of Gowa!

(5)

he has crossed the river
the chieftain of Koula
has crossed the river

(6)

he's gone to sleep
that mask
has gone to sleep

(7)

set fire
to the mask —
your raffia skirt
will go up in flames

(8)

the fact
of calling Keti
the fact of
calling

From the Sacrifice Ceremony Accompanied by the Drum Orchestra

(the chieftain speaks to the drum to which sacrifice is being made)

here's
the chicken for you
I give you the chicken
to say
the new moon
is risen, to say
give us happiness
to say make us rich
children warriors wives of the village

zla be nu to those of Ké
to those of Zokomba
here's the chicken I say, here
is joy for the new moon

Drum

I give you the chicken
let us be called sons
of the drummer

here's
the chicken, here's
the white kola, the red

happiness!
for the new moon
you of Ké, send a message from us
to the people of Byé!

happiness!

may you catch
(*amina*)

the chicken in both hands
may all dangers
(*amina*)

avoid us
may there be
(*amina*)

new children and wives
may the coffee
(*amina*)

bear fruit
let others come
the way our children
came

the pregnant wives, the ones
not married

when I pour out the water
when you speak, Drum
in our village

(*amina amina*)
may all find happiness

when you speak
Drum we grow strong

Notes

Genie's Voice: Zeunga is the name of the second wife of the singer/medium. *Attiké* is a dish made of manioc leaves; *zya* is a medicine made of wood-coals and rubbed on the skin to keep a man's wife faithful.

Hunting Songs (2): Great hunters are frequently given the names of animals, as here.

From the Sacrifice Ceremony: Ké and Byé are those ancestors in the lands of the dead. *Amina* is "amen," borrowed from Islam.

The performance translated here was given in Mayan, June 16, 1972, in Ticul, Yucatan.

Alonzo Gonzales M6, performer
Allan Burns, translator

The Man Who Was Such a Hunter

Present day Mayan agriculturalists have not forgotten the art of hunting. Deer hunting is a nighttime activity, and therefore subject to experiences and dangers that are not accessible to people who know only the daylight world. The following narrative illustrates that point.

The narrative is translated to be read aloud. Following Tedlock's method, I have translated each pause of about half a second into a line change. Dots between lines represent pauses which are longer than a half second. Each dot represents an additional half second; thus four dots represent a pause of about two seconds, and so on. Items in small capitals to the right of the lines represent what is said by an audience member. Items in parentheses to the left of the lines represent voice quality for the particular line. Words in large capitals are spoken loudly; those in italics are spoken softly and in a low voice. Dashes within a word indicate that it is stretched out.

Well,

• •

it will be completed, there is a
person. Such a *great hunter*.

But such a great hunter.

• •

Every time he goes

to *hunt*

in the *jungle*,

the sun doesn't

go down without a deer.

Every day he goes; each day he has to hunt.

•

Well,

one of those

DAYS like that then,

•

he goes to a *road* like that.

Just as he's going,

•

he sees a LARGE DEER.

•

(*higher*) But it's a big thing!

• • • • •

He says,

(*quickly*) "I'll shoot this deer right away."

As the deer is standing there,

he

•

LOSES it there in the forest.

• •

Then the man, such a hunter, enters; he entered

to see WHERE

the deer passed, where it WENT

• •

Well, he *enters* the forest,
a little *dark trail*, like that.

He starts to go to find

where the deer went.

As he is SEARCHING, he SEARCHES; he goes walking where he ought
to find it, where the deer went.

•

There, at the edge of a

vi — llage,

(*higher*) a small town like that,

• • •

then he sees

• •

the deer fenced in a

corral. But SO — MANY deer, not just one,

SO — MANY deer, all of the kinds of deer are there.

However, it is wished, there they were!

• • •

Well he says, "GOD!" he says.

•

"Look *how many* deer there are over there!"

• • •

Well, as he is just going on like that,

he turns;

he goes on.

Then he GOES UP to the gate like that.

•

Then just stopped, he thinks.

●
He thinks with the deer in his sight like that.

●
An Important Person
just appears.

His *beard* is pure white;
his *hair*, white;
his beard, *white*.
A LARGE beard.

● ●
He says to him (*lower*) "Listen

●
little

●
yellow-foot,"
(*quietly*) he says to him,
"WHAT . . . have you come to do?"

●
(*higher*) "Me, father,
I'm just passing through for a little *hunting*."

● ●
(*quietly*) "Ahah.

● ● ● ● ●
The DEER

● ● ● ● ●
you were chasing before, the one you say you shot,
THERE IT IS, lying down.

● ● ● ● ● ● ●
(*quietly*) You did it, . . . my animals,

●
it's that you do evil to my animals.
Every . . . every time I look, I'VE LOST ONE.

● ●
You, by God, do evil to it — you KILL IT!

●
Well," he says like that,
"little yellow-foot,

● ● ●
here are the deer,

●

(quietly) my herd.

CHOOSE

•

which one looks good to you.

CHOOSE

the largest; shoot it!

• • •

Carry it!

•

But it will be finished like that,

(quietly) he explained like that. AHAH

•

(quietly) "O.K. then, father."

•

He shoots the deer.

He shoots it like that, he . . .

"Well, there it is —

but LEAVE!"

he says to him like that.

• • •

The man ties up the deer.

He enters into that CORRAL,

•

he LEAVES.

• •

(quietly) "Well," he says, "Christ!" he just says.

• • • •

(quietly, to himself) "Where will I find the trail?"

• • •

I'm lost here

in this forest.

Here's that village, but there isn't a village — I know that there isn't a village — but here's a village — could I go to the edge of the trail? I don't know . . .

• • •

(normal voice) I guess I'll go with the deer on my back.

•

I'll see where I end up. I'll find the trail where the road enters." AHAH

•

Well, he shoulders the deer, he begins to go.

• • •

Well, not VERY much farther, about . . .

not far from the road where

he came in,

about FORTY FEET from there
from the trail where he saw the village like that, AHAH

•
Well,

•
he began to go,

•
he began to go to his town
his town like that.

• •
Well,

•
he ends up, by God,

• •
there on the road, by God.

He

CUTS A MARK in a tree like that, AHAH
a MARK to show where he came out.

Where he can enter again where he came out — he marked it like that. AHAH

• •
Well, he went on.

• •
He came to his town.

• •
He said to his wife,

• • • • •
(higher) "Here's a deer;
I shot a deer."

(normal voice) "Christ! Look, by God, at the big thing you shot,

•
Mister!"

she said like that.

"I shot a large, large deer."

• • •
Well, he

• •
threw it down!

He said that she ought to prepare the
CONDIMENTS,
the FIRE-PIT ought to be dug out,
because the deer will soon be skinned.

•

Well, the **CONDIMENTS** were prepared like that, the **PIT WAS DUG**.
The **BEEK-WOOD** was found,

●
to make the fire-pit. AHAH
The **FIREWOOD**,

●
The **ROCKS**.

● ●
Then he began skinning the deer.

● ●
When he had skinned the deer like that,

● ● ●
well,
the **MEAT** was taken off.

●
After it was **A — LL** skinned, **A — LL** of the meat taken off like that,

●
then,
well,
the pit was **LIT**,
the pit was **LIT**.

● ● ● ● ●
He **LIT** the **PIT** like that.

Rocks were put over

the pit.

The rocks were piled up **OVER EACH OTHER**.

●
Then after
the pit was lit like that,
about,
about . . .

● ● ●
ONE HOUR after the pit had burned,
(*aside*) or less than one hour after the pit had burned like that,

●
after it had burned, **WATER WAS SPRINKLED**.

Water was sprinkled over it like that.

After sprinkling the water like that,

then the rocks were all spre — ad out even. AHAH

RED-HOT, ALL OF THEM.

About **TWENTY** were taken off, all of them **RED HOT**,

●

because this is when the venison is brought and SPREAD OVER the pit.

Then, when it was evenly spread over the pit,

it is all RED HOT like that. AHAH

Then rocks are placed over the deer . . . the deer meat, AHAH

so that it cooks FAST like that.

•

After it is SPREAD OUT like that then,

the

•

that beek-wood goes over it,

those beek-branches go over the meat. AHAH

It is all evenly spread out.

After it is all well SPREAD OUT like that,

REAL THICK like that,

the dirt has to go;

the dirt is spread over it.

After the dirt is SPREAD OVER IT like that,

then when the dirt is well SPREAD,

no place is seen where air can enter — if the air enters like that

well, a little more dirt is just put on.

Because where air enters like that, smoke comes out. AHAH

Well, dirt is put on it then,

over where air enters like that so that it is covered up where AIR CAN ENTER like that;

the heat doesn't escape. AHAH

The deer COOKS well.

•

Then, after it is buried like that, it stays,

•

say . . .

TWO HOURS, I guess.

•

It is just

• •

thought like that. AHAH

Then the meat is pulled out like that. AHAH

When the meat is pulled out, even the AROMA — when it is pulled out, even the AROMA OF THE

VENISON IS COOKED. AHAH

COOKED, WELL COOKED. AHAH

Then it is carried to the house like that.

Then it is divided.

The meat is CARRIED to town

• • •

(quietly) to be sold. AHAH

• •

Well,
after all of this like that,
then he says to
a friend,

• •

(higher) "I have to go back there;
I saw a corral there — so many deer were there.
I have to go and see WHE — RE it is,
how it is there, at the edge of the road.
I have to go and see,
I have to get another *deer*." AHAH

•

(normal voice, but concerned) "But man, where are you going?
You tell me that there is a corral of deer that you saw . . .
WATCH OUT that evil doesn't happen to you! AHAH
The one you say you saw was a *master of the deer, an Important Person,*" he answered like
that. HMM

•

"I have to go and see." AHAH
Then the man went to see.

• •

He CAME to where the tree was slashed, AHAH
he TURNS;
when he TURNS, he ends up who knows
HOW FAR AWAY.
He looks through the forest for a block square — NO WHERE, NO WHERE is the cow . . .

DEER

(laughing) the DEER CORRAL found. AHAH
HE NEVER FINDS THE DEER CORRAL.

•

"Well," he says, "Well,

•

well, I guess I've LOST SIGHT OF IT;
but I can't have lost sight of it. AHAH
Here I can see for forty yards along the side of the road;
there WAS a corral,
there WAS a village,
I'll find it."
He goes in,
he returns to his town.
The man returned.

Within TWO — DA — YS after he came back to his house,
there

•

there

came a FEVER for him.

But a FEVER was given to him; LIKE THAT

•

a FEVER was given *to the man*.

(*higher*) But a real fever.

•

•

Well,

•

•

•

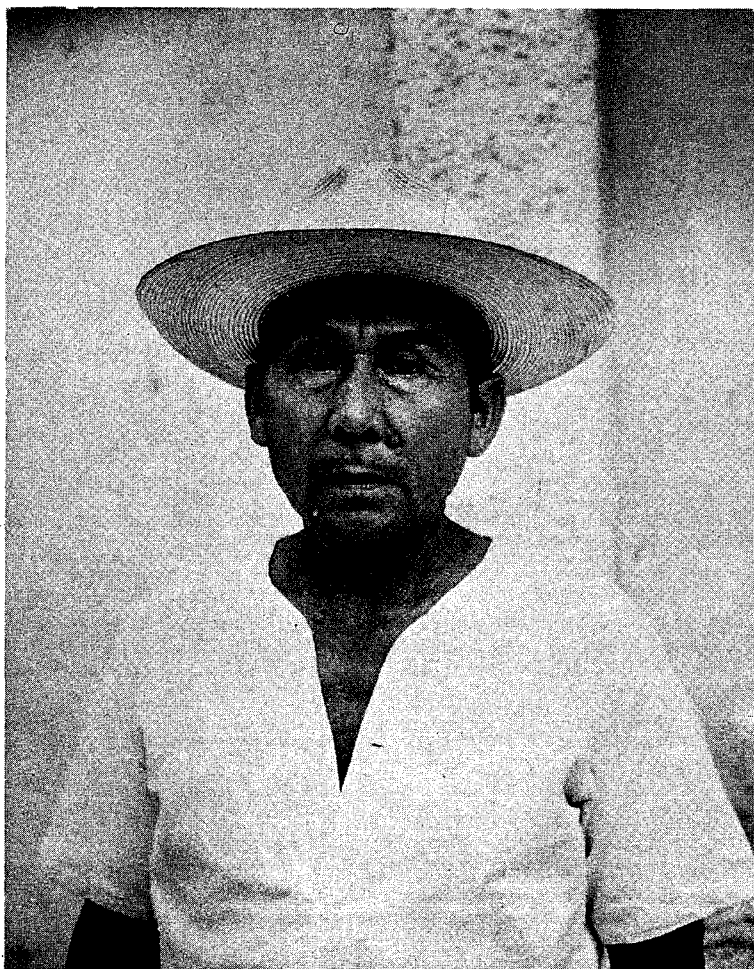
it KILLED THE MAN,

it KILLED HIM.

AHAH

WHEN I PASSED BY, HIS FUNERAL WAS GOING ON.

LIKE THAT



Alonzo Gonzales M6

A Note on the Drum Language of the Tobriand Islands

In Africa we have "talking drums," which are capable of imitating speech tones and rhythms. In the Tobriand Islands we find the opposite phenomenon: a language specially designed to imitate drum rhythms. The language is used both to identify and to teach drum rhythms, and it is possible to "speak" a whole drum sequence, just as the Yoruba people in Nigeria can drum a whole recitation of poetry.

The most important dance form on Kiriwina, the major island of the Tobriands group is the *keṣawaga*. *Keṣawaga* is a mime dance. Each dance has as its theme an animal: the wallaby, the crocodile, the dugon, the white heron, the lizard and so on. Each village tends to have its own special *keṣawaga* dance, built around its chosen animal.

The dances have to be carried out with minute precision, so much so that the performers receive magical preparation to assist them in achieving the required standard. The *kaigweḷa* are incisions made on the body, which are then rubbed with certain herbs to give the dancer coordination. *Kaigabu* are fumes from magic herbs the dancer has to inhale: these are to give lightness to his body.

Thus lightness and coordination are the main qualities thought for in a dancer.

A dance must also have *migila*, that is expression. But it is not so much the individual dancer, as the whole dance that is said to have *migila*.

The *keṣawaga* dance has a limited vocabulary of short, precise movements. Each movement and gesture corresponds to a drum rhythm.

The vocabulary of movements, rhythms and gestures is the same for all the dances. The same elements that are found in the wallaby dance recur in the dugon dance or the lizard dance. The different significance is given to each dance by the arrangement of different sequences of rhythms, movements and gestures.

To build up lengthy sequences from such minute elements requires a considerable memory and it is possible that the drum language was invented as a memory aid.

Though created as a memory aid or teaching aid, the drum language has its own compelling beauty, like poetry in some archaic language.

Here are three short examples of the drum language, which demonstrate how the same basic elements are used to build up completely different rhythm sequences:

Labutu

(This is the drum introduction to all *kęsawagas*)

sezętu

sezętutu

sezęzagarasęku selütutu

sagàra sagàra sagàra sagàra sagàra zęku

Dugon

sezezelùtu

sezętutu selętutu

sagarazętutu

sagarazętutu

zęku zęku zęis selùtu

zęku sagarazęis zezezelùtu

Wallaby

sęzęzęzęsagarazęlu

sezezelùtu

seizełùtu sagarazętu

seizełùtu sagarazętu

The *kęsawaga* dance is performed by four drums, but it is the smallest of these, the *katunęniye* drum that plays the complex rhythms that serve as instructions to the dancers and that can be identified and repeated in speech patterns.

The Girl and the Protector: A Zuni Story

Walter Sanchez, performer
Dennis Tedlock, translator

Translator's Introduction

Walter Sanchez performed this story on the evening of January 22, 1965, with Andrew Peynetsa and myself present. It runs an hour and five minutes, which makes it longer than any of the stories in *Finding the Center* (New York: Dial, 1972); in fact, it is one of the longest stories in my entire collection. This was the first time Walter had told this particular story, having learned it only two days before: quite a comment on what it means to be the master of a storytelling tradition! He learned it from an old man who has a large cornfield near Yellow House, where the people in the story live.

The story is told in a style that is popular with hearthside audiences at Zuni: Walter runs to novelistic length in his detailed descriptions of the making of snow boots and the hunting of rabbits. Joseph Peynetsa, in the course of helping with the first stage of the translation, commented, "He's telling it as if he were actually there," which is the highest compliment one can pay a Zuni narrator. Andrew Peynetsa, on the other hand, prefers complexity or novelty of plot to Walter's elaborate scene-painting, and when he told his own version of the present story he devoted only twenty minutes to it.

The most unusual event in the present performance comes when the heroine's grandfather is about to teach her a prayer. Walter turns to Andrew at this point, thinking Andrew might provide an appropriate prayer and thus temporarily take over the role of the grandfather. Andrew shakes his head briefly in refusal and Walter, before continuing with the story, replies by saying, "Your word is short." Ordinarily a narrator would make no such request as Walter's, but Walter knew Andrew to be a master orator.

The translation goes beyond my work in *Finding the Center* in a number of ways. The opening formula *son'ahchi*, which always marks stories of this genre but appears nowhere else in Zuni speech, remains as impervious as ever to direct translation. It has no denotative meaning, and even its etymology is a mystery.

On the grounds that it strikes the Zuni hearer as being simultaneously an exclamation, an archaism, and a prelude to the description of past events, I have rendered it as "Ah! 'twas then." One might call this a translation of the "sense," as opposed to a translation of the "meaning."

The audience response to narrations of the present genre is *eeso*; it appears here at the only place in the story where it is obligatory, just after the performer gives the opening formula. Like the opening, it is heard only when a story is told. Again I have chosen a "sense" translation: "So it was." For the closing formula, on the other hand, a translation of "meaning" becomes possible by way of etymology: *lee* ——— *semkonikyá* has no accepted denotation in modern Zuni, but there is evidence that *se-* is an archaic stem meaning "word" (singular *semme*, here contracted to *sem-*). With this hint, it is possible to read the formula as follows: *lee* ———, "this (the preceding)," with the vowel lengthening indicating the length of the event referred to; *sem-*, "word"; *koni-*, "to be short"; *kya*, "by means of which." Literally, then, we have "This long word [is] hereby short," which has a paradoxical twist. Wishing to keep the twist but at the same time retain the long vowel rather than use the word "long," I have rendered the line as, "The word is just so ——— short."

I have also used the routes of "sense" and of etymology to unlock otherwise untranslatable proper names. The ogress in the story is part of a husband-and-wife team called *aatoshle aachi*, "the two *aatoshle*." Although *aatoshle* is at present taken to be their name rather than a descriptive term, it appears to be the plural of *toshle*, which is an archaic kinship term probably meaning "maternal grandmother's brother." Thus the term for the ogre and ogress together could be translated "The Two Granduncles." Only the ogress is mentioned in the story, where the name *aatoshle* (still in the plural) is modified by *okyattsik'i*, "old lady," to distinguish her from her

husband, after whom she seems to have been named. Dropping the plural, I have here called her "Old Lady Granduncle," which, I think, is appropriately chilling in its effect.

In translating *ahaywuta*, the name of the hero and his brother and grandmother, I have resorted to "sense" rather than etymology. In the anthropological literature the two brothers (and their cognates in other traditions) are usually called "the twin war gods," but this places undue emphasis on one aspect of their character. In addition to being warriors, they are, at other times, hunters, athletes, and gamblers; above all, they are the guardians of the Zuni people, constantly on the lookout for enemies of all kinds, human or otherwise. I have therefore called them "The Protectors."

Zuni exclamations are difficult to translate into English because none of them are obscene or blasphemous or in any other way make use of words which normally belong elsewhere. I have restricted myself to the limited supply of innocent English exclamations, even though "Oh no!" does not have the elaborateness or gravity of the Zuni *tisshomahhá*. Zuni onomatopoeia, on the other hand, is easy to translate, since English is as rich in this quality as any other language. In *Finding the Center* I left Zuni onomatopoeia untranslated wherever I preferred its sound to that of the English alternative, but I have since come to the view that an onomatopoeic word helps give a story immediacy, an immediacy that would be lessened by the sudden intrusion of a foreign word in the translation. Therefore *hasshán*, the sound a person makes when swallowing a huge mouthful at one gulp, here becomes "glom," and *ch'ilhi*, the sound of shells being shaken together, becomes "chinking," to give but two examples.

The Zuni use of kin terms is sometimes troublesome for the English-speaking audience, but this is one area in which I refuse to come to the rescue by reducing the world of kinship to the narrow scope we now give it in English. The girl in the story lives alone with a very old man; whether she is an orphan who was adopted by him or he is her blood kin, he is her grandfather in his actions and she calls him grandfather. At the same time he is the only elder male she can depend on, and it is quite natural that she should also call him father. For his part, he calls her both granddaughter and daughter, sometimes in the same sentence. When the little Protector enters the scene, he respectfully calls the old man by the same terms the girl uses. When the girl enters the household of a

priest, she greets everyone present by respectfully calling them fathers and mothers. Zunis use kin terms to describe the whole world of interpersonal relationships, and they always let the actual quality of a relationship take precedence over the genealogical facts.

The Zuni narrator sometimes changes from the past to the present tense where an English-speaker might use the imperfect; previously I rendered such passages in the imperfect on the grounds that the present would be too obtrusive in English narrative. That may be so on the page, but I now realize that it is not so in speaking aloud. In English we know the present-tense narrative best from play-by-play sports-casts and the like. The Zuni narrator uses the present in his own striving after immediacy: he is, as it were, giving an eyewitness account of the events which he sees before his eyes. There are two such passages here, and I have kept them in the present tense.

In most other respects the presentation of "The Girl and the Protector" follows the forms of *Finding the Center*, with minor variations. Short pauses (from half a second to a full second in length) are indicated by a simple change of line, and longer pauses (two seconds or more) by a double space marked at the left margin with a dot; there are no other pauses, even where there is punctuation within a line. Louder words or passages are indicated by **boldface**. A long dash or repeated vowels indicate a sustained sound on a stable pitch, and if the vowels fall downward so does the voice. Lines set on two different levels are chant-like, with two different pitch levels (something like the calling of a newspaper vendor).

A number of people have told me of their difficulty in deciding just what these stories should finally sound like, a problem which the further elaboration of specific instructions seems unlikely to remedy. Let me put it this way: the reader should not sound like someone making a speech (unless a character in the story is making a speech), but like someone telling a story at the hearthside.

And now a word of warning. The written medium gives us unlimited access to words that are really appropriate or effective only for certain times of the day or year. A Zuni story like this one should be told late at night; if you tell it during the day you will hasten the coming of the darkness. If you tell it after the snakes have come out in the spring and before they go underground in the fall, take care to omit the first and last lines and to hold a flower in one hand while you speak. Otherwise the story may attract the attention of the snakes.

The Girl and the Protector

Ah! 'twas then.

(*audience*) So ——— it was.

●

There were villagers at Yellow House.

There were villagers at Yellow House
and in a hollow at the foot of the hills
around there

a girl and

her grandfather were living together
at about this time of the **winter**.

At this time of winter
there was a lot of snow.

There at Yellow House, every day, the young men
went out during the day

to pull the rabbits out, they went out, went out hunting and in the evening
they always brought back long strings of rabbits.

They brought them back, but that girl
lived with her grandfather and her grandfather was very old.

Because of this
he couldn't go out to kill rabbits.

This girl

this girl was very hungry for rabbit meat.

She thought of going hunting herself
and she asked her grandfather about it
one night

she said, "Grandfather

tomorrow

I would like to go out hunting rabbits.

Every day at dusk

the people who live up there
bring home strings of rabbits.

I've been thinking about going hunting tomorrow.

I like the taste of rabbit so much
so I've been thinking about it," she told her grandfather.

It was because her grandfather was so old.
“Oh, no! daughter
this can’t be, you’re a girl.
The cold is dangerous
the snow is deep
and you shouldn’t go out at a time like this.

•

It isn’t your place,” so he told his
daughter, his granddaughter.
“Even so, I want to go.
I, tomorrow, that day
I will go out hunting rabbits.”
That’s what she told her grandfather.
“Oh, no! daughter
what about the things you’d need to wear in the cold?
We don’t
have them.

•

Well, my daughter, you must think whether
there’s anything warm to wear in this cold weather.
How will we get it?” he said to his daughter. “But wait, I’m
going in the next room,” then she went in the next room and
got a pelt there
and brought it out. When she brought it out:
“You’ll have to make snow boots for me with this,” so she said. Her poor grandfather was very old.
She handed it to her grandfather and he was feeling it.
“Well then
tonight, I’ll
make you
good snow boots, they’ll be warm.”
That’s what her grandfather told her. When her grandfather had told her: “Now then
you must spray this and then wait

•

until the water soaks in
then come here

in front of me and put out your foot, because
I have no sight, and if I didn't know what your foot was like
they wouldn't turn out right, I need your foot size to make your snow boots," so he told his daughter.
She quickly went where the water was kept, took some in her mouth, and sprayed the pelt.
When she'd sprayed it all over, she folded it up.
She folded it up, and when the water had soaked in, a little later
she told her grandfather, "Well, I've
done what you told me, I've already done it.
I think it's all damp now," she said. "Well then, bring it right here."
She brought the pelt to her grandfather
and handed it to him.
Feeling the pelt, he said, "Perhaps this will do," and he kept the pelt.
Her grandfather pulled out a short stool and spoke to her:
"Now, daughter, come over
and place your foot here
so we can mark the pelt around it, measure your foot, and this very night
they'll be finished," so he told his
daughter.

●
She pulled out a stool for her grandfather and her
grandfather sat down on the stool. He sat there and his
granddaughter stood before him and
put her right foot out
on the other stool
and her grandfather asked her, "Which one
am I measuring first?"
"This is my
right foot you're about to measure," and when he'd measured two finger widths away from her foot
enough of the big pelt was left over.
"This sole
is good enough
now let's try the other one," he told his daughter. She set out her other foot for him.
"Is this the left one?" he said. "Yes, this is the left one."
She set out her left foot and he marked the
pelt all around it. When it was marked: "Well then
do we have any cordage?"

I need that to sew them up," so he told his granddaughter.
"What kind?" "Well, the narrow yucca blades
and they should be about this long (*indicates about two feet*).
Give me that kind, I'll
use them because they're rough and strong.
I'll use them to sew for you," so he told her. "Well, there are some of those around
there were some left over
when I last made tamales." "Well then, get them."
So she went in the other room
and a moment later she brought them out and showed them to him, and
her grandfather was **very old**
so he felt them. They were long.
"Well **this**, this is the kind I was telling you about," and then
he took one out of the bundle and stripped it until he had only the center fiber.
It was a long one.
"Well, I'll use this for sewing," so he told his
daughter.
He sewed on until, when he was almost finished, his
cord ran out. When it ran out:
"How much more do you need? Did it run out?" "All I need is an arm's length to finish it."
She got more yucca. "Well, it'll probably take one more fiber to finish it.
Why don't you strip it for me the way I did the other one, so I can finish?
About this long (*indicates about eighteen inches*)," so her grandfather told her, and his
granddaughter started to
strip it.
She finished. When she had finished
he started up again where he'd left off.
He finished it. When he'd finished: "Now then
try it on, perhaps it'll be all right," he said.
His
daughter tried on the snow boot.
(*tight*) "Well
well, it's a little too large," she told him.
"It's fine for it to be a little too large
because you'll have to use strips of fur

to wrap your feet in before you put it on.
You have to put them on tight," so he told her.
That's what he told his granddaughter.
"There's some cord left over, well
it can be used too.
If you stripped about three more of these
then I could use them
to finish the other boot.
I could finish it this very night," so he told his
granddaughter.
She took them
and stripped the edges of the blades until the center fiber was left.
"What did you do next, grandfather?" she said.
"Give it to me, I'll have to do that part myself."
So she gave one to her grandfather
and when he twisted the fiber of the narrow yucca
it was almost like a ligament, a deer's ligament.
It came out long.
Her grandfather pulled it tight, then he said, "Well, it's quite long.
But we'll need another one," he said, and his
granddaughter got to work again and she
started to strip it
the yucca
and she gave it to her
father.
When this was done: "Maybe this will do for finishing the other one.
You'll have to put the first one on so it won't get hard," so he told his
daughter. "Very well then."
And she put on the one that was already finished.
"And when you
dress yourself tomorrow, you must make your clothes snug.
Because there's a lot of snow, not just a little," so he told his
daughter. Then
he started on the other one and kept on, kept on sewing
and when he was almost finished
his yucca cord ran out. "Well, my

sewing cord is gone.

Another like the last one I made should finish it, about an arm's length.

Now then, look outside and see how far in the night it is."

That's what he told his granddaughter, then his granddaughter looked outside. "Well now Stars-in-a-Row

has almost gone down." "Ah, then

I'll be able to finish this."

That's what he told his daughter. (*excited*) The girl came back inside and she was **all excited**

because she never got to eat rabbit, and the young men came back every evening with them, long strings of them.

That's why she'd made up her mind to go hunt rabbits.

That's why

snow boots were being made for her.

"There's only a short way to go, so

I'll be able to finish before Stars-in-a-Row goes down, I should be able to finish."

"Well, here it is," and she gave

the stripped yucca to her grandfather so he could twist it.

He felt it and said, "This should finish it."

He felt for the place where he'd left off and started up again until he was done.

He had some cord left over when he finished.

Then he

tied it off and he was finished.

The boots were finished.

"So

daughter, they're finished.

Now then, try this one on, because

you must think about keeping warm, these will be warm and your feet won't get cold."

That's what he told her, then his

daughter, the girl, granddaughter, went in the other room again and she found some rabbit skins

old ones

that he had there

and she took them out and sprayed them, then

she wrapped her feet with them, one side then the other side.

She tried the snow boots on again
and they just fit her.

“So
they fit you well
but you’d better spray them and fold them up
and put them away.

Well, we should go to bed
but first you need to make yourself some provisions for tomorrow
you need to make lots of
provisions, and
I’ll be waiting for you here
so you must think about me, you
must think,” so he told his granddaughter.
“Very well, I’ll go do that, there’s still time.”

She went in the other room and got out
a small dish
of corn flour

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then she made some tortillas, and
she kept on making them till she had a tall stack, then her dough was gone.
“Well, perhaps this will do.”
That’s what she told her grandfather. “Well, it’ll do, since I’m
never very hungry
so
if I can’t eat
I’ll wait for you, and if you’re lucky enough
to make a kill and get back in time, then we
can eat together, for when you eat by yourself the food doesn’t taste good,” her grandfather told her.
“Yes, that’s the way it is.” “Now you can make
your preparations
get everything ready.
Back there where
my
cornmeal pouch is, inside it you’ll find
a fire drill.

That's something
we'll have to get ready tonight," so he told his daughter.
"Where is it?" she said. "It's right **there**
just as you go in, my
cornmeal pouch, the things inside.
It's the fire drill, get that thing I use to start a fire, get that.
So then tomorrow, if you
don't get back by evening
you can start a fire, I'll show you how," so he told his daughter.
So she went in and there
by the antlers was his cornmeal pouch
hanging there.
(*softly*) "Perhaps this is it," she said.
She took it down
and brought it to him. "Is this it?"
"Yes, **this** is it, this is my
cornmeal pouch. Now look inside that small pocket and see if all
my fire-making things
are there. Perhaps they're still there, well then hand them to me."
So his poor daughter

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opened it
and took out
the fire drill and the platform the sparks fall from.
She took them out
then: "Is **everything there?**"
her grandfather said, his sight wasn't good, he was so old.
When he'd taken them: "**These** are the ones.
When evening comes
when the sun is going down, think of your home
and if it's too far away you must think about the cold
and if you can't make it back
you must think of shelter for the night, even before
sunset you must think about this. First, you
have to find a sheltered place and you

make a clearing there.

If you don't want to carry this pouch
you can leave it there.

Get some bark

find some mountain mahogany and
peel the bark and have it ready.

Before the sun goes down

you'll gather some wood and have it ready.

Before the sun goes down, even if it's about to set
you must turn this fire drill toward the sun
so it will blossom.

Then you'll pass a good night," so he told his
granddaughter. "Yes, may it be so."

That's what she said. Then her grandfather instructed her:

"There is the **fast kind**:

their tracks will not be numerous, well, their
tracks will be far apart, but the other kind, the cottontail rabbits
will make tracks closer, closer together.

Where the surface of the snow is clear
the tracks of the fast kind will be farther apart.

Their tracks won't show whether
they've gone into a hole.

But the kind you're going after tomorrow is the cottontail.

When you find his tracks in clear snow
they're the tracks that are closer together.

Those are the tracks you must follow, and if you're lucky
the tracks will lead into a hollow in a tree
or a crevice in the rocks.

If they go inside —
well that's what I'll
prepare you for."

So he had a **stick**, it was
the length of both arms. He asked her to get it.

"You put this in the hole, and if he's **too far in**
you won't be able to touch him with it, but
if you're **lucky** he'll only be a **short way inside**

and you'll put your arm in. This is the way
rabbits are hunted in winter," so he told his daughter.

●
"Very well, I'll
keep all this in mind as I go around."
That's what she told him.

"But it is not
by strength alone
that you can go against these Raw People
so I will give you
the cornmeal pouch."

●
That's what her grandfather told her, he spoke
to his daughter: "**Tomorrow**
when you leave your home here
you'll go along, and as you go you
must watch for your Sun Father.

When he is up this far (*thrusts out an arm a little above the horizontal*), then, beside a tree or a bush

●
you
must ask for Daylight.
Well, it doesn't matter how far he has gone, how far the Sun has gone
it could even be just as he reaches the place where he goes in.

But when you **enter** upon the **Roads** of the **Raw People**
then, with these words, you
will offer them prayer-meal," so he told his daughter.

That's what he told her, he spoke it, spoke it (*turning to a man in the audience as if expecting him to speak*)
(*the man shakes his head, refusing to take the part of the girl's grandfather*)

(*to the man*) Your word is short.

When he had finished: "You must give thanks in this way
my daughter, you must do this.

Now let's go to bed."

(*softly*) They
went to sleep, they slept o ——— n until the next morning.
The next day, early in the morning, they got up and his

daughter
got herself ready
for she was very anxious.
When she'd built up the fire
she went in the next room
and there

•
she got a little bowl
of water
and she
(*softly*) put it by the fire
and made some meal cakes.
When they'd eaten well:
"Daughter, you must be sure
to remember
that the cold is dangerous, and if you can't get home
by tonight
then, while our Sun Father is still up
you must think, as you go along, about where you will shelter for the night.
Over there

•
in the village there are young men, and these young men, around sunset
that's when
they bring back their strings
of rabbits
and for this reason
you have decided to do the same. I won't say no to you, for you are at the beginning of your life.
If you have to stay overnight
you must think of your happy return.
But now you must go fix all your provisions
you must get ready:
if you're going to spend the night
you
must think of making yourself ready," so he told his
granddaughter. "You told me that last night.
Well, I think probably I

have all I need to last me, I'm ready," she said, and
she'd made tortillas
and these
(*softly*) were in a tall stack.
She wrapped some up.
When she'd wrapped them:
"My grandfather, my father, I'm going now, may you
have a happy day."
That's what she told her father. "My daughter, may it be the same with you
may you be happy," so he told his daughter.
She went out. When she went out she stood on the roof, and over there (*points north*)
was Yellow House, where the young men lived, and
it was to the south of Yellow House
in a hollow below there
that the girl lived with her very old grandfather.
Every evening those young men
brought in strings
of rabbits
and for this reason the girl
had made up her mind
and so her snow boots had been made, and now, the next day
she got herself ready and went out.
She went
southward
she went on, she went on until
(*softly*) she found a cottontail's tracks, and when she found the cottontail's tracks
they went on and on until they entered a yucca thicket.
When she came to the yucca thicket: "Oh yes, my father, this is what you told me about."
And then
it seems
she put her hand inside her dress
she
took out her cornmeal
and
spoke the way her grandfather father had told her:

she asked that this would bring her Daylight
 that the day would not be wasted, that she
 would enter upon the Roads of the Raw People, that they would enter her house
 holding their Waters, forever bringing in their Roads as they lived.

And when the poor girl had said **this**
 she sprinkled the cornmeal. Having sprinkled the cornmeal she went on her way.

When she found some more tracks
 a jackrabbit ran out, **stopped** for an instant, and then made a long jump.
(softly) "This is the fast kind you told me about.

Then it's just as well that you be on your way."

And she went on a short distance until
 she came to a thicket, and there
 she saw the tracks of a cottontail:
 his marks were going along there.

"This must be the one."

Then the girl **followed** him, **followed** him until she came to some ledges.

When she found where he'd gone inside, she looked all around
 and there weren't any tracks
 there weren't any tracks coming back out.

"Well, this is what you told me about."

She took her stick and
 stuck it in. When it was in: "You must be just a short way in." There was rustling.

(softly) "Well, this must be what you meant," she said
 and the girl put her hand in. She put her hand in —
 she almost had him, but he huddled himself together.

And again she lay down, and she stretched her arm until she caught his feet.
 She pulled him out, but she didn't know how to kill a cottontail, this was something her
 grandfather hadn't explained. She pinched the cottontail's nose until
 finally she managed to **kill** him.

•

When she'd killed him she laid him on the ground.

She put her stick back in
 and there was another one
 and she worked the stick.

"This is what you told me to do."

●
She lay down on her side
put her hand in
until her hand stopped
and again she pulled one out.
When she'd pulled out this one, she had two cottontails.

"Well
at least I've killed two.
I didn't think I could do it
in such a short time." The girl
was **so happy**, she kept thinking she might see more of them, this was her thinking.
Carrying the two, she went
eastward.

She went down until she saw more tracks going along
and these tracks
were distinct in the clean snow.
They went northward to where
he had jumped
and when she got there the jump was too long.

"Well
this isn't the right kind, this is the fast kind you told me about."
Well then the girl went back to where she'd first seen these tracks.
When the girl got there, some new tracks went on and on this way (*points south*)
the tracks headed this way, southward, they
were headed this way.
"This is what you told me about."

●
Well she
went on and on until she came to some ledges, and there
(*softly*) his tracks went inside, they went inside.
They went in underneath.
"Well, maybe you're inside."

And
then just as her
father had told her to do
she **put her stick in** and there was rustling.

The girl then
put her hand in
and again she **took one out**, and again, just as she had done it the first time
she pinched his nose and **buried him**
in the snow
and when she'd finally managed to kill him she put him down. There were now
three cottontails.

When there were three cottontails
she **put her stick in again, and again** there was rustling.
And then she
broke away some dirt from the edge of the hole and put her hand in
and now he was not far in
and again she pulled one out.

This was now her fourth cottontail
this was the count.

When this was the count it was dusk. "Well
this is what you told me to do."

And she started across there
and came to Line of Pines
and on to Cliff House, the girl crossed a ravine.

Having crossed she came
to the rocks, to a small cave there.

When she entered it there was a small dry clearing.

(softly) "I think this is a good place.

This is what you told me about."

And then

she gathered wood. Having gathered wood
the girl brought it inside.

The bark of the mountain mahogany was very loose.

She peeled some off and
brought it inside.

She put that on the ground.

Oh, her grandfather had told her this:

"Before you start a fire
you must present the fire drill to the sun so

you'll have a better chance of getting it lit," so her grandfather told her. "Oh yes that's what you told me."

When she remembered this
the sun was still up (*points west, a little above the horizon*).

Having done it
she took her fire drill back inside
and was trying to get a piece of bark started.
For the third time she tried, and about the fourth time she had the edge of it glowing.
She took it outside
instead of blowing on it, since
there was a light breeze, and sssssso came the flame.
She went back inside
and soon the fire was going, the fire was really going.

●
Now she took off her snow boots and laid them aside
then she
opened up her provisions.
(*softly*) It was very dark by the time she started eating, she ate until she had enough.
"Well

(*almost yawning*) I'm sleepy, I'll lie down," that's what
she's thinking.

Now she warms herself, and she takes some of the wood she gathered and puts it on the fire
the fire blazes up.

(*softly*) Now
there's a voice.
Now there's a voice
and she hears it.

"Perhaps
you are
someone from the village who's lost the way
and you're calling out.
Well, I'll answer you, and
perhaps I could depend on you for the night."
That's how the poor girl felt.
She quickly put on her snow boots, then

her four rabbits there on the ground.

•

She could hear her coming now: it was the Old Lady Granduncle.

She had a crook

and the little shells tied to it were chinking as she came.

•

After a time she came to the edge of the light.

She had bulging eyes and was carrying a basket.

(softly) She was speaking in a strong voice as she came.

•

Then she came up

to the fire.

•

“Why is it

that a girl like you spends the night away like this?

Tonight

I shall have

meat.

I shall eat salt.”

That’s what

the Old Lady Granduncle said, speaking in a strong voice.

The poor girl was frightened and didn’t say a thing.

Then

she got back in where she’d been before, and

there was just enough room for the girl to get in

•

and when she got in as far as she could

the fire was going out, *(softly)* the light was dim.

The Old Lady Granduncle

could see her rabbits now.

“**What** are those tasty **tidbits** there?” “Well my **rabbits.**”

“**Come on, throw one out to me,**” she told her.

“I had a hard time killing them

•

so why should I
throw one out to you?"

"If you don't throw one out to me right now
then I'm going to eat you," she told her.

The poor girl now
got so frightened
that she threw the smallest rabbit out to her.

Holding it like this (*dangles an imaginary rabbit above the mouth*), **glom!**
she swallowed it.

She looked in again:

"What tasty tidbits are those?" "Well my rabbits again."

Poor thing, she had only four rabbits to give her.

•

Now, here she was giving her the **third one**
and over there at **Corn Mountain**
the Twin Protectors lived with their grandmother.

This **grandmother** of theirs was about to go to bed, and then
she stepped outside, and far away, near
Cliff House, all this was going on, and the girl was in a cave.

Now

she was going outside to pee when she heard the girl crying
and the chinking sound there, the strong voice there.

•

The Grandmother Protector got excited and **bam!** she went inside.

"Grandsons

someone is crying somewhere.

And there's a chinking sound, and somebody's speaking in a strong voice.

"Tonight

I shall

eat you.'

That's the way somebody's talking," she said. "Aha!

at Yellow House village

just below there to the south

is a girl

who lives with her grandfather, and this

grandfather

is very

weak, very old.

The young men bring in rabbits every evening, and so she decided to do the same.

She went out hunting.

It must be **her**."

That's what the little Protector said, and he got himself ready, he put it on, put on his quiver.

His elder brother said, "Well now, go ahead by yourself, younger brother.

With luck you can take care of it before the night is over.

But you'll have to **hurry**," he told his younger brother.

"Well then, that's the way it will be."

And

as soon as he got outside he started to run.

•

He runs along below Blackweed Row, and then as he runs along, the girl cries out again:

"Grandfather

come

come help me

I'm about to die.

She says she'll eat me.

Grandfather come help me." (*rasping*) The Old Lady answers in a strong voice:

(*sharply*) "How could your grandfather come, your grandfather is old and he can't see.

How

could he come and help you?"

So says the Old Lady.

The poor girl is crying.

•

The little Protector runs, and he circles around to the south of them going along until he sees them there and then

he sits down on top of a cliff.
 As he sits down, the poor girl speaks
 again: "Grandfather
 come and help me.
 For some reason she wants to eat me."
 That's what she keeps saying, and the Old Lady gets mad again:
(sharply) "You've got an old grandfather who can't see.
 How could anybody
 help you?"
 So says the Old Lady Granduncle.
 "Then I will help you," the little Protector says now.
 He's sitting on top of a cliff and the Old Lady glances around.

•
And now, now she runs against the cave entrance and hits it, a rock gives way
 she's about to get inside.
 She chips the rocks away, and again the girl
 speaks:
(weakly) "Grandfather
 come and help me.
 For some reason I'm going to die tonight.
 Come on now, grandfather, help me," she said.
 Again the little Protector spoke:
 "I'll help you
 I've come to help you," he told her.
 The Old Lady stopped and looked up, she looked up.

•
 When she looked up she said:
 "Well then, **tonight**
 you've come to help her.
 Well then, tonight
 if you are going to help her
 then we shall have a **contest** tonight," she said.
(modestly) "Well, go ahead and test me, if
 you are strong
 then go ahead and hook me and pull me down
 then perhaps you

can eat both of us, tonight you might eat.”

That’s what

the little Protector told the Old Lady Granduncle.

He was up there on a narrow ledge

sitting up there, the little Protector was sitting there.

Then she hooked him with her crook

she pulled down on it

she pulled, but because he was a being of the Raw kind

he was stuck on tight.

(with strain) She **pulled** and she pulled, and she failed.

“Oh! I’m tired,” she said.

•

“If you’re really going to eat us, come on, **come on and try the other arm.**

Perhaps you can pull me down by the other arm,” so

he told her, the Protector told the Old Lady.

He stretched out his arm. When he stretched out his arm

she hooked him by the right hand.

The Old Lady Granduncle *(with strain)* pulled

she pulled

and she failed.

“Aha —

•

well now, it must be that this girl is the lucky one tonight, now that I have entered upon
entered upon your Roads.

(sharply) I had thought that

you would know everything,” he told her, “but no.

I’m not holding on very tight here, but you couldn’t pull me down.”

•

Then the Old Lady Granduncle told the little Protector: “**Yes, in truth**

you must be stronger than I

for I

couldn’t pull you down, I failed”

she said.

“You **failed**

and tonight
 I shall
 kill you.
 You made
 threats against me.

Tonight
 I shall certainly
 kill you."

That's what he said, then the little Protector slid down.

He slid down and stepped forward
(softly) while the Old Lady Granduncle stood at the edge of the light.
 He placed an arrow and shot her. When he placed an arrow and shot her
 she fell down.

When she'd fallen he went to the girl.

(kindly) "Alas! my child
 my mother
 all this
 cold is very dangerous

•

but I have entered upon your Road.
 Well, tonight
 you were lucky that I entered upon your Road.
 You have nothing to fear now:
 you can go back inside again
 for the night.
 I'll keep watch over you."

That's what the little Protector told the girl
 he told her.

The girl's
 rabbits had been eaten.

•

"What is it
 that she took from you to eat?" he said. "Well, I had four rabbits:
 she ate them," she told him.
 He went to where the Old Lady was lying.
 He turned her so her head was toward the east.

(softly) She was lying on her back, and he took his stone knife and sliced her belly open.
When he sliced her belly open

There were the poor girl's snow boots.

(audience laughs)

He took these out

but left the rabbits in.

“Let **those** be **hers**.”

You shouldn't

cry about it, but put your things on again, you
can have a good sleep while I stand guard for you here.

You won't have anything to fear.

The one who tried to eat you is finished
so there's nothing to fear, may you
have a good rest.”

That's what he told the girl.

The poor girl

put on her snow boots and put some wood on the fire to make it bright.

She lay down but she **couldn't go to sleep**.

She **still hadn't slept** *(turns west and lowers the arm below the horizon)* when Stars-in-a-Row went down.

She didn't go to sleep and the little Protector
knew it.

“Alas! daughter, mother, you haven't gone to sleep,” he said. “No.”

“**You're afraid of me, but I won't do anything to you.**”

The one who tried to kill you is dead.

I've saved you.

What is there

to be afraid of? I've

rescued you.

You'll last the night.”

That's what he told the girl. “Dear me! is it true?”

“It's **really true**: because of my thoughts
nothing will happen.

There

is the one you were afraid of, and now she lies dead, you have nothing to be afraid of.”

Then the poor girl lay down and finally went to sleep.

The Protector watched the girl as she
 slept through the night. The night passed, then
 just before dawn
 the little Protector
 fixed the fire and had it going. Because it had taken her a long time to fall asleep
 she slept on and on until finally she woke up, the girl woke up.
 "Are you awake now?" "Yes, I'm awake now."
 "Then you can
 eat your
 meal," he told her. The poor girl
 had saved some meal cakes.
 She ate these, she ate well.
 "Have you had enough?" "Yes, I've had enough."
 (*kindly*) "Let's go now.
 Your father
 is very sad, because
 the weather is cold and there's a lot of snow.
 It isn't a girl's place to be out like this
 but you've been out overnight
 you've passed the night
 and got some sleep
 (*sharply*) but your father hasn't slept the whole night."
 That's what the little Protector told the
 girl he'd saved, that's what he told her. "Is that true?"
 They went a little way, and **because he was a being of the Raw kind**
 he pulled out some rabbits for her, pulled them out. They went on, went on
 until they had two strings of rabbits.
 "Well now, if we
 carry them this way
 they'll be too heavy.
 Wait now, let me fix them the way I think they should be."
 The **two of them went on and on** until
 they came near the village. Before they got there
 they came to some dead wood.
 When they got there

(softly) he cut the wood, he cut it and laid out two sticks, these two
he laid out side by side
and then across these two
he laid the rabbits, facing in alternate directions
and in this way **he made a ladder of rabbits.**

It was done

and it was good, and because he was a Wonder Worker, he
made it so it wasn't heavy.

"Now then, try it on

to see if it's all right, or if it's heavy, because we still have some way to go."

That's what he told the girl. The girl did this (*bending forward*), standing up, while the
little Protector put it on her, and now he was speaking in a very hoarse voice.

(audience laughs).

When she'd first met him, he spoke in a normal voice, but now he was being **silly.**

He put four ladders of these rabbits

on the girl's back

and because he was a Wonder Worker he made it so they weren't at all heavy for the girl.

"Well, we'll let this be enough

and now we can go on over there," he said.

They watched the Sun until he was **just about**

to go in, and they arrived at the girl's

house **just** as he was going in, and they all went in.

When they went in

they entered upon the Road of their grandfather.

"Daughter, have you come now?" (*with relief*) "Yes, we've come." "Thanks be.

So you've come, it's good that you've come back. Ever since you left

I haven't eaten.

And, 'All Raw **People**, holding your Waters, holding your Seeds

enter here into my house upon your Pollenways':

that's what I've been saying

and now you've **come back.**" "Yes, we've **come,**" she said.

•

The little Protector came in and said, "My grandfather, my father, how have you
been passing the days?" "Happily, so you've come now."

“Yes, we’ve come.”
 and **there the two of them**
 entered upon the Road
 of their father, their grandfatherly father.

Then

they untied their rabbits
 and spread them out.

When they’d spread them out
 the girl went in the next room. Going in the next room
 she brought out ears of corn and put one alongside the breast of each rabbit. When she’d done this:

“Have you done it?” he said.

“Daughter, have you done it?” he said. “Well, I’ve
 done it,” she said.

“Now then, come over here and help me stand up,” he said, and
(softly) the girl went to help her grandfather stand up.

When he came to where they’d spread them out:

•

“Well, where’s our
 prayer meal?” he said. “Well, I’ve got it here.”

Then

she handed it to her grandfather. *(softly)* He held it
 and while the little Protector sat there
 on the wood pile, her grandfather spoke a prayer:
(almost monotone, but with a higher pitch on stressed syllables)

•

Now in truth, **on** yesterday’s day, when our Sun Father by whom we **live**
from his holy place
came out standing
entered upon our Roads, **my** child here
holding holy meal
sent this with prayer upon the Pollenway; **Raw** People:
holding your Waters
holding your Seeds
you are first upon the Pollenway; **our** child
standing last behind you
sent there the Pollenway.

Our father

there at the place where he sets has a small space to go

our children, Raw People, holding your Waters, holding your Seeds

bring in your Pollenways, **flesh** by which we live, **flesh** of white corn, **holy meal, strong meal**

we give these into your hand; **forever**

here into our houses, **holding your Waters, holding your Seeds**

you will live the entering Pollenway; **by your flesh, (normal voice)** by your **ever** presence we shall live.”

That’s what her father said.

He sprinkled the meal on the rabbits, and the little Protector said, “Just **so, in truth, that is the way**

you shall live,” that’s how he responded

to her father, standing there.

In this way he completed it. Having completed it

he sprinkled them too. Having sprinkled them:

“Well

let’s eat, I haven’t eaten since yesterday, since you left,” so

the grandfather told his daughter, and his

daughter went in and

•

got out the flour and boiled some water. Having boiled some water

she made meal cakes. Having made meal cakes

she served dinner and they ate. While they were eating the little Protector said, “Ah

this is what I really wanted,” he said, in his

very **hoarse voice.**

He was speaking in a hoarse voice, and they ate until they were full.

The little Protector said to her, to his

well, to his wife:

“Don’t you have relatives?” he said.

“Yes indeed, we

have relatives.”

“Then go and tell the Priest of the Bow

to come.

Ask him to come

here

and I will speak to him.

Well, summon him,” so the little Protector

told the girl.

“Very well, I’ll go.”

And it was in a hollow that they
had their house.

She went out and **went up** to the village, to the house of the Priest of the Bow. There was a noise.
(*softly*) “Oh, somebody’s coming,” they said. “Yes, yes,” they said.

A moment later she entered. When she entered
she stood by the ladder: “My fathers my
mothers, how have you
been?” “Happy.”

When they got a look at her
it was the girl who lived with her old grandfather.

“Our child, you’ve
come. There must be a word of some importance
there must be something to say, for you wouldn’t enter upon our Roads for no reason
you wouldn’t enter here,” the Priest of the Bow told the girl.

“Yes, in truth, you
must make it known to all your children
that tonight they will come

•

they will come to my house, where we have something
that will make all of you happy.” (*with pleasure*) “Very well indeed,” he said.
As the girl left she said, “My fathers, may you have a good night,” so the girl said
and she left. The Priest of the Bow went out
and shouted the announcement, then everyone gathered where the girl and the old man were.
They gathered at their place, where the rabbits were being skinned for them.
They skinned them until everybody in the village got some: because of
the thoughts of the little Protector
all the villagers got some. When they got theirs there were some left over
for the girl and her grandfather. With some left over, the people dispersed. When they’d dispersed

•

his
wife said, “Well, let’s
go in the next room, that’s where I sleep,” she said.
“You two go in the next room and, well, I’ll

sleep in here, you
get some rest," so their
father said, then she fixed a bed and their father lay down.
(*softly*) The two of them went in the other room. When they went in
he sat down. He sat there until
his wife finished making the bed, then the little Protector said, "I'm so thirsty.

•

I'm so thirsty, get me
some water to drink, I'm so thirsty."
So then the girl
went back to get him some water, and he **took his forehead in his hand**
and there, he
pulled off his homely self, he pulled it off and **sat down on it**.
He was sitting on it when the girl
came back with his water. He was facing her
and she didn't give him his water. "Come on, give me my
water," he said.

(*tight*) "**Where's the one who came home with me?**" she said to him.

(*tight*) "Who's the one who came home with you?" he said. "The one who came home with me, you aren't
him." "Yes indeed, that's me," so the Protector said.

"That's **me**," he said.

"He wasn't **like** you. He was **ugly**," she said.

(*audience laughs*)

(*laughing*) That's what she told him.

•

Again the girl asked him.

"Yes, that's me," he said, for the second time.

"That's me.

This person who

came home with you:

do you really love him?" he said. "Yes, certainly:

because of his thoughts my life was saved.

Last night

there

where I was spending the night

the Old Lady was about to eat me, and because of his thoughts
I was saved.

I really do love him," she said.

"I'm the one who saved you, I'm the **one**," so he told her, for the third time
the third.

"No, he wasn't like you, he was
well, he was ugly."

That's what the girl told him, and she **refused him the water**, she wouldn't give it to him.

"Do you **really** love him?" he said. "Yes, certainly
I love him. Because of his thoughts I regained the Daylight."

That's what she told him.

He raised up a little and showed her his costume.

"**Here** he is, I only impersonate him.

And we are not just one.

My elder brother is with our grandmother.

Last night

when my grandmother went out to pee

the Old Lady Granduncle was there

running up against the rocks of your cave, and because of the noise
our grandmother came in and told us about it.

My elder brother sent me

and I went there.

This is the one," he said, and **he pulled out his costume and tossed it over to her.**

He tossed it to her and when the girl saw it: "Oh! so it was you —
so this is the way you are."

There she gave him the water and he drank it, and there the little Protector got married.

He got married, and when

he'd stayed two nights, after he'd stayed his first two nights

he thought about going out hunting, on the third day he went hunting, and on that day he told his
father and his

wife:

"I'm

going out hunting.

Well now

the sun has only gone a short way.

I'll go hunting

over this way.”
That’s what
he told his
grandfatherly father.
His wife said, “I’ll fix you some provisions.” “Oh
I’m going right now:
the sun is already up.
I’ll be back in a short while,” he told his wife.
The little Protector put on his quiver
and started on his way up.
He went on up, and some time later he killed a deer.
He killed a deer, gutted it, and before the sun
went down, he carried the deer home.
He was carrying the deer on his back when he came, and the villagers
noticed him.
“That
girl who lives alone with her
old grandfather must’ve married someone.
He brought home a deer
he brought a deer and went inside,” so they were saying.
And the little Protector took his deer inside.
His wife, when she heard a noise, his wife said:
“Perhaps that’s you.” Her grandfather
had told her this:
“Daughter
granddaughter
I think
he’s not
one of the people who live at Yellow House, he’s not
not one of them.
He must be some
Wonder Worker, because he saved you out there, and the way he speaks:
perhaps he’s not a being of the Daylight kind.
But
but let’s wait awhile

and if he's that other kind of being he'll surely bring
(smiling) someone of his own kind with him," so he told the girl.

Her father was the first to guess it, he guessed it.

Sure enough, before

the sun had set

(softly) the little Protector brought a deer, there was a noise.

"Daughter, go out.

You must

take the holy meal and bring their Pollenway in, you must bring them in."

That's what he told his daughter. His

daughter then

took some cornmeal and went up.

"So you've come now." "Yes we've come now," he said.

(softly) She brought in their Pollenway.

The little Protector came in with his deer.

It was a very large deer with very large antlers.

Yet he was so small: how could he have carried it?

He brought it inside on his back.

When he got down inside:

"My father, how have you been?" "Happy, so you've come, be seated," he was told.

His wife

helped take the deer off his back and lay it out with the head toward the east.

•

"You must do the same thing you did the first time, you must lay an ear of corn alongside his breast
 and we shall ask for Daylight."

That's what her

father told her.

The poor girl did this

(softly) and they sprinkled the deer and asked for Daylight.

They ate.

When they had eaten

when they had eaten well:

"Now let's

skin him."

The little Protector then

●
took out his stone knife and cut it, (*softly*) slit-slit-slot
slit-slit-slot, he skinned it
until he was finished.
Meanwhile
the Priest of the Bow was notified again.
He called the priests to a meeting
the Priests of the Daylight were notified, and they were the ones who
did the **butchering**.
When the **butchering** was done
they hung the

●
meat on yucca fiber ropes that were
strung across.
Some of it was given to them and they
took it home
and for four days the little Protector was bringing in the deer this way.
They lived **on** this way
until
the little Protector had been there eight nights
and on a night like this one he told his father:
“**Tomorrow**, on that day
I shall
enter upon the Roads of my grandmother and my elder brother
for I am a being of another kind.”
That’s what he told his
grandfather, he told the girl’s grandfather.

●
“Very well, on tomorrow’s day
you must
enter upon the Road of your grandmother.
I had guessed
that you were not a being of the Daylight kind.
The Daylight beings
live around here

and the Raw beings cannot enter upon their Roads
to live in the **same place** with them.

You are **that other kind of being**
and it is because of your thoughts
that we now have so many provisions
to live by," he told him.

(gently) "Tomorrow

I shall

enter upon the Roads of my grandmother, my elder brother."

That's what he told his father, who

told the girl, "Daughter." "What is it?" "Get my bundle of feathers."

She got her grandfather's bundle of feathers
and he cut some sticks.

●

He cut eight sticks

(softly) and feathered them. When he'd made them, finished them
they passed the night. The night passed

and on the next day

just as the sun came up

and they had eaten

the little Protector spoke:

"Well, I'm going now.

I shall

enter upon the Roads of my grandmother

and my elder brother.

I shall

enter upon their Roads," he said. His

wife said, "**I'll go along with you**," so she said. "Indeed?

If you went along it wouldn't turn out well

for I am another kind of being.

The way I

was a husband to you:

that's what

you must think about, you must find someone who will provide for you as I did:

you must keep that in mind.

Because of my thoughts
you now have
the flesh
of the Raw People.

This will be ever present because of my thoughts
as you live.”

That’s what he told the girl. When he’d told her, the girl asked him
four times

and still he refused. (*sadly*) “Well then
well then, go by yourself.”

That’s what she said. Then her
father, grandfather

told her: “Daughter
don’t think of following him, don’t speak of it, for he
is truly
of a different kind,” he said.

Then he told them his name:

“I am the Protector,” he told them.

His wife asked him, **“What is the Protector?”** she said.

“Well, I am the Protector
and my other name is **Ma-asewi,**” he said.

And her father spoke: “Daughter, because of him there is a ———— ll the **earth.**

You mustn’t ask any questions. It is good

●
that he should return
to his own land,” so he told her. He took the sticks he’d cut
the bundle of offering sticks, and
gave it
to his child, the Protector.
By his word he gave it.

Her grandfather spoke a prayer to the Protector
(*softly*) while the Protector stood there and answered. The prayer said that
there would be Waters on the earth forever, that **all over**
the wide earth
the Raw People would enter the house upon the Pollenway forever

that by means of their flesh, their skins, by their
ever presence we would live: these were the words he spoke, while
 the little Protector answered, "Just so, in truth."

When he had finished his words
 the Protector stepped forward:

"My father

my child, may you live happily," he said. "By all means may it be the same with you, may you be happy."

When this was done the Protector left.

When the Protector left he went toward the place where he'd killed the Old Lady, he went that way.

On he went until he came to the place where he'd saved the girl. There

the Protector

skinned that —

the Protector skinned the Old Lady Granduncle

then he sewed her skin up like a sack with yucca. He got some yucca fiber and sewed until it was done and
 when it was sewn he made it stand up.

When he'd made it stand up: "Ah, this should work." And there

he put it on his back. Having put it on his back

he climbed up Corn Mountain, up past

the Place Where Rainbows Are Kept, with this thing on his back. When he reached the top he made this

Old Lady stand up, (*softly*) he tried it there

he tried it

and it was working. When it was working

he **started off**, and when he'd gone a way the Protector began to call out (*as if from a distance, very high*):

"Grandmaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa help some cha meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
 come me, one is sing e."

His grandmother was making porridge.

After a moment he called again and his grandmother heard him.

•

When she looked outside he called again:

"Grandma help some cha meeeeeeeeeeeee
 come me, one is sing e," he said.

"Dearie me! grandson, you big fool," she said.

Then she

took her stirring sticks, and she painted the left side of her face with ashes and the other side with soot

and then his grandmother ran outside. He was getting closer
and he'd tied up that
dead Old Lady
so it **looked like she was running after him.**
He was fooling his grandmother.
His grandmother came down and (*rasping*) killed her, killed her.
"Come on, **don't kill the poor thing, she's been dead a long time,**" he said. "**Dearie me! Grandson, you big fool.**"
That's what she said, and they went on up.
They went on up to the house and passed the night. They passed the night
o ————— n they went by, four of them, a third, and on the fourth, on that night
their grandmother spoke to them:
(*seriously*) "If we continue to live together here, it won't turn out well for **us.**
Tomorrow, on that day, we
shall go
to the separate places which will be our shrines.
You, the **elder brother**
will go to Hanging Wool.
You, the younger brother, will go to Twin
Mountains
and **I will go** over there to the Middle Place
to the north side of it.
There, at the solstice
the Yellow One plants his feathers."
So it was that their grandmother told them where they would live forever.
"So it will be that whenever someone from the Middle Place wants to bear a child
I will not be far away and she can enter upon my Road
there.
That will be my shrine," so she told
her two grandsons.
They **passed the night**
and on the following day
just as
the sun came up
they went to their separate shrines. This was lived long ago. The word is just so ————— short.
(*narrator and audience rise and stretch their arms above their heads as the word "so" is spoken*)

Notes to The Girl and the Protector

Yellow House is a ruin about eight miles east of Zuni, New Mexico; it was abandoned at least five centuries ago.

Stars-in-a-Row is Orion's belt, which sets in the west after midnight in midwinter.

The fire drill is a pointed stick rotated rapidly between the hands, held vertically while the pointed end is inserted in a conical socket on a small plank. The socket is near enough to the edge of the plank's upper surface to have a break in its wall; thus the socket is open not only from the top but from the side. The sparks, actually red-hot specks of wood, fall from the side of the plank while the drill is rotated.

Raw People are all the living beings who do not depend on cooked food, including, in this story, the rabbits, the Sun Father, the Old Lady Granduncle, the Protectors, and the deer. Human beings, on the other hand, are Cooked or Ripe People; their life is the Daylight given them by the Sun Father.

Prayer meal or holy meal is a mixture of cornmeal with crushed turquoise, coral, and shell. The Waters of the Raw People consist of all forms of precipitation and of their own

bodily fluids; they bring fecundity. Their Seeds are their powers of fecundity. Their Pollenways are the courses of their lives, marked out by pollen which is again their fecundity.

The hoarse voice feigned by the little Protector is flirtatious. In the homely state in which he normally appears, he is dirty and has messy hair full of lice.

The Priest of the Bow is a warrior and the town crier. The Priests of the Daylight are forbidden to kill anything and spend much of their time on religious retreats.

Offering sticks are feathered sticks given as personal sacrifices to Raw People; the maker brings the sticks to life with his own breath while he prays over them, and the recipient takes the life from the sticks when he takes the words of the prayer.

The Middle Place is the village of Zuni itself; Hanging Wool is southeast of there and Twin Mountains is northwest. The Yellow One is a warrior kachina whose impersonator sacrifices feathered sticks at the shrine where the Grandmother Protector, a patron of childbirth, now dwells.



Walter Sanchez, his wife, and a grandson

Notes and Comments

The Editors extend their greetings to all those for whom this is the first issue of *Alcheringa*, as well as to the patient readers of the Old Series. With this issue we also welcome two new Contributing Editors, William Mullen and Charles Doria. An example of Doria's work appears elsewhere in the present number; with Harris Lenowitz, he has recently co-authored *Origins*, a book of Ancient Near Eastern cosmogonies to be released by Doubleday this summer. Mullen's translations of Egyptian pyramid texts will appear in a future issue; he is also a contributor to *Arion* and *Pensée*. Our new, full-time Editorial Assistant is Paul Kahn; *A Kansas Cycle*, a collection of his poems, was published last year by North Atlantic Books.

Jerome Rothenberg's *Poland 1931* was recently published by New Directions. Stanley Diamond's *In Search of the Primitive: A Critique of Civilization* is now available from Transaction Books (distributed by Dutton). *Reinventing Anthropology*, a critique of that field edited by Dell Hymes, is now available in a Vintage paperback. *Teachings from the American Earth: Indian Religion and Philosophy*, edited and with an introduction by Dennis and Barbara Tedlock, has just been released by Liveright (distributed by W. W. Norton).

An *Active Anthology* edited by George Quasha, is now available from Sumac Press. The Michael Corr woodblock print on the back cover of this issue presents a poem from Gary Snyder's *Turtle Island*, recently published by New Directions.

The next issue of *Alcheringa* (New Series Volume I, Number 2) will include a selection of contemporary responses to tribal/oral poetries: Tom Weatherly's *Maumau American Cantos*, *New Fire* by Homero Aridjis, a "sound journal" by Pauline Oliveros, *Three Songs of Mad Coyote* (a score for percussion) by Peter Garland, a talk by David Antin, and others. The first issue of Volume II (spring 1976) will devote considerable space to Afro-American oral literature, with Onwuchekwa Jemie presenting the urban North and William Ferris, Jr. presenting the rural South (contributions for this issue are still in order).

The labyrinth that is the colophon for *Alcheringa* is, in the words of Jill Purce, "at once the cosmos, the world, the individual life, the temple, the town, man, the womb—or intestines—of the Mother (earth), the

convolutions of the brain, the consciousness, the heart, the pilgrimage, the journey, and the Way." In her book, *The Mystic Spiral: Journey of the Soul* (New York: Avon Books, 1974), a labyrinth very much like our colophon is depicted on a coin from Knossos, in an Italian rock drawing of the third or second millennium B.C., on an Etruscan wine jar, scratched on a pillar at Pompeii, in the floor tiles of Toussaints Abbey in France, in an eighteenth-century Rajasthani manuscript, in a traditional Zulu sand drawing, and in the notebooks of Paul Klee. In the New World it turns up in the Chiriqui rock drawings in Panama. The earliest dated labyrinth is from the nineteenth century B.C. in Egypt.

The five issues of the *Alcheringa* Old Series are still available at \$5.00 each. Numbers 2, 4, and 5 include insert disc recordings. All five issues include American Indian poetry; the first four include African poetry as well. Number 1 includes contributions by Pound, Edmonson, Tedlock, Merwin, Simic, Field, Schwerner, Beier, and others; Number 2 has contributions of Hymes, Tarn, Rothenberg, Koller, Laughlin, Ortiz, Diamond, Kelly. Number 3 has a special section of South American Indian poetry; among the contributors are Awoonor, Hollo, Harner, Brotherston, Merwin, and Weatherly. Number 4 has a special section on South Pacific tribal poetry and an Afro-American sermon; contributors include Ortiz, Einzig, Köngäs Maranda, Antin, Mac Low, Hollo, Diamond, Beier, Tarn (interviewing Gary Snyder), and Rarihokwats. Number 5 has a section on traditional and ancient poetries of Europe and the Middle East; there are works of Schwerner, Zukofsky, Olson, Doria, Lenowitz, Pound, Simic, Crosby, Burns, Merwin, Norman, and Tedlock.

In the past, particular issues of *Alcheringa* have been used as texts in courses on oral literature at the University of California at Santa Cruz and at Indiana University. To make a text order, have your bookstore write to Boston University Scholarly Publications, 775 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston MA 02215, specifying the issue and quantity desired. A standard text discount rate will be given on all such orders. For normal subscription information, see the inside front cover of this issue.

From A SENECA JOURNAL

“Alpha & Omega”

1.

beaver at the beginning of
the world (they said)
he was their father master
builder god who taught his son
to hunt progenitor of tribes

2.

by 1640
was not a beaver left
for skins in all of
New York State

Jerome Rothenberg
Salamanca, N. Y.
6.ii.74

THE SILENCE OF NATURE WITHIN
THE POWER WITHIN • THE POWER
Without
THE PATH IS WHATEVER
PASSES • NO END IN ITSELF
THE END IS GRACE EASE
healing
NOT SAVING
SINGING
THE PROOF
THE PROOF
OF ~ THE
POWER
WITHIN



from Snyder's Manzanita

Michael Corr
Kyoto 1973

