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FINDING THE CENTER

THE ART OF THE ZUNI STORYTELLER

TRANSLATED BY DENNIS TEDLOCK



FROM LIVE PERFORMANCES IN ZUNI BY
ANDREW PEYNETSA & WALTER SANCHEZ

SECOND EDITION

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lilh to'naawan ts'inaawe.

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and oral renditions of the translations may be heard
at the Electronic Poetry Center website
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Preface

Storytelling is a performing art. At Zuni and elsewhere, storytellers have at least as much in common with dramatists, actors, orators, and poets as they do with writers of prose fiction. The sounds they produce have often been transcribed and translated as prose, but there is much more to storytelling than assembling vowels and consonants into gray masses of words and sentences. It is not only words that give shape and movement to a story's characters and their actions, but the ways in which those words are voiced.

At some moments storytellers speak at just the right level to let everyone present hear their words clearly, but at other moments they may give a particular passage extra force by speaking loudly, or they may demand a more delicate kind of attention by speaking softly. Sometimes they produce the wavelike rises and falls of pitch that mark the beginnings and ends of ordinary sentences, but there are other times when they separate pitches into the terraced levels of a chanting voice. There may even be passages where they break into song.

The language of storytelling does not emerge in long paragraphs, but in lines like those of plays or free verse. This is where timing comes into play, as performers vary the pace of a story by producing longer and shorter periods of sound and silence. They may pause neatly between sentences, or let an unfinished sentence dangle for a moment, or run two sentences together, or give a single word a line all to itself—all this in ways that express ongoing changes in the shapes of the story's action. A well-placed silence is as audible as anything else in a performance, so real the listeners can almost touch it.

One of the main kinds of action that takes place in Zuni stories, as in many other traditions around the world, is dialogue

among the characters. At Zuni as elsewhere, performers nearly always quote dialogues directly rather than paraphrasing them. Sometimes they add a description of the manner or tone in which a character speaks, much as prose writers do, but more often they simply enact it, sounding deliberate or hesitant, harsh or gentle, pained or pleased. In passages without dialogue they often use the equivalent of a fiction writer's free indirect style, producing a third-person narrative while at the same time sounding as though they were thinking a character's thoughts or sharing a character's experiences.

So it is that a story is composed of a multiplicity of voices, not only because the characters speak differently from one another (and on different occasions), but because the narrative itself is carried by more than one voice. In fact it is this multivocality, more than anything else, that makes stories sound different from prayers, speeches, or poems. The sounds of contrasting voices can be heard quite clearly even in a language unknown to the listener, making it easy to guess that the speaker must be telling a story.

All the Zuni stories translated in this book, one of them with a facing-page Zuni text, are presented in the form of scripts. The words are scored for changes of loudness and for shifts between speaking and chanting, and they are divided into lines rather than paragraphs, with each change of line representing a pause. Tones of voice and gestures are noted as well—and so, too, occasionally, are the performer's sighs, laughs, facial expressions, and interactions with listeners. The stories can be read silently, of course, which leaves their sounds to the voices inside the reader's head. But a proper study, like the study of any other script or poem, demands the use of the vocal organs. That is what "studying" a text originally meant in English: to read it aloud.

The original performances were tape-recorded in the field, all but one during a period of ethnographic and linguistic research that kept me in the field from November 1964 until January 1966. I carried out this work with the permission of two successive heads of the Zuni tribal government, Fred Bowannie and Robert Lewis. I was a graduate student at the time, working on my dissertation in anthropology under the direction of John L. Fischer of Tulane University. But it was while I was an undergraduate that I got my

first taste of *Shiwi'ma* (as Zunis call their language), in a linguistic field methods course taught by Stanley Newman at the University of New Mexico. I made my first visit to Zuni in 1958, attending the famous Sha'lako ceremony with a group of anthropology students led by R. Gwinn Vivian, now at the Arizona State Museum.

At the beginning of my fieldwork I found it easiest to talk to Zunis of my own generation, all of whom were bilingual. All could remember stories and summarize them, but none had the skills necessary for an actual performance. Even in the past the storytelling role had fallen largely to people who were old enough to be grandparents, and not all grandparents had chosen to become storytellers. It was no small problem for me to find performers who were willing to let themselves be recorded by an outsider, and then solve the further problem of finding someone with the time and patience to help with the desk work of transcribing and translating the recordings.

The end of my difficulties began when I met Joseph Peynetsa, a young man who held a clerical job at a Bureau of Indian Affairs boarding school on the edge of the Zuni Reservation. He suggested that Andrew Peynetsa, his father's brother, might be willing to tell stories, and he drew a map showing the location of Andrew's house. It turned out to be in the oldest and highest part of the town of Zuni, no more than fifty yards from the spot Zunis reckon as the middle of the earth.

When I met Andrew for the first time, he pretended shock at my suggestion that he might know some stories. He did this for the delectation of the large and merry audience around his family's dinner table, but then he shifted to a more proper stance, modestly claiming to know three stories and then, maybe, a few more than that. When he began describing what he knew his family joined in, recalling one story after another. Then a visitor arrived, a man named Walter Sanchez. Andrew immediately proposed to Walter that the two of them should work together, telling stories back and forth while I recorded them. Walter agreed to this arrangement and so, with delight, did I. It meant that even on occasions when I was the only other person present, whoever was telling a story at the moment could address himself to a fluent speaker of Zuni. We held our first recording session the very next evening.

Andrew Peynetsa and Walter Sanchez were both born at home, outside the world of hospitals and calendar dates. The year of birth they shared, 1904, had been assigned to them by federal bureaucrats who needed to fill out forms. Walter was a monolingual speaker of Zuni, but Andrew, who had gone through the ninth grade at Albuquerque Indian School, knew a good deal of English. He also spoke a little Navajo and Spanish, together with some Dutch he had picked up from homesteaders in the area. The two men and their wives spent part of each year farming and gardening in Upper Nutria, a hamlet in the northeastern part of the reservation. When I first met them both men did their heavy farm work with teams of horses, but Andrew switched to a tractor in 1967. Walter died in 1972, followed by Andrew in 1976. Andrew's wife Catherine, well known for her beadwork, still lives in the same house where I first went looking for Andrew. Joseph Peynetsa is presently a counselor for the Zuni Housing Authority.

With one exception, the stories in this book were recorded on January, February, and March evenings in 1965. Andrew was quite willing to talk about the stories he and Walter were telling, but when I raised the problem of making detailed transcriptions and translations of the tapes, he suggested that Joseph would be the right person to help me. Joseph was working full time, but he set aside as many evenings as he could for working on the tapes. He repeated what he heard in Zuni, suggested literal English glosses, and answered my questions; meanwhile I wrote everything down in longhand. For him, our work became an unconventional way to learn how to tell stories. By the time I left the field in 1966, he had performed for his family.

My dissertation, which I defended in New Orleans on Bastille Day in 1967, was focused not on Zuni stories as such but on the contexts of their telling and their place among other Zuni genres of verbal performance. It was, in fact, the earliest dissertation written as a contribution to a new area of research Dell Hymes had called the "ethnography of speaking," devoted to the study of speech as an activity in its own right. I wanted to go on to put together a book devoted to the stories themselves, but I felt that the problems caused by the traditional prose format were just as great as the ones that arose from translating Zuni sentences into English ones. I was

not pleased at the prospect of joining the long list of ethnographers and linguists, going back to the nineteenth century, who had admired the oratorical and dramatic qualities of storytelling but had done nothing about it. In the days when stories were collected by handwritten dictation—which precluded smooth, uninterrupted performances—there were limits to what could have been done. By the time I entered the field the use of portable tape recorders had become standard practice, but the liberation of the performer had yet to be accompanied by a renovation of the text. Field workers were treating recorders as mere dictation machines, allowing them to postpone the creation of prose texts and translations until a later occasion. I had even been advised that as soon as I had finished transcribing a tape, I might as well reuse it!

In recent years there had been at least one promising development in the translation of Native American texts. In 1965, Dell Hymes had set forth methods for recovering poetic structures in texts of chants and songs that had been collected by the dictation method. It was not until 1975 that he turned a similarly detailed and formalist attention to narrative texts, again of the dictated kind, but his early work did make me wonder what I might find if I scanned my texts of Zuni stories for poetic patterns. As things turned out, what I did find was revealed to me not by the eye, but by the ear. Instead of reorganizing my prose texts by means of what I could *see* in them, I replayed my recordings for what I could *hear* in them.

Here it needs to be explained that ever since my undergraduate years I had been going to poetry readings, taking a special interest in poets who were writing what Charles Olson called "projective" or "open" verse. In theory, at least, what these poets put on the page indicated how their work was to be voiced. In particular, their lines were supposed to be measured not by quantitative schemes, but by the breath. Among the practitioners I listened to in Albuquerque was Robert Creeley, who had come there from Black Mountain College. New opportunities to go to readings came when I took a job in the speech (later rhetoric) department at Berkeley in 1967. There I met a woman who shared my interest in poetry, and among the poets we heard together in Berkeley were Robert Duncan and Denise Levertov. In 1968 I began working out

new methods for scoring storytelling performances. The woman who was going to readings with me became Barbara Tedlock during that same year, and we have remained together through all the years since then.

The most important step in scripting Zuni stories was finding the lines, and once I did they seemed quite obvious. I treated each definite pause as a line break, with strophe breaks for the longer pauses. In training my ear to hear pauses more accurately, along with changes in loudness, I had the help of Peter MacNeilage, an acoustical phonologist who was then in the speech department at Berkeley. We ran two of my recorded stories through an apparatus that marked a scroll of graph paper with lines whose rises and falls measured pitch and amplitude against a time scale. Wherever there were silences, the lines became straight and horizontal. Today, musicians, sound technicians, and some linguists use computer software to produce similar images from digital sound files. But they can only examine one short segment of sound at a time, whereas we produced continuous scrolls that ran on for as much as half an hour. What was most striking about the results was the contrast between thick, jagged sounds and level silences. There could not have been more graphic evidence that scoring a performance ought to involve more than tuning the ear to the sounds of phonemes and converting them to letters of the alphabet.

The scrolls also called attention to enormous differences in the lengths of sound sequences. Some of the poets I had been hearing and reading produced lines that were fairly consistent in length, as if they were being guided by the organization of the page as much as by the potentials of the voice. But there were other poets, more like Zuni performers, who suddenly changed the pacing of their lines according to what they needed to say at different moments in the same poem. Among them was Charles Olson himself, and I cannot help but think there is a connection between the relative unpredictability of his lines and his desire that poets should work to regain the ground they had lost in the domains of drama and narrative.

The story I chose for my first scripted translation was "The Boy and the Deer," which is also the first story in the present book. Once I had a full draft in hand, I began showing it around

and reading it to anyone who would listen. Whenever I presented my work to poets, they understood immediately what I was doing. The same was true of anyone who remembered what it was like to have a parent or grandparent who could tell stories without looking at a book. But no one in Berkeley seemed to have any idea as to where I might try to publish my work. The beginnings of a solution to that problem came from the opposite coast, when I saw the first issue of a New York literary magazine called *Stony Brook* in Moe's bookstore. In its pages I learned of Jerome Rothenberg's interest in a field he would later give the name "ethnopoetics." I wrote to him at his Manhattan address, enclosing a version of "The Boy and the Deer." His response was immediate and warm, and before long we agreed to found a magazine of our own, *Alcheringa/Ethnopoetics*. We billed it as "A First Magazine of the World's Tribal Poetries" and produced the inaugural issue in the summer of 1970, in Santa Fe. In that issue I published a scripted translation for the first time, the one that appears here (in a revised version) as the second part of "When Newness Was Made."

In the fall of 1970 I took a job in anthropology at Brooklyn College, and ever since then I have taught at various institutions in the Northeast. Among the first poets I met in New York was David Antin. When I first showed my work to him he was still writing his poems first and giving readings afterward, but soon he reversed this process, talking to audiences while taping himself and then publishing transcripts. Much of what he had to say took the form of stories, which further set him apart from other poets. For the written versions he chose a format different from mine, marking his pauses with long horizontal spaces within lines and moving from one line to the next only when the width of the margins made it necessary. The first of his works in this form appeared in 1972, in the fourth issue of *Alcheringa*.

It was also in 1972 that The Dial Press, a New York trade house, published the first edition of *Finding the Center*, with the subtitle *Narrative Poetry of the Zuni Indians*. My editor there was Karen Kennerly, who later served for many years as executive director of the PEN American Center in New York. The original designer, many of whose superb ideas have been carried over into the present edition, was Lynn Braswell. She welcomed my desire

to use small type for the passages that were spoken in a soft voice, though this created a production problem. Computer typesetting was relatively new at the time, and the compositor insisted (erroneously) that two different type sizes could not be set on the same line. For that reason, lines that combined normal and soft voicing were split into multiple parts, creating a choppy effect. This problem has been smoothed out in the present edition.

Interest in all things Native American was running high in 1972, and this, combined with the fact that it was much easier for innovative work to get attention than it is now, meant that the book was widely reviewed. I am especially thankful for reviews by Alisdair MacIntyre in *The New York Times Book Review*, William Kittredge in *Harper's*, and John Peck in *The Nation*. Each of these reviewers, in his own way, was an ideal reader, not only understanding what was new in the book, but exploring its implications.

My first opportunity to present copies of the book at Zuni came in the summer of 1973. Andrew's eldest son took his copy home and read to his family that evening. Since it was the wrong time of year for tales he chose a true story, the one that appears here as "When Newness Was Made: Part I." The next day he told me that instead of voicing it in English he had translated it back into Zuni, line for line. But there was one thing that puzzled him. What did I mean by "ozone smell"? This was my translation of *k'oli*, a Zuni term referring to the odor given off by electrical sparks or arcs and also by stink beetles, which are used in treating people who have suffered a lightning strike. The odor produced by electricity is indeed that of ozone (O₃), but I soon discovered that readers in general were puzzled by my use of this term. I had rejected "electrical smell" as an alternative because it conjures up technology that did not exist in the world of the story. My solution for the present edition of the book is "lightning smell." This doesn't do away with all possible puzzlement, but it provides a simple description of something that has been a part of Zuni knowledge for a very long time: lightning has an odor that is unforgettable to those who have been close enough to smell it.

In giving my own performances of translated Zuni stories I have found that some lines bring back the memory of the sound of the original Zuni—not just the words, but the way in which they

were spoken. When this happens I expand on the script by speaking both the Zuni and English versions aloud. I have given some performances in the same contexts as those in which the writers of poetry and fiction do readings of their work, but my favorite venues have always been those in which verbal art is not the usual fare. Among these have been The Kitchen (a New York experimental music consortium), a gathering of students at the California Institute for the Arts that included painters and sculptors, a typography class at the Rhode Island School of Design, and an auditorium at the American Museum of Natural History that is normally used for lectures.

Since the first edition of this book was published, similar methods of transcription and translation have been applied to tape-recorded narratives and speeches in numerous languages (see the bibliography). In the Amerindian field, major efforts to do the required close listening include those of Nora and Richard Dauenhauer for Tlingit, Allan F. Burns for Yucatec Maya, and Joel Sherzer for Kuna. Other languages whose verbal arts have been scripted are Yup'ik and Inupiaq Eskimo, Dena'ina, Tanacross, Eyak, Central Koyukon, Chipewyan, Lushootseed, Nakota, Navajo, Hopi, Yaqui, Nahuatl, Sierra Popoluca, Yekuana, Shokleng, and Quechua. Meanwhile, I have extended my own work to Quiché Maya. Outside the Amerindian field, the liveliest scripts are those of Peter Seitel for Haya (Tanzania), Isidore Okpewho for Igbo (Nigeria), and Richard and Sally Price for Saramaka (spoken by Suriname maroons). Other scripts have been published for performances in Ungarinyin (Australia), Ngunes (Vanuatu), Hmong (Vietnam), and Persian (Afghanistan).

In 1978, after Dial let the first edition of *Finding the Center* go out of print, the University of Nebraska Press reissued it (with a new preface) in the Bison Books series. The acquiring editor for that edition, which stayed in print for the next twenty years, was Steven Cox, who later became the director of the University of Arizona Press. For proposing this newest edition and for agreeing to an expansion of both the page size and the contents, I offer my thanks to the University of Nebraska Press.

Fourteen designs from Zuni painted pottery appear on the main title page and story title pages of this edition. Most of the

choices are new ones, made with greater attention to the meanings Zuni potters assign to their designs than in the case of the original edition. Most of the interpretations given here (see the table of contents) are based on Ruth L. Bunzel's classic work, *The Pueblo Potter*.

Three stories have been added to the ones that appeared in the previous editions, and all the repeated stories have been fine-tuned with various revisions and corrections. Two of the additions, "The Girl and the Little Ahayuuta" and "Nick," were tape-recorded in 1965. The third, "A Story Was Made," was recorded in the summer of 1972, when the first edition was already in press. There is a story behind this last story.

On an evening when Barbara and I were visiting Andrew Peynetsa and his family in Upper Nutria, he was seized by the idea of creating a new tale out of recent events that involved several of the people who were present, including himself. Tales are supposed to be set in the ancient past, but these events struck him as being just like a tale. As for the custom of confining tales to the winter, he thought it was all right to tell this one in the summer "because I'm only pretending it's a tale." Toward the end of his performance he told how the characters had sat around one evening and decided that what had happened to them should be made into a tale. The evening in question was the very one on which we all sat there listening to him. At the close, instead of saying something like, "That's why there's a place called Tree Crescent," he said, "A story was made!"

Introduction

The land around the town of Zuni, in west-central New Mexico, is a high and rocky plateau. Open spaces are bordered by the sandstone walls of canyons and mesas—yellow in some places, red in others, and marked with alternating bands of pink and white in still others. In the lower areas, down to 6000 feet above sea level, are grasslands. Higher elevations, ranging up to 7500 feet, support stands of ponderosa pine, with fir and aspen on slopes that face north or east. In between are scrub woodlands of juniper and nut-bearing piñon pine. Scattered across the grasslands and woodlands are water holes, windmills, corrals, and houses used by Zunis who run sheep and cattle.

Not far east is the continental divide, with the watershed of the Rio Grande on the far side and that of the Colorado on the Zuni side. Running down toward the town of Zuni are two small streams, the Nutria and the Pescado, which join to form the Zuni River before they get there. Along these watercourses are stands of cottonwoods and thickets of willows. Here and there on the flood plains, both above and below the town, are irrigated fields with small clusters of farmhouses on nearby knolls. The more practiced eye can spot the mounds and fragments of masonry walls left by earlier villages and hamlets, abandoned two or more centuries ago. In the upper drainages of countless dry arroyos are the traces of check dams that once diverted the sudden runoff from summer thundershowers into fields now overgrown with weeds and brush.

But this is the description of an outside observer. Except for the ruins and check dams, it consists of a collection of seemingly timeless objects. If we pass through the same landscape with a Zuni storyteller in a talkative mood, what we will get instead is a collection of events, each one read from something seen along the way,

and each one taken from a longer story. Such a journey is something like leafing through a book, turning the pages too fast to catch more than fragments of what it contains.

Suppose we enter the present reservation from the east, on State Highway 53. Soon we pass through a farming hamlet that lies along the Pescado River. When we reach the last few houses, our storyteller points out that on the right, on the opposite bank of the river, are the mounds of an ancient ruin whose Zuni name means "Striped House." Long ago, it seems, a flute player named Nepayatamu came by there on his way to the eastern ocean, bringing along a woman who had once attempted to kill him. She had gone so far as to cut his head off, but he had been healed by the songs of a medicine society. Now, as the two of them passed Striped House, she was too tired to go on, so he sucked her into his flute. Then he played it, and what came out was a swarm of white moths.

A few miles farther on, again on the right and across the river, is Yellow House, a ruin today but a living village in the time of tales. In the hills nearby is a hollow where an orphan girl once lived with her grandfather, so old he could hardly see. When she saw the young men from the village hunting rabbits in the snow, she longed for the taste of rabbit meat and decided to go on a hunt of her own. She did bag some rabbits, but when night came she was too far away to get home. She found shelter in a cave near Cliff House, in a canyon whose entrance can be seen on the other side of the highway from Yellow House. But then, when she built a fire, she attracted the attention of Old Lady Granduncle, a cannibal who sometimes stalks children even today.

Not far from the town of Zuni, to the left of the highway, stands the high mesa known as Towayalanne, or Corn Mountain. Any number of stories inhabit the ruins, pinnacles, hollows, and springs all around this mesa, but since we have left a girl trapped in a cave back at Cliff House, what now comes to mind is that her cries for help and the cannibal's threats of doom could be heard even from here. At that time an old woman and her two grandsons were living on Corn Mountain, and it was she who heard the noise. When she told her grandsons about it, the younger one set off at once to rescue the girl. He and his brother, known as the

Ahayuuta twins, are the gods of warfare, sports, and games, and their grandmother is the goddess of childbirth.

Closer to the road and closer to town, but still on the left, are the Badger Hills, rocky and barren. They bring to mind a foolish boy named Pelt Kid, who knew nothing about girls and also knew nothing about figures of speech. His grandmother told him that when he got married, he should search for a "steamy" place in the "hills." So, on his first night with a girl, he left her bed and went off to the Badger Hills, searching everywhere but never finding whatever it was he thought he was looking for.

From this far down the road the mesa known as Big Mountain can be seen on the horizon, ahead and to the right. A boy who lived in a village at the foot of that mesa once climbed it, looking for a broad-leafed yucca with a cluster of long blades at its center. His mother needed the fibers from the blades to tie off the outer edge of the basket she was weaving. She had abandoned the boy when he was born, and it was only recently that they had been reunited. Until then he had been raised by deer, a doe and two fawns who had found him under a tree. Now his deer family was gone, having been hunted down by his human uncles. As he ascended Big Mountain, all he could think about was his old life in the open.

Between Corn Mountain and Big Mountain is a broad valley, and that is where the town of Zuni stands. A century ago all its households, with several rooms apiece, were clustered in three massive buildings, rising in terraces that reached as high as four stories. By now most people live in single-story, single-family, stand-alone houses, spread out over several square miles. These are the only visible houses when we first enter the town and pass the high school, but then, on the left side of the highway, something else comes into view. From a distance it looks like a large terraced building, but closer up it resolves into closely-spaced houses of one or two stories, built on the slopes of what seems to be a hill. In actuality this hill is a mound several stories thick, composed of the rubble, potsherds, and dust from six centuries of occupation.

Amongst the houses on the mound are six kivas, rectangular ceremonial chambers used by the six divisions of the Kachina Society. Twice a year, each division takes its turn at bringing the dead

back to town from down the river, where they live in a village beneath a lake. Sometimes they come back in the guise of rain clouds, and sometimes they take the shapes of the singing and dancing gods known as *kokko*, or kachinas. Today, as in the past, a kiva is entered by means of a ladder that descends through a trap door in the roof. Long ago, in the time of tales, even ordinary houses were entered in this way.

On the summit of the mound are two small plazas, Broken Place to the east and Rat Place to the west, connected by a narrow walkway. On the north side of Broken Place is the first in rank of the six kivas, whose ladder figures in a tale about a girl who had a flock of turkeys in her care. She lived at Wind Place, a village about two miles away to the west, but even from there she could tell that a big dance was going on at Broken Place. She heard the drum and saw the crowd of spectators standing on the rooftops, and she wanted to join them. A big tom turkey warned her not to stay away too long, but she got no farther than Rat Place before the dance directors spotted her and invited her to take part. She forgot all about her turkeys until the tom flew to the plaza and alighted at the top of the kiva ladder, creating a public spectacle.

All the stories that have come to mind so far belong to the category of tales, or *telapnaawe*. The question as to whether a tale really happened is not as important as the question of whether the teller can transport the audience into a world whose places are real but whose time belongs to storytelling itself, located in a floating region of the past that becomes present in the imaginations of the listeners. Once a tale has been told it recedes into its own time again, but it waits there, ready to return to consciousness when the teller or listener passes by a certain place, or hears about someone who longs for a life away from the confines of town, or someone who is drawn by crowds but has chores to do. "Past" though a tale may be, its characters did not so much live out their lives in the past of the present world as they go on living and dying in a parallel world.

There are other narratives whose claim on reality rests not so much on the teller's ability to make them seem present as on the notion that they not only happened at real places, but occupy a definite position along the same continuous road of time as the one

the listeners travel in real life. At the near end of this road are anecdotes about things that happened earlier today, or last year, or during someone's childhood, or to a grandparent who is no longer living. In the more distant reaches of the road, with roots extending westward and downward into whole worlds that preceded the present one, is a narrative known as *Chimiky'ana'kowa*, "When Newness Was Made." It accounts, among other things, for the fact that the town of Zuni and its people are where they are.

Looking southwestward from the rooftops above the plaza at Broken Place, we can see the ruins of Wind Place on a knoll above the Zuni River. There was a time when the Zuni people, migrating upriver from far in the west, had settled in villages as near to the present town as Wind Place. But then the Ahayuuta twins wanted to find the location of the middle of the earth. They sought help from a water strider, an insect whose four longest legs form a cross when it stands on the surface of water. When they came to the place where a mound now rises at the center of Zuni, they asked the water strider to stretch its legs out flat, all the way to the four oceans. When this was done, its heart rested at the middle of the earth. The people then built a new village, and one of its names is *Itiwan'a*, or Middle Place. The exact middle is located in a dark interior room that adjoins the kiva at Broken Place.

The narrative of the making of newness begins in places so far away they are not of this earth. The first four locations are under-worlds, something like the stories in a building. After the ascent to the roof of this building, which is to say the present world, comes a long migration, upstream and eastward. The earliest place names in this part of the story, starting from the Place of Emergence itself, are so far back they cannot be located on a map. Even so, the distance is not like the one in which tales exist, floating in time even though they are fixed in space. Instead, it is a distance that can be numbered. There is first of all the fact that the worlds beneath this one are four in number. Moreover, during their eastward migration the people stayed four days at each of the named places where they stopped—which is understood to mean four years, however long years may have been in those days. In one of the official versions of this narrative, the number of stops required to get to the Middle Place is four times thirteen, or fifty-two.

The near end of the making of newness is not fixed. At the time of emergence the earth was soft and wet, and then it slowly became harder and drier. But there are some events, recent enough to have been remembered by the grandparents of people who are now grandparents, that seem more and more as though they belong to a world of lingering softness as they recede into the past. An episode of this kind might come to mind as we look southward from a rooftop at Broken Place. On the other side of the river is a bare and level strip of ground that runs east-west. That is where the six tall kachinas known as Sha'lako race back and forth when winter is approaching. It is a sacred place, but it was chosen as a campground when the U.S. Army occupied Zuni for six months in 1897-98. The soldiers came because a Zuni named Nick, who had learned to write, had sent a letter to their fort. He called on them to save him from being tried for witchcraft by the Priesthood of the Bow, whose members were responsible for protecting Zunis from external and internal enemies. The resulting invasion dealt a blow to Zuni sovereignty that now looks like one of the steps in the hardening of the world.

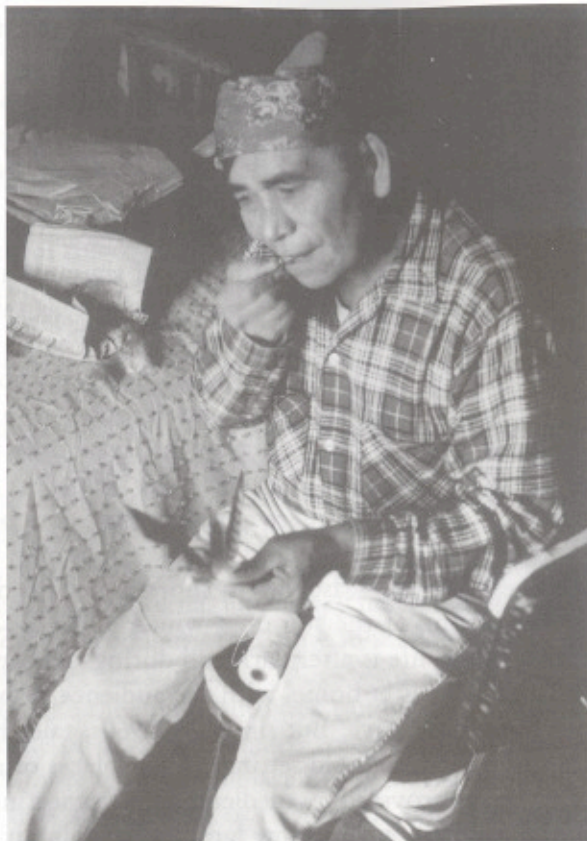
Stories like the one about Nick can be told at any time of year and any time of day. The same is true of episodes that occupy an earlier and more established place in the narrative of the making of newness. It is also true of stories people tell about themselves or their contemporaries. But as for tales, they stand apart. It is one thing to introduce a brief description of an incident from some tale into a conversation, which can be done at any time, but it is quite another to bring its characters and events to life with a full performance. A teller of tales may let us know something about Nepayatamu and his flute as we drive past Striped House on a summer's day, but we will have to wait for another occasion to get the whole story.

The proper season for tales begins midway through the Big Wind moon, also called Corn-picking moon, which corresponds roughly with October. On the night when this moon is full the medicine societies meet—including, incidentally, the society that cured Nepayatamu. The members sing songs that send snakes, especially rattlesnakes, into their winter homes beneath the earth. After that the snakes stay out of sight through the Nameless

moon, also called Set the Date for the Dancers moon; the Turn-about moon, when the sun's path stops its southward slide and turns back; the Broken Branches moon, when the heaviest snowfall comes; and the No Snow in the Road moon, when snow that falls on bare ground is quick to melt. Then, midway through the Little Wind moon, roughly corresponding with March, the medicine societies meet to sing snakes back to the surface.

Tales, perhaps because they are long and sinuous, are said to have the power to attract snakes. A person who tells tales out of season and then dares to go out walking over the earth may suddenly be smiled upon by a snake (this is how snakebite is described). Only when snakes have gone underground for a long stay is it safe for tales to come out in the open. Even then there is a problem with telling them on a winter's day, which is that they have the power to quicken the pace at which time goes by. This is a positive power on a winter's night, when people may wish that both the darkness and the season were shorter, but no one wants to speed up the setting of the sun on a winter's day. So the right time to bring a tale to life is after dark and during the darkest time of year. The best place is at home, with the audience gathered near a fireplace or a heating stove. But since the 1960s, tales have been driven from ordinary household settings. Their places of refuge are the media-free zones provided by medicine society meetings and by sojourns in the country, where some families have unwired houses near their farms or pastures.

The two narrators whose work is represented in this book, Andrew Peynetsa and Walter Sanchez, belonged to a generation in which many people had spent most of their time on farms and ranches while they were growing up. When I first met them, they and their wives still spent half of each year in the farming hamlet of Upper Nutria. Extra help was provided, when needed, by their grown children (and by myself), and during the summer they always had grandchildren staying with them. In their dry-farmed fields they planted corn and beans of all colors, reserving irrigated fields for sweet corn, wheat, and alfalfa. Their wives grew squash, melons, vegetables, coriander, and chili peppers in so-called waffle gardens, using an ancient system of irrigation in which the water from ditches is let into small, rectangular plots laid out in a grid.



Andrew Peynetsa tying feathers to one of the prayer sticks his family will offer on the day of a full moon. Photo by Dennis Tedlock.

Both men kept a pair of work horses, and Andrew ran a herd of rams for the sheep ranchers in the area.

Andrew had long been a passionate advocate of the interests of Zuni farmers and ranchers, and he was serving as chairman of the tribal government's Agricultural Advisory Committee when the stories in this book were recorded. Over the years he had acquired oratorical skills, which he applied in either Zuni or English as the occasion demanded. Both Andrew and Walter participated in the activities of the Kachina Society, as all Zunis do in one way



Walter Sanchez riding bareback on one of his workhorses at the farming hamlet of Upper Nutria. Photo by Dennis Tedlock.

or another. Andrew was also a long-term member of a medicine society. He had particular responsibility for its songs of initiation, which he reckoned as numbering more than six hundred. As a healer, he knew how to treat convulsions by using his hands and speaking powerful words. On an occasion when my wife Barbara and myself had narrowly escaped a fatal accident, we learned that he also knew how to treat shock. Walter, for his part, was well-versed in the songs and rituals of deer hunting.

In most of Andrew's tales the protagonist is from a priestly family or belongs to a medicine society, whereas Walter's tales are about people who are orphaned or otherwise in humble circumstances. Andrew takes great care with his words, in the manner of a poet or an orator, while Walter is driven by his vision of a story's scenes and events. In dwelling on a particular moment, Andrew is apt to construct what amounts to a lyric poem, while Walter is more likely to produce a realistically detailed description. Joseph Peynetsa (Andrew's brother's son) was struck by the difference

between them while he and I were transcribing the recordings of their stories. He remarked that Andrew, whose exact words were relatively easy to catch, "brings out his stories not fast, but precisely," whereas Walter "tells it like he really lived it."

If space is to be made for the telling of a tale on a winter's evening, someone present should say to a storyteller, *Telaapi*, which literally means, "Take out a tale." It is as if stories were kept in a bag or jar when they were not being told, or perhaps in a hole in the ground or a crevice in some rocks. If the teller consents, he or she will begin the tale by casting a spell over the audience, whose members will hopefully remain entranced until the spell is broken at the end. The words that begin and end the spell have the sounds of ordinary words, but their meaning is somewhat obscure, as if they themselves were relics from the time of tales. First of all the teller says, *So'nahchi!* Buried in the past of this word, which is never spoken except when a tale begins, may be a phrase something like, *Si ho'na abhachi*, which would mean, "Now we take it up."

At this moment the speaker pauses long enough to let the listeners respond. They use another word that is heard only when tales are told, saying, *Ee—so*, something like, "Ye—s indeed." The first syllable echoes the ordinary Zuni word for "yes," which is simply *e*. By pronouncing that syllable with a long glide, the listeners not only emphasize their assent but give it particular connotations. Ordinarily such a glide is applied to a word that deals with motion, time, or location, indicating a long duration or distance. In the present case it implies that the audience is agreeing to let the storyteller go on for a long time, or take them some distance away in time or space.

Next the speaker says, *Sonti ino—te*, and again the listeners respond with *ee—so*. *Sonti* is obscure, but behind it could be a phrase something like, *Si onati*, "Now the road begins." The word *inoote* is heard outside of tales and means "long ago," but when it is used to open a tale it becomes *inoo—te*, "lo—ng ago." The gliding effect not only emphasizes that the distance between the time of the telling and the time of the tale is long, but suggests that the two times are not connected together by numbered years or by numbered stops along a road. There are no such glides in the open-

ing lines of narratives other than tales, whether they deal with recent events or claim to be part of "When Newness Was Made."

The phrases used to open a tale would seem to make good candidates for so-called oral formulas, but in fact there is some room for variation even here. Andrew delivers some or all of the words in these phrases loudly (but without shouting), and sometimes he runs through both of them before pausing. Here is the way he opens "Coyote and Junco," using a loud voice (indicated by capitals) throughout. He chants at the same time, keeping his pitches on two distinct levels about three half tones apart:

SO' NAHCHI SONTI INOO—TE

NOW WE TAKE IT UP, THE ROAD BEGINS
LO—NG A GO

Lines delivered in this way sound something like the recitative interludes in an opera. In the Zuni ear they evoke the voice of a town crier making a public announcement from a housetop, the difference being that a crier must shout as loudly as possible, meanwhile lengthening all the syllables to make them carry into the distance. Walter takes a different approach, placing himself on a more level footing with his audience. Sometimes he says *so'nahchi* no more loudly than he would if he were merely continuing a conversation. As for *sonti inoote*, he is perfectly aware of the existence of this phrase, but he chooses to differentiate himself from Andrew by omitting it.

After the words announcing that a tale will be told comes an introduction to the particular tale of the moment. The lines that compose the introduction may be spoken loudly at first, even in Walter's case, and Andrew sometimes chants them. As the lines continue, a more conversational level of speech begins to take over. Here is a passage from the opening of "The Boy and the Deer," in which Andrew chants the first line and renders the next four (each preceded by a pause of a half to a full second) in a normal speaking voice:

HE' SHOKT'AN LHU WAL'AP

taachish

nawe

K'uushina Yalht'an

ky'akwenap.

THERE WERE VIL LAGERS AT HE' SHOKTA

and

up on the Prairie-Dog Hills

the deer

had their home.

The pace here is slow and deliberate, as is usually the case when characters or places are introduced. It is as if they were being given separate billing on a poster or marquee. The present introduction continues with the singling out of one particular villager, followed by a one-line description of what she is currently doing. For the latter line Andrew shifts back to chanting, but without returning to a loud voice:

Shiwan an e'le

a witen te litton lha liiwashap po' ullap.

The daughter of a rain priest

was sit ting in a room on the fourth story down weaving

bas ket plaques.

Scattered echoes of chanting are heard among the next few lines, mixed in with a normal speaking voice.

Once a tale is under way, those who have agreed to listen are obligated to stay awake until it is over. Children who are not yet fully grown have been warned that falling asleep would cause them to become hunchbacks. From time to time, when the speaker has

followed the end of a sentence with a definite pause, the listeners may signal their continued attention by saying *ee—so*. They are more likely to do this when a statement clarifies the meaning of an event than when it simply moves the action forward. The speaker may elicit their response to such a statement by suddenly turning to one or more of the listeners and establishing eye contact. Ordinarily, this is as close as a storyteller comes to leaving the role of narrator for that of an individual addressing remarks to other individuals. But Andrew, when he was not being recorded, sometimes made bolder moves. Once when he was telling the "The Boy and the Deer," he named the pregnant woman in the story after a pregnant daughter who was listening, and he named the story woman's elder brother, who eventually beats her for abandoning her baby, after one of his daughter's elder brothers. In this way he startled his audience into paying closer attention, but without breaking the rule that in tales, the only people who use the first or second person are the characters, conversing inside their own world. While in the role of narrator, the storyteller neither speaks as "I" nor addresses the listeners as "you."

Whenever the characters enter into dialogue, the performer takes on their roles. The opening of a dialogue, like the opening of the story itself, often involves formalities of a generic sort. In Andrew's "The Women and the Man," for example, there is a series of scenes in which the members of a medicine society summon an animal into their presence with the intention of asking his help in finding a member who has disappeared. The conversation opens with an exchange of greetings in which the two sides address one another as kin, then moves toward the business at hand. In the following excerpt, a mountain lion has reached the point of asking the members of the society to explain what they have in mind:

*Itekkunakya s hokti tasha: "SII, hom chaWE
kaw'chi ko' le on akkya hom ton anteshemaaWEE."*

The mountain lion now questioned them: "NOW, my
CHILDREN
for what reason have you summoned ME?"

Here it is not only the wording that is formal, but the use of a loud voice at the ends of phrases, running directly against the natural tendency to let the voice fade as the breath is depleted.¹ Despite such formalities, Andrew varies these scenes in such a way that no two (out of a total of eleven) are identical in either wording or delivery. In the case of an owl, for example, the passage parallel to the one just quoted runs as follows (the dot marks a pause of about two seconds):

Itekkunakya mewishokkwa:

•
 “SII, hom cha WE, kaw’chi ko’ le on akkya hom ton
 anteshemaawe.”

The owl questioned them:

•
 (almost yawning) “NOW, my CHILDREN, for what reason
 have you summoned me?”

The soft voice of the first of these lines (marked by small type) evokes the stealthy flight of owls, and the two-second pause followed by yawning evokes their apparent sleepiness when they sit motionless on a perch. This particular owl has more to say, but he dozes off before he continues. Andrew represents this lapse as follows:

•
 •
 •

That is to say, he remains silent for six full seconds, which is a very long time in the midst of a story.

Whatever a storyteller may do by way of acting out the speaking parts of characters, it stops short of full impersonation. That is to say, the individual voice of the actor is never completely masked by the imitation of the characters’ voices. Even so, the rendering of their lines does much of the work of conveying their personalities, thoughts, and emotional states. In Andrew’s story of “Coyote and

Junco,” Coyote opens a conversation with old lady Junco by asking her direct questions rather than giving her the respect of a gradual approach. She answers his first query without hesitation, but their second exchange goes like this:

“Kwap to’ kyawashy’a,” le’, “Ma’

•
 teshuk’o taap k’ushuts’i,” le’ holh anikwap.

•
 “What’re you winnowing?” he says. “Well

•
 pigweed and tumbleweed seeds,” she tells him then.

The long pause is not the result of the performer’s effort to think of the names of the seeds, which he mentioned just a few lines before these, but is rather his representation of old lady Junco’s hesitation to go along with Coyote’s demands.² The next thing Coyote gets out of her is her winnowing song, which he is anxious to take home with him. He takes his leave of her by saying,

“EE, HO’ s HO AKKYA

ma’ s ho anne, yam ho’ cha aawan tena’unna.”

“YES, I, now I, SO

well I’m going now, I’ll sing it for my children.”

In the first of these two lines it is not the performer who is stumbling over his words; rather, the performer is representing Coyote as doing so.

A hoarse voice is a distinguishing feature of two of the characters in the present collection of tales, both of them adolescent boys whose voices are in the process of breaking. One of them is the younger of the Ahayuuta twins, who is confident and smart, and the other is Pelt Kid, who is shy and stupid. In Andrew’s “The Sun Priest and the Witch Woman,” the younger Ahayuuta insists that he should be the one to imitate the call of a mountain lion, which is high and somewhat rough. With ironic modesty he says, “Perhaps I’ll know how.” His hoarseness erupts twice in Walter’s

"The Girl and the Little Ahayuuta," the first time when he has occasion to touch the girl and the second when they eat a meal together at her home and he anticipates staying overnight. In Walter's "Pelt Kid and His Grandmother," Pelt Kid's hoarseness is attractive to girls, but he has no idea why they invite him to go home with them.

There is a difference between Andrew and Walter in the way they represent the voice of an adolescent male. Andrew simply acts the part, speaking in a high and sometimes hoarse manner when he delivers the younger Ahayuuta's lines in "The Sun Priest and the Witch Woman." Walter, whose voice is somewhat rough to begin with, chooses the route of description. He says the kinds of things a novelist would write, such as, "Now he was speaking in a very hoarse voice." Here it would be pointless to argue as to whether Andrew's feigned hoarseness is a substitute for a description, or Walter's description is a substitute for feigned hoarseness. More important is the fact that information central to the understanding of plot and character can be carried elsewhere than in the sheer wording of a story. In a conventional prose version of Andrew's story, the adolescence of the younger Ahayuuta would simply disappear. This is not a trivial matter, since it holds a key to one of the subtler aspects of Zuni concepts of time. As twins, the Ahayuuta brothers are as close as they can come to existing at the same point on the road of time and yet coming one after the other (as even twins must). The elder, who speaks in a normal adult voice, is located just past an important transition in his life, while the younger is in the midst of it. This gives the two of them the ability to overcome the linearity of time, seeing into the past or future from their not-quite-co-presence.

When the action in a story follows a predictable sequence, as in the case of a ritual, it may be unfolded in a slow and orderly manner much like the one used for introductions and formal dialogues. But if there is a need to represent uncertainty, as in the case of a character who is going around hunting, the lines may be divided in a suspenseful way. In the following passage from "The Boy and the Deer," the hunter is the uncle of a boy who was abandoned as a baby and has been living with a herd of deer. The listener is kept waiting through nine lines of extremely uneven

length and two extra-long pauses before the end of a complete sentence coincides with a pause:

Aateya'kya—— koholh lhana

ist

an lhuwal'an

an kyak holh

imat lhatakley'an aakya. Lhatakley'an aana

imat paniina s ist

ubsi lak ist

Wi'ky'al'an holh, lesna paniina uhs ist lak

K'uushin Yalht'an ubsi tewuuli yalhtookwin holh imat ky'alh kon holh yemakna.

There they lived o——n for a long time

until

from the village

his uncle

went out hunting. Going out hunting

he came along

down around

Worm Spring, and from there he went on towards

the Prairie-Dog Hills and came up near the edge of a valley there.

The tension between line boundaries and sentence boundaries is resolved when the hunter arrives in the area where (as the audience already knows) a herd of deer is living.³ Tension is still present at this point, but now it is sustained by words alone. The hunter arrives "near the edge of a valley," but has yet to see what might lie beyond it.

The last six lines of the above passage are delivered in a soft voice. Performers often speak this way when they combine the position of a narrating observer with that of a character who happens to be doing something other than speaking. At one level, the present lines can be read as a third-person description of the hunter's actions, spoken quietly because the hunter is quiet. But at

another level, they can be read as an indirect representation of the hunter's thoughts and experiences as he decides where to go next and moves quietly ahead.

As the story continues, the narrator's voice comes even closer to being that of the character being narrated. When the hunter finally gets to the edge itself (rather than being near it), he looks down and

*TEWUULI kolh nahhayaye. Nahhayap
lalh holh aksik' ts'an aksh allu'aye
kwan lheyaa k'ohanna.
Muusilili lheyakwip an lapappowaye.
Lapappow, lesn hish an el'ap, ten aktsik'i
otssi
ho"i akshappa.*

THERE IN THE VALLEY was the herd of deer. In the herd
of deer

there was a little boy going around among them
dressed in white.

He had bells on his legs and he wore a macaw headdress.

He wore a macaw headdress, he was handsome, surely it was a boy
a male
a person among them.

The loud voice that opens the first of these lines is in maximum contrast with the soft lines that ended the previous passage. The effect is one of surprise, but this is not the performer's surprise. He has known all along where the deer and the boy are, and so has the audience. The surprise belongs to the hunter, and in fact the whole passage (though it is all in the third person) unfolds according to his successive perceptions and his reactions to them. At first he is hesitant as to whether he is really seeing what he thinks he sees, but he reassures himself.

By now it should be apparent that the difference between direct quotation and third-person narrative, or between enactment and description, is not a matter of polar opposition. Just as a performer's voice is still present during the enactment of the speech of

a character, so a character's voice can be present when the performer's speech is that of a third-person narrator. Thus the multiplicity of voices in storytelling is not only a matter of contrasts among successive passages in which different characters speak or different narrative modes are employed, but also involves a layering of voices within passages. Such complexities are not the preserve of novelists, but are abundantly present in the productions of storytellers.⁴

As a tale comes to an end, anywhere from five minutes to an hour and a quarter after it began, the spell that was cast by stages at the beginning is undone by stages. An optional part of the undoing is a statement claiming that the story accounts for the origin of something that exists in the present day. Some of these statements seem merely amusing, as when the events of "Coyote and Junco" are said to account for the bad condition of the teeth of coyotes. Others are more serious, as when the events of "The Girl and the Little Ahayuuta" are said to account for the fact that the Ahayuuta twins and their grandmother, who once lived together, are now given offerings at three widely-separated shrines. But statements like these do not so much make a tale into an explanation of the real world as they use what is already known about that world to make a tale seem real.⁵

Just before or just after the origin statement comes the sentence, *Le'n inoote teyatikya*, "This happened long ago," which is not so much a claim to factuality as it is a reminder that the events belong to another kind of time. Then comes a final sentence that completes the undoing of the spell, *Le— semkonikya*. The first of these two words, which would ordinarily be pronounced *leewi*, means "that's all." The glide does two things at once, implying that the story was long and providing a fast-forward shift into the present. The final word, like the opening *so'nabchi* and *sonti*, is heard only when tales are told. Behind it would seem to be a two-word phrase, *semme konikya*, combining an archaic noun meaning "word" with a verb meaning "it was short." So the overall effect of the closing is something like, "That's a—ll the word was short."

As in the case of the opening, there are variations in the closing. Andrew sometimes incorporates the penultimate phrase, *Le'n inoote teyatikya*, into the beginning of his origin statement, saying,

Le'n inoote teyatikkow akkya, which changes "This was lived long ago" into "Because of the one who lived this long ago." There are still more variations if we consider the manner in which the closing phrases are voiced. Andrew often makes a point of sounding breathless at the end of *le*—, leaving it hanging over a pause in which a gasp for air can be heard, and then pronounces *semkonikya* with an emphatically final drop in pitch. Walter, unlike Andrew, never uses a loud voice in his closings, and he runs the last two words together without a pause.

Even as the last word of a tale is being spoken, the teller and listeners begin to stretch, straightening their arms and raising them over their heads. At the same time, they should stand up straight. These actions, like staying awake, are said to prevent hunchback. They also maximize the difference between the posture of the humans present and that of snakes, as if to make doubly certain that the telling of a tale did not bring the human and snake worlds closer together.

Entering and leaving a story that forms part of "When Newness Was Made" involves different moves from those involved in tale-telling. For the part of the story of newness that begins with an ascent into the light of the present world and runs as far as the finding of the Middle Place, there is a canonical version that is properly performed only once every four years.⁶ The narrator is a kachina named Kyaklo, who repeats his story, verbatim, for audiences in each of the six kivas. He speaks with the utmost formality, but unlike a tale-teller, he uses the first and second persons to join himself with his audience. As his first line he says, *Nomilbte ho'n chimiky'anapkyaya teya*, "In truth this is how our newness was made," and as his last he says, *To'no tek'ohannan yanikchiyattu*, "May all of you be blessed with daylight." Each line is chanted in a monotone except for its last syllable, which is held long enough to carry a brief rise to a higher pitch and a fall back to the original one, after which there comes a pause.

Listeners respond to Kyaklo from time to time, but not as they would to a tale-teller. Instead they say, *Hacchi*, "Certainly," or *Eleete*, "Just so." What they are hearing is the oral equivalent of an authoritative text. It does not earn their attention, but rather de-

mands it. When Andrew was a child, he and Joseph's father learned this the hard way. They asked their maternal grandfather for a tale one night, but they wouldn't have done so if they had known what was coming. He didn't know any tales, but he went ahead and recited what he did know, which was Kyaklo's story. He kept them awake all night, hitting them with a stick whenever they fell asleep.

Kyaklo's version of "When Newness Was Made," along with a similar but somewhat less formal version in the keeping of rain priests,⁷ has served as a source for countless unofficial reinterpretations of the story. These are told in the same settings as tales and draw upon some of the same skills, focusing on the story rather than the reproduction of its original wording. In opening and closing such a narrative, the speaker does not use the cryptic words that serve to fence off the imaginal world of a tale from the surrounding conversation. *Ma' imati*, "Well then," is the typical beginning line, and at the end comes, *Leewi*, "That's all." Like Kyaklo, the performer may use "we" or "you" even when speaking directly to the audience, as Andrew does in his rendition. There are statements of origin, as in a tale, but they may occur at various points within the story rather than being saved for the end, and there may be many more of them.

All the lines in Kyaklo's narrative, whether they belong to the characters or the narrator, are chanted in the same way. In reinterpretations by storytellers, his insistently authoritative voice is replaced by a multiplicity of voices. Echoes of Kyaklo's chanting remain in Andrew's version, but they take the same form as the chanted lines heard in tales. In rendering the dialogues, Andrew enjoys some of his finest moments as a storyteller. There is, for example, the scene in which the Sun Father first meets the Ahayuuta twins, who are standing at the place where his light struck the foam of a waterfall and brought them into existence. As Andrew interprets this encounter, the twins, who are young and have something of the character of tricksters, and their father, who is the highest and most dignified of the gods, are not quite sure how to address each other. For the twins' opening line Andrew chooses a formal greeting that would normally go as follows: *Ho'n tacchu, ko'na to' tewanan teyaye*, "Our father, how have you been

passing the days?" But he has the twins render this greeting shyly (in a soft voice) and uncertainly (they insert the word "father" only after a false start). The Sun Father begins his reply with standard wording, but he moves rapidly from the gentleness of a soft voice to the high formality of a phrase-ending loud voice:

"Ko'na, tacchu, ko'na to' tewanan teyaye." "K'ettsanisse, hom chaw aaCHI."

"How, father, how have you been passing the days?" "Happily, my CHILDREN."

If the Sun Father were to continue his reply with normal wording, he would next say, *Kesh to'n iya*, "Are you coming now?" What Andrew has him do instead is to refer to the fact that the twins, instead of having arrived where they are by traveling from some other location, are standing at their place of origin. The twins, for their part, abandon their soft voice and play along with his choice of wording:

"Kesh ton uuwa'kya," le' holh aach anikwa. "Ma's hon uuwa'kya."

"Have you sprouted now?" he asked them. "Yes we've sprouted."

In the official versions of this same scene, no exchange of greetings takes place. The Sun Father simply tells the twins, who are already in his company when the story opens, what he wants them to do.

There are many other differences between Andrew's version of "When Newness Was Made," which he told before the fireplace in his farmhouse at Upper Nutria, and the recitals that take place during religious rituals. There are also differences between his version and other published versions of the unofficial kind, which are different from one another.⁸ For example, only in his telling is the surface of the earth populated, in turn, by people from each of the four underworlds, with each group perishing as the next one emerges.⁹ The relationship between ritually sanctioned versions

and individual performances such as his is analogous to the relationship between text and interpretation in a written tradition, but there remains a difference.

Just as it is possible to talk or write about a text outside the text itself, so it is possible, in an oral tradition, to talk about what was said in a performance outside the performance itself. This is easiest to do soon after a story is told, when it is still fresh in mind. If a story comes into a conversation far from the time of its telling, as when the sight of a certain landmark or the behavior of a certain person brings it to mind, the mention of a few details can make it clear which story or episode is being talked about. But moments like these produce a discourse like that of footnotes or commentaries or citations, rather than constituting a hermeneutics. In an oral tradition, the only serious way to undertake the hermeneutical task of understanding a story is to perform it.

In the course of performing "When Newness Was Made," Andrew incorporates some of his understandings into the story itself, as when he dramatizes the meeting between the Sun Father and the Ahayuuta twins. But there are also moments when he calls attention to his acts of interpretation, making remarks such as, "That must have been the way it was." In the case of tales, where there is no hierarchy between official and unofficial versions, the convergence between acts of narration and acts of interpretation comes closer to being complete. As one of Andrew's sons-in-law put the matter, "You're right with that story, like you were in it."

THE BOY AND THE DEER



NOW WE TAKE IT UP.

(audience) Ye——s indeed.

NOW THE ROAD BEGINS LO——NG A GO.

(audience) Ye——s indeed.

THERE WERE VIL LAGERS AT HE' SHOKTA

and

up on the Prairie-Dog Hills

the deer

had their home.



The daughter of a rain priest

was sit ting in a room on the fourth story down weaving bas ket

plaques.

She was always sitting and working in there, and the Sun came up

every day when the Sun came up

the girl would sit working

at the place where he came in.

It seems the Sun made her pregnant.

When he made her pregnant

though she sat in there without knowing any man

her belly grew large.
She worked o——n for a time
weaving basket plaques, and
her belly grew large, very very large.
When her time was near
she had a pain in her belly.
Gathering all her clothes
she went out and
went down to Water's End.

On she went until
she came to the bank
went on down to the river, and washed her clothes.

Then
after washing a few things, she had a pain in her belly.

She came out of the river. Coming out, she sat down
by a juniper tree and strained her muscles:
the little baby came out.
She dug a hole, put juniper leaves in it
then laid the baby there.
She went back into the water
gathered all her clothes
and carefully washed the blood off herself.
She bundled
her clothes
put them on her back
and returned to her home at He'shokta.

And the DEER
who lived on the Prairie-Dog Hills

were going down to DRINK, going down to drink at dusk.

The Sun had almost set when they went down to drink and the little baby was
crying.

"Where is the little baby crying?" they said.

It was two fawns on their way down
with their mother
who heard him.

The crying was coming from the direction of a tree.
They were going into the water

and there
they came upon the crying.
Where a juniper tree stood, the child
was crying.

The deer
the two fawns and their mother went to him.

"Well, why shouldn't we
save him?
Why don't you two hold my nipples
so
so he can nurse?" the mother said to her fawns.

The two fawns helped the baby
suck their mother's nipple and get some milk.
Now the little boy

was nursed, the little boy was nursed by the deer
o——n until he was full.

Their mother lay down cuddling him the way deer sleep
with her two fawns
together

lying beside her
and they SLEPT WITH THEIR FUR AROUND HIM.
They would nurse him, and so they lived on, lived on.
As he grew
he was without clothing, NAKED.
His elder brother and sister had fur:
they had fur, but he was NAKED and this was not good.

•
The deer
the little boy's mother
spoke to her two fawns: "Tonight
when you sleep, you two will lie on both sides
and he will lie in the middle.
While you're sleeping
I'll go to Kachina Village, for he is without clothing, naked, and
this is not good."

•
So she spoke to her children, and
there
at the village of He'shokta

•
were young men
who went out hunting, and the young men who went out hunting
looked for deer.
When they went hunting they made their kills around the Prairie-
Dog Hills.
And their mother went to Kachina Village, she went o——n
until she reached Kachina Village.
It was filled with dancing kachinas.

•
"My fathers, my children, how have you been passing the days?"
"Happily, our child, so you've come, sit down," they said.

"Wait, stop your dancing, our child has come and must have
something to say," then the kachinas stopped.
The deer sat down, the old lady deer sat down.

A kachina priest spoke to her:

"Now speak.

You must've come because you have something to say." "YES, in

TRUTH

I have come because I have something to SAY.

There in the village of He'shokta is a rain priest's daughter
who abandoned her child.

We found him

we have been raising him.

But he is poor, without clothing, naked, and this
is not good.

So I've come to ask for clothes for him," she said.

"Indeed." "Yes, that's why I've come, to ask for clothes for him."

"Well, there is always a way," they said.

Kyaklo

laid out his shirt.

Long Horn put in his kilt and his moccasins.

•
And Huututu put in his buckskin leggings
he laid out his bandoleer.

•
And Pawtiwa laid out his macaw headdress.

•
Also they put in the BELLS he would wear on his legs.

•
Also they laid out

•
strands of turquoise beads
moccasins.

So they laid it all out, hanks of yarn for his wrists and ankles

they gathered all his clothing.

When they had gathered it his mother put it on her back: "Well, I must GO but when he has grown larger I will return to ask for clothing again."

That's what she said. "Very well indeed."

Now the deer went her way.

When she got back to her children they were all sleeping.

When she got there they were sleeping and she lay down beside them.

The little boy, waking up

began to nurse, his deer mother nursed him

and he went back to sleep. So they spent the night and then (*with pleasure*) the little boy was clothed by his mother.

His mother clothed him.

When he was clothed he was no longer cold.

He went around playing with his elder brother and sister, they would run after each other, playing.

They lived on this way until he was grown.

And THEN

they went back up to their old home on the Prairie-Dog Hills.

After going up they remained there and would come down only to drink, in the evening.

There they lived on for a long time

until

from the village

his uncle

went out hunting. Going out hunting

he came along

down around

Worm Spring, and from there he went on towards

the Prairie-Dog Hills and came up near the edge of a valley there.

When he came to the woods on the Prairie-Dog Hills he looked down and THERE IN THE VALLEY was the herd of deer. In the herd of deer

there was a little boy going around among them dressed in white.

He had bells on his legs and he wore a macaw headdress.

He wore a macaw headdress, he was handsome, surely it was a boy a male

a person among them.

While he was looking the deer mothers spotted him.

When they spotted the young man they ran off.

There the little boy outdistanced the others.

"Haa—, who could that be?"

So his uncle said. "Who

could you be? Perhaps you are a daylight person."

So his UNCLE thought and he didn't do ANYTHING to the deer.

He returned to his house in the evening.

It was evening

dinner was ready, and when they sat down to eat

the young man spoke:

"Today, while I was out hunting

when I reached the top

of the Prairie-Dog Hills, where the woods are, when I reached the top, THERE in the VALLEY was a HERD OF DEER.

There was a herd of deer

and with them was a LITTLE BOY.

Whose child could it be?

When the deer spotted me they ran off and he outdistanced them.
He wore bells on his legs, he wore a macaw headdress, he was dressed in white."
So the young man was saying
as he told his father.

It was one of the boy's OWN ELDERS
his OWN UNCLE had found him.

(audience) Ye—s indeed.
His uncle had found him.

Then
he said, "If
the herd is to be chased, then tell your Bow Priest."
So the young man said. "Whose child could this be?
PERHAPS WE'LL CATCH HIM."
So he was saying.

A girl
a daughter of the rain priest said, "Well, I'll go ask the Bow Priest."
She got up and went to the Bow Priest's house.

Arriving at the Bow Priest's house
she entered:

"My fathers, my mothers, how have you been passing the days?"

"Happily, our child
so you've come, sit down," they said. "Yes.
Well, I'm
asking you to come.

Father asked that you come, that's what my father said," she told
the Bow Priest.

"Very well, I'll come," he said.

The girl went out and went home, and after a while the Bow Priest came
over.

He came to their house
while they were still eating.

"My children, how are you
this evening?" "Happy
sit down and eat," he was told.

He sat down and ate with them.

When they were finished eating, "Thank you," he said. "Eat plenty," he
was told.

He moved to another seat

and after a while
the Bow Priest questioned them:
"NOW, for what reason have you
summoned ME?

Perhaps it is because of a WORD of some importance that you
have summoned me. You must make this known to me
so that I may think about it as I pass the days," he said.

"YES, in truth
today, this very day
my child here
went out to hunt.

Up on the Prairie-Dog Hills, there
HE SAW A HERD OF DEER.

But a LITTLE BOY WAS AMONG THEM.

Perhaps he is a daylight person.
Who could it be?

He was dressed in white and he wore a macaw headdress.

When the deer ran off he OUTDISTANCED them:
he must be very fast.

That's why my child here said, 'Perhaps
they should be CHASED, the deer should be chased.'

He wants to see him caught, that's what he's thinking.

Because he said this

I summoned you," he said. "Indeed."

"Indeed, well

perhaps he's a daylight person, what else can he be?
It is said he was dressed in white, what else can he be?"
So they were saying.
"WHEN would you want to do this?" he said.
The young man who had gone out hunting said, "Well, in four
days
so we can prepare our weapons."
So he said.
"Therefore you should tell your people that in FOUR DAYS
there will be a deer chase."
So
he said. "Very well."

(sharply) Because of the little boy the word was given out for the
deer chase.

The Bow Priest went out and shouted it.
When he shouted the VILLAGERS
heard him.

(slowly) "In four days there will be a deer chase.
A little boy is among the deer, who could it be? With luck
you might CATCH him.
We don't know who it will be.
You will find a child, then," he SAID as he shouted.

Then they went to sleep and lived on with anticipation.
Now when it was the THIRD night, the eve of the chase

the deer
spoke to her son
when the deer had gathered.

"My son." "What is it?" he said.
"Tomorrow we'll be chased, the one who found us is your uncle.

When he found us he saw you, and that's why

we'll be chased.
They'll come out after you:
your uncles.

(excited) The uncle who saw you will ride a spotted horse, and

HE'LL BE THE ONE who
WON'T LET YOU GO, and
your elder brothers, your mothers
no

he won't think of killing them, it'll be you alone
he'll think of, he'll chase.

You won't be the one to get tired, but we'll get tired.

It'll be you alone

WHEN THEY HAVE KILLED US ALL
and you will go on alone.

Your first uncle

will ride a spotted horse and a second uncle will ride a white horse.
THESE TWO WILL FOLLOW YOU.

You must pretend you are tired but keep on going
and they will catch you.

But WE

MYSELF, your elder SISTER, your elder BROTHER
ALL OF US

will go with you.

Wherever they take you we will go along with you."

So his deer mother told him, so she said.

THEN HIS DEER MOTHER TOLD HIM EVERYTHING:
"AND NOW

I will tell you everything.

From here

from this place
where we're living now, we went down to drink. When we went
down to drink
it was one of your ELDERS, one of your OWN ELDERS
your mother who sits in a room on the fourth story down weaving
basket plaques:

IT WAS SHE
whom the Sun had made pregnant.
When her time was near
she went down to Water's End to the bank
to wash clothes
and when you were about to come out
she had pains, got out of the water
went to a TREE and there she just DROPPED you.
THAT is your MOTHER.
She's in a room on the fourth story down weaving basket plaques,
that's what you'll tell them.

THAT'S WHAT SHE DID TO YOU, SHE JUST DROPPED
YOU.

When we went down to drink
we found you, and because you have grown up
on my milk
and because of the thoughts of your Sun Father, you have grown
fast.

Well, you
have looked at us
at your elder sister and your elder brother
and they have fur. 'Why don't I have fur like them?' you have
asked.

But that is proper, for you are a daylight person.
That's why I went to Kachina Village to get clothes for you

the ones you were wearing.
You began wearing those when you were small
before you were GROWN.
Yesterday I went to get the clothes you're wearing now
the ones you will wear when they chase us. When you've been
caught
you must tell these things to your elders.

When they bring you in
when they've caught you and bring you in
you
you will go inside. When you go inside
your grandfather
a rain priest
will be sitting by the fire. 'My grandfather, how have you been
passing the days?'
'Happily. As old as I am, I could be a grandfather to anyone, for
we have many children,' he will say.
'Yes, but truly you are my real grandfather,' you will say.
When you come to where your grandmother is sitting,
'Grandmother of mine, how have you been passing the days?'
you will say.
'Happily, our child, surely I could be a grandmother to anyone,
for we have the whole village as our children,' she will say.
Then, with the uncles who brought you in and
with your three aunts, you will shake hands.
'WHERE IS MY MOTHER?' you will say.
'Who is your mother?' they will say. 'She's in a room on the
fourth story down weaving basket plaques, tell her to come
out,' you will say.

Your youngest aunt will go in to get her.
When she enters:

(sharply) 'There's a little boy who wants you, he says you are his mother.'

(tight) 'How could that be? I don't know any man, how could I have an offspring?'

'Yes, but he wants you,' she will say
and she will force her to come out.

THEN THE ONE WE TOLD YOU ABOUT WILL COME
OUT:

you will shake hands with her, call her mother. 'Surely we could
be mothers to anyone, for we have the whole village as our
CHILDREN,' she will say to you.

'YES, BUT TRULY YOU ARE MY REAL MOTHER.

There, in a room on the fourth story down
you sit and work.

My Sun Father, where you sit in the light

my Sun Father

made you pregnant.

When you were about to deliver

it was to Water's End

that you went down to wash. You washed at the bank

and when I was about to come out

when it hurt you

you went to a tree and just dropped me there.

You gathered your clothes, put them on your back, and returned
to your house.

But my MOTHERS

HERE

found me. When they found me

because it was on their milk

that I grew, and because of the thoughts of my Sun Father

I grew fast.

I had no clothing

so my mother went to Kachina Village to ask for clothing.'

SO YOU MUST SAY."

So he was told, so his mother told him. "And
tonight

(aside) we'll go up on the Ruin Hills."

So the deer mother told her son. "We'll go to the Ruin Hills
we won't live here anymore.

(sharply) We'll go over there where the land is rough
for TOMORROW they will CHASE us.

Your uncles won't think of US, surely they will think of YOU
ALONE. They have GOOD HORSES," so

his mother told him. It was on the night before
that the boy

was told by his deer mother.

The boy became

very unhappy.

They slept through the night

and before dawn the deer

went to the Ruin Hills.

They went there and remained, and the VILLAGERS AWOKE.

It was the day of the chase, as had been announced, and the people
were coming out.

They were coming out, some carrying bows, some on foot and
some on horseback, they kept on this way

o——n they went on

past Stone Chief, along the trees, until they got to the Prairie-Dog
Hills and there were no deer.

Their tracks led straight and they followed them.

After finding the trail they went on until

when they reached the Ruin Hills, there in the valley

beyond the thickets there

was the herd, and the

young man and two of his elder sisters were chasing each other by the edge of the valley, playing together. Playing together they were spotted.

The deer saw the people.

They fled.

Many were the people who came out after them now they chased the deer.

Now and again they dropped them, killed them.

Sure enough the boy outdistanced the others, while his mother and his elder sister and brother

still followed their child. As they followed him he was far in the lead, but they followed on, they were on the run and sure enough his uncles weren't thinking about killing deer, it was the boy they were after.

And ALL THE PEOPLE WHO HAD COME

KILLED THE DEER killed the deer killed the deer.

Wherever they made their kills they gutted them, put them on their backs, and went home.

Two of the uncles

then

went ahead of the group, and a third uncle

(*voice breaking*) dropped his elder sister

his elder brother

his mother.

He gutted them there

while the other two uncles went on. As they went ON the boy pretended to be tired. The first uncle pleaded:

"Tísshomahhá!
STOP," he said, "Let's stop this contest now."

So he was saying as

the little boy kept on running.

As he kept on his bells went telele.

O——n, he went on this way
on until

the little boy stopped and his uncle, dismounting
caught him.

When he caught him,

(*gently*) "Now come with me, get up," he said.

His uncle

helped his nephew get up, then his uncle got on the horse.

They went back. They went on

until they came to where his mother and his elder sister and brother were lying and the third uncle was there. The third uncle was there.

"So you've come." "Yes."

The little boy spoke: "This is my mother, this is my elder sister, this is my elder brother.

They will accompany me to my house.

They will accompany me," the boy said.

"Very well."

His uncles put the deer on their horses' backs.

On they went, while the people were coming in, coming in, and still the uncles didn't arrive, until at nightfall

the little boy was brought in, sitting up on the horse.

It was night and the people, a crowd of people, came out to see the boy as he was

brought in on the horse through the plaza

and his mother and his elder sister and brother

came along also

as he was brought in.

His grandfather came out. When he came out the little boy and his uncle dismounted.

His grandfather took the lead with the little boy following, and they went up.

When they reached the roof his grandfather

made a cornmeal road
and they entered.
His grandfather entered
with the little boy following
while his
uncles brought in the deer. When everyone was inside

the little boy's grandfather spoke: "Sit down," and the little boy spoke to his
grandfather as he came to where he was sitting:

"Grandfather of mine, how have you been passing the days?" he
said.

"Happily, our child
surely I could be a grandfather to anyone, for we have the whole village as our
children." "Yes, but you are my real grandfather," he said.
When he came to where his grandmother was sitting he said the same
thing.

"Yes, but surely I could be a grandmother to anyone, for we have many children."

"Yes, but you are my real grandmother," he said.

He looked the way
his uncle had described him, he wore a macaw headdress and his
clothes were white.

He had new moccasins, new buckskin leggings.

He wore a bandoleer and a macaw headdress.

He was a stranger.

He shook hands with his uncles and shook hands with his aunts.

"WHERE IS MY MOTHER?" he said.

"She's in a room on the fourth story down weaving basket
plaques," he said.

"Tell her to come out."

Their younger sister went in.

"Hurry and come now:

some little boy has come and says you are his mother."

(tight) "How could that be?

I've never known any man, how could I have an offspring?" she said.

"Yes, but come on, he wants you, he wants you to come out."

Finally she was forced to come out.

The moment she entered the little boy
went up to his mother.

"Mother of mine, how have you been passing the days?"

"Happily, but surely I could be anyone's
mother, for we have many children," his mother said.

So she said.

"YES INDEED

but you are certainly my REAL MOTHER.

YOU GAVE BIRTH TO ME," he said.

Then, just as his deer mother had told him to do
he told his mother everything:

"You really are my mother.

In a room on the fourth story down
you sit and work.

As you sit and work

the light comes through your window.

My Sun Father

made you pregnant.

When he made you pregnant you
sat in there and your belly began to grow large.

Your belly grew large
you

you were about to deliver, you had pains in your belly, you were
about to give birth to me, you had pains in your belly

you gathered your clothes

and you went down to the bank to wash.

When you got there you
washed your clothes in the river.
When I was about to COME OUT and caused you pain
you got out of the water
you went to a juniper tree.
There I made you strain your muscles
and there you just dropped me.
When you dropped me
you made a little hole and placed me there.
You gathered your clothes
bundled them together
washed all the blood off carefully, and came back here.
When you had gone
my elders here
came down to DRINK
and found me.
They found me

I cried
and they heard me.
Because of the milk
of my deer mother here
my elder sister and brother here
because of
their milk
I grew.
I had no clothing, I was poor.
My mother here went to Kachina Village to ask for my clothing.

That's where
she got my clothing.
That's why I'm clothed. Truly, that's why I was among them
that's why one of you

who went out hunting discovered me.
You talked about it and that's why these things happened today."
(audience) Ye——s indeed.
So the little boy said.

•
"THAT'S WHAT YOU DID AND YOU ARE MY REAL
MOTHER," he told his mother. At that moment his mother
embraced him, embraced him.
His uncle got angry, his uncle got angry.
He beat
his kinswoman
he beat his kinswoman.
That's how it happened.
The boy's deer elders were on the floor.
His grandfather then
spread some covers
on the floor, laid them there, and put strands of turquoise beads on them.
After a while they skinned them.
With this done and dinner ready they ate with their son.

•
They slept through the night, and the next day
the little boy spoke: "Grandfather." "What is it?"
"Where is your quiver?" he said. "Well, it must be hanging in the
other room," he said.

•
He went out when he was given the quiver and wandered around.
He wandered around, he wasn't thinking of killing deer, he just
wandered around.

In the evening he came home empty-handed.
They lived on

•
and slept through the night.
After the second night he was wandering around again.

The third one came
and on the fourth night, just after sunset, his mother
spoke to him: "I need
the center blades of the yucca plant," she said.
"Which kind of yucca?"
"Well, the large yucca, the center blades," his mother said. "Indeed.
Tomorrow I'll try to find it for you," he said.
(*aside*) She was finishing her basket plaque and this was for the
outer part.

(*audience*) Ye——s indeed.

So she said.

The next morning, when he had eaten
he put the quiver on and went out.
He went up on Big Mountain and looked around until he found a
large yucca
with very long blades.

"Well, this must be the kind you talked about," he said. It was the center
blades she wanted.

He put down his bow and his quiver, got hold of the center blades, and
began to pull.

(*with strain*) He pulled

it came loose suddenly
and he pulled it straight into his heart.

There he died.

He died and they waited for him but he didn't come.

When the Sun went down
and he still hadn't come, his uncles began to worry.

They looked for him.

They found his tracks, made torches, and followed him

until they found him with the center blades of the yucca in his
heart.

Their
nephew
was found and they brought him home.
The next day

he was buried.

Now he entered upon the roads
of his elders.

THIS WAS LIVED LONG AGO. THAT'S A——LL THE
WORD WAS SHORT.

NOTES

Narrated by Andrew Peynetsa on the evening of January 20, 1965, with
Walter Sanchez and myself present; the responses (marked *audience*) are
Walter's. The performance took half an hour.

He'shokta: a small village that was composed of several one-story
masonry room blocks, located on a terrace below the cliffs of the mesa
known as Big Mountain. It was occupied in the eighteenth and early
nineteenth centuries.

Rain priest: the young woman's father is a *shiwani*, occupying one of
several ranked priestly offices that belong to specific clans. Rain priests
abstain from violence, whether physical or verbal. During the summer
rainy season they take turns going on retreats lasting either four or eight
days, fasting and praying for rain in a dark room that represents the
fourth and deepest underworld (see Part I of "When Newness Was
Made").

Basket plaques: flat wicker baskets used as trays. The weaving of the weft proceeds spiral-wise from the center.

Birth of the boy: describing this afterwards, Andrew said, "She drops him like an ewe, by a juniper tree." The mother abandons the boy because, according to Joseph Peyneta, "she was supposed to be a priest's daughter, meaning that she's not supposed to have a child out of wedlock; a priest's family sets an example for the people." Water's End is several miles from He'shokta; Andrew said, "She went that far so no one would know what she was doing."

Kachina Village: this lies beneath the surface of a lake and comes to life only at night; it is the home of all the kachinas, the ancestral gods of the Zunis. Kachinas are impersonated by the Zunis in masked dances.

Kyaklo: one of the priests of Kachina Village; his face is bordered by a rainbow and the Milky Way, his ears are squash blossoms, rain falls from his eyes and mouth, and he is unable to walk. His shirt is of white cotton cloth with an embroidered border.

Long Horn: another kachina priest; he has a long blue horn at the right side of his head, his long left eye extends out onto his left (and only) ear, and he walks with stiff stomping. His kilt is of white cotton cloth with an embroidered border; his moccasins are of a type called *ketomaawe*, decorated with red, blue, and yellow flaps.

Huututu: deputy to Long Horn; he lacks Long Horn's asymmetry and walks less stiffly. His bandoleer is decorated along its entire length with small conch shells.

Pawtiwa: the chief priest of the kachinas; he has a blue face, blue beak, large furry ears, and his eyes are formed by a black, two-billowed cloud; he is tall and moves in a stately manner. His headdress is a tall bunch of macaw tail feathers worn upright at the back of the head. In pre-Columbian times live macaws were traded from Mexico.

Bells: these are sleigh bells on leather straps. Similar bells, made of copper, were traded from Mexico in pre-Columbian times.

"Daylight person": living human beings are *tek'ohannan aaho'i* or "daylight people"; all other beings, including animals, some plants, various natural phenomena, and deceased humans (kachinas), are *ky'apin*

aaho'i or "raw people," because they do not depend on cooked food. The boy is partly daylight, since his mother is daylight, and partly raw, since his father is the Sun and since, as Andrew pointed out, "he was the half-son of the deer mother, because she gave him her milk."

The uncles and their horses: the first uncle, the one who catches the boy but kills no deer, rides a spotted horse. The second uncle, who follows the first one but neither touches the boy nor kills deer, rides a white horse. A third uncle kills the boy's deer mother, sister, and brother. The color of his horse is not specified, but one of Andrew's sons later made a point of telling me it was black.

Bow Priest: in charge of hunting, warfare, and public announcements; he shouts announcements from the top of the highest house.

The deer mother's clairvoyance: twins, whether they are daylight or raw people, are said to be able to predict the future. Deer are nearly always born as twins (hence the boy has two foster siblings).

Deer chase: Joseph liked this episode best, "because the boy is fleeing, and yet he knows he'll be brought back by his uncles, where, in truth, he belongs." He added: "The way my own grandfather told this story, when they caught the boy he was so strong they could hardly subdue him." After the chase the surviving deer scatter all over the countryside the way they are now, and, as Andrew put it, "From there on after, there's no chasing deer like that."

The boy enters his house: in the "long ago," houses were entered through a trapdoor in the roof; the boy and his grandfather go up an outside ladder to reach the roof and then down a second ladder into the house. Just before they enter the grandfather makes "a cornmeal road" by sprinkling a handful of cornmeal out in front of them, thus treating the boy as an important ritual personage.

"We have the whole village as our children": as a rain priest, the boy's grandfather prays for the entire village, and everyone there addresses him and his family as if they were kin. But the boy insists that they are his "real" kin, not just metaphorical kin.

The mother is beaten: according to Andrew, the uncle did this with his riding whip.

The treatment of the slain deer: Joseph commented, "When deer die, they go to Kachina Village. And from there they go to their remake, transform into another being, maybe a deer. That's in the prayers the Zunis say for deer, and that's why you have to give them cornmeal and put necklaces on them, so that they'll come back to your house once again." He added, smiling, "I suppose the boy didn't eat the deer meat, because he said, 'This is my mother, my sister, my brother.'"

Yucca plant: this was the broadleaf yucca, or Spanish bayonet, with sharp, stiff blades up to a yard long. To finish her basket plaque the boy's mother needed to make a rim for it, bending over the projecting rabbit-brush stems of the warp and tying them in place with fibers stripped from yucca blades. Joseph commented, "When you find this yucca while sheep herding it's always tempting to take it out, but it caused a death in a story, so you're afraid to take it out."

The boy's death: asked whether the boy's mother was responsible for this, Joseph said, "No, I wouldn't say that. I think he was really unhappy. He never stayed home: he went out hunting, but he never thought of killing a deer. Probably he was lonesome, and used to being out in the wilds." Andrew said, "Yes, his mother got blamed, because she sent him to get the yucca; he wasn't just going to do that. Her folks said she shouldn't tell him to get it and that his uncles should go and get it. Probably he had it in his mind to kill himself, that's the way I felt when I was telling it. All that time he was with his deer folks, and all that time he had it on his mind. He never did grow up with his family, but with those deer, in the open air, and probably he didn't like it in the house."

"He entered upon the roads of his elders": that is, in Andrew's words, "The boy went back to the deer forever." He was able to do this because death made him a completely "raw" person; he was no longer partly "daylight."