

Of Cabbages and Kings

TALES FROM ZINACANTÁN

Robert M. Laughlin



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FRONTISPIECE: Disguised Aztec merchants in Tzinacatlan (Florentine Codex)

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ABSTRACT

Laughlin, Robert M. *Of Cabbages and Kings: Tales from Zinacantán*. *Smithsonian Contributions to Anthropology*, number 23, 427 pages, frontispiece, 11 figures, 8 maps, 1977.—This collection of 173 folktales, myths, legends, and personal reminiscences from Zinacantán, Chiapas, Mexico was recorded in Tzotzil, primarily in 1960, but also in 1963, 1968, and 1971. Zinacantec oral literature as represented here in the contributions of nine individuals, eight men and one woman, constitutes a small part of the community's awareness of past and present. The narrative style is no different from that of everyday speech. The form and content of the tales may vary considerably from one telling to the next. While a good number of tale motifs show unmistakable European provenience, others, apparently native to Middle America, are widely represented throughout southern Mexico and Guatemala, with a far smaller number restricted to the Chiapas highlands. The Tzotzil texts, with free English translations, are accompanied by linguistic, ethnographic, and folkloristic commentary.

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Acknowledgments

It seemed a logical decision. I wanted to publish the folktales of Zinacantán in English, true to the words of the storytellers. For this I needed a dictionary. For ten years the tales hosted a lexical creature that consumed my energies, delaying their publication and even gobbling up all the acknowledgments that should have been offered in equal measure in this book of tales.

Rather than pass around an empty bowl, I ask all those in Zinacantán, San Cristóbal de Las Casas, Mexico City, and points north who know they have enlivened and quickened the journey of this book to return to *The Great Tzotzil Dictionary of San Lorenzo Zinacantán* for their just desserts.

There are, however, a few individuals whose labors and thoughts I was able to reserve for double duty and who deserve special mention. My scribbles were converted to typed pages by Susan Brown, Paula Jones Cardwell, Rosemary Macchiavelli De Rosa, Anne Mason Lewis, Frances Méndez, Jane Norman, and Jessie Standish Shaw. The Tzotzil texts, spattered with corrections, were typed on a “word processor” by Rosalie Fanale, Susan Linn, Diana Lynn, and Frances Méndez. Their persistence and good cheer seemed superhuman.

I am indebted to my wife, Miriam Wolfe Laughlin, to Sophia Lotowycz Stoller, and to Lucy Hemmendinger for alerting me to the many incomprehensible and inelegant passages that required rephrasing. Their solutions were adopted with great frequency.

A quick glance at the commentaries to the tales will reveal the importance of the contributions of three colleagues who generously provided me with copies of their own unpublished Tzotzil texts—Victoria Reifler Bricker, Gary Gossen, and Robert Wasserstrom.

The encouragement and thoughtful suggestions of friends, some of whom listened to readings of the tales or read sections of the manuscript, fortified my spirits and deepened my understanding—Thor Anderson, John Burstein, Munro Edmonson, John and Leslie Haviland, Eva Hunt, Walter “Chip” Morris, Francesco and Philippa Pellizzi, Timothy Rush, William Trousdale, Robert Wasserstrom, and Carter Wilson. W. S. Merwin proved that Tzotzil tales could be transformed into English poems.

Four faces of the storytellers and the setting are revealed through the knowing eye of photographer Frank Cancian.

The initial fieldwork, the birth of *Of Cabbages and Kings*, occurred under the skillful ministrations of Evon Z. Vogt, who, as director of the Harvard Chiapas Project, exposed many of these folktales, even in their rough translations, to a wide number of students. A few tales first reached the public in Vogt’s *Zinacantan* (1969). “Vogtie’s” support has been a bulwark never failing.

I am grateful to the National Institute of Mental Health for its aid under grant MH-02100, to the Phillips Fund of the American Philosophical Society, to Francesco Pellizzi, and to the Smithsonian Institution for financial assistance.

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la to 7ox jun bix-7akan sakil vinik, toj sonso, ko7ol xchi7uk 7uma7, mu la sna7 chk’opoj mu la sna7 chlo7ilaj, mu la sna7 k’op mu la sna7 rason, solel la yech. “K’usi van yes yabtel?” xiik la ti krixchanoetike.

Bweno, pero ta k’unk’un ta k’unk’un 7iyich’ la chanubtasel 7iyich’ la p’ijubtasel ha7 to la 7iyul 7o j-set’ xch’ulel.

Bweno, pero k’alal yulem xa 7ox la j-set’ xch’ulel ja7 to la 7ik’ocholaj ja7 to la 7ivil ech’el. Pero ta la sk’an stak tal j-likuk vun buy ta xal ti kol iyalik ti yajpas-rasontak 7une—ti 7anima mol Manvel K’obyoxe, ti skumpare mol Xun Vaskise, ti mol Xun 7Akove, ti Chep Xantise, ti skumpare Romin Teratole, ti Rey Komise, ti Romin Tan-chake, ti Lol Sarate xchi7uk ti me7tik Tonik Nibak 7une.

Pero ta la sjak' tal noxtok mi 7il mi pletu van xava7iik ti 7istzak ta vun 7istzak ta tz'ib ti j-p'el cha7-p'el k'u x7elan yo ye yo sti7 7uke, yu7un 7iyal la tal:

Mu xu7 jch'aytik,
 Mu xu7 jtentik,
 Stalel slikel 7onox,
 Ma7uk to ta jtamtik ta jlikestik,
 Likem 7onox ta jtottik ta jme7tik,
 K'u¹ x7elan ta jk'opon jbatik,
 Yik'taoj skomtzanoj,
 Ti ba7i jtottik jme7tike.
 7Ak'ik xa pertonal,
 Yo j-set' yo juteb.
 Batz'i ja7 no me yech tze7ej lo7ilotik 7ech' 7o ch'ul-k'ak'al chak taje,
 Yu7 nox bal xka7i jbatik bu 7oy to 7amigo noxtoke.

7A ti stz'etanoj xchikin chavubil chanav ta patpat naetik mu la xtun, yech'o ti mas la lek xa7i ti vinajuk 7osilajuk ti yes yabtele.

Ja7 no la yech xal tal taj yax-tz'ilan sat mol 7uk 7une.

Epigraph

"I see nobody on the road," said Alice.

"I only wish *I* had such eyes," the King remarked in a fretful tone. "To be able to see Nobody! And at that distance too! Why, it's as much as *I* can do to see real people, by this light!"

"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards," the Queen remarked.

"Tut, tut, child!" said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral if only you can find it."

"Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves."

LEWIS CARROLL

When you try to get hold ov a fairy tale in Indian, you hav two principal difficulties. One ov the two iz to get an Indian who can tel a fairy tale. Many Indians, in my experience, cant tel fairy tales. Some Indians hav never heard fairy tales: and thozе that hav, very ofen dont remember what they hav heard. They hav heard some tale, told by an old woman at the fire, perhaps, when they wer half asleep, or told by an old man at a feast, when they wer half drunk: and they remember scraps ov the tale, very likely, and know the tale again when they hear it; but when you ask them themselves to tel the tale, they ar very likely to be floored. That iz the first difficulty.

And then comes the other, and more vexatious one. When you do find a man who can tel a tale, you stil cant get the tale down on paper. You cant get down the actual Indian. You cant get down the mans words. You cant get a mans words down in English, without short hand: much less in Indian. Ov course you might remember some ov the mans expressions: and in the end no dout you could put something together that would be intelligible Indian: and might, in fact, be very good Indian:—but it would be *your* Indian. It might be az good az the real thing. It might be az good az Indians' Indian. But it could not profess to be anything but your Indian. You might az wel, I should supoze, rite the thing in English at once.

The Indian ov this little tale iz the real thing.

ROBERT BURKITT

The Hills and the Corn (1920)

Of Cabbages and Kings

TALES FROM ZINACANTÁN

Robert M. Laughlin

Introduction

BEAUTIFUL SOUP

One thing is certain—they don't need my observations nor my renderings. They are sufficient to themselves. Except that we have been taught for years to poke and pry, to discover or doctor philosophies, to tape our evidence and paper our conclusions, I would have been content, quite selfishly, to have let their voices resound in my ears and their burden be stored in my mind and in my heart, amen. But as I am dutybound to diffuse "new" knowledge I will try in a more generous spirit to alert my listeners to what I think they are about to hear and where they should imagine themselves hearing it.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."
"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!" (Carroll, 1962:217)

For those who eagerly anticipate a scholarly feast, who expect to be served a glossy menu where each delicacy is presented in an assuringly predetermined order and assigned an elegantly mysterious name à la académie to titillate their appetites and puff their self-conceits, let me assure them that this is no banquet for a Board of Overseers. Instead, at their feet will be placed a bowl of peasant soup. With a stack of

steaming tortillas, a heaping bowl of salt, and nothing more, they must be content to bend over and do honor to their hosts. So accustomed to being provided menus and silverware, it will be frustrating at first, but hopefully the freshness of the experience will add flavor to the humble fare.

"Well, what do you call this dish?"

"*K'opetik*, 'words.'"

"And that's all?"

"*7Antivo k'op*, *vo7ne k'op*, or *kwento ta 7antivo*, 'ancient words,' 'words about the past,' or 'ancient tale.'"

"And this dish?"

"*7Ach' k'op* or *7a7yej*, 'recent words,' or 'hear-say.'"

The names give little hint of the flavor, and your genial host doesn't give a fig what he or you should decide at this moment to call it. The substance and the savor are the proof.

It has not been easy for students who, like myself, came to Zinacantán from their colleges expecting incongruously to be served a menu "in the field." Some insisted on being provided such a menu, and together with their native informants devised elaborate *cartes* specifying the ingredients of each course, but I remain convinced that my frustrations were in response to a real situation—Zinacantecs prefer a *carte blanche*.

It may be a consolation that the original meaning of the English word, "tale," is as free as Tzotzil traditional narrative, for it meant quite simply "talk." In English, too, there is a comfortable, relaxed quality to the notion of a story or tale, for the listener may be regaled with a myth, a legend, an historical, explanatory or fanciful account, a fable, a reminiscence, or even a piece of gossip.

GENESIS

A second expectation created in the centers of learning is that the "primitive" world could hardly survive without its foundation of origin myths, and if the student will only search diligently, turning over every stone, he will discover the explanations for everything, an answer for everything.

In the beginning who really knows how it was? No Zinacantec can flash a photographic memory of the origins or the outlines of the cosmos. Scraps of knowledge are passed on to the younger generation, but Zinacantecs are unconcerned about the gaps, the conflicts, the inconsistencies. They know that the world and mankind have both survived multiple creations and destructions, but they do not agree on the number or sequence of these events.

The world was once inhabited by jointless men and women unable to bend their knees in humility. There were others so keensighted they could discover the gods' treasures hidden in the mountains. There were still others named Adam and Eve who betrayed their trust and stole the apples of the Lord. And, too, there were the people who ate their babies, calling down upon themselves a rain of boiling water. Some were drowned, some became dwarfs banished to the underworld, some, for their rude replies, grew tails and turned into monkeys. There is felt little need to stratify these earliest inhabitants of the world chronologically except perhaps to note whether they lived before or after the flood.

At a later stage in the history of the world animals still talked and men travelled as thunderbolts. Spooks and jaguars were rampant. Saints emerged from their caves to request new homes.

While the immoral behavior or miraculous events of distant times are believed to continue today, in distant places the past is not always at the horizon. The familiar mountains and valleys were the sites of the early creations and destructions. As the waters flooded the valley of Zinacantán Center, Noah floated his boat "like a railroad car" (T55).¹ Christ planted his corn there. The Spaniards rescued St. Sebastian from jaguars' jaws and Lacandón arrows in the forest nearby. No one knows when the next flood will engulf the town in punishment for disobedience. But every Zinacantec knows that in the valley of Zinacantán Center protrudes the Belly Button of the World. Just as familiar surroundings

¹ In gathering these tales each was assigned a number (preceded by the letter T), conforming roughly to the order of collection. This system is retained herein because many of the tales have been cited since in print. The same method was used in my previous publication, *Of Wonders Wild and New: Dreams from Zinacantán* (1976). Dreams are distinguished from tales by the prefix D.

have an ancient past, so, too, mysterious characters of the past intrude into the present. Under cover of darkness spooks and saints still roam the earth.

Despite the Zinacantecs' lack of compulsion to recall an origin for every aspect of the present world, to an extraordinary degree their tales reveal the Zinacantec musing over his cosmic journey. Man has not developed from monkey, but the monkey (like the dwarf) is a fallen man, atoning for his primeval disrespect for divine authority (T7, T55, T70). Beasts of burden are the helpless victims of man, the animal who walks upright (T3). The dog, once man's companion, has lost both prestige and voice for presuming to confide his mistress' infidelity (T26, T86). Coyote and tiger are not so stupid as to accept human domination with resignation, but even they are no match for woman, who by her "wound" is man's apparent victim, but who by her clever audacity shows herself a fitting match for man (T3). To be sure, woman is "colder, worse"—unlike St. Lawrence, she has no beard (T114)!

The early inhabitants of the world were few, but they were stronger, cleverer, healthier, and wealthier than the people of today (T1, T2, T17, T33, T34, T51, T56, T58, T64, T67, T74, T89, T91, T95, T102, T104, T110, T111, T113–T115, T131, T150, T151, T157, T158, T160, T169). Yet they were disobedient, evil—and so brought punishment on themselves (T55, T70, T96). Now "some have lice, and some are well-off" (T114). The gods made a bargain; now soul-loss takes one of every two (T51).

In tale after tale the Zinacantec wrestles with the problem of his fall from grace. "Where does the responsibility lie?" he asks. His answer is contradictory, as many-angled, as the historical facts warrant. "It is the Ladino [non-Indian], the wenching priest, who brought divine punishment upon our town. But, too, the negligence of the elders—or was it the shamans, or even the entire town which shares the guilt?" he asks (T76, T91, T114). His conclusion: "Only Our Lord [knows]. As for us, we don't know. We only know that we eat" (T86).

TIMELESS TALES, SACRED SCRAPS

If Zinacantec tales relate, no matter how sketchily, the beginnings of the world and subsequent misfortunes and threats to the social order, it might be assumed that these narratives would be a vital source for the ethnohistorian, just as Aztec legends under the scrutiny of Jiménez Moreno have solved archeological mysteries in the Valley of Mexico. Unfortunately their usefulness to the modern historian is seriously impaired by their philosophy. Their

memory remembers forwards; a later event is described in terms of a former one. The legendary acts and actors often do not pass by one after the other, but rather they appear motionless on a revolving stage. Time and place lose their relevance. And so, identical scenes appear in wars with Guatemala, Tabasco, and Chiapa.

We are left with a handful of names that later have proved to be archeological sites testifying to the extent of trade between Zinacantán and Ixtapa in the post-classic era. We are reminded constantly of the former wealth of the town, and the employment of its citizens in foreign wars. We see the Zinacantecs not so much as simple corn farmers, but rather as the proud merchants admired by Fray Antonio de Remesal in the sixteenth century. But these are meagre gleanings, a jigsaw puzzle with most of the pieces missing.

In Zinacantán, as among the Popoluca of Veracruz, "The historical past is a flat projection without depth or perspective" (Foster, 1945a:189). As in neighboring Chenalhó, "The past is all on one plane, without levels or strata; and yet, different epochs are implied when reference is made to the presence or absence of certain things, and it is obvious that certain events preceded others" (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:309). The shallow image of Zinacantán's history is shown by an informant's acceptance of two centuries as a not unreasonable antiquity for the primeval deluge! Even so, there is rough agreement among the townspeople as to the relative age of important legendary events.

Lack of historical depth is the logical result of a philosophy of time where, "There is no firm line drawn between traditional narrative and today's reality. That which occurs today is proof of what happened in the past, and what happened in the past can be repeated at any moment" (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:310).

Dramatic proof for the validity of interpreting the Zinacantecs' view of history in this light was offered to me one evening by Romin Teratol when he was describing an historical event—the Mexican Revolution. With sparkling eyes, he told how a dancing pine was conjured up by the town fathers to lure the army of Obregón off the path. Romin's mother, who had witnessed the Revolution, was scandalized at his ignorance and assured him that the incident of the dancing pine dated from early times, but for Romin there was no incongruity—the Revolution had become a myth.

Just as the Zinacantec's knowledge of his past is barely suggestive of the former grandeur of his town and betrays a total ignorance of the glories of the Mayan civilization, so, the student searches with

growing frustration for a comprehensive Mayan cosmology. Although it is true that under the stimulus of a steady job as an anthropologist's Man Friday a Zinacantec can discuss religious belief at length, normally one hears either scraps of information with no story line, or else narratives of dramatic encounters with saints or spooks, demons or deities. While the personification of natural forces and the human characterization of supernatural beings gives an immediacy to religious belief, these narratives provide only isolated views of the religious system.

Ritual activity is almost constant in Zinacantán, but myths specifically establishing the precedent, the authority for these activities, are not common. Just as La Farge and Byers discovered among the Jacaltecs in the Cuchumatanes Mountains of northwestern Guatemala, the cord between myth and ritual is exceedingly slack. Explanations for the "whys" of a ritual are difficult to elicit, not primarily because of reticence, but rather because of ignorance or of the inclination to give a standard explanation for all ritual. Only after many vain efforts did I finally discover one person who could relate a tale which gave partial elucidation of Zinacantán's chief dramatic ritual, the Fiesta of St. Sebastian. The origin of certain waterholes (but by no means all of the most important ones), the origin of two churches (but not that of the patron saint), the origin of the names of a few of the sacred caves—these, combined with stories of punishments meted out to individuals who failed in their ritual obligation, complete my list. It is not possible to know whether the many gaps in the traditional knowledge are signs of cultural decay, or whether for many centuries the simple explanation, "This is the way our fathers and mothers have done from the beginning" has been sufficiently satisfying. Certainly the contemporary Zinacantec is not disconcerted in the least by his inability to answer all our questions.

To say that the tales reveal the Zinacantec musing over his legendary journey, reminding himself of the supernatural dangers that persist even today, does not mean that he is staggering under the burden of the past, cowering from fear of the present. In fact, the past is borne very lightly, almost cavalierly. During most of his waking hours the ordinary man, caught up in the innumerable petty affairs of daily life, gives little thought to the supernatural world.

The symbolic sources of myths and dreams undoubtedly flow from a common reservoir into both projective media. The influence of mythology upon dream creation was revealed to me when Romin Teratol, after transcribing myth texts for me, had two dreams several nights later which correspond closely to elements in those very myths. Although

he himself made no connection between the two media, there was no question of their interrelation.

The reverse movement, dream influencing myth, is easy to demonstrate, for dreams are the source of much religious innovation. If, for instance, a man dreams repeatedly of an encounter with a venerable man who requests a shrine, the town authorities will be notified and, after consultation with the community, a cross will be erected. This event will, in turn, become part of history, commemorated in myth.

The very flatness of history permits an old man to reminisce about his life in the same manner that he would tell stories about the gods. Even gossip about the deviations of one's neighbors is a fitting subject for discourse, for "today's gossip may be tomorrow's traditional narrative" (Gossen, pers. comm.).

BEING WHAT IT WOULD SEEM TO BE

Since the past is viewed as a moral lesson for the future, the folktales provide an entertaining moral history. No sharp division is made between the "truth" and simple entertainment, either in content or in the context of story-telling. Just as Stith Thompson found in North America that myths, legends, and tales are one (Thompson, 1955: 484-485), so, in Zinacantán the traditional European classification has no relation to reality. The unity of intent of the oral literature of Zinacantán contrasts sharply with previous interpretations of Mexican folktales. Robert Redfield and Alfonso Villa Rojas believed they could discern in Chan Kom the traditional European categories (Redfield and Villa Rojas, 1934:328). Margaret Redfield, studying the Yucatec of Dzitas, and Ruth Giddings, studying the Yaqui of Sonora, discovered a distinction between stories designed for moral instruction and those that served as pure entertainment (Redfield, 1937:4-6; Giddings, 1959:12). Perhaps Zinacantán is more conservative, because it appears that less credence is given now by the younger generation to the stories learned from Ladinos while sharing roadwork. In a few years it may be possible to state that Zinacantecs have an idle art form distinct from traditional narrative.

But to say that folktales are the "truth" does not mean that everyone is uniformly in agreement. Though each storyteller may swear that his or her tale is the authentic version, there is lively discussion and disputation.

If the sum of folk narratives constitutes a "manual of information" (Williams García, 1972:126-128), what reality does a single tale have? I had thought originally that, "Behind the story which a man tells

lies the original whole, a sort of Platonic ideal of the story, from which he draws according to the emphasis of his immediate interest, his memory, his learning and his gifts. . . . We seem not to have fixed tales, but an enormous reservoir of mythical and legendary material . . ." (La Farge, 1947:48). After poring through texts collected in Zinacantán by other students in recent years I am more impressed than ever by the depth of the reservoir, but the "Platonic ideal" of a story appears ever more elusive, chimeric. "Pure" tales are as rare as "pure" cultures. In his initial contribution to the study of myth Lévi-Strauss recognized the futility of searching for the "true" or the "earlier" version: "There is no single 'true' version of which all the others are but copies or distortions. Every version belongs to the myth" (Lévi-Strauss, 1963:218). But to a degree that far exceeded my expectations and that would inveigle even the shiftest structuralist, not only may a Zinacantec tale change shape drastically from teller to teller, but the same narrator on separate occasions may switch the protagonists around, rearrange the plot, and reverse the moral!

A raconteur never repeats a tale verbatim; fluidity of vocabulary is characteristic. Nevertheless, certain key events usually follow each other in regular order. Zinacantec narrators, like the Mixe and Popoluca, emphasize that they are merely repeating the ancient words handed down by their parents, grandparents, and, rarely, great-grandparents (Miller, 1956:189; Foster, 1945a:190). Innovations are frequent, but they are never acknowledged (unless, of course, the narrator is recounting personal experience). A tale speaks time-honored truths; conscious alterations are deemed lies.

I had hoped that there would be a way of defining tales linguistically. While a great many tales are introduced with the phrase *7A ti vo7ne*, "Once . . .," often this opening is omitted. A second diagnostic feature for all but reminiscences might be the use of the particle, *la*, a cue which signals that the action has been apprehended indirectly; but a raconteur like Xun Vaskis, who estimates highly his place in history, will not hesitate to drop this cue so as to give the impression that he has personally viewed events from time immemorial. The presence or absence of dialogue is also not significant. Just as neither the beginning nor the middle of a tale is distinctive, so the conclusion may be marked by a concise *yech laj 7o k'op*, "so the word is ended," or by a mere trailing off of thought. In one case a narrative evolved from a lengthy account of the origin of a saint's home to a description of the annual fiesta dedicated to that saint, with not the slightest pause to signal a change. While many tales show a well-defined structure,

others that were also elicited by my request for *7antivo k'op* seem to be rambling observations with no necessary beginning or end, or else statements too brief to seem to qualify as a story. For the sake of convenience, the word of the storyteller, that what he has spoken is "a tale," has been trustfully accepted. Clearly, the nature of Zinacantec tales implies that "no collection, however extensive, can claim to be complete" (Gossen, 1974:82).

WHERE, WHY, WHO, AND WHEN

After years of studying the Zinacantecs in their homes, in their fields, in bars, at court, and at market, listening to hour upon hour of conversation, gossip, joking banter, talk of prices and fiestas, sickness and success, the outsider, who feels that at least he has become a knowledgeable quasi-member of the community, is confronted with a mystery: only rarely has he been present at the spontaneous telling of a tale from the past. Furthermore, the ability to tell a tale well is not, unlike in neighboring Chenalhó, the basis for great admiration. There are, it is true, individuals whose narrative talents are recognized and appreciated, but the real source of their prestige lies elsewhere. Often when tales were told in the company of family members, the raconteur seemed to become a soliloquist, the features of his audience betraying only inexpressible detachment. Indeed, there sometimes seemed to be a conscious effort to cut him off or to deflect the monologue after an almost predictable period of time, as if it were improper for one individual to capitalize on the conversation.

A factor contributing to the scarcity of public narration is the staggering consumption of alcohol in every public situation. But perhaps an even more restrictive force is the avoidance of verbal display unless supported by ritual or political position. Storytellers have no such support.

My own interest in the talk of the past was viewed with tolerant amusement, though the expenditure it obviously entailed both in cash and in time seemed to Zinacantecs utterly mad!

Nevertheless, there is a degree of justification for this collection. First, an admittedly intuitive observation; under almost no other circumstances did I see such an open display of enjoyment as that which enlivened the facial and gestural expression of a storyteller in action. A telling indication of the importance of traditional narrative to the people of Zinacantán was the sudden mushrooming of rumors, more than a decade ago, reporting my publication in Tuxtla Gutiérrez, the state capital, of a book of tales. This had aroused anxiety, I was told, because folk-

tales are considered a part of the town's treasure; their publication in a distant place was tantamount to a pillage of community treasure and ipso facto, of communal luck. Yet only once did a storyteller refuse my request for tales.

Certainly there are few Zinacantecs who, when asked, are unable to oblige with a personal version of one of the many well-known narratives of the past. Many isolated bits of information concerning worldview, etc., drawn from one individual would frequently be tied together in the narratives of another. On several occasions the raconteur would explicitly state that he had been told a certain tale "so he would not grow up to be lazy like the buzzard man," and so forth. Explanations for the severe winds and rains that had recently lashed the town actually duplicated tales previously recorded by me. The contribution of Lol Sarate, in his early teens, to this collection demonstrates that verbal skill in telling tales is learned at an early age.

Who, then, are the storytellers and when do they expound? As in Chenalhó, older men are considered the most gifted raconteurs. One informant (male) scoffed, "Do you think words would remain in *women's heads*?" My one female contributor disagreed, "Women know as well as men, but only the clever ones like me. The others 'hm' and 'ha,' in one ear and out the other." Narrators introducing a tale were just as likely to attribute it to their mother as their father. This suggests that the assertion of storytelling being primarily a man's prerogative is merely a reflection of native belief in the superiority of masculine endeavor.

As in Chamula, "the time is right [for telling a tale] when the information is relevant" (Gossen, 1974:81). Unlike in Tenejapa, they are not usually told on public occasions for entertainment (Stross, 1973:96), but they are told at wakes. They are told to children around the hearth of an evening. Among men they serve to while away the time after a hard day's work in the tropical lowlands or on the roads. They may be exchanged between a host and his guest for entertainment and the exchange of information. With so many opportunities for taletelling, the anthropologist can only shake his head and wonder where he was when the ancient words were repeated.

The language of Zinacantec tales is, as in Mixe folk literature, "an exact replica of that of everyday life" (Miller, 1956:243).

THE LANGUAGE IN NUMBERS

For those whose appreciation of literature is increased by encyclopedic computations, Tzotzil, the language of the 12,000 Zinacantecs, is spoken in

nineteen townships in the state of Chiapas. With a total of over 120,000 speakers it ranks sixth in importance in the Mayan language family. Of the native languages of Mexico, Tzotzil has the seventh highest number of speakers. Until recently, aside from their ability to carry out the most elementary commercial transactions with Ladinos (non-Indians), more than half the men and an overwhelming majority of the women were unable to converse in Spanish. Even today, except for anthropologists' assistants, few Zinacantecs write in their own language.

Although many Spanish words have been incorporated into Tzotzil there is no poverty of native expression. Many of the Spanish loans, particularly nouns and particles, are used with great frequency, and have supplanted earlier Tzotzil vocabulary, but fewer than 1,000 of the 30,000 entries in *The Great Tzotzil Dictionary of San Lorenzo Zinacantán* are derived from Spanish.

THE SPOKEN WORD

So different from English is the style of Tzotzil discourse that the translator who wishes to provide a convincing and faithful reenactment is forced to abandon his original intentions. Rather than mutilating the Tzotzil to fit colloquial English, I have chosen to create a hybrid language that aspires to preserve Tzotzil style with intelligibility in English. Hopefully the strangeness, the unnatural quality will, after a few pages, become muted by familiarity.

Tzotzil has much in common with its Guatemalan relative, Quiché. In both languages the sentence "leans forward In something of the sense that German saves verbs for a final triumphant closure to a thought, Quiché saves nouns. There are markers to show that the noun is coming. Its number, for example, may be revealed early, and other attributes may be thrown in along the way, all contributing to the forward movement toward the person or object who would be in English the antecedent!" (Edmonson, 1971:xii). To compound the translator's problems, subjects and objects may become as invisible as the Cheshire cat. Thus in the Tzotzil word *smaj* we know that the subject is he, she, or it, the root is hit, the object is he, she, or it. The precise identity of the beater and the beaten is understood (but not always by the perplexed translator). Furthermore, if the plural marker *-ik* is added to produce *smajik* not only do we remain in the dark as to whom the subject and the object are, but we do not even know whether there are many aggressors and one victim, one aggressor with many victims, or many aggressors and many victims. Worse yet, once it is understood by the Tzotzil exactly who is in the plural they feel no

compunction about dropping off the plural marker so that the translator discovers that a crowd has shrunk to one with no apparent explanation! To say of Tzotzil, as Munro Edmonson did of Quiché, that the language is "telegraphically terse" (Edmonson, *loc. cit.*) seems an understatement. In addition, smooth transitions are foreign to Zinacantec narrative style, where changes of scene are performed with bewildering abruptness—here, now, there, next—with no need felt for explanations.

I must share the same scholar's opinion of this language when he remarks that it is, "by English standards, excessively fond of passive constructions." (Edmonson, *loc. cit.*) This is still another device to keep the smile in view without revealing the cat.

To continue the translator's crabbed commentary, both Quiché and Tzotzil dialogue are frequently introduced and concluded with the word, "said." As Edmonson observes, this usage corresponds closely to the English "quote . . . unquote" (Edmonson, *loc. cit.*)—except for its unrelieved frequency. This same Tzotzil verb, *xi* for "said," with he, she, or it understood to be the subject, can mean variously "said," "demanded," "exclaimed," "asked," "replied," and so forth. I have taken the liberty at times to infer which English word best fits the situation rather than mindlessly repeating "said."

As a warning to the English-speaking translator and readers who are tempted to compare favorably the logic of their own language to that of Tzotzil let me present the following: When two groups of people address each other we feel compelled in English to pluralize the subject of the verb—"they said." The Tzotzil are more logical in their sparseness, for it is obvious that not all are speaking at once, but rather one individual, representing his group, is addressing the others.

Dialogue is, as might be guessed by now, considered extremely important, to the extent that conversations are laced with "'Ah!' he said." Simple quotations within quotations have been italicized to save the single quotation sign for quotes within quotes.

Equally characteristic of Tzotzil narrative is repetitiveness. Simple repetition of words or whole phrases for emphasis is used to a degree that may become ludicrous or crashingly boring in English. For the Tzotzil these repetitions are comfortable words. They provide security in moments of stress. It is at these very moments that the speaker turns formal, and the reader discovers the principle of repetition elaborated in a variety of ways. The idea may be restated in different terms without adhering to the same syntax: *Tzotz xa 7ip 7un, mu xa bu lek*

7un, "He was very sick now. He wasn't at all well now." (This is termed "nonparallel repetition" by Gossen, 1974:76.) Or the syntax may be repeated with the substitution of one or two synonymous or analogous words: *K'usi la ti jmule, tottik? K'usi la ti jkolo7e, tottik?*, "What do they say is my crime, sir? What do they say is my evil, sir?" And, *Ja7 larestiko taj yixime, ja7 larestiko taj xchenek'e*, "That corn of his is your witness. Those beans of his are your witness" ("parallel repetition," Gossen, 1974:77).

This use of "key words" to create semantic couplets whose content is usually metaphoric is equally characteristic of Aztec, Otomí, Quiché, and Yucatec Maya poetry (Bricker, 1974:368), and of Tzotzil prayers, songs, and court speech. When they are spoken with any consistency I have scanned these couplets as poetry, otherwise I have let the meaning and punctuation reveal the form.

Perhaps to allow the storyteller time to collect his thoughts his speech may be larded with *k'u x7elan li7e*, "like this," *yech chak taje*, "like that," *yech chalike*, "as we say," and a variety of other words such as *7un* and *che7e* that are best left untranslated.

As further protection for the speaker, his statements are accompanied by countless qualifiers: *k'ajomal*, *nox*, *solel*, all meaning "just" or "only," and *nan*, "probably," *kik*, "I guess," *ka7tik*, "maybe," *la*, "they say," *yilel* and *ya7el*, "it seems." These, too, I have not translated in every instance.

But, if the speaker is guarded in his remarks, he is also exclamatory, terminating his statements with *a7a*, *bi*, *ta j-moj*, "certainly!", "indeed!", or "for sure!" These interjections may be combined with the qualifier to produce such a bewildering sentence as, "Maybe he died for sure!"

In attempting to recreate the "speech event" I have followed certain narrative conventions. The words, *7ora*, "now," *va7i 7un*, "you see," *bwéno*, "well," and a number of others seem to signal a change of subject corresponding to the start of a new paragraph. Rather than translating these expressions I have simply begun a new paragraph. Often the end of a paragraph is marked by an interjection such as *Ji7!*, "Yes!", or *Mm7!* "Hm!" I have also shifted paragraphs when the speaker changed. To simplify the matching of the Tzotzil text with the English translation I have made the English paragraphing conform to the Tzotzil even though this occasionally causes confusion.

I had thought that my translations were sensitive to the notion that oral narrative is dramatic poetry, or at least dramatic and poetic, but I find I was overly bound to literary conventions and did not represent as fully as I would have liked the pauses and quality of loudness of the storyteller's voice (see

Tedlock, 1972), but it is wishful thinking to suppose that the mellow tone of Tzotzil, with its tumbling riffs and breaks, its cooing, nasal uplifts, and staccato downbeats could resonate through these pages just as it came from the storytellers' mouths.

Personal stylistic differences are the rule, but there is an essential unity of style—an economy of expression that leaves many details to be filled in by the audience. Consequently, I have been obliged to sacrifice style by inserting brief parenthetical remarks or identifications of the characters so that the stories may be readily followed with some understanding.

Title to the tales are my own invention. To facilitate comparison, tales with similar plot bear the same title.

Zinacantec plots fit into at least five recognizable categories: (1) events are presented in episodic series—this form appears to be Spanish in origin; (2) a problem is gradually introduced and wrestled with (possibly producing new problems) until the final climax is reached; (3) similar to (2), except that the initial problem is stated at the very outset; (4) like any of the above, but followed by an anticlimactic relaxation of tension; (5) similar to (2), (3), or (4), but flashbacks are inserted within the progressive temporal development (this does not include the common insertion of afterthoughts).

ANTECEDENTS AND CONSEQUENCE

I have maintained that there is no Platonic ideal for Zinacantec tales, that they are characterized by their flexibility, that their plots may change radically from one telling to the next. This poses a real problem in trying to answer the legitimate questions: "What are the outside influences on Zinacantec oral literature and where does that literature fit into Middle American oral traditions?" The standard folkloristic comparison of tale elements or motifs is one of the most tangible means of acquiring the necessary perspective. Local gossip and reminiscences, though considered by Zinacantecs to be "tales" are of little aid, but the narratives which appear to have preserved incidents of some antiquity may provide some clues if we are willing for the moment to believe the sea is boiling hot and dare to ask whether pigs have wings.

It is difficult to comment with any confidence on the origin of elements, because at times a whole tale may be a useful unit for comparison and at other times a single phrase; there are no satisfactory rules for achieving the delicate balance between meaningful generalization and meaningful uniqueness. Furthermore, the published collections of tales from Middle America are so few that they represent mere

pinpoints on the map. With such scanty knowledge even the most adroit detective work cannot follow out the leads satisfactorily.

It is tempting to conclude that motifs are tailored to fit the realities of Zinacantec life.² Surely there must be a selection process whereby inappropriate foreign elements are rejected, and yet a surprising number seem to have been tolerated, thus giving comparative efforts a better chance of success.

Laying aside the problems of universal motifs, and before indulging in comfortable generalizations, two discoveries in the course of my research should serve as warning flags: A tale with undoubted European influence (T3) had one scene that was absent from any of the collections I had reviewed and, moreover, it seemed so typical of Zinacantec imagination that I concluded it must be a local innovation. But this product of Zinacantec genius, I learned entirely by chance, had been forecast almost literally by none other than François Rabelais in his *Second Book of Pantagruel* (Rabelais, 1951:199–200). Later in the course of study, a legend that told how Christ punished a farmer's disrespect by turning his crop to stone (T52, T177) was found to be widely distributed throughout Middle America, yet absent in large collections of texts from Spain, Cuba, and Puerto Rico. The logical conclusion would be that this was a special "Indian" adaptation of Biblical lore to fit Middle American ideas. Alas, Oskar Dähnhardt uncovered a thirteenth-century Latin manuscript of this very tale (Dähnhardt 1912, 2:95–107). He discovered that the legend was brought to Europe from the Near East by the crusaders!

What is the extent of Spanish influence upon Zinacantec narrative tradition? Boas concluded that "The Spanish American folklore as well as that of the American Negroes is derived largely from Spanish sources" (Boas, 1912:247). If one were to be overly scrupulous, European elements could indeed be found in nearly every tale. Magical adventures, picaresque heroes, Christian homilies, and animal tales are the stuff of Spanish oral literature that the Zinacantecs have had four and a quarter centuries to transform. Nobody presented with two collections of tales, one from Zinacantán, the other from Spain, could confuse the two. The ravishing princess, the true bride lost in enchanted sleep in the depths of a glass mountain, rescued by a lovesick and repentant suitor who, with the aid of a golden bird, vanquishes the giants guarding her door—this is not a Zinacantec tale. Only a vague echo reverberates through the oral literature of Zinacantán; orphans

rewarded with magic tokens that are lost and retrieved by faithful animals (T11, T31, T165), Cinderella (T84), magic flights (T18, T53), the bear's son (T164), and the Castle of Going and Not Returning (T172).

Several versions of the Spanish picaresque have been adopted nearly intact, but significantly the picaroon is an Indian, his hapless victim a Ladino (T6, T107, T109, T170, T171).

Some Zinacantec folk interpretations of biblical events or of the lives of the saints vary little from their European equivalents (T52, T54, T57); others show a profound assimilation with pre-Columbian beliefs (T8, T35, T53, T88, T103, T177). Traditional Spanish Catholic hostility to the Jews was adopted by the Zinacantecs who conceive of them only as the persecutors and, indeed, murderers of Christ. Zinacantecs' fear of Negroes derives in part from Spanish political rather than religious motives. What could better suit the conquistadors' desires to ensure that no alliance be made between fugitive Black slaves and the native Indian population than horrendous tales of Black cannibalism and supersexuality?

The animal tales, among them tarbaby and the duping of coyote or tiger by the little rabbit (T20, T21, T49, T50, T90, T166), contain very few elements not found either in Cuba, Puerto Rico, or Spain. The diversity and relative lack of stability of the linked episodes comprising the animal tales, which Foster found to be typical of Mexican versions (Foster, 1945b), pertains also to these tales. The Zinacantec tarbaby stories contain eight of the twelve episodes reported from Mexico (Foster, 1945b:230).

Most puzzling of all are the witch tales (T12, T47, T60, T73, T82, T175, T176). Though they form no part of Espinosa's voluminous collection of Spanish tales (Espinosa, 1967), in Cuba and Puerto Rico there occur disturbingly similar descriptions of necrophagous women who, after removing their heads or skins, are done in by the application of a slippery or stinging salve (Hansen, 1957: tale types 748H, 749B; Mason, 1926, 5:304–308, 322–323, 346–350). If these tales originated in Europe they have undergone a change in Middle America with a new emphasis either upon (1) the efforts of a husband to be rid of his wife, or (2) concern with a confusion of sexual identity.

Spanish folklore, while not deficient in fantasy, is stamped with realism. The "Never Never Land" of the Grimms' tales is not so prominent as the humorous, pessimistic anecdotes of everyday life. The hand of justice strikes Everyman in the dusty street. This realism is evident in Zinacantec tales where even the most fanciful events are described in down-to-earth

²The image of Zinacantec courtship and marriage as reflected in the mythic mirror can be seen in Laughlin, 1963.

terms, where the deities and demons speak the same familiar phrases of anyone's next door neighbor. Pessimistic humor is a commonly shared trait, but while the Spanish stories delight in the absurd scrapes and misperceptions of fools of a thousand varieties (particularly priests), the Zinacantec does not bear fools or priests lightly. Usually the foolish victim is an outsider: a tiger, a spook, or a Ladino. Here the vagaries of priests, their amorous adventures, are the subject not of humor, but outrage.

The depth of moral concern of Spanish oral literature is equalled in Zinacantec tales, but in Zinacantán it is expressed with somberness; righteousness vindictively triumphant, or injustice unhappily endured.

It is doubtful whether realism, pessimistic humor, or moral concern can be transported intact from one shore of the ocean to the other. While particular elements, even phrases, may flourish unchanged with almost magical powers of survival, the tone of an oral literature as a whole is dependent upon cultural conditions. Though there is no way to ascertain if the oral traditions of Zinacantán were as somber before the Spanish Conquest, there are surely good historical grounds for Spanish-introduced pessimism in Zinacantán!

After perusing the substantial collections of folktales recorded by Wheeler and Robe in central Mexico, where Spanish influence is very evident, the Zinacantec oral traditions seem peculiarly autochthonous. An intuitive judgment of the number of tales with *pronounced* European qualities would not raise the estimate above 20% of the total collection. Clearly, though European influence is strong, it is far from predominant.

There appear to be few elements shared with the cultures of northern and central Mexico (Cora, Huichol, Tarascan, Aztec, etc.), but motifs that at first were assumed by me to be uniquely Mayan (some with an ascertainable time depth of over four centuries) can be found far to the north of Chiapas. Not only motifs, but even dialogues, despite their translation from a variety of unrelated languages, exhibit astonishing similarity. Suggested here is the early existence and current perpetuation of an extensive culture area that embraces not only Guatemala, Chiapas, and Yucatan, but also the southern half of Veracruz and the entire state of Oaxaca! (The correspondence in plot and dialogue between the Yaqui and Zinacantec buzzard-man myths may be the result of Yaqui repatriation in the nineteenth century.)

Prominent traits in the traditional narratives of this vast culture area are tales of long-haired devils, thunderbolt spirits who singly, or accompanied by whirlwind, hawk, or other aerial naguals, defend the

town from enemy attack. Versions of horned serpent, tales of the flood and of multiple creations and destructions agree in many particulars. An interesting parallel occurs in native descriptions of the creation of the church of St. Sebastian in Zinacantán, of a Mixe pre-Columbian plaza, and of Chichen Itzá.

Common motifs demonstrably adapted to post-Conquest life are the arrival of a mysterious person (a saint) who begs the people to build him (or her) a home, and the loss of the church bell either by robbery or through carelessness of the town elders.

Zinacantec familiarity with motifs present far to the north and to the south are added evidence for extensive commercial activity in both directions in the past. Until recent times a colony of Zapotecs existed in Chiapa de Corzo at the foot of the highlands, and even today Zinacantecs trade occasionally as far north as Juchitan, though they rarely journey south of Comitán.

In the Mayan area, a reading of the Guatemalan epics reveals surprisingly few correspondences with Zinacantec material. The theme of a god either transformed into an animal or slain while perched in a tree, gorging on fruit or honey; the use of bathing girls to tempt an enemy army to destruction; stiff-legged forebears; wasps and bees as tools of war; thunderbolt defenders; Blood Girl—these are meager gleanings. Their meagerness is matched by the lack of elegant verse in Zinacantec oral literature. There is no question that the ancient Guatemalan epics were polished by an aristocracy highly trained in poetic oration, while the Zinacantec tales are the rough products of merchants and hoers of the earth.

Contemporary Mayan folktales manifest in quantity of elements, though frequently not in exact replication, only a slightly closer relationship to Zinacantán than do non-Mayan tales. There is but one motif whose distribution appears to be limited to Guatemala and Chiapas; the origin of corn—brought to man by a raven which steals it from a cave. It seems that Zinacantán owes little more to its Mayan neighbors to the south and east than to its non-Mayan neighbors to the north and west.

Clues to the antiquity of folktale elements found uniquely in Chiapas are practically nonexistent. There are suggestive remarks by Bishop Nuñez de la Vega in the seventeenth century regarding Spooks, and the god, Votan, who may perhaps survive behind the mask of St. Sebastian (Ordoñez y Aguiar, 1907:14). There is a scene from one tale (T35) that may recall a nativistic religious revival in 1708 described by Francisco Ximénez 1931:262-264). There are accounts of the "War of the Castes" of 1868-71. But there seem to be no other historical

happenings prior to the twentieth century that can be identified with any security.

Contemporary Tzeltal folktales vary slightly from the Tzotzil versions. It seems reasonable to assume that most Zinacantec tales could be matched by an equivalent in any of the surrounding communities. Only Gossen's impressive collection of tales from Chamula is large enough to make deductions about the nature of oral tradition in the neighboring Tzotzil towns. Even here the differences may be more the result of Gossen's special interest in Mayan cosmology than differences between the two traditions. Apparently, the Chamulans have a far deeper concern for, and retention of origin myths. Unlike the Zinacantecs, they stress the discontinuity between the ancient past and the present. They assess the past in far more negative terms than their neighbors, the Zinacantecs. Almost never does a Zinacantec figure in a tale from Chamula, while in Zinacantec tales Chamulans are often the dupes or more especially the pathetic victims of the legendary events. There appears to be an extraordinary scarcity of European influence in Chamulan tales.

All these discrepancies are suggestive of differing historical conditions in the two communities. Perhaps the far wider dispersal of Chamulan hamlets, the large total population, and therefore lesser chance to participate in the ritual activities of the center, encouraged the elaboration of a philosophical system in which origin tales are accorded special prominence. Unlike the Zinacantecs, the Chamulans were never the lords of the highlands. Their past was dedicated primarily to the raising of corn, not to commercial activity. They were and still are, today, wage laborers for Zinacantecs. Their contact with Ladinos is far more tinged with servility than the Zinacantecs', who have relied for years on shrewd diplomacy to seal favorable business deals, land rentals in the lowlands, etc., with Ladinos. Zinacantecs may, then, as merchants rather than mere peons, have had greater access to Ladino tale-telling.

With the advance of scholarship the number of motifs peculiar to the Chiapas highlands has dwindled dramatically. Spreading terror through all the Indian towns, the Spook seems to be unique to this region. The Charcoal Cruncher, that I had long thought to be endemic to Chiapas, has, under various disguises, been traced to British Honduras and El Salvador. Perhaps the one motif unique to Zinacantán is the saga of the boy who went from rags to riches, became the king of Zinacantán, and was escorted to Mexico City amidst great fanfare, never to return—a hapless betrayer, preserved by the betrayed (T11, T34, T64, T113, T165).

MYSTERY

There is not a single monument today to testify to the glory that was Zinacantán. Throughout the Early Classic (300–700 A.D.) and Late Classic (700–1000 A.D.) periods “the central Chiapas plateau remained an isolated and backward region not directly influenced by any of the major Mesoamerican centers” (Adams, 1961:348), except for the increased militarization of Late Classic times, that “appears not to have been an isolated or delayed phenomenon, but fully to have kept pace with wider trends” (Adams, 1961:347).

During the post-Classic period Zinacantán maintained impressive local control over the trade of precious feathers, salt, and amber. If indeed an Aztec garrison was stationed in Zinacantán from 1498–1521, as Herrera reports (Blom, 1959:26), it was apparently established after years of unsuccessful and costly efforts.

Intertribal hostility here, as in the Valley of Mexico, assured speedy Spanish conquest. In 1524 Zinacantán capitulated without a hint of resistance to a handful of Spaniards, doubtless believing that the town would profit by the defeat of their enemies, the Chiapanecs, and the Chamulans. Zinacantecs served the Spanish forces as porters and warriors in subsequent expeditions in the highlands and in the Lacandón jungle. Then, as now, the “Men of the Bat” astonished the Ladinos by their haughty mien. Shortly after the Conquest, Zinacantán still “had an infinite number of idols; they worshipped the sun and made sacrifices to it, and to the full rivers, to the springs, to the trees of heavy foliage, and to the high hills they gave incense and gifts” (Ximénez, 1929:360). The first Dominican monastery in Chiapas, founded in Zinacantán by followers of Fray Bartolomé de Las Casas served as a refuge for the friars, and as a center of missionary activity from 1544–1546. Despite their attempts to make good Christians of the Zinacantecs, two years later the friars collected enough idols to supply a huge bonfire in the plaza.

In 1572 Zinacantán continued to be the Indian “capital” of the highlands. At this time a native government was instated by the Spaniards; its form was surely influenced by the pre-Conquest pattern whereby those of best lineage became lords, and their sons, priests.

For three centuries Zinacantecs endured a fate as bitter as that of any Indian segment of Mexico. The native towns of highland Chiapas were quickly apportioned out to individual Spaniards under a system known as the *encomienda*. Both tribute—products of

the land, or cloth—and labor were owed to the lord, though the natives still theoretically owned the land. So exorbitant were the tributes of cacao exacted from the Indian communities that not only Bishop Las Casas, but the chiefs of Zinacantán, too, sent pleas directly to King Philip II, who responded to their eloquence by lowering these tributes throughout Mexico and Central America.

After the abolition of the *encomienda* in 1720 the Indians saw their rights continually diminished, while their communal lands were gobbled up by the Ladinos. Reform laws were consistently ignored or twisted to the advantage of the wealthy.

Until the early nineteenth century Zinacantecs engaged in extensive trade, carrying cacao and coffee from Guatemala to Tabasco, and tobacco to the Pacific slopes. But tropical diseases and dispossession of goods by the Ladinos severely curtailed their traditional occupation. Economic exploitation by landowners, political officials, even priests, was the order of the day. (See Marina Arreola, 1961.)

When the misery of the Indian communities became insupportable the gods descended from the skies to aid the oppressed. In the first years of the eighteenth century, when an insatiably greedy bishop was demanding ever higher tithes, a hermit appeared in a hollow tree in Zinacantán and built a chapel for the Virgin. Another Virgin was discovered in a corn field in Santa Marta, a cross fell from "heaven" in Cancuc. Native leaders donned priestly robes, held Mass, and exhorted the worshippers to murder the oppressors. By the year 1712 the "Tzeltal Rebellion" had spread to thirty-two towns. Urgent pleas for military assistance were sent to the Captain General of Guatemala and the Major General of Tabasco. Meanwhile an army of 4000 rebels had assembled in Huistan, ready to march on San Cristóbal. In a surprise attack, the forces of San Cristóbal sent the Indians running, only to learn that three Spaniards had been jailed in Zinacantán and that the town was prepared, together with the San Feliperos on one side of the valley and the Tzeltals on the other, to fall upon the Ladino capital. On August 27, 1712 this plan was aborted by the bravery of a single friar, who rode posthaste to Zinacantán, where he addressed the multitude in these words:

My children, you know that this morning I arrived in Ciudad Real [San Cristóbal]. I found it in an uproar, the alarm being sounded because there were false rumors that you had risen in rebellion against God and against the King, and since I love you as my own children, I prevented them from coming to destroy you until I had come and seen what had happened. But the rumors and reports that were spread are false, for you, together with the Spaniards, were the ancient conquerors and you have always been loyal vassals of the King, Our Lord. (Ximénez, 1931, 3:293).

Praising the townspeople for having imprisoned the Spaniards, the friar upbraided the captives and, to their immense relief, led them off "to jail" in San Cristóbal. Buoyed by the friar's success, the Spanish officials returned to Zinacantán and hung four of the rebel leaders, though the principal leader, having departed to confer with the Tzeltals, escaped. Reinforcements soon arrived from Guatemala and Tabasco. The rebellion was brutally crushed. Its leaders were hung, their heads displayed on stakes before the church doors, their bodies quartered and exhibited at the entrances to the towns.

For over one hundred and fifty years the memory of this ruinous defeat kept the Indians quiet, but once again, in 1867, there were new stirrings. "Talking stones" dropped from heaven and were picked up by a Chamulan girl. A cult, including saints, priests, and native Masses soon developed. A meddling Spanish priest was slaughtered. On Good Friday, 1868, "so the Indians should have one of their own to worship, of the same soul and blood" (Pineda, 1888:76-77), a Chamulan boy was nailed to a cross. "We do not know (or will ignore) what the new jews did with the body and blood of the martyr of savagery, although it is not improbable that they drank the blood" (Pineda, *ibid.*). A year later, aided by a Ladino revolutionary, the Tzotzil Indians of Chamula and several other towns (but not Zinacantán) began their genocidal "War of the Castes." Over a hundred Ladino ranchers were murdered, including wives and babies. An army of perhaps 5000 Indians poured down the mountain slopes into the outskirts of San Cristóbal. After nearly overcoming the defenders they mysteriously withdrew, leaving only a memory that even today chills the people of San Cristóbal.

The misery of hereditary debt, forced labor, and tribute was further aggravated at the close of the nineteenth century by the invention of the *enganche*, or "hook" system. A Ladino representative of the coffee *fincas* would set up a booth in the plaza. On a table, before him were stacked piles of gold. Lured by promises of wealth, the Indians would flock to the stall and speedily be signed up as contract laborers, but almost inevitably they would become prisoners of debt, constrained to spend many years in the unhealthy lowlands until one day the individual might escape and run back to the hills.

As late as 1910 the plight of the Chiapas peons was "probably the worst of all in the nation" (Cosío Villegas, 1956, 4:227). The land reform policy inaugurated by the Revolution in that year did not reach Zinacantán until the early 1940's. Even then land records show that it benefitted the wealthier

Indian families of the community (Wasserstrom, pers. comm.).

From the fall of Porfirio Diaz in 1910 to the defeat of General Pineda in 1924 the Zinacantecs endured a period of armed encounters when neither their lives nor their possessions were secure.

Conditions have changed rather dramatically in the past twenty-five years. The Departamento de Asuntos Indígenas came to the aid of Indians in legal disputes that could not be settled at the township level. Since 1950 the Instituto Nacional Indigenista has built roads, schools, clinics, and stores in the Chiapas highlands. In 1972 the Programa de Desarrollo Socio-económico de los Altos de Chiapas was inaugurated to provide new legal, administrative, and economic recourses for the Indian population. The paternalistic attitude of Ladinos has been shaken by Indian competition. Though exploitation has not ended, and though it is too soon to expect Ladinos to exchange their condescending view of Indian culture for one of respect, the Indian communities are beginning to experience a new optimism.

In folklore the Ladino has been accorded a place consonant with his historic role. One aspect of the Earth Lord is modeled after the fabulously rich Ladino landowner who offers great treasures in exchange for contract labor. Otherwise the Ladino, almost without exception, is an evil character, whether layman or priest—"the spawn of an Indian woman and a white dog." Running through the folktales is an ever-recurring refrain: "Once the town had wealth, now it is penniless; if what had happened had not happened, we would be on top, the Ladino face up."

It is not surprising to find that in the oral literature of Zinacantán personal relations, whether between man and god, between stranger and Zinacantec, among fellow townsmen, or between family members, are shaded with distrust. In addition, few mythic antagonists are ever reformed; they are generally rejected and destroyed. A frequently unpredictable universe, whose evil manifestations are easier to batter down than to set right, may have been the creation not of Zinacantecs alone, but of Zinacantecs laboring under the domination of Ladinos. With renewed prosperity, a new ebullience may spill over into the folk traditions.

In 1958, when Zinacantecs first told me their tales, the hamlets of Zinacantán were separated by gleaming forests of oak and pine. Wisps of smoke rose from the tall, black pyramids of thatch nestled in the green corn fields. Men ran down muddy trails, urging on their convoy of mules, or strode jauntily along the highway, weaving a coil of palm fiber for a new hat. Their Mayan profiles slanted obliquely

under straw platters spilling yards of pink and purple ribbons. Brief white shorts set off their brown muscular thighs as they paraded at the head of their flock of womenfolk. The women, bowed under bristling bundles of firewood, drew shawls across their faces as the cars raced past.

Now the forests ringing the hamlets are mostly knee-high stumps. Low tile roofs cover the adobe or brick rectangles. Trucks, few mules, carry corn. Store-bought sombreros and long pants far outnumber beribboned platters and white shorts. Most boys walk bareheaded. Those who can, wear watches on their wrists and carry radios in their plastic shoulderbags. Girls stare boldly and may even smile.

But the electricity is still dim, meals are still cooked on wood fires, dogs still bark and roosters still crow through the night, men still lead the way, mist swirls still past the ragged limestone cliffs, and the thunderbolt crashes, shaking the mountains to their foundations. The profile is still Mayan.³

TALETELLING

The hesitant teasing out of tales began in my front yard in Zinacantán. Here, Romin Teratol, speaking Tzotzil slowly and barely above a whisper, recited tale after tale to my clumsy pencil. After my skill had become more adequate I worked with Xun 7Akov and then approached one of the elder members of the community. Although eager to supply myths, Manvel K'obyox was incapable of repeating verbatim. His lamentable scantiness of tooth also frustrated my most conscientious efforts at transcription. It was then decided to shift from pencil to tape recorder and from Zinacantán to San Cristóbal where we would be free from neighbors' intruding ears. After each session the recording was transcribed in rough approximation, to be polished subsequently with Romin Teratol's help.

The storytellers' toils were accompanied by idle chitchat, bowls of beans, and, when appropriate, bottles of cane liquor or beer, so that their stories would reflect, as they should, hours of leisurely companionship. I had hoped that tales might be elicited without payment of a fee, but Zinacantecs value their time highly. I did not want them to feel exploited.

The choice of narrator was limited by the trials of establishing close relations; no Zinacantec acquaintance would agree to serve as liaison to individuals who seemed to me particularly knowledgeable. Con-

³Readers familiar with *Of Wonders Wild and New: Dreams From Zinacantán* will recall this scenery (Laughlin, 1976:1).

sequently, the most insignificant and unpremeditated actions—the one-time sharing of a drink, the giving of a ride—proved to be the determinants of the final list of contributors. The raconteurs form a statistically unsatisfactory sample of the community: one woman, eight men, ranging in age from early teens to at least mid-eighties. Six of the storytellers are from Jtek-lum (Zinacantán Center), two from the hamlet of Paste7, and one from the hamlet of Naben

Chauk. It is regrettable that only one woman's words are represented. Nevertheless, the raconteurs, by their personalities, life experiences, and narrative style demonstrate the real diversity of the creators of an oral literature.

A number of tales (T132-136, T153) include gossip that, if published in Tzotzil, might prove embarrassing to the storyteller. These are presented here only in English.

Linguistic Notes

In order to make the Tzotzil texts more accessible to the Tzotzil themselves, and hopefully to stimulate Mexican government literacy programs in their own language, I have abandoned the esoteric letters used in *The Great Tzotzil Dictionary of San Lorenzo Zinacantán*; ʔ, ç, ě, h, and š have been replaced by ʔ, tz, ch, j and x.

For those game to pronounce the Tzotzil words the vowels are *a* as in father, *e* as in gem or the *a* in fame, *i* as in safari, *o* as in cold or the *au* of caught, *u* as in the *oo* of woo. The ʔ is a constriction of the throat that is used by Brooklynners pronouncing “bottle,” and by Hawaiians referring to their native state. *j* is h, *tz* is ts, *x* is sh. Apostrophes following the consonants *ch*, *k*, *p*, *t*, and *tz* indicate glottalization that gives the consonant an explosive quality. Stress is on the final syllable unless marked with an acute accent.

“The transcription resolves all automatic morphophonemic rules within words and indicates all syntactic word boundaries by space” (Laughlin, 1975:24) (This statement, I am advised, will satisfy the linguistic experts, but can be ignored by the common man.)

The shape of the words, with four major exceptions, is identical to that found in *The Great Tzotzil Dictionary of San Lorenzo Zinacantán*. Three changes were made to facilitate the pronunciation of the Tzotzil as it is spoken: (1) In rapid speech when the continuative aspect particle *ta* precedes the continuative aspect marker *x-*, they often elide to produce the sound *ch*. In the dictionary what was represented as, for example, *t škom*, *t šakom*, *t šikom*, is given in these texts as *chkom*, *chakom*, *chikom*. (2) The continuative aspect particle, *ta*, when it precedes the 3rd-person subject marker for transitive verbs, *s-*, and the locative particle, *ta*, when it precedes the 3rd-person possessive marker, *s-*, may elide to produce the sound, *ts*. In the texts these appear as, for example, *tznop*, “he lies,” and *tzna*, “at his house.” (3) When the 3rd-person marker, *s-*, is affixed to a word

beginning with *ch* or *x*, or even occasionally with a word having a medial *x*, the affix may assimilate to an *x*. In these texts, then, *sch'en*, “his cave,” *sxuk'om*, “his elbow,” *xvaxakibal*, “the eighth,” may be written *xch'en*, *xxuk'om*, and *xvaxakibal*. A fourth innovation that in retrospect I believe unfortunate, was to precede the 2nd-person marker, *a-*, and the 3rd-person marker, *i-*, with a glottal stop. Though the glottal stop does occur when a word so prefixed is spoken in isolation, it is absent in narrative speech.

As in the dictionary I have doubled consonants in a way that will be confusing to native Tzotzil speakers, but which should help the foreign reader to work out the grammar. So, when the 1st-person marker, *j-*, is prefixed to *sat*, as *jsat*, “my face,” and when it is prefixed to *jol*, as *jjol*, “my head,” I have written out the prefix in both instances even though the aspiration is not lengthened in the second. Likewise, when the 3rd-person marker, *s-*, is prefixed to *jol*, as *sjol*, “his head,” and when it is prefixed to *sat*, as *ssat*, “his face,” there is no lengthening of the sibilant in the second. The same is true for the 1st-person plural suffix, *-tik*, that, when affixed to a word ending in *t*, does not lengthen the *t* sound, as in *chkattik*, “we count it.”

Under most circumstances the dash is used in Tzotzil and English to indicate the lengthening of vowels for dramatic effect. Whenever possible I have indicated this in English by a dash following the vowel or vowels, as in “lo—ng ago,” or “soo—n he left.” Short interjections such as *7e*, *7i*, *ji7*, are often written as *7ee* or *7eee*, *7ii* or *7iii*, *jii7* or *jiii7*. Lengthening of the nasal in the interjection, *m7*, is indicated as *mm7*.

In Tzotzil I have abstained from the use of semicolons and have employed periods primarily to end statements preceding a quotation, to end quotations, and to end paragraphs.

Italics in both languages indicate a quote within a quote.

Romin Teratol



FIGURE 1.—Romin Teratol, 1961 (photo by Frank Cancian).

He was an enigma. Unlike his fellow puppeteers at the National Indian Institute this dignified bachelor, meticulously dressed in traditional Zinacantec clothing, seemed the epitome of the exotic. Almost sphinx-like he listened as I tried to learn from Chep Xantis the folklore of Zinacantán. Only occasionally he broke his silence to make brief comments in his native tongue. When the three of us went to a restaurant in San Cristóbal he sat separately, at a table all to himself. Then one afternoon as Chep was giving me a tortured recital of “The Three Suns” the mysterious Romin exploded into fluent Spanish, vehemently providing me with the “true” version.

Fifteen years and many tales later Romin is still an enigma.

Drawing from bits of gossip, personal observation, and Romin’s reminiscences, I will outline his path through life, not ignoring the “trivial” childhood events that loomed large in his memories.

Romin (pronounced Romeen) was conceived in 1933, reputedly in the woods, the son of a Zinacantec salt merchant and an ex-Chamulan woman. He was raised by his grandmother, mother, and maiden aunt.

His six years in the school system were initiated by the lopping off of his shoulder-length hair. As an

only child it was a struggle learning to play with his peers, but he won 160 marbles. Many school days were spent in the woods with a slingshot. For four years he served as an assistant to the ensign-bearers' musicians during fiestas. In the afternoons when school let out he received crackers from a strange man. He learned it was his father.

Aged 12, Romin watched his corn crop fail. He volunteered for the coffee plantations down on the coast, but the recruiter did not let him go until his head was shaved. For two months he worked with seven fellow townsmen on thirteen plantations. He saw his first movie. He shook with malaria, grew homesick, had his savings stolen on the train.

Returning home, Romin was appointed sacristan; a post he served for four years while he earned money doing roadwork on the side. Then he became a puppeteer and agent of the National Indian Institute.

At the age of 26, after one rejection and a lengthy courtship, Romin was married to a girl of high social standing within the community. Their first child, a daughter, died in infancy. The three sons and two daughters who followed have been more fortunate.

Shortly after his marriage Romin became the self-styled "interpreter of anthropology for Harvard University." For many years he was the principal informant of the Harvard Chiapas Project, serving as typist, transcriber, and translator of hundreds of native texts. Together with Anselmo Peres he collaborated in the compilation of *The Great Tzotzil Dictionary of San Lorenzo Zinacantán*. This task took Romin to Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1963, and to Washington, D.C., in 1967. His eyes were assailed with new sights: the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, snow, blacks, subways, television, the assassination of a president, a football game, the march on the Pentagon.

Between these two journeys abroad Romin spent a year in office as Senior Steward of the Holy Sacrament. Just now he has completed his year as Ensign-bearer of St. Anthony.

Romin is a worried man. Once, though fearfully busy, he was provoked when the stewards visited their harpist before him and he remarked, "I'm like any whore who is anxious for the next one to come even though she's still busy." Romin worries about his debts, but he pays them. Romin worries about the cost of major enterprises, but he carries them out. He calculates and recalculates the expenditures; he always falls short. When he built his house he found to his chagrin that he needed more beams. He remembered how painful it was dragging logs from the mountaintops. One dark night he and his friend, Rey Komis, crept out behind the old courthouse where

the lumber for a new courthouse was piled. They hoisted the heavy beams onto their shoulders and transported them to an empty hut for safekeeping. Romin told me he would have to remove the finish, but a week later he admitted sheepishly that his heart could not be at rest with those beams in his roof. He would just have to chop them up for firewood. Romin's "friends" and "enemies" change roles with lightning speed, you never know who's who. Yet in a pinch Romin is a loyal friend. Romin worries about his enemies, sure that everyone resents his new wealth and his American associations. He is fearful of being seen in public with anthropologists. Romin dreams that his anthropologist employer has left him to work in the belltower on a ledge too narrow to sit on, with the parting words, "And write only in Tzotzil." He asks if he can be the godfather of his employer's daughter. He always invites his American friends to the important rituals in his public and family life. With a sad smile sliding across his face, he drunkenly accuses them of abandoning him "as if he were an aging whore." He is exuberantly boyish, running around his yard carrying his dog and exclaiming "My son! My son!"

Romin is deeply religious and conservative. He carried out his stewardship with such an attention to the fine details of ritual that his colleagues met to ask him to relax his high standards. During his stewardship he carried on an affair with an American artist, and, according to his wife and his enemies, was so befuddled that he could not respond effectively to the most minor demands of his office. He prays with the deepest conviction every night at bedtime. He prays with mock seriousness under the most absurd circumstances, collapsing all in laughter. He walks past the hundreds of mounds in the jungle at the fringe of Palenque and asks with wonder, "Where have all the souls gone?" When questioned about the date of the annual rain ceremony in Zinacantán he replies, "If it rains early, the ceremony is early, otherwise it is held late for then the rain is sure to come soon!"

He is an affectionate father, scrupulously filling his shoulder bag with fruit for his children whenever he goes to market. He even capitulated to his son's pleas, put him in a net and carried him on his back for the two hour walk to market. And yet, when he hears his son crying in the house, he knocks on the door and shouts, "I will sell you to the Ladinos in San Cristóbal, I am the baby-eater." He feeds his drunken compadre's children for days on end without complaint. He taunts his compadre mercilessly for his irresponsibility.

Romin may now have cirrhosis, his month-long binges have turned him a brilliant yellow. I once saw

Romin and his father at the courthouse talking to the magistrate. He put a finger to his lips then muttered under his breath, "She's gone again, Matal has left me." In the most confidential tone of voice and with the glumest face, eyelids drooping, corners of the mouth turned down he told me that now there was a new woman in the house, Loxa. He asked if I wanted to meet her. Again and again I laughed at his tall tale, but each time with a wounded expression he assured me it was true. His father joined in and added resignedly, "Too much cane liquor!" Not till I reached his home and saw Matal was his hoax revealed. One night Romin looked at his hand, "Isn't it strange we must all be food for worms someday!" When he moved from his father's compound he consoled his weeping father with the sensible words, "Sons always move, we don't accompany our parents to the grave." Romin told me of the belief that if we eat chicken feet we will get caught in our mule's lead ropes. I replied, "You have no worries, you have no mule!" He responded, munching on his chicken foot, "Oh yes I do, over there!" nodding at his wife, Matal. He loves his wife, shares the latest gossip, his dreams and many jokes with her, often at his own expense. He is not violent, he says. Because he was an only child he never had brothers teach him how to fight. His wife complained to him that she was richer when she was single. She could buy a sandal with the money from her flowers. That's why, he says, he hit her with a sandal.

He never can make up his mind. He ponders every possible course of action, frets over everyone's reaction to his pettiest affairs. Yet, in only one minute he decided to travel with me to far off New Mexico; and pioneered the first artesian well in Zinacantán. He is so diplomatic, so eloquent, so reasonable, so aware of cultural relativity, he would be a worthy representative to the United Nations—when sober. He is sullen, remorseful, melancholy, body and soul racked with aches and pains. He frowns with concentration seeking to penetrate and explain the religious concepts of Zinacantán. With a wink and a secret smile flitting across his face he gulls his friends. He tells the most obscene jokes and laughs

contagiously. Cheerfully, with the greatest dedication, sensitivity, and care he transcribes, translates, and interprets. No one is his equal—when sober. He is no longer an informant, he is an anthropologist, drunk or sober. But who is he, really? "I am the son of god and the son of a devil!"⁴

Romin's tales have a wide variety of subjects, with particular emphasis upon problems of sex and marriage. His favorite stories relate the adventures of a young Indian man who journeys through the Ladino world, tricking his enemies or winning contests by displays of superhuman strength or superior courage (T6, T107, T109).

Romin recalls that his mother told him two of the tales in this collection (T10, T13), his father, five (T15, T110, T111, T126, T127) and his father-in-law, one (T9). When he was thirteen years old he worked in the cornfields of the Tulum family where he learned eight tales (T2, T8, T11, T17, T104—T106, T149). In his late teens in the cornfields of Petul Buro, the hero of Tale 139, he learned another four (T4, T12, T132, T139). When he was a young man he used to meet a friend on Sunday mornings at a stream where they went to wash their hair. From him he learned Tale 44 and Tale 45. But at the age of eighteen or nineteen during roadwork he heard the great majority of stories from Rey Komis (T1, T3, T5, T7, T16, T18, T20, T21, T43, T107, T125, T138), from Rey's brother (T6, T109), or from Rey's uncle or grandfather (T14). The sources of five tales (T19, T133—T136) are unknown to me. A number of the more scatological stories (T132—T137) were told in response to my question, "Are there any tales that would not be repeated in women's company?"

Romin's clarity and economy of expression as well as his straightline temporal progression of the plot contrasts sharply with the obscurity and repetitiveness of other storytellers. Romin's first narrative introduces Zinacantec literature with a phenomenal bang.

⁴This sketch of Romin was presented first in *Of Wonders Wild and New: Dreams from Zinacantán* (Laughlin, 1976:15—16).

When the Guatemalans Were Blown Sky-high

T1

Once the elders were stronger. They made trips to Guatemala with their mules.

Then the Guatemalans took [them] into captivity.

7A ti vo7nee, ti moletike, mas tzotzik, ta xk'otik ta xanbal ta Vatimala xchi7uk ska7ik.

7Entónse ti Vatimalae, ta xchukvan, ta xtal j-p'ej

They would bring a jug of cane liquor to get them drunk.

When the people got us drunk they would castrate us.

They would fatten us up. When we were fat they would turn us into oil. Who knows what we would be turned into.

Every time, every time that our countrymen reached [Guatemala] they would always remain. They would always remain. They wouldn't return any more.

In olden times the elders were stronger. There was Thunderbolt. There was Butterfly. There was Hawk. There was Blowfly. There was Whirlwind.

Once the elders grew angry. They went. They left together. They went to look for a cave. When many of our countrymen had been lost, the elders grew angry.

They found a cave. "Go," Butterfly was told. "Go see what they are doing," said Thunderbolt. [Butterfly] went. Waving [his wings] he reached the center of the town.

"I'm back," he said [when he returned to the cave].

"What are they doing?" asked Thunderbolt.

"Well, their minds are at ease. They aren't doing anything," he said.

"Now you go, I guess," Hawk was told.

"Go pick out all the big fat hens and bring them back," Hawk was told.

"I'm going!" he said. He went to pick out, to catch, and bring back all the very best hens.

He kept on catching and bringing back the chickens. "We'll cook the meal here," said Thunderbolt.

"Fine," they said. All [the chickens] were killed. [Hawk] picked them all out and brought them back.

The Guatemalans got a bit upset.

[The elders] had a feast. They finished eating.

"Look, Blowfly," Blowfly was told, "You go now, go see, I guess, what they're doing," he was told.

"Fine!" he said. He went. A big pot of food was boiling. There were many cooks there while the food was being cooked.

Blowfly quickly left maggots on top of the broth.

The cook came. He stirred the broth.

All that came to the top was maggots.

He told one of the generals.

"That's bad. Our enemies have come. There are enemies [here]," said the general. Ooh, they blew

limeton pox ta xyakubtasvan.

Bwéno, ti mi yakub yu7un ti krixchanoe, ta la slok' kattik.

Bwéno, ta la xisjup'esotik, mi lijup'otike, ta la xi7ochotik ta 7asete, mu jna7tik k'usi chi7ochotik 7o.

Bwéno, ju-jun bwelta ju-jun bwelta ta xk'ot ti jchi7iltaktike, syémpre ta xkom, mu xa sut tal.

Bwéno, 7a ti vo7nee, mas to 7ox tzotzik ti moletike, 7oy to 7ox la chauh, 7oy to 7ox la pepen, 7oy to 7ox la xik, 7oy to 7ox la yaxal vo, 7oy to 7ox la sutum 7ik'.

Bwéno, 7ikap sjol ti moletik vo7ne 7une, 7ibatik, 7istzob sbaik ech'el, 7ik'ot ssa7ik jun ch'en, ti k'al yu7un xa 7ep 7ich'ay ti jchi7iltaktik 7une, 7ikap sjol ti moletike.

Bwéno, 7istaik jun ch'en. "Batan!" x7utat li pepene. "Ba k'elo k'u tzpasik!" xi ti chauke. 7Ibat, xlichlon k'otel ta yutil jtek-lum.

Bwéno, "Lisut tal," xi.

"K'usi tzpasik?" xi li chauke.

"Pwes, jun yo7onik, mu k'usi tzpasik," xi.

Bwéno, "Batan xa kik vo7ot che7e," x7utat li xike.

Bwéno, "Ba t'ujo tal skotol butik lek muk'tik me7 kaxlanetike," x7utat li xike.

Bwéno, "Chibat che7e!" xi. 7Ibat, 7a stzak tal, 7ist'uj tal skotol butik lekik ta j-mek li me7 kaxlanetike.

Bwéno, pas 7o segir, tzak 7o tal li kaxlane. "Li7 ta jmeltzantikótik li ve7elile," xi li chauke.

Bwéno," xi. Laj skotol, 7ist'uj tal skotol.

Bwéno, 7ikap xa j-set' sjol li Vatimalae.

Bwéno, 7ive7ik lek, laj ve7ikuk lek.

Bwéno, "K'el avil, yaxal vo," x7utat li yaxal voe. "Batan xa vo7ot, ba k'elo kik k'usi ta spasik," x7utat.

"Bwéno!" xi. 7Ibat, lakal jun perol ve7elil, te 7ep jkusineroetik yolel xta7aj li ve7elile.

Bwéno, li yaxal voe, likel 7iyak' komel xuvit ta sba li kaltoe.

7Entónse, 7ital jkusinero, 7isnikes tal li kaltoe.

7Entónse, 7imuy tal pero naka xa xuvit.

Bwéno, 7iyalbe la ya7i jun totil soltero.

Bwéno, "Chopol xa me 7un, tal xa me jkrontatik, 7oy xa me kronta," xi li totil solteroe. Jii, 7iyok'esin

their trumpets. They sounded the alarm. They shouted to each other.

Blowfly returned. "What are they doing?" asked Thunderbolt.

"Well, the meal was cooking. Their minds were at ease, but I left maggots in the meal. Quickly they sounded the alarm. They blew their trumpets," said Blowfly.

"Ah, fine, we aren't scared. Let's go, I guess," said Thunderbolt. They went. Two of the elders, Thunderbolt and Whirlwind, went in. They reached the center of the town.

"Have you come?" they were asked.

"We've come!" said our countrymen.

"Rest here!" our countrymen were told.

"That's fine!" they said. They entered the prison.

"Have you come, friends?" asked the others who were imprisoned there.

"We've come!" said the two elders.

"Oh, it's too late now, because we are going to die here. We are going to be castrated," said the others.

"Oh, don't be afraid! We'll get out of here in a minute. This is what we came for. They've had their way persecuting us so much. Wait a bit!" said the two elders.

"All right," said the others.

A jug of cane liquor was brought to each of them, to each of the elders. They drank. They drank lots, until they finished off fourteen or fifteen jugs of cane liquor apiece. But they didn't even get drunk. "That's enough, that's all. Let's fall over now," they said. They collapsed in a heap. The castrators came. They saw an open hole beneath where [the elders] had been sitting. When they drank [the cane liquor] it kept on going right into the ground.

"Well never mind, they're drunk now. Let's castrate them now," said the soldiers.

They brought the pocketknife. [The elders] sensed in their dreams that their balls were about to be grabbed.

[Thunderbolt] let go a fart, but a mighty one. That was the end of the castrators. A mighty thunderbolt struck. The whole square, all the big buildings were ruined. Whirlwind came. Whirlwind picked up the people and tossed them and turned them up in the sky. That's why the Guatemalans have said that the Zinacantecs are stronger. All those who had been imprisoned returned. Since then there have been no more wars with Guatemala.

skornetaik, 7istij sbaik, 7iyapta sbaik.

Bwéno, 7isut tal yaxal vo. "K'usi tzpasik?" xi li chauke.

"Pwes, lakal to 7ox ve7elil, jun to 7ox yo7onik, pero 7ikak' komel xuvit li ta ve7elile, pero likel 7istij sbaik, 7iyok'esin skornetaik," xi li yaxal voe.

"7A bwéno, mu xixi7otik, battik kik," xi ti chauke. 7Ibatik cha7-vo7 moletik, chauk 7i sutum 7ik' 7i7ochik ech'el, k'otik ta yutil jtek-lum.

Bwéno, "Mi latalik?" x7utatik.

Bwéno, "Litalotikótik!" xiik li jchi7iltaktike.

Bwéno, "Li7 kuxo che7e!" x7utatik li jchi7iltaktike.

Bwéno, "Lek 7oy!" xiik. 7I7ochik ta chukel.

Bwéno, "Mi latal, jchi7iltaktik?" xi ti yantik te chukajtike.

"Litalotikótik!" xi ti cha7-vo7 moletike.

"7A mu xa yorauk, yu7un xa li7 chilajotike, ta me xlok'e kattik," xi ti yane.

"7A mu xaxi7, li7 ta j-likel chilok'otike, ja7 tal jpastikótik, xkom ta manya, lek chi7ilbajinotik, malao j-likeluk!" xi ti cha7-vo7 moletike.

"Bwéno," xi ti yan 7une.

Bwéno, 7ital j-p'ej limeton pox ju-jun, ju-jun ti moletike, 7iyuch'ik, 7iyuch'ik ta j-mek, 7ásta ke 7ilaj chan-lajuneb 7o vo7-lajuneb limeton trago ju-jun, pero mi ja7uk xyakubik. "Yil xa yil, te xa no 7ox k'alal, lomikotik xa," xiik 7un. 7Ilomik, te butk'ijik, 7ital li jlok'-7ate, 7isk'el ch'ojol xyal jun ch'en ti yo7 buy chotajtike, k'alal chuch'ike k'ex jelavel k'al yut balamil chbat.

"Bwéno, yiyil, 7iyakub xa, jlok'betik xa yat," xiik ti solteroetike.

Bwéno, 7ital navaxax, ya7yoj ta xch'ulel ta xa 7ox stzakbat li sbek' yate.

Bwéno, 7islok'es j-moj stzis, pero tzotz, te no 7ox 7inel ti jlok'-7ate, 7ilok' jun chauk, pero tzotz, 7ilaj skotol parke, skotol muk'tik naetik, 7ital sutum 7ik', 7istam muyel, 7isvalk'un 7issutp'in ta vinajel ti krixchanoetike, li sutum 7ik'e, yech'o yalojik li Vatimalae mas tzotzik li Tzinakantaetike, 7isut tal skotol ti k'u yepal te chukul to 7oxe, k'al tana mu xa buch'u pletu xchi7uk li Vatimala 7une.

The term *moletik*, translated as "elders," refers here simply to the men of authority, the leaders of the town in a bygone age.

Pox, or cane liquor, is sometimes translated as "rum" though it more closely resembles vodka in taste and potency. Most cane

liquor drunk by Zinacantecs is made by Chamulan bootleggers in their secret stills.

This legendary conflict between the Zinacantecs and the Guatemalans has no known historical counterpart, nor is there

any record of trade relations between them. Today although Guatemalan Indian traders do reach Tojolabal and Tzeltal towns in Chiapas they do not trade with Zinacantecs. Within living memory there is no account of Zinacantecs trading as far south as Guatemala.

The modesty of archeological remains in the Chiapas highlands and the rarity of fine trade pottery and sculpture suggests that this area was a cultural backwater avoided in preference to the less arduous coastal route between Mexico and Guatemala (Adams, 1961:341). Even so, in a sixteenth-century document the cacique of Copanaguastla, a colonial town not far from the Guatemalan border, claimed that Macuilsuchitepec (?) and Quetzaltenango were subject to Zinacantán and at the outer limits of Zinacantec land (Navarrete, 1966a:103)!

There is no historical record of Guatemalans castrating their prisoners, but the early ethnographer Antonio de Ciudad Real speaks of the Lacandóns' "manner of fattening their captives for sacrifice in wooden cages" (Roys, 1932:126). A similar theme is renewed annually at the Fiesta of St. Sebastian when the Spooks capture unsuspecting Chamulan boys as they watch the dramatic festivities and threaten to castrate them and devour them. When the Pan American highway was built in the 1940s it was widely believed that the engineers seized Indian laborers, who were rendered to fuel the bulldozers and graders.

From Oaxaca to Guatemala come beliefs in the magical powers of the town elders, who could transform themselves into natural elements to protect their people. Among the western Chinantec, "each village has one or more *rayos*, men capable of hurling thunderbolts against enemy communities or knowing the defensive techniques to keep their community from such destruction by an outside *rayo*" (Weitlaner and Cline, 1969:549). There is a tale of highland Chinantecs battling their lowland compatriots with thunderbolts, clouds, and hail (Cruz, 1946:284). The Zapotecs tell of bringing tobacco home to Yalalag from the Chinantec area, defending themselves with wind, clouds, and lightning and concluding, "Ever since the Chinantecs have been afraid of our people." Indeed this story contains the now familiar questioning of companions: "Do you know anything?" (de la Fuente, 1949:350-351). The Mixe describe Thunderbolt as "the father of the towns—he it is who watches over the towns," defending them from enemy thunderbolts, tigers, serpents, and whirlwinds (Miller, 1956:18-22). A stone idol representing Thunderbolt, Rain, and Wind is worshipped in the Mixe town of Tamazulapan (Carrasco, 1966:311). From the Mixes of Coatlán comes a story of three shamans, who were jailed for witchcraft but were later released on condition that they resettle in the neighboring town of San Juan. Shortly thereafter Wind blew in the church door and carried off a stone idol. In the two hundred years since then Coatlán has been struck by repeated tragedies. Feuding within the community has reduced its population from 2000 to 500, but the town of San Juan has prospered dramatically (Hoogshagen, 1966:315). A recent ethnographic account speaks of the fear and awe in which lowland Negroes hold the highland Mixtecs, believing them empowered to become thunderbolts and rain clouds (Kaplan, 1956:366). There is also an "historical" report of an encounter between Chatino traders, who after buying salt and fish from the coastal Negroes were dispossessed of their goods by those same Negroes. The Chatinos vowed revenge. Before many days had passed a terrible storm of thunder and lightning battered the coast and killed thousands of fish. Since that time the fishing trade has never recovered. This occurred just prior to the Mexican Revolution (Ibarra, 1941:74-75).

In Chiapas, the Lacandóns, when they describe the battle of Lake Lacandón fought in 1596, relate how the Spaniards "changed from real people to superhuman beasts who used thunder and fire against the ancestors" (Duby and Blom, 1969:296).

The Jacaltecs of Guatemala tell of a sea battle in which they employed their thunderbolts, again prefacing the conflict with a familiar question and answer episode (La Farge and Byers, 1931:122-124). But the most interesting reports from Guatemala occur in the historical sources. *The Title of the Lords of Totonicapán*, which traces the wanderings of the Quiché, recalls how their ancestors "being well instructed, used their incantations to make clouds, thunder, lightning, earthquakes" (Recinos and Goetz, 1953:174). And when beset by still another enemy force, "with their science ordered that two new thunders, hailstorms and lightning be formed, which they unloosed over the enemy, who, hearing such a terrible noise from our side, fled in fear" (Recinos and Goetz, 1953:182).

Upon the arrival of the fearsome conqueror of Guatemala, Pedro de Alvarado, the Cakchiquel relate how the conquistador demanded ever more gold until a native priest, telling their chiefs, "I am lightning. I will destroy the Spaniards," convinced them to abandon their capital city. The recorder of the annals of the Cakchiquels, referring to the priest as "a devil," bewails the credulity of the chiefs who never receive the magical defense that was promised and so lose forever their sovereignty (Villacorta, 1934:265-67). Three centuries later and with a keen perception of Indian realities, the great Zapata spurred on the myth of his invincibility by naming his dashing white stallion, "El Relámpago" (Lightning).

The encounter between Alvarado's army and the Quiché forces is also reported. Tecum Umam, the Quiché chief, flew like an eagle at Alvarado, who was protected, the chronicler relates, by a fair maiden and hosts of footless birds that blinded the Quiché soldiers. A second chief, Nehaib, became a thunderbolt, but three times he was blinded by a white dove. Then Tecum reentered the fray. He flew at Alvarado, and beheaded the conquistador's steed, but was impaled on Alvarado's lance. So ended the Quiché resistance (Recinos, 1957:86-88).

If this seems but a fanciful reconstruction of historical events, let me present an account of a rebellion in San Juan Ostuncalco near Quetzaltenango, where in 1837, some three hundred years after the conquest and less than a decade before American armies invaded Mexico, the unfortunate citizens made an unsuccessful attack on the magistrate and his dragons.

The Indians left behind them an idol and a jar filled with stones collected from the bed of a neighboring river. It appears that they had been made to believe that the jar, if broken at the moment of the attack, would throw lightning upon the enemy, and by enchantment, a number of venomous snakes would rush out from a neighboring wood and bite the soldiers;—an event which was to be brought about by the assistance of the old gods of the country, which, though nominally discarded by the Indians, are always recurred to in times of necessity, as the Romish superstition is by those in Europe professing a purer creed." (Dunlop, 1847:192-193).

This description, Victoria Bricker informs me, was apparently cribbed by Dunlop from Alejandro Marure's *Efemerides*, written in 1844.

After scrupulously searching all the historical and mythic sources of Middle America I have been able to discover only a Chortí horned serpent that rivals the Zinacantecs' flatulent power (Fought, 1972:84-84). See also T115, T150, T159, and their notes.

When the Guatemalans Were Blown Sky-high

T150

Long ago the people of Guatemala used to be very evil. Since long ago the people here from Zinacantán Center reached there. They went to trade. They went to Tabasco to bring tobacco. They arrived, they arrived to trade. They went to sell it in Guatemala.

The people in Guatemala seized them and stuck them in jail. All the traders were put in jail. They were given some cane liquor to drink. A jug of cane liquor was set down quickly inside the jail.

When they took all the cane liquor they could drink, they collapsed there. They fell over there inside the jail.

When they collapsed from drunkenness, then their balls were cut off. In their drunkenness their balls were cut off. They didn't feel their balls coming off. They were turned into eunuchs, they were turned into oil.

That's how all the people disappeared there. A tremendous number disappeared. They were fattened up there. They were all shut up in jail.

Four elders discussed it together, since they saw that all the people disappeared, that they just vanished in Guatemala.

They thought it over [to see] if they could do anything—if each one of them had something in his heart, it seems.

"Why would it be? How can it be, it seems, that they all die there, that they all perish, that all our countrymen disappear in Guatemala? Why? But you, don't you know something? Can't we defend each other? Can't we go see why they all die there?" the four elders said to each other.

"Well, me, I know a little," said one.

"But what do you know?" said [the other].

"Me, I'm Whirlwind," he said.

"Ah!" said the other.

"As for you, don't you know anything?" he said.

"Me, I know a little. Me, I'm Thunderbolt of course!" said [the other].

"Well, you, what do you know?" he asked the next one.

"Me, I'm Hawk. I can be a little hawk," said the other.

"Well, it can be done with that," they said.

"As for you?" he asked.

"Me, I can be Blowfly," said the other.

Bwéno, 7a ti vo7nee toj mas to 7ox la pukujik ta j-mek ti krixchanoetik ta Watemalae kómo ti vo7nee che7e ta la xk'otik ti krixchanoetik li7 ta Jtek-lume ta la xba chonolajikuk, te la xba yich'ik tal moy ta Tavasko, chk'otik la chk'ot chonolajikuk chba xchonik ta Watemala.

Bwéno, 7a ti krixchanoetik ta Watemala 7une te la tztzak vinik 7un ta la xtik'vanik ta chukel 7un, skotol ti k'u yepal jchonolajeletike te la tztik'ik ta chukel ta la x7ak'batik trago yuch'ik, chot xi la j-p'e7 limeton trago ta yut nail chuklebal.

Bwéno, ja7 ti k'u yepal stabe yipal ti pox ta xuch'ike te la chlom te chbutk'ij ta yut chuklebal 7une.

Bwéno, ti k'alal xlomik la ta yakubel 7une ja7 7o la ta xlok'batik sbek' yatik 7un, ta syakubel ta xlok'batik i sbek' yatike mu xa7i chlok' i sbek' yatik 7une, yu7n la tzpasatik ta kapon ta la x7ochik ta 7asete 7un.

Bwéno, ja7 yech chch'ay skotol ta j-mek i krixchanoetik 7une, toj 7ep xa laj ch'ayuk ta j-mek 7une te la chjup'esat 7un te xa makbikil skotol ta nail chukel 7une.

Bwéno, 7islo7iltabe la sbaik chan-vo7 moletik kómo 7iyilik xa ti chlaj ch'ayuk ti krixchanoetike ti te nox ta xch'ay ta j-mek ta Watemala 7une.

Bwéno, 7isnopik 7un ti mi 7o la k'u sna7ik mi 7o k'usi sbel yo7onik ju-jun tal ya7el 7une.

Bwéno, "K'u nox yu7un ya7el k'u nox cha7al ya7el ti te chlaj lajuke ti te chlaj chamuke chlaj ch'ayuk ti jchi7iltaktik ta j-mek ta Watemalae k'u yu7un, pero mi mu nox k'u xana7 i vo7ote mi mu stak' jpoj jbatik mi mu stak' xba jk'eltik k'u x7elan 7un ti te chlaj ch'ayuk ta j-meke?" xut la sbaik ti chan-vo7 moletik 7une.

"Bwéno li vo7one jna7 j-set'," xi la li june.

"Pero k'usi xana7 7un?" xi.

"Vo7one sutum 7ik'on," xi la.

"7A!" xi la.

"7A li vo7ote mi mu k'usi xana7 7un?" xi.

"7A li vo7one jna7 j-set', chaukon i vo7on a7a!" xi la.

"Bwéno, 7a li vo7ot 7une k'usi xana7?" xut la ti jun noxtok 7une.

"7A li vo7one xikon jna7 j-set' xik," xi la ti jun 7une.

"Bwéno 7entónse taje xu7 xa," xiik la 7un.

"7A li vo7ot 7une?" xi la 7un.

"7A li vo7one jna7 yaxal vo," xi la li jun 7une.

"Ah, hell, with that, it's fine now! It's fine with four of us. It's fine for playing with them—for our countrymen there. We have nothing to worry about! Let's go! Let's go see, I guess, what's been done to them, what they're in the midst of doing to them, what they're doing to them—if they're eating them, or what in the world they're doing to our countrymen that they keep disappearing," they said.

They went. But it was a serious affair now, because lots of people had been lost. They went to look. The four elders went off together. When they were far off they looked for a good spot. There was a big cave. The big cave took the place of their house. They assembled there. They ate there. They fixed there what they ate—there under the cliff.

First they sent off a butterfly. "Go take a look, I guess, Butterfly! See, I guess, what they're doing, what they're in the midst of doing, what they are planning. See, I guess, if our countrymen are there—what they have done to them, or if they don't have them anymore," said Thunderbolt and Whirlwind.

"Well, okay, I'm going, then!" said Butterfly. He went. Butterfly fla—pped by the barracks door.

He looked. He looked through the jail door. All our countrymen were packed in there. They were shut up there in the jail.

He just looked at them. He looked at what the soldiers were doing.

He came back. "I've come back," he told that Thunderbolt when he arrived.

"Ah!" he said. "That's all, then. Come on, let's get ready! What did you see them doing?" asked Thunderbolt.

"They're not doing anything. The soldiers are just scattered about there. They're just scattered about, enjoying themselves. Our countrymen are there, indeed! They're packed inside the jail," he said.

"Ah!" he said. "Nothing's happening? There's no war?" said Thunderbolt.

"No," said [Butterfly].

"Ah, fine, all right, then. Now you go, Hawk! We'll eat well before we leave. Go pick out all the biggest hens and biggest roosters. We'll eat well before we leave. Bring them. We'll fix the meal," said Thunderbolt and Whirlwind.

"Okay," said Hawk. He left. He went to each house to pick out the biggest roosters and biggest hens. He carried them back. He arrived to leave them at the cave. That Thunderbolt, that Whirlwind, and that Butterfly prepared them there.

They ate well and they left happily. But [the Guatemalans] hadn't gotten very upset yet, of

"7A, karájo taje lek xa, lek ta chan-vo7otik lek ta tajintael taj jchi7iltaktik taje mu k'usi xal ko7ontik battik ba jk'eltik kik k'usi tzpasbat k'usi yolel tey cha7lebil, k'usi chcha7leik mi tzi7ik k'usi ta j-mek ta xcha7leik ti jchi7iltaktik te laj ch'ayuk ta j-mek 7une," xiik la 7un.

Bwéno, 7ibatik la 7un pero ta yepal xa k'op 7un yu7n xa 7ep ta j-mek ch'ayem ti krixchanoetik 7une, bat la sk'elik 7un stzob la sbaik ech'el ti chan-vo7 moletik 7une, nom to 7ox la 7un ssa7ik la lek jun slugarik 7un, 7o la jun muk'ta ch'en, 7a ti muk'ta ch'en 7une ja7 la sk'exol snaik 7un te stzob sbaik 7un, tey chve7ik tey tzmeltzan k'u slajesik tey ta yolon ti ch'en 7une.

Bwéno, priméro 7istakik la ech'el 7a li j-kot pepen. "Ba k'elo kik, pepen, k'elo kik k'usi ta spasik, k'usi yolel ta spasik k'usi tznopilanik, k'elo kik mi tey ti jchi7iltaktike k'usi xcha7leojik 7o mi ch'abal xa yu7unik," xi la ech'el ti chauke ti sutum 7ik'e.

"Bwéno, yechuk chibat 7un che7e!" xi la ti pepen 7une. Bat la 7un, xlichlo---n la jelavel ti pepen ta ta ti7 kwartel 7une.

Bwéno, sk'el la 7un sk'el la ti ti7 nail chukele tey la tzi---nil skotol ti jchi7iltaktik 7une tey la makbikil ta chukel 7un.

Bwéno, ja7 nox yech 7isk'el 7un sk'el ti k'u tzpasik ti solteroetike.

Bwéno, 7isut tal 7un. "Lisut me tal 7un," xut la yulel taj chuk 7une.

"7A!" xi la. "Bwéno mu k'usi che7e la7 jchap jbatik lek, k'usi tzpasik avil 7un?" xi la ti chuk 7une.

"Mu k'usi tzpasik yech te lamal li solteroetike yech te lamal tzkux yo7onik, te li jchi7iltaktik a7a tey tzinil ta yut nail chukel," xi la 7un.

"7Aa!" xi. "Mi mu k'usi 7oy mi mu k'usi pletu?" xi la ti chuk 7une.

"Ch'abal," xi la 7un.

"7A bwéno, teyuk che7e, 7óra lavie chabat vo7ote 7une, xik, 7a li ve7ikotik ech'el lek, ba t'ujo tal skotol li bu muk'tik me7 kaxlane li bu muk'tik keleme ve7ikotik ech'el lek 7un xtal avak' 7un ta jmeltzantikótik i ve7elil 7une," xi la ti chauke ti sutum 7ik' 7une.

"Bwéno," xi la ti xik 7une. Bat la 7un, 7i ba la st'uj tal ju-jun na ta j-mek ti butik 7oy muk'tik ti keleme ti me7 kaxlan 7une, ta la xean tal ta j-mek ta la xul yak' taj ta ch'en 7une, ja7 te chtzmeltzanik ve7elil taj chauke taj sutum 7ik' 7une taj pepen 7une.

Bwéno, le---k 7ive7ik 7un 7i kontento 7ibatik 7un, pero 7éste mu to 7o bu mas tzotz sjolik 7un bi muk'

course—not very much. They hadn't figured out very well yet that they had enemies or something—just that Hawk had stolen from them.

After [the elders] had eaten well, Blowfly went. He was sent, too. "Well, go on then, I guess, you, Blowfly. Go see, I guess, what they're doing, what they're planning. Go see what all the soldiers are doing," Blowfly was told.

"Okay, I'm going, then," said Blowfly. He went to look. He arrived, bu—zzing, at the barracks door. He arrived. He passed by to look at those prisoners. The food was being coo—ked.

When those cooks were sti—rring that broth, that Blowfly laid his [eggs]. He laid [his eggs] in those cauldrons where those meals were cooking. They sti—rred up that food, that broth in the cauldrons. Then all those maggots came up.

Then they saw all the maggots rising up. They didn't eat now. They were mad. All the soldiers assembled. They blew their bugles. They shouted to each other—wherever they had gone—if some of the soldiers were taking a walk. They assembled. "The enemy has come now!" they said.

Ooh, they all gathered together. They didn't eat now, since they saw that the meal was all maggots.

After that, [Blowfly] came back. He arrived at the cave, it seems—that Blowfly. He arrived to tell Thunderbolt. He arrived to tell Whirlwind.

"Well, what's it like? What are they doing?" asked [Thunderbolt].

"Well, the soldiers were happily scattered in the open. Their food was cooking. The cooks were looking at the meal. But I laid [eggs] in the food. The cooks stirred it now. The maggots came rising up. Just maggots. Then they went mad. They blew their bugles, they called to each other, all the soldiers gathered at the barracks. The whole town is there now. And they have assembled. They're ready now," said that Blowfly, when he arrived.

"Well, that's all. We have nothing to worry about. Let's go! Let's go see, I guess!"

Blowfly and Butterfly hadn't any more work to do. There wasn't anything they were going to do. They were just going to look at the spectacle from afar, too, because Butterfly and Blowfly might be blown away by the wind, since there were two elders who were going to work—just as soon as they had finished eating, it seems.

The two elders went in. They arrived. "Well, what did you come looking for?" they were asked when they entered Guatemala.

"We didn't come looking for anything. We're just taking a trip," they said. And they probably had

bu mas, muk' bu mas to 7ox yulem ta sjolik mi 7oy skrontaik mi k'usi ja7 nox ti yu7n 7oy x7elk'aj 7i xike.

Bwéno, k'al laj ve7ikuk lek 7une ja7 7ibat li yaxal vo 7une ja7 7itakat ech'el noxtok 7un. "Bwéno, batan xa kik vo7ote, yaxal vo, ba k'elo kik k'usi ta spas k'usi yolel tznopik ba k'elo kik k'usi chlj spasanik ti solteroetike," x7utat la ech'el ti yaxal vo 7une.

"Bwéno, chibat che7e," xi la li yaxal vo 7une. Ba la sk'el 7un, xjanane---t la k'otel ta ti7 kwartel 7une, k'ot la 7un 7ech' la sk'el taj jchukeletik 7une, 7éste yo---lel la chta7aj ve7eletik 7une.

Bwéno, k'alal yo---lel tey ta sjuyik taj kalto taj jkusineroetik 7une ja7 7o la stza7ta komel taj yaxal vo 7une, stza7ta la komel taj peroletik te lakajtik ve7eliletik 7une, sju---yik la tal taj taj ve7elil 7une taj kalto ta perol 7une, ja7 to la muy tal skotol taj labal xuit 7une.

Bwéno, 7iyilik xa ti kaj tal skotol ti xuitetik 7une muk' xa la xve7ik 7un sok la sjolik 7un, stzob la sbaik skotol ti solteroetik 7une stij la skornetaik yapta la sbaik ti bu batemik nan mi 7o bu chpaxyajik j-7o7lol ti solteroetik 7une nopojik tal 7un stzob sbaik 7un. "Tal xa me li krontae!" xiik la 7un.

Bwéno, 7éste, jiii, stzob la sbaik skotol muk' xa xve7ik 7un, kómo yilik xa ti naka xuit i ve7elil 7une.

Bweno, laj 7un tal 7un sut tal 7un yul ti ta ch'en ya7el taj yaxal vo 7une, yul yalbe ti chauke yul yalbe ti sutum 7ik'e.

"Bwéno, k'u x7elan 7un k'usi tzpasik?" xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, jun to 7ox yo7on lamalik ta jamaltik i solteroetike, yolel chta7aj sve7elik yolel yolel ta sk'elik ve7elil li jkusineroetike pero 7ijtza7ta komel li ve7elil 7une, 7isjuyik xa li jkusineroetik 7une 7ikajuj tal li xuit 7une naka xa xuit 7un ja7 7isok 7o sjolik 7un, 7istij skornetaik 7iyik' sbaik, 7istzob sbaik skotol li solteroetik ta kwartel 7une, sjunlej xa li jtek-lum tee 7istzob xa sbaik yu7n xa chapalik le7e," xi la yulel taj yaxal vo 7une.

"Bwéno, mu k'usi che7e mu k'u xal ko7ontik battik ba jk'eltik kik!" xi la 7un.

Bwéno, ti yaxal voe ti pepene mu xa k'usi mas yabtel mu xa k'usi k'usi ba spas naka xa nox te chba sk'el 7elav ta nom 7uk porke li pepene repente xvilesat ta 7ik' li yaxal voe, kómo cha7-vo7 xa moletik ta x7abtejik ja7 nox ti laj ve7ikuk xa ya7ele.

Bwéno, 7ochik la ech'el 7un ti cha7-vo7 moletik 7une k'otik la 7un. "Bwéno, k'usi tal 7asa7?" x7utatik la ti k'alal 7ochik ta Watemala 7une.

"Mu k'usi tal jsa7 pwes chipaxyajotikótik nox," xi la 7un. 7I yu7 no la yich'ojik ech'el j-set' noxtok taj

taken along with them a little something to go and sell so they would look like traders. "Well, [I want to] speak to our friends whom I see shut up here," they said.

"Okay, talk to them!" they said.

"Well, what's the matter, friends? What happened to you?" they asked when they arrived.

"Nothing happened to us. We're shut up here, because we're going to be killed, because we're going to be turned into oil. They shut us up here. Our balls have been cut off. But as for you, you'll die here, too, because it's too late, now. We'll be together now, because now we'll be together, because we'll die here, since every one of our countrymen who comes dies here. They are all castrated when they die," said the others who were packed in the jail.

"No, probably not, don't worry, we'll get out. We'll get out of here in a little while. We'll go. We'll knock the jail down. Don't worry!" said Thunderbolt and Whirlwind.

"But are you telling the truth?" said the [prisoners].

"We're telling the truth," they said.

"But what can you do? But we haven't been able to win, ourselves. But who knows if you can!" said the [prisoners].

"No, don't worry, because the jail has to be opened today. You'll see what kind of game will be played today," said Thunderbolt and Whirlwind.

"Okay," they said.

"Don't worry! Just watch the spectacle. Just don't be scared," they said.

"Okay," said our other countrymen.

"Well, as for you, you're going to jail!" that Thunderbolt and that Whirlwind were told.

"Okay, we can go in. Are we guilty of anything?" they said.

"You aren't guilty of anything, but take a rest, join your friends anyway!" said the soldiers.

"Well, okay, then. We can do it, but first [we want] to sell our things," they said. They sold them. And for as long as [they could] they chatted like that, [but] they only had permission to chat with those others packed in the jail.

After that, they were put in jail, stuck in jail.

As for Thunderbolt, a jug of strong cane liquor was set down for him. But he dra—nk and drank until he had drunk up that jug of cane liquor. Another jug came. He finished it. Another one. He finished it. "Well, but why doesn't he get drunk?" they said. "But he must know something [special]," they said.

k'usi chba xchonik 7une 7i yo7 ti jchonolajel 7o yilel 7une. "Bwéno, ta jk'opon jchi7il li7e ti li7 makajtik chkile," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, k'opono!" xi la 7un.

7Éste, "Bwéno, k'u xi 7un, jchi7iltaktik, k'usi chapasik 7un?" xut la k'otel 7un.

"Mu k'usi ta jpas li7 bajalotikotike yu7n xa chilajotikótik ta milel yu7n chi7ochotikótik ta 7asete, li7 smakojotikotike lok'bil xa sbek' kattikótik pero li vo7oxuke yu7n xa li7 chalajik 7uke yu7n xa mu yorauk le7e li7 xa ta jchi7in jbatike yu7n xa li7 chilajotike k'u ti skotol ti buch'u chlj taluk jchi7iltaktike yu7n li7 chlj lajuke naka lok'bil yat ta xljaj," xi la taj yan te tzinil ta nail chukel 7une.

"Mo7oj nan mo7oj, mu k'u xal 7avo7on ta xilok'otik, li7 ta j-likel chilok'otike chibattik, ta jvok'tik komel tana li nail chukele mu k'u xal 7avo7onik," xi la ti chauke ti sutum 7ik'e.

"Pero mi yech 7aval?" xi la 7un.

"Yech xkal," xi.

"Pero k'usi xana7ik pero ti muk' bu jpastikótik kanal ya7el li vo7otikótik 7une pero na7tik 7onox tana!" xi la.

"Mo7oj mu k'u xal 7avo7onik yu7n ta persa ta xjam tana li nail chukele xak'el k'u x7elan tana li tajimol che7e," xi la ti chauke ti sutum 7ik' 7une.

"Bwéno," xi la.

"Mu k'u xal 7avo7onik k'elik nox 7elav ja7 nox ti mu me xaxi7ik 7une," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno," xi la 7un ti yantik jchi7iltaktik 7une.

"Bwéno, vo7ote cha7och ta chukel!" x7utatik la taj chuk 7une taj sutum 7ik' 7une.

"Bwéno, stak' xi7och mi 7u k'usi jmul?" xi la 7un.

"Mu k'usi 7amul pero kuxo yu7n ja7 yech chi7no lachi7iltake!" xi la ti solteroetik 7une.

"Bwéno, teyuk che7e stak' pero ta jchon ba7yuk i k'usuk ku7une," xi la 7un. 7Ichonolaj 7un, 7i k'u sjalil 7ilo7ilajik taje ja7 nox permiso lo7ilajik xchi7uk taj yantik te tzinil ta chukel 7une.

Bwéno, laj 7une ja7 7o 7och ta chukel 7un tik'atik ta chukel 7un.

Bwéno, 7a ti chuk 7une vuchanbat la tal j-p'ej limeton k'ixin trago, pero yu7n la yu---ch' ta bu nox k'alal ta j-me---k 7ásta ke laj la yu7un taj j-p'ej limeton poxe, tal la 7otro j-p'ej laj la, 7otro j-p'ej yu7un 7ilaj la. "Bwéno, pero k'u yu7un ti mu xyakube?" xiik la 7un. "Pero le7e yu7 nox te k'u sna7," xiik la 7un.

They gave him another one. "But how come he never gets drunk?"

That Thunderbolt thought to himself—"But that's all. It looks as if I'll collapse," he said.

After he drank like that, then he toppled over. He just toppled over there where he was sitting in the jail.

Those soldiers came to look at him, since he had already toppled over. There was a hole dug way down where he had been sitting. When he drank the cane liquor [it went] into the ground. It kept being replaced and then running through. He drank and [it went] into the ground. It was pouring through. He pissed down [into the hole]. "Well, look here, then, look what kind of trick this Indian was pulling! It isn't as if it stayed in his belly—it went into the ground. Look how the floor has been dug down into!" said those soldiers. "Well, but no, it makes no difference now, because he has gotten drunk now, because he has collapsed, because we've won now, of course! Because this one will stay for good, because we'll cut off his balls now," they said. It looked as if he hadn't heard since he had collapsed on the ground.

Then they went to bring a pocketknife. When those balls of his were gra—bbed, then he felt it very well. Both of those balls of his were gra—bbed. That pocketknife was put against them. Those soldiers were squatting there. When he was lying on his side and had his balls grabbed, then he farted. That ass of his suddenly let a fart, but they landed sitting fa—r off! Those castrators were finished. That Thunderbolt was suddenly cracking. Then those farts of his came out. He sma—shed that whole jail. Then Whirlwind came. He smashed the whole barracks. Whirlwind picked up all the guns. The [soldiers] landed far off, face up. He sma—shed, he scattered all the houses.

Then they simply all collapsed. All the soldiers were finished.

Then our countrymen were left free.

Now nothing happened to our countrymen. They came out. They came back together.

That's how the affair ended. Guatemala gave up, because long ago they used to be so evil that they turned us into oil. They fattened us. They used to castrate [us] long ago.

Now, today, they don't do anything to us. They don't do anything anymore to a person who arrives there, because long ago so many of our countrymen were lost, long ago. That's why they decided to do what they did, since there used to be mighty elders long ago. That's how they defended us long ago. That's why some say to this day that Zinacantán is

Bwéno, yak'beik la 7otro j-p'ej. "Pero k'u cha7al ti yu7n mu xyakub ta j-meke?"

Bwéno, 7isnop xa ta sjol taj chauk 7une -- "Pero te nox k'alal chilom yilel," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, laj yuch' taj x7elan 7une ja7 7o la butk'ij 7un, te nox 7ibutk'ij taj bu chotol ta nail chukel 7une.

Bwéno, tal sk'elel yu7un taj solteroetik 7une ti butk'ij xa 7une, yu7n la xch'ojoj yalel taj ch'en yo7 bu chotol 7une, k'alal chuch' i poxe k'al yut balamil, toj k'ex jelavel, chuch' 7i k'al yut balamil xch'olet jelavel ta ta sk'abta yalel. "Bwéno, k'el avi che7e k'e x7elan smanya li jun 7intyo li7e mu mu7nuk te chkom chch'ut yu7n k'alal lum chbat k'e x7elan xch'ojoj li balamile!" xiik la taj solteroetik 7une. "Bwéno, pero mo7oj mu k'usi 7a lavie yu7n xa yakub yu7n xa lom yu7n xa chkuch ku7untik li7 a7a yu7n xa li7 chkom 7o li7 a7a yu7n xa ta jlok'betik sbek' yat," xiik la 7un. Mu xa bu ya7yoj yilel kómo lomem xa ta lum 7une.

7Entónse, bat la stamik tal navaxax 7un, tza---kbat la taj sbek' yat 7une ja7 la ya7yoj lek 7un, tza---kbat la xcha7-p'ejel taj sbek' yat 7une yu7n xa la chtijanbat taj navaxax 7une te xok'ajtik taj solteroetik 7une, 7a taj k'al te tze7el tzakbil xa taj sbek' yat 7une ja7 7o la tziis 7un, xp'í7luj xa la taj xchak 7une pero ta---j to la chotajtik laj k'otukee 7inel la taj jlok'-7atetikee, stz'ítluj taj chauk 7une ja7 no la lok' 7o taj stzis 7une, 7isvo---k' la skotol taj nail chukele ja7 7o tal li sutum 7ik'e 7i sjunlej ti kwartele 7isvok' la skotol, ti tuk'etike skotol ta j-mek 7istam ti sutum 7ik'e ja7 to la ti bu javajtik laj k'otuk ta nome, svo---k' slilin la skotol ti naetik ta j-mek 7une.

7Entónse, solel 7ilom skotol 7un, 7inel skotol ti solteroetik 7une.

7Entónse, ja7 lek lívre kom ti jchi7iltaktik 7une.

7Óra, mu k'usi spasiq ti jchi7iltaktik 7une ja7 7ilok' tal 7un tzobol 7italik 7un.

Bwéno, te ch'ab 7o ti k'op yech 7une 7iyikta 7o sbaik ti Watemala 7une porke ti vo7nee che7e toj mas to 7ox la pukujik ta j-mek ke ti yu7un chiyak'otik taj ta 7asete 7une chisjup'esotik 7une, ja7 taj tzlok' to 7ox 7at ti vo7ne 7une.

7Óra, lavi 7une mu xa k'usi xcha7levan 7un kómo yilojik sna7ojik xa, 7o yech vo7ne kwentoetik ti vo7ne nan ya7yojik xa komel 7une mu xa k'usi xcha7levan 7un, mu xa k'usi xcha7le jun krixchano mi 7o xk'ot 7une, porke ti vo7nee che7e ja7 taj toj 7ep ch'ayem ta j-mek ti jchi7iltaktik vo7nee yech'o ti ja7 yech 7isnopik 7une, kómo 7oy to 7ox tzotz

so terribly strong—because [Zinacantecs] can be Thunderbolts, and there are Whirlwinds. There is still a tale like that about olden times. They still know it to this day, but those were elders of long ago. They all arrived [there] to trade and they were lost there long ago. That's the way it was. Those countrymen of ours returned like that, but it looked as if they already had started to swell since they had been locked up in jail. But nothing could be done since they were already castrated. That's the way it was.

After more than a decade since I first painfully recorded with pencil and paper Romin's account of the war with Guatemala I asked him to retell the epic while a reel of tape unobtrusively spun around catching his words. The increased complexity of

moletik ti vo7nee ja7 yech 7a pojvanikuk tal ti vo7ne 7une, yech'o 7un 7o to chalik j-7o7lol lavi k'al tanae ke ti toj mas tzotz i Tzinakantae porke yu7n sna7ik chauh 7i 7oy sutum 7ik' 7o to yech skwentoal ti vo7ne 7une, ja7 to sna7ojik k'al tana 7un pero taje vo7ne moletik xa ja7 taj naka chonolajel chk'otike 7i te chch'ayik ti vo7ne 7une, ja7 yech 7un, 7isut 7o tal yech taj jchi7iltaktik 7une pero yu7n xa likem ssitubelik yilel ja7 taj te bajajtik ta yut nail chukel 7une, pero mu xa k'u ssa7 7un kómo lok'bikil xa yatik 7un, ja7 yech chak taj 7une.

this new version is a tribute both to technology and to Romin's sophistication. The youthful exuberance of the first telling, when the Zinacantecs set the world aright, however, is clouded now—the victory came too late for those who had undergone the knife. See also T1, T115, T159, and their notes.

When Christ Was Crucified

T8

[When] the world was made long ago, the holy father walked. He ran. [When] he was chased by the devils, he ran, he walked. He made the trees, corn, everything there is on earth. Long ago he walked. He ran, but the devils were right behind him. They saw that there were trees already. There were peach trees. There were white sapotes, everything. "Hurry up, you bastards, he's here now, he's near now. He's planted everything here already." Ooh, Our Lord was tired out. He went around the world.

Well, [Our Lord] hid under some banana trees. "That's him, he's near now," said the devils. The magpie-jay was there. He was a human once.

"Is it Our Lord you're looking for? He's here," said [the magpie-jay]. "Seize him! He's here now," he said.

"Good, we'll seize him," said the devils.

Well, they captured Our Lord. They made him carry a cross.

Our Lord got tired. He bent low to the ground. They killed him. They hung him on a cross. He bled.

Well, he cried. He was left hanging. "Let's go eat! He's dead now," said the devils. A rooster landed on the arm of the cross.

"Tell [me] if they are coming. I'll climb [back] up the cross right away. First I'm going to work some more," the rooster was told. "You call out!" [Our Lord] told the rooster.

"All right," he said. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Quickly Our Lord climbed back up the cross.

"Where are they? Where are they coming from?" he asked.

"Nowhere, they aren't coming," said [the rooster].

7A ti 7imeltzaj balamil ti vo7ne 7ixanav 7i7anilaj, ti jch'ul-tottike, nutzbil ta pukuj, 7i7anilaj, 7ixanav, 7ismeltzan komel te7etik, 7ixim, skotol k'usitik 7oy ta balamil, vo7ne 7ixanav 7i7anilaj, pero te xa nap'al li pukuje, 7iyil xa 7oy xa te te7, 7oy xa te turasnu, 7oy xa 7aj-te7, skotol. "Sobanik kavron li7 xae nopol xa li7 xa skotol stz'unoj ech'ele." 7Iij, 7ilub xa ti kajvaltike, 7isjoyin ti balamile.

Bwéno, 7isnak' sba ta yolon kinyatik. "Ja7e pero nopol xa," xi ti pukuje. Te 7a li 7alperes mut, vo7ne krixchano.

"Mi ja7 chasa7ik ti kajvaltike, li7e," xi la. "Tzakik li7 xae," xi.

"Bwéno, jtzaktik," xi ti pukuje.

Bwéno, 7istzakik ti kajvaltike, 7iyak'beik skuch krus.

Bwéno, 7ilub ti kajvaltike, 7inujp'ij ta lum, 7ismilik, 7isjipanik ta krus, 7ilok' xch'ich'el.

Bwéno, 7i7ok' jipil 7ikom. "Ba ve7ikotik tal, 7icham xa," xi ti pukujetike. 7Iskotan j-kot kelem ta k'ob krus.

"Xaval ti mi tale, chimuy ta 7ora ta krus, chi7abtej to ba7yuk," x7utat ti keleme. "Xa7ok' me 7un!" x7utat li keleme.

"Bwéno," xi. "Kokorojo7!" xi. 7Imuy ta 7ora ti kajvaltike ta kruse.

"Buy 7un, bu xtal?" xi.

"Ch'abal muk' bu xtal," xi.

"What are you good for?" said the Lord. "This is what you're good for!" he said as he quickly pulled the rooster's neck. [The rooster] died. A rufous-collared sparrow appeared. "You sing out, because I'm going to work a little while," said Our Lord.

"All right," said [the sparrow]. [The Lord] came down from the cross. He looked for a pebble. He threw it up into the sky. Eh, it was a blue pebble. The sparrow called out. Quickly [Our Lord] climbed up the cross. The sky had been made. All the devils arrived.

"He's still hanging here," they said.

Well, the sky was made by him. "We killed him. Let's bury him," said the devils. He died. He was buried. "We'll come look three days from now," said the devils.

Well, as for the Lord—"They thought I died, but I'll revive in three days," he said. Living, he rose to heaven. He left a substitute here on earth. "The rooster is no good," he said. "The sparrow is better," he said. So, living, he rose to heaven. He arrived at the right hand of the judge.

According to Romin the world as we know it today was made in three stages: first, the rocks and the ground, second, the ocean, the trees, and the animals, and third, the sky.

The person who revealed Christ's hiding place was transformed into a magpie-jay, an extremely noisy bird. Because the rufous-collared sparrow was blest by Our Lord it must not be killed. Unlike roosters it sings at regular hours. Roosters and hens, however, have been condemned to be the traditional sacrificial offering at curing ceremonies, house dedications, agricultural rites, etc. The chicken is spoken of as the "substitute" of a patient.

The prominent role taken by birds in this folk account of the crucifixion is shared in several other Middle American versions. In a tale from Mitla the Jews place a rooster on Christ's grave and instruct it to crow when the earth shakes, but Christ tells it to wait until it sees him seven leagues up in the sky. Then it crows, "Christ is born!" (Parsons, 1936:354-355). A Yucatec account describes how one kind of wild bird hides Christ's presence while another reveals it to the Jews (M. Redfield, 1937:12-13). In Chimaltenango the rooster became the bird of sacrifice because it disclosed Christ's whereabouts to the Jews (Wagley, 1949:51). But two Tepehua accounts relieve the rooster of any blame. In one, the owl, the whippoorwill, and the rooster are assigned the task of guarding Christ's tomb, but the rooster is the last to give the alarm. In the second, after St. Joseph [sic] rises from the tomb, the whippoorwill calls out, but is not heeded by the Jews. The rooster waits until eight in the morning when the sun (St. Joseph) is high in the sky. In a rage, the Jews behead the rooster and prepare a sauce that is so hot that it blinds them before they can taste the chicken. The pieces of meat are reconstituted and the rooster flies off to join St. Joseph. That is why the rooster announces the sun's arrival every morning (Williams García, 1972:67-68, 73-74). In Chamula the rooster is a defender because when the Jews were

"K'usi xatun 7o che7e?" xi ti kajvaltike. "Xi to xatune!" xi. J-likel 7isnitbe snuk' ti keleme, 7icham, 7iyak' j-kot chinchon. "Xa7ok' me vo7ot 7une, yu7un me chi7abtej j-likeluk," xi ti kajvaltike.

"Bwéno," xi. 7Iyal ta krus, 7issa7 xixib ton 7isten muyel ta vinajel, 7eee, yaxal xixib ton, 7i7ok' ti chinchone, j-likel 7imuy ta krus, meltzajem xa 7ox li vinajele, 7ital skotol ti pukuje.

"Li7 to jok'ole," xi.

Bwéno, 7imeltzaj xa yu7un li vinajele. "7Ijmiltik jmuktik," xi ti pukujetike. 7Icham, 7imuke. "Xtal jk'eltik ta yoxibal k'ak'al," xi ti pukuje.

Bwéno 7a ti kajvaltike -- "7Isnop ti vo7one chicham pero chikuxi ta yoxibal k'ak'al," xi. Kuxul 7imuy ta vinajel, 7iyak'oj komel sk'exol, li7 ta balamile. "7A li keleme mu xtun," xi. "7A li chinchone mas lek," xi. Yech'o kuxul 7imuy ta vinajele, k'ot ta sbatz'i k'ob ti jve7ese.

sitting on the arms of the cross, tormenting Christ, the cock crowed and so startled the Jews that they tumbled off the cross to their death (Gossen, T173).⁵

In this tale, as in many others from Zinacantán, major events occur when the enemy, or sometimes the protagonists, are absorbed eating their meal.

The miraculous creation of the sky appears in a different context in a tale from the Tzeltal town of Chanal. Two men bet each other that they can accomplish the feat. One tosses up a stone that only touches the clouds, while the other wins by tossing up a piece of metal that sails out of sight (Montes Sánchez, c. 1959, 1:16-17). It is entirely possible that my translation of *yaxal xixib ton* as a "blue pebble" is incorrect. *Xixib ton* is a polished pebble such as can be found in riverbeds. *Yaxal* can mean gray, green, or blue. Although I know of no local jade it is likely that the same term would be applied to it, so, in fact, Christ may have created the sky by tossing a piece of jade in the air. Curiously, stones figure in three of Romin's dreams (D5, D20, D21). In D20 he was digging up some beautiful round stones when his wife warned him of a snake by his foot. In D5 he discovers a *yaxal xixib ton* embedded in his leg, but when he pulls it out he finds that it was his legbone! In D21 a religious official presents him with a treasure—long greenish or bluish stones.

When Christ rises to sit at the right hand of the judge, the "judge" is San Salvador who is seated in the center of the sky. Romin describes him as being the older brother of the sun (of Christ), whom he sends around the world to record and report back to him the sins of man. See also T177.

⁵ This and all following references to Gossen's unpublished texts employ the numbers assigned by him to his field material.

A Visit to the Underworld

T9

There was a man whose wife died. The man cried and cried. He went to the graveyard. He went to weep. A man appeared. "What are you crying about?" he asked.

"I'm crying over my wife, because my wife is dead," he said.

"Ah, do you want to see your wife?" he asked.

"I want to see her," he said.

"Close your eyes, then," said the man. He closed his eyes. He arrived there in the otherworld. "Ah, here is your wife," said [the man].

"What have you come looking for?" asked the woman.

"It's because I miss you so," he said.

"Ah, but you aren't supposed to come yet," said his wife.

A lord appeared. "What have you come looking for?" he asked.

"I came because I miss my wife," he answered.

"Ah, but you can't see her. Look, she is sitting here."

"Are you here, wife?" he asked.

"I'm here," she said.

"Well, I'll give you a pair of sandals, new sandals. When your sandals are worn out you can return," he was told [by the lord].

"All right," said the man.

"Go catch the mule and bring it," he was told.

"Where is the mule?" asked the man.

"There at the edge of the brook," he said. The man left. He went to look for the mule. It wasn't there. He looked hard for it, but it wasn't there. He came back.

"It's not there, my lord," he said.

"It's there. How could it not be there? Ask the women washing clothes," he said.

"But who knows if they know," he said.

"They know," he said. "If they don't know which horse it is, tell them it's the priest's mule," he said. The man went again. When he arrived he asked the women who were washing.

"Have you seen a horse anywhere?"

"What's the horse look like?" they asked.

"It's a white mule, the priest's mule, they say," answered the man.

"Oh, that's me!" said [one of] the women.

"Oh, how about, it, shall we go?" he asked the woman. "We are supposed to go haul firewood," he said.

"Oh, let's go!" she said. "It's the rotten bones you should look for, not real firewood," said the woman.

Bwéno, 7o la jun vinik 7icham la yajnil, batz'i ch7ok' la ta j-mek ti vinike, chk'ot la ta mukenal, chk'ot la 7ok'uk, 7ital la jun vinik. "K'usi chavok'ita?" xi.

"Chkok'ita kajnil, porke yu7un chamem kajnil," xi la.

"7Aa mi chak'an chak'el lavajnil?" xi la.

"Ta jk'an ta jk'el," xi la.

"Mutz'o lasate che7e!" xi la ti vinike. 7Ismutz' la ssat te la ta k'otabal, 7ik'ot. "7A li7 lavajnil," xi la.

"K'usi tal 7asa7?" xi la ti 7antz.

"Batz'i yu7un chajna7," xi la.

"7Aa pero mu to bu trate chatal," xi la ti yajnil.

Bwéno, 7ital jun 7ajvalil. "K'usi tal 7asa7?" xi la.

"Lital yu7un ta jna7 ti kajnil," xi la.

"7Aa pero mu xu7 xak'el," xi la. "K'el avil li7 chotole," xi la.

"Mi li7ote, 7antz?" xi.

"Li7one," xi la.

"Bwéno chakak'be j-lik 7axonob 7ach' xonobil 7a ti mi laj laxonobe, ja7 to chasut," x7utat la.

"Bwéno," xi la ti vinike.

"Ba tzako tal ka7!" x7utat la.

"Bu li ka7e?" xi ti vinike.

"Te ta ti7 7uk'um," xi la. 7Ibat la ti vinike, ba la ssa7 ka7, ch'abal la ka7 7issa7 la ta j-mek, pero ch'abal la, 7isut tal.

"Ch'abal 7un, kajval," xi la.

"Te k'u cha7al mu teuk, jak'bo li j7uk'umajele!" xi.

"Pero jna7tik mi sna7," xi la.

"Sna7," xi la. "7A ti mi mu sna7 k'usi ka7e le7e xavalbe smula pale," xi la. 7Ibat la 7otro jun bwelta, ti vinike, 7ik'ot la sjak'be, ti j7uk'umajel 7antz.

"Mi muk' bu xavil ka7?" xi la.

"K'u x7elan li ka7e?" xi la.

"Sakil mula la, smula pale la," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"7Aa vo7on bi7!" xi la ti 7antz 7une.

"7Aa k'u xi 7un, mi chibattik?" xut la ti 7antz.

"Chibattik la ta kuch-si7," xi la.

"7A battik!" xi la. "Ja7 me xasa7 7a li k'a7al baketik 7une, mu me batz'i si7uk," xi la ti 7antz 7une.

"Give me three whip lashes!" He gave her three whip lashes. The white mule landed way off. It wouldn't carry its load. He gave it a good whipping. He looked for firewood. But it was just bones, rotten bones for warming the ghosts who [had committed] the worst crimes. That's why [Hell] is called "warmed by bones."

As for the priest's mule [it was called that] because once long ago there was a priest. There was a wedding couple. [The priest] snatched the boy's hat and went inside shutting the girl up inside, with it. He knelt on the hat and gave it to the girl. That's why the girl was called the priest's mule when she died.

Well, as for the man . . . it grew dark. "Too bad, husband, we can't sleep together. You sleep apart," said the woman. The man slept apart. He woke up in the night. He was going to touch his wife, but there was just a pile of bones there. The man was terribly frightened. The next day his wife spoke to him, "Don't be stupid, husband, rub your sandals on a rock. Then you'll return immediately," said the woman.

"All right," he said. He rubbed his sandals very hard on a rock until the sandals were worn out. He traveled about. There were many toilers. Whoever dies in infancy comes to suck sap. Whoever is a little bit older sucks on tree roots, but the blood pours from their mouths. Whoever is very lazy at work goes to herd goats among the rocks, but the blood pours from their feet. Whoever wants to die has lice appear on their flesh. They are seated under a tree, but the tree is nothing but lice. The lice are massed on the tree. The man saw everything. The sandals wore out. "Go back!" he was told.

This tale seems to have few parallels outside the Chiapas area. Dreams of visits to the dead where the dreamer is told, "It isn't time for you," are frequent in Panajachel (Tax, 1950:130-131). A tale from Belize traces the fate of a witch who assumes a mule's form (J. E. Thompson, 1930:158). A Yucatec story tells of a priest who sleeps with his comrade and becomes a mule in Hell (M. Redfield, 1937:19-20), but these are mere scraps. In the Huichol afterworld any Spaniard (non-Indian), male or female, who had shared the delights of a Huichol bedmate is transformed into a mule. This concept gives dramatic support to the threat of sterility that Huichols associate with such illicit behavior (Furst and Nahmad, 1972:50-52). An eighteenth-century writer, describing Chiapas Indian cosmology, refers to the use of bones as firewood in Hell, but this must have been borrowed from Christian belief (León, 1907:31).

Romin's version of the visit to Hell has counterparts in Chamula (Gossen, T70, T82, T147), Chenalhó (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:258-260), Oxchuc (Montes Sánchez, c. 1959:83-86, Villa Rojas, 1946:469-471), and Tenejapa (Stross, 1973, T10). I will try to synthesize the plots of the seven stories above (assigning them the letters a to g): bereaved husband meets Ladino, who takes him to Hell (d); husband is ferried across river by a black dog (c); husband is given new shoes (d);

"7Ak'bon 7ox-mojuk 7arsial!" 7Iyak'be la 7ox-moj 7arsial taj to la k'ot ti sakil mulae, mu stzak yikatz, 7iyak'be la 7arsial ta j-mek, 7issa7 la ech'el si7, pero naka la bak, k'a7al bak, ta sk'atinik ti 7animaetike ti buch'u toyol smule, yech'o ti k'atin-bak sbie.

7A ti smula palee yu7un ti vo7ne 7o to 7ox jun pale, 7oy la jun jnupunel, 7istzakbe la ochel spixel ti kreme, 7ismak la ta na ti tzebe, 7iskejlebin la ti pixalale, 7iyak'be la ti tzebe, yech'o ti mula pale sbi ti tzeb k'alal 7ichame.

Bwéno, 7a ti vinike, 7ik'ub la ti 7osile. "Te k'alal 7un, vinik, mu xu7 jchi'in jbatik ta vayel slekoj chavay," xi la ti 7antzé. Slekoj la 7ivay ti vinike 7iyul la xch'ulel ta 7ak'ubaltik ba la spik ti yajnile, pero naka la bak te busul, 7ixi7 la ta j-mek ti vinike, 7isakub 7osil 7ik'oponat la yu7un ti yajnile. "Mu xapas sonsoal, vinik, juxo ta ton laxonobe, xasut 7o ta 7ora," xi la ti 7antzé.

"Yechuk," xi la. 7Isjux la ta j-mek ta ton ti xxonobe, yo7 to k'u cha7al 7ilaj ti xxonobile, 7ipaxyaj la 7ep la j7abteletik, 7a ti buch'u nene7 chchame, ya7lel te7 la ta xk'ot xchu7un, 7a ti buch'u muk'muk' xa j-set' chchame yibel te7 la ta xchu7un pero lok'emik xa la xch'ich'el ye, 7a ti buch'u toj ch'aj ta 7abtele ta la x7och ta chabiej-chivo ta tontik, pero ta la xlok' xch'ich'el ti yokike, 7a ti buch'u tzk'an xchamele ta la x7ayan sak-ch'ak ta sbek'talik ta yolon te7 la chotanbil pero ti j-tek' te7e naka la sak-ch'ak, pich'ajtik la ta te7 ti sak-ch'ake, 7iyil skotol ti vinik 7une, 7ilaj ti xxonobe. "Sutan ech'el!" x7utat la.

husband is told to load firewood (bones), he whistles and washerwomen become horses (d,e,f); the priest's maid is a white mare, the priest a black stallion (d); the maid is branded and impaled on a red hot poker, the priest must eat her genitals (d); wife cooks beans, but they turn into flies (a,b,d,g); husband tries to sleep with his wife, but she turns into a pig (b) or a pile of bones (a,b,c,e,f,g); husband is told by maid to rub his shoes (d); and he returns home and delivers letters to maid and priest, who soon die (d), or he returns home and soon dies himself (a,b,c,g).

Several of the elements above, though not appearing in Romin's tale, are believed by him to be part of the infernal landscape—the black dog, the beans that buzz off into the sky, the Bosch-like punishments of the carnal sinners. The tree infested with masses of lice that fall on those who wish for death is a striking analogue to the heavenly tree of abundance described by Landa and to the breast tree awaiting the souls of Tzotzil babies in the sky. Romin imagines the babies sitting under the tree with their mouths gaping wide to catch the drops of sap. Even more bizarre is the journey to the five-branched wild fig standing on five roots in the Huichol afterworld, the final destination of the Huichol spirits who labor towards it, carrying in their arms the vaginas or penises of all those with whom they have slept. Once at the foot of the fig they drop their

burden and toss up several of the sexual parts, knocking down the fruits for all the assembled spirits to feast on (Furst and Nahmad, 1972:66-69).

The detail of the priest kneeling on the groom's hat as he

ravishes the bride is not only a vivid Freudian image, but a neat reversal of Zinacantec custom, for often men use their hats as prayer cushions in church. See also T19, T33, T173, and their notes.

The Priest and the Constable

T10

Once there was a priest. He was a witch. He could turn into a devil.

He bore a grudge against a constable. "Go, go leave [this] message. Come back immediately," [the constable] was told [by the priest]. But it was very far. He arrived there and delivered the letter. The clerk looked at it.

"Oh, this is worthless," [the constable] was told. "You've been tricked, you've been abused. You'll see tonight, at dark, you'll meet a devil on the road," said the clerk.

"Well, too bad," said the constable. He returned. It got dark on the way [back]. The moon was bright. A devil appeared. He had long hair. The constable had a stave.

"Let's fight," said the devil.

"Well, let's fight," said the constable. [The devil] drew a circle [on the ground].

"Stand here!" said [the devil].

"All right!" said the constable. The devil rose up in a whirlwind. The constable tossed his hat in the circle. He himself stood back. He saw that the devil was coming down now. [The devil's] sword clove through his hat.

Since [the devil] was concentrating on his hat, [the constable] struck him quickly with [his] stave. Finally they tired out. The constable's hat was left riddled with holes. The devil died from [the constable's beating]. The constable skinned him and took [the skin] home. He went to report to the priest. "Here is a message I was given. The clerk gave it to me to bring [to you]," said the constable.

"Oh, so you still came back?" asked the priest.

"I've returned, why wouldn't I have returned?"

"Didn't you see anything on the way? Didn't anything happen to you?" asked the priest.

"No, nothing happened to me," said the constable.

"Where's your hat then?" asked the priest.

"It was blown off. The wind took it. It's because I went in such a hurry," said the constable.

"Are you telling the truth? Speak plainly! Didn't you see anything at all, didn't anything happen to you at all?" asked the priest.

"No, nothing!" said the constable.

"Well, never mind," said the priest. It was soon before Carnival. [The constable] sewed up the dev-

70 la jun pale ti vo7nee, j7ak'-chamel la 7oy svayijel.

7Entónse, 7o sk'ak'al yo7on xchi7uk jun mayol. "Batán, ba 7ak'o vun xasut tal ta 7ora," x7utat. Pero batz'i nom la ta j-mek, 7ik'ot la yak' ti vune, 7isk'el la ti sekretarioe.

"7A li7e k'u stu?" x7utat la. "Lo7loel 7ata, 7ilbajinel 7ata, xak'el avil tana, chanup ta be pukuj ta 7ak'ubaltike," xi la ti sekretarioe.

"Bwéno pasénsia," xi la. 7Isut la tal ti mayole, 7ik'ub 7osil ta be lek la jch'ul-me7tik, 7ital pukuj, natik sjol, 7o jun yak te7 ti mayole.

"Tajinkotik!" xi la ti pukuje.

"Pwes tajinkotik!" xi la ti mayole. 7Iyak' la jun sentro.

"Va7lan li7 toel!" xi.

"Bwéno!" xi ti mayole. 7A ti pukuje 7imuy la ta sutum 7ik', 7a ti mayol 7une, 7a ti ta sentroe, 7ispak'an la spixol, 7isk'ej sba li stuke, 7iyil ti yal xa tal li pukuje, tz'apal 7ik'ot yespara ta spixol.

7Óra, j-likel 7iyak'be 7ak te7 ja7 k'elbil ta j-mek li spixole, 7ásta ke 7ilubtzajik ch'och'omtik 7i7iktabat spixol ti mayole, 7icham yu7un ti pukuje, 7ixcho7be snukulal, 7iyich' tal ta sna ti mayole, 7iyul sk'opon pale. "Li7 li7ak'bat tal j-lik vune, liyak'be tal sekretario," xi la ti mayol 7une.

"7Aa mi lak'ot 7onox?" xi la ti palee.

"Lik'ot, k'u cha7al muk' xik'ot?"

"Mi mu k'usi 7avil ta be, mi mu k'usi 7apas?" xi la ti palee.

"Ch'abal mu k'usi jpas," xi la ti mayole.

"Buy tapixole che7e?" xi la ti palee.

"7Ip'aj ta 7ik', 7ibat ta 7ik', yu7un ja7 li 7anil li7aye," xi la ti mayole.

"Mi yech 7aval, jamal xaval, mi mu k'usi 7avil j-set'uk, mi mu k'usi 7apas j-set'uk?" xi la ti palee.

"Yu7un ch'abal," xi la ti mayole.

"Bwéno te k'alal," xi la ti palee. Ja7 7o la nopol k'in tajimoltik, 7istz'isbe la snukulal ti pukuje, 7islap

il's skin and put it on. He celebrated Carnival in it. He went to show it to the priest. The priest died in a fit of rage. "It's a shame, my poor devil, I knew he was killed," said the priest. He died of it—from rage.

In Zinacantán young men who have acquired a reputation for antisocial or irresponsible behavior are appointed to serve for a year as constables at the courthouse. Although their year of service is ranked as the first step in the religious hierarchy, constables are jokingly referred to as "fly-swatters." They must run errands for the magistrate, make arrests, escort defendants to court, search for missing persons, etc.

The *7ak te7* or stave used by the constable suggests that Zinacantec constables, who now carry modern-style billies, once carried staves as their Chamulan counterparts still do. These

la, 7ispas 7o k'in ta k'in tajimoltik, 7i ba yak'be yil ti palee, 7icham yu7un sk'ak'al yo7on ti pale. "Lastima li povre jpukuje yu7un ka 7imile," xi la ti pale 7une. 7Icham 7o la, yu7un sk'ak'al yo7on.

staves are of polished palm heartwood so sturdy that an axe can cut it only with the greatest difficulty.

The opening gambit in this contest suggests that the constable may once have been the European folk hero, Johnny Fourteen, who was ordered to deliver a letter to the devil (Mason and Espinosa, 1926:263-264). Among the Chontal, a priest sends his godson, Johnny Fourteen, with a message to the devil, but the devil is no match for Johnny (Belmar, 1900:50-58).

The actual battle between the constable and the devil, however, takes on a form that seems peculiar to Zinacantán. See also T95, T104, T109, T158, and their notes.

Rabbit in the Melon Patch

T21

There was a rabbit who came to steal melons every night. The owner of the melons went to look every day, but he never could see how they disappeared. The melon owner had three sons. He sent one of his sons to watch over the melons, but he just went to play. Every night he asked for tortillas to take along, but he never reached the melon patch. Every day his father went to look. "Why do the melons keep disappearing?" asked the old man.

"I don't know, because I didn't see anything. I never was able to see anything," said the boy. But it was just because he never went there, because he was afraid of the dark.

Then he sent another of his sons.

"Me, I'm going. I'm brave. Buy me a guitar! I'm going to play it in the melon patch," said the boy.

He was given his tortillas to take every night, but even more of the melons disappeared. The boy never reached there, because he had a mistress. He just went to play his guitar at his mistress' house.

The old man saw [what was happening]. He gave him a good whipping.

The youngest son was sent the next time. "Well, father, I guess I'll go. I guess I'll go see what it is that arrives there," said the boy.

[When] one night was up—"I saw it. It's nothing, father. It's the sonofabitching rabbit," said the boy. "It's nothing much. Give me a lump of wax. I guess I'll go," said the boy. He went. The boy made legs and arms and a face out of the wax. He went out and stood it up on the rabbit's trail. The rabbit came along. It looked like a person he found standing there.

7O la j-kot t'ul, ta la xk'ot yelk'an melon ju-jun 7ak'ubal, 7a ti yajval melone, chbat sk'el ju-jun k'ak'al pero muk' bu sta ta 7ilel, k'usi chljaj 7o, 7ox-vo7 skremotik, ti yajval melone, 7istak la 7ech'el jun skrem 7ak'o ba xchabi ti melone pero naka la tajimol chk'ot spas, skotol 7ak'ubal ta sk'an ech'el yot pero muk' bu ta xk'ot ta melontik, ta xk'ot sk'el ju-jun k'ak'al ti stote. "K'u yu7un, ti yak ta lajel ti melone?" xi la ti mole.

"Mu jna7 yu7un muk' bu chkil, muk' bu ta jta ta 7ilel," xi la ti kreme. Pero yu7 nox la muk' bu chk'ot, yu7un la chchi7 ta 7ak'ubaltik.

7Entónse, 7istak la 7otro jun skrem.

Bwéno, "7A li vo7one chibat tzotz ko7on manbon junuk jkitara, chba jtij ta yut melontik," xi la ti jun kreme.

Bwéno, ch7ak'bat ech'el yot ju-jun 7ak'ubal, pero mas chljaj ti melone, 7a ti kreme muk' bu ta xk'ot yu7un la 7oy yantz, naka la ta sna yantz ta xk'ot stij ti skitarae.

Bwéno, 7iyil la ti mole, lek la 7iyak'be 7arsial.

Bwéno, slajeb 7itz'inal, 7itake 7otro jun bwelta. "Bwéno, chibat kik vo7on che7e, tot, chba jk'el kik k'usi li chk'ote," xi la ti kreme.

Bwéno, 7ilaj ti jun 7ak'ubale. "7Ikil xa, mu k'usi, tot, ja7 li púta t'ule," xi la ti kreme. "Mo7oj 7ak'bon j-pich'uk chab, chibat kik," xi la ti kreme. 7Ibat la 7ismeltzanbe yok, sk'ob, ssat, chab, ti kreme, 7ay sva7an ta sbe ti t'ule, 7ital t'ul, te va7al yul sta krixchano yilel.

"You bastard, what are you looking for here, blocking my way?" said Rabbit. The wax didn't answer.

Then he hit it once hard. One of his hands was stuck there. He attacked it with his other hand. It stuck there. "Free my hand, you bastard, or I'll kick you," said Rabbit. He kicked it. One foot stuck there. "I'm going to give it to you with my other foot," said Rabbit. He gave it to him with his other foot. It stuck fast there. "If you don't free me, I'll bite you now," said Rabbit. He bit it. [His mouth] stuck fast.

Then at daybreak the melon owner went. He found Rabbit lying there. Quickly he cut off its tail with a machete. "I'll just give you a punishment. Don't do the same another day!" said the melon owner. That's why rabbits don't have [long] tails.

This Tzotzil version of Br'er Rabbit and the Tar Baby stops short of the episodes that characteristically follow Rabbit's entrapment in the Middle American melon patch. Both the introduction featuring the farmer's three sons and the sharp finale are unorthodox but not unique since the former was recorded among the Zapotecs of Ixtlan (Radin and Espinosa, 1917:46) and the latter among the Totonacs (Ichon, 1969:44).

"Kavron k'usi chasa7 li7 toe chamakon ta be," xi la ti t'ule. Mu la xtak'av ti chabe.

7Entónse, 7ismaj la j-moj te tzakal 7ikom jun sk'ob, 7iyak'be 7otro jun sk'ob te tzakal 7ikom. "Koltabon i jk'obe, kavron, ta me xajlik ta tek'el tana," xi la ti t'ule. 7Islik la ta tek'el, te tzakal 7ikom jun yok. "Ta me xakak'be li 7otro jun koke," xi la ti t'ule. 7Iyak'be 7otro jun yok, te tzakal 7ikom. "Mi muk' chakoltaon ta me xajti7 tana," xi la ti t'ule. 7Iyak' la ye, te tzakal 7ikom.

7Entónse, 7isakub 7osil, 7ibat yajval melon, te banal 7ik'ot sta ti t'ule, j-likel 7isp'asbe sne ta machita. "Tzitzel no 7ox chakak'be, mu xapas yech yan k'ak'al," xi la ti yajval melone. Yech'o la ti ch'abal sne li t'ule. T107

It can be assumed that the melon owner is conceived as a Ladino, because watermelons are not normally grown by local Indians. It would also be thought incongruous for a Zinacantec to serenade his girl friend, but Ladinos are known to indulge in such romantic conventions. See also T20, T49, T50, T90, T166, and their notes.

John Skin Slays the Sea Serpent

T107

Once there was a man named John Skin. He was called John Skin because he always wore clothing just [made of animal] skins.

He went out to get a job. He left. He travelled. He met a friend on the road. "Where are you going?" John Skin was asked.

"I'm going. I'm going to look for work. I don't know if I'll find work anywhere," said John Skin.

"Oh, but do you have any tools?" asked his friend.

"No, I don't know what I can work with," said John Skin.

"Oh if you want something, something good, buy a sickle and an axe," said his friend.

"Ah!" he said. "All right, then, thank you for telling me. I'll buy them if that's the way we can earn money, if then we can get a job that way," said John Skin.

"That's the way!" said his friend.

"Well, thank you, then. We'll see each other! I'm going," said John Skin. He continued on. He bought a sickle and an axe. He went on. He arrived in a big town. He was looking for a job. "Have you any work?" he asked when he arrived at a house.

"What kind of work do you want?" asked [the man].

"I want whatever there is, if there is thatch-cutting, that's all I want," said John Skin.

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la jun vinik Jwan Kwéro sbi, 7a ti sbiinoj 7o ti Jwan Kweroe yu7un naka nukul sk'u7 slap ta j-mek.

Bwéno 7ilok' la ta sa7-7abtel, 7ibat la, xanav la, 7isnup la ta be jun yamigo. "Bu k'al chabat?" x7utat la ti Jwan Kweroe.

"Chibat, chibat ta sa7-7abtel, mu jna7 mi 7o bu jta 7abtel," xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

"7Aj pero mi 7oy 7avabtejeb?" xi la ti yamigoe.

"Ch'abal, mu jna7 k'usi xu7 xi7abtej 7o," xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

"7Aj ti mi 7u k'usi chak'ane, 7a li k'usi li leke, mano 7a li junuk jos jun 7ek'el," xi la ti yamigo 7une.

"7Aj!" xi la. "Yechuk che7e kol aval chavalbone, ta jman mi ja7 jpastik 7o kanal mi ja7 7o jtatik 7o 7abtel yech," xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

"Ja7 me!" xi la ti yamigo 7une.

"Bwéno, kol aval che7e, te jk'opon jbatik 7un, chibat 7un," xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une. 7Ibat la 7un, 7isman la ti jun sjos jun yek'el, 7ibat la, 7ik'ot la te jun muk'ta jtek-lum, ta la ssa7 7abtel. "Mi muk' 7avabtel?" xi la k'otel ta jun na.

"K'usi 7abtelal chak'an?" xi la.

"Ta jk'an k'usi 7oye, mi 7oy lok'-jobel ja7 no 7ox ta jk'an," xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

"Ah!" he said. "There is, but just by the job," said the person who lived there.

"Oh fine, I guess I'll see, then, if it can be done, if I can finish the job. I guess I'll try it out. I guess I'll work if you give me the job," said John Skin.

"Go to work, then!" said the boss. He went to work. He didn't give a thought to any of the jobs at all. He earned a lot in a day. Who knows how many jobs he finished in a day of work. Every day his grass was piled up there.

But you see, little by little it was learned that there was somebody by the name of John Skin. A king heard. The king sent for him because there was a huge serpent that came to the king's house. At midnight it [came] looking for a meal. The serpent would come. The serpent would lure the people away so that it could eat them, so it could fill its belly. That's why [John Skin] was summoned to another country. "Well, I'm going, then!" said John Skin. "Are you there, Your Majesty?" said John Skin when he arrived.

"I am here," he said.

"Ah, what do you wish? What is your bidding?" asked John Skin.

"There is no mandate. I am simply asking you if you don't wish me to make you my son, if you don't wish to become my son, if you don't wish me to give you one of my daughters, if you don't wish to marry her," said the king.

"Ah!" he said. "Where is your daughter?" he asked.

"She is here. She will come. Wait! I will send for her," he said.

"Ah!" said John Skin. "Send for her, then!" he said. The king summoned his daughter. She came. She spoke to him.

"I have come now. Enjoy yourself! Shall we live together? Don't you want me?" said the king's daughter.

"I do!" said John Skin.

"Ah!" she said. "Fine, but that's only if we stay here for certain—if you don't run away later on, if you don't ever leave, if you stay for good," said the girl.

"Well, agreed!" said John Skin. The sun set. Night fell.

"Well, I am sleeping here. You go sleep over there with my daughter, in another room a little further away. Go and sleep over there," said the old man, the girl's father.

"Well, that's fine," said John Skin. He went to spend the night alone with his wife. [The king] let him take her. He was going to sleep with her the very first night. He left [with her]. He was overjoyed because he was going to be with his wife now.

"7Aj!" xi la. "7Oy, pero naka taria," xi la ti yajval lum 7une.

"7A bwéno ta jk'el kik che7e mi xlok'e mi xlok' ku7un i tariae, ta jpas kik preva, chi7abtej kik mi chavak'bon kabtele," xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

"7Abtejan che7e!" xi la ti yajval 7abtele. 7I7abtej la 7un, ke mu la kwentauk xa7i ju-jun taria ta j-mek 7un, 7ep la spas kanal ta k'ak'al, jna7tik la jayib taria ta j-mek xlok' ta k'ak'al yu7un ti 7abtel 7une, te la tzelel sjobel ta j-mek ju-jun k'ak'al 7un.

Buy 7un, k'un'kun la vinaj 7un ti 7oy jun Jwan Kwéro sbi 7une, 7iya7i la jun rey 7un, 7a ti rey 7une, 7itakvan la ta 7ik'el 7un, porke yu7un la 7oy te j-kot muk'ta chon ta xyul te ta sna ti jun rey 7une, yu7un la ta ssa7 sve7el ta 7ol la 7ak'ubal, ta xyul ti chone, yu7un la ja7 yech taslo7lo 7o ech'el ti krixchanoetik yo7 xti7e 7o 7une, yo7 xnoj 7o xch'ut ti chon 7une, yech'o ti 7istak ta 7ik'el ta jun lum 7une. "Bwéno, chibat che7e!" xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une. 7Éste, "Mi li7ote, senyor rey?" xi la k'otel ti Jwan Kwéro 7un.

"Li7one," xi la.

"7A, k'usi chaval k'usi mantal?" xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

"Mu k'usi mantal, li7 chakalbee, mi mu xak'an xajch'amalin, mi mu xak'an xakom ta jch'amal, mi mu xak'an chakak'be jun jtzeb, mi mu xak'an xavik'," xi la ti rey 7une.

"7A!" xi la. "Buy latzeb 7une?" xi.

"Ja7 li7e, ta xtal, malao ta jtak ta 7ik'el," xi la.

"7A!" xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une. "Tako ta 7ik'el che7e!" xi la 7un. 7Istak la ta 7ik'el stzeb ti rey 7une, 7ital la 7un, 7isk'opon la 7un.

"Li7 litale, kux 7avo7on mi chkik' jbatik mi mu xak'anon?" xi la ti stzeb rey 7une.

"Ta jk'an!" xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

"7A!" xi la. "Bwéno pero yu7un me li j-moj chikomotik 7o 7une, mu me k'unuk to xajata7 7un, mu me bu xabat 7un, yu7un me li chakom 7o 7une," xi la ti tzeb 7une.

"Bwéno, yechuk!" xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une. Mal la ti k'ak'al 7une, 7och la 7ak'ubal 7un.

"Bwéno, 7a li vo7one li7 chivaye, 7a li vo7oxuk xchi7uk i jtzebe, ba vayanik le7 ta jun kwartoe, 7a li mas nomnomtik ba vayanik te yo7e," xi la ti mol 7une, stot i tzeb 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une. Stuk ba vayuk xchi7uk ti yajnil 7une, 7i7ak'bat yik', 7ixchi7in primero 7ak'ubal to 7ox 7un bi, 7ibat 7un, xmuyibaj xa 7un, yu7un xa chchi7in yajnil.

They went to bed. John Skin didn't get sleepy at all. He paced there. He paced back and forth there. "Come on, go to bed, Johnny! Come on, let's go to sleep! Come on, let's get together!" said the girl.

"Oh, wait a minute, I'll go to bed," said John Skin. He walked there, pacing back and forth inside the house. He didn't get sleepy.

"Come on, hurry up, Johnny. Let's go to sleep!" said the girl, because she wanted her husband to join her.

"Oh, I can't. Wait a bit! I'll be there in a minute," said John.

"Well, see here, then, Johnny, I'll tell you openly. Are you prepared, then? Because a serpent is coming. Because we are going to die now. It's too late, because it's already coming here to eat us," said the girl.

"Ah!" said John. "Is a serpent coming, then?" he asked.

"A serpent is coming, because it arrives every midnight. At midnight it comes here. Because it comes wanting food. So I lure it in the way I brought you. I'm telling you openly," said the girl.

"Oh hell, so I was tricked into coming, then! It wasn't with your word of honor that I was to marry you," said John.

"No, the serpent comes to eat people.

Now, as it is, we are [both] going to die," said the girl. The girl cried and cried now.

"Well, don't worry, child. I guess we'll see if I'm up to it. Then if I've won I'll go tell your father in the morning," said John.

"Fine!" she said.

"Please don't cry!" said John.

"I won't," said the girl. "But can you win? Because it has survived [everything]. Soldiers came again and again [but] it survived the bullets. It didn't die. It can't be killed with bullets. They tried and tried," said the girl.

"Just the same, I guess I'll see for myself," said John Skin. "But only if you love me with all your heart," said John.

"With all my heart, darling, if you mean you'll take me forever, too," said the girl.

"Oh, we'll see, I guess. The important thing is—exactly what time will it arrive?" he asked.

"Right at midnight," she said.

"Good!" he said. John was ready now. With his sickle over his shoulder he went and stood next to the door. "[Now], child, you just stay there. You can go to bed, but keep an eye out for what I'm going to do," said John.

Now when the serpent came poking its head inside

Bwéno, 7ivayik la 7un, 7a ti Jwan Kwéro 7une, mu la x7och svayel ta j-mek 7un, te la xva7et, te la xva7et ta j-mek 7un. "La7 vayan, Jwanító, la7 vayikotik 7un, la7 jchi7in jbatik 7un!" xi la ti tzeb 7une.

"7A, malao j-likeluk chivay," xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une. Te la ta xxanav ta xtal ta xbat te ta yut na 7un, mu la x7och svayel.

"La7 soban 7un, Jwanító, vayikotik 7un!" xi la ti tzeb 7une. Yu7un sk'an chchi7in ti smalal 7une.

"7A, mu xu7, malao to, te chital ta j-likel," xi la ti Jwan 7une.

"Bwéno, k'el avil che7e, 7a li Jwanító, jamal chakalbe mi listoot me che7e, yu7un me ta xtal chon yu7un xa li7 chilajotike, mu xa yorauk yu7un xa chital li7 chisti7otike," xi la ti tzeb 7une.

"7A!" xi la, ti Jwan 7une. "Mi 7o chtal chon che7e?" xi la.

"Ta me xtal chon, yu7un me ta xul batel ta 7ol 7ak'ubal, 7ol 7ak'ubal chtal li7 toe, yu7un ta xtal sk'an sve7el, yu7un me ja7 yech ta jlo7lo ochel k'u cha7al lakik' tale, jamal chakalbe," xi la ti tzeb 7une.

"7A kavron, kon ke lo7lobil lital che7e, mu7nuk lekil k'op ti chakik'e," xi la ti Jwan 7une.

"7I7i me yu7 me chtal ti7vanuk chon."

"7Óra li7 7une, yu7un xa chilajotik 7un," xi la ti tzeb 7une. X7ok' xa la ta j-mek ti tzeb 7une.

"Bwéno mu k'u xal 7avo7on, 7ija, jk'eltik kik mi mu xu7 ku7un, 7entónse ti mi 7ikuch ku7une, ta xbat kalbe li 7atot mi sakub 7osile," xi la ti Jwan 7une.

"Bwéno!" xi la.

"Mu me xa7ok' 7un!" xi la ti Jwan 7une.

"Mo7oj," xi la ti tzeb 7une. "Pero mi xkuch me 7avu7un 7un, yu7un me 7ech'em smilel, 7ayem labal solteroetik, 7ech'em yu7un bala ta j-moj, mi ja7uk xcham, mu xcham ta milel, ta bala 7ech'em yo7onik ta j-mek," xi la ti tzeb 7une.

"7A manchuk pero ta jk'el kik li vo7on a7a," xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une. "Ja7 no 7ox kwenta mi sjunul 7avo7on chak'anone," xi la ti Jwan 7une.

"Sjunul, 7ijító, ti mi7n mi7n chavik'on 7o ta j-moj 7uke," xi la ti tzeb 7une.

"7A, jk'eltik kik ja7 no 7ox kwenta jayib lek 7ora chul," xi.

"Ta 7ol 7ak'ubal ta j-mek," xi la.

"Bwéno!" xi la. 7A ti Jwan 7une, listo xa 7un, skajanoj ta snekeb ti sjos 7une ba va7luk ta xxokon ti7 na 7un. "7A li vo7ote, 7ija, tean nox, tek vayan pero 7ak' 7asat k'u x7elan ta jpas," xi la ti Jwan 7une.

7Óra, kwándo k'alal 7ital ti chon 7une, xbechet la

the house, John Skin grabbed it and cut off its head with the sickle. He cut off the serpent's head.

Then, groaning, the serpent died. Its head was cut off. It couldn't do anything anymore. It had no way to bite people. Its rear end was left lying on the ground.

In the morning, the serpent's head was lying there on the ground. But [in the past] it had survived bullets again and again. It had been shot for sure, but it never died, not until John won out.

In the morning he went to talk to their father, "Father!" said John Skin when he arrived.

"What?" said the king.

"Well, go see for yourself, go look at the serpent! It's mine this morning. I cut off its head. Its head is lying there on the ground. Go see for yourself!" he said.

"Oh!" he said. "Are you telling the truth?" said [the king].

"I'm telling the truth," he said.

"But what kind of a man are you? What did you do to be able to cut off its head? [My soldiers] shot it. They shot it again and again, but it wouldn't die," said the king. "It arrived at my house all the time since the ocean is very nearby," said his father-in-law.

"Oh, but no, of course it was me who won out. Go see for yourself!" said John. The old man went to look.

The serpent's head was lying there now. "Well, that's fine! I love you with all my heart. With all my heart I give you my daughter. Take my daughter forever, because you will stay here in my home," said the king. "You will work here, you will stay here. You won't ever leave," said the king.

"Well, all right, then," he said.

Now [the king] sent someone to the place where the soldiers had come from, after they had come and looked and done their best, to notify them that one man, John Skin himself, had won.

He left. He took a trip to another town, dressed in his skin clothing. "What is it you're looking for?" asked a Ladino whom he met on the way.

"I'm not looking for anything. I'm looking for work, but I've found it already," he said.

"Where do you work?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't work anywhere. I work at the king's house. The king is my father-in-law. I married his daughter," said John Skin.

"Go on, you stupid jerk! Would you be given a girl, the likes of you, you beggar? Is that the way you pose as a man? Would girls be given to something like that?" said the Ladino.

ochel sjol ti ta yut na 7une, ja7 7o la skilbe jos ti snuk' ti Jwan Kwéro 7une, 7istuch'be ta jos snuk' ti chon 7une.

7Óra, te x7avet 7ilaj ti chon 7une, 7ituch' ti snuk'e, mu xa k'u spas, mu xa k'u xu7 xti7van, te xa banal 7ikom ti xchake.

Bwéno, ja7 yech te banal 7isakub ti sjol ti chon 7une, pero yu7un kuchem yu7un ta j-mek, balaetik yich'oj bala ta j-moj pero muk' bu chcham, ja7 to kuch yu7un ti Jwan 7une.

Bwéno, sakub 7osil ba la sk'opon stotik. 7Éste, "Tot!" xi la k'otel ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

"K'usi?" xi la ti rey 7une.

"Bwéno, ba k'el avil, ba k'el avil ti chon 7une, te me sakub ku7un 7un, 7ijtuch'be sjol te banal i sjole, ba k'el avil!" xi la 7un.

"7A!" xi la 7un. "Mi yech 7aval?" xi la 7un.

"Yech kal," xi la 7un.

"Pero k'usi vinikalot, k'usi xana7 ti stuch' 7avu7unbe sjole, pero milbil ta bala, 7ak'bil bala ta j-mek pero mu xcham," xi la ti rey 7une. "Yu7un li7 chul ta j-mek ta jnae, ja7 li nopol ta j-mek mare," xi la ti sni7-mol 7une.

"7A pero mo7oj, 7ijkuch ku7un i vo7on a7a, ba k'el avil!" xi la ti Jwan 7une. Ba la sk'el ti mol 7une.

7Entónse, te xa banal sjol ti chone. "Bwéno, lek 7un che7e, sjunul ko7on chajk'an, sjunul ko7on chakak'be li jtzebe, 7ik'o ta j-moj i jtzebe, yu7un li7 chakom ta jnae," xi la ti rey 7une. "Yu7un li7 cha7abteje, yu7un li7 chakom 7oe, mu xa bu xabat," xi la ti rey 7une.

"Bwéno yechuk che7e," xi la 7un.

7Óra, stak la ta 7alel ti buy likem tal ti solteroe, ti buy 7ech'em yo7one, tal sk'elik ke yu7un jun vinik yech 7ikuch yu7un ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

Bwéno, 7ilok' la, 7ibat la ta paxyal ta 7otro jun jtek-lum, te xlapet yu7un ti snukul k'u7e. "7A li k'u chasa7 li vo7ote?" xi la ti, 7a ti jun jkaxlan te snup ta be.

"Mu k'u ta jsa7 ta jsa7 7abtel, pero 7oy xa jtaoj," xi la 7un.

"Buy cha7abtej?" xi la 7un.

"7A, muk' bu chi7abtej, chi7abtej tzna rey ja7 jni7-mol i reye, ja7 kik'ojbe stzeb," xi la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

"7Andala sonso pendéjo, mi cha7ak'bat tzeb la x7elane jk'an-limuxnaote, mi vinikot le7e, mi ja7 yech 7elan ch7ak'bat tzeb chak le7e?" xi la ti jkaxlan 7une.

"I'm telling the truth, it's really true. Even if you ask, go find out!" he said.

"Huh, but are you so great a man?" said the Ladino.

"Ah, I won't say whether I am a [great] man or not. I'm some kind of man," he said, of course.

"Oh, go to work, I guess! Cut a few swaths of the wheat here—a day's [work]—if you're telling the truth that you can work. Reap the wheat!" he said.

"All right!" he said. [As you will see] he was able to reap [all] the wheat. [But first] they made a bet, to see how much they would risk.

"Oh, but do you have any [money]?" that Ladino asked first.

"I do, why wouldn't I?" he said. "Well, we'll risk this much if you have [the money], too," said John Skin.

"I do," he said. "If you are telling the truth that you are up to it, if you are telling the truth that you can win. I'll leave you my house, I'll leave you my cattle, I'll leave you my horses. As for me, I'll go to borrowed quarters," said the Ladino.

"Ah!" he said. "Well, you wait [for me], then! I'll come at this very same time. I'll come when the sun is just like this. So I'll go bring my father-in-law for you to see," he said.

"Bring him, then!" said the Ladino.

"Well, see here, father," he told the king when he arrived.

"What?" he said.

"This is what a Ladino told me, that I am just skinning him, that I am just tricking him, that you are my father-in-law. *The king is my father-in-law*, I told him. He didn't believe it. *You're really a beggar, you idiot*, he told me.

"Now he made a deal with me, that if I could do the work he would give me his horses, he would leave me his house, he would leave me his cattle. As for him, he would go to borrowed quarters," he told that father-in-law of his.

"Oh fine, let's go, then. Let's go talk to him, I guess," said the king. They went. They went to talk to him.

"Are you there?" [the king] said to the Ladino when he arrived.

"I'm here," he said.

"Is it so, is it true what you conversed about with my son-in-law?" he said.

"Is he telling the truth that he is your son-in-law?" asked the Ladino.

"Yes!" said the king.

"Oh, hell!" said the Ladino, now.

"Well, let him work!" said the king. John Skin went to work. In a minute he cut the proper number of swaths of wheat for a day's work. He was able to

"Yech kal, batz'i yu7un meel 7ak' 7o mi xajak' ba 7ava7i!" xi la 7un.

"Je7, pero mi batz'i toj vinikot?" xi la ti jkaxlan 7une.

"7A, mu xkal mi mu vinikon, vinikon smelol," xi la 7a.

"7A, 7abtejan kik 7un a7a, lok'eso 7a li jayibuk tavlon ta k'ak'al 7a li trigo li7e, mi yech aval xa7abteje, lok'o trigo!" xi la.

"Bwéno!" xi la. 7Ilok' la yu7un ti trigo, spasi7 7a li 7apostal 7un, k'u yepal ta xch'ayik 7un.

"7A pero mi 7oy 7avu7un?" xi la ba7yi, taj jkaxlan 7une.

"7Oy, k'u cha7al mu 7oyuk?" xi la. "Bwéno, ta jch'aytik k'u yech yepal chak li7 mi 7oy mavu7un 7uk 7un," xi la ti, 7a ti Jwan Kwéro 7une.

"7Oy," xi la. "Mi yech 7aval ti xu7 7avu7une, mi yech 7aval ti xkuch 7avu7une, chakak'be komel i jnae chakak'be komel i jvakaxe, chakak'be komel i jka7e, vo7one chibat ta ch'om na," xi la ti jkaxlan 7une.

"7A!" xi la. "Bwéno, xamala che7e, 7a li ja7 yech 7ora chital chak li7e, ja7 yech k'ak'al chital chak li7e, 7entónse chba kik' tal li jni7-mol avile," xi la.

"7Ik'o tal che7e!" xi la ti, 7a ti jkaxlan 7une.

"Bwéno, k'el avil, tot," xut la k'otel ti rey 7une.

"K'usi?" xi la.

"Ja7 yech liyalbe jun jkaxlan chak li7e, ke ta no la jcho7, ta no la jlo7lo ti jni7-molote. *Ja7 jni7-mol li reye*, xkut 7une. Mu xch'un 7un. *Batz'i jk'an-limuxnaot sonsoot*, chiyut 7un."

"7Óra lispasbe xa trate mi xu7 la ku7un 7abtele, ta la xiyak'be sna, ta la xiyak'be komel yosil, ta la xiyak'be komel svakax, 7a li stuke ta la xbat ta ch'om na 7un," xut la taj sni7-mol 7une.

"7A bwéno, battik che7e, ba jk'opontik ka7tik," xi la ti rey. Bat la 7un, ba la sk'oponik 7un.

Bwéno, "Mi li7ote?" xut la k'otel ti jkaxlan 7une.

"Li7one," xi la.

"Mi yech mi meel ti x7elan lalo7ilaj 7achi7uk 7a li jni7e?" xi la 7un.

"Mi yech xal ti ja7 7ani7e?" xi la ti jkaxlane.

"Ja7!" xi la ti rey.

"7A karájo!" xi xa la ti jkaxlan 7un.

"Bwéno 7ak'o 7abtejuk!" xi la ti rey 7une. 7I7abtej la ti Jwan Kwéro 7une, j-likel la 7islok' ti jayib tavlon trigo ta k'ak'al 7une, 7ilok' yu7un ti trigo

reap the wheat. So the house was left to him, the land was left to him, all the cattle was left to him. So that's how John Skin won even more. That's how the story ends.

Here, as in many other tales, I have translated *mol* as "old man," but the term signifies a man of the older generation, in his thirties or older.

It is customary for a Zinacantec man to address his fiancée's parents as "father" and "mother."

More fortunate than his predecessor, Laocoon, John Skin differs little from the heroes, bearing diverse but equally humble names, who act in this tale type (A-T 507).⁶ In Ixtlan the boy,

⁶A-T followed by a number in this and all following references represents the tale type as designated by Aarne and Thompson (Aarne, 1928).

7une, yu7un 7ikom ti nae, yu7un 7ikom ti 7osile, yu7un kom skotol ti vakaxe, ja7 yech 7ispas 7o kanal mas ti Jwan Kwéro 7une, ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o ti k'op 7une.

hiding behind a door, slays the seven-headed serpent and gains the princess (Radin and Espinosa, 1917, T103). Among the Popoloca the hero is not confronted with a sea serpent, but after he marries the princess he bets a hacienda owner that he is the king's son-in-law and so wins the hacienda (Foster, 1945a:230-232). A version from the Southwest and another from Jalisco combine the slaying of the sea serpent with the wager, but the former contains elements more typical of European folktales—winning the bride by making her laugh and achieving success by faithfully following three counsels (Rael, 1957, T317, Wheeler, 1943, T166). See also T170 and notes.

When One Stupid Indian Won

T111

Once the Mexicans had a dispute with another land. Who knows where the country was. Ooh, even the Mexicans couldn't win. They weren't up to it anymore. They did their best in battle. Many of them had died already. They were terribly fierce in that country, wherever it was, because now the Mexicans couldn't overcome them.

Now the [Mexicans] made plans. They had heard that the Zinacantecs were stronger. Orders arrived. A message arrived.

"All of you are supposed to go now. All of you are wanted," it said in the message that arrived. "All the leaders of the troops want you," said the message.

"All right!" they said. The Zinacantecs came to a decision.

But you see it wasn't that all were to go—one went. He arrived. He arrived at Mexico City. One man arrived, dressed in his ceremonial robe, his head tightly bound in a turban, with his fine ceremonial sandals, carrying his net properly. He arrived to talk to them. "Sir, what are the orders? I have come now," said the man.

"Ah, have you all come?" asked the leader of the troops.

"I have come. I have come by myself, not many have come," he said.

"Ah, didn't a lot come?" asked the leader of the troops.

"No, I just came alone," he said.

"Ah, but would you win? What help are you? Ugh, stupid Indian, go back home, just go on! What use are you to me? You aren't any help. Forget it! Go on! Go back home!" said the leader of the troops.

"All right!" he said. He came back. The poor

7A ti vo7ne 7oy to 7ox la, 7issa7ik k'op li jmejikoetike xchi7uk yan 7o lum, jna7tik to bu lumal, jii, ti jmejikoetike mi ja7uk xa la xkuch yu7un, mu xa la xu7 yu7unik, 7ech' yo7onik ti 7ak'-k'ok'e, ti chljajik xa ta j-mek 7une, tol la toj mas pukuj ta j-mek ti buy lumal 7une, yu7un xa mu xu7 yu7un ti jmejikoetik 7une.

7Óra, 7isnopik la 7un ya7yojik la ti 7oy mas xu7 yu7un i jtzinakantaetik 7une, 7ital la mantal 7un, yul la vun 7un.

Bwéno, "7A li7e ta la xabat 7akotolik chak'ane la 7akotolik," xi la yulel ti vun 7une. "Chask'anik skotol 7a li totil yu7un j7ak'-k'ok'e," xi la ti vun 7une.

"Bwéno," xiik la 7un. Stzob la sk'opik 7un, ti jtzinakantaetik 7une.

Bu yu7un, mu k'u la xbat skotol 7un, jun la 7ibat 7un, 7ik'ot la 7un, 7ik'ot la ti ta Mejiko 7une, jun la vinik slapoj xxakita smit'oj sjol ta pok', lek xchak xonob, lek skuchoj snuti7 k'otel, k'ot k'opojuk. "Senyor k'usi la ti mantale, li7 lital 7une," xi la ti jun vinik 7une.

"7A, mi latalik?" xi la ti totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

"Lital, jtuk no 7ox lital muk' bu tal 7ep," xi la 7un.

"7A, muk' xtal 7ep?" xi la ti totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

"Mu7yuk, jtuk no 7ox lital," xi la.

"7A, pero mi chkuch 7avu7un li vo7ote, k'usi balot 7o, 7ay sonso 7indio sutan ech'el, batan no 7ox, k'usi xajtu7un le7e, mu k'u balot 7o, yiyil batan, sutan ech'el!" xi la ti totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

"Bwéno!" xi la. Tal 7un, sut la tal ti povre

Zinacantec came back. He came back carrying his net. He came back dressed in his ceremonial sandals. He came back. He was coming along the road. Happily, he came back, "Since I'm not of any use, then, I'll return," he said.

They discussed it. The leaders of the troops talked together. "A Zinacantec came here," said the first one.

"What did he say?" they asked.

"He asked what the orders were. *Are we to help each other perhaps?* he said when he arrived," said [the first leader].

"Ah!" they said.

"But would one help?" said the other.

"That's just what I told him, that's why I told him, *Go back!*" said the first one.

"You should have delayed him. If you had told him, *Stay here, then, and wait!* who knows what he would have done. It would have been better if you had delayed him," said the other leader of the troops.

"I didn't stall him. *Go on, poor Indian, if you still know anything. You don't know how to do anything!* I told him, indeed!" said the first war chief.

"Oh no, have them go and catch up with him on the trail. Have him come back!" said the other. They went and caught up with him.

"Zinacantec!" he was told.

"What?" he asked.

"You are supposed to return," they said.

"Eh, I won't go back now. I've come too far already. I'm tired," said the Zinacantec.

"No, you are supposed to return, because they are going to talk to you," they said.

"Maybe I'll return, then," said the Zinacantec. He returned. "What are the orders?" he said when he arrived.

"It's nothing much. Will you be so kind as to help us? Please, just stay here!" he was told.

"Oh, who knows if I can. I can't do anything. I'm no help, since I'm a stupid Indian," he said. [That's what] he answered back.

"Oh, but all right, forgive me for having told you that. But no, on the contrary, please help us here! We aren't able to do it by ourselves anymore," said the leader of the troops.

"Well, okay, then," said the Zinacantec. "Well, it's nothing much, then, if you really can't do it by yourselves, if you are worn out now. If I am to help you, I'll help you," he said. "That's all, go send out a message. Have them wait three days!" he said. They sent out the message telling [the enemy] to wait three days. They were to wait three days so that the Zinacantec could work just as he pleased. He left. The [Mexicans] strung out a rope. They fastened it

jtzinakánta 7une, skuchoj la sut tal snuti7e, te slapoj tal ti xchak xonobe, tal 7un, tal ta be 7un, jun yo7on 7ital. "Va7i mu k'usi xitu7un 7o 7une che7e, ta me xisut 7un," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, 7ilo7ilajik la 7un, yalbe la sbaik ti totiletik j7ak'-k'ok' 7une. "Li7 me 7ay jun jtzinakantae," xi la ti jun 7une.

"K'usi chal 7un?" xi la.

"Ta sjak' k'usi la ti mantale. *Mi 7o van ta jkolta jbatikótik?* xi yulel," xi la.

"7A!" xi la.

"Pero mi chkoltavan li jun 7une?" xi la ti jun 7une.

"Ja7 me yech 7ikalbe 7un, yech'o *Sutan!* xkut 7une," xi la ti jun 7une.

"7A yechuke 7apajes, *Li7an noxe che7e, malao 7ora!* 7a ti 7avutuke, jna7tik k'usi snop 7un bi, mas lek ti 7apajesuke," xi la ti jun totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

"Mu7yuk 7ijpajes, *Batan, povre 7indio mi xana7 to k'usi xana7 le7e mu k'usi xana7!* xkut me 7un a7a!" xi la ti jun totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

"7A mo7oj, 7ak'o ba stael ta be, 7ak'o sutuk tal!" xi la ti jun 7une. 7Ital la stael ta be 7un.

"Jtzinakánta!" x7utat la 7un.

"K'usi?" xi la.

"Sutan la ech'el," xi la.

"7Ey mu xa xisut 7un, toj nat xa lital chilub," xi la ti jun jtzinakantae.

"Mo7oj, yu7un la chasut ech'el, yu7un la chak'oponat," xi la 7un.

"Yu7 nan chisut 7un che7e," xi la ti jun jtzinakánta 7une. Sut la 7un. "K'usi mantal?" xi la k'otel.

"Mu k'usi mi xa7abolaje, mi xakoltaotike, 7a li, 7abolajan li7an noxe!" x7utat la 7un.

"7A, jna7tik mi xu7 ku7un, mu k'usi jna7, mu k'usi balon 7o, ja7 li sonso 7indioone," xi la. Ba tak'avuk 7un.

"7Aj pero bwéno, 7ak'on tapertonal lakalbe yech, pero mo7oj 7un, 7abolajan koltaotik li7 toe, mu xa xu7 ku7untikotike," xi la ti totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'uk che7e," xi la ti jun jtzinakánta 7une. "Bwéno, mu k'usi che7e, ti mi batz'i mu xa xu7 7avu7unike, ti mi lalubtzajik xae, ti mi chajkoltaike, chajkolta," xi la 7un. "Mu k'usi 7un, ba takik ech'el j-likuk vun 7ak'o smala 7ora 7oxibuk k'ak'al!" xi la. 7Istakik la ech'el 7a li j-lik vun 7un ke 7ak'o smala 7oxibuk k'ak'al, 7ismala ti 7oxib k'ak'al 7une, para ke x7abtej 7o ti k'u x7elan sk'an yo7on ti jun jtzinakánta 7une, 7ibat la 7un, 7istimanik la j-p'ej ch'ojon jna7tik

to who knows what, in the place where [the enemy] would approach.

When [the rope] was absolutely taut the [enemy was] blocked off.

Now when the time came, the [Mexicans] were ready. "Let's go! Let's go wait for them!" they said. They sent out another message. "Come On! Come on in!" said the message. [The enemy] advanced, well-satisfied they came, since they had seen already that they were winning. They came. They advanced. Wherever they cut it in two or did whatever they did to the rope that was stretched taut, they got entangled. All the soldiers were burned up there [as if it had been an electric wire]. Just heaps of ashes were left. That's how the dispute was settled. That's how the fight was ended long ago, like that.

The earliest Zinacantec reference to Mexicans occurs in the *Diccionario en lengua sotzil* (possibly dating from the sixteenth century), in which they are termed *svolet tzequi* (*svolet tzekil*), "wrap-around skirt" (*Diccionario*, n.d.:78).

An appeal from Mexico City for military aid is reported by Vogt in another tale that parallels this one told to Romin by his father. Here the six Zinacantec elders, Fog, Thunderbolt, Whirlwind, Hawk, Butterfly, and Blowfly go to work. Under cover of a heavy fog they fence the enemy in with crosses, fill the corral with sea water, and set the crosses ablaze so that the water boils. Hawk prevents the enemy from escaping; Butterfly guards against the coming of reinforcements; Blowfly confirms the

k'usi ti stimanik 7une, ti yo7 bu ch7ech' tal 7une.

Bwéno, k'alal lek timil xa skotol 7une, te smakoj ta be 7un.

7Óra, k'al sta yora 7une, listoik xa 7un. "Battik 7un, ba jmalatik!" xiik la. Stak la ech'el 7otro j-lik vun 7un. "La7ik 7un, 7ochanik tal 7un!" xi la ech'el ti vun 7une. 7Ochik la tal 7un, jun xa yo7onik talik kómo yiloj xa ti xkuch yu7unik 7une, 7italik la 7un, 7i7ech'ik la tal 7un, mi stuch'ik van j-7o7loluk mi k'u xcha7leik ti ch'ojon te timil 7une, te la 7itz'oteik te la 7ik'ak' skotol ti soltero 7une, solel la tan busul 7ikom 7un, ja7 yech te to meltzaj 7o ti k'op 7une, ja7 yech 7ich'ab 7o ti k'op ti vo7ne chak taj 7une.

lifelessness of the bodies. The President and the Indian King of Mexico come to survey the battle scene and provide the elders with six days and six nights of feasting. Upon the elders' return, fearing reprisals from the enemy soldiers, they request permission from the Earth Lord to move their homes inside the mountains. From their mountain homes, these Tutelary Gods and their wives watch over the affairs of their living descendants (Vogt, 1976:188-189).

It is reported that in one of the early rebellions in Chiapas, "the Indians used long ropes to impede the progress of the [Spaniards'] horses" (Haefkens, 1969:125). See also T110, T115, T160, and their notes.

Musician's Delight

T132

Once there was a woman in Naben Chauk [Thunderbolt Lake]. She was a bride.

Now there was a musician. He came from Zinacantán Center, here. His name was Petul Buro. He went to Naben Chauk as a musician [to play at the wedding].

Then after [the bride] and groom were married they went to bed. They had just been married. During the night the woman went outside to pee.

Then in the dark she came back inside. Then she met up with their musician. The musician was delighted because it was a newlywed, a virgin, who came [to him]. As for the groom, the man, it seems he was asleep there. He had fallen asleep. He wasn't aware of the passing of the night. Another man went

and slept with his wife, a virgin. But it was somebody else who deflowered her. It was that musician who joined her first. That's the story the musician tells now. Now he talks about how he had her the whole night. He joined her. She recognized by his face that he wasn't her husband. She got up, went and lit her fire.

Then that musician got up and went to warm himself. But the woman was embarrassed now. She covered her face because it wasn't her husband who had joined her for the night. She had offered herself to another man. Another man tried her out first. But her husband who was with her at the wedding didn't pay her any attention. He fell asleep and ignored her. That's the story the musician tells.

The Child They Couldn't Send on Errands

T136

There was another woman, too. But the story isn't very old. Those who saw it are still alive. She

couldn't have children. She had no children. He had no children. The church warden now, it was his wife

who couldn't have children. She was given [a cure] to warm her. She was given many [cures] to warm her. She thought it was just because her belly had grown cold.

She did all she could. She waited and waited for a baby to be left in her belly, but one was never left. No baby has been left to this day.

And once she went to the river asking and asking for a baby. She was going to buy one. The first [person] she asked, "Your little child is beautiful!" she said.

"It's beautiful. I have a child now because I have a husband," said the other person.

"Ah!" she said. She was probably a bit embarrassed, since she had a husband, but no children of her own.

Then she started asking, "Won't you sell me your child? Sell me one. I long to have a baby," she said.

Romin, in very much the same words and in the same year, related this pathetic story to Victoria Bricker (Bricker, T43),⁷ but her version makes no mention of the doll's inability to run errands—a defect that Romin thought hilarious.

I have deleted the names of the principals because they are still living. But only half of the gossip is explicit here, for all the

⁷ This and all following references to Bricker's unpublished texts employ the numbers assigned by her to her field material.

"I won't sell any. Make one yourselves, then your child will probably come, too!" said the other. That was the end of the matter. She didn't get the baby.

Then she was seen. People passed in the distance, it seems, by the side of her house, it seems. They looked down, because her house is below the path. She was seen. She had bought a doll as a substitute for her child. No baby ever came. It was better if she bought a doll. She cuddled it next to her in bed. She and her husband hugged it one after the other. They hugged it equally, the substitute for their child. The only thing was, they couldn't send it on errands. It couldn't walk. They just cuddled it in bed. That's all.

And that's the way it was, that she bought herself a doll in compensation. Now it seemed as if she had a child. Because she couldn't have children. That's what was seen.

neighbors would know that the woman who so righteously refused to sell her children had been married to an alcoholic, who abandoned her and their four children to desperate poverty while he imported a girl from a distant Tzotzil town to be his wife. After her husband's premature death she, in fact, had sold one of her boys to Romin's mother for fifty pesos. For several years he was raised by his foster mother before returning home to his real mother. And so the childless woman's fate is balanced by that of the woman who had so many children she didn't know what to do.

The Three Suns

T13

It used to be that there were three suns, long ago, they say. There was no darkness. The suns took turns. It was always daytime because of the three suns, long ago. They travelled together. They went for a walk. They went to look for fruits. The two older brothers climbed a tree. The younger brother stayed at the foot of the tree. "Give me a fruit. I feel like eating one. Throw one down to me," said the younger brother.

"Come on, climb up!" said the older brothers.

"I'm not going to climb up; throw them down here!" said the younger brother. They were thrown down to him, but just the chewings. He picked up the chewings. He made hind legs and forelegs for them. He buried them at the foot of the tree.

Now they turned into an animal. They turned into a gopher. It gnawed the roots into pieces. The older brothers felt the tree moving now. "What are you doing, Xut?" asked the older brothers.

"I'm not doing anything. Eat the fruit," said the younger brother.

The tree fell. Down came his older brothers. He

7A ti jch'ul-tottik vo7nee, 7ox-vo7ik to 7ox la, mu sna7 x7ik'ub 7osil tzjel sbaik li k'ak'ale, 7oy k'ak'al ta sbatel 7osil, ja7 li 7ox-p'ej ti k'ak'al vo7nee, ko7ol ta xnavik, chbatik ta paxyal, ba ssa7ik ssat te7 7imuy ta te7 ti bankilale, xcha7-va7alik, 7a ti 7itz'inale te kom ta yok te7. "7Ak'bon tal j-p'ejuk li lo7bole, chak jlo7 ka7i, tenbon tal j-p'ejuk," xi la ti 7itz'inale.

"La7 muyan tal!" xi la ti bankilale.

"Mu ximuy teno tal li7 toel!" xi la ti 7itz'inale. Ta la xtenbat yalel, pero naka la matz'ben, 7istam la ti smatz'benale 7ispasbe la yok, sk'ob, 7ismuk la ta yok te7.

7Óra, 7ipas ta chon, 7ipas ta ba, laj ssep'an yisim te7, 7iya7i ta xbak' xa te7 ti bankilaletike, "K'usi me chapas, Xut?" xi la ti bankilaletike.

"Mu k'u ta jpas lo7an me lo7bol," xi la ti 7itz'inale.

Bwéno, 7ilom ti te7e, 7iyal i sbankiltake, 7ibat ta

went home. He arrived and told his mother, "Mother, give me six tortillas. I'm taking them, because I'm hungry," said Xut. He was given the tortillas. He went and grabbed his older brothers. Quickly he stuck noses and ears on his older brothers. He made their noses and ears out of the tortillas. He turned them into pigs. One, he turned into a peccary. The other, a domestic pig, he shut up in his house. The peccary ran off. It went to the woods. He was only able to catch its tail. Its tail came off. It went. It fled into the woods. He drove the domestic pig to his house. "Mother, I've brought a pig. Give me food for it. The pig is hungry," said Xut.

"All right," said his mother. "Where are your older brothers?" asked his mother.

"I don't know. They must be having a good time someplace," Xut said.

"Ah!" she said. The first day she believed it. [Then] his mother cried and cried. Her tears flowed. That's why the moon's light is faint at night.

Although rodent allies are frequent actors in North American tales, the combination of elements in this story is peculiar to the Mayan area. In the *Popol Vuh* the twin heroes Hunahpu and Xbalanque are mistreated by their stingy elder half-brothers. But after being persuaded to climb a tree to recover the birds that they have shot, these half-brothers are converted into monkeys; the heroes become sun and moon (Edmonson, 1971:87-89).

The theme of brothers being converted into monkeys after they are sent to climb a tree occurs among the Cakchiquel (R. Redfield, 1946:252), Chuj (Shaw, 1972:101-102), Kanjobal (Siegel, 1943:123-124), Mopan (J. E. Thompson, 1930:122-123), and Kekchí (Dieseldorff, 1926:5-6). In a Palencano Chol version and a Tzeltal version cited by Thompson (1970:361-363) the elder brothers fall from the honey tree and become tame animals.

The porcine fate of the elder brothers has been recorded many times in the Chiapas highlands, often with only minor variations: in the Tzeltal towns of Amatenango (Nash, 1970:198-200), and Oxchuc (INI, 3:23-31), in the Tzotzil towns of Chamula (Gossen, T17, T42) and Chenalhó (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:184-185).

Two variants from Zinacantán identify the hero as Christ. In the first he is pitted not against his older brothers but against his older cousin, his mother's brother's son (Ritvo, 1972:63-64).

sna, 7ik'ot sk'opon ti sme7e. "Jme7, 7ak'bon vakibuk jmemela, ta xkich' ech'el yu7un chivi7naj," xi la ti Xute. 7I7ak'bat ech'el smemela, 7ik'ot stzak ti sbankiltake, j-likel 7isnap'anbe sni7, xchikin, ti sbankiltake, ja7 yak'be ta sni7, ta xchikin ti memelae, 7ispas ta chitom, jun 7ispas ta te7tikil chitom, jun, 7a ti batz'i chitome, 7ismak ech'el ta sna, 7a ti te7tikil chitome, 7ijatav, 7ibat ta te7tik, k'ajom xa 7istabe ta tzakel sne, 7ibul ti snee, 7ibat, 7ijatav ech'el ta te7tik, smakoj k'otel ta sna li batz'i chitome. "Me7, 7ijta tal jchitom, 7ak'bon sve7el, ta xvi7naj li chitome," xi la ti Xute.

"Stak'uk," xi la ti sme7e. "Buy ti 7abankiltake?" xi la ti sme7e.

"Mu jna7 te nan bu ta xpaxyajik," xi la ti Xute.

"7A!" xi la. 7Isch'un to 7ox me ta primero k'ak'al, 7i7ok' la ta j-mek, ti sme7e 7ilok' ya7lel ssat, yech'o ti jutuk xk'ot ssat li jch'ul-me7tik ta 7ak'ubaltike.

In the second and very elaborate version Christ's mother hides knowledge of his birth from his older brothers, but they find one of his toys and lie in wait until they surprise him. They take Christ to work, promising their mother that they will be good to him, but no sooner do they arrive in the cornfield than they try in vain to burn him up. The next day they fail in their efforts to drown him in a river. And the third day they are no more successful in their attempt to bury him in a swamp. Then follows the honey tree episode, Christ's revenge, and his final triumph over the forces of nature (Ritvo, 1972; T2). Ritvo argues conclusively that the entire sequence represents a developmental model for the Zinacantec child (Ritvo, 1972). The tortillas that Xut stuck on his brothers' faces to turn them into pigs are a small oval variety with a hole in the center. In everyday life they are given to little children to induce them to learn to talk, on the theory that the hole in the center inspires them to open their mouths. This variety is also given to young girls who are learning to make their first tortillas.

Romin did not know why the younger brother's name was Xut. Today that word is otherwise used only as a name for a wild bean (*Phaseolus leiosepalus*). See also T155, T162.

Why the Woman Had No Children

T105

Once there was a Chamulan [girl]. A girl and a boy got married. The [young] woman couldn't give birth. She had no children.

Even with the passing of time she couldn't give birth. No baby ever came.

"How can that be? Why can't she give birth?" said her mother-in-law. "Well, but what can I do about her? What can I do for her?" said the old lady.

"A ti vo7ne 7oy la jun 7antz 7ulo7, tzeb krem 7iyik' sbaik, 7a ti 7antz mu sna7 x7alaj, ch'abal yol.

Bwéno, mi ja7uk te bat 7o k'ak'al, mi ja7uk 7o bu x7alaj, muk' bu xtal ti 7unene.

Bwéno, "K'u yu7un van le7e, k'u yu7un ti mu sna7 x7alaje?" xi la ti yalib me7el 7une. "Bwéno, pero k'usi ta jnopbe le7e, k'usi ta jpasbe le7e?" xi la ti me7ele.

Then she got the boy drunk. The woman got the [young] woman and her husband drunk.

They got drunk. They slept now, lying curled up. That daughter-in-law of hers slept now. Just the old lady was there.

The old lady didn't fall asleep. She sat there listening for the woman's child to come out, it seems. But it wasn't a baby, not a real baby. It was a hornworm. The woman had a hornworm.

The old lady heard that the hornworm was making kissing sounds. It was nursing.

Then quickly she went to block off the hornworm's path. The hornworm didn't go [back] in now. It was caught. There were two hornworms. The red hornworm she threw out. The white one she stuck [back] in.

Now when the woman woke up she was fine. She awoke.

Now the time passed.

Then her child was born.

Then she had many children. She was the one who had had a red hornworm. Everybody has just one hornworm apiece, even men, they say. And each has his hornworm.

Here, as in many other tales, I have translated *me7el* as "old lady," but the term signifies a woman of the older generation, in her thirties or older.

When this cure is administered, a peeled green banana is inserted in the woman's vagina temporarily to prevent the worm's reentry.

In Chenalhó it is believed that "a woman who is content with her husband has little white worms in her vagina, while a nymphomaniac has little red worms" (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:130). Sexual license is associated by the Huichol with a kind

7Entónse, 7isyakubtas la ti kreme, 7isyakubtas la ti smalale ti 7antzé.

Bwéno, 7iyakub 7un, butajtik xa chvayik xa, chvay xa taj yalibe, jun xa me7el te.

Bwéno, 7a ti me7el 7une, muk' bu x7och svayel, te chotol ya7yoj k'u 7ora xlok' ti yol ti 7antz ya7el 7une, pero ma7uk 7unen, ma7uk batz'i 7unen, buluk' sat, 7oy la sbuluk' sat ti ti 7antzé.

Bwéno, 7iya7i la ti me7el 7une, ke te la sbutz'lajet ta schu7un ti buluk' sate.

7Óra, j-likel la ba smakbe sbe ti buluk' sat 7une, muk' la x7och xa ti buluk' sat 7une, te stzako7 7ikom, cha7-kot buluk' sat, 7a ti, 7a ti tzajal buluk' sate, ja7 7isch'ay, 7a ti sake ja7 7istik' ochel.

7Óra, lek 7ijulav ti 7antz 7une, 7iyul sch'ulel 7un.

7Óra 7ibat k'ak'al yech.

7Entónse, 7i7ayan yol 7un.

7Óra, 7ep 7ibat yol 7un, ja7 ti 7oy ti tzajal buluk' sat yu7une, ke skotol krixchano yu7un no 7ox 7oy ju-kot buluk' sat yu7unik, 7ak' 7o mi vinikuk la xiik, 7i 7oy la ju-kot buluk' sat.

of white grub. The Aztecs laid the blame on a grey grub that subsists on the roots and stalks of corn plants (Furst and Nahmad, 1972:64-65).

The hornworm is the caterpillar of the hummingbird moth that can easily be mistaken for a hummingbird as it darts from flower to flower sipping nectar. Erotic associations extend also to hummingbirds themselves. A sure way to soften a girl's heart is secretly to carry to the trysting place a hummingbird wrapped in green or blue ribbon.

Tortor Beebe, Papa!

T106

There was a man, too, who arrived, they say, at work every day, at his work.

It reached midday and he knew that he had no children, no one to come and call him.

Something came to call out, but he didn't know what it was. It was lying on top of a stump. "Tortor beebe, papa!" said the thing that was calling there.

"What's that?" said the man when he finished the row. "Eh, who knows what it is. Maybe it's some kind of animal," he said. The next row finished, the very same thing.

"Tortor beebe, papa!" it said.

"But what is that? What sonofabitching animal? I guess I'll go see if it's an animal or what. Maybe it's a devil. Maybe I'll die now," said the man. And he went to look. He discovered a hornworm lying on

7Oy la yech noxtok jun vinik chk'ot ta 7abtel ju-jun k'ak'al ta yabtel.

Bwéno, sta ti 7ol k'ak'al 7une, 7i sna7oj ti ch'abal xch'amale, muk' buch'u xk'ot 7ik'onuk.

Bwéno, 7oy la k'ot 7ok'uk pero mu sna7 k'usi ta sba jun chuman te7 te la kaja. "7A la papa7 cheche7 tata7!" xi la ti k'usi te ch7ok' 7une.

"K'usi taje?" xi la k'alal 7ikajtzaj yabtel ti vinike. "7Ej, jna7tik k'usi, te nan k'usi chonal," xi la. 7Otro jmuyel yabtel ja7 no la yech 7iyal.

"7A la papa7 cheche7 tata7!" xi la 7un.

"Pero k'usi taje che7e, k'usi puta chonal, chba jk'el kik mi chon mi k'usi taje, pukuj nan yu7un nan chicham xa," xi la ti vinike. 7I ba la sk'el 7un, buluk' sat la te kaja j-kot sta ta chuman te7 7un. "7A

the stump. "Oh, hell, I see it's a hornworm here, then. I thought there was something. It's going to cut short my life. Hell, it's too late! I'll die now. Who knows, maybe I'll die from this tomorrow or the day after. I've never seen anything like this. I've never heard of anything like this. Whatever it is, it's calling to me," he said.

Then the man lost his temper, quickly he killed the hornworm.

Since the man didn't know what it was, he didn't know where the animal came from, he left. He returned home. He arrived to tell about it. He arrived to tell his wife. "Are you there, wife?" he asked.

"I'm here," she said.

"I'm hungry," he said.

"Eat!" she said.

"I just don't know what it was—What [it was that] went and called to me, lying there on top of a stump," he told his wife.

"What did it sound like to you? What do you think it called?" asked the woman.

"Oh, it sounded very strange. *Tortor beebie, papa!* it kept saying to me," said the man.

"Ah!" said the woman. "What did you do? Did you leave it there? Did you do anything to it?" asked the woman.

"I killed it. I don't know why. Maybe I'll die now. Maybe it will cut short my life. I've never heard of such a thing. I've never heard it before where I work. Nothing ever comes to call out to me," said the man.

"Oh, My Lord!" said the woman. "Could you have killed that child of mine? Didn't you know what my child was like? The hornworm was my child. That's why I never gave birth," said the woman. The woman cried and cried.

"Oh hell, so that's what your child is, then. That's why you don't give birth, you bitch!" said the man. The man kept on bawling her out. The woman cried and cried.

"Well, never mind. Take care of yourself! So be it! Get someone to take my place! There's nothing we can do. That was the only child I'll ever have," [she said].

"Now, in three days I will die, because that's the way it is, my child can't die by himself. I'm going too," said the woman.

"Is that so?" said the man.

"Yes, because that was my very own child, because the hornworm is my child. Didn't you hear it, then? It went to call you [home]. Didn't you understand? Didn't you hear what it told you? *Tortillas and beans, papa!* it said. So, *Go eat some tortillas! Go Eat some beans!* was what it was saying. Didn't you

kavron, buluk' sat ka li7e che7e, ka7uk to me 7u k'usi yu7un chislabta che7e, kavron, mu xa yorauk yu7un xa chicham, jna7tik xa 7ok'ob cha7ej nan chicham li7e, muk' bu xkil yech, muk' bu xka7i yech k'usi xiyok'ita," xi la 7un.

7Óra, 7ikap sjol ti vinike, j-likel 7ismil ti buluk' sate.

Bwéno, kómo li vinike che7e, mu sna7 k'usi, mu sna7 bu talem ti chone, 7ibat la 7un, 7isut la ech'el ta sna, k'ot la yal 7ik'ot yalbe ti yajnile. "Mi li7ote, 7antz?" xi la 7un.

"Li7one," xi la 7un.

"Chive7 che7e," xi la 7un.

"Ve7an!" xi la 7un.

"Batz'i mu jna7 k'usi, 7an k'usi 7a yok'itaon te kajal ta ba chuman te7," xut la ti yajnil 7une.

"K'u x7elan 7ava7i 7un, k'u x7elan 7ava7i ch7ok'?" xi la ti 7antz 7une.

"7A batz'i yan xal. 7A la papa7 cheche7 tata7 xiyut ta j-mek," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"7Aj!" xi la ti 7antz 7une. "K'usi 7acha7le 7un, mi te 7akomes mi k'usi 7acha7le?" xi la ti 7antz 7une.

"7Ijmil mu jna7 k'u yu7un yu7un nan chicham xa yu7un nan chislabta, muk' bu xka7i yech mu k'usi xka7i buy xi7abteje, mu k'usi xk'ot yok'itaon," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"7Ay kajval!" xi la ti 7antz 7une. "K'an me 7amilbon jutuk kol me taje, mu me xana7 k'u x7elan kol, ja7 me kol i buluk' sate, yech'o me li muk' bu chi7alaje," xi la ti 7antz 7une. 7I7ok' la ta j-mek ti 7antz 7une.

"7A kavron, va7i ka k'usi 7avol che7e, yech'o li mu xa7alaje, kavron!" xi la ti vinike. 7I7ilin to la ta j-mek ti vinik 7une, 7ok' la ta j-mek ti 7antz 7une.

"Bwéno pasénsia te k'el aba 7un, teyuk, sa7o jk'exol, mu k'u xu7 jpastik, 7a taje batz'i kol jtuk.

"7Óra, ta k'al 7oxib k'ak'al chicham 7un, yu7un ja7 yech mu xu7 ti stuk xcham ti kole yu7un chibat 7uk," xi la ti 7antz 7une.

"Mi yech 7un?" xi la ti vinike.

"Yech porke yu7un kol ta j-mek taje yu7un me kol i buluk' sate, mi muk' bu xava7i che7e, yu7 me bat yik'ot tal mi muk' bu xava7i, mi muk' bu 7ava7i taj x7elan layalbe? 7A la papa7 cheche7 tata7 xie che7e, yu7un me *Ba ve7an papa7, ba ti7an chenek'* yu7un me xi 7un taje, mi muk' xava7i che7e, yu7un me ba

understand, then? It went to call you [home], to do you a favor, because that was your child, we could say," said the woman.

"Oh, but I didn't know. Why didn't you say so, then? As for me, I certainly didn't know what your child was. I never saw your child being born. That's why I said to myself, *I don't know what sonofabitching animal that is!*" he said.

"Ah, never mind, there's nothing we can do now since you killed it. For I'll die, then. We'll see each other. Just if you will bury me, if you will shroud me, because it is sure now that I'm going since that child of mine died," said the woman.

"All right then, patience! There's nothing we can do, for I didn't know it. Out of my stupidity I went and killed it, but I didn't know it was your child," he said.

"Of course it was my child, but never mind, there's nothing more to say. Get someone to take my place!" said the woman. She died. That's how the story ends.

An account of a "barren" wife who sends her child to the fields with a meal for his father was recorded in Spain (A.M. Espinosa, 1967:158-159), but "Tortor Beebee, Papa!" appears to be a product of native genius! In Chenalhó it is a good omen to see many hornworms in the fields or along the trails at the time of a baby's birth. They are "the child's soul, and if we kill them the child will die." (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:251). In Chamula there is a similar proscription against killing hornworms. A Chamulan variant of this tale has the hornworm calling out,

yik'ot tal taje, 7ak'uxubinel me, yu7un me 7ach'amal chkaltik taje," xi la ti 7antz 7une.

"7Aj pero mu jna7 k'u yu7un mu xaval che7e, mu jna7 k'usi 7avol li vo7on a7a, yu7un muk' bu x7ayan chkil 7avole, yech'o ti *Mu jna7 k'usi puta chanul!* xichi 7une," xi la 7un.

"7An yech pasénsia, mu k'u xu7 jpastik xa, va7i yu7un 7amile yu7un chicham 7un che7e, te jk'opon jbatik, ja7 nox kwenta mi chamukone mi chapixone yu7un xa 7onox j-moj chibat, ja7 taj 7icham xa taj kole," xi la ti 7antz 7une.

"Yech 7un che7e pasénsia, mu k'u xu7 jcha7letik ja7 li mu jna7 li vo7one, ba jmil ta jbolil pero mu jna7 mi 7avol," xi la 7un.

"Ja7 kol a7a, pero yiyil ch'abal xa k'op chak taje, sa7o jk'exol!" xi la ti 7antz 7une. 7Icham 7un, ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o ti k'op 7une.

"Father, she is making tortillas on canna leaves. I need many more canna leaves. We'll be eating soon, father" [my translation]. The man squashes the caterpillar underfoot and its heartbroken mother dies (Gossen, T4).

It is not unusual for the dying wife to tell her husband to find a substitute for her, because traditionally her husband must announce before her body is removed from the house who his future wife will be.

How the Weak Ones Won, Rabbit Wins and Rabbit Loses

T5

Once upon a time there was a man who went hunting with his wife. He went to wait for a deer at a spring.

They reached the spring. There they found many toads.

A deer came. "Look, Toad," said Deer.

"What?" he asked.

"Nothing much, let's make a bet to see who can win," said Deer.

"Okay!" said Toad. One toad made the deal.

The toads lined up.

"Let's race!" said Toad.

"Fine!" said Deer. Ooh, lots of toads lined up. Deer ran, but he tired out. He was worn out [trying] to outdistance Toad. "Don't you [ever] seem to get tired?" Toad was asked.

"But why would I get tired? We're invincible," said Toad. Ooh, [Deer] ran, but he didn't succeed. It was the toads that won.

7A ti vo7nee 7o la jun vinik 7ibat ta paxyal xchi7uk yajnil, 7ibat smala te7tikil chij ta vo7.

Bwéno, 7ik'otik ta vo7e te 7ep 7ista 7amuch, 7ik'ot ti chije.

Bwéno, "Mira, sápo," xi ti te7tikil chije.

"K'usi?" xi.

"Mu k'usi, jpastik jun 7apwesto 7aver buch'u xu7 yu7un," xi ti te7tikil chije.

"Xu7!" xi ti 7amucho. 7I j-kot 7amuch 7ispas trate.

Bwéno, 7ixchol sbaik 7amuchetik.

Bwéno, "7Anilajkotik 7un!" xi li 7amucho.

"Bwéno!" xi li te7tikil chije. 7Iij, 7ixchol sba 7ep li 7amuchetike, 7i7anilaj te7tikil chij, pero 7ilub, 7ijiltzaj, ta stek'el ech'el li 7amucho. "Mi yilel mu xalub?" xut li 7amucho.

"Pero k'u yu7un chilub, vinikotik," xi ti 7amucho. 7ii, 7i7anilaj, pero muk' xu7 yu7un, ja7 7ispas kanal li 7amuchetike.

[Deer] went on. Deer came to a hollow to drink. He met many mosquitoes there.

"Are you here, Mosquito? Why don't you let me drink?" he asked the mosquitoes.

"Oh, if you want to, let's try and see who can race," said Mosquito.

"Fine, let's race!" said Deer. Mosquito perched on Deer's ear.

"Well, let's go! Let's race!" Ooh, Deer ran. "Hey, did you fall behind?" asked Deer.

"Eeee," said Mosquito in his ear. He went on. He raced. Every few minutes he would speak to Mosquito. "Eee," [Mosquito] kept saying.

"Well, never mind, I can't do any better. You run too fast," said Deer.

"I race because I'm the best," said [Mosquito].

"Well, forget it! I can't win. I'm going," said Deer.

[Now back to] the man who had left his wife behind when he went to look at the deer.

He went to look for his wife. He went to look where his wife had stayed behind. No woman now. She was taken off by the devil.

A tiger came. The man was sobbing. "What are you crying about?" asked Tiger.

"Oh man, Mr. Tiger, it's because I lost my wife. The King of the Devils stole her."

"Oh man, don't worry. I'll get her back in a minute. Your wife will come [back]," said [Tiger].

"Please then, because I'm crying so hard."

"Well, I'm going to get her right away," said [Tiger].

He went to talk to the king. "Knock, knock, knock!" he banged on the door.

"Who is it?" asked the King of the Devils.

"I'm Mr. Tiger."

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I don't want anything. I'm going to take the poor woman back because her husband is crying," said [Tiger].

"Oh, what's that to you? You can't do it," said the King of the Devils. Tiger's ass was broken with a stick. He fled.

"I didn't win out. My ass is broken. They beat me," he said. Ooh, the man cried even more. A bull came along.

"What happened to you? Why are you crying?" asked Bull.

"Look here, Bull, my wife disappeared. She was taken off by the Devil."

"Oh, me, I'll go right away and bring her back," said [Bull].

"Oh, you can't succeed. You're even less of a match," he said. "A tiger's already gone. He didn't succeed," he said. "He's stronger," he said.

Bwéno, 7ibat, 7ik'ot yuch' vo7, ta be-o7, ti te7tikil chije, te 7ep 7ista xenene.

Bwéno, "Mi li7ote, xenene, k'u yu7un mu xavak' kuch' vo7e?" xut ti xenene.

"7A mi chak'an jpastik preva 7aver buch'u x7anilaj," xi ti xenene.

"Bwéno, 7anilajkotik!" xi ti te7tikil chije, xenene. 7A ti 7isnoch'an sba ta xchikin ti te7tikil chije.

Bwéno, "Bwéno battik 7anilajkotik!" 7Iij, 7i7anilaj ti te7tikil chije. "7E, mi lakom?" xi ti te7tikil chije.

"7Iii," xi ti xenene ta xchikine. 7Ibat 7i7anilaj ju-likel ju-likel ta sk'opon ti xenene. "7Iii," xi batel.

"Bwéno, pasénsia mu xa xu7 ku7un mas tol xa7anilaj," xi ti te7tikil chije.

"Xi7anilaj porke vinikon," xi.

"Bwéno, yiyil muk' xu7 ku7un, chibat," xi ti te7tikil chije.

"Bwéno, 7a ti vinike nom skomesoj ti yajnile, k'al buy ba sk'el te7tikil chije.

Bwéno, ba sk'el yajnil, ba sk'el ti yajnil bu komeme, ch'abal xa 7antz, 7ibat la ta dyablo.

Bwéno, 7ital j-kot bolom, ta x7ok' ti vinike. "K'usi chavok'ita?" xi ti bolome.

"7Ómbre, Senyor Tígre, yu7un 7ijch'ay kajnil, 7iyelk'an, 7iyelk'an li rey dyabloe."

"7Ay, 7ómbre, mu k'u xal 7avo7on chba jlok'es tal ta j-likel, chtal lavajnil," xi.

"7Abolajan che7e yu7un batz'i chi7ok'.

"Bwéno, ba jlok'es tal ta 7ora," xi.

Bwéno, k'ot sk'opon li reye. "Ton, ton, ton!" xut ti ti7 nae.

"Kyen es?" xi ti rey dyabloe.

"Yo soy el Senyor Tígre."

"K'usi chak'an?" xi.

"Mu k'usi ta jk'an, ta xkik' ech'el li povre 7antz, yu7un ta x7ok' smalal," xi.

"7A, k'usi 7akwenta 7o, vo7ote mu xu7 me," xi ti rey dyabloe. 7Ik'asbat xchak ta te7 ti bolome, 7ijatav.

"Muk' xu7 ku7un, lik'asbat tal jchak lismajik tal," xi. 7Iij, 7i7ok' mas ti vinike, 7ital j-kot vakax.

"K'usi chapas cha7ok'e?" xi ti vakaxe.

"K'el avil, tóro, 7ich'ay kájnii, 7ibat ta dyáblo."

"7A vo7one ta 7ora chibat ba jlok'es tal," xi.

"7Aj mu xu7 7avu7un, mas jutukot," xi. "7I7ay xa j-kot bolom, muk' xu7 yu7un," xi. "Mas tzotz," xi.

"Oh, but me, I'll go break down the door. I'll bring back your wife," said [Bull].

"Fine! Please do!" he said.

Well [Bull] arrived there. He knocked on the door. "Who is it?" said [the Devil].

"I'm Mr. Bull," he said.

"What do you want?" asked the Devil.

"Oh, I don't want anything. I'm going to take the woman back," he said.

"Oh, where did you come from?" asked the Devil. He grabbed a stick. One [of Bull's] horns was broken. Ooh, [Bull] left. He ran very fast.

"I couldn't do it," he told the man when he arrived. Oh, the man cried even more.

Well, a donkey came along. "What are you crying about?" asked Donkey.

"It's because my wife disappeared," he said.

"Oh, no indeed! I'll bring her back," said Donkey.

"God, now it's *you* who's going to win? You're just a poor donkey! Tiger went. Bull went. But they didn't succeed," he said.

"Oh, but as for me I'll break down the door. I have feet. I kick people," said [Donkey]. He went and knocked on the door.

"Who are you?" asked [the Devil].

"I'm Donkey," he said.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, I want to take the woman back." The door wasn't opened for him. Quickly he gave it a kick. Oh, his hoof fell off. Eh, he hurried away. "I couldn't do it. My hoof came off. I couldn't do it," the man was told. Oh, the man cried even more. Lots of ants came by.

"What happened to you?" they asked.

"Man, my wife disappeared," he said.

"I'll go bring her back," said the ants.

"Poor ants, you can't win. You're even smaller!" he said.

"Oh, but we can!" they said. "We're going," they said.

Well, they went. They knocked on the door. "Who is it?" asked the King of the Devils.

"We're ants," they said. The door wasn't opened for them. They got in by themselves.

When they arrived they went inside, swarming in. "Oh, so you've come?" said the Devil. Hot ashes were thrown on them. Some of the ants were killed by the hot ashes, the others fled.

"We couldn't do it, man. Your wife didn't come back." Again the man cried.

Well, a rabbit came along. "What are you crying about?" he asked.

"Man, my wife disappeared," he said.

"If you want me to, I'll go bring her back."

"God, but do *you* think you can do it?" he asked.

"7Aj pero li vo7one chk'ot jvok' li ti7 nae chkik' tal 7avajnil," xi.

"Bwéno, 7abolajan!" xi.

Bwéno, 7ik'ot, 7ik'ot stij ti7 na, "Kyen es?" xi.

"Yo soy el Senyor Tóro," xi 7un.

"K'usi chak'an?" xi ti dyabloe.

"7Aj mu k'usi ta jk'an ta xkik' ech'el li 7antze," xi.

"7Aj, bu latal?" xi ti dyabloe. 7Itambat jun te7, 7ik'asbat jun xxulub, 7ee, 7ibat 7i7anilaj ta j-mek.

"Mu xu7," xut k'otel ti vinike. 7Aj, 7i7ok' mas ti vinike.

Bwéno, 7ital j-kot buro. "K'usi chavok'ita?" xi ti buroe.

"Yu7un 7ich'ay kajnil," xi.

"7Aj mo7oj chbat jlok'es tal," xi ti buroe.

"Dyos mi vo7ot xa chkuch 7avu7un povre buroot, 7i7ay xa bolom, 7i7ay xa vakax pero muk' xu7 yu7un," xi.

"7Aj pero xchi7uk vo7one ta jvok' komel li ti7 nae, 7oy kok chitek'van," xi. 7Ik'ot stij ti7 nae.

"Buch'uat?" xi.

"Yo soy el búro," xi.

"K'usi chak'an?" xi.

"7Aj ta jk'an ech'el li 7antze." Muk' xjambat na 7istijbe j-moj likel ta tek'el, 7oj, 7ikol svoy, 7ee, 7ibat ta 7anil. "Mu xu7, 7ilok' xa jvov, mu xu7," xut ti vinik 7une, 7oj, 7i7ok' mas ti vinike, 7ital 7epal xinich.

"K'usi chapas?" xi.

"7Ómbre, 7ich'ay kajnil," xi.

"Chba jlok'es tal," xi ti xiniche.

"Povre xinich, mu xu7 7avu7un, mas bik'itoxuk!" xi.

"7Aj pero xu7!" xi. "Chibat," xi.

Bwéno, 7ibat, 7éso 7istij ti7 na. "Kyen es?" xi ti rey dyabloe.

"Sómos ormígas," xi. Muk' 7ijambat na 7i7och stuk.

Bwéno, 7ik'ot 7i7och ta yut na xlamet xa k'otel. "7Aj mi latal?" xi la ti dyabloe. 7I7ak'bat k'ak'al tan, 7icham j-7o7lol ti xiniche ta k'ak'al tan, 7ijatav j-7o7lol.

"Mu xu7, 7ómbre, mu xlok' tal lavajnil." 7I7ok' yan ti vinike.

Bwéno, tal j-kot t'ul. "K'usi chavok'ita?" xi.

"7Ómbre, 7ich'ay kajnil," xi.

"Mi xak'an chba jlok'es tal."

"Dyos, pero mi vo7ot xa xu7 7avu7un 7ana7oj?" xi.

"Of course I can do it, why not?" said Rabbit.

"Please do, then!" he said.

"Oh, but first get a gourdful of wasps, a gourdful of hornets, a gourdful of honey bees," he said. "With three gourds I'll go," said Rabbit.

"Okay, fine," said the man. He got three gourdfuls.

Well, [Rabbit] arrived at the Devil's house. "Knock, knock, knock!" he banged on the door.

"Who is it?" said the Devil.

"I'm Uncle Rabbit," said Rabbit.

"What do you want," asked the Devil.

"I've come to visit you," he said.

"Well, come in!" said [the Devil]. [Rabbit] went in. He saw the woman sitting inside.

He went up to the hearth. He broke all three gourds. Oh, all the devils were killed by the bees. Quickly Rabbit picked up the woman and carried her out. He left. He took her back. "Well, are you here?" he asked the man.

"I'm here," he said. "Don't cry any more," he said. "Here, your wife has come back," he said. "But you'll pay me a little at least," said [Rabbit].

"What's your price?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't want money," said [Rabbit]. "I'll sleep for just one night with your wife," he said.

"Fine, let's go to bed!" said the man. "My wife can be in the middle," he said. "You sleep behind her," he said.

Then, in the middle of the night the woman let a great fart. Ooh, Rabbit fled. He was scared. He thought it was a bullet. He thought it was a gun. He ran away. That's why rabbits are timid now. They can't be gotten with guns. No! That's how it ends.

The race between the deer and the toads is run in Africa, Asia, the Northwest Coast (Boas, 1912:253) and throughout Latin America (Hansen, 1957; 275A). It was reported among the Tarahumara (Lumholtz, 1902, 1:301), the Mixe (Radin and Espinosa, 1917, T97), the Aguacatec (Shaw, 1972:74), and Pocomam (*ibid.*, 195). A Nahuatl variant substitutes a coyote for the deer, and skunks for the toads (González Casanova, 1965:76-81). See also T59.

I am unaware of any Old World versions of Rabbit's rescue of the abducted wife. Among the Popoloca an elephant, a bull, and a jaguar are unable to help the weeping man recover his wife from a giant. Rabbit asks for a whip, a gourd of blood, and a gourd of corn gruel. He whips the giant, breaks the gourds on his forehead, and fools the giant into believing that he is losing his brains. Rabbit escapes with the man's wife (Clark,

"Xu7, k'u cha7al mu xu7?" xi ti t'ule.

"7Abolajan che7e!" xi.

"Bwéno pero ba7i chasa7 j-p'ej tzu 7akov, j-p'ej tzu chak-lakan te7, j-p'ej tzu chanul pom," xi.

"7Ox-p'ej tzu chibat 7o," xi ti t'ule.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi ti vinike. 7Issa7 7ox-p'ej tzu.

Bwéno, 7ik'ot tzna ti dyáblo. "Ton, ton, ton!" xut ti7 na.

"Kyen es?" xi ti dyabloe.

"Yo soy el Tío Konéjo," xi ti t'ule.

"K'usi chak'an?" xi ti dyabloe.

"Chajvula7an," xi.

"Bwéno, la7, 7ochan!" xi. 7I7och, 7iyil xa ti 7antz te chotol ta yut nae.

Bwéno, 7ik'ot ta ti7 k'ok', 7ik'ot svok' yox-p'ejel tzu, 7a ti dyabloe te 7ilaj skotol ta chon, j-likel 7ispet lok'el 7antz ti t'ule, 7ibat lok' ech'el. "Bwéno mi li7ote?" xut li vinike.

"Li7one," xi. "Mu xa xa7ok'," xi. "Li7 7ital lavajnilé," xi. "Pero chatojon jutukuk," xi.

"K'u yepal latojole?" xi.

"7Aj, mu jk'an tak'in," xi. "Ta jchi7in junuk 7ak'ubal lavajnilé," xi.

"Bwéno, vayikotik che7e!" xi ti vinike. "7Ochuk ta 7o7lol li kajnilé," xi. "Vayan ta spat," xi.

7Entónse, ta 7ol 7ak'ubal 7ital j-moj stzis ti 7antzé, 7ijj, 7ijatav ti t'ule, 7ixi7 xak'uk balauk, xak'uk tuk'uk, 7ijatav, yech'o ti xi7em li t'ul, lavie, mu stak' tael ta tuk', ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o.

1961:129-145). In Rabinal, Guatemala, a jaguar, a coyote, a bear, and an elephant have no luck in recovering an unfaithful wife who is consorting with a lion; Rabbit clubs the lion and tricks him into staying in his den until he dies of starvation. Then Rabbit returns the woman to her husband (Teletor, 1955:143-147).

Rabbit's strategy to defeat the Devil recalls the tactics of the Quiché lords when their citadel was surrounded by countless thousands of enemy soldiers. With but four jars of wasps and hornets they routed "the Tribes" (Edmonson, 1971:205-208). In the *Titulo de Totonicapán*, the Quiché's weapons are described as one jar of big wasps, one jar of little wasps, another of serpents, and a fourth of beetles (Recinos and Goetz, 1953:219-220).

Poor Rabbit's final ignominious defeat is couched in terms that seem peculiarly Zinacantec. See also T169.

How to Take Care of Tigers

T2

Once there were [lots] of tigers. There was a trail and a large cave there. It was filled with all the

Ti vo7ne batz'i pim to 7ox la bolom, 7o la jun be, te la jun muk'ta ch'en, te la tzinil skotol ti

tigers. They didn't let the people pass by. Everyone met his end there.

There was a man. He said that too many people had been lost.

"I guess I'll go take a look," said the man. He took his machete. It was [just] one man who went. He reached the big cave. When he got there he looked for plenty of rocks. He looked for seats for all the tigers.

Then when all the seats were ready he called to the tigers. "Hoo ha!" [he] said to the tigers. They all answered. They all came out, young and old.

"Have you come?" said the tigers.

"I've come, Mr. Tiger," said the man.

"I'm going to eat you right up," said the tigers.

"No, don't eat me! Wait a minute! Sit down! I came for a reason. Tell them to come, all of them, if there are still little ones inside your house. Bring all of them now. All of you will eat me," said the man. All the tigers sat down. All the little ones came, the little tigers. They sat down on the rocks. "There are your seats, sit down!" said the man. "Wait a minute. I'll take my clothes off. I'll get undressed. I won't make it hard for you. It's easier if I'm naked," said the man.

"But hurry up. I'm getting hungry," said the big ones. But they were huge ones, with long whiskers. They were delighted now. They were laughing now.

The man was naked now. He lay down in the middle. All the tigers were [seated] around him. "Well, come eat me! You'll be satisfied with the morsel you'll be eating," said the man.

"Fine!" said all the tigers. They all tried to lift their asses, but they couldn't get up. They were squirming about.

"So when are you coming to eat me? Hurry up!" said the man.

"We can't," said the tigers.

"Hurry up, hurry up! Come eat me! How much longer [do I have to wait]?" said the man.

The man lost his temper.

"What the hell! What are you good for? You are tigers. You eat people. All our countrymen are dead. Just so, eat me too! You get away with eating so many people. Now today you are going to enjoy my machete," said the man. Quickly he picked up his machete. He stood up. He swished his machete at each of the tigers until he killed all the old tigers. He left three cubs. That's why there aren't many tigers today. He left [some] to breed, but only a few. That's why the tigers disappeared. If it weren't for him we wouldn't outlive the tigers.

I have translated *bolom* here, and frequently elsewhere, as "tiger," because the word "jaguar," does not carry in English the fearful and admirable intimations called forth by "tiger" as in

bolometike, mu la xak' 7ech' la krixchano, te xla7 skotol ta j-mek.

Bwéno, 7o la jun vinik, 7iyal la ti to7 7ep xa 7ich'ay ti krixchanoetike.

7Entónse, "Chba jk'el kik," xi la ti jun vinike. 7Iyich' la ech'el jun smachita, jun vinik 7ibat, 7ik'ot ta muk'ta ch'en, 7ik'ot ssa7 7epal tonetik, 7issa7be xchotleb skotol ti bolometike.

7Entónse, 7ichap skotol ti chotlebaetike, 7iyapta li bolometike. "Juja!" xut la ti bolometike. 7Itak'av skotol, 7ilok' tal skotol ta bik'it ta muk'.

Bwéno, "Mi latal?" xi la ti bolometike.

"Lital, senyor tigre," xi li jun vinike.

"Chajti7 ta 7ora," xi la ti bolome.

"Mo7oj, mu xati7on, malao j-likeluk, chotlanik, yu7un ja7 tal jpas, 7ik' abaik tal, skotol mi 7o to te k'oxetik ta yut 7anaike, 7ik'o tal skotol, xati7ikon 7akotolik," xi la ti jun vinike. 7Ichotiik la skotol li bolometike, 7ital skotol k'oxetik, k'ox bolometik, 7ichotiik ta ton. "Te 7achotlebik, chotlanik!" xi la ti vinike. "Malaik j-likeluk, ta jlok' jk'u7, chit'ani, mu xkak' 7avokolik, mas lek t'analón," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Pero soban, yu7un chivi7naj," xi la ti muk'ta bolometik, pero batz'i muk'tik ta j-mek, natik la yisim, batz'i xmuyubajik xa la, ta xa la stze7inik.

Bwéno, t'anal xa ti jun vinik 7une, 7ipuch'i ta 7o7lol te joyol skotol ti bolometik 7une. "Bwéno, la7 ti7ikon 7un, bal xava7iik ti ju-set' xati7ik 7une," xi ti vinike.

"Bwéno," xi skotol ti bolome. Ya7uk stotz skotol ti xchakike pero mu stotz, te xvuylajet.

"Bwéno, k'u to 7ora, la7 ti7ikon 7un, sobanik 7un!" xi ti vinik 7une.

"Mu stak'," xi ti bolome.

"Soban 7un, soban la7 ti7ikon, k'u to 7ora?" xi ti vinik 7une.

Bwéno, 7ikap sjol ti vinik 7une.

Bwéno, "7ijo de la chingáda, k'usi 7atu, bolomoxuk, chati7vanik, la7 xa skotol ti jchi7iltaktike, ja7 no 7ox yech xati7on noxtok li vo7on 7une, xakom ta manya tol xati7vanik, 7ora lavie, chak'upinik li jmachitae," xi ti vinik 7une. J-likel 7istam smachita, 7iva7i, 7isjaxbe machita ju-kot bolom 7ásta ke smil skotol li mol bolometike, 7iyikta xa 7ox-kot k'oxetik, yech'o ch'abal bu mas li bolom lavie 7une, 7iyiktabe stz'unbal, pero jutuk xa, yech'o ch'ay ti bolometik 7une, 7a ti manchuke, mu xikuxiotik ta bolom.

William Blake's "Tiger, tiger burning bright, In the forests of the night."

This tale is told with minor variations in Chamula and

Chenalhó. In the Chamulan version Our Lord makes a circle of stones, has the tigers sit down, urges them to eat him as they sit helplessly stuck to their seats. With his staff he slays all but two which he spares for posterity (Gossen, T32). In Chenalhó, God calls the tigers out to eat him. They sit down impatiently while he lies down and insists that they lap up every drop of his blood. He, too, dispatches all but two of the helpless tigers with his staff. After skinning the dead tigers he departs (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:182–183). In both Chamula and Chenalhó this tale is linked to another episode that recounts the origin of toothaches. (See notes to T41).

I know of no occurrences of this tale outside of Chiapas. In a Los Altos tale the devil sticks to his seat until he grants the hero another fifteen years of life (Robe, 1970, T51). In Jacaltenango, the monster, Tillik, sticks to a growing stone and is slain by a man named Chiapa (La Farge and Byers, 1931:116–117). The hot seat in Hell described in the *Popol Vuh* seems too far removed to be relevant (Edmonson, 1971:70). There is also a tale from Guatemala where the trickster, Pedro, carries out a number of the same deceptions played by his namesake in Tale 6, and then tricks the Jews into sitting down on and sticking to seats of molten lead (Recinos, 1918:478).

When His Slip Was Showing

T137

There is another [story], too. There was a Chamulan. He had just been married. It was on a day like today. They entered the house, it seems, because those people don't have weddings. They marry at the house entrance [ceremony].

Then they went. They went to bed. And they joined each other in bed. [The groom's] father and mother slept there together with them still. The petitioners got drunk—the relatives of the boy's parents. The woman's relatives slept there still, too, because it was the first night that they accompanied each other.

The man hadn't fallen asleep. He went and slipped inside the skirt with that wife of his. So two people were inside the skirt.

The man probably couldn't get to sleep at all when night came. And [the next day] he was left asleep. The man didn't wake up early in the morning. The woman slipped out of her skirt. The man didn't even feel his wife slipping out. She picked up another skirt. She put it on.

Then the man was left there wearing the skirt.

Then she peeled off her husband's pants and threw her husband's pants up on the rafters.

Then when the woman had put on her other skirt, she went to grind corn, went to make tortillas. She had gotten up long before.

Then the man woke up when the sun was well up. The men were already gathered, drinking now. Only the husband wouldn't wake up. He was the only one who couldn't wake up. When he awoke he was just wearing the skirt. His brown balls were shining transparently at the fireside. He woke up. He was ashamed now. He didn't want to show his face now.

Then, wearing the skirt, he left. He ran away. The man went home, because he had no pants. He left. He was ashamed now. He never went to see his wife. He left for good—to the plantations. He simply forgot his wife forever. He never came to see her, because of the shame he had had when he was all alone by the fireside with his bare ass.

Ja7 la yech noxtok, 7oy la jun 7ulo7, 7ach' to 7ox 7iyik' sbaik chak k'u cha7al lavi ya7el k'ak'al li7e, ba 7ochuk ta na ya7el, kómo le7e mu sna7 xnupunik ta 7ochel ta na chik' sbaik.

7Óra, bat 7un, 7ivayik 7un, 7i 7ixchi7in sbaik ta vayel 7un, te to tzobol 7ivay ti stot sme7 ya7el 7une, ti 7oy yakubik jjak'oletik xchi7iltak ti sme7 stot ya7el ti krem 7une, 7o to te vay noxtok xchi7iltak ti 7antz yu7n primero 7ak'ubal 7ixchi7in sbaik.

Bwéno, 7a ti vinik 7une, mu to 7ox la x7och svayel 7un, ba la stik' sba ta yut tzekil 7un, xchi7uk 7a li taj yajnil 7une, cha7-vo7 7i7ochik ta yut tzekil.

Bwéno, mu nan x7och svayel ta j-mek ta yochel 7ak'ubal ti vinik 7une, 7i vayem 7i7iktaat 7un, muk' xa7i 7osil ti vinik 7une, 7a ti 7antz 7une, 7i 7a li 7ilok' ti ta yut stzek 7une, mi ja7uk 7o bu ya7i lok' ti yajnil ti vinik 7une, 7i k'al mu to 7ox ta stzan sk'ok' ti 7antz 7une, ba la stam tal 7otro j-lik stzek 7un, 7islap 7un.

7Óra, ja7 te slapoj 7ikom tzekil ti vinik 7une.

7Óra, 7a ti svex ti smalal 7une 7ixcho7 7un, 7i 7isjipbe muyel ta jol na li svex ti smalal 7une.

7Óra, k'alal slapoj xa j-lik 7o stzek ti 7antz 7une, ba la juch'unuk 7un, ba smeltzan vaj 7un, nax 7ox la slikel 7un.

7Óra, ti vinik 7une, ja7 to yul xch'ulel lek xa toyol k'ak'al 7un, te xa tzobol ti viniketike, yolel xa chuch'ik, ja7 nox mu chul xch'ulel mu x7ech' svayel ti vinik 7une, k'al yul xch'ulele stuk xa slapoj i tzekile k'ajom k'an-jayan sbek' yat ta ti7 k'ok' 7un, 7iyul xch'ulel 7une xk'exav xa 7un, mu xa sk'an xak' 7iluk ti ssat 7une.

7Óra, slapoj la lok' ti tzekil 7une, jatav la ech'el 7un, bat ta sna ti vinik 7une, ja7 ti ch'abal xa ti svex 7une, bat 7o 7un, chk'exav xa 7un, mi ja7uk xa bu ba sk'el ti yajnil, bat 7o k'alal pinkatik soled 7ixch'ay komel ta spat sjol ti yajnil, mu xa bu tal sk'el 7un, ja7 ti k'exlal 7ista 7une, ti k'ajom xa stuk te ch'ojol sbe stzo7 ta ti7 k'ok'e.

Now he discarded the skirt on the way. He had no pants. His pants were lost. That's what I've heard them say. The woman was left behind. When he was in bed he had a hard time getting up since [the voices of] those men and women could be heard, since he was just left wearing that skirt. That's what I've heard them say.

In Zinacantán a house entrance ceremony confirms that a boy and girl will be married in a month's time or so, and often this marks the first occasion when the groom can legally sleep with his bride. In Chamula, however, the couple never go before the priest and so this is the wedding proper. Even the groom's oversleeping was humiliation enough, for his first duty to his in-laws should have been to serve them drink early in the morning to chase their hangovers.

This tale was retold by Romin during the same year. The two

7Óra, 7a ti tzekile, te xa xch'ay komel ta be, ja7 ti ch'abal xa ti svexe, ti ch'aybat svex 7une, ja7 la yech 7un xiik 7ika7i 7un, kom 7o ti 7antz 7une, 7a ti k'alal te vayeme vokol xa la lik 7un, k'u ti yu7n xník xa la taj viniketik 7une, taj 7antzetik te 7une, k'u ti stuk xa slapoj kom taj tzekil 7une, ja7 yech la 7un, xiik 7ika7i 7un.

versions differ very little. In the second rendering the wedding guests' and bride's laughter is quite explicit. The groom fled home (Bricker, T59).

Romin's first version is roughly a third longer and the richness of vocabulary is proportionally greater. Three-quarters of the words in the shorter version are found also in the above. Even though the plots are nearly identical and the vocabulary so similar, the individual sentences do not conform at all to a set pattern.

The Buzzard Man

T43

There was a very lazy man. He went to clear trees. But he asked for tortillas to take along. When he arrived, he slept. [He was] very lazy, lying on his back in the woods, watching the buzzards gliding in the sky. "Come on down, buzzard, come here, let's talk! Give me your suit!" the buzzard was told. The buzzard never came down. The man returned home every day. He was given tortillas to take. He just went to eat.

"How's your work?" asked his wife.

"There is [work to do], there is still [work to do]. There is quite a bit, because it can't be done easily. There are so many large logs," said the man.

Well, on the third day the buzzard came down.

"What do you want?" the man, who slept in the woods, was asked.

"I don't want anything. Won't you give me your clothes? I like them a lot," he told the buzzard.

"Ah!" said the buzzard. "But how come? Can't you like your work? Why don't you work?" asked the buzzard.

"Because I just can't work. I can't do anything. It seems better the way you do, gliding in the sky. It's not much work for you to get your food," said the man.

"Ah, but it just looks like that to you. But it is very difficult. Sometimes we can't find food. Sometimes we go to bed hungry," said the buzzard. "If there isn't any [food] we find shit. We look for where the vapor comes out of dead horses, dead sheep, dead dogs. We eat, but not every day," said the buzzard.

"But never mind, if you will do me the favor [of giving me] your clothes," said the man.

"Well, close your eyes, then!" said the buzzard. The man closed his eyes. When he left he was

7Oy la jun vinik toj ch'aj, ta xk'ot ta boj-7osil, pero ta la sk'an ech'el yot, chk'ot vayuk, toj ch'aj, level ta yut te7tik, sk'eloy xjayet li xulem ta vinajele. "La7 yalan tal, xulem, la7 jk'opon jbatik, 7ak'bon lak'u7e!" xut ti xuleme. Muk' bu chyal li xuleme, ta sut tal ta sna, ju-jun k'ak'al, ta x7ak'bat ech'el yot, naka chba ve7uk.

"K'u x7elan 7avabtele?" xi la ti yajnile.

"7Oy, 7oy xa, 7ep7ep xa jutuk yu7un toj mu stak' lek, toj 7ep tz'etob," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Bwéno, ta yoxibal k'ak'al 7iyal ti xuleme.

"Bwéno, "K'usi chak'an?" x7utat la ti vinik ti te chvay ta yut te7tike.

"Mu k'usi ta jk'an, mi mu xavak'bon lak'u7e, chak jk'upin ka7i," xut la ti xuleme.

"A!" xi la ti xuleme. "Pero k'u yu7un mi chopol chava7i 7avabtele, k'u yu7un ti mu xa7abteje?" xi la ti xuleme.

"Yu7un batz'i mu xu7 7abtel, batz'i mu k'u jcha7le, mas lek yilel li x7elan xajayet ta vinajele, mu k'usi mas 7abtel chata 7o 7ave7el," xi la ti vinike.

"7A!" Pero chak'el no 7oxe, pero toj mas vokol, 7o me mu jta jve7eltike 7o me vi7nal xivayotik," xi la ti xuleme. "7Oy jtatik tzo7 mi ch'abale, ja7 ta jk'eltik bu xlok' ssobal chame-ka7, chame-chij, chame-tz'i7, chive7otik pero mu skotoluk k'ak'al," xi la ti xuleme.

"Pero muk' ta 7alel mi cha7abolaj lak'u7e," xi la ti vinike.

"Bwéno, mutz'o lasate che7e!" xi la ti xuleme. 7Ismutz' la ssat li vinike, k'alal 7i7aye xulem xa 7ox,

already a buzzard. He never found food. Every day he went to bed hungry. The buzzard who was now a man returned. He arrived at the house. "Are you there, wife?" he said.

"I'm here," she said.

"Ah, I'm hungry," he said.

"Eat!" said the woman. "What stinks so?" asked the woman.

"I don't know what it is. Do you notice something? I don't notice anything at all!" The buzzard man went to work, but [he did] a lot of work. In just two or three days he had cleared a lot of trees. It was just the same every day.

"What is it that stinks so?" she asked.

The man spoke. "It's true I'm not your husband. I'm a buzzard. Your husband is so lazy he asked me for my clothes. He took them and left," said the buzzard man. The former husband arrived. He was flapping about outside next to the house, picking up soft corn kernels. He was waiting for his wife to come out and take a shit. Then he would go eat it. Or if his successor came out to take a shit [he would eat it]. He couldn't get his food by himself. "That is your husband there. He turned into a buzzard," said the successor.

"Ah!" she said. She hadn't known that it was her husband. She beat him off. She broke his legs with a stick. He fled to the roof. He wanted to go inside, but there was nothing he could do now. There he died. He died of hunger. That's how he died.

The tale of the Buzzard Man appears to be a New World creation. In Mexico it has been reported from the Yaquis (Giddings, 1959:27), the Tlapanecs (Lemley, 1949:81-82), the Mixtecs (Dyk, 1959:115-123), and the Tzotzil of Chamula (Gossen, T25, T50) and Chenalhó (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:204). It also occurs in Guatemala among the Mam (Applebaum, 1967:79-80), Cakchiquel (Schoembs, 1905:221-222, Tax, 1950, T7), Aguacatec (Shaw, 1972:71-72), and Tzutujil (Rosales, 1945:802).

The buzzard's attempt to dissuade the lazy man from changing his way of life is expressed in nearly identical words in the Yaqui version: "The life of a buzzard is very hard. There are days when there is nothing to eat. Buzzard food is not a sure thing." (Giddings, *loc. cit.*)

Buzzard's instructions to the man to locate his food by the rising fumes is given also in San Pedro la Laguna (Rosales, *loc. cit.*).

There is some variation in the tell-tale characteristics of the buzzard in man's guise. He hops (Giddings, *loc. cit.*), has hairy legs (Gossen, T25), or has feathers on his knees (Gossen, T50), doesn't wash, but only drinks his water, and refuses chili (Bricker, T24), or neglects to eat his tortillas (Applebaum, *loc. cit.*), but mostly he stinks (Giddings, *loc. cit.*; Lemley, *loc. cit.*; Rosales, *loc. cit.*; Shaw, *loc. cit.*; and Tax, *loc. cit.*). He may

mi ja7uk 7o bu sta sve7el vi7nal chvay ju-jun k'ak'al, 7isut ti vinike, 7ik'ot ta na, ti xulem to 7oxe. "Mi li7ote, 7antz?" xi la.

"Li7one," xi.

"7A, chive7!" xi la.

"Ve7an!" xi la ti 7antzze. "K'usi van taj tol tzije?" xi la ti 7antzze.

"Mu jna7 k'usi, mi 7u k'usi chava7i, mu k'u chka7i vo7on a7a!" Chk'ot ta 7abtel, ti vinike xuleme, pero 7ep yabtel, ta chib 7oxib no 7ox k'ak'al, 7ep xa sbojbil 7osil ja7 la yech ju-jun k'ak'al.

"K'usi taj tol tzije?" xi la.

7Iyal la ti vinik 7une. "Melel ka7uktik a7a mu xa vo7nikon 7amalalon, vo7one xulemon, yu7un toj ch'aj lamalale, lisk'anbe li jk'u7e, ja7 yich'oj 7ibat," xi la ti vinik xulem 7une. Ta la xk'ot ti smalal to 7oxe, te la xpochlajet ta pana xxokon na ta la stam ssat panin, ja7 to la tzmala, mi lok' tza7anuk ti yajnile, ja7 to chbat slo7be, mi lok' tza7anuk ti sk'exole, mu sta sve7el ta stuk. "Ja7 me 7amalal le7 7une, 7ipas me ta xulem 7un," xi la ti k'exolile.

"7A!" xi la. Mu to 7ox la sna7, mi ja7 smalal, ta la smaj ech'el, ta la sk'asbe yakan ta te7, ta la xjativ ta jol na, yo7onuk la 7ochuk ta yut na pero mu xa k'u xcha7le, te 7icham, ta vi7nal 7icham 7o, ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o.

protest that his foul odor is caused by hard work (Rosales, *loc. cit.*) or that he was the unlucky target of a bird overhead (Lemley, *loc. cit.*).

The fate of the man who elected to fly lazy circles in the sky is not always the same. He may be chased off by his wife (Tax, *loc. cit.*), become too weak to fly (Giddings, *loc. cit.*), or be forced to eat his wife's excrement (Bricker, *loc. cit.*). He may return home only to have his wife toss boiling water on him, forever scalding his head red (Gossen, *loc. cit.*), or he may plummet fatally into a garbage fire (Rosales, *loc. cit.*). In the Tlapanec version he is allowed to resume his human shape, but on condition that he feed the buzzard good meat (Lemley, *loc. cit.*). Among the Aguacatec the buzzard allows him to return to his former condition, but only if he keeps his three-day adventure a secret. Unable to resist telling his wife, he dies soon after (Shaw, *loc. cit.*).

The moral of the Protestant ethic is given a final twist in the Mam story—after the loafer is restored to his human shape his wife gives birth to a child begotten by the buzzard. While his own children neglected him, his stepson cares for him faithfully. So, today, the Indians are condemned to work in the sun, and the Ladinos, offspring of the buzzard, work in the shade! (Applebaum, *loc. cit.*). See also T42, T69, their notes, and T48.

What's Man Like?

T3

Long ago there was a man who loaded a cart to be drawn by a pair of oxen. The oxen were standing in the middle of the road. Coyote arrived. "What are you doing, Ox?" he asked.

"I'm not doing anything. I have a load," said [Ox].

"Who gave you your load?" asked Coyote.

"Man did," said Ox.

"What's Man like? Is he terribly strong? Can't you eat him? I'll eat him," said Coyote. "Why don't you defend yourself? You should gore him," said Coyote.

"But how can I gore him? He'll stick a pole up our ass."

"But exactly what does Man look like?"

"Well, like a man. He walks on two legs. [He has] two arms. He stands."

"Well, what's the use! There's nothing I can do for you. Take care! I'm going!" said Coyote.

A tiger arrived. "What are you doing, Ox?" he asked.

"Nothing, I'm just walking along here," said Ox.

"Who owns your load?" asked Tiger.

"It's Man," he said.

"What's Man like?"

"Well, he walks on two legs," he said.

"Hell, you're so stupid. You should gore him," he said.

"Oh god, there's nothing you can do. If you act up he kills you and eats you," said Ox.

"Ah, but as for me, I have to eat him!" said Tiger.

"If I see him anywhere I'll eat him," said Tiger.

"Watch out, then!" said Ox. He went on. Tiger walked along. He met a mule. It had a load.

"What are you doing, Mule?" asked Tiger.

"Nothing. I'm walking. I'm going to leave the load," said Mule.

"Who gave you your load?"

"It was Man."

"But, hell, I'd like to see what Man looks like," said Tiger.

"Well, he looks like a man. He can walk fast," said [Mule].

"Well, if I see him anywhere I'll eat him. He has a habit of tormenting animals," he said. "Why don't you kick him?" asked Tiger.

"If I kicked him he would whip me more. He'd pull my ears."

"Oh well, I guess I'll see. As for me, I guess I'll see," he said.

"I'm going!" he said. He went on. He reached a forest where there was a man splitting wood.

"Is that you, Man?" asked Tiger.

"It's me. How come?" he said.

Bwéno, 7a ti vo7nee, 7o la jun vinik 7iyak'be yikatz 7iskil kareta jun mankornal vakax, te la kotajtik ta 7o7lol be ti vakax, 7ital la 7ok'il. "K'usi chapas, tóro?" xi la.

"Mu k'u ta jpas 7oy kikatz," xi la.

"Buch'u layak'be lavikatze?" xi ti 7ok'ile.

"Ja7 li vinike," xi ti vakaxe.

"K'u x7elan li vinike, mi toj mas tzotz, mi mu stak' ti7el ta jti7," xi la ti 7ok'ile. "K'u yu7un ti mu xapoj abae k'ojo ti yechuke," xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"Pero k'usi ta xkut, ta jk'oj ta spaj te7 ta jchaktik."

"Pero k'u toj x7elan li vinike?"

"Pwes vinik yilel, chib yok, ta xxanav, chib sk'ob, xva7et."

"Bwéno, te k'alal che7e, mu k'u xa jcha7letik, k'el aba, chibat 7un," xi la ti 7ok'ile.

Bwéno, 7ital j-kot bolom. "K'usi chapas, tóro?" xi la.

"Yech li7 no 7ox chixanave," xi la ti vakaxe.

"Buch'u yajval 7avikatze?" xi la ti bolome.

"Ja7 li vinike," xi.

"K'u x7elan li vinike?"

"Pwes, chib yok, ta xxanav," xi la.

"Karájo, toj sonsoot, yechuke chak'oj," xi la.

"7Aj dyos, mu k'u 7acha7le 7a ti xatoy abae chismilotik, 7i chisti7otik," xi la ti vakaxe.

"7A, pero xchi7uk vo7one ta jti' ta pwersa!" xi la ti bolome. "7A ti mi 7o bu kile ta jti7," xi ti bolome.

"Te xak'el avil!" xi ti vakaxe. 7Ibat, 7ixanav ech'el ti bolome, 7ista j-kot mula, 7oy yikatz.

"K'usi chapas, múla?" xi ti bolome.

"Yech, chixanav, chba kak' 7ikatzil," xi ti mulae.

"Buch'u 7iyak' lavikatze?"

"Ja7 li vinike."

"Pero 7ómbre chak jk'el ka7i k'u x7elan li vinike," xi la ti bolome.

"Pwes vinik yilel, sna7 xxanav tzotz," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno ti mi 7o bu kile, ta jti7 xkom ta manya ta x7ilbajin 7animaletik," xi la 7un. "K'u yu7un ti mu xatek'e?" xi la ti bolome.

"7A ti jtek'e chak' mas 7arsial chistzakbe jchikin."

"7A bwéno te ta jk'el kik, te ta jk'el kik vo7on," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, "Chibat che7e!" xi la. 7Ibat la 7ik'ot la ta te7tik te la yolel ta xt'ox si7, ti vinik 7une.

Bwéno, "Mi vo7ot ti vinikote?" xi la ti bolome.

"Vo7on, k'u cha7al?" xi la.

"Oh, no reason. I'm going to eat you. Why do you torment animals so much?" said [Tiger].

"Ah, wait a minute, 'til I finish splitting my wood," he said. "Sit down a minute."

"Okay," said Tiger. "Well, but for how long, because I'm getting hungry. I'm going to eat you," said Tiger.

"Well, if you're getting hungry, help me split my firewood," said Man.

"But how do I split it?"

"Like this. Stick both your paws in the split in the wood," said Man. [Tiger] stuck his paws in. [Man] pulled the ax out. Both [Tiger's] paws were held tight. Then he was screaming.

"I can't, it's impossible. It hurts terribly. I can't split it. Help me! Please! I won't eat you any more. Forget it! Free my paws for me!" said Tiger.

"Oh," said Man. "How come you aren't going to eat me? Eat me today, bastard!" said Man. He picked up his gun. Quickly he shot at Tiger. [Tiger] pulled his paws out quickly. He left. He ran away. He reached a stream. There he found a lot of women washing clothes.

"What's Man to you?" the women were asked.

"Oh! [He's] my husband," said [one of] the women.

"Your husband?"

"My husband."

"But he's such a devil. He's always killing [us]. He shot me. A bullet hit me in the ribs," said Tiger.

"Oh, that's not fatal. He was kind to you. Look at us! He's split our flesh wide open. Smell it and see! It stinks," said the women. Quickly they lifted their skirts at him.

"Oh, that's too much. But you're already dying. You're wounded too badly. It stinks already. Me, I'm splitting!" said Tiger. He left. He ran away. That's why tigers don't eat us much any more.

I have chosen the colloquial expression "to split" as it reproduces exactly the Tzotzil metaphoric extension of *jatav*.

Tiger's lesson that man is a two-legged, erect, walking animal who persecutes all others gives a specially Zinacantec slant to this ancient story. Tiger's or Lion's search for the king of the beasts, and his unhappy encounter with the woodsman form the entertainment for the 146th of the Arabian Nights. The tale was repeated in Spain (A. M. Espinosa, 1967, T261, T262) and the New World (Hansen 1957:157). The manner of catching the tiger's paws in the split log is found also in the New World (Hansen, 38), but the tale has been recorded only infrequently in Mexico (Kutscher, 1958:542-543; Parsons, 1932a, T12; Radin and Espinosa, 1917, T67; and 1915; T3), in Guatemala (de la Cruz Torres, 1965:111-116; Rosales, 1945:877; and Shaw, 1972:76), and in Belize (J. E. Thompson, 1930:155). The Nahuatl version cited by Kutscher ends with the moral "brains are better than brawn."

Poor woman's pestiferous "wound" plays no part in the above versions of tiger's downfall, but does occur in a tale from Puerto

"7A, mu k'usi yu7un chajti7, k'u yu7un tol xavilbajin 7animaletik?" xi la.

"7A, malao j-likeluk, laj lajuk jt'ox jsi7," xi la. "Chotlan j-likeluk!"

"Stak'uk," xi la ti bolome. "Bwéno, pero k'u to óra, yu7un chivi7naj, yu7n chajti7," xi la ti bolom 7une.

"Bwéno ti mi7n chavi7naje, koltaon ta st'oxel jsi7," xi la ti vinike.

"Pero k'u xi ta jt'ox?"

Bwéno, "Ja7 yech chak li7e ta sjavalul li te7e tik'o xchibal lak'obe," xi la ti vinike. 7Istik' la ti sk'ob 7une, 7isbotz' li 7ek'ele, te tzinil 7ikom, xchibal i sk'obe te x7avet.

"Mu xu7, mu stak', batz'i k'ux, mu xjav ku7un, koltaon, 7abolajan, mu xa bu chajti7, yiyil, lok'esbon li jk'obel" xi la ti bolome.

"7A," xi la ti vinike. "K'u cha7al muk' chati7on, ti7on lavi 7une, kavron!" xi la ti vinik 7une. 7Istam la stuk', j-likel 7iyak'be bala ti bolome, 7isbotz' ta 7óra, ti sk'obe, 7ibat, 7ijatav, 7ik'ot ta 7uk'um, te 7ista 7epal j7uk'umajel.

"K'usi 7avutoj li vinike?" xut la li 7antzetike.

"7A, jmalal," xi la ti 7antzetike.

"7Amalal?"

"Jmalal."

"Pero toj pukuj, toyol xmilvan, liyak'be bala, 7i7och ku7un bala li7 ta jch'elope," xi la ti bolome.

"7A, le7e ma7uk milel, k'uxubinel 7ata, mi chak'el avil vo7otikotike, 7ep sjatoj jbek'taltikótik, 7utz'i ava7i, yan yik'," xi la ti 7antzetike. J-likel 7isvalk'unbe stzekik.

"7A, toj mas, pero chachamik xa, toj mas lajemoxuk, yan xa yik', 7entónse li vo7one chijatav," xi la ti bolome. 7Ibat, 7ijatav, yech'o, ti mu xa masuk xisti7otik li bolom 7une.

Rico (Mason and Espinosa, 1927:379-380; Hansen, 169). It also becomes a saving grace in the Faustian epic from Chamula when the protagonist, having made his pact with the devil, is told that his time has come. With great lamentation he points out his wife's terrible axe wound. The devil takes pity on the couple and agrees not to carry them off (Gossen, T179). The most elaborate and thorough treatment of this subject, however, was reported in 1532 by François Rabelais in the Second Book of *Pantagruel*.

A full citation of this scene is offered the reader to dispel the possible impression that Zinacantecs are exceptionally salacious, male chauvinist primitives. Witness here the play of imagination in a literary classic of Western civilization!

I'm going to tell you, on your way home to supper, a charming little story, which is to be found in *Frater Lubinus, libro De computationibus mendicantium*.

In the days when the beasts talked, which was not three days ago, a poor lion, wandering through the forest of Fontainebleau and saying his short prayers, happened to pass under a tree up which a country coal-merchant had climbed to cut down some wood. The merchant, seeing

the lion, dropped his hatchet, thereby wounding the beast terribly in one thigh. The lion limped and ran away the best he could through the forest in search of aid, when he happened to meet a carpenter, who very willingly looked at his wound, wiped it as clean as possible, and bandaged it up with moss, telling the lion to be careful to keep the flies away, so they would not do their dung there, while he went to search for the carpenter's herb. And so the lion, his wound having been looked after, was walking through the forest, when he fell in with an old hag who was cutting fagots and gathering wood in that same forest. The hag, seeing the lion coming, was so frightened that she fell down on her back-side while the wind blew her dress, petticoat, and chemise above her shoulders. Beholding this, the lion, out of pity, came running up to see if she had hurt herself, and looking at her what-you-may-call-it, he exclaimed: 'Oh you poor woman Who has wounded you like that?' As he said this, he caught sight of a fox, and called to him: 'Brother fox, come here, come here.' When the fox came up, the lion said:

'Old fellow, my friend, someone has wounded this good woman here, most viciously, between the legs, and there is an obvious dissolution of continuity. Look how big the wound is, all the way from the rump to the navel; it must measure four, or even five and half spans. It's a hatchet-wound, and I don't believe it's very old. However, in order to keep the flies from getting at it, swat it well, I beg of you, both inside and out. You have a good long tail. Swat it, my friend, swat it, I beg you, while I go look for some moss to put on it; for we ought to help one another out in cases like this. And so, swat it well, my friend, swat it, for this wound must be swatted very often; otherwise, the lady will not rest easy. And so, swat it well, old man, swat it well. God has provided you with plenty of tail; you've a big one and thick enough; swat it hard, and don't weaken. A good swatter who, by constantly swatting, swats with his swatter will never be swatted by flies. Swat, old balls; swat, my little cutie, and I'll be back in a jiffy.'

Then he went to look for a supply of moss, and when he was a long way off, he called back to the fox:

'Keep it up, old fellow, swat it well; swat and don't weaken, and I'll make you official swatter to Don Pedro of Castille. Swat, that's all; swat; you haven't anything else to do.' The poor fox swatted with might and main, this way and that way, inside and out; but the old hag farted and pooped and stunk like a hundred devils. The fox was very uncomfortable, not knowing which way to turn to avoid the perfume that came from the hag's farts; and as he turned around, he saw that there was another aperture on her back-side, not so big as the one he was swatting, from which the wind that was so stinking and infectious appeared to come.

The lion finally returned, bringing with him more than eighteen bales of moss. He proceeded to cram the moss into the wound, by the aid of a stick that he carried with him. He had already put in sixteen bales and a half, when he cried out in astonishment:

'What the devil! But this wound is deep. More than two carloads of moss have already gone in.'

Whereupon the fox gave him a piece of advice:

'Brother lion, my friend, please don't put all the moss in there; keep a little of it, for there's another little aperture underneath here that stinks like five hundred devils. I'm poisoned with the smell of it, it's so vile.'

And so it is, you would have to protect those walls from the flies, and employ hired swatters!

Then Pantagruel spoke:

'How do you know that the shameful members of the women are so cheap as all that? There are many good women in this town, chaste ones and virgins!

'*Et ubi prenus?*' demanded Panurge. 'And where will you find them?' (Rabelais, 1951:301-304).

See also T168.

The Jaguar and the Jaguarundi

T16

A man slept by the trail above Bik'it Nich [Little Flower]. Night fell. A jaguarundi came. It was prowling around, howling. It wanted to bite him. The man had bought [some] meat. He threw it several pieces. The jaguarundi finished eating his meat. It slept. It guarded the man, but the man was terribly scared. A jaguar came. It sniffed the man's feet. It was going to eat him, but the jaguarundi defended him. It fought the jaguar until it killed it. It ate the jaguar. The jaguarundi came back. It guarded the man again. It left when the sky line was getting light. That's how the man escaped [with his life].

This story was told to me to prove the belief that jaguarundis are companion animal spirits of strong-hearted people.

The theme of a weaker feline protecting man from jaguars is also found in Chamula, where salt was left along the trails for mountain lions so that they would protect travellers from the

7Ivay la ta be jun vinik ta yak'ol Bik'it Nich,
7i7och la 7ak'ubal, 7ital la tzajal bolom, te la xjoyet
te la x7avet, ta la sk'an chti7van, 7o la smanoj sbek'et
ti vinike, 7istenbe la jay-tuch', 7ilaj sti7 sbek'et ti
tzajal bolome, 7ivay la 7ixchabi la ti vinike, pero ti
vinike xi7em la ta j-mek, 7ital la mol bolom,
7i7utz'ibat la yok ti vinike, ta 7ox la sti7 pero ti tzajal
bolome ja7 la 7ipojvan 7istzak sbaik xchi7uk ti mol
bolome, 7ásta ke cham yu7un 7isti7 ti mol bolome,
7isut tal ti tzajal bolome, ta xchabi 7otro jun bwelta ti
vinike, ja7 to 7ibat k'alal sakub yibel vinajele, ja7
yech 7ikol ti vinike.

jaguars (Gossen, T29). In Panajachel a man was miraculously defended from a jaguar's onslaught by a house cat (Tax, 1950, T15). The Ixil, too, tell how a cat defended a man from a lion, but the cat also tattled on his wife and so was mistreated (Shaw, 1972:114-117).

The Man Who Didn't Know How

T138

Once there was an old woman and her son. And probably the old woman had no husband, the boy

Bwéno, 7a ti vo7nee 7oy la jun me7el xchi7uk
skrem, 7i ch'abal nan smalal ti me7ele, ch'abal stot 7i

had no father. Who knows if he died. Who knows if it was because the boy was illegitimate.

Now the boy grew up. He matured. Now he was a full-fledged man. He had never gotten a wife.

Now his mother saw that her boy was never going to get a wife. She told her son, "See here, son, it would be better, if you can't pay [the brideprice] for a woman, if you can't get the money yourself, go speak to some girl. Go into the streets. I'll stick your tortillas [in a bag] for you to take. Go for a few days and see, I guess, if you meet one to speak to. Take her! It's better if you get a wife," his mother said.

The boy did as she said. He left. He was given his tortillas to take along. He ate before he left. He wasted maybe a week or more arriving to wait for the girls there in the street.

Well, his mother asked him, "What's happened, son? Were you able to speak to a girl? Did you see one?" she asked her son.

"Ah, they pass by there. They don't say anything. They never spoke to me," he said.

"Ah, stupid, why did you imagine that they would speak to you? It's you who should speak!" said the old woman.

"Ah, I thought they would speak to me. I was standing there on the corner, of course, but they passed strai—ght by. They didn't say anything. They didn't say anything to me," said the boy.

"No, you're the one to speak!" said the old woman. "Well, go now, I guess, for a day or so, then!" she told her son. She gave him his tortillas to take along. He ate before he left. He went. Then the boy spoke. He spoke to the girls.

Then he returned home in the evening. His mother asked him again. "Did you find one, son?" she asked her son.

"I found one. She answered me. You are right that they have to be spoken to. I thought they would speak to me. But they wouldn't speak at all. They just passed by.

"Now since I spoke to them they answered me," he said.

"Ah, good then. Take her once and for all if she answers you. That's better," she told her son.

"Well, okay, then," said the boy, too. He followed it up. He spoke, he spoke to the girl.

He took the girl. They got married. They slept together.

Maybe night fell. Maybe he was going to sleep with his wife, but the boy didn't do anything. He just slept. He slept happily. He didn't do anything to his wife. But the woman wanted to know the man. She wanted to join her husband.

Then she would shake her husband awake. She would take his hand and put it on her thigh. She would let him know what it is that girls like to give.

kreme, na7tik mi chamem, na7tik mi yu7n nox tzobbil ti kreme.

Bwéno, 7óra, ch'i ti krem 7une, yijub 7un, mol vinik xa 7un, mu la bu ssa7oj yajnil 7un.

7Óra, 7iyil ti sme7 7une, ti muk' bu ta ssa7 yajnil ti skrem 7une. 7Iyalbe ti skrem 7une, "K'el avi, krem, mas me lek ti mi mu xtoj 7avu7un ti 7antzé, mi mu ssa7 7avu7un i tak'ine, ba k'opono junuk tzeb, batan ta kaya chajtik'be ech'el 7avot ba k'elo kik jayibuk k'ak'al mi 7o bu xata ta k'oponele, 7ik'o, mas lek sa7 7avajnil," xi la ti sme7 7une.

Bwéno, 7ixch'un la ti krem 7une, 7ibat la 7un, 7itik'bat ech'el yot, 7ive7 lok'el, 7ich'ay nan xemanauk mi mas k'u cha7al ti chk'ot smala ti tzeb tey ta kaya 7une.

Bwéno, 7isjak' ti sme7 7une, "K'u nox x7elan 7un, krem, mi 7o xata ta k'oponel ti tzeb 7une, mi 7o chavil 7un?" xut la ti skrem 7une.

"7An, 7oy te ch7ech' mu k'u xalik muk' bu xisk'oponik," xi la 7un.

"7A sonso k'u yu7un 7ana7oj mi yu7n vo7ot chask'opon vo7ot me chak'opoj!" xi la ti me7el 7une.

"7Aa, kak'uk me ja7uk chisk'oponik che7e, te va7alon ta 7eskina a7a, pero tu--k' chjelavik mu k'u xalik mu k'u xiyalbeik," xi la ti krem 7une.

"Mo7oj, vo7ot chak'opoj!" xi la 7un, ti me7el 7une. "Bwéno, batan xa kik junuk k'ak'al che7e!" xut la ti skrem 7une. 7Istik'be la ech'el yot, 7ive7 lok'el, 7ibat 7un, ja7 to la k'opoj ti krem 7une, 7isk'opon la 7un, ti tzeb 7une.

7Óra, 7isut tal ta smalele k'ak'al ti ta sna 7une, 7isjak' la ti sme7 noxtok 7une. "Mi 7o 7ata 7un, krem?" xut la ti skrem 7une.

"7Ijta 7un, listak'be 7un, yech ka xaval ti tzk'anik k'oponele, kak'uk me vo7nikon chisk'oponik yu7n mu xk'opojik ta j-mek yech nox chjelavik.

"7Óra, listak'be, 7a lavi jk'opon 7une," xi la 7un.

"7Aa, lek che7e, j-moj 7ik'o ti mi yu7un lastak'bee, mas lek," xut la ti skrem 7une.

"Bwéno, yechuk che7e," xi la ti krem 7uk 7une. 7Ispas segir, 7isk'opon ti tzeb 7une.

Bwéno, 7iyik' la ti tzeb 7une, 7inupunik 7un, 7ixchi7in sbaik ta vayel 7un.

Bwéno, 7och nan ti 7ak'ubal 7une ta nan xvayik xchi7uk ti yajnil 7une, pero mu la k'u xal ti krem 7une, k'ajom ta xvay, jun yo7on ta xvay, mu k'u ta spasbe ti yajnil 7une, pero ti 7antz 7une, ta la sk'an ya7i ti vinik 7une, tzk'an chchi7in ti smalal 7une.

7Óra, ta la stijbe svayel ti smalel 7une, ta la stambe tal ti sk'obe, ta la stik'be ti ta slev 7une, chak' 7a7yuk ti k'usi ta sk'an chak' ti tzeb 7une.

Then during the night the boy was shouting, "Mother, I don't know why my wife doesn't let me sleep. She grabs my hand. She sticks it up her thigh. I don't know what it is there. It has a beard. It has a mouth, it seems. It feels as if it will bite me. It bites people. It feels as if it has teeth. If my hand is hurt, I don't want that. I don't want to sleep with her anymore," said the boy.

"Stupid, no! You're supposed to climb on. It's because that wife of yours loves you very much. How come then? Don't you do anything to your wife? Don't you give her anything? Don't you climb on?" asked the old woman.

"No!" said the boy.

"Ah, but the next night you climb on top, then. Don't be afraid of it. That's a good thing! It's because your wife longs to enjoy you," said the old woman.

"All right!" said the boy. The next day he got his ladder ready. He found a ladder. He leant it next to his bed for the night. Maybe he thought he was supposed to climb up on the rafters in a hurry.

Night was just about to fall. His ladder was ready, it seems. "Climb on quickly when night falls!" said his mother.

"All right!" said the boy. He waited for night to fall. Quickly he climbed up the ladder.

Then maybe the ladder wasn't leaning properly. Down they came together. They fell. He landed on top of his bed, and on top of his wife, too. Down they came—he and the ladder. "What are you all doing, crashing around? What are you all doing, banging around?" asked his mother. "Don't give me such a fright!" she said.

"Ah, I didn't know! It's your fault! It's your fault, mother. Now you told me, *Climb on up, climb on up during the night, when night falls!* you told me. I just thought it was good [advice]. I put my ladder there for the night. See here, I came down with it. It would have been your fault if I had broken [a bone]. It would have been your fault if something had happened to me," the boy told his mother. He probably thought he was supposed to climb up onto the rafters.

But you see, he was supposed to climb on his wife. Because his wife wanted to fuck, too.

But you see, he didn't know what it was. The woman, she knew what it was.

Now the man didn't know what it was. That's why he went and set up his ladder to climb onto the rafters. That's why he fell down.

Now he was scolding his mother. And the next time the old woman gave him good advice. "Is it on the rafters that you climb, then? It's on top of your wife that you should climb, not onto the rafters," she told her son again.

7Óra, ta 7ak'ubaltik 7une, x7avet xa la ti krem 7une. "Me7, mu jna7 k'u yu7un, 7a li kajnile, mu xak' vayikon, chistzakbe li jk'obe chistik'be ta slev, mu jna7 k'usi 7o tey, 7o yisim 7o ye ya7el, chisti7 ya7el ta xti7van 7o ye ya7el 7a ti mi laj 7i jk'ob 7une, mu jk'an mu xa jk'an jchi7in ta vayel," xi la ti krem 7une.

"Sonso, mo7oj, yu7 me chamuy 7un, yu7 me chask'an ta j-mek taj 7avajnil, k'u cha7al che7e, mi mu k'usi chapasbe lavajnil, mi mu k'u chavak'be mi muk' bu chamuy?" xi la ti me7el 7une.

"Ch'aba---!" xi la ti krem 7une.

"7A, pero xamuy xa me ta 7otro jun 7ak'ubal che7e, mu me xaxi7 7o taj a7a, yu7 me lek taje, yu7 me chak sk'upinot ya7i lavajnil," xi la ti me7el 7une.

"Bwéno!" xi la ti krem 7une. Ta 7otro jun k'ak'al 7un, 7ixchap la stek'ob 7un, 7issa7 la jun moch te7 7un, 7iskikan la vayuk ti ta stz'el svayeb 7une, xak'uk nan ta jol na chmuy ta 7anil ti yaloj 7une.

Bwéno, po7ot x7och ti 7ak'ubal 7une, chapal ti smuyeb ya7el 7une. "Xamuy me ta 7anil ti mi 7och ti 7ak'ubal 7une!" xi la ti sme7 7une.

"Bwéno!" xi la ti krem 7une. 7Ismala 7och ti 7ak'ubal 7une, 7imuy la ta 7anil ti ta moch te7 7une.

7Óra, 7i muk' nan lek kikil ti moch te7 7une, ko7ol 7iyal tal xchi7uk 7un, 7ip'ajik 7un, kajal 7ik'ot ti ta sba stem ta sba ti yajnil 7uk 7une, ko7ol 7iyalik xchi7uk ti tek'obal 7une. "K'usi chapasik putz'lajetel, k'usi chapasik lomlajetel?" xi la ti sme7 7une. "Mu xasibtasanikon!" xi la 7un.

"7A mu jna7, vo7ot 7amul, vo7ot 7amul, me7. 7A lavi 7avalbone, Xamuy me 7un, xamuy ta 7ak'ubaltik ti mi 7och ti 7ak'ubal 7une! xavuton 7une. Kak'uk nox lekuk 7un, 7ikak' vayuk li jtek'ob 7une, k'el avil, ko7ol liyal jchi7uk 7un, vo7ot 7amul ti mi lik'ase, vo7ot 7amul ti mi 7u k'u jpase," xut la sme7 ti krem 7une. Xak'uk nan ta jol nauk chmuy 7un.

Buy 7un, yu7n ta xmuy ta sba ti yajnil yu7n ta sk'an ta skob ti yajnil 7uk 7une.

Pero k'usi, mu sna7 k'usi 7une, 7a ti 7antze, sna7oj k'usi.

7Óra, li vinike mu sna7 k'usi 7un, yech'o ti stek'ob ba yak' ti chmuy 7ox ta jol na 7une, yech'o ti p'aj tal 7une.

7Óra, ta xa xut ti sme7 7une, 7i 7otro jun bwelta 7un, 7iyal to lekil k'op ti me7el 7une. "Mi ta jol na chamuy che7e, ta sba me lavajnil chamuye, mu me ta jol nauk," xut la ti skrem noxtok 7une.

"Ah, I see where I should climb, then! I thought I, was to climb into the rafters to spend the night," he told his mother again.

"No, you should climb on top of your wife. You should stick your prick in where you say she has that mouth, where you say she has that beard. That's where it goes in. That's what your wife wants so badly. So give it to her! Stick your prick inside her!" said the old woman.

"Ah, I understand, then," he said. The boy learned. The next night that's what he did. That's how the boy became a bit wiser. And he had a hard time learning what to do. That's the way it was.

The boy's failure to "speak to" the girls is doubly funny to a Zinacantec, for clearly it is the literal meaning of *k'opon*, "to speak to" that is intended here rather than the verb's figurative meaning, "to have sexual relations with." The humor would be just as apparent to many Guatemalan Indians, for the same

"7Aa, va7i, buy chimuy che7e, ka7uk me ta jol nauk chimuy vayikon," xut la ti sme7 noxtok 7une.

"7I7i, ta sba me lavajnil chamuye, ja7 me te chatik' lavat yo7 bu 7a taj 7o ye chaval 7une, 7a taj 7oy yisim chaval 7une, ja7 me te ch7och 7un, yu7 me ja7 tzk'an ta j-mek lavajnil taj 7une, yu7n chavak'be chapajbe ochel lavat 7une," xi la ti me7el 7une.

"7Aa, ka7i che7e," xi la 7un. 7Ixchan 7o la ti krem 7une, 7ispas xa yech ta 7otro jun 7ak'ubal 7un, 7i ja7 yech 7ip'ijub 7o j-set' 7i krem 7une, 7i vokol 7ixchan ti k'usi ta spas 7une, ja7 yech 7un.

extension of the verb, "to speak to," occurs in a number of Mayan languages.

Although Tax collected a number of folktales in Panajachel relating the misadventures of innocent newlyweds, I know of no competitor to this lively numbskull story.

Respect the Dead!

T15

Once there was an Ixtapanec who heard a tale [of what would happen] if you didn't wait for the ghosts every All Souls' Day. He did it. He tested to see if it were true that the ghosts come to take us away. All Souls' Day arrived. He waited for the ghost. He left bull shit for it. He climbed a tree to see if it were true that the ghost himself would come walking in. He thought he would take his wife up into the tree. The woman didn't want to [go with him]. She stayed inside the house. The spirit came at midnight. He arrived. He went inside. "Are you there?" he asked the woman.

"I'm here," she said.

"Where has he gone?"

"He's gone. He went out," she said.

"Well, where is my meal?" he asked. "Am I to eat bull shit? I've just come for this one fiesta. It isn't every day I return," said the spirit.

"I don't know. That's what he left," said the woman.

"Well, I guess we'll see. If you're here all the time you can eat the bull shit," he said. "As for me, I'm going. I have friends. I'll see who will give me a meal," he said. He went. He left. The man came down from the tree. He had heard everything the spirit said. The man climbed down the tree. Dawn came. Already his body ached. No hope for him.

"It feels as if I'm dying. What's the use?" said the man. "I guess I'm going to look at my horse. If I return, I return. If not, if I haven't come back, go look for me then," said the man. He left. He never returned. He died when he was looking at his horse.

7O la jun jnibak ti vo7nee ya7yoj la jun kwento, ti mu xich' malael ti ch'ulelal ju-jun Santoe, 7ispas la yech, 7ispas preva, mi melel, ti chtal yik'otik li ch'ulelale, 7ital la jun Santo, 7ismala la ti ch'ulelale, 7iyak'be la tzo7 vakax, 7imuy la ta te7, ta la sk'el, mi melel, ti xva7et tal stuk ti ch'ulelale, yak'uk la yik' muyel ta te7, ti yajnile, mu la sk'an ti 7antze, te la 7ikom ta yut na, ta 7o7lol 7ak'ubal 7ital ti 7animae, 7ik'ot 7i7och ta yut na. "Mi li7ote?" x7utat 7a li 7antze.

"Li7one," xi.

"Bu batem?"

"Batem, lok'em ech'el," xi la.

"Bwéno, buy li jve7ele?" xi. "Mi ja7 ta jlajes, li tzo7 vakaxe, yu7un k'ajom jun k'in lital, mu sbatel 7osiluk chiyul," xi la ti 7animae.

"Mu jna7, ja7 yech 7iyak' komel," xi la ti 7antze.

"Bwéno, jk'eltik kik, mi sbatel 7osil li7oxuke tek lajesik li tzo7 vakaxe," xi la 7un. "7A li vo7one chibat 7oy kamikotak, te ta jk'el buch'u xisk'elante jve7el," xi la. 7Ibat la, 7ilok' la ech'el, 7iyal la ta te7 ti vinike, ya7yoj skotol ti k'usitik 7iyal ti 7animae, 7iyal ta te7, ti vinike, 7isakub 7osil chopol xa spat, xxokon, mu yorauk 7un.

"Chicham ya7el pasénsia," xi la ti vinike. "Chibat jk'el kik jka7 7a ti mi lisut tale, lisut tal, 7a ti mi7n mu7yuke, muk' xisut tale, te xbat 7ak'elikon," xi la ti vinike. 7Ibat la, mu la bu sut tal, te la 7icham ta k'el-ka7, ba la sk'elik, te la pak'al, ta balamil, ja7 yech

They went to look. He was lying on the ground. That's how he died. The spirit came to take him away.

I have translated *Santo* here and elsewhere as All Souls' Day though it is really a three-day period including Halloween and All Saints' Day. In every home a table serving as an altar is covered with the favorite food and drink of the deceased. Great netfuls of fruit are carried to the graveyard, where the fruit is placed on the graves. Candles are lit, the responsories are chanted by the sacristans (in Zinacantán Center), and quantities of cane liquor are consumed. In the Church of St. Lawrence a large table is studded with flickering candles for the souls that died without surviving kin.

7icham 7o 7ay 7ik'onuk yu7un ti 7animae.

Stories of the dire consequences that attend the failure to feed the spirits on All Souls' Day must be a standard element of Middle American folk literature, yet almost none have been published. A Sayula Popoluca man who neglected to feed his wife's spirit repented and reformed after seeing and hearing a host of spirits complaining of their harsh fate (Clark, 1961:93-98). A Tepehua's repentance under similar circumstances came too late to save his life (Williams García, 1972: 96-98). Two tales of the fatal neglect of spirits on All Souls' Day were collected in Yucatan (M. Redfield, 1937:18-19).

The Revolution

T14

War broke out once. There was an officer in the courthouse. He came to ask for men to carry baggage all the way from Ba Stentej [Upper Meadow]. Men were called up. They were forced to go. They didn't want to go very much, because of the dispute. The baggage arrived. The soldiers arrived at the courthouse. "See here, Magistrate," they said. "Now, today we are camping in Zinacantán Center," they said. The magistrate was frightened. He returned home. Old Petul Tzu of Naben Chauk [Thunderbolt Lake] came. He tried his best.

"But what are you scared of? Sit down! Listen to good advice," said Old Petul Tzu.

Well, the magistrate never overcame [his fear].

So, Old Petul made a big issue of it. He was installed as magistrate. He gave orders. He did all there was to be done in the war.

All the soldiers came, the Obregónists. They placed a cannon next to Old Selso's house. They fired the cannon. The Pinedists went up into the hills. They went to Na Joj [Raven House]. They shot at the Obregónists from the top of Na Joj.

Then the Obregónists went climbing up the hills. Stealthily they went.

Now the Pinedists were lying on their stomachs on the top of the hill. [Nearly] all the Pinedists died, the others went to Ventana [Window]. The Obregónists returned. They came to their emplacement. Pineda returned to the top of Na Joj. Half remained at Ventana. The Obregónists fired a cannon. Many of the Pinedists died. One group of the Pinedists was stationed at the tip of Na 7Ichin [Horned Owl House]. They shot towards [the town]. Another group was at 7Ak'ol Mukenal [Upper Graveyard].

First they sprayed bullets at the top of Na Joj, then they shot at the top of Na 7Ichin, then they shot at 7Ak'ol Mukenal.

7Iyul 7ak'-k'ok' ti vo7nee, jun totil j7ak'-k'ok' ta kavilto, 7iyul sk'an vinik, skuchbel yikatz k'alal Ba Stentej, 7isa7e vinik, 7ibat ta pwera, mu sk'an lek xbat, porke yu7un 7oy pletu, 7iyul ti yikatze, ti solteroetike 7iyul ta kavilto. "K'el avil, preserente," xi. "7Ora lavie li7 ti chichotie, ta Jtek-lum," xi. 7A ti preserente, 7ixi7, 7isut ta sna, 7ital mol Petul Tzu, ta Naben Chauk, 7iyak' pwera.

"Pero k'usi chaxi7, chotlan, 7a7yibo smelol li k'ope," xi la ti mol Petul Tzue.

Bwéno, mu la bu spas tzatzal, ti preserente.

7Entónse, 7itzake ta tzotz k'op ti mol Petule 7ichotanan ta preserenteal, 7ispas mantal, skotol, 7iyu7 yu7un, ti 7ak'-k'ok'e.

Bwéno, 7iyul skotol ti solteroetike, 7a ti 7Obregone, 7ixchotan la jun kanyon, ta stz'el sna mol Selso, 7iyak'be kanyon, muy ta vitz, ti Pinedae, bat ta Na Joj, 7iyak' tal bala, ta jol Na Joj, 7i7ak'bat li 7Obregone.

7Entónse li 7Obregone, 7ibat 7imuyik ta vitz, nak'nak'-bail 7ibatik.

7Óra, te patajtik ta jol vitz ti Pinedae, te 7ilaj skotol, ti Pineda, 7ibat k'alal Ventana, 7isut tal ti 7Obregone, 7ital ta slugar, 7isut tal Pineda, ta jol Na Joj, j-7o7lol 7ikom ta Ventana, 7ist'omes jun kanyon ti 7Obregone, 7ep 7ilaj ti Pinedae, j-vok' yak'oj sbaik ta jol Na 7Ichin ti Pinedae, ta xak' tal bala, j-vok' ta 7Ak'ol Mukenal.

7Entónse, primero slilinbe bala ta jol Na Joj, tz'akal 7iyak'be bala ta jol Na 7Ichin, tz'akal 7iyak'be bala ta 7Ak'ol Mukenal.

The Obregónists chased the group of Pinedists at Ventana on foot. They went and fired towards Ventana. [The Pinedists] were left stretched out. The Pinedists fled. They reached San Cristóbal. They shut themselves up. They entered the houses. They were driven all the way to Comitan.

Then the trouble ended. But [the Obregónists] stole many sheep. They stole chickens. They stole horses. They stole skirts. They made them into tortilla bags, but they weren't [even] washed! [The Obregónists] cooked at Vo7-ch'oj Vo7 [Five Springs]. The poor corpses were lying on the ground. Looters came. They took off their watches. They took their money. They took the gold teeth of all the corpses. Everything. They picked up many rifles. Everything. That's how the trouble ended long ago.

Romin was embarrassed to tell me about the Mexican Revolution because he only knew what he had heard from his mother, who, he said, still remembered it vividly.

The battle between the revolutionary soldiers loyal to Obregón, and General Pineda, commander of the reactionary

7Entónse, j-vok' ta Ventana ti Pinedae, ba snutz ta yokik ti 7Obregone, 7ibat, 7iyak'be bala ta Ventana, te pak'ajtik 7ikom, 7ixi7 ech'el ti Pinedae, 7ik'ot la k'al Jobel, 7ismak la sbaik ta na, 7i7ochik ta yut na, smakojik 7ibat k'alal Komitan.

7Entónse, laj 7o ti k'ope, pero 7ep 7iyelk'an chij, 7iyelk'an kaxlan, 7iyelk'an ka7, 7iyelk'an tzekil, 7iyak' ta svorxa yot, pero muk' chuk'bil, 7islakanik ta Vo7-ch'oj Vo7, 7a ti povre 7animaetike te pak'ajtik ta lum, 7ital j7elek', 7ilok'esbat sreloj, 7ilok'esbat stak'in, 7ilok'esbat yoroal ye, skotol ti 7animaetike, skotol 7ep 7istamik tuk', skotol ta j-mek, ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o ti k'op vo7nee.

forces of San Cristóbal, was fought on 1 May 1924. As Romin's account agrees essentially with others here, but is much briefer, I will defer further comments until later. See also T112, T148, T152, T154, and their notes.

A Lick and a Poke

T45

There was a man, newlywed. He slept with his wife in their bed. They fucked at night.

Now they had a cow tethered next to their house in front of the window.

Now when they had finished giving it to each other, "Hey, sweet!" she said to her husband.

"What, honey?" he said.

"My pussy is dirty now. I'm going to let the cow lick it," said the wife. The wife stuck her ass out the window, next to her bed. The cow licked it. "Ouch!" she said. "The cow's tongue hurts so badly," she said.

"Why, honey?" said the husband.

"I don't know," she said.

"Let it lick it [again]," he said.

"Ouch," she said. "It stuck its horn in all the way," she said. "It has ripped me now," she said. "It is bleeding," she said.

"Well, the bastard won't go anywhere. I'll kill it!" said the husband. He picked up his machete, went out and quickly cut off the cow's head. The poor cow died. It wasn't its fault. It was because the wife had a lover. She said it was the cow's horn that was put up her. It wasn't. [It was] her lover's prick. It was too thick. That's why her pussy was ripped more. The poor cow suffered in vain. The lover had fled. That's how the story ends.

7Oy la jun vinik, 7ach' jnupunel, xchi7uk yajnil ta la xvayik ta svayebik, ta la skob sbaik ta 7ak'ubaltik.

7Óra, te stimanoj j-kot sbaka, ta xxokon sna, ta yelav ventana.

7Óra, k'alal chljay yak'beike, "Míra, 7íjo!" xut ti smalale.

"K'usi, 7íja?" xi.

"7Oy xa yik'ubal li jmise ta xkak'be slek' li bakae," xi la ti 7antze. Ta la sbutan lok'el xchak ta ventana, ti 7antze, ta xxokon svayeb, ta la slek' tal ti baka. "7Iri!" xi la. "Toj k'ux yok' li bakae," xi la.

"K'u yu7un, 7íja?" xi la ti vinike.

"Mu jna7," xi la.

"7Ak'o xa slek' ka7tik!" xi la.

"7Iri!" xi la. "7Istik' xa sjunlej li skachue," xi la. "Lisjat xa," xi la. "7Ilok' xch'ich'el," xi la.

"Bwéno, kavron, muk' bu xbat, ta jmil!" xi la ti vinike. 7Istam la lok'el jun smachita, j-likel 7isp'asbe snuk' ti bakae, 7icham ti povre baka, ma7uk smul, yu7un 7oy yajmul 7a ti 7antze, ta xal ti ja7 skachu li bakae ta xtik'bate, ma7uk, yat la yajmul yu7un toj mas yij, yech'o la ti mas 7ijatbat li smise, yech 7iyak' svokol ti povre bakae, 7ijatav xa 7ox, ti yajmule, ja7 yech ti laj 7o ti k'op 7une.

When Zinacantecs Rode Home on Horseback

T110

Once there was a war. Who knows if the war began in Tabasco or where. It came nearer. It came nearer to Zinacantán Center. It passed on. There was a battle there. They fired on each other.

They fought hard. The army that was pursued fled up [to Zinacantán].

Now the soldiers, the commander, seized many [men to serve as] porters. The poor Zinacantecs went to deliver the packs. The packs were carried. They went as far as the [Guatemalan] border.

Now the army that was pursued reached an ocean. Then they gained the advantage. The others, the army that came up in pursuit was about to reach them. The ones who were immersed in the water couldn't be killed. The ones who were on land were killed. A great many died. They died. They were worn out. Now they had no way to succeed. So many had died. They fired cannons at them, too, but not even with them were they able to win now. They were finished. They were faint with exhaustion. Their bullets had run out now.

So when the porters, our poor countrymen, saw that the soldiers in the army had grown weak, it seems, they made plans. "Can't you do anything?" one asked, since they had been saying "I'm going back. I'm, going back."

"Oh, if you go back I'll kill you first!" they were told. That's how they regained their courage. They battled there.

Now they couldn't win any more. So they asked each other if there were somebody who could do something. One of them spoke, "Me, I can be a little thunderbolt," he said.

"Ah! And you?" they said.

"Me, I can't do anything at all. I'm terribly stupid," said [one].

"But even the least thing will help if you can do a little something," said Thunderbolt.

"[I can't do] anything at all," he said.

"Go on then, move aside, idiot, I don't want you to come, to come with me here. Don't come bothering me!" said Thunderbolt. "If you can't be of any help, move aside!" he said. "And you, can you do anything?" he asked another of his companions.

"Me, I can't do anything. I can only be a little butterfly," he said.

"Oh, but that will certainly do!" he said. "And you?" he asked another.

"Me, I am a whirlwind," he said.

"Oh hell, as for you, we'll go together!" he said. "And you?" he asked another of his friends.

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la, 7iyu7 7ak'-k'ok', jna7tik mi Tabasko bu la likem tal ti 7ak'-k'ok'e, 7ech' la tal, 7ech' la ta ta Jtek-lum, 7ech' la, 7iyu7 la sa7-k'op te yo7e, 7iyak'be la sbaik k'ok'.

Bwéno, 7ech' tal yo7onik, ja7 7ixi7 muyel ti j-chop 7une snutzoj 7ibat 7un.

7Óra, 7ep stzak jay-vo7 yaj7ikatznom ti solteroetike, ti totil yu7un 7ak'-k'ok'e, póvre jtzinakantaetik 7une ba yak' maleteil skuchoj 7ibat maleteil, bat k'alal k'al Raya.

7Óra, te la 7istaik 7a li jun mar ti j-chop 7une, ti buch'u nutzbil 7ibat 7une, ja7 to te kuch yu7unik 7un, 7a ti yan buch'u 7a ti j-chop buch'u nutzvanem muyel 7une, ba staik 7ox 7un, 7a ti buch'u tik'ajtik ta vo7 7une, ja7 mu stak' milel 7un, ja7 ti buch'u tzba balamile, ja7 ta xich' milel 7un, ja7 toj 7ep 7ilaj 7un, laj, 7ilubtzajik, mu xa k'u xu7 yu7unik, toj 7ep xa 7ilajik 7istik'beik la kanyon noxtok pero mi ja7uk muk' bu kuch yu7un xa, laj yu7un xa, jiltzaj yu7un xa laj ti sbalake.

7Entónse, k'al 7iyil ti yu7un xa 7iyochik ti j7ak'-k'ok' j-chop 7une, 7óra 7a ti j7ikatznometik 7une, ti povre jchi7iltaktik ya7el 7une, 7isnopik la 7un. "Mi mu k'u xana7?" xi la ti jun 7une. K'usi yu7un la "Chisut chisut," xiik 7ox 7un.

"7A, sutan vo7ot, ba7yi chajmil!" yu7un la x7utatik 7un. Yech'o ti 7ispasik tzatzal 7une, 7iyak'ik k'ok' te yo7 7une.

7Óra, mu xa xu7 yu7unik 7une, ja7 7isjak'be sbaik ti buch'u, mi 7u k'usi sna7 7une, 7iyal la li jun 7une. "Vo7one jna7 j-set' chauk," xi la 7un.

"7A, 7a li vo7ot 7une?" xi la.

"Vo7one batz'i mu k'usi jna7, batz'i yech sonsoon," xi la.

"Pero bal batz'i j-set'uk mi 7u k'usi j-set'uk xana7," xi la, ti chauk 7une.

"Yu7un batz'i ch'abal," xi la.

"Batan che7e, k'ej aba pendéjo, mu jk'an chatal la, xtal jchi7not li7 toe mu xtal 7asa7 jjol!" xi la ti chauk 7une. "Mi mu k'usi balot 7oe, k'ej aba!" xi la 7un. "7A li vo7ote k'usi xana7 j-set'uk?" xut la ti jun xchi7il 7une.

"Vo7one mu k'usi jna7, k'ajom jna7 j-set' i pepene," xi la.

"7A pero xu7 bi a!" xi la. "7A li vo7ote?" xut la ti jun.

"7A li vo7one sutum 7ik'on," xi la.

"7A karájo, 7a li vo7ote che7e, ta jchi7in jbatik!" xi la. "7A li vo7ote?" xut la ti jun xchi7il.

"Me, the only thing I can be is a little tornado," he said.

"Oh well, fine then! There are three of us who are good. Let's find out, I guess, about one or so more."

So, "And you, what can you do?" he asked another of his friends.

"Me, I can be a little blowfly," he said.

"Oh, that's fine!" he said. "Well, and you, what can you be?"

"I can be a little something, but the only thing I can be is a hawk!" he said.

"Oh damn, let's go together, I guess. But we can't reject him," said that Thunderbolt. "You're a bit of a help, you can tag along," said Thunderbolt.

They talked it over and agreed that the soldiers were done in.

They went to speak to the leader of the troops. "Well, sir, are you worn out now? Have you done all you can? We will help you a little if you want us to. We'll make a try, I guess, ourselves, and see if we can do it," said Thunderbolt.

"Do you mean it?" said the leader of the troops.

"Yes, sir, we'll try it out a little," he said.

"Oh, go ahead, then!" he said, since many had been killed already by that army that was immersed in the water. Since the first army was on land, that's why more of them had died.

"Well, we are going, then, with the agreement that we'll just fight three hours," he said.

"Fine!" said the leader of the troops.

"Well, we beg you to fix our meal when we have finished fighting, it seems, [when] we have returned," he said.

"All right!" he said.

"Let's go, but don't let a single soldier go near that place!" said Thunderbolt.

"All right!" said the leader of the troops.

When they had drawn near, they went on [by themselves]. They reached the border. Butterfly left. They sent him off. He went gliding along the sea-coast. He returned. He came to report [to them]. "What are they doing?" asked the elders.

"Oh, they are scattered on the beach. They have come out. They are cooking their food contentedly. They are scattered there warming themselves happily in the sun."

"Ah!" they said. "I guess you should go now, Hawk!" they said. Hawk left. Hawk went soaring off. "What are they doing!" asked the elders again when Hawk came back.

"They are spread out there, happily," he said.

"Well, I guess you should go now, Blowfly," the blowfly was told. Blowfly left. He went to that place. They were well satisfied. Their meal was cooking.

"7A li vo7one jna7 j-set' k'ajom no 7ox liki-chob," xi la.

"7A bwéno, lek che7e, 7ox-vo7otik lek taj 7a, ka7itik ka7itik xa junuk," xi la.

7Entónse, "7A li vo7ote k'usi xana7?" xut la ti jun xchi7ile.

"Vo7one jna7 j-set' 7unen yaxal vo," xi la.

"7A lek bi 7a!" xi la. "Bwéno, 7a li vo7ote k'usi xana7?" xi la.

"Jna7 j-set' pero xik no 7ox jna7 vo7on a7a!" xi.

"7A kere, jchi7in jbatik kik 7un, pero mu xu7 xa jch'aytik taj a7a," xi la taj chauh 7une. "Baltik j-tz'uje, tek nap'etan," xi la ti chauh 7une.

Bwéno, 7istzob la sk'opik 7un ti yu7un xa 7ilaj chilik ti j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

Bwéno, ba la sk'oponik 7un ti totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une. "Bwéno, senyor, 7a lavie mi lalubtzajik xa, mi 7ech' xa lavo7onik 7une, chajkoltaik 7unin j-set'uk mi xak'anike, ta jpas kik preva ta jtuktikótik 7aver mi mu xu7," xi la ti chauh 7une.

"Mi yech 7aval?" xi la ti totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

"Yech senyor, ta jpastikótik preva j-set'uk," xi la.

"7A xu7 che7e!" xi la 7un. Kómo ti yu7un xa 7ep 7ilajik 7o 7une, ja7 taj tz'ajal ta vo7 taj j-chop 7une, ja7 ti tzba balamil chak' k'ok' li j-chop 7une, yech'o ti mas 7ep 7ilaj 7une.

"Bwéno, chibattikótik che7e, trate no 7ox 7oxib 7ora chitajinotikótik," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno!" xi la ti totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

"Bwéno, 7abolajanik jk'antik meltzanik jve7el ti mi7n laj tajinotikótik ya7el 7une, chisutotikótik tal 7un," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno!" xi la.

"Battik la 7un, pero mi ja7uk jun soltero mu me xnopoj te yo7 7une!" xi la ti chauh 7une.

"Stak'!" xi la ti totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

Bwéno, 7ibatik la 7un, k'al nopol xa 7une, 7ik'otik ta Raya 7une, 7ibat la 7istakik la ech'el 7a li pepene, te la xjayet 7ijelav ta ti7 mar, sut la tal 7un, yul la yal 7un. "K'usi tzpasik?" xi la ti moletik 7une.

"7Aa, te lamajtik ta ti7 mar, lok'emik jun yo7on ta slakan sve7elik, jun yo7on la tey lamalik tzk'atanik k'ak'al," xi la ti pepene.

"7A!" xi la. "Batan xa kik vo7ot, xik!" xi la. Bat la ti xik 7une, xjayet la ech'el ti xik 7une. "K'usi tzpasik?" xi la ti moletik noxtok k'al yul tal ti xik 7une.

"Te te lamalik jun yo7onik," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, batan xa kik vo7ot 7un che7e, 7a li yaxal vo," x7utat la ti yaxal vo 7une. 7Ibat la ti yaxal vo 7une, 7i7ech' la te yo7 7une, jun la yo7on lakal ti sve7elik 7une.

So, quickly, Blowfly laid eggs in the food. They saw it. Just maggots appeared. "Oh, hell, the enemy has come again!" they said. "There's no time left!" they said. Right off they went back into the ocean. They submerged themselves in the water again. "Well, let's wait, I guess!" they said, because they were waiting for their enemies to approach again.

"What are they doing?" that Blowfly was asked when he arrived.

"They've gone in now. They went into the water. They are submerged in the water now. And it's just because they are upset, because I left maggots in the food," he said.

"Oh, fine! If that's the case it won't be long before we get into the act," they said.

"Oh, good, let's go, then!" the three elders said to each other.

Now Tornado left. Tornado finished scooping out the water, but you couldn't see what scooped the water out. The water just seemed to come out by itself.

Whirlwind arrived. Whirlwind was one terrific whirlwind. Now Thunderbolt was cracking here and there. Ohh, Tornado finished hurling the soldiers leagues away. The ocean was just left dry. "So we won!" said the elders. They came back. "Well, sir, go see for yourselves! See how it was left. We were able to do a little by ourselves," said the elders.

"Is that right?" said the leader.

"Yes, sir, go see for yourselves. Go and make sure!" they said.

"All right!" said the gentleman. They went. Lord, nothing was left! The enemy was gone. "Well, this is wonderful!" said the gentleman, the leader of the troops.

When they returned, they ate. The elders feasted.

The elders were given horses. They returned. Mounted on horseback, they returned. As for the leader of the troops, he came with his tumpline fastened. It was he who carried back the baggage! Now it was the soldiers who carried back the tortillas, the posol and everything. So they came on foot. They just came walking back on foot. But our countrymen, the Zinacantecs, just came on horseback. Then the dispute ended like that.

Two Jacalteco tales contain elements so similar to this legend, told to Romin by his father, that there is clearly a pan-Mayan tradition. The heroes of the first version are two elders, Señor Juan and an anonymous assistant, both humble porters mustered by the President of Guatemala. The soldiers, awed by the elders' display of power as Thunderbolts, offer to carry their packs while they march to the President. The elders demand that only seven soldiers accompany them to show them the enemy hiding

7Entónse, j-likel 7a 7istza7ta komel ti ve7elil ti yaxal vo 7une, 7iyilik 7un, naka la xuvit 7ilok' tal 7un. "7A kavron, tal xa kronta noxtok 7un!" xiik la 7un. "Mu yorauk!" xiik la 7un. 7Ochik la ta 7ora ta yut mar noxtok 7un, 7istz'aj sbaik ta vo7 noxtok 7un. "Bwéno, jmalatik 7ora ka7tik!" xi. Yu7un xa smalojik k'u 7ora xnojoj noxtok ti skrontaik 7une.

Bwéno, "K'usi tzpasik?" x7utat k'otel taj yaxal vo 7une.

"7A li 7i7ochik xa, 7i7ochik ta yut vo7 tz'ajatik xa ta vo7, 7i ja7 no 7ox chopol 7iya7iik yu7un 7ikak' komel xuvit ta ve7elil," xi la.

"7A bwéno, 7entónse taje che7e, mu to jaluk, yu7un xa ch7och i jk'optike," xi la 7un.

"7A bwéno, battik che7e!" xut la sbaik ti 7ox-vo7 moletik 7une.

7Óra, bat la liki-chob, li liki-chobe laj la sk'eban lok'el ti vo7e, pero mu7nuk xvinaj k'usi ti tzk'eb lok'el ti vo7e, yech no 7ox ta xlok' stuk yilel ti vo7e.

Bwéno, k'ot sutum 7ik', jun sutum 7ik' toj mas la ta j-mek ti sutum 7ik'e, ti chauke stz'itlajet xa la ti chauke, 7iij, ti liki-chobe, laj la sjipan ech'el ta reva ta j-mek ti solteroetike, solel takin 7ikom ti mare. "7Entónse, 7ikuch ku7untik!" xi la ti moletik 7une. 7Isutik la tal 7un. "Bwéno senyor, ba k'el avilik 7un, k'e x7elan 7ikom 7un, 7iyu7 ku7untikótik j-set'," xi la ti moletik 7une.

"Mi yech 7un?" xi la ti totil 7une.

"Yech senyor, ba k'el avilik ba toj 7avo7onik!" xi la.

"Bwéno!" xi la ti mol 7une. Batik la 7un, kere, mu la k'u 7oy, ch'abal la kronta. "Bwéno, lek 7oy chak li7 a7a!" xi la ti mol 7une, totil j7ak'-k'ok' 7une.

Bwéno, k'al 7isutik tal 7ive7ik la, lek la 7ive7ik ti moletik 7une.

Bwéno, 7a ti moletike, 7ak'bat la ska7ik, 7isutik 7o tal, kajal 7isutik tal ta ka7 7un, 7a ti totil j7ak'-k'ok'e, ja7 la stiman tal spek', ja7 la 7iskuch tal 7ikatziil, ja7 xa skuch tal vaj, 7uch'imo7 k'utikuk ta j-mek ti solteroetike, ja7 ta yok la talik 7un, naka xa ta yok la xanavuk tal 7un, yan ti jchi7iltaktik jtzinakantaetik 7une, naka xa ta ka7 7ital 7un, ja7 to yech 7ich'ab 7o ti k'op vo7ne 7une.

in the middle of the ocean. The two Thunderbolts strike the water and dry it up, turning water to blood. They spare a few for "seed." Then they return to the edge of their town, where they turn to stone. In the second version, much as in the Zinacantec legend, one of the elders exclaims, "If only there was some little thing I knew—but then, I am very stupid." (La Farge and Byers, 1931:119-124). The Chortí, too, speak of armies submerging in the ocean for protection (Fought, 1972:356).

From the Quiché colonial chronicle, *Title of the House of Ixquin-Nehaib*, comes a scene that heralds the contemporary Jacalteco, Chortí, and Zinacanteco legends. Gucumatz, a Quiché chief, transformed himself into an eagle and plunged into the ocean, where he remained briefly to prove to his soldiers that he could conquer even the ocean (Recinos, 1957:80-81).

The contrast between the Zinacantecs riding home victoriously on horseback while the soldiers carry their packs recalls the lines from the *Popol Vuh*, "The towns fell and took up the

tumpline And all the tribes took up the tumpline." (Edmonson, 1971:236-237). Until recent times Indians in the Chiapas highlands were forbidden to ride horseback. Even today a mounted Indian is a somewhat unusual sight.

It is possible that this and other legends of wars with Guatemala were kept alive by the Soconusco border dispute between Mexico and Guatemala in the mid-nineteenth century, though there is no evidence that Zinacantecs were involved. See also T160 and notes.

The Man Who Took the Spook's Wings

T125

Once there was a man who went to the lowlands. He was returning from the lowlands. He had many mules. He unloaded them half way up the mountain. He piled up all his packs there half way up the mountain where he [was going to] sleep.

The man slept. And he ate contentedly before he went to bed.

Now that night was coming he got very sca—red. He shoo—k. He was qua—king now terribly.

"God, My Lord, what's going to happen to me later on tonight?" he said.

He had a gun.

Well, he ate plenty before going to bed. He slept. He slept in the midst of his packs. He lay his gun down at his side when he went to bed.

Because he was tired he fell asleep. He slept. And when he woke up there was a Spook squatting there at the fireside eating. He had put aside some leftover beans for the night, thinking he would eat them the next day. When he woke up, the Spook was having a good meal. He was squatting and eating happily.

"Oh, no! But what can I do about that?" said [the man]. And quickly he picked up his gun. Quickly he sent bullets whizzing after [the Spook].

The Spook's chest was well peppered with bullets. Oh, the Spook fle—w off now. He went to the other side of the mountain. The moon was very bright. It was light. The man had seen where the Spook landed.

When dawn came he went to look. He took up his gun. We went, went to look. [The Spook] was squatting in a gully. Squatting there in the gully, the Spook was bandaging his chest.

When the man arrived carrying his gun, "Ooh, don't kill me!" said the Spook. "Don't do that! I've already been hit, but look at the size of the bullet wounds," he said.

"What a bastard! Why shouldn't you be shot, you bastard! Why did you come scaring me in the dark? What are you looking for?" said the man.

"Well, if you want [me] to, I'll give you lots of money, but not if you mean to kill me. Only if you let

Bwéno, 7a ti vo7ne 7oy la jun vinik, 7i7ay ta 7olon 7osil, 7isut tal ta 7olon 7osil, 7ep ska7tak, 7isyales yikatz ta 7o7lol vitz, 7a ti yikatztake 7islatzan skotol te ta 7o7lol vitz yo7 bu vaye.

Bwéno, 7ivay ti vinik 7une, 7i jun yo7on 7ive7 vayuk, 7islajes xchenek' 7i lek 7ive7 vayuk.

Bwéno, ta la xi---7 ta j-mek ta la xni---k xt'elele---t xa la ta j-mek ti 7och 7ak'ubal 7une.

Bwéno, "Dyos kajval, k'usi van ta jpas tana?" xi la.

Bwéno, 7oy la jun stuk' 7un.

Bwéno, lek la ve7 vayuk, 7ivay la, 7ivay ta 7o7lol yikatz 7ismetzan vayuk stuk' ta xxokon.

Bwéno, kómo lubem 7une, 7ibat xch'ulel, 7ivay 7un 7i k'al 7iyul xch'ulel te xa xok'ol 7a li jun j7ik'al ta xve7 ta ti7 k'ok', porke yu7un 7oy kom sovra xchenek' snak'oj vayuk ta sti7 ta yok'omal ti yaloje, k'al 7iyul xch'ulel 7une, lek xa chve7 li j7ik'ale, jun xa yo7on xok'ol xve7.

Bwéno, "Nómbre, pero k'usi ta jnop le7 7une?" xi la. 7I j-likel la 7istam i stuk' 7une, j-likel la sjisbe bala.

Bwéno, 7a ti j7ik'al 7une lek la lambat bala te ta sti7 yo7on 7un, jii, 7a ti j7ik'al 7une, xvili---l xa la ech'el 7un, 7ibat la ta j-jech vitz 7un, lek la ta j-mek jch'ul-me7tik 7un, lek sak balamil 7un, yiloy ti bu k'ot ti j7ik'al ti vinik 7une.

Bwéno, ba la sk'el 7un ti sakub ti 7osil 7une, 7istam ech'el stuk', 7ibat la 7un, ba la sk'el 7un, te la xok'ol ta k'al be-o7 7un, te la xxok'et ta k'al be-o7 ta spoxta sti7 yo7on ti j7ik'ale.

Bwéno, k'alal stamoj k'otel stuk' ti vinik 7une, "7Ay, mu xamilon 7un!" xi la ti j7ik'al 7un. "Mu xamilon, mu xapas yech, 7ikich' xa li bala 7une pero k'el avil sjamlej li yav balae," xi la.

"Ke kavron, k'u yu7un muk' xavich' bala, kavron, k'u yu7un ba sibtason ta 7ak'ubaltik k'u chasa7?" xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Bwéno, mi xak'an che7e, chakak'be 7ep tak'in pero mu ya7uk 7amilon 7un, 7a li ja7 no 7ox

me go free, then I'll give you lots of money," said [the Spook].

"Well, give it to me then, as much money as you want. Give it to me! Then I surely won't kill you," said the man. He was given money. He was given lots of money. The Spook gave it [to him]. First [the man] took the money and then he sent bullets whizzing after him again. He pe—ppered him with bullets again.

[The Spook] died. Then [the man] cut the Spook into little pieces.

He looked at him, turned him over, turned him around. There was something on his heels. "What could that be?" he said. "Could that be his flying apparatus?" said the man. He took the things off his heels, the Spook's flying apparatus, it seems. He stuck them on his [own] heels, too. And then he stuck them on his heels . . . since maybe he wanted to go look to see where the home of the Spook's wings was, wanted to return them to their home.

The man stuck them on his heels. Maybe he thought it was a good [idea].

Now when he finished sticking them on his heels, one after another, he flew. Gli—ding off now, he left. It was the Spook's wings that carried him away, it seems. He left. He arrived in Guatemala.

"What are you looking for?" asked the people there in Guatemala.

"I'm not looking for anything. It happened like thus and so. A spook went and scared me a bit. I don't know why," he said.

"Oh, but that one, you see, he left in a hurry. But I saw him. He was standing here just at dusk," said the people there.

"I certainly don't know. I saw him like [I told you]. He went and scared me," said the man. "That's why I killed him," he said.

"Go on, then!" said the people. "Go! Now you have your money. You [can] return, you [can] go enter your house," they said.

Well, the man was elated now that he got lots of money. On and on he came. He came from very far.

"Well, I'll let everyone know what the Spook is like, how far [the wings] carried me," he said.

Well, he came. He returned home. There wasn't any trouble at all. He just returned to show his money.

Well, he returned to tell his children what had happened to him. "The Spook did this and this and this to me," he said when he returned.

Well, that's the way it was. They still talk about it, about how it is true that a man once hit the Spook with bullets. That's why it was left that way. He told his children about it. That's why [it has been handed down] till today just like that.

chakoltaon 7o komel, chakak'be 7ep tak'ine," xi la.

"Bwéno 7ak'bon che7e, k'u yepal sk'an 7avo7on tak'ine, 7ak'bon, 7entónse muk' chajmil 7un bi 7a," xi la ti vinik 7une. 7I7ak'bat la tak'in, 7epal tak'in la 7ak'bat, yak' ti j7ik'al 7une, ba7yi 7iyich' ti tak'in 7une, ja7 7o 7isjisbe bala noxtok 7un, le---k 7islambe bala noxtok 7un.

Bwéno, 7icham, te sp'asulan ti j7ik'al 7une.

Bwéno, 7éste, 7isk'el la svalk'un ssutp'in, 7éste, 7o la k'usi 7oy te ta xchak yok 7un. "K'usi van le7e?" xi la. "Mi ja7 van svileb?" xi 7un, xi la ti vinik 7une. 7Islok'esbe la ti k'usi 7oy ta xchak yok 7une, ti svileb ya7el ti j7ik'al 7une, 7isnap'an la ta xchak yok 7uk 7un, 7i k'alal 7isnap'an ta xchak yok 7une kómo ta nan sk'an 7a k'el ti buy ti sna ti svileb ti j7ik'al 7une, sk'an sutesel ta sna 7un.

Bwéno, 7isnap'an ta xchak yok ti vinik 7une, xak'uk nan lekuk 7un.

7Óra, k'alal laj snáp'annáp'an ta xchak yok 7une, 7ivil 7un, xjaye---t xa ech'el 7ibat, ja7 xa 7ik'van ech'el ti svileb ya7el ti j7ik'al 7une, 7ibat, 7ik'ot k'al Watimala.

Bwéno, "K'u chasa?" xi la ti krixchanoetik te ta Watimala.

"Mu k'usi ta jsa7, ja7 yech ja7 yech chak li7e 7a ssibtason jutuk j7ik'al mu jna7 k'u yu7un," xi la.

"7Aa, pero taje k'u xi bat ta 7anil pero kil to 7oxe li7 me xva7et lek 7oresyontik 7un taje," xi la ti krixchanoetik te yo7 7une.

"Mu jna7 7un a7a, ja7 yech kil chak le7e 7a ssibtason," xi la ti vinik 7une. "Yech'o xal 7un, 7ijmil 7un," xi la.

Bwéno, 7i "Batan che7e!" xi la ti krixchanoetik 7une. "Batan, lavi 7oy 7atak'ine xasut ochel xak'ot ta 7ana," xi la.

Bwéno, 7a ti vinik 7une, xmuyibaj xa 7ista 7ep tak'in, 7ital 7un, 7ital, 7ital ta j-mek 7un.

Bwéno, "Bwéno ta xkalbe ya7i bik'it muk' ti k'u x7elan ya7el li j7ik'ale, k'e snatil liyik' tal," xi la.

Bwéno, 7ital la 7un, yul la ta sna 7un, 7a li mi ja7uk 7o 7o 7éste k'usi k'op, ch'abal, k'ajom yul yak' 7iluk i stak'ine.

Bwéno, yul yalbe xch'amaltak ti k'u spase. "Ja7 me yech ja7 yech i j7ik'al 7ixcha7le chak li7e," xi la yulel.

Bwéno, 7ikom 7o yech 7un bi, 7i 7ásta 7óra ke ta to slo7iltaik yech 7un ti yu7un yech ti staoj ta bala jun vinik ti vo7ne ya7el ti j7ik'al 7une, yech'o 7un ja7 7ikom, ja7 7islo7iltabe komel ti xch'amaltak 7une, ja7 yech k'al tana chak taj 7une.

This tale of a Chamulan taking the Spook's wings is reminiscent of a Chamulan tale in which a flying devil gives his wings to a Tenejapan. They address each other warmly as *compadres*, but the Tenejapan serves his devilish friend a meal so hot that he expires in agony. The Tenejapan hides in the ocean, but is discovered by the devil's friends who flourish their razor sharp knives, kill him, and take his body home to feast on (Gossen, T7). The mention of knives lends support to Sarah Blaffer's theory that Spooks are really bats, for among the trials of the heroes of the *Popol Vuh* is the House of Bats:

There was nothing but bats inside the house,
A house full of Death Bats,
Huge beasts.
Like knives were their fangs,
Their weapons of death. (Edmonson, 1971:122).

One wonders if the bat that was the symbol of Zinacantán at the time of the Conquest became, under Catholic instruction, the devil. In Acala today both Zinacantecs and vampire bats are called "chinacos." And two legends from Chiapa de Corzo describe how the town of Ostuta, that once stood near Acala, was destroyed by thousands of huge black bats (Navarrete, 1964:322-324). Perhaps this refers to an historical incursion of Zinacantecs.

These conjectures have been given substance by my recent discovery in the *Diccionario en lengua sotzil* that Zinacantán had two names, *cotzlem* (*Sotz'leb*) "Place of Bats" and *ycal oghouh* (*7Ik'al 7Ojov*), "Black Lord," (*Diccionario*, n.d.:5, 78). See also T124 and notes.

A Bottle Won't Do

T135

There was another woman, too, one who was just the same [as the one] I told you about. She had just the same evil ways like the first one. She didn't want to be spoken to nor did she want to respond to men, because she had a half pint bottle. "But it's better with this. I think I'll see. I'll stick the bottle up," she probably thought to herself. In the night she went and stuck the bottle up herself.

Then after she kept shoving the bottle in and out for a long time, probably, the bottle got air in it. The bottle was sucked in by itself. Then the whole bottle was going in. She was screaming and crying now

because she couldn't pull the bottle out. Then it was discovered, too, what her evil ways were. She probably thought it would feel good. That pussy of hers simply came bulging out. And that's how it was discovered, too, when she was screaming. She went to have the bottle broken, but now it was known. Now she showed what her evil ways were. It was somebody else now, her father, her mother who went and broke the bottle. Then she recovered. The whole bottle should have gone in. That's what the people said long ago. That's the story they tell.

As noted earlier the verb *k'opon*, "to speak to," is a euphemism for engaging in sexual relations. I am not certain whether the conditional phrase *7a ti yechuke* indicates that had the bottle not been broken it "would have" entered entirely or whether I am

correct in translating it as "should have," expressing Romin's outrage at the woman's unnatural behavior. See also T133, T134, and their notes.

The Charcoal Cruncher

T12

Once there was a man. He had a wife. The woman went out to crunch charcoal every night. She went out all the time. The man woke up. He shook his wife. She didn't move. He spoke to her. He touched her head—no head.

Then he carefully prepared salt, tobacco, and garlic. He put it on her flesh. The woman's head returned from crunching charcoal. It didn't stick on anymore. The woman got mad. Quickly [her head] went and stuck on next to her husband's head.

The poor man walked with two heads. The man went hunting in the woods. A deer came along. Quickly the woman's head jumped off. The deer left, carrying it away. [That was the end of it] to this day.

7O la jun vinik ti vo7nee, 7oy la yajnil ta la xlok' ta k'ux-7ak'al ti 7antze ju-jun 7ak'ubal, ta xlok' ta j-mek, 7iyul xch'ulel, ti vinike, 7istijulan yajnil, mu xbak', 7isk'opon, 7ispikbe sjol, ch'abal sjol.

7Entónse, 7ismeltzan lek, 7atz'am, moy, 7axux, 7iyak'be ti sbek'tale, 7isut tal ta k'ux-7ak'al, sjol ti 7antze, mu xa stzak sba, 7ikap sjol ti 7antze, j-likel ba snap'an, ta xxokon sjol ti smalale.

7Entónse, 7a ti povre vinike, cha7-p'ej sjol ta xxanav, 7ibat ta paxyal ta te7tik, ti vinike, 7ital j-kot te7tikil chij, j-likel 7ip'it ech'el sjol ti 7antze, 7ibat ti te7tikil chij, te yich'oj 7ibat, k'al tana.

Romin's abbreviated account of the Charcoal Cruncher is told with none of the other storytellers' emotional involvement.

There are a number of witch tales from Puerto Rico that feature witches who remove their heads or their skins, often to indulge their necrophagous appetites at the cemetery. They return to find that their flesh has been rubbed with salt and chili. Their skin is burnt so badly that they quickly die. (Hansen, 1957, 749B; Mason and Espinosa, 1926:304-308, 322-323, 346-349). The Zapotecs also rub salt on witches' flesh (Parsons, 1936:366). From both the Mixe and Mixtecs come stories of male and female witches whose heads depart. The Mixe witches mistakenly affix their spouse's head on their own neck (Radin and

Espinosa, 1917:151). The Mixtec witch heads sally out in the dark to devour babies and upon their return also attach mistakenly onto their spouses' body (Dyk, 1959:99-104). A Chamulan tale recounts the plight of a young man who discovers his bride to be a Charcoal Cruncher. The problem is resolved when the groom's father-in-law returns the brideprice to him and takes his unnatural daughter back home (Gossen, T19).

The concoction of salt, tobacco, and garlic is also considered efficacious in Zinacantán for ridding the town of the devils known as *yalem bek'et*, "Fallen Flesh." See also T81, T82, and their notes, T47, T60, and T175.

How Rabbit Tricked Coyote

T20

There was a rabbit who came to steal fruit. The owner of the fruit arrived. The rabbit was caught and tied up. "Tomorrow [I] will come and kill it," said the owner of the fruit. A coyote arrived.

"Have you come, Coyote?" asked Rabbit.

"I've come," he said. "Ah, what are you doing?" asked Coyote.

"I'm not doing anything. I was caught. I was tied up," said Rabbit. "I didn't do anything. I'm not guilty. I'm being given a girl. I'm being awarded a girl. But I don't want her," said Rabbit. "If you want to stay in my place, I'll bind you up well, just the way I'm bound, if you want to take the girl yourself," said Rabbit.

"I do want her," said Coyote.

"Ah, if you want, then, I'll leave you tied up to the tree trunk here. Then you wait for your fiancée. They will come to give her to you," said Rabbit.

"Do you mean it?" asked Coyote.

"I mean it. They say that the girl is very beautiful. Why don't you wait for her?" said Rabbit.

"Well, all right then," said Coyote. Then he stayed tied to the tree trunk. The owner of the fruit came, carrying his machete.

"Now indeed the fruit stealer will die!" said the man. But Coyote was really scared.

"God, I'm finished now. I fell for the trick. Is that [what you call] a girl!" said Coyote. Coyote struggled wildly. He had a hard time freeing himself. He went off. He fled. Another time [Rabbit] met Coyote on the trail.

"Where are you going?" asked Rabbit.

"Bastard, you still talk to me? You tricked me well. Where is the girl they were going to bring?" asked Coyote.

"When did I tell you?" asked Rabbit.

"[That time] you tricked me," said Coyote.

"Ah, but forget it, forgive me. I won't do anything to you. Don't eat me," said Rabbit. "If you want, [why don't] you go see a fiesta, because I'm getting married," said Rabbit.

70 la j-kot t'ul ta la xk'ot yelk'an lo7bol, 7ik'ot yajval ti lo7bole 7itzake, 7ichuke ti t'u'le. "7Ok'ob xtal yich' milel," xi la ti yajval lo7bole. 7Ital la j-kot 7ok'il.

"Mi latal, 7ok'il?" xi la ti t'u'le.

"Lital," xi la. "7Aa, k'usi chapas?" xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"Mu k'usi ta jpas, yu7un litzake lichuke," xi la ti t'u'le, "Mu k'usi jpas ch'abal jmul, chi7ak'bat jun tzeb, yu7un chik'elanbat jun tzeb, pero yu7un mu jk'an li vo7on 7une," xi la ti t'u'le. "Mi xak'an vo7ote koman ta jk'exol, chajpech' komel lek k'u cha7al pech'bilon vo7one, mi xak'an xavik' vo7ot ti tzebe," xi la ti t'u'le.

"7Aa li vo7one ta jk'an," xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"7Aa ti mi chak'ane che7e, chajtiman komel li7 ta yok te7e, te xamala lalekom 7une, te xtal yak'belot 7un," xi la ti t'u'le.

"Mi yech 7aval?" xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"Yech kal, batz'i lekkek la sba ti tzebe, tek malao 7un," xi la ti t'u'le.

"Bwéno, teyuk che7e," xi la ti 7ok'il 7une. Te timil 7ikom ta yok te7, 7ital ti yajval lo7bole, stamoj tal smachita.

"7Óra si, 7a li j7elek' lo7bole, li7 ta xla7 7une!" xi la ti vinike. Pero batz'i xi7 la ti 7ok'ile.

"Dyos, li7 xa chilaj 7une, 7ijch'un xa li lo7loele, mi ja7 tzeb le7 7une?" xi la ti 7ok'ile. 7Isjipulan la sba 7ikol ta vokol li 7ok'ile, 7ibat la 7ijatav, 7otro jun bwelta 7isnup la ta be, ti 7ok'ile.

"Bu k'al chabat?" xi la ti t'u'le.

"Kavron ta to xak'oponon, lek 7alo7loon, bu li tzeb chtal yak'ele?" xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"K'u 7ora lakalbe?" xi la ti t'u'le.

"7A li 7alo7loone che7e," xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"7Aa pero yiyil lajuk lavo7one, mu xajpas yech, mu xati7on," xi la ti t'u'le. "Mi xak'an ba k'elo k'in yu7un chinupun," xi la ti t'u'le.

"When are you getting married?" asked Coyote.

"Oh, I'm getting married late this afternoon," said Rabbit.

"I'll go then," said Coyote. He forgave [Rabbit].

"Exactly where are you getting married?" he asked.

"Oh there in the middle of the [tall] grass," he said.

"Well, is it for sure?" asked Coyote.

"Well, certainly," said Rabbit. Rabbit went off to bring matches. He went to encircle the grass with fire. Ooh, then Coyote got burned. Then he went howling. Rabbit fled. Away [he went] laughing and laughing. Coyote escaped from the fire. His fur was burned.

"But he isn't going anywhere. I'll eat him up for sure!" said Coyote. He met [Rabbit] again on the trail. "Now I'll eat you up for sure. Why did you trick me so?" asked Coyote.

"What do you mean? I'm not the one. I've never seen you. I've never met you on the trail. It's probably someone else. Look here, my clothes are different," said Rabbit.

"Do you mean it?" said Coyote.

"I mean it, it's not me. It must be someone else. I don't know you. I've got a good heart," said Rabbit.

"Do you mean it?" said Coyote.

"As for me, I speak like a man. If you want, let's go drink up the water there in the well. If we finish drinking it all up they say there is a pretty girl. We'll find her then," said Rabbit. They drank the water. "Me, I'm full already. Your stomach is bigger. Try hard! Finish up the water," said Rabbit. Coyote tried hard.

"My belly can't take any more. I'm full now.

"Try harder, because the girl will be yours if you can finish the water," said Rabbit. Coyote got terribly full. He couldn't walk anymore, but Rabbit was laughing and laughing.

"But where is the girl?" asked [Coyote].

"[You've] about [done it]. Try harder!" When [Coyote's] belly was about to burst, Rabbit ran off.

"Ha, ha, ha, I just tricked you," said Rabbit. He left. That's how the story ended.

Rabbit's bag of tricks is filled here with old ones well-known throughout Middle America (see A. M. Espinosa, 1943; Marden, 1896; Mechling, 1912, 1916). They are included in the set of

"K'u 7ora chanupun?" xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"7Aa xmal tana chinupun," xi la ti t'ule.

"Chibat che7e," xi la ti 7ok'ile. 7Ilaj la yo7on.

"Buy lek chanupun?" xi la.

"7Aa le7 ta 7o7lol jobeltike," xi la.

"Bwéno j-moj me 7un?" xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"Bwéno j-mojuk," xi la ti t'ule. 7A ti t'ule ba la ssa7 tal serio, ba la sjoyin ta k'ok' ti jobeltike, 7iij te la k'ak' ti 7ok'ile te la x7avet 7ijatav la ti t'ule, stze7in sba la ta j-mek ech'el, 7ikol to ta k'ok' k'ak'etik ech'el stzatzal ti 7ok'ile.

"Pero muk' bu xbat ta jti7 ta persa!" xi la ti 7ok'ile. 7Isnup la ta be 7otro jun bwelta. "7Óra si li7 chajti7 7une k'u yu7un lek 7alo7loon?" xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"K'u cha7al mu vo7nikon, muk' bu xakil, muk' bu xanup ta be, yan 7o nan, li7e, k'el avil vo7one j-tos 7o jk'u7," xi la ti t'ule.

"Mi yech 7aval 7un?" xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"Yech kal mu vo7nikon, parte nan bi 7a, vo7one mu xakojtikin, vo7one lek ko7on," xi la ti t'ule.

"Mi yech 7aval?" xi la ti 7ok'ile.

"7A li vo7one vinik xik'opoj mi xak'ane ba jlajestik kik vo7 le7 ta xch'enale, 7a ti mi laj kuch'tike 7o la te lek tzeb, te la ta jtatik," xi la ti t'ule. 7Iyuch'ik la ti vo7e. "7A li vo7one linoj xa, 7a li vo7ot mas muk' 7ach'ute, 7ak'o pwersa, lajeso li vo7e," xi la ti t'ule. 7Iyak' la pwersa ti 7ok'ile.

"Mu xa x7och 7o jch'ut, linoj xa.

"7Ak'o xa persa, yu7un 7avu7un li tzeb ti mi laj 7avu7un li vo7e," xi la ti t'ule. 7Inoj ta j-mek ti 7ok'ile, mu xa stak' xxanav, pero stze7in la ta j-mek li t'ule.

"Pero bu to li tzebe?" xi la.

"Po7ot xa, 7ak'o pwersa!" K'alal yu7un xa cht'om li xch'ute, 7ijatav la ti t'ule. "7Aj, 7aj, 7aj, yech chajlo7lo," xi la ti t'ule. 7Ibat 7o, yech 7ilaj 7o ti k'o'pe.

linked episodes discussed in the commentary to Tale 49. See also T21, T49, T50, T90, T166, and their notes.

Now, White Dove, Now Is the Hour

T44

There was a man and a woman, newlyweds. The husband goes out. He leaves. He travels. The wife stays at home happily, it seems, but she has a lover.

7O la jun vinik xchi7uk jun 7antz 7ach' jnupunel, 7a ti vinike ta xlok' ech'el ta xbat ta xxanav, 7a ti 7antz jun yo7on ta xkom yilel ta 7ora pero 7oy yan

She is happy with her lover. The husband heard the gossip from his other friends. The husband returned home. "Wife," he said, "Look at my lice for me!" he said.

"All right," said the wife. The husband bowed his head. When his lice were being looked at, the husband pretended to be dreaming.

"Hee, hee, ha, ha!" said the man. "All right whorish woman, what's your trick? I've seen what you're doing!"

What am I doing?" asked the wife.

"You didn't tell. Your pussy told me before. You didn't tell me that you have a lover," said the husband. "Hell!" he said. "You've got a bad habit." He grabbed up his machete. He hit her with the flat of the machete. The wife cried now.

After the wife was beaten—"All right," said the wife. "You caused me to be beaten. I paid with a beating. It's your fault. I didn't say anything," said the wife. Quickly she grabbed a firebrand. Her pussy, she stuck it in her pussy. Sizzling, her pussy was ruined by the firebrand. "It's your fault!" the woman told her pussy.

Now the husband left on a trip. The wife's lover came. [But] the husband was watching in the distance. "Ahora palomita blanca ya es ora, ya es ora," ["Now, white dove, now is the hour, now is the hour,"] said the man [when he arrived].

"Ahora no se puede esta quemado, esta quemado," ["Now it cannot be, it is burnt, it is burnt,"] said the wife. That's how the story ended long ago.

This rather sadistic story told to Romin by the same young man who told him "A Lick and a Poke" (T45) is considered equally hilarious. The connotations of lice-picking are quite different for Zinacantecs. I recall one couple distinctly enjoying the sessions when the husband would stretch out between his wife's legs, leaning his head against her breast while she

yajmul, jun yo7on xchi7uk yajmul, 7iya7i lo7il ti vinike, ta yan 7o yamikotak, 7iyul ta sna ti vinike. "7Antz," xi. "K'elbon kuch!" xi.

"Bwéno," xi ti 7antze. 7Inikav ti vinike k'alal ta xk'elbat yuch'e pas 7o kwenta ta xvaychin ti vinike.

"Ji, ji, ja, ja!" xi ti vinike. "Bwéno, puta 7antz, k'usi li manyae, 7ikil xa k'usi li chapase!"

"K'usi ta jpas?" xi ti 7antze.

"Vo7ote mu xaval, mas ba7yi liyalbe lamise, vo7ot mu xaval ti 7oy 7avajmule," xi ti vinike. "Kavron!" xi. "Xakom ta manya," xi. Tam xi smachita, 7iyak'be pat machita, x7ok' xa ti 7antze.

7Ilaj yich' majel, ti 7antze -- "Bwéno," xi ti 7antze. "Vo7ot chavak'on ta majel, 7ijtoj ta majel, vo7ot 7amul vo7one mu k'usi chkal," xi ti 7antze. J-likel 7istambe xupet k'ok', ti smise, 7ispajbe ti smise, stzok'ok'et 7ilaj ta xupet k'ok' ti smise. "Vo7ot 7amul!" xut smis ti 7antze.

7Óra, 7a ti vinike, chlok' ech'el ta xanbal, 7ital yajmul ti 7antze nom ta xk'elvan, ti vinike. "Óra palomita blánka, i ya es óra, ya es óra, ya es óra," xi ti vinike.

"7Óra no se pwéde, esta kemádo, esta kemádo," xi ti 7antz 7une. Ja7 yech 7ilaj ti k'op vo7ne.

searched through his hair and popped the creatures between her teeth. For this couple it was one of the few occasions of domestic intimacy and tranquility!

Of course, *ya es ora* could be translated more colloquially as "now's the time" or "the time's come." Both Spanish lines are sung rather than spoken.

The Spook and the Girl from San Andrés

T126

Once there were two men who went to the lowlands. The sun set [before] the men [reached their destination]. They slept by the path at 7Anob.

Night fell and they slept on the side of the trail.

Well, when night fell, one of them had chills. He just had chi—lls. He was shivering and qua—king from the cold. "Oh, hell, I don't know why I'm shivering so from the cold. I don't know if something is going to happen to us tonight," he told his friend.

"Hell, what are you doing? Hell, aren't you a man?"

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la cha7-vo7 vinik, 7i7ay ta 7olon 7osil, 7a ti viniketike 7imal yu7unik k'ak'al 7ivayik ta be ta 7Anob.

Bwéno, 7och ti 7ak'ubal 7une, 7ivayik ta xxokon be 7un.

Bwéno, k'alal 7i7och ti 7ak'ubale, 7i 7a ti june 7i7ak'bat k'un-sik, 7a---k'bat labal sik, ta xnik xt'elele---t xa ta j-mek ti ta sike. "7Ay kavron, mu jna7 k'u yu7un, toj mas chinik ta sik mu jna7 mi 7o k'u ta jpastik tana," xut la ti xchi7ile.

"Kavron, k'usi chapas, kavron, mi mu vinikikot mi

Haven't you any balls?" [the other one] said to his friend. One of them was brave, one was. "What are we scared of? Hell, do you think something is going to come?" that one said.

"Ah!" said the other. He didn't answer.

When night fell, the moon was bright. A terrific wind came. It was very strong.

Now they saw him. It was quite late at night. Gli—ding along, he arrived. Carried by the wind, he arrived. He landed at the foot of a big tree.

Now as for our friends [our fellow Zinacantecs], they were sleeping happily.

After he arrived he was squatting at their fireside. "In the name of God what can I do about it now?" said one [after they had waked up]. [The Spook] came [closer]. Both of them had certainly seen him. The other one [who had spoken bravely] just slept [it seemed]. He was helpless. He was paralyzed. He just lost his strength. He was helpless.

Now when [the Spook] arrived the one [who had been scared] quickly shot at him.

[The Spook] left. He flew off. He landed in a gully.

Now [the man] said to his friend, "Hurry up, [you] bastard! What are you doing? Whoever heard of such a thing? So it's just your mouth talking to yourself. You didn't tell the truth—that you are brave," he told that friend of his, the fellow was told, the one who had said back in Zinacantán Center, "Are you brave?"

Well, then, that's the way it was. He just killed [the Spook]. He just shook [his friend], but his friend was helpless. So he killed [the Spook] by himself in the gully.

Now when he returned he had already killed the Spook. He came to the fireside. He came to shake his friend. They went. His friend woke up. They went to look at what had landed at the foot of the tree. They went to look. There was a straw mat. Something was rolled up inside the straw mat. "Hell, what could it be? Come on, let's untie the straw mat!" the two men said to each other.

They untied it.

You know what? They found a San Andrés girl there. They took the San Andrés girl with them. They went and lit their fire for her. They let her warm up. They gave her tortillas. They fed her. They slept with her.

Now they came. They came up [to Zinacantán]. "God, where are you from?" they asked the girl.

"Ah, I'm from San Andrés. I was caught. I was caught by a Spook, because I went out to pour out my nextamal water," she said. "When I went outside the Spook caught me. It was he who carried me

ch'abal sbek' 7avat?" xut la ti xchi7il 7une. Ti jun 7une tzotz la yo7on ti jun 7une. "K'usi taj xi7tik kavron mi 7u k'usi xu7 chtal 7ana7oj?" xi la ti jun 7une.

"7Aa!" xi la ti jun 7une, mu la xtak'av 7un.

Bwéno, k'alal 7i7och ti 7ak'ubal 7une, lek la jch'ul-me7tik 7un, 7éste ta---l la benos 7ik', 7ita---l la ta j-mek' tzotz.

7Óra, 7iyilik la 7un, lek xa naxnax 7ak'ubal 7une, xjaya---y xa la k'otel 7un, majbil la k'otel ta 7ik' 7un, 7ik'ot la ta yok j-tek' muk'ta te7.

7Óra, 7i 7a li 7a taj jchi7iltaktik 7une te, jun yo7on 7ivayik.

Bwéno, k'alal 7iyul 7une, xxok'et la ech'el ta sti7 sk'ok'ik. "Nómbre de dyos pero k'usi ta jnop tana le7e?" xi la ti jun 7une. 7I tal la, 7iyilik la ta cha7-vo7 to 7ox 7un bi, 7a ti jun 7une solel la 7ivay 7un, mu xa xu7 yu7un solel 7i7altzaj, solel 7ich'ay spwersa, mu xa xu7.

7Óra, k'alal 7ik'ot 7une, 7i likel 7isjisbe bala ti june.

Bwéno, 7ibat la 7un, vil ech'el, 7i te no 7ox 7ik'ot ta yut be-o7 7un.

7Óra, 7iyalbe la ti xchi7il 7une, "Soban 7un, kavron, k'u chapas 7un, mi 7oy xavil 7ave no 7ox ti batz'i xa7i7on 7achi7uke mu7nuk yech 7aval ti tzotzote," xu---t la taj jun xchi7il 7une. X7utat ti buch'u, buch'u "Mi tzotzot me 7un?" xi komel ta Jtek-lum.

Bwéno, 7entónse, 7a taj x7elan 7une, 7i te la smil no 7ox 7un solel svatulan mu la bu xu7 yu7un ti jun xchi7il 7une, 7i solel 7ismil stuk taj jun 7une ta k'al be-o7 xa 7un.

7Óra, k'alal 7isut tal 7une mil xa yu7un ti j7ik'al 7une, tal ta ta sti7 sk'ok'ik 7un, yul svatulan taj xchi7il 7un, 7ibatik 7un, 7iyul xch'ulel taj jun xchi7il 7une, ba sk'elik taj k'usi k'ot ta yo7 bu ta yok te7 7une, ba la sk'elik 7un, 7a li j-lik la pop te la volbil, ti k'usi ta yut pop 7une. "K'usi van, kavron, la7 jtitintik i pope!" xi. Xiik la taj cha7-vo7 vinik 7une.

Bwéno, 7istitinik la 7un.

Bu xavil 7un, tzeb san-antrex la te staik 7un, 7a ti tzeb san-antrex 7une, 7iyik'ik la ech'el 7un, bat la, 7istzoybeik sk'ok', yak'ik k'atinuk, 7iyak'beik yot 7ismak'lanik 7ixchi7inik ta vayel.

7Óra, tal 7un, muyik tal 7un. "7A li dyos bu bu likemot tal?" xutik la taj tzeb 7une.

"7Aa, San-antrex lilik tal yu7un litzake, litzake ta j7ik'al yu7un lok' jmal jtamil vo7," xi la. "K'al lilok' ta pana 7une, ja7 7o listzak j7ik'al 7un, ja7 yik'ojon tal 7un li7e," xi la. "Yech 7un mi mu xa7abolaj xba

here. So won't you please take me back to my mother and father in San Andrés. Won't you please take me back," said the girl.

"Okay, why not?" those men to—ld her.

They went, went to leave her in San Andrés. Then they arrived and met her father. "God, thank you, friends! Thank you! May God repay you for bringing my daughter back to me. She was taken off by a Spook," said the gentleman.

Our friends [our fellow Zinacantecs] delivered the girl. "Well, thank you, friends! Thank you! Here is your payment. Here is your meal. Drink a little!" they were told. The men were given drinks in thanks for having returned the girl, it seems. So that's how the girl returned. She got home. That's how it ended.

San Andrés is San Andrés Larráinzar, a Tzotzil town to the north of Zinacantán.

Nixtamal water is the water in which corn is boiled to prepare it for grinding. Lime is added so that the skins of the kernels will slip off easily.

A tale told by the Mams who live on both sides of the Guatemalan border, is the only example I know of a Spook tale from outside the Chiapas highlands that shares strong similarities

7avak'ikon, te ti jme7e te ti jtot ta San-antrex, mi mu xa7abolaj ba 7ak'ikon," xi la ti tzeb 7une.

"Stak', k'u cha7al mo7oj?" xu---tik la taj viniketik 7une.

Bwéno, 7ibat la, bat la yak'ik, k'al San-antrex, te la k'ot stabeik ti stote. "Dyos, kol aval, 7amiko, kol aval, sk'extabot riox 7avik'bon tal li jtzebe, yu7un 7ibat ta j7ik'al," xi la ti mol 7une.

Bwéno, 7iyak' la komel 7entrok'al i tzeb ti jchi7iltik 7une. "Bwéno, kol aval 7un, 7amiko, kol aval li7 7atojol 7une, li7 7ave7el 7une, 7a li 7uch'an j-set'uk!" x7utatik la. 7Ak'bat la yuch'ik ti viniketik 7une, ti kol iyal ya7el ti 7iyik' to sutel ya7el ti tzeb 7une, yech'o 7un ja7 yech 7isut 7o ti tzeb ti vo7ne chak taj 7une, 7ista to ti sna 7une, ja7 yech laj 7o ti k'op chak taj 7une.

with Zinacantec accounts: A "strong" boy and a "weak" boy, or let's say a brave boy and a coward, are confronted by a "Negro." The coward fights the "Negro," tosses him in his fire and takes his money (Búcaro Moraga, 1959:27). Not many years ago an unfortunate Negro merchant, who ventured into the Chiapas backwoods, was waylaid by a group of Chamulans, who believing him to be a Spook, hacked him to death (de la Fuente, 1961:310). See also T123 and notes.

A Visit to the Underworld

T19

Once there was a Chamulan whose wife died. His wife was a very good person. The man cried and cried. He wept over his wife. [When] All Souls' Day arrived the woman came in, [came] walking into the house. "Are you here?" she asked. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm not doing anything," said the man. Then they chatted for a little while. He left the woman sitting inside the house. The man went outside. He was scared, because he was alone. For a moment the man couldn't see. When he looked [again], there she was sitting beside him. "I'm going. Are you still here? I'm going visiting. It's all right. You stay!" said the man. He didn't want to talk very much, because he realized that his wife was dead. His wife was dead, but she had been sold to the Earth [Lord]. The man cleared out. The woman went crying along the trail. She came another time. She was just like a real woman.

"Where are you going?" asked the woman.

"I'm not going anywhere. Is it true that you were sold to the Earth [Lord]? Because I miss you very much, because I'm going to [go] see you there where you have been sold," said the man.

7Oy la jun 7ulo7, 7icham la yajnil, 7a ti yajnile, batz'i lek ta j-mek yo7on, 7a ti vinike batz'i ch7ok', ta xok'ita ti yajnile, tal jun k'in Santo, 7i7och la tal ti 7antze, xva7et la ochel ta yut na. "Mi li7ote?" xi la. "K'u chapas?" xi la.

"Mu k'usi ta jpas," xi la ti vinike. Te la 7ilo7ilajik j-likel, te chotol 7iyikta ta yut na, ti 7antze, 7ilok' ta pana li vinike, 7ixi7 porke yu7un stuk, 7ich'ay j-likel ssat ti vinike, k'alal 7iyile te xa chotol ta xxokon. "Chibat che7e, mi li7ot toe, chibat ta vula7al, teyuk, koman," xi la ti vinike. Mu sk'an xk'opoj lek porke yul ta sjol ti chamem xa ti yajnile, chamem ti yajnile, pero chonbil ta bamil, 7inamaj ech'el ti vinike, 7a ti 7antze, 7ibat 7ok'uk ta be, 7ital 7otro jun bwelta, 7entero stuk 7antz.

"Bu chabat?" xi la ti 7antze.

"Muk' bu chibat, mi yech ti chonbilot ta bamil, yu7un batz'i chajna7, yu7un chba jk'elot ti buy chonbilote," xi la ti vinike.

“Ah, go see me, then, I can’t say anything myself. Speak to the Earth [Lord]. Enter the cave here!” said the woman. Then the woman vanished. The man went. He entered the cave. He met [another] man on the way. He continued. He passed on by.

“Go talk to the Earth [Lord]. It’s whatever he himself says,” the [other] man said. [The husband] continued. He arrived and spoke to the Earth [Lord]. It seemed as if there was sunlight there, but who knows where it was. The man was startled. He was panic-stricken.

“How can I get out of here?” asked the man.

“What did you come looking for? You should have just talked [to me] up above,” said the Earth [Lord]. He let him go, but the man went mad. He went crazy. The man is still alive. Now he is fine.

The expression *chonbil ta balamil*, “sold to the Earth [Lord],” means that the man’s wife died from witchcraft. The Earth Lords have many attributes. They are “owners” of caves and springs, lords of rain, and wind, guardians of vegetation and the riches of the earth. Like the European devil they bestow both treasure and death. The Earth Lords are envisioned as thunder-

“7Aa, ba k’elon che7e, vo7one mu k’u xu7 xkal, k’opono li 7ajvalile, 7ochan ech’el li7 ta ch’ene!” xi la ti 7antz 7une. 7A ti 7antz, te la 7isak-ch’ay, 7ibat la ti vinike, 7i7och la ech’el ta ch’en, 7isnup la ta be jun vinik, 7ibat 7ijelav ech’el.

“Ba k’opono li 7ajvalile, ja7 ti k’u xi stuke,” xi la ti vinike. 7Ibat la, 7ik’ot la sk’opon ti 7ajvalile, 7oy xa la k’ak’al yilel, pero jna7tik xa buy, 7ich’ay xch’ulel, 7ixi7 la ta j-mek, li vinike.

“K’u xi chilok’ 7un li7e?” xi la ti vinike.

“K’u ch7och tal 7asa7, le7 no 7ox lak’opoj ta 7ak’ol yechuke,” xi la ti 7ajvalile. 7Ilok’esat la tal pero 7ipas la ta chuvaj, 7ipas ta loko, 7ich’i to ti vinike lavie lek xa la 7un.

bolts, serpents, and fat, rich, Ladino ranchers. In this case an Earth Lord has been persuaded by an enemy’s prayers and offerings in some remote cave to take the woman’s soul as a servant. When her period of service has ended, her soul will be freed for the final judgment.

Not Men—Beeswax

T133

There is a girl named Lolen. They say she doesn’t like men. She doesn’t like to be spoken to by men nor does she want to be with men. She scolds them. She hits them. They go to speak to her when she goes to watch the sheep.

She was seen once, lying on her back under a tree. She was sticking beeswax up herself. That calmed her desire, because she didn’t like men, or something. She doesn’t like men because it is known that children are born.

But the beeswax leaves nothing behind. That’s why she does it by herself. And she was seen another

time, too. She had an old dog. The male dog was sticking its head up her skirt. And they say that she has grown used to the dog. “It has seen its meal,” they say. “She probably calms her desire with her old male dog,” they say. That’s the story the people tell, that she sticks beeswax up herself, that she has grown used to her male dog, too. It sticks its nose way up her skirt. Then that male dog was wagging its tail. It was seen from the distance. Because it was seen where, lying on her back, face up, she stuck that beeswax up herself. That’s the way it is, they say.

When I asked Romin if there were any tales that were not told in the presence of women, he responded with eight stories (T132–T139). The majority of these are gossip. I have censored

from this account the last name of Romin’s unnatural neighbor. The community’s disgust with her behavior is clearly communicated by Romin. See also T134, T135, and their notes.

Long Hair

T104

Once there was a Long Hair in a big cave at Juteb Chauk [Bit of Thunderbolt]. He held up the trucks. They were bringing cargo. They were bringing thread. They were bringing muslin. They were bringing everything that is for sale here, here in San Cristóbal. But the Long Hair held up the trucks. Then he led them into his cave. He had a big cave.

Bwéno, 7a ti vo7nee, 7oy la jun jnatikil jol te ta jun muk’ta ch’en ta Juteb Chauk, ta smak ta be ti karoetike, ta xich’ tal 7ikatiziletik, ta xich’ tal no, ta xich’ tal manta, ta xich’ tal skotol k’usitik 7oy ta schonel li7 toe, li7 ta Jobele, pero ti jnatikil jol 7une, ja7 te ta smak ta be ti karoetike, te ta xik’ ochel ta sch’en, 7oy jun smak’ta ch’en.

The big cave was filled with a little bit of everything. There he guarded all the muslin, all the things that were there.

The government officials, the government decided to come and shoot him. He was to be shot. But they didn't win. They couldn't win out. "But why is it?" they asked.

So there was a man, a countryman. "But God, My Lord, but why can't they ever win? The Long Hair can't even be killed with bullets. But what can I do?" asked the man.

He fitted himself out. He left. He took with him his machete and his stave. He left. He arrived at [the Long Hair's] cave. When he arrived at his cave [the Long Hair] came swooping out. He came. He came to the entrance of his cave and stood there. [The man] greeted [the Long Hair]. He shook his hand. "Well, I've come here. How is it? Can I pass by?" asked the man.

"Oh, you can't. You will stay here," said the Long Hair, Turnabout Foot, as they call him.

"Well, but how come? Why can't I pass by? I'm not going to steal anything," said the man.

"Even so! If you are so terribly strong then, let's fight!" said the Long Hair.

"Well, let's see, then, I guess. Let's try it out, I guess!" said the man.

"Well, stand here, then!" said [the Long Hair]. He was made to stand in the middle of the road.

Now the Long Hair rose into the sky. He had a sword that he was going to stick into the man's head. When the sword approached, then the man stepped to the side. The man won with just a stave and a machete. The Long Hair grew more and more exhausted. Maybe the stave, then, is a little more effective. That Long Hair grew exhausted, he grew weak.

Now that man [fought] until he downed the Long Hair. He left him sprawled at the entrance to his cave.

That man went to tell them that trucks could pass by now, that he had opened the road. He went all the way to Mexico City to tell them.

"Are you telling the truth?" the man was asked.

"I'm telling the truth. Go see for yourselves, I'm not lying," said the man.

"Oh, fine!" they said. The government officials came in fear. They came [with] soldiers. They came to see if it were so, if it were true.

It was so. They discovered the Long Hair sprawled there.

So, "Now a man overcame him. He won. The only thing to do is to send for a band to come. With music he will enter. Send for many trucks. All the things inside the cave here are going," said the governor in Mexico City.

Bwéno, 7a ti muk'ta ch'ene, 7inoj ta labal k'utikuk j-set' juteb, te schabi skotol ti mantae ti k'utik 7oy ta j-meke.

Bwéno, ta 7ox snopik li jyu7eletike, li gobyerno ta 7ox tal yak'beik bala ta 7ox xich' bala, pero muk' skuch yu7un, muk' bu 7iyu7 yu7unik. "Pero k'u yu7un?" xiik 7un.

7Entónse, 7oy la jun vinik, jchi7iltik. "Pero dyos kajval, pero k'u yu7un ti batz'i mu xkuch yu7unike, mi ja7uk scham ta bala ti jnatikil jol 7une, pero k'usi ta jnop 7un?" xi la ti jun vinike.

Bwéno, 7ischap la sba ech'el, 7ibat, 7iyich' la ech'el jun smachita, jun yak te7 7ibat la 7un, 7ik'ot ta sch'en 7un, k'alal 7ik'ot ta sch'ene, xjayay xa la lok'el tal, 7ital, va7al 7iyul ta sti7 sch'en, lek la 7isk'opon 7istzakbe sk'ob. "Bwéno li7 litale, k'u x7elan, mi xu7 xijelav?" xi la ti vinike.

"7Aj mu xu7, li7 chakome," xi la ti jnatikil jole ti jvalo-pat-7ok, chalik 7une.

"Bwéno, pero k'u yu7un ya7el k'u yu7un ti mu xu7 xijelave, mu k'usi ta xkel'an, xi la ti vinik.

"Manchuk ti mi yu7un toj mas tzotzote che7e, tajjinkotik!" xi la ti jnatikil jole.

"Bwéno jk'eltik kik 7un che7e, jpastik preva kik!" xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Bwéno, va7lan li7 toe che7e!" xi la 7un. 7Iva7anat la ta 7o7lol be.

7Óra, ti jnatikil jol 7une, 7imuy la ta vinajel, 7oy la jun yespara ta la xtik'bat ta sjol ti vinike, 7a ti vinik 7une, ja7 7o la ta sk'ej sba ta xokon ti k'alal ta xtal ti 7espara 7une, naka la 7ak te7 7i machita 7ikuch 7o yu7un ti vinik 7une, mas 7ilubtzaj ti jnatikil jol 7une, li 7ak te7 che7e, mas nan xu7 yu7un j-set', 7a li taj jnatikil jol 7une, 7ilubtzaj 7un 7ik'unib 7un.

7Óra, 7a taj vinik 7une, 7ásta ke lom yu7un, te chevel 7iyikta ta sti7 sch'en ti jnatikil jol 7une.

Bwéno, 7ibat yal taj vinik 7une ti xu7 xa x7ech' karo ti jam yu7un ti be 7une, ba yal k'alal 7olontik 7un.

Bwéno, "Mi yech 7aval?" x7utat la ti vinik 7une.

"Yech kal, ba k'el avilik mu7nuk yech ta jnop," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"7A, bwéno!" xi la 7un. Xi7em la talik ti jyu7eletike ti tal la solteroetik tal la sk'eel mi yech mi melel.

Bwéno, ke yech la te chevel 7istaik ti jnatikil jole.

Bwéno, 7entónse, "Lavie che7e, jun vinik 7ikuch yu7un, 7ispas kanal, mu k'usi, 7ak'o ba taluk 7a li junuk banda musika, ta musika ch7och li7e, 7ak'o taluk 7epal karoetik, ta xbat skotol i k'usitik 7oy li7 ta yut ch'ene," xi la ti jyu7el ta 7olontik 7une.

Many bands came. A fine marimba came. Lots of food came for the man who had won.

Now all that they discovered packed tight inside the cave, it was all given as a present to the man. He was given all the money that was there. He was even given several thousand pesos by the government officials, by the governor, as we say.

The man entered with music. He went before the governor. He arrived to announce that the region had been opened up by him, the road had been cleared by him, that it had been cleared by one man, that he had won. So the road has been open ever since, there at Juteb Chauk. That's how the story ends.

The cave of Juteb Chauk is located on the edge of what used to be the old carriage road from Tuxtla to San Cristóbal. The new road to Pichucalco and Tabasco forks off from the Pan American Highway nearby.

That the contents of the cave should be cloth is probably a holdover from the time when cloth was the principal form of tribute to the Spaniards.

Romin speaks of the distant past as a time when the elders were "bad, but clever." They were endowed with the ability to see straight into the mountains to discover the treasures of cloth and thread until God and the Earth Lord made a pact to dim their eyes.

A similar account of the defeat of the Long Hair is told in Chamula (Gossen, T144). The battle is waged in another cave within sight of Juteb Chauk. Two sandal merchants, one armed with a stave and the other with an ax, challenge the Long Hair. They draw a cross on the ground. Each time that the Long Hair descends to recover his sword they assail him with stave and ax until he collapses. They cut off his head, cut out his heart, and carry their grisly trophies to the governor in Tuxtla, who rewards them richly. A tale from Tenejapa describing the dangers of the road to San Cristóbal, especially for drunks, cites the bone-littered cave of the man-eating Long Hair, who has forced his unsuspecting victims to bend over to draw a line in the ground while he ascends into the sky to drop his sword on their heads (Stross, 1973, T21).

Shielded by his bulletproof hair, this representative of Zinacantan demonology has two other remarkable characteristics—his head has a face front and back and his feet have toes front and back. In another Chamulan tale he is described as cannibalis-

Bwéno, 7ital la 7epal musika, 7ital la lek marimpa, 7ital la lek sve7el ti buch'u 7ispas kanal ti jun vinik 7une.

7Óra, 7a ti k'u yepal te tzinil ta yut ch'en 7istaik 7une, 7ik'elanbat skotol ti vinike, 7i7ak'bat skotol ti k'u yepal ti tak'ine, 7ásta ke 7i7ak'bat to jay-mil tak'in yu7un ti jyu7ele, yu7un ti gobyerno xkaltik 7une.

7Entónse, 7a ti vinike, ta musika 7i7och, 7ibat k'al stojol jyu7el, ja7 yech k'ot yal ti yu7un 7ijam yu7un ti balamile, jam yu7un ti be, ke jun vinik 7ijam yu7un 7ikuch yu7un, ja7 yech jamem 7o ti be k'al tana ti le7 ta Juteb Chauk 7une, ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o ti k'op 7une.

tic (Gossen, T106). These demons are also known in the Tzotzil towns of Chenalhó, Huitiupán, and Larraínzar.

The Long Hair, known by a variety of names and assuming a variety of disguises, inhabits the spectral landscape from Oaxaca and Veracruz to Yucatan, Guatemala, and Belize. These creatures may be associated with the Aztec god of war, Huitzilopochtli, or Huichilobos as the Spaniards called him. In Veracruz they are known as chilobos, gran salvajes, or tsitsimit, by the Nahuas. The Mixes call them salvajo (García de León, 1969:296). The Popolucas know them as hunchuts (Foster, 1945a:182). Among the Mazatec the salvajes are also black-skinned and lacking a knee joint. They can be killed by making them collapse in laughter (Laughlin, 1957).

In Yucatan occurs "Wood Man," a huge red cannibal lacking joints and sporting turnabout feet. If you pick a green branch and wave it about, dancing all the while, you can make him collapse in laughter. As he can't bend his legs, he can't regain his feet. He was reported by Berendt to be well-known also in Tabasco around Palenque, and in the Petén (Brinton, 1890:176).

In the drama *El Varon de Rabinal* there also appear creatures with feet facing in both directions (Cid Perez and Marti de Cid, 1964:172). In San Luis Jilotepeque, where they are known as sisimite, they have shrunk to dwarf size but have not lost their peculiar feet or their long hair (Tumin, 1946:439). According to the Chorti the sisimite's feet are specially adapted to enable them to slide speedily down waterfalls (Fought, 1972:73-74). In Belize they go by the name of sisimito. Here too they are hairy, but only their big toe is turned backwards (J. E. Thompson, 1930:67). See also T10, T95, T158, and their notes.

The Man Who Lived a Dog's Life

T4

Once a boy and a girl got married. They acquired many maids.

Well, the woman went out every night, but the man didn't hear his wife leave. He thought she just went outside [to pee].

It was the same every night. The man noticed it. When he went to bed he had his gun and his machete ready.

He didn't fall asleep. At midnight the woman got

7A ti vo7ne, 7inupunik la jun krem, jun tzeb, 7issa7 7ep skriaraik.

Bwéno, 7a ti 7antze ta la xlok' ju-jun 7ak'ubal pero mu la xa7i xlok', yajnil ti vinike, xak'uk no 7ox ta xk'ot ta pana.

Bwéno, skotol 7ak'ubal yech, 7iyich' sba ta kwenta ti vinike, 7ixchap vayuk jun stuk', jun smachita.

Bwéno, muk' x7och svayel, ta 7ol 7ak'ubal 7ilok' ti

up. She felt her husband's chest to see whether he was asleep or awake. When she felt that her husband didn't move, she went out at midnight. The man got up, too. He took his gun and his machete. He followed his wife wherever she went. "Could she have a lover?" said the man. "But I'll kill both of them now!" he said. [His wife] went, she went very far. She arrived at the graveyard. She arrived to dig [there]. She tried out a corpse. She left it. She went to another and dug it up. Then she found good meat. She ate it. The man was watching from a distance. "Well, never mind. I've seen now what she's doing," said the man. "Well, never mind, I'll go back," he said.

He arrived home. He arrived and went to bed. He waited for his wife to return. He looked as if he were asleep. He didn't move. His wife arrived and opened the door. She came to sleep.

"Well, where did you go?" he asked his wife.

"I went outside. I went to pee," said the woman.

"Hell, that's a fine thing you're doing!" he told his wife. Quickly he picked up his machete and hit his wife with the flat of the machete. "How can it be? Are you a dog? Are you a buzzard? Why do you eat corpses?" his wife was asked. Then the woman cried and cried. Suddenly, the next day, her husband turned into a black dog. The poor dog wasn't given its tortillas. It just ate shit. But it couldn't stand that. It wasn't used to that. [As a] man he had been familiar with another town. He [used to] go there on his trips. He had a good friend there. "Well, I'm going. I can't stand it. I'm starving," said the dog. He arrived at the store. He sat down on a chair. There were many newspapers scattered about. The dog looked at them.

"But this isn't a dog. It knows how to read," said the storekeeper. The dog was spoken to. "Have you always been a dog?"

"No!" it said.

"Are you a human being?"

"Yes!" it said. The dog made signs with its head. The lunch hour arrived. They ate. It was given a lot of meat, tortillas, and bread by the storekeeper. The dog was given everything. An old woman arrived. She came to buy bread.

"If you want, we'll go away right now."

"Let's go!" said the dog. It went with the old woman.

"Have you always been a dog or are you a human being?" she asked.

"Yes, [I'm a man]," it answered with its head.

When they arrived at the old woman's house—"Do you want to turn into a human being again?" asked the woman.

"I do!" said the dog. Suddenly it became a human being.

7antze, 7ispikbe yo7on ti smalale mi vayem, 7o mi julem, ya7i ti mu xbak' ti smalale, 7ilok' ech'el ta 7ol 7ak'ubal, 7ilik ti vinik 7uke, 7istam stuk', 7istam smachita, nap'al 7ibat, ti bu chbat ti yajnile. "Mi yu7un van 7oy yajmul?" xi la ti vinike. "Pero ta jmil xcha7-va7al tana!" xi la 7un. 7Ibat, 7ibat ta j-mek, 7ik'ot la, k'al mukenal, 7ik'ot sjok', 7ispas preva ti 7animae, 7iyikta komel, 7ibat ta 7otro jun 7isjok' ja7 to te 7ista lek sbek'tal 7isti7 un, nom sk'eloy ti vinik 7une. "Bwéno, yiyil, 7ikil xa k'usi ti tzpase," xi la ti vinik 7une. "Bwéno, yiyil chisut ech'el," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, 7ik'ot ta sna, k'ot vayuk, 7ismala k'u 7ora 7ik'ot ti yajnile, vayem yilel mu xbak', k'ot sjam na, ti yajnile, k'ot vayuk.

Bwéno, "Bu la7ay?" xut la ti yajnile.

"Li7ay ta pana, li7ay ta k'abnel," xi la ti 7antze.

"Kavron leklek sba li k'u chapase!" xut la ti yajnile. J-likel 7istam xmachita 7iyak'be pat machita ti yajnile. "K'u cha7al mi tz'i7ot, mi xulemot, k'u yu7un ti chati7 7a li 7animae?" x7utat la ti yajnile. Te la 7i7ok' ta j-mek, ti 7antze, ta yok'omal j-likel 7ispas ta 7ik'al tz'i7, ti smalal 7une, povre tz'i7 mu la xa 7ak'bat yot naka tzo7 tzlo7, pero mu stak' yech, mu nopemuk xa7i kómo ti vinike xojtikin 7otro jun 7o jtek-lum, ta xk'ot ta sbyaje, 7o la lek yamiko, te yo7e. "Bwéno, chibat, yiyil, chak' vi7nal," xi la ti tz'i7e. 7Ik'ot la ta jun tyenta, 7ichoti la ta j-kot xila, te la lamal 7ep periodikoetik ta la sk'el ti tz'i7 7une.

"Pero li7e ma7uk tz'i7, sna7 vun," xi la ti yajval tyentae. 7Ik'oponat la ti tz'i7e. "Mi tz'i7ot 7onox?"

"7I7i!" xi la.

"Mi krixchanoot?"

"Ji!" xi la. Ta sjol la ta spas senya 7un, ti tz'i7e, 7ista la yora ve7ebal 7ive7ik la ti yajval tyentae, 7i7ak'bat la, 7ep bek'et, vaj, kaxlan vaj, skotol, 7i7ak'bat ti tz'i7 7une, 7ik'ot la jun me7el, 7ik'ot la sman pan.

"Mi xak'an xibattik ta 7ora."

"Battik!" xi la ti tz'i7e, 7ibat la, xchi7uk la ech'el ti me7el 7une.

"Mi tz'i7ot 7onox?" xut la. "7O mi krixchanoot?" xut la.

"Ji7," xi la ta sjol 7un.

K'alal 7ik'otik ta sna ti me7el 7une -- "Mi xak'an chak'atajes, ta krixchano, 7otro jun bwelta?" xi la ti me7ele.

"Ta jk'an," xi la ti tz'i7e, j-likel la pas ta krixchano.

"Is it you, then?" said the woman.
 "It's me," said the man.
 "What happened to you?" he was asked.
 "Well, it was my wife who was doing all sorts of things, so I hit her. Because it was like thus and so," he said.

Well, the maids missed him. "Mistress," they said. "Where is our master?"

"Who knows, maybe he went to look for his girlfriend," said the woman.

"Ah!" said the maids.

As for that old woman [he had met]—"What do you think you'll do to her? Do you want to do something to her?" the man was asked [by the old woman].

"Ah, but I don't know how. I'd like to, but I don't know how to do it," he said.

"Ah, well, if you give me plenty of money I know what to do."

"I'll give it to you," said the man.

"Ah, she and I learned together. She knows less. I'm stronger," said the old woman.

"Please, I'll give you however much you want," said the man.

"Well, all right, we'll see. Go, go into your house," said the old woman.

"Fine, I'm going then. Please, I" come bring your pay," he said.

"All right, go on! She can't do anything to you now." He arrived home.

"Oh, master, you've come back?" asked all the maids. "We thought you had died!" said the maids.

"No, God doesn't want that. I've returned," he said.

Quickly he was given his meal. He ate well. The maids embraced him and kissed him. "Are you here, woman?" he asked his wife.

"I'm here. Have you come back?" she said.

"I've come back," he said.

Suddenly the woman turned into a mare. "Look, daughters," the man said to his maids.

"What, master?" they asked.

"Take the mare away! Go tie it in the stall, but let it starve to death. Don't give it its meal, because it has done wrong," said the man. Then, tied up, it starved. Then it grew thin. Then the mare died.

"Where did our mistress go?" the maids asked their master.

"Who knows where she went. Maybe she went to look for another husband."

"Ah!" they said. Just so ends the story for now.

"Mi vo7ot che7e?" xi la ti 7antze.

"Vo7on me," xi la ti vinike.

"K'usi 7apas?" x7utat la 7un.

"Pwes, ja7 li kajnile skotol k'u tzpas yu7un 7ijmaj porke ja7 yech, ja7 yech chak li7e," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, 7a ti kriarailitike ta la xna7vanik

"Patróna," xi. "Bu ti jpatrone?" xi.

"Jna7tik, te nan bu ta ssa7 yantz," xi la ti 7antze.

"7A!" xi la kriarailitike.

Bwéno, 7a taj me7el 7une -- "K'u chanopbe mi 7u k'u chak'an chapasbe?" x7utat la ti vinik 7une.

"7A, pero mu jna7, ko7onuk pero mu jna7 k'u spasel," xi la 7un.

"7A, pwes, ti mi chavak'bon 7ep tak'ine, jna7oj k'u ta jcha7le."

"Chakak'be," xi la ti vinike.

"7A li7e ko7ol jchanojtikótik, mas jutuk sna7, mas tzotzon vo7one," xi la ti me7ele.

"7Abolajan che7e chakak'be ti k'u yepal chak'ane," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Bwéno, teuk, te ta jk'eltik, batan, 7ochan ech'el tanae," xi la ti me7ele.

"Bwéno, chibat che'e, 7abolajan, te chtal kak' latojole," xi la 7un.

"Teuk, batan, mu xa k'u xascha7le." 7Ik'ot la ta sna.

"7Ay patron, mi latal?" xi la skotol, ti kriarailitike.

"Kak'uk me lacham!" xi la ti kriarailitike.

"Mo7oj, mu sk'an yech riox, lisut tal," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, ta j-likel 7o, 7ak'bat sve7el 7ive7 lek, ta xa la xmeyvan, ta xa la xbutz'van ti kriarailitike. "Mi li7ote, 7antz?" xut la ti yajnile.

"Li7one," xi la. "Mi latal?" xi la.

"Lital," xi.

Bwéno, ta j-likel 7o, 7ipas ta yevax ti 7antze. "K'el avil, 7ija," xut la skriara, ti vinike.

"K'usi, patron?" xi la.

"7Ik'o ech'el li yevaxe ba timano ta pesevre, pero tek chamuk ta vi7nal mu xavak'be sve7el yu7un 7oy smul," xi la ti vinike. Te la timil 7ilaj ta vi7nal te bakub te la 7icham, ti yevax 7une.

"Bu bat ti jpatronae?" xut la spatron ti kriaraile.

"Jna7tik te nan bu bat, bat nan ssa7 yan smalal."

"7A!" xi la 7un. Ja7 te yech laj 7o k'op k'al tana.

Long after I had searched in vain through all my sources for a tale similar to "The Man Who Led a Dog's Life" I was sitting on the Metroliner reading to my children from a selection of *Tales from the Arabian Nights* when I came upon the following:

A man just married discovers that his bride scarcely eats more than a grain of rice. One night he secretly trails her as she goes to the graveyard to dance with the ghosts. The next day he scolds her for not eating, asking her if she prefers ghosts' food.

Angrily she tosses a glass of water in his face and transforms him into a dog. She beats the dog out of her house. It is chased by other dogs into a butcher's shop, is kicked out, and dashes into a baker's shop. The baker keeps it as a pet. One day the dog proves that it can tell the difference between false coins and true gold. After the dog has gained some notoriety for its feat, an old woman comes in and tells it to separate the six good coins from the false. When it succeeds, the woman takes it home. She tells

her daughter to toss a cup of water on the dog. It is restored to its human form. The old woman advises the man to douse his wife too with water. When he does so, she turns into a mare. The caliph sees the man riding his mare, beating it savagely. When he has learned the man's sad tale, he orders him to douse his mare with water. Once again a woman, she becomes a loving wife. Moral: Don't mistreat animals as they may be enchanted people (Hoopes, 1968:100-105).

A Long, Hard Night for Crickets

T141

Once [two] green crickets were caught by the dark.

Now when it grew dark each of them looked for a home. There was a drunken woman lying there on the ground. But the crickets were compadres. One went up her pussy. The other went up her ass.

Now the drunken woman was raped during the night [by a man]. The woman was abused all night long.

Now the next morning the crickets came out of their house. They talked to each other. "Did you spend a good night, compadre?" one asked.

"God, I spent a terrible night, compadre because a drunk came to my house last night, but he threw up all over the inside of my house," said the one who slept inside her pussy. The drunk that he spoke of was the prick poking away. The vomit he spoke of was the semen.

"Did you spend a good night, compadre?" he asked the other one.

"As for me, compadre, a drunk came knocking on my door, too, but I simply never opened it for him," he said. The drunk he was speaking of were the balls bouncing on her ass. That was the drunk knocking on the door, of course. That's what they say, but who knows if it's true.

7A li yaxal chile, 7i7ik'ub la yu7unik 7osil ti vo7nee.

7Óra, k'alal 7i7ik'ub ti 7osile 7issa7 la snaik ju-kot, yu7un la 7oy te lomem ta lum jun jyakubel 7antz, pero li chile skumpare la sbaik, 7a li j-kote ta mis la 7i7och, 7a li j-kote ta be tzo7 la 7i7och.

7Óra, li jyakubel 7antz, 7ay la stael ta vinik ta 7ak'ubaltik, te 7ilevanat li 7antz sjunul 7ak'ubal.

7Óra, k'al 7isakub 7osil 7une, 7ilok'ik ta snaik li chile, 7isk'opon sbaik. "K'u xa7elan lasakub, kumpa?" xi la li j-kote.

"Yos, batz'i vokol 7isakub ku7un, kumpa, yu7un 7i7ay jun jyakubel ta jna samel pero batz'i 7ixen komel ta j-mek ta yut jna," xi la ti j-kote, ti buch'u tik'il 7ivay ta mise. 7A li jyakubel chal 7une, ja7 la li 7at te xpajpon 7une, 7a li xeil chal 7une, ja7 la li pwera 7at 7une.

7A li j-kot 7une, "K'u xa7elan lasakub vo7ote, kumpa?" xi la.

"7A li vo7one, kumpa, 7i7ay 7ox stijulan sti7 jna jun jyakubel 7uk pero solem muk' bu 7ijjambe," xi la. 7A li jyakubel chal 7une, ja7 la li nuti7al 7at tey xchepchon ta be tzo7 7une, ja7 la jyakubel tztij ti7 na 7un bi, xiik pero mu jna7tik mi yech.

The Flood and the Dwarfs

T7

Long ago there was a flood. The dwarfs died—the first people. Some died. Some shut themselves up in coffins. Some climbed trees. They crunched nuts. They lived on acorns. The world was flooded long ago.

They were transformed. Their tails appeared. Then hair appeared. They turned into monkeys.

Well, that's how the world ended long ago.

Then came another kind of people. Then it was us. The dwarfs are down below, but they say that they pray to the gods all the time. They have gotten tired

7A ti vo7ne 7ital nojel, 7icham ti konchaveetike ti ba7yi krixchanoe, cham j-7o7lol, 7isbaj sbaik ta kajon j-7o7lol, 7imuyik ta te7 j-7o7lol, 7isk'uxik ssat te7, 7iyipanik chochob, 7inoj ti balamil vo7nee.

Bwéno, 7ik'ocholaj 7i7ayan sne, 7i7ayan stzatzal, 7ipasik ta max.

Bwéno, 7ilaj 7o yech ti balamil vo7nee.

7Entónse, 7ital 7otro j-k'ex krixchano, ja7 xa li vo7otik 7une, 7a ti konchaveetike teyik ta 7olon, pero ta la sk'oponik ta j-mek li kajvaltike, 7itavan xa

of the underground, because the sun is too hot. They have gotten tired of just dressing in mud. They want to come back up here. That's why they say the world's about to end.

For Zinacantecs the flood is an historical bench mark. "Did it happen before the flood?" is a critical question in discussions of early events. Even so, Zinacantecs are more reluctant than their neighbors in Chamula and Larrainzar to specify clearly the sequence and even number of cosmic creations and destructions. There were men of clay, jointless men, men of great vision, dwarfs, and monkeys. There were at least two floods; one of which rained down boiling water. And to confuse matters more, Adam and Eve, Noah, and Christ figure in the creations and destructions in a primordial, but seemingly random way. As the events occurred in the very dim past, there is little demand for a strict accounting.

The various Middle American creation and deluge myths have been reviewed so succinctly by Eric Thompson (1970:330-348) that I feel free to restrict my remarks to points of minor detail.

The abode of the dwarfs is believed to be located "beneath the world," below even Hell.

The dwarfs of this tale do not seem to be related to the Nahuatl *yeyecatl* or rain dwarfs that are believed responsible for cases of "wind." They are probably kin, though, to the dwarfs

la xa7iik ti 7olone, porke tol la k'ux k'ak'al, 7itavan xa la slapel labal 7ach'el, ta la sk'an chmuyik tal li7 toe, yech'o ti po7ot xa la xla7 li balamile.

that perished in the deluge of Yucatan (M. Redfield, 1937:24; R. Redfield and Villa, 1934:330) and Belize (J. E. Thompson, 1930:166).

The unbearable heat of the sun at the time of creation is reported from the Tzeltal town of Chanal (Montes Sánchez, c. 1959:6-7) and was a distinguishing feature of the Fourth Creation in the *Popol Vuh* (Edmonson, 1971:180).

Among the Totonacs, Tzotzil of Chenalhó, and Tzeltal of Oxchuc the dwarfs are suffering in the underground from the blazing sun (Harvey and Kelly, 1969:671; Horcasitas, 1962:53-54; Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:152; Villa Rojas, 1969:270). The Tzeltal dwarfs are baked black. In Chenalhó, too, they protect themselves with mud hats.

The threat of their reemergence from the underground is paralleled in Yucatan by the belief that the Itzá will some day burst forth from their subterranean home (R. Redfield and Villa Rojas, 1934:331). Today the Zinacantecs claim that, when the year 2000 arrives, the world will flip over and the dwarfs will be on top. See also T24, T55, T70, T89, T96, T142, T161, and their notes.

The King and the Ring

T11

Once there was a poor boy, [but he was really] a king. He used to go and play on the side of Muxul Vitz. He would fiddle around with the sand. He went every day. He found a ring buried there.

He went home. Then he went to borrow a pot. The next morning all the pots, water jugs, and hearth pots, all of them were filled with money. The king was [now] a very rich man.

The Mexicans heard about it. They came to lead him away with music, with marimbas, rockets, and a fiesta. He left very grandly.

The people of the town here assembled. The people of our town scattered a lot of money.

The San Cristóbal people strew pine needles. That's why they stayed richer. The king was allowed to choose a wife. "Hide [the ring] here," he told his wife. [She swallowed it.]

They left. The woman, too. They slept by the road. A mouse arrived. Quickly it stuck its tail up the girl's nose. The girl sneezed right away. She farted. The ring came out. The mouse took it away. A cat went and took it from him. Then they chased wildly after the mouse until the king, himself, got the ring.

Then the king put it on his finger. He didn't give it to anyone else anymore. He arrived in Mexico City [and never came back]. That's why the Mexicans are richer.

7O la jun me7on ti vo7nee, rey, te la chk'ot tajinuk batel ta xxokon Muxul Vitz, ta la xixtalan yi7, skotol la k'ak'al chk'ot, te la mukul 7ista jun 7ixtalal.

Bwéno, 7ital la ta na, yul la xch'amun jun p'in, nojem la sakub ta tak'in, skotol la p'inetik, k'ibetik, yoket, skotol, jk'u lej ta j-mek, ti reye.

7Entónse, 7iya7i la li jmejikoetike, tal yik'el ta musika, ta marimpa, ta kwete, ta k'in, lek 7ibat ta j-mek.

Bwéno, 7a li jktek-lum li7e 7istzob la sbaik, 7istaniik la 7ep tak'in li jktek-lume.

7Entónse, 7a li jjobelal 7osile 7islilinik xak toj, yech'o ti mas jk'u lej 7ikomike, 7a ti reye 7i7ak'bat la st'uj, jun yajnil. "Nak'o li7e," x7utat li yajnile.

Bwéno, 7ibatik la, ti 7antze, 7ivayik la ta be, 7ital la j-kot karansa ch'o, j-likel la 7istik' sne ta sni7 ti tzebe, j-likel 7ijat'isaj, ti tzebe, 7itzisin 7ilok' ti 7ixtalale, 7istam ech'el ti ch'oe, 7ibat katu7, 7ispojbe, te snutzutz sbaik ech'el 7ásta ke 7ista stuk ti reye.

7Óra, 7och ta sk'ob ti reye, mu xa xak' ta yan, 7ik'ot 7o k'alal Mejiko, yech'o ti mas jk'u lej li mejikoetike.

This tale has a decidedly European quality. The scene of the wife and the mouse differs from three other versions, T31, T64, and T165, in which the mouse aids the king by sticking its tail up a thief's nose to make him sneeze and eject the ring—an element that occurs also in a Puerto Rican story of Juan Bobo (Mason and Espinosa, 1922:14–15). But curiously I know of no tales from outside Zinacantán that follow the same general plot or whose protagonist is a poor boy turned king. The popularity of this legend in Zinacantán may derive from a cultural memory of the prominence of the town at the time of the Spanish conquest. The relative importance of Zinacantán can be measured by the lowering of tributes in 1546. The tribute owed by Chiapa was reduced by 1500 gold castellanos, that of Zinacantán and Copanaguastla by 1000 castellanos, and the tribute of other towns was reduced by 500 castellanos (Remesal, 1932, 2:113). Even today the Zinacantecs are considered by Chiapas Ladinos and Indians alike, to be the “most civilized” or haughtiest of the Indian people.

The custom of tossing money at the feet of visiting governors and bishops ceased in Chiapas in 1857 (E. Pineda, 1845:55). A tale from Chamula relates how the Ladinos strew rose petals at God's feet, while the Chamulans tossed coins. This is why the Chamulans exchange their labor for rich Ladinos' coins (Gossen, T183).

This same theme is repeated by the Mazatecs of San Martín Soyaltepec who say that “when Christ was born the leaders of every nation went to offer him gifts. The gringos and the others brought him flowers, while we brought him money—that is why you are rich and we are poor” (Laughlin, 1957).

That Zinacantecs do not see kings in the same light as we do was driven home to me when showing pictures of contemporary European kings and queens to Romín. He asked if they were immortal. Not satisfied with my negative reply, he persisted, “But they come from caves, don't they?” See also T31, T34, T64, T113, and T165.

Chili Cure

T134

There was a woman once in Paste7 who was just the same [as the one I told you about].

Now she was just the same. She didn't want to be spoken to either. She didn't want to respond to men.

Her husband saw that she had some beeswax inside her basket, inside the container for her thread.

Then she left to watch the sheep. She went to watch the sheep. She came back in the evening. He knew [the hour] when she [usually] stuck the beeswax up herself. But it was rubbed now with chili, early, in the daytime. That beeswax was smeared with chili. That beeswax [dildo] was good and thick. She didn't know that her beeswax had chili.

You see, she [meant to] calm her desire with it.

Then during the night she went and stuck it in and

when she felt it, she started screaming. She couldn't bear the pain of that chili. As soon as she stuck it up herself she was smeared with chili. She was heard screaming now. She was crying. She got up. “What did you do, you bitch?” asked the man who was there, who slept there. Then she got up. She went to get some water. She washed herself. Then her evil ways were discovered. “See, I was right, then. That's why she doesn't want to respond to me,” said the man. That's how he took revenge, too. He went and smeared that beeswax with chili. He was amused. He thought it was funny when she was screaming in the night and it was because of the pain of that chili. That's the way it was.

Lest this tale brand Zinacantec men as uniquely sadistic, I can point to an account from Panajachel, Guatemala, wherein a young woman, who discovered her mother-in-law using a wax dildo, successfully employed the same remedy as the Zinacantec did (Tax, 1950, T146).

In early times they say there were so few men in Chamula that a lustful woman resorted to a mustard root until her evil doings were discovered. The poor woman died from the painful cure and mustard roots have stunk ever since (Gossen, T34). See also T133, T135, and their notes.

When the Soldiers Were Coming

T17

Once a war broke out. [The soldiers] came up. They left from Chiapa. They came to wage war. They were stopped on the way, because there were many bowls dancing. They all broke. Above Chiapa. That's why [the place] is called “Bowl Spring.” They paid no attention. They came on up. They arrived at Ixtapa. They came up above Tzoj Lum [Red Earth]. There was a pine tree. It danced, but they didn't look. That's why [the place] is called

7Ital 7ak'-k'ok' ti vo7nee 7imuy tal, 7i7ech' la tal ta Soktom, yu7un xtal yak'ik k'ok', 7imake la ta be, yu7un 7epal pulatu la ta x7ak'otaj, chlaj vok'uk, ta yak'ol Soktom, yech'o Pulatual Vo7 sbi, muk' 7iyich' ta muk', 7imuy tal, xtal ta Nibak 7iyul ta yak'ol Tzoj Lum, 7o j-petz toj, ta x7ak'otaj, pero muk' bu 7isk'el, yech'o ti Petz Toj sbi, muk' bu 7iyich' ta muk', 7ijelav tal yul ta Tz'akav 7Uk'um ti 7uk'ume chlaj tuch'uk batel yok ti 7uk'ume, muk' bu 7iyich' ta

“Pine Tree.” They paid no attention. They passed on. They came to Tz’akav 7Uk’um [River Fork]. The flow [of water] in the river kept being cut every little while. They paid no attention at all. They came on up. They arrived at Yav Ch’ivit [Market Site]. They found a large market. they entered to buy just a little. They enjoyed themselves there. some disappeared there. The others came on up. They arrived at Jolob Na [Weaving House]. They found many weavers, but they paid no attention to them. They watched for a minute. They came on. They arrived at Tz’ajom Pik’. At Tz’ajom Pik’ there was a lake. Many naked women were bathing there. That’s why [the place] is called “Submerged Clitoris.” The soldiers went as if they were herded, as far as Lach-chikin [Pricked Up Ears]. That’s why there are just soldiers stuck in the earth there. They became Tutelary Gods there. That’s how the matter ended long ago.

Because this legend conforms so closely to two other versions (T25, T56), I have assigned the same title to all three, but in fact when Romin recounted this legend to me, he was of the opinion that it referred to the Mexican Revolution! Both his mother and his aunt were astounded at his ignorance, assuring him that this was dated back many, many years, but, of course, for Romin the Revolution, too, was ancient history that he had only known of by word of mouth.

Contemporary legends from Middle America, outside Zinacantán, cast very little light on this tale. The Mixe speak of enemy troops being swallowed up in the mountains (Miller, 1956, T6), but there the resemblance ceases. Turning to earlier sources, both the *Titulo de Totonicapán* and the *Popol Vuh* present a scene of bathing girls sent to divert the enemy (Recinos and Goetz, 1953; 220-221; Edmonson, 1971:194-197).

You are to go, our daughter.
Go and wash clothes by the river.
And if you see those three sons
Then undress yourself before them,
And if they desire you
You are to invite them so that we can come after you . . . (Edmonson, 1971:195).

Searching elsewhere for clues, two of the place names, “Bowl Spring” and “Market Site,” are suggestive of early occupation. When George Collier and I surreptitiously visited “Bowl Spring,” we discovered it to be a narrow cave. From the floor protruded a sharp stake surrounded by candle drippings. Potsherds littered the whole area. These later proved to be Late Classic and post-Classic pottery similar to kinds made in Chiapa de Corzo. At “Red Earth” Early-Middle post-Classic Ixtapa Fine Buff sherds are heavily scattered in “a thin but dense occupational strata [sic]” (McVicker, n.d.:13). “Market Site” shows an abundance of obsidian, snail shells and sherds suggesting a peak of occupation during the Middle to Late post-Classic. The lack of structures and the presence of bones and the shells of the fresh water snails that still today are considered a Lenten delicacy suggests that this indeed was a bustling market (McVicker, 12).

Turning now to written records, we find that the enmity between the Zinacantecs and the Chiapanecs at the time of the Spanish conquest was reported by Ximénez.

muk’, 7imuy tal, 7iyul ta Yav Ch’ivit 7ista 7ep muk’ ta ch’ivit, 7i7och manolajuk 7uk, 7iskux yo7onik te yo7e, te 7ich’ay j-7o7lol, 7imuy tal j-7o7lol, 7iyul ta Jolom Na, 7istaik 7epal jjalom pero muk’ 7iyich’ik ta muk’, j-likel 7isk’elik, 7italik, 7iyul ta Tz’ajom Pik’, 7a li Tz’ajom Pik’e 7oy te jun nab, ta x7atinik 7epal 7antzetik t’anajtik, yech’o ti Tz’ajom Pik’ sbie, 7a ti solteroetike makbil 7ibat k’alal Lach-chikin, yech’o ti naka soltero te tik’il ta balamil te yo7e, 7ipasik ta totil me7il te yo7e ja7 yech ilaj 7o ti k’op vo7nee.

[The Zinacantecs] were men of great valor in war, for it seemed that the whole world was against them. They had constant war with Chiapa over the salt works. Although at times they made peace and exchanged presents, for Zinacantán lacked many things that were in abundance in Chiapa, nevertheless soon they were enemies again, killing and sacrificing each other [cited in Navarrete, 1966a; 99].

The route that the Chiapanecs allegedly followed was, until construction of the Pan American Highway, the principal access to Zinacantán from the north. By this route Bernal Díaz travelled with two hundred Chiapanec Indians and two hundred Zinacantec porters, spending the night by the salt works and arriving in Zinacantán at noon the next day, Easter Sunday, 1524, where they rested before pressing on to the conquest of Chamula.

Fray Alonso Ponce traversed this route in 1586 describing with considerable feeling the torments that I too shared on this same footpath four hundred and seventy-seven years later (Ponce, 1948:passim). Indeed the first friar to settle in Zinacantán, Tomás de la Torre, arrived there on foot so sick and exhausted after his trek up the mountain trail that he could scarcely stand (Ximénez, 1929, 1:358).

Outsiders from the north funnelled continually up this trail. Zinacantán Center was the last stop before San Cristóbal on the trade routes from Mexico City and Veracruz to the Chiapas highlands. Armies marched up and down this trail many times. In 1559 they passed muster in Zinacantán, gathering new forces as they proceeded magnificently towards the Petén. In 1823 when Chiapas was in a turmoil trying to decide whether to be a part of Mexico or of Guatemala the general of the Tuxtla army met in Zinacantán with the representatives of San Cristóbal. Ten years later, when an armed rebellion erupted in San Cristóbal, a hundred government troops poured into Zinacantán surprising and routing the rebel infantry and cavalry—all one hundred and fifty souls! In 1833 a biweekly mail coach was in service from Chiapa to Palenque by way of Zinacantán. In 1848 troops coming from Tuxtla and Chiapa were stopped in Zinacantán upon receiving word that rumors of a native revolt in Palenque were false. In 1863, 1864, and again in 1866 the liberal forces in Tuxtla representing Benito Juárez were pitted against the imperialists in San Cristóbal. The liberals, forced to spend the night of 18 September 1866 in Zinacantán complained that no one would sell them a single tortilla. Again in 1869 the governor’s armies

marched through Zinacantán in the War of the Castes. In 1910 a White automobile, the first motorcar in Chiapas, was landed at Arriaga and bumped up the coach road through Zinacantán on its way to Zapaluta. In the Mexican Revolution battles were waged in the town in 1920 and 1924. (For historical sources see Castañon Gamboa, 1931; Bravo Izquierdo, 1948; López Sánchez, 1960; Montesinos, 1935; Moscoso Pastrana, 1960; V. Pineda, 1888; and Trens, 1942.)

It is believed that occasionally you can hear the soldiers' trumpets and drums sounding from the cave of "Pricked Up Ears," though in one tale it is said that these instruments were left there by Saint Sebastian before his martyrdom (Wasserman, 1970:212-213). The Tutelary Gods are ancestor deities who live in the mountains surrounding Zinacantán Center guarding their descendants from conquest and the forces of evil. See T25, T56, and notes.

Elopement

T18

Once there was a man who had a daughter. The girl looked for a husband, but her mother cried and cried, because the old man beat his daughter out [of the house]. That's why the girl fled. She found a husband. She left. The woman sent her husband off to go look for their daughter. The girl was going along with her husband. She had a comb. She left it on the trail. The comb turned into many brambles so that her father couldn't pass by. He continued. The old man passed through the brambles. The girl tossed her mirror down. It turned into a large lake. The old man passed by. He went on again. The girl turned herself into a mare. Her husband turned himself into a male mule. The old man arrived and spoke to the mare. It didn't answer. The old man came back. He returned to tell his wife that he couldn't find their daughter. The woman cried [even] more. "Take your rope! That mare is my daughter. Her husband is the male mule," said the woman. The man went another time. Now there were no horses. He went further. He came to a church. A priest was standing there inside the church, with a nun. The man spoke to the priest.

"Haven't you seen my daughter? She fled with her husband," said the man. The priest didn't answer properly.

He just said, "Come, come in, hear Ma—ss!"

"Haven't you seen my daughter?" the man kept asking.

[The priest] just said over and over, "Come, come in, hear Ma—ss!"

"Go to hell then, you aren't a priest! I'm taking the nun away. She's probably my daughter," said the man. The man seized the nun. The priest came along right behind. [The nun] was [the man's] daughter. That priest was her husband. They returned home. Her mother stopped crying. They were happy then. That's how the matter ended.

This magic flight closely resembles Spanish escapades in which the devil, advised by his cannier wife, pursues the lovers, who toss behind combs and mirrors. The girl becomes a church, as her lover, in priest's guise, announces mass (A.M. Espinosa,

7O la jun vinik ti vo7nee, 7o la stzeb, 7a ti tzebe, 7issa7 smalal, 7ijatav, 7ibat xchi7uk ti smalale, pero ti sme7e ta x7ok' ta j-mek, porke yu7un 7ismaj lok'el stzeb ti mole, yech'o 7ijatav ti tzebe, 7ista smalal, 7ibat 7istak ech'el smalal, ti 7antze, ti 7ak'o ba ssa7 tal ti stzebe, 7ibatik xchi7uk smalal ti tzebe, 7oy la sjach'ub, 7iyak' komel ta be, 7a ti jach'ubile 7ipas ta 7epal ch'ixtik, ti yo7 mu xjelav 7o ti stote, 7ibat 7ijelav ech'el ta ch'ixtik ti mole, 7isten komel jun snen ti tzebe 7ipas ta 7epal nab, 7ijelav ti mole, 7ibat noxtok, 7a ti tzebe 7ispas sba ta yevax, 7a ti smalale, 7ispas sba ta machu, 7ik'ot sk'opon yevax ti mole, mu xtak'av, 7isut tal ti mole, 7iyul 7iyalbe ya7i ti yajnille, ti ch'abal 7ista ti stzebe, 7i7ok' mas ti 7antze. "7Ich'o ech'el lalaso, ja7 me jtzeb taj yevaxe, ja7 me smalal li machue," xi la ti 7antze. 7Ibat 7otro jun bwelta, li vinike, ch'abal xa ka7etik, 7ibat mas, 7ista j-p'ej 7eklixa, te va7al jun pale, ta yut 7eklixa, xchi7uk jun magre, 7isk'opon pale ti vinike.

"Mi muk' bu xavilbon jtzeb, yu7un 7ijatav, xchi7uk smalal," xi la ti vinike. Mu xtak'av lek ti palee.

K'ajom ta xal -- "La7 7ochan 7a7yo mixaaaaaa!" xi la ti palee.

"Mi muk' bu xavilbon jtzeb?" xi la ta j-mek ti vinike.

K'ajom ta xal ta j-mek ti "La7 7ochan 7a7yo mixaaaaaa!" xi.

"Batan ta myerta che7e, ma7uk paleot, ta xkik' ech'el 7a li magree, ja7 nan jtzeb li7e," xi la ti vinike. 7Istzak la tal magre ti vinike, tijil 7ital ti palee, ja7 la stzeb 7un, ja7 la smalal taj pale 7une, 7iyul la ta na 7ipaj yok'el ti sme7e, lek 7ikomik 7o 7un, ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o ti k'ope.

1967, T122-T125). In the New World the girl may fashion thickets with a needle, vines with a comb, a lake with salt, a mountain of lime, a slippery hill of soap (J. E. Thompson, 1930: 167-172), or a hill of yarn (Radin and Espinosa, 1917, T111). A

comb becomes thickets, soap a swamp, a wash basin a lake (Shaw, 1972:129-131). She and her consort may become church and bell (González Casanova, 1920:25-27), virgin and sacristan (J. E. Thompson, *ibid.*), corn field and farmer (Shaw, *ibid.*), plant

seller and farmer, hen and rooster (Radin and Espinosa *ibid.*), bird in a tree, or hacienda and fence (González Casanova, *ibid.*). The happy ending recounted above is an unusual resolution of the pursuit.

The Adventures of Johnny Fourteen

T109

Once there was a man named Johnny Fourteen. He was called Johnny Fourteen because he ate fourteen times [a day]. At each meal there were enough helpings for fourteen men, it seems.

He would leave. He would travel wherever he traveled, wherever there were big animals, because he caught them, because he had no use for them, so he killed them.

It was learned that there was a Johnny Fourteen. "Well, come here if you want. Come and do some work!" he was told. Since he never could get enough food, because he ate so much, he left [home]. "All right, I won't pay you. The only thing you'll be paid is . . . you'll just be paid your meals," said the boss where he was summoned.

"Ah!" he said. "All right!" he said.

"You are to roll sixteen, [no], sixty rocks here," he said. Sixty rocks. "So if you can roll them, if you can move them aside, then you can eat," he said.

"Fine!" said [Johnny]. He went. He did the job, but they were just big rocks. The rocks were the size of a house. He finished pushing them aside.

"Now how is your work going?" asked [his boss].

"It's finished," he said.

"Do you mean it?" he said.

"I mean it," said [Johnny].

"Good!" he said. "Now"—it was on the next day, too—"Now you will go on an errand. You will go stand guard by the tree over there. There are lots of bananas," said [the boss].

"All right!" he said. He went there. He went to guard them.

"But you will spend the night there," he was told.

"Okay!" he said. He spent the night there, because he was tricked, because lots of animals had just arrived, since it was known that he would be eaten by the animals.

He took a machete along with him. He had it with him where he slept at the foot of a cliff. The animals arrived. He couldn't get to sleep. But he finished killing them all.

He came back the next day at daybreak. "Well, I've come back," he said.

"Didn't anything happen to you?" he was asked.

"No!" he said.

"Do you mean it?"

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la jun vinik, Jwan Katórse sibi, 7a ti sibiin 7o ti Jwan Katorsee, yu7un chan-lajuneb bwelta ta xve7, j-7ech'el ve7el smakoj chan-lajun-vo7 ta vinik ya7el.

Bwéno, ta xbat ta xxanav 7o bu xxanave bu 7oy muk'tik chonetike, yu7un tzak yu7un, yu7un mu baluk xa7i, yu7un ta smil.

Bwéno, 7i7a7yat 7un ti 7oy Jwan Katórse 7une. "Bwéno, la7 li7 toe mi xak'ane, la7 7abtejan!" x7utat la. Kómo muk' bu sta lek sve7el, ja7 li toj 7ep ta xve7e, 7ibat la 7un. "Bwéno, pero mu me xajtoj 7un, k'usi no 7ox chatoje ja7 no 7ox chajtoj lave7ele," xi la ti yajval 7abtel bu take ta 7ik'el 7une.

"7A!" xi la 7un. "Stak'!" xi la 7un.

Bwéno, "7A li li7e chabalch'un vaklajun-p'ej, 7ox-vinik ta p'ej ton," xi la. 7Ox-vinik ta p'ej ton. "7Entónse, ti mi balch'uj 7avu7une ti mi k'ej 7avu7un ech'ele, yu7un, yu7un chave7," xi la.

"Bwéno," xi la. 7Ibat la, 7islok'es ti tariae, pero naka la muk'tik ton ju-p'ej ta na ti tone, laj la sk'ejan lok'el 7un.

"7Óra, k'u x7elan lavabtele?" xi la 7un.

"7Ilaj," xi la 7un.

"Mi yech 7aval?" xi la 7un.

"Yech kal," xi la.

"Bwéno!" xi la. "7A li7e che7e," -- ta jun 7o k'ak'al noxtok 7un -- "7A li7e chabat ta mantal, 7a li te chba 7achabi 7a li j-tek' te7, 7oy lek lo7boltik te yo7e," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno!" xi. Te bat la 7un, ba la xchabi 7un.

"Pero te me chavay 7un," x7utat la.

"Teyuk!" xi la 7un. Te la 7ivay 7un yu7un chcho7at yu7un ja7 ti chlaj k'otuk labal chonetike, ja7 chna7e ti xti7at ta chon 7une.

Bwéno, jun la smachita 7iyich' ech'el 7ixchi7in ta vayel ti bu vay ta yok ch'ene, laj la k'otuk ti chonetike, muk' x7och svayel pero naka laj smilan skotol.

Bwéno, 7isut tal ta yok'omal sakub ti 7osile.

"Bwéno, lisut me tal 7un," xi.

"Mi mu k'u 7apas?" x7utat la.

"Ch'abal!" xi la 7un.

"Mi yech 7aval?" xi la.

"I mean it."

"Didn't you see anything at all?" asked the boss.

"Nothing," he said.

"Now, then, it's nothing much. You are going again," he was told the next day. "You are going to deliver a message. Take the message! You will go here," he was told. He left. He arrived and spoke to a Ladino at the first door.

"I've come to deliver a message," [Johnny] told him.

"Ah, go, go in, go and speak to the person who is way inside there," he said.

"Fine!" said Johnny Fourteen. He went in. The gentleman way inside looked at the message.

"Ah!" said the gentleman. "Well, good, you aren't to return. You are to stay here. That's what the message says. We will stay here now. We will be together," said the gentleman inside there, the owner of the house.

"Ah!" said Johnny Fourteen. "But who said so?" he asked.

"I say so!" he said.

"Are you the one who gives all the orders?" said Johnny Fourteen.

"Well it's me, as I told [you]. Get out, I guess! How are you going to get out?" he said.

"If I really want to, I'll get out," said Johnny Fourteen. "It just doesn't make any difference. So what! I guess I'll think it over whether I get used to it or not," said Johnny Fourteen. He had come through sixty doors.

Now when Johnny Fourteen lost his temper he just kicked the doors one after another until he finished breaking down all sixty doors.

So that's how he came out again. He came back again. He spoke to the boss where he worked. "Ah!" said [the boss]. "Did you get out?" he asked.

"I got out," he said.

"Oh, but how did you get out?" he asked.

"I just got out by myself. I opened the door. I was able to open the door. Nothing happened, nothing. I just escaped," he said.

"Ah!" said [the boss]. "So that's fine, then. Today you are to go to the graveyard," said the boss. "You are to go there. Just be there, you don't have to work. Just go spend the night there," said the boss.

"Well, okay!" said Johnny Fourteen.

He went to spend the night at the graveyard. When he went to bed he didn't fall asleep. He paced there. He kept walking around. Maybe it was because he had been told not to sleep. And at midnight all the ghosts came. "What are you looking for here?" all the ghosts asked.

"Yech kal."

"Mi mu k'usi 7avil j-set'uk?" xi la ti yajval 7abtel 7une.

"Ch'abal," xi la.

"7A li7e che7e, mu k'usi, chabat noxtok," x7utat ti ta jun 7o k'ak'al 7une. "Chba 7avak' j-lik vun, 7ich'o ech'el j-lik vun, chabat li7 toe," x7utat la. 7Ibat la 7un, 7ik'ot la sk'opon jun jkaxlan ta primero ti7 na.

"7A li li7 tal kak' j-lik vune," xut la.

"7A batan, 7ochan ech'el, ba k'opono li jun taj ta j-mek ta yute," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno!" xi la ti Jwan Katórse 7un. 7I7och la 7un, 7isk'el 7a ti vun ti jun mol te ta yut ta j-mek 7une.

"7A!" xi la ti mol 7une. "Bwéno, lek, muk' chasut, li7 chakome, ja7 yech yalok tal vune, li7 xa chikomotike, li7 ta jchi7in jbatike," xi la ti, 7a ti jun mol te ta yut 7une, yajval ti na 7une.

"7A!" xi la ti Jwan Katórse 7une. "Pero buch'u xi?" xi la 7un.

"Vo7on xichi!" xi la 7un.

"Mi vo7ot batz'i xapas mantal?" xi la ti Jwan Katórse 7une.

"Pwes vo7on ti k'u kale, lok'an kik, k'u xi chalok?" xi la.

"Ti sk'an ko7one chilok'," xi la ti Jwan Katórse 7une. "Ja7 no 7ox muk' ta 7alel, yiyil, ta jnop ka7tik mi xinop mi mu xinop," xi la ti Jwan Katórse 7une. 7Ox-vinik la ta k'ol ti ti7 na 7une, ti 7och 7une.

7Óra, ti k'alal ti kap sjol ti Jwan Katórse 7une, naka la slikel ta tek'el 7un, ju-jun ju-jun ti ti7 na 7une, 7ásta ke laj svok'an komel skotol ti sesenta ti7 na 7une.

7Entónse, ja7 yech 7ilok' 7o tal noxtok 7un, 7isut tal noxtok 7un, ta sk'opon ti yajval ti buy ch7abtej 7une. "7A!" xi la. "Mi lalok' tal?" xi.

"Lilok' tal," xi.

"7A, pero k'u xi lalok' tal?" xi.

"Yech lilok' tal jtuk, 7ijjam li nae, 7ijjam no 7ox ku7un, muk' mu k'usi 7ipas mu k'usi náda mas likol," xi la 7un.

"7A!" xi la. "7Entónse lek che7e, lavie chabat ta mukenal," xi la ti yajval 7abtel. "Chabat te yo7e, te yech no 7ox mu7nuk cha7abtej, ba nox 7ech'uk 7ak'ubal te yo7e," xi la ti yajval 7abtel 7une.

"Bwéno stak!" xi la ti Jwan Katórse 7une.

Bwéno, te la ba vayuk ta ba mukenal, 7a ti, 7a ti vayeme, muk' la x7och svayel, te la xva7et te la xjoyet ta j-mek 7un, yu7un no la yech 7albil 7un, ke ti mu xvay 7une, 7i ta 7ol 7ak'ubal 7un, 7ital la skotol i 7animaetik 7une. "K'u chasa7 li7 toe?" xi la ti skotol ti 7animaetik 7une.

"I'm not looking for anything. I'm just having a good time," said Johnny Fourteen.

"You won't look for anything here, now. If you want to, let's go into my house," they said.

"Who said so? Who's giving the orders?" said Johnny Fourteen.

"It's whatever we say," said the ghosts. He was taken inside. He didn't know how. He went through sixtee—through sixty levels of the earth he went.

And, "Ooh, but I've come way down now," said Johnny Fourteen. "God, but what can I do about this?" he said. He thought carefully. There was no longer any way to get out. He was at the very bottom of the world now. "I guess I'll try," he said. In a minute he went and kicked [his way] out of the world. He was able to open it. Johnny Fourteen got out.

He continued on happily. He went on. He went to speak to that boss. "Well, I've come back now," he said again, the next morning.

"Have you returned again?" asked his boss.

"I've returned," he said. It was just that he ate and ate. He ate fourteen helpings a meal.

"Ah!" he said. "Eat, then!" [the boss] said again. "Well, you are to go another time," [Johnny] was told again.

"Where am I to go?" he asked.

"To the graveyard again, you are just to go there," said [the boss].

"Ah," said [Johnny Fourteen]. "Okay," he said.

They came, lots of soldiers came. They came to wage war, to kill him, since it had been heard that he couldn't be killed, that one man had the strength of fourteen men. "So let's go kill him with bullets, then!" said the soldiers. They arrived. They attacked him with bullets. Johnny Fourteen was standing unconcerned. The bullets passed by. He just dodged and dodged the bullets as they passed. The soldiers ran out of bullets. [The bullets] missed him.

He took his little machete. He went to capture them. He went to kill them. He went to capture them. He wrestled all the soldiers. He finished off all the soldiers, too. He returned. He arrived to tell his boss again. "I've come back now," he said again.

"Have you come back again?" [the boss asked].

"I've come back," he said.

"Huh, hell! But what kind of a man are you?" said the boss over and over.

"Really, I'm no special kind of man," said [Johnny].

"Didn't anything happen to you? Didn't anything come along?" asked [the boss].

"Nothing, it seems. There wasn't anything," said [Johnny].

"Huh, but do you mean it?" he said.

"Mu k'u ta jsa7, yech no 7ox ta jkux ko7on," xi la ti Jwan Katórse 7une.

"7A lavie mu k'usi chasa7 li7 toe, mi xak'ane 7ochikotik ta jna," xi la.

"Buch'u xi, buch'u spas mantal?" xi la ti Jwan Katórse.

"Ja7 ti k'u xichie," xi la ti 7animaetik 7une. 7I7ik'e la ochel, muk' la xa7i k'u xi, 7och ta vak-la... ta 7ox-vinik ta k'ol lum 7i7och la 7un.

7I "Jii, pero nat xa liyal tal 7un," xi la ti Jwan Katórse 7une. "Dyos pero k'u ta jnop li7e?" xi la 7un. 7Ilnop la lek 7un, mu xa k'u xi xlok', batz'i ta chak balamil xa ech'el 7un. "Ta jpas kik preva," xi la. J-likel 7a spuj lok'el ta majel ti balamil 7une, 7ijam la yu7un 7un, 7ilok' ti Jwan Katórse 7une.

Bwéno, jun yo7on 7ibat, bat, ba sk'opon 7a li taj yajval 7une. "Bwéno, li7 me lital 7une," xi la noxtok 7un. Sakub ti 7osil 7une.

"Mi lasut tal noxtok 7un?" xi la ti yajval 7une.

"Lisut tal," xi. Ja7 nox ti chve7 chve7 ta j-mek chve7 ti chan-lajuneb bwelta ta j-7ech'el ve7el 7une.

"7A!" xi la. "Ve7an che7e!" xi la noxtok 7un.

"Bwéno, chabat 7otro jun bwelta," x7utat noxtok 7un.

"Bu chibat 7un?" xi la 7un.

"Te 7onox jun ta ba mukenal te nox chabat," xi la 7un.

"7A!" xi la. "Stak'uk!" xi la 7un.

Bwéno, tal 7un, tal la 7epal solteroetik, tal la 7ak'-k'ok' 7un, yu7un ta xmile, kómo 7a7yat xa ti mu stak' milel ke chan-lajun-vo7 vinik spersa ti jun vinik 7une. "7Entónse ba jmiltik ta bala che7e!" xiik la ti solteroetik 7une. K'otik la 7un, yak'beik la bala 7un, jun la yo7on va7al ti Jwan Katórse, ch7ech' la ti bala 7une, stz'éantz'éan no la sba ti 7ech' ti bala 7une, 7ilaj la sbala ti solteroetik 7une, 7ech' yu7un 7un.

Bwéno, stam la ech'el yunen machita, ba la stzak ba la smil, ba la stzak ssoylan ta j-mek skotol ti solteroetik 7une, 7ilaj yu7un skotol ti solteroetik noxtok 7une, 7isut ech'el 7un, 7ik'ot yalbe ya7i ti yajval noxtok 7une. "Li7 me lital 7une," xi la noxtok.

"Mi lasut tal noxtok 7un?" xi la.

"Lisut tal," xi.

"Je7, kavron, pero k'u k'uxi vinikalot?" xi la ta j-mek ti 7ajvalil 7une.

"Melel mu k'usi vinikalon," xi la.

"Mi mu k'usi 7apas, mi mu k'usi k'ot?" xi.

"Ch'abal yilel, mu k'usi 7oy," xi la.

"Je7, pero mi yech 7aval?" xi.

"I mean it."

"So, you bastard, just stop eating here, then! You just eat and eat. Who knows what will happen to you," he said. The boss had seen now, had heard now that [Johnny Fourteen] had won over and over. "Go on then, go far, far away! If you want whatever you want, go jump into a war or something! Today there is no food for you," he was told. [Johnny] went on. He disappeared. That's how the story ends.

As the word *lo7bol* means both "banana" and "fruit," Johnny could be guarding an undisclosed variety of fruit tree.

Johnny Fourteen is known also from Puerto Rico (Mason and Espinosa, 1926:263-264), Jalisco (Wheeler, 1943:T98) and the Chontal of Oaxaca (Belmar, 1900:50-58). He appears in the southwest under the alias of Juan Sin Miedo (A.M. Espinosa,

"Yech kal."

"7Entónse, kavron, batz'i 7altik nox li7 chavé7e che7e, yech no 7ox chavé7 ta j-mek jna7tik k'usi chk'ot 7apas," xi la 7un. 7ilbil xa ya7yoj xa ti 7ajvalil 7une, ti kuch xa ta j-mek yu7un 7une. "Batan che7e, batan ta nom ta j-mek, ti mi xak'an k'usi chak'ane ba ba tik' aba ta 7ak'-k'ok' mi k'usi, lavie ch'abal lave7el," x7utat la. 7ibat la, ch'aye ech'el 7un, ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o k'op chak taj 7un.

1911, T12) and in Guadalajara as Juan Huevón (Robe, 1970, T74). His exploits are similar to those in European tales (A-T 346, A-T 525), in which the protagonist must overcome his fear as he is confronted by skeletons, ghosts, etc. See also T10, T170, and notes.

What an Old Woman Will Do to You If You Do It to Her

T139

Once, the people said, the older people, that we couldn't desire women. We couldn't fuck an older woman when we were still young. We would get sick from it. Our animal would leave, because that's what the people say. Even now they say that we have animals. If we fuck an older woman our animal will come out. If she is just the same age, like our brothers and sisters, then of course you can.

Now if we grab an older woman our animals will leave. Our potency will end. Our hair will fall out. We can't do anything at all. We're left completely useless.

That's the way it was, of course, for the people long ago. Today it probably isn't that way anymore. But the people long ago probably received less strength. There were those who fucked older women. One fucked an older woman, it seems. His animal left. His potency was lost. The hair fell from his head.

They didn't know what medicine [to use]. They didn't know how to treat themselves for it. They didn't know about doctors. They didn't know about better medicine. They just found it by themselves. They gave it. They gave it to each other, the people of long ago.

That boy got sick. He told his older relatives, it seems. "Well, see here, son. Treat yourself because you are dying," they said.

"What kind of medicine is it? What do you think can make me well? Because I'm dying. I have no strength. I did this stupid thing," he said.

"Ah, no, [don't worry] son, this is what should be done," they said. He carried the planks of his old bed. He circled three times around the outside of the

Bwéno, 7a ti vo7nee, chalik ti krixchanoetike, ti mas moletike, mu la xu7 jk'upintik 7antz, mu la xu7 7a li jkobtik me7el lavi bik'itotike, ta la xi7ipajotik 7o, ta la xlok' 7o jchontik porke ja7 yech chalik i krixchanoetike, k'al tana yech chalik ti 7oy jchontike, 7a ti jkobtik la jun me7ele, ta la xlok' jchontik, 7a ti mi ja7 no la yech k'u cha7al jchi7iltik ta ch'iele xu7 la 7un bi 7a!

7Óra, ti mi jtzaktik me7ele, ta la xlok' jchontik ta la x7aj 7o jpwersatik ta la xtul 7o jjoltik, mi ja7uk xa la xu7 k'usi jpastik batz'i yech la ta j-mek chikomotik.

Bwéno, 7o la yech ti vo7ne a7a, 7a ti vo7ne krixchanoetike, lavie mu xa nan yechuk pero mas to 7ox nan yochol pwera yich'oj ti krixchanoetik vo7nee, 7o la tzkobik me7el 7iskob ya7el ti me7el ti jun 7une, 7ilok' la xchon 7ilaj la spwera 7itul la stzatzal sjol.

Bwéno, mu sna7ik k'usi ti pox 7une, mu sna7ik k'usi tzpoxta 7o sbaik 7un, mu sna7 k'usi loktor, mu sna7 k'usi mas lek pox, batz'i ja7 nox ta ssa7ik stukik ta xak'ik, te nox ta xak'be sbaik ti vo7ne krixchano 7une.

Bwéno, 7i7ipaj la taj jun krem 7une, 7iyal la ti moletik xchi7iltak ya7el 7une. "Bwéno, k'el avil, kere, poxta aba yu7n xa me chacham," xi la.

"K'usi li spoxil 7une, k'usi xikol 7o xana7, yu7n xa chicham, batz'i mu xu7, ja7 yech 7ijpas bolil chak li7e," xi la 7un.

"7A mo7oj, kere, ja7 me yech smelol chak li7e," xi la 7un. 7Iskuch la ti stenel te7al sk'a7-tem, 7isjoyin la 7oxib bwelta ti pana xxokon nae, skuchoj ti steme,

house, carrying his bed. Another beat it on the back like a slit drum. He beat it on the back. The first [man] was walking ahead carrying it. After he circled his house three times, he went in like that. He entered his house. His bed was carried in by him.

Maybe, gradually, he got better [after] doing that. That's what the older people say to this day. If we grab older women, if we fuck older women our hair will fall out, our animal will leave. We'll die from it little by little. That's why they say it to this day, but now the people aren't like that very much anymore. The boys aren't much like that anymore. Now they grab older women so often. Now the young boys just think of girls. They speak to many of them. Now they don't know proper form. Once the young boys didn't use ugly talk. Now, today it's too much! The young boys today just talk to each other [using] "prick," and "ass." It makes no difference to them. Now they don't respect their fathers or their mothers. It's nothing to them.

Well, that's all. There was another one, too, a different one.

He thought he was pretty smart. He never carried his old bed, because it would be embarrassing if all the people heard about it then. They would talk about it if they heard that we carried our beds, that we did something [with the beds].

Now that person fucked a woman who was older than he was.

He probably realized that he was left in bad shape after he had fucked her. He simply went to talk to that old woman, "See here, woman, it's like this. I feel as if I'm getting sick. It's probably because my animal left," he said.

"How do you feel?" asked the old woman.

"Like thus and so. I'm very sick now, it seems. I don't know if maybe it isn't because you took my animal from me," he told the old woman.

"Ah, no, [don't worry], come at dawn," she said. "Come at dawn. Come see. I'll pee at dawn. See if your animals come out," she said. The next morning he went to look at the old woman. He went to look where she peed. He found those animals of his lying there. They came out. They came out in the old woman's piss. He picked up his animals. He swallowed them again. After he swallowed his animals, gradually he regained his strength. He recovered. He grew strong, because he found his animals again. That's what they did once, like that. That's why they say that to this day. That's the story the people tell about to this day—that our animals will come out if we fuck older women, women more mature than ourselves. That's why we're not supposed to do it, but today it doesn't make any difference to them at all. That's what they say.

jun ta stij tal ta spat k'u cha7al t'ent'en, jun te tztij tal ta spat 7un, ja7 xkuchoj ech'el ta ba be li stuk 7une, laj sjoyin ti 7oxib bwelta ti sna 7une, 7i 7och 7o yech 7un, 7och ta sna 7un, skuchoj 7i7och ti stem 7une.

Bwéno, te nan k'un'k'un 7ikol chak taj 7une, ja7 yech chalik lavi k'al tana li moletik 7une, 7a ti yu7n la jtzaktik me7ele, ti yu7n la jkobtik me7ele, ta la xtul 7o jjoltik, ta la xlok' 7o jchontik, ta la xichamotik 7o ta k'un'k'un 7un, yech'o ti ja7 yech chalik k'al tana, pero lavie mu xa masuk yech krixchanoetike, mu xa masuk yech i kremotike, tol xa stzakik me7el, 7o xa sk'upinik me7el, 7a li k'ox kremotike, naka xa ja7 sna7ojik i tzebetike, chlaj sk'oponnik, mu xa buy ti lekil k'op sna7ike, 7a ti vo7nee che7e mu sna7 k'usi chopol k'op li k'ox kremotike, 7a lavie toj mas xa naka xa ta 7at, ta chak sk'opon sbaik i k'ox kremotik lavie, muk' xa sk'oplal yu7un, mu xa sp'is ta vinik jun stot jun sme7ik, muk' xa ta 7alel yu7un.

Bwéno, laj taj 7une, ja7 la yech 7o jun noxtok, parte xa.

Bwéno, ja7 nan p'ij j-set' ti yaloj 7un, muk' bu skuch ti sk'a7-teme porke k'exlal 7a ti xa7i skotol krixchanoe che7e, ja7 xa chlo7ilaj 7o ti ya7i ti 7oy ta jkuch jtemtik, ti 7oy k'usi 7ijpastike.

7Óra, taj 7une, 7iskob la jun me7el mas yij xkaltik ke li stuke.

Bwéno, ya7i nan ti chopol xa kom ti k'alal laj skob 7une, solet ba sk'opon taj me7el 7une. "K'el avil, 7antz, ja7 yech chak li7e, ta me xi7ipaj ya7el 7un, yu7n nan 7ilok' jchon," xi la.

"K'usi x7elan chaxcha7le?" xi la ti me7el 7une.

"Ja7 yech ja7 yech chak li7e, batz'i 7ipon xa ya7el, mu jna7 mi yu7 nan 7alok'esbon jchon," xut la ech'el ti me7el 7une.

"7Aa, bwéno, mo7oj che7e, xatal 7ik'-luman," xi la. "Xatal 7ik'-luman xtal 7ak'el, ta xik'abin 7ik'-luman, xak'el mi 7o chlok' lachone," xi la. Ta yok'omal 7un, ba la sk'el ti me7el 7une, ba la sk'el ti bu k'abin 7une, te la bitzajtik 7ista taj xchon 7une, 7ilok', kapal 7ilok' ta sk'ab ti me7el 7une, 7istam la ti xchon 7une, 7isbik' la 7otro jun bwelta 7un, k'alal laj sbik' ti xchon 7une, k'un'k'un la 7ayan spwersa 7un, 7ikol la 7un, 7itzatzub la 7un, porke yu7n 7ista to 7otro jun bwelta ti xchone, ja7 la yech spasik ti vo7ne chak taj 7une, yech'o ti ja7 yech chalik, k'al tana yech tzlo7iltaik k'al tana ti krixchanoetik 7une, ti ta xlok' 7o jchontik ti jkobtik me7el mas yijil 7antz ke li vo7otike, yech'o ti mu stak' ti sk'oplal 7une, pero lavie muk' sk'oplal yu7unik ta j-mek ja7 yech chalik chak taj 7une.

Unfortunately I failed to ask Romin about these "animals." I presume that they are worms, perhaps the hornworms mentioned in T105 and T106.

As in other tales the verb *k'opon*, "to speak to," is a euphemism for "to have sexual relations with."

The Adventures of Peter

T6

Once upon a time there was a [boy named] Peter. He was an orphan. He went to look for a babysitting job. He was given the babysitting job.

He asked for a needle. "Mistress," he said, "Give me a needle, I'm going to sew my clothes with it," he said. He was given the needle.

He went to put the baby to sleep. He stuck the needle in its breathing spot.

The baby died. He went to the kitchen to ask for his meal. "I'm hungry, Mistress," he said.

"Why? Wait!" she said. "The baby's going to cry," said the woman. "I'll go look," she said.

"No, don't go look, it's still asleep," he said.

Well, eat right away then," she said. He was given his meal. He ate right away.

Then, when he had finished eating, he fled. He went to another town.

[When] he arrived, "Are you here, Master?" he asked.

"Why [do you ask]?" said the man.

"Have you any work?" asked [Peter].

"What kind of work do you want?" he asked.

"I want to herd pigs if there's [a job]," he said.

"Oh, there is, if you want it. Work!" he was told.

Well, he went to herd the pigs, lots of pigs. A Ladino came along. "Won't you sell one of your pigs? I'll buy them," said [the Ladino].

"Hmm, I won't sell them," said [Peter].

"Sell them! I'll give you a lot of money," he said.

"All right, take them, then. [But] just the meat. The tails and ears I won't sell," said [Peter].

"Ah!" he said. "That's all right," said the Ladino.

"Well, take them then," said [Peter]. "I just want silver [for them]," he said.

Good enough," said the Ladino. [Peter] sold all the pigs. The Ladino left with all the pigs.

Well, Peter buried all the pigs' tails and ears in the mud.

He left. He went to talk to his master. "Master," he said. "All the pigs died. They all went into the quicksand," he said.

"Oh, let's go look right away! Where [are they]?" he asked.

"Here," said Peter. "Come, look at their ears," he said. Peter pulled the ears. It looked as if he were trying hard. Peter landed way off on his ass. "Oh, here are their tails," he said. He pulled their tails.

70 la jun Pégro ti vo7nee, me7on la, ba la ssa7 kuch-7unen, 7i7ak'bat kuch-7unen.

Bwéno, 7isk'an la jun yakuxa. "Patróna," xi la. "7Ak'bon junuk kakuxa, ta jtz'is 7o jk'u7," xi la. 7I7ak'bat la ti 7akuxae.

Bwéno, ba la svayubtas ti 7unenene, 7ispajbe la komel 7akuxa ta yav ya7al.

Bwéno, 7icham ti 7unenene, ba sk'an sve7el ta kusina. "Chivi7naj, patróna," xi.

"K'u yu7un, malao!" xi la. "Ta me x7ok' ti 7unenene," xi ti 7antz 7une. "Chba jk'el," xi la.

"Mo7oj mu xba 7ak'el vayem to," xi la.

"Bwéno ve7an ta 7ora che'e," xi la. 7Ak'bat la sve7el, 7ive7 ta 7ora.

7Entónse, laj ve7uk, 7ijatav, 7ibat ta jun 7o jtek-lum.

Bwéno, 7ik'ot. "Mi li7ote, patron?" xi la.

"K'usi?" xi la ti vinike.

"Mi mu7yuk 7avabtel?" xi la.

"K'usi 7abtelal chak'an?" xi la.

"Ta jk'an chabiej-chitom mi 7oye," xi la.

"7Aa, 7oy mi7n chak'ane, 7abtejan!" x7utat la.

Bwéno, 7ibat bat xchabie chitom, 7epal chitom, 7ital la jun jkaxlan. "Mi mu xachonbon lachitome, ta jman," xi la.

"Jee, mu jchon," xi la.

"Chono chakak'be 7ep tak'in," xi la.

"Bwéno, 7ik'o che7e ja7 no 7ox me li sbek'tal 7une, 7a li snee, 7a li xchikine mu jchon," xi la.

"7Aa!" xi la. "Xu7," xi la ti jkaxlane.

"Bwéno, 7ik'o che7e," xi la. "Naka me plata ta jk'an un," xi la.

"Stak'," xi la ti jkaxlane. 7Ixchon skotol ti chitome, 7ibat ti jkaxlane xchi7uk skotol ti chitome.

Bwéno, 7a ti Pegroe 7ismukan ta 7ach'el skotol ti snee, ti xchikin ti chitome.

Bwéno, 7ibat, ba sk'opon spatron, x7ok' xa k'otel. "Patron," xi la. "7Icham skotol ti chitome," xi la.

"7I7och skotol ta xa7abtik," xi la.

"7Aa, ba jk'eltik ta 7ora," xi la. "Buy?" xi la.

"7A li7e," xi la ti Pegroe. "La7 k'el avil li xchikine," xi la. 7Isnitbe la xchikin ti Pegroe, chak' la pwera yilel, taj to la chotol chk'ot ti Pegroe. "7Aj li7 xa snee," xi la. Snitbe la sne. "7Aj, mu xa jtatik

“Oh, now we can’t reach their tails to pull them out,” he said.

“Well, go then, go ask for a pick and shovel,” he said. “Go ask your mistress for them,” he said.

[When] he arrived, “Mistress,” he said, “I was told to ask for a turn behind the door.”

“What? What do you want?” she asked. “Are you hungry?” he was asked.

“No, he says to give me a toss behind the door.”

“Ooh, what is it you want? But could it be this maybe?” she asked. Quickly she uncovered it for him to see.

“Yes, that’s what I want,” he said.

Well, he left. He ran off. He stole lots of flowers.

Then he stuck the silver coins onto those flowers.

A Ladino came along. “Do you want these? I’ll sell them to you,” said [Peter].

“What are they good for?” asked [the Ladino].

“This is treasure,” he said.

“How much are you asking?” Peter was given maybe two or three thousand pesos.

“But the silver I’m keeping. I’ll just give you the flowers,” he said. “Tomorrow you’ll see when you wake up that they will be just like this again,” he said.

“But are you telling the truth?” asked [the Ladino].

“Yes, I am,” he said.

“Well, I guess I’ll see tomorrow,” he said.

“You’ll see, then you’ll see,” said [Peter].

“I’m going,” he said. [Peter] took in more money again. The poor Ladino was tricked. The flowers were dead when he woke up. [Peter] saw another Ladino coming, riding on horseback.

“But what can I do? I guess I’ll take a shit,” he said. “Aha!”

Quickly he took a shit. He covered it with his hat. The Ladino arrived. “Well, where are you going?” he asked the Ladino.

“I’m going hunting,” said [the Ladino].

“Oh, if you want, I’ll sell you a little bird,” said [Peter].

“Where is it?” he asked.

“Here, I’ve covered it with my hat,” said [Peter].

“Eh, I guess I’ll take a look,” he said.

“You can’t look! It pecks,” said [Peter].

“Oh, but how can it be taken out?” he asked.

“I’ll take it out if you have a cage for it,” said [Peter].

“I don’t. I do, but it’s at home,” he said.

“But if you [can] come back right away, go and bring it,” said [Peter].

chbul li snee,” xi.

“Bwéno, batan, che7e, ba k’ano tal piko, pala,” xi la. “Ba k’anbo tal tapatronae,” xi la.

Bwéno, 7ik’ot la. “Patróna,” xi la. “7Ak’bon la j-7ech’eluk ta pat mak ti7 na,” xi la.

“K’usi, k’usi chak’an?” xi la. “Mi chave7e?” x7utat la.

“Mo7oj, 7ak’bon la j-tenuk ta pat mak ti7 na,” xi la.

“Jee, k’usi chak’an, pero, ja7 nan li7e che7e,” xi la. J-likel 7ijolbat yil.

“7Éso, ja7 ta jk’an li7e,” xi la.

Bwéno, 7ibat la, 7ijatav, 7iyelk’an la ech’el, 7ep nichim.

7Entónse, 7isnap’an la ech’el naka plata, taj nichime.

Bwéno, 7ital la jun jkaxlan. “Mi xak’an li7e, chajchonbe,” xi la.

“K’usi stu li7e?” xi la.

“Li7e me7 tak’in,” xi la.

“K’u cha7al chavak’?” xi la. 7Ak’bat nan mi cha7-mil mi 7ox-mil tak’in ti Pégro 7une.

“Pero 7a li platae, ta jkomes ja7 no 7ox naka nichim chakak’be,” xi la. “7Ok’ob xak’el avil ja7 xa yech sakub chak li7 noxtoke,” xi.

“Pero mi yech 7aval?” xi la.

“Yech xkal,” xi la.

“Bwéno ta jk’el kik, 7ok’ob,” xi la.

“Te xak’el, te xak’el avil,” xi la.

“Chibat 7un,” xi la. 7Ista mas tak’in noxtok, 7a ti povre jkaxlane 7ista lo7loel, chamemik 7isakub ti nichime, 7iyil 7ital 7otro jun jkaxlan, kajal ta ka7.

“Pero k’usi ta jnop?” xi la. “Chitza7an kik,” xi la. “7Aja!”

Bwéno, j-likel la 7itza7an, 7ismak ta spixel, 7ital ti jkaxlane. “Bwéno bu chabat?” xut la ti jkaxlane.

“Chibat ta paxyal,” xi la.

“7Aj, mi xak’an chajchonbe jun pajarito,” xi la.

“Buy?” xi la.

“Li7 jmakoj ta jpixole,” xi la.

“7A, ta jk’el kik,” xi.

“Mu xu7 xak’el ta xti7van,” xi la un.

“7A pero k’u xi xlok’?” xi la.

“Ta jlok’es mi 7oy xkakax te7 7avu7une,” xi la un.

“Ch’abal, 7oy pero ta jna to,” xi la un.

“Pero mi ta 7ora chasut tal, ba tamo tal,” xi la.

"Maybe [I can] right away," he said.

"Who knows, if you like, give me your horse, I'll go myself," said [Peter].

"Go on, then," he said. Peter mounted the horse. He pricked the horse with a needle. The horse reared.

"Oh, your horse isn't used to me. Give me your clothes, give me your shoes! I'll hurry back," said [Peter].

"Take them," he said.

"All right, you stay here. Don't look, because it pecks terribly," said [Peter]. No [sign of him], no Peter. He left for good.

"Well, so what, even if it does peck me I'm going to look, I guess," said the Ladino. He raised the hat. As soon as he grabbed it [he realized] it was shit he was touching. "Oh, the bastard! He's a thief. He fooled me completely," he said. "So what, he's gone now," he said. Peter went off feeling very pleased with himself. He went on. He met a devil on the road.

"What do you say, Devil?" he asked.

"Nothing," said the devil.

"Do you want to make a bet to see who can make a hole in a tree?" asked Peter.

"Well, are you telling the truth? Are you a real man?" asked the devil.

"That's what I say."

Earlier Peter had gone to cut the hole in the tree. He left a [piece of] bark covering [the hole]. "Let's go!" said Peter.

"Let's go, then!" said the devil.

"You throw [the rock] first," said Peter. The devil threw it. He couldn't put a hole through the tree.

"You throw!" said the devil.

"All right," said Peter. He threw it. He put a hole in the tree. The bark just fell. Peter won more money.

"Eh, but I won't give up," said the devil. "That money of mine has got to come back," said the devil. "If you want to, tomorrow [we'll make] another bet," he said.

"Okay!" said Peter.

"Tomorrow we'll each roll a rock," said [the devil].

"Okay," said Peter.

Well, Peter first went to make a hole under [his] rock.

On the next day, "Roll it, I guess," said Peter.

"Rock it towards me!" said the devil.

"All right," said Peter. But the rock didn't budge. "Well, rock it towards *me!*" Peter said. He stuck his head where he had dug before. "Rock it towards me!" he said. The devil rocked it and [when Peter pushed] the boulder rolled away.

"Ta 7ora nan," xi la.

"Jna7tik mi xak'ane, 7ak'bon ech'el laka7e, chibat vo7on," xi.

"Batan che7e," xi la. Ta xkaji ta ka7 ti Pegroe, ta spajbe 7akuxa ti ka7e, ta xva7i ti ka7e.

"7A, mu xisnop laka7e, 7ak'bon ech'el lak'u7e, 7ak'bon ech'el lasapatoe, chibat ta 7anil," xi la.

"7Ich'ol!" xi la.

"Bwéno, koman 7un mu me xak'el 7un, yu7un me batz'i ta xti7van," xi la. Ch'abal, ch'abal ti Pegroe, 7ibat 7o.

"Bwéno, pasénsia, yech te k'alal, ti mi listi7e ta jk'el kik," xi la ti jkaxlane. 7Isjam la li pixalale po7ot xa stae spikoj, 7ik'ot li tzo7e. "7Ay kavron!" xi. "77elek' le7e," xi. "Lek liso7lo," xi. "Pasénsia yu7un xa 7ibat," xi. Xmuyibaj xa ech'el ti Pegroe, 7ibat 7isnup ta be jun dyáblo.

"K'u xi, dyáblo?" xi la.

"Mu k'u xi," xi la ti dyabloe.

"Mi xak'an jpastik jun 7apostal jk'eltik buch'u xch'oj yu7un j-tek' te7?" xi la ti Pegroe.

"Bwéno mi yech 7aval, mi vinikot?" xi la ti dyabloe.

"Yech kal," xi la.

Bwéno, ja7 la xch'oj ba7yi te7 ti Pegroe, 7iskajanbe komel, pat te7. "Battik 7un!" xi la ti Pegroe.

"Battik che7e!" xi ti dyabloe.

"Teno ba7yuk," xi la ti Pegroe. 7Isten la ti dyabloe, muk' la xch'oj ti te7e.

"Teno vo7ote!" xi la ti dyabloe.

"Bwéno," xi la ti Pegroe. 7Isten la, 7ixch'oj la ti te7e, naka 7ip'aj ti pat te7e 7ispas kanal mas tak'in ti Pegroe.

"Jee, pero mu xkikta jba," xi ti dyabloe. "Ta sut tal ta pwera li jtak'in le7e," xi la ti dyabloe. "Mi xak'an 7ok'ob 7otro jun 7apostal," xi la.

"Stak'," xi la ti Pegroe.

"7Ok'ob jbalch'untik, ju-p'ejuk ton," xi la 7un.

"Stak'," xi la ti Pegroe.

Bwéno, 7a ti Pegroe, ba xch'oj ba7yi yolon ton ti Pegroe.

Bwéno, ta yok'omal -- "Balch'uno kik 7un," xi ti Pegroe.

"Toyon tal che7e!" xi la ti tyavloe.

"Bwéno," xi la ti Pegroe. Pero mu la xbak' ti tone. "Bwéno toyon kik vo7one!" xi la ti Pegroe. 7Ispaj la ochel sjol ti yo7 buy sjok'oj ba7yie. "Toyon tal 7un!" xi la. 7Itoyvan la ti tyávlo 7une, 7ibalch'uj la ech'el ti mol tone.

Peter won more money. "So what, I can't win," said the devil. Peter went on. He walked along. He met a lot of muleteers on the road.

"Ah, here comes Peter!" said the muleteers. "Poor Peter, now he'll die here for sure!" said the muleteers. "This one's a real bad robber," they said. They caught Peter and stuck him in a burlap bag. They tied it up tight with lassos. "Well, now he'll spend the night here. Tomorrow we'll go throw him in the river," they said. Peter spent the night there. The next day he woke up when the sun rose. The muleteers hadn't arrived.

"Oh, what can I do?" he said. Peter looked for his razor. There were lassos there. He put [the food] in his own place [in the bag]. He tied it up tight.

Well, Peter fled. He went to the other side of the river. The muleteers arrived. "Poor Peter, he's going now," said the muleteers. They picked [the bag] up and went to chuck it in the river. They reached the river. Just dishes came out. "Poor dinner, it's gone now," said the muleteers. "That bastard, Peter, he's scrambled," they said.

"Hurray!" said Peter from far away.

"Well, what can you do?" said the muleteers. That's how it ends.

This account of the merry pranks of the Indian counterpart to Till Eulenspiegel conforms quite closely to the Spanish model, usually known as Pedro Ordemales (A. M. Espinosa, 1967:T163-T165). Many of the episodes can be traced at least to the beginning of the seventeenth century, to the picaresque Spanish novel *El Subtil Cordobés Pedro de Urdemales* by Alonso Jerónimo de Salas Barbadillo. From New Mexico to Guatemala, Pedro plays these same tricks over and over (A. M. Espinosa, 1914a:119-124; Gamio, 1922:290, 314; Mason, 1914:168-171; Parsons, 1932a, T14; Pittman, 1945:10-17; Recinos, 1918:474-478; Robe, 1970, T114, T122, T132; Rosales, 1945:883; Tax, 1950, T106; Wheeler, 1943, T148-T151). The only unusual feature of Romin's version is the needle episode, but even this occurs in a Puerto Rican tale of Juan Bobo, who mistakes the baby's breathing spot for a tumor (Mason, 146). The deliberate confusion as to what Pedro's boss told him to get back home was once probably a play on words, since lost in translation. Indeed this occurs in a tale from Teotihuacan, in which Pedro is told to bring a digging stick and a shovel. Instead he urges his bosses' wife and daughter to submit to him. When they protest, he calls to his boss, "Aren't I right—both of them?" To which his boss nods "Yes!" and the deed is done (Gamio, 1922:314). Pedro's escape, by substituting the muleteers' food for himself, seems to

Bwéno, 7ispas kanal mas tak'in ti Pégro 7une. "Pasénsia mu xa xu7 ku7un," xi la ti dyáblo 7une. 7Ibat la ti Pegroe, 7ixanav la ech'el, 7isnup la ta be 7ep 7arieroetik.

"7A li7 xtal li Pegroe," xi la ti 7arieroetike. "Povre Pégro, 7óra si li7 ta xlaje!" xi la ti 7arieroetike. "Batz'i j7elek' li7e," xi la. 7Istzakik la, 7istik'ik la ta brin, ti Pegroe, 7ispech'ik lek ta riataetik. "Bwéno, lavie li7 chvaye 7ok'ob chba jtentik ta mar," xi la. Te vay ti Pégro 7une, ta yok'omal sakub 7osil, 7ilok' la k'ak'al, muk' bu xk'ot ti 7arieroetike.

"Je pero k'u ta jnop?" xi la. Ti Pegroe 7issa7 la snavaxax 7isjat la ti brine, 7ilok' la, 7istzob la skotol ve7eletik, te la riataetik, 7iyak' la komel ta sk'exol, 7ispech' komel lek.

Bwéno, ti Pegroe jatav 7ibat ta j-jech mar, 7ik'ot 7arieroetik. "Povre Pégro chbat 7un," xi la ti 7arieroetike. 7Istamik ech'el, ba xch'ayik ta mar, 7ik'ot ta mar, naka traste 7ilok'. "Povre ve7elil 7ibat xa 7un," xi la ti 7arieroetike. "Kavron Pégro 7ijatav," xi la.

"Ke víva!" xi la ti Pegroe. Nom xa 7ox.

"Bwéno, pasénsia," xi ti 7arieroetike. Laj 7o yech 7un.

be a typical Zinacantec touch. In Mitla (Parsons, T14) and Guatemala (Recinos, 477) he fills the sack with lassos. The Aguacatec, who know their hero by the name of Pedro Tecomate, have him substitute a doll made of the muleteers' food and lassos (Shaw, 1972:69-71). Among the Tepecanos he entices a goatherd in the sack (Mason, 1914:170). In New Mexico he lures the bosses' wife into it (A. M. Espinosa, 120).

Some months before Romin told me "The Adventures of Peter" he had recounted the tale to B. N. Colby in Spanish following the identical plot, but with slightly greater detail. Colby chooses this epic to illustrate the social situation in the highlands of Chiapas where Indians at least until very recently have been submissive and nonretaliatory despite centuries of exploitation at the hands of the Ladinos. Ladino power and prestige is envied while Ladino personality is condemned. Peter's aggressive behavior, argues Colby, must be viewed in the light of "the effectiveness with which the Ladinos have kept Indians under control since the time of the conquest" (Colby, 1966:42). In fact the catharsis that Petul provides his Zinacantec audience must be very similar to that which Till Eulenspiegel provided the German peasants living under the yoke of the burghers and nobility in the fifteenth century and beyond. See also T171.

Romin Tan-chak

Romin Tan-chak comes of a well-to-do family in Stzellejtik, where the houses have a sweeping view over the Pan American Highway as it cuts through Na Chij. He is the youngest brother of Romin Teratol's wife and ever since their marriage has been the friendliest member of the family. Ten years ago, when he told me "The Messengers of Calvary," he claimed to be twenty-five, but he scarcely looked twenty. He is short, but well-proportioned, with regular features, a dazzling smile and a deep, throaty laugh. On fiestas he walks tall in his high-backed ceremonial sandals, his clothing immaculate, his short shorts gleaming white. Despite his family's hostility to gringo anthropologists and other newfangled things, he always treated me with consideration and, I liked to think, warmth. Romin agreed to tell me a number of his dreams and, with no reservation, described the dreams of shamans. "The Messengers

of Calvary" was an elaboration of religious beliefs that were touched upon in a typical shaman's dream (D62).

Our first encounters, though, were guarded and formal, since I was his brother-in-law's employer. I only had occasion to see him *en famille* when Romin Teratol had a matter of some importance to broach to his awesome in-laws. It was a revelation to me, then, as the three of us made the six-hour trek to the lowlands to buy some corn, to see this Lowell or Peabody of the Zinacantec world tearing down the mountain trail hurling after the mules, with great gusto, a constant barrage of the most horrendous Spanish oaths. I had not realized that Spanish was the language used to address Ladinos and mules.⁸

⁸This sketch of Romin Tan-chak was drawn first in *Of Wonders Wild and New: Dreams from Zinacantán* (Laughlin, 1976:54).

The Messengers of Calvary

T140

At Calvary they say there is everything. There is the hummingbird. There is the great horned owl, the screech owl. Yes!

Now you see, they watch those of us who never pray at the meeting place. Then, "Go, go tell him, because he is going to die now," say the Tutelary Gods. But the hummingbird doesn't wait. He hasn't heard whose name it is where he's supposed to go announce it. He just leaves in a hurry. He arrives at someone else's house. He arrives at another house. Yes!

That's why he's not trustworthy. What he says doesn't happen either. Yes!

We call him the witch hummingbird. Yes!

If the great horned owl goes, "You go, because you are supposed to go. Go announce it to them!" say [the Tutelary Gods]. Yes!

The great horned owl arrives at our house or he arrives to call at someone else's house. He announces our names. Yes!

He announces our names. Whatever our names are, that's what he says. Yes!

The Tutelary Gods send them. Yes!

7A li ta Kalvaryoe, te la skotol li k'utik, te la li tz'unune, te la-li 7ichine, li kuxkuxe. Ji7!

7Óra va7i, 7a li ta la sk'el bu xa muk' bu xik'opojotik ta tzoblebal 7une. Ja7 la te, "Batan, ba 7albo yu7n xa chcham," xi la li totil me7il 7une, pero li tz'unune mu la smala 7ora, mu la buch'u ya7yojbe buch'u sbi ti te chba yale, yech nox chbat ta 7anil, 7o la yan na xk'ot 7un, 7o la yan na xk'ot 7un. Ji7!

Yech'o muk' bu 7ich'ob rason 7un, mu xk'ot lek k'u xal 7uk' 7un. Ji7!

Li j7ak'-chamel tz'unun xkaltike 7une. Ji7!

Va7i, ti mi bat la 7ichin 7une, "Batan vo7ote, yu7n melel chabate, ba 7albo ya7i!" mi xi la 7une. Ji7!

Chk'ot i 7ichin ta jnatik mi 7o bu xk'ot 7ok'uk tznae, tzlok'es jbitik 7une. Ji!

Tzlok'es jbitik, k'usi jbitike, ja7 la yech chal. Ji7!

Ja7 ta x7ak'van tal li totil me7il 7une. Ji7!

They send them. They dispatch them, as we say.
Yes!

“You tell him yourself!” Because that’s the way it is. They announce, they call out our names the way a Ladino calls our names from a paper. They look to see where we are about to die. Yes!

“Go tell this one, because he is dying now!” they say. Yes!

If they arrive and cry out at our houses, they announce our names. Yes!

If you take care of yourself still, if you hold a curing ceremony right away, then [the sickness] will pass. Yes!

But if you don’t take it seriously you won’t last long. You will last three or four days, that’s about all. We get sick. We die. It doesn’t pass. That’s not all, they say that if the great horned owl flaps over the path, if it hoots on the path when we are travelling on the path, on a path far [from home], we will meet up with a highwayman. Yes!

If it crys “Hoo, hoo!” or if the great horned owl flaps by, then we are sure to meet up with a highwayman. We’ll meet up with a highwayman just a little bit ahead. Yes, that’s what they say!

Yes, that’s what they say! Yes!

The shrine of Calvary on a hill overlooking the town is believed to be the meeting place of the Tutelary Gods. There they sit at a table to decide the fates of the citizens of Zinacantán. They are envisioned as old men, their heads bound in red turbans, dressed in ceremonial robes, supernatural models for the elders of the human community below. In Chamula, Our Lord is attended by horned owls, screech owls, and hummingbirds. The horned owls sit on the top of the table, and their message of death comes true, but the screech owls are underneath the table and so their words are lies (Gossen, T21).

The concept of owls as lying messengers is found also in the *Popol Vuh* where they serve as messengers for the Lords of Hell (Edmonson, 1971:66).

Ch7ak’van tal, li tztak ech’el xkaltik. Ji7!

“7Alo li vo7ote!” Yu7n xa yech, yu7n xa slok’es, chapta jbitik chak k’u cha7al bu xapta jbitik jun jkaxlan ya7el 7une, ta vun 7un, tzk’el bu xa po7ot xichamotik chil 7une. Ji7!

“Ba 7albo li7e yu7n xa chcham!” xi la 7un. Ji7!

Va7i 7un, mi k’ot 7ok’uk ta jnatik 7une, ja7 taj tzlok’es jbitik 7une. Ji7!

7A ti mi yu7n 7atuk’ulan to aba, 7aval aba vokol, ta 7ora 7une ta to la x7ech’ 7un. Ji7!

Yan ti mi muk’ tavo7on nox 7une, mu xa la jaluk chbat 7un, 7o la xbat 7oxib k’ak’al chanib k’ak’al ja7 xa no la te k’alal, chi7ipajotik 7un, chichamotik 7un, mu xa x7ech’ 7un, yu7un me, mo7oje, 7o la xal, 7a ti mi 7o bu xpochpon xa ta be li 7ichine, 7o la x7ok’ ta be bu chixanavotik ta be ta nom bee, 7o la jtatik jmak-be. Ji7 la.

Mi 7o bu “Ju ju!” xi la, 7o la xpochkinaj xa li 7ichine, yu7n la me jmak-be ta jtatik 7un bi, te xa no la k’u snamal ta jtatik i jmak-be 7une. Ji7 la 7un, xiik!

Ji7 la xiik! Ji7!

Eva Hunt (pers. comm.) believes that the characters of this tale have been scrambled:

In the prehispanic version the diadic opposition is between screech and horned owl. The screech owl was the ‘true’ messenger of death. He was the theriophany of Mictlantecuhtli, the god of death. The screech owl was also the ‘accompanying flier,’ a ‘lord of the night,’ the sixth of a nine bird sequence which had Mictlantecuhtli as Patron Lord. The horned owl, in opposition, was the theriophany and theriomorphic volatile of Tezcatlipoca, the Magician trickster god, who ‘lied’ and ‘teased’ man. That is, his death calls were ‘false.’ He was the tenth night ruler. In the days ruled by screech owl real death took place. In the days of horned owl death announcements were a ‘trick’ played by Tezcatlipoca.

Xun Vaskis



FIGURE 2.—Xun Vaskis, 1971 (photo by Frank Cancian).

If he is not immortal, he is well advanced in that direction. At last report Xun Vaskis claimed to be one hundred and twenty years old, but, when the ashes fell from the sky in 1902, he was still a young boy. Whatever his age, there is no man today in Zinacantán who would not bow to him. In 1934 he passed through the fourth and highest rank of the religious hierarchy, having attained the most coveted post at each level. Probably no other Zinacantec has lived so long as to see his own son too become an elder and even one of the six holy elders to whom alone is entrusted the duty of fastening Christ's body to the cross on Good Friday.

Unschooling, his knowledge of Spanish is prodigious in obscenities, but otherwise atrociously deficient. Even so he became for many years the secular leader of his hamlet, Naben Chauk, and, after a political schism, the chief representative of the opposition. Indeed, Xun (pronounced Shoon) was a principal opponent of the township boss, and his assistant, Xun 7Akov. There was no mistaking the Vaskis crowd when it arrived in San Cristóbal to lodge a complaint, with Xun in an antediluvian gait at the forefront, his hobnailed sandals clacking smartly down the center of the "King's Highway." It was difficult to censure this youthful potentate for

the chicanery that his political ascendance must have demanded.

Xun is, of course, a veteran of the Revolution (captor of one horse).

Though too infirm now to reach the lowlands, Xun is patriarch of a lineage that for many years has farmed on a grand scale with hired foremen, rented trucks, and even bank accounts.

Xun's gracious hospitality to American anthropologists enveloped every visit. But he thought in exchange we ought at least to find him a pretty American girl for a wife. When I asked what would happen to his present wife, he replied loftily with a chauvinistic twinkle in his eye, "Oh, she can sleep by my ass!"

Once when my infant daughter refused to nurse for anxious days on end, Xun told us that "evil eye" was the cause and offered to pray on her behalf. He prescribed in addition to the burning of candles, a rubdown with elderberry branches and eggs. When I asked if the eggs should be hard-boiled, he roared with laughter, "Why she would be dead then!" Shortly after Xun performed the ceremony, my daughter resumed nursing and since that day Xun and his wife know full well that my daughter's soul is safely in his care.

Time after time our visits to Xun's house have been stopped abruptly in the front yard by a relative, who has told us grimly that Xun was in quarantine and at death's door—only to see him two days later hoeing his corn field. Seven years ago he dreamt that the Tutelary Gods had told him to ask each of his children and grandchildren which one would carry on his spiritual knowledge. When none stepped forward, Xun calmly accepted his fate—he would have to live until the gods' wishes were fulfilled. At this very time Xun became desperately ill. He was diagnosed by a prominent doctor from Cambridge, Massachusetts, who found that Xun had an inflammation of the urinary tract. The doctor prescribed antibiotics, but added, "He's had it. Even if they cure him, he'll never walk again." Xun soon grew impatient with pills and tried the services of three shamans in succession. As a last desperate resort his relatives asked me to take them to the "talking saint" in far off Soyaló, but their candles kept falling over while the saint maintained an ominous silence. The medium conveyed to us Saint Michael's suggestion to seek out a doctor, but the Zinacantecs were sunk in gloom. Nevertheless, after our return, when Xun asked what words "the grand old man" had spoken, they replied, "He said you will live a long time, but that we should take you to a doctor." The next day as Xun, in excruciating pain, prepared to leave for San Cristóbal, he was asked if he would wear his hat. "Wear my hat?" Of course I will wear my hat! Let the young and the old laugh as they watch a sick man walk by, but I am a man and I will walk like a man!" Ten minutes after the doctor had inserted a catheter and drained his bladder, Xun sat up and beamed at the doctor, exclaiming, "I'm as fit as a soldier!"

When his hospital stay was over, Xun stood in the doorway with a triumphant smile, waved his hat, and roared, "Let's go home!" Then he wept with happiness. After a period of recuperation the doctor planned to operate on Xun's prostate. The family agreed to keep that detail a secret. When the day came, Xun strode into the hospital and boomed in Spanish at his former wardmates, "Hello, friends, how are you? I is fine. I is fine now." He was so effervescent that soon all the patients were hooting and laughing. "He says he's fine now, just when he comes in to lie flat on the bed. He doesn't know he's going to be castrated tomorrow!" Ignorance was Xun's best friend that day because the Ladino doctor had lost a patient and gone on a binge and miraculously no operation was ever required. He returned home exultantly to find his favorite granddaughter's body stretched out in his house, surrounded by keening women. But even this he survived.

Not long afterwards, with characteristic graciousness Xun invited us all to a feast. When we stepped in, Xun, with his neckerchief wrapped around his head in a turban, sat beaming. His wrinkled face was glowing with life and happiness. His wife, too, was smiling broadly. Xun fussed over everyone, making sure that we all got seats. Then he had the table set down. His voice rang with authority as he directed the women to set down a gourd of water. With gusto he ordered us to rinse our hands, then our mouths. He directed the serving of the corn gruel and saw to it that the two gourdfuls of freshly boiled corn on the cob were set before us. "Drink gruel, compadre, eat corn on the cob, compadre, fill your stomach!" Again and again he filled our cups, laughing heartily, reminding us that this was what we had come for. I asked him where his corn field was. With a great smile he exclaimed, "Right over there above Mikel's house. Now it has many ears!" Then he began to cry noiselessly, rubbing his eyes with his neckerchief while his wife explained to us that when Xun had fallen ill the ears of corn had not yet appeared.

I once pressed Romín Teratol, who clearly felt some sympathy for old Xun, if he wasn't really a wonderful person, Romín replied with a quiet smile, "Yes, he seems good-hearted but go live with him for three months and then see what you think!" Still, of Xun it could probably be repeated what was written on the gravestone of an exceptionally charitable and fine-spirited citizen of a village in Maine, "He averaged pretty well for these parts."

When Xun tells now of his youthful exploits, his grandchildren laugh at him. Here too hints of senility are heaped with scorn. They have heard those stories too often, but to a foreigner their drama was irresistible. "You of course are all too young to have seen these things, but I saw them myself!" Then, immediately, so involved in the Revolution that a half pint of Comiteco is left standing forlornly on the ground between his knees, Xun punctuates his lines with well-aimed spits. Cannons boomed, machine guns rattled, bullets whistled by, the ancient biplane sputtered overhead. "We have to record it on the machine. It mustn't be lost!"

Xun, himself hard of hearing, spoke to the tape recorder. It didn't answer. He spoke again, still no answer. He scowled with indignation, but finally consented to tell it a whole tale, even though it seemed quite pointless. After the first playback, pandemonium broke out as Xun listened to his words, interrupted them, shouting new details, thundering "That's right! That's right!" and bursting into his tale again. Even his family, so inured to Xun's style, collapsed in laughter as the machine cried out, "Sonofabitch!," "Holy Mary!"

If I was laggard in beginning the next round of Comiteco, Xun would demand it. When I requested one more tale, "One more tale, one more pint!"

Xun's accounts are sprinkled throughout with both obscenities and ritual words and phrases; the former a sign of his self-assured status in the community, the latter a sign of his pride as a shaman, and an avowal of his intimacy with the gods. Quite deliberately he neglected to add the particle *la* which indicates that the story was only hearsay, for he wants you to know that he was there at the time of the creation.

Unfortunately the silence of the printed page robs Xun of his most dramatic effects while the obscurities and gaps that were never apparent in the telling become all too obvious in the reading. Even so,

during the tales of wars, natural calamities, and supersexual Spooks, clearly the greatest hero of these epics is Xun Vaskis himself!

On my last visit, Xun put down his hoe, sat me in the sun by the front door and told me how it was in the time of Don Porfirio. A week before, his wife, almost totally blind, had told me with finality "Your compadre is dying, he won't survive." Then he called to his granddaughter to give him "the white sack." From the sack Xun pulled a freshly woven hat and, as I sat in bewilderment, handed it to me, reminding me that over a year ago we had stood together in front of the Church of St. Lawrence and I had complained that my hat was so yellowed and tattered that I was ashamed to be seen. "Put it on, now you're a man!"

When the Ashes Fell

T120

Long ago ashes fell. Ooh, I was a teenager. It certainly was long ago. First there was an explosion to the south. It was after midnight. Then I felt the shivers, bu—t it was like a mortar. The next morning everybody was afraid. "Eh, but what fiesta could it be?" they said. They came to ask here [in San Cristóbal].

"A mountain is exploding," they said.

"But you watch, ashes will fall! Who knows if it will be midnight, who knows when," they said. "The ash will fall later today," they said. "The ashes have stopped. It won't erupt anymore. It's all right now."

But at sunset we fled. We went to the woods, to my grandfather's house. That's where we went. It was packed tight with people. "The mountain will explode. The mountain will explode here!" they said. But they were lying. But there wasn't anything. It was far away where it erupted. The ashes came. Ooh, bu—t when it grew light, Holy Mary! The ash was nearly a handspan deep on the holy ground. The horses, the sheep, Holy Mar—they couldn't eat, they couldn't drink the water. It was just like that out there, drizzling like that.

Dawn came over the holy earth. We reached home. It stopped falling. Nothing stirred now. The sun appeared. The dry season began. It was just before All Souls' Day. Just like today. So the rocks exploded at this time of year. The ashes erupted. It was this long before, it was this long before the fiesta, like today.

So then after it erupted, the horses and sheep got diarrhea. Maybe the ashes were hot. They drank the

Vo7ne che7e 7iyal tan, jii, lek chex vinikon vo7ne bi, ba7yi t'om ta xxokon vinajele, tz'epuj 7ox 7ak'ubal, ja7 7o chka7i k'ak'al sik perooo ko7ol xchi7uk kamaro, 7isakub 7osil 7un, xi7 skotol i krixchanoetike. "7Ee, pero k'usi nan k'in?" xiik 7un. 7Ital sjak' li7 toe.

"Jun vitz ta xt'om," xi.

Bwéno, "Pero xak'el avi ta xyal jun tan jna7tik mi ta 7ol 7ak'ubal jna7tik k'usi 7ora," xi 7un. "Tana chtal tan," xi. "7A li tane 7ipaj xa, mu xa bu xt'om lek xa 7oy."

Buy, ta 7oresyon 7un lijatavotikótik libatotikótik ta te7tik k'al sna jmuk' tot ja7 te libatotikótik te tzinil skotol krixchano. "Ta xt'om vitze, cht'om li7 toe!" xi. Pero yech tznopik, pero mu k'usi nom to t'ome, 7a li tane tal, jii, pe---ro ti k'al sakube, María Santísima, 7oy nan jutuk mu j-ch'ixuk i tan spimil ta ch'ul-balamile, 7a ti ka7e ti chije María San ... mu xu7 xve7 mu stak' xuch'ik vo7, ja7 yech chak le7 a7a, k'inubale ja7 yech.

Bwéno, 7isakub li ch'ul-7osile, 7ijta jnatikótik 7un, 7ik'ep mu xa k'usi xbak', 7ayan k'ak'al 7ipas ta korixma 7un, tijil Santo 7un, ja7 yech chak lavile. Ja7 cht'om ton chak lavile t'om tan, ja7 yech tzk'an ja7 yech sjalil sk'an k'in chak lavile.

Bwéno, 7iday, laj t'omuk 7un, 7a li ka7e li chije, stam tza7nel, ja7 nan k'ok' i tane, chuch' i vo7e, tzlo7

water. They ate their food. That's why that happened. Long ago the punishment was a little too stiff. A mountain exploded. The ashes came.

Then candles were offered in the mountains, since the shamans said, then . . . they said that candles should be offered. The earthquakes, ooh [back] in October, the earthquakes had started here, Holy Mary! Who knows if it happened twenty times a day, something like that. Everybody was scared. Everybody cried. They cried. They were scared. They were afraid we would die, since there was quake after quake after quake. For a month it rained, rained and rained and rained like [it's doing] now. The earthquakes continued, Holy Mary! The earthquakes stopped, then the mountain exploded. When the mountain exploded then the ash fell. That's the end of the story.

When Xun attributes the heat of the ashes as a possible cause of the animals' sickness, he is probably referring not to temporary heat but to a fundamental quality of the volcanic ash.

Xun's frequent use of the word *ch'ul*, "holy," is characteristic of his narrative style. It is an embellishment that perhaps subconsciously emphasizes his close personal relationship with the gods that he feels he has earned as a shaman and as one of the most venerable men of Zinacantán.

The fall of ashes from the eruption of Mt. Tacaná in Guatemala in 1902 is now probably the earliest historical event of importance that was witnessed and is still remembered by the oldest living Zinacantecs. It is used as a bench mark for dating subsequent events that are fast receding, too, into mythic time.

A series of earthquakes beginning on 23 September 1902, continued until 25 October, when "mortar reports" early in the morning caused "panic" in San Cristóbal as word spread that it

i sve7ele, yech'o ja7 yech spas, ti vo7ne che7e, tol tzotz j-set' kastiko 7ikom, 7it'om jun vitz, tal jun tan 7un.

Bwéno pwes, 7i7och kantela ta vitzetik 7un, kómo yal li j7iloletike che7e, 7iyal ch7och kantela 7un, 7a ti jun nikele, jii, ta 7oktobre li7 stambe li nikele, María Santísima, jna7tik mi 7oy xa 7ech' j-tob bwelta ta k'ak'al ti mi ja7 no 7ox yeche, xi7em skotol krixchano, ch7ok' skotol li krixchano, kómo ch7ok' 7ixi7 xi7 kómo chilajotik, ja7 labal nikel la, nikel la, nikel la, ta j-mek, 7a li 7istam junuk 7u vo7, vo7, 7i vo7, 7i vo7, chak li7e, 7a li nikele segído María Santísima, paj i nikele ja7 7o t'om vitz 7un, k'al t'om vitz 7une, ja7 7o yal tan 7un, nel 7o sk'oplal to.

was no fiesta. At nine in the evening the ashes began to fall, the ominous silence cracked by thunderings throughout the night and into the next day (Restori, 1903:18-20).

"It was just before All Souls' Day. Just like today." Indeed it was fifty-eight years and two days before the telling of the tale! Accounts from Chamula (Gossen, T153, T146) describe a fearful night of weeping, waiting for the mountains to explode, as the ash descended like drizzle, whitening the land, and hiding the paths. It buried the green grass for three days from the sheep and horses, who perished miserably as the Chamulans watched in helpless resignation. Even the meat in the market stalls was spoiled. In Tenejapa as the weeping populace knelt before their house crosses and the religious officials offered candles and incense in the church, the thatch roofs of the old houses were tumbling in all around them (Stross 1973, T22). See also T58.

The Priest and the Bell—the Epidemic and Me

T114

Now the Zinacantec shamans dreamt, three shamans dreamt.

Our Holy Mother Muxul Vitz, she is so good-hearted, our ancient mother, place of recovery, place of revival.

They dreamt about Our Holy Mother, Muxul Vitz, then. "If you want it, children, I'll give you a bell here. You should go to Our Father, St. Lawrence. Go to Our Lady of the Rosary, and Our Holy Father, St. Dominic! Go see for yourselves, children! I left it for you. Take it yourselves! I'm giving it to you."

The three shamans dreamt. Since they were real men, they were a bit successful!

They went by holy daylight. The next holy morning they went to look at the top of Our Holy

Bwéno, 7óra 7a li tzinakantae che7e, 7ivaychin j7iloletike, 7ivaychin 7ox-vo7 j7ilol.

Bwéno, 7a li jch'ul-me7tik Muxul Vitz che7e, toj lek yo7on li jyaya me7tike, kolebal kuxebal.

Bwéno, 7ivaychin 7a ti jch'ul-me7tik Muxul Vitze che7e. "Mi xak'ane, 7unetik, chakak'be jun kampana li7e, batuk ta jtottik San-torenso ba ta jch'ul-me7tik Rosario, jch'ul-tottik Santo Rominko ba k'el avilik, 7unetik, 7ikak'be komel, 7ilo vo7oxuke chakak'beik."

Bwéno, 7ivaychin i 7ox-vo7 j7iloletike, kómo vinik xtojob j-tz'uj.

Bwéno, 7ibatik ta ch'ul-k'ak'altik 7un, 7isakub i ch'ul-7osile, ba sk'el ta sjol jch'ul-me7tik 7une, 7a li

Mother. As for the holy bell, its rim was thi—s big around, peeking out above the holy ground. Holy Mary!

It became known, it was publicized everywhere. [The news] spread to all the children of Our Father, St. Lawrence. They came to pray to Our Holy Mother [to learn] if she would kindly let them remove it. "Fine, take it!" she said. They prayed to her. Who knows how many candles the shamans offered. Our Holy Mother, Muxul Vitz gave them permission.

They dug. They reached it. After three holy days the holy bell delivered itself. Chains were brought. The holy bell was tied up. It was secured with chains now, since it was tied up now. It wouldn't go anywhere now.

The trouble was, the elders were stupid. "Let's go eat!" said [some].

"All right!" said [the others]. The priest happened to come. The priest came.

The trouble was, the priest had a maid. The woman happened to come. The elders were in the midst of eating. The priest was standing there. The priest walked around [the bell]. His maid remained standing there.

God, don't you see, the chains for the holy bell were left lying there. Now as the bell arrived at Na Joj [Raven House], it went "Bo—ng" there. The people of Zinacantán Center wept. The shamans wept. The elders were denounced. "Why does he have to have a maid? It's wrong for a woman to watch. Only men were taking it out." Don't you see, it was the elders' fault. The bell leapt out, then. [There were] many candles. The candles were standing in rows when the holy bell left. The bell lifted itself up then from the place where it was sitting. It lifted itself out. To this day the place has been dug out there. Let the young look! Let the old look! It was a very broad, big be—ll.

It lifted itself out from the place where it was hanging. It had been tied up. The fastenings then It was tied up with holy chains, great chains, because it was about to come out. They were starting to put cables on it. It was coming out now. It was lifted already. They had tried it out to see if the bell could be lifted. Who knows if Our Holy Mother wanted it that way—the priest's maid happened to come along. Who knows if it was the stupidity of the priest who happened to bring his maid. The bell was bright green. It was gold. It came out of the hill. It came out of the cave. It came out of the hill. It came out of the cave. There is [another] bell there [in the church of St. Lawrence], but what a bell! But it isn't struck by lightning, because it is virility itself. If sickness comes, it rings three times at midnight, but

ch'ul-kampana 7une, 7a li xchikin 7une, xiii smuk'ul te nach'al ta sba ti ch'ul-balamile, Maria Santísima!

Bwéno, 7ivinaj 7osilaj skotol ta j-mek 7un, 7ipukij k'u yepal yalab i jtottik San-torensoe, 7ital sk'oponel li jch'ul-me7tike, mi ch7abolaj slok'es 7un. "Bwéno, 7ich'ol" xi. 7Isk'oponik 7un, jna7tik k'u yepal yak' kantela li j7iloletike, 7iyak' permiso li jch'ul-me7tik Muxul Vitz 7une.

Bwéno, 7isjok'ik 7un, 7istaik 7un, ta 7oxib ch'ul-k'ak'al 7iyak' sba 7entrokal li ch'ul-kampanae, 7ital xa karina 7un, 7ichuk xa li ch'ul-kampanae, bajal xa ta karina kómo chukul xa, mu xa bu xbat.

K'usi 7un, 7a li moletike komo sonso. "Ba ve7ikotik!" xi.

"Bwéno!" xi. Ba taluk tottik pale 7un, li tottik palee tal.

K'usi 7une, skiara 7un, ba taluk i 7antzé, 7a li moletike yolel chve7, 7a li tottik pale te va7al, 7ijoyp'ij tottik pale, 7a li skriarae, te va7al 7ikom.

Dyos, mu xavil, te losol 7ikom i karinae yu7un i ch'ul-kampana, ta Na Joj 7un ti "Ka---n!" xi xa k'ot ti ch'ul-kampanae, 7i7ok' i j7tek-lume, 7i7ok' i j7iloletike, 7ilaj ta 7utel li moletike, ja7 7ilin i j7iloletike, 7a li tottik palee, 7ilaj ta 7utel. "K'u stu7un skiara che7e, mu xtun sk'el 7antz puro viniketik ta slok'es." Ma7n xavil 7un, ja7 smul li moletike, 7a li kampana che7e, 7ip'it xa lok'el ta 7epal kantela, cholol li kantela k'al chlok' xa, li chlok' xa ti ch'ul-kampanae, 7itotz xa yo7 xchotleb i kampana 7une, totzem xa, jok'em xa ti k'al yav k'al tana le7e, 7ak'o sk'el bik'it 7ak'o sk'el muk', jamal muk'ta ka---mpana ta j-mek 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li yo7 sjiplebe che7e, 7itotz 7ichuk xa 7un, 7a li chuke che7e, kómo ch'ul-karina chuk 7o, muk'ta karina, yu7un xa chlok', ch7och xa riataetik lavi, xlok' xa, 7itotz xa 7un, 7iyak' xa preva ti totz i kampana 7une, jna7tik mi sk'an yech i jch'ul-me7tike, ba taluk i skriara tottik pale, jna7tik mi sk'an yech, mu jna7tik mi no 7ox mu x7ak'e lok'el li ch'ul-kampanae, mu jna7tik ja7 sbolil li pale ba, ba yik' tal skriarae, 7a li kampana che7e, batz'i yox, 7a li 7oro 7a li nonae che7e, lok'em ta vitz lok' ta ch'en, te xa jun kampana pero kampana, pero mu sna7 xmaje ta chauk, yu7un xa vinik stuk, mi xtal chamele che7e, 7ox-moj ta stij sba ta 7ol 7ak'ubal pero mi jun krixchano muk' bu 7ochem, tz'otol i ch'ul-7eklixae, pero li nona lek 7une, nona ja7 yech 7albil komel.

not one person has entered [the church]. The holy church is locked tight. But the bell is a good one. It is called a "None" bell.

Their efforts were all in vain. The priest was condemned, too.

So, "Your crime is too great, Father. You are no good. Why did you have to bring the woman along? Women aren't supposed to watch everything." Because women, then, the poor women mustn't come close. The men, then, it is said, men can come close. Women, no sir! Women are more . . . , worse, colder. Men, then, are me—n! Don't you see, Our Holy Father, then, he has a beard. Men have beards. Women never have beards.

So that's why. The trouble there was that Zinacantán lost a little, digging up the holy bell, then.

See how the holy people have been ever since! Who knows if Our Ancient Mother wanted that. Who knows if the holy fathers and holy mothers, at the circuit of the Tutelary Gods, wanted it. Long ago, then, the three shamans were just stupid. They should have offered candles at the circuit of St. Lawrence, the place of recovery, the place of revival, where stands the sustainer, the protector.

Now what they did was to pray to Our Holy Ancient Mother, Mary Muxul. They prayed to her. She gave permission for the bell to be taken out. So she was kind to Our Father, St. Lawrence. She was kind to Our Father, St. Lawrence.

The trouble was, then, that the priest was at fault. If his maid hadn't happened to go, it would have been fine. The elders . . . it was then that the famine came, sir, when the famine came! Now they are a tiny bit smarter. When you look, the people are in a circle, some eat, some

When all the elders met, then, when they met at the Church of the Martyr [St. Sebastian], then, they were dressed up. They had their ceremonial shirts and pants. They were well-prepared, Holy Mary! Loads of gunpowder, rockets, mortars blasting off. Who knows if Our Holy Ancient Mother wanted it, the famine came. The elders went, elders like me. They didn't take authority at all. They lost their heads. They were dumbstruck.

The bell was hurt, that it didn't come out, [the bell] that was dreamt about. "Well, you will receive a little punishment, as I won't be installed. I should have been seated next to Our Father, St. Lawrence. I should have been seated there. We would have watched over our children, our offspring, but now you can wait!" said [the bell]. See how it still is now—some have lice, and some are well-off.

Because Our Holy Ancient Mother was a little heartbroken, the priest, then, died. His maid, then,

Bwéno, 7óra 7un, yech 7iyak' svokol 7un, 7ilaj ta 7utel tottik pale 7uk 7un.

7Entónse, "Toj tol 7amul, senyor pagre, mu xatun k'u 7atun tal li 7antze, mu7nuk skotoluk sk'el 7antz." Kómo li 7antze che7e, mu xu7 xnopoj i povre 7antzetike, 7a li viniketike che7e, xnopoj vinik 7albil, 7antz, no senyor, mas i 7antze, mas peor, mas sik, 7a li vinike che7e, vini---k, ma7n chavil 7a li jch'ul-tottike che7e, 7oy yisim, 7oy yisim i vinike, 7a li 7antze mu me bu yisim.

Bwéno pwes, yech'o 7un, k'usi xa 7un le7e, 7ich'ay 7o j-set' ti Tzinakánta 7une, 7a ti jok' ti ch'ul-kampanae che7e.

Bwéno, 7aver k'u x7elan li ch'ul-krixchano k'al tanae, jna7tik mi sk'an jyaya me7tike, jna7tik mi sk'an i ch'ul-totil ch'ul-me7il ta sjoylebal ch'ul-totil ch'ul-me7ile, 7a ti vo7ne che7e, kómo sonso, 7ox-vo7 no 7ox j7ilol, 7a ti yechuke che7e, 7iyak' skantela ta sjoyleb San-torénso buy kolebal kuxebal buy j7ikvanej jjapivanej.

Bwéno, 7óra le7e, ja7 7isk'opon i jch'ul-yaya me7tik María Muxul, 7isk'opon 7iyak'be permiso 7ilok' i kampanae, ja7 tzk'uxubin 7o jtottik San-torensoe, ja7 tzk'uxubin jtottik San-torensoe.

K'usi xa 7un, senyor págre ja7 smul, ma batuk i skiarae che7e, lek, 7a li moletike ja7 7o tal vi7nal to 7un, senyor, k'alal tal vi7nale, 7a lavile vívo xa 7unen j-tz'uj k'al xavile te joyol li yajvale, j-lom chve7 j-lom...

Bwéno, mi stzob sba skotol li moletike che7e, mi stzob sba ta Martil che7e, tz'akíem 7oy svex skamixa lísto ta j-mek María Santísima, bwéno siba kwéte kámaro yolel xa, jna7tik mi sk'an yech i jch'ul-yaya me7tike che7e, 7ital vi7nal, 7ibat ti moletike, moletik chak vo7on, mu spas mantal j-set', 7ich'aybat sjol, majbat sjol.

Bwéno, 7a li kampana 7une, k'ux ta yo7on ti muk' xlok' 7une, 7ivaychinat 7o 7un. "Bwéno, te chavich'ik j-set'uk kastiko k'u cha7al mu chichoti, chichoti ti yechuke, xchi7uk ti jtottik San-torensoe, chichoti 7a li kalabtike jnich'nabtike, ta jk'eltik 7un, pero li7e malaik 7ora!" xi 7un. Vi 7onox x7elan 7ikom li7e, j-lom yuch' 7oy, j-lom xu7 yu7un.

Bwéno, 7a li jch'ul-yaya me7tike porke k'ux j-set' ta yo7on, 7a li pale che7e, cham, 7a li skriara che7e,

died. Too bad! Don't you see, they were doing evil. The elders, then, died. The other men, then, lived. The shamans, then, lived. They weren't at fault. They just gave their counsel. They weren't respected by the elders. You respect them because they are shamans, sir! Take off your hat, because that's the way it is! That's indeed the truth, because they don't lie. They dreamt. They saw it. Our Ancient Mother, Muxul showed it to them, then, Holy Mar—, place of recovery, place of revival. Even if you are sick when you leave [her shrine] then you will come back well. You will eat a few tortillas, now. You will drink a little pinole or coffee.

Because the sickness is left there beneath the feet of Our Mother. That's why it's the way it is. Me, I saw the bell, then. I am its child. I am its offspring. I grew up later. I was still a little boy, but then it won't be long before I'm a hundred years old. But I was still little. It was more than a hundred, longer ago, Holy Mary!

Maybe tha—t's the way it was left. Look at the bell there [in the church of St. Lawrence]! It is broken now. It is sli—ghtly cracked now.

The trouble was, it got cracked. A disgusting woman went up. There weren't any constables or principals at the courthouse. The schoolboy bell-ringers went to ring it, so the bell cracked then. The woman had gone up so that the bell would crack. It was a short time ago that the bell split.

But you see I was told about it. Well, what could I do since the magistrate didn't witness it? Then I told him, "Well, Mr. Magistrate, why don't you have any control, man? What use are you, seated in the courthouse?" That's what I told him, because I was a principal, I was! Me, I'll direct things. Even if it's the magistrate, I'll give orders, because that's what he's for, [but] if he won't take command

Then I told him about it. That holy bell is cracked now. The other one [the None bell] didn't crack at all. It's a real bell, yes si—r, My Lord, if sickness comes, then. In the epidemic, then, in the epidemic, then, I was a full-grown man. The [None] bell rang three times at midnight. But no one was there. The holy church wasn't open. There wasn't anyone beneath the feet of St. Lawrence. It rang by itself.

In November, God!, the dead! Ooh in sevens and eights they went in [the grave]. Me, I did the burying. I carried the bodies. If there was a chicken standing there, grab it yourself! Eat it! If there was a bottle standing there. Grab it! Drink it! If it was finished, pick up your hoe, go on.

If there was a tortilla there or if there was still someone to give you a tortilla, eat it! If not—have you ever seen a jaguar?—the chickens were gulped down [without tortillas]. That's how you got

cham, muk' sk'oplal, ma7n chavil 7un, chopol k'u ta spasik, 7a li moletike che7e, 7icham, 7a li yan viniketike che7e, kuxul, 7a li j7ilole che7e, kuxul, mu k'u smul naka yal mantal, muk' sp'ise ta vinik yu7un li 7a li moletike, xap'is ta vinike yu7un j7ilol, senyor, lok' 7apixol, porke yu7un yech, 7éso si la verdad, porke mu yechuk tznop, yu7un 7ivaychin, 7iyil, 7i7ak'bat yil 7a li jyaya me7tik Muxule che7e, María San... kolebal kuxebal, 7ak' 7o mi 7ip xabat, bwéno, te lek xatal xa, chave7 xa jutuk vaj, chavuch' xa jutuk 7a li ch'ilim mi kajve.

Bwéno, porke 7a li chamele, te chkom ta yolon yok jme7tik 7un, por 7éso ja7 yech 7un, 7a li kampana che7e, 7a li vo7one ta jk'el yalabon snich'nabon li vo7one che7e, vo7one tz'akal to nich'i, k'ox kremon to, pero bwéno 7a le7e jutuk xa sk'an xlok' ta syen jabil jch'iel 7un, pero bik'iton to 7un, mas tzyen, jun mas moletik, María Santísima!

Bwéno, 7a le7eee te xa nan kom 7o le7eee, k'e li kampana le7e che7e, vok'em xa, tzik'em xa jutu--k.

K'usi, ba tzik'uk 7o 7une, 7imuy jun porkeriya 7antz, mu7yuk te li much'u junuk mayor junuk krinsupal ta kavitlo 7un, ba stij yik'obil jchan-vun 7un yo7 li tzik' 7o li kampana le7e, 7antz muyem yo7 li tzik'em li kampana le7 7une, 7ach' to jav li kampana le7e.

Bu, li7albat xa to, pwes k'u ta jpas porke mu7yuk 7iyil 7a li preserente. 7ikalbe xa, "Bwéno, senyor preserente, k'u yu7un mu xapas mantale, 7ómbre, k'usi 7atun ti chotolot ta kavitlo che7e?" Ja7 yech 7ikalbe, porke vo7on krinsipalon, vo7on ta xkal mantal 7ak' 7o mi preserenteuk pero ta xkal mantal porke yu7un ja7 stu mu stak' takel jun preserente.

Bwéno, pwes, 7ikalbe xa 7un le7e, tzik'em xa ch'ul-kampana le7e, 7a li j-p'ej 7une, mu stzik' 7un a7a, nona, 7éso si, totti---k, kajvalti---k, mi xtal chamele che7e ta chameltike che7e, ta chameltike che7e, lek vinikon, 7ox-moj 7istij sba li nona ta 7ol 7ak'ubal pero muk' much'u, mu7nuk jamal ch'ul-7eklixa, mu7nuk 7o much'u ta yolon yok San-torensoe, 7istij sba stuk 7un.

Bwéno, ta novyembre 7un, dyos, li 7animae, jii, x7och ta vukub ta vaxakib, 7a li vo7one, limuklomaj 7ikean i 7animae, mi 7o te xkotet kaxlan tzak 7atuk, ti7an, mi 7o te vuchul junuk limete tzako 7uch'an, laj 7un tam 7avasaluna 7un, batan 7un!

Bwéno, mi 7o te junuk vaje, mi 7o to much'u x7ak'one, 7o te junuk vaj ve7an, mo7oje, mi 7oy xavilik jun bolome, vinkil ti7bil li kaxlane, ch7och 7o pwera labal 7eoval.

strength for the constant carrying [of corpses].

Then, so then, I went to bury one [body]. I came back to pick up the next one. I buried it. I came back to pick up another. I buried it. I came back to pick up another. I was worn out now. Then I didn't want to do it anymore. It was better to go and sleep for one or two nights, because I couldn't go on. My strength was gone. It was at the time of the epidemic long ago, the epidemic long ago. Me, I reacted well to the sickness—probably because I am fairly strong. I was bedridden for seven days, but it wasn't so bad. It was just a slight punishment, not much at all. Me, I'm walking. My wife died. I was left penniless. One son was left, one daughter was left. My little boy was [still] crawling. I cried. I left. I went to my mother's.

So then, afterwards, I decided to get a wife. [She has been with me] ever since.

The importance of dreams in Zinacantán as the spectacles for true vision is manifest in this legend. The subject of the shamans' dreams is Maria Muxul, the Tutelary God of the hill known as Muxul Vitz that stands at the main entrance to Zinacantán Center. At the foot of this hill is one of the major shrines for curing ceremonies and so Muxul Vitz is addressed by Xun as *kolebal*, *kuxebal*, "place of recovery, place of revival." The hill is personified and referred to as "Our Holy Mother." As such it was offered candles by the shamans—so many candles that they stood marshalled in rows. The bell was last heard at "Raven House," a cliff to the northwest of Muxul Vitz.

When Xun describes the bell as *batz'i yax*, "bright green," he may be saying as well that it was a great treasure, for *yax* implies good luck, good fortune.

Then follows a brief digression concerning the power of the *nona* or "None bell" in the Church of St. Lawrence, which, as its name indicates, apparently rung at the 3 p.m. None service that is no longer held in Zinacantán.

In trying to understand the loss of the bell, Xun suggests that the shamans were at fault for offering candles only at Muxul Vitz instead of at all the shrines surrounding Zinacantán Center and at the Church of St. Lawrence. "The holy fathers and holy mothers" are the Tutelary Gods who reside at these shrines.

Xun seems to date the loss of the bell at the time of a famine that must have occurred at the end of the nineteenth century. I do not understand the significance of "the people are in a circle," but apparently the famine began at the Fiesta of St. Sebastian as punishment for the townspeople's negligence.

Then follows Xun's description of the cracking of the great bell in the Church of St. Lawrence, which occurred when he was a principal or representative of his hamlet, Naben Chauk, in the courthouse. It is not clear whether the epidemic came as a result of the great bell's cracking, but the None bell announced the onset of the epidemic.

This epidemic, that bore off Xun's wife, was the flu known as "la gripe español" that ravaged Mexico in 1918–1919. A Chamulan account blames the "Carranza saint-burners" for its introduction into the highlands (Gossen, T164).

The primacy of the church bell as a symbol of community identity was revealed to me on my very first visit to Zinacantán. As I sat by the hearth in the thatch-roofed hut of Chep Xantis, storyteller of Tale 47, the church bells began to toll in the valley

Bwéno pwes, 7iday, chba jmuk i june, xtal jtam i june, jmuk i jun, xtal jtam jun, jmuk i june, xtal jtam jun, lilub xa, pwes mu xa jk'an 7un, tek xa vayuk junuk chibuk 7ak'ubal porke mu xa xu7, laj xa jpwera, chameltik vo7ne 7une, chameltik vo7ne, jna7tik mi 7oy, lich'ay, muk' 7ava7i, much'u liyalbe sinkwentay-syete 7ányos vo7ne li chameltik 7une, 7a li vo7one, 7ika7i chamel lek, yu7un nan tzotz pwera j-set' ku7un, vukub k'ak'al lipuch'i pero mu tantouk, lek no 7ox 7unen tzitzel no 7ox, 7unen j-tz'uj no 7ox xiva7et, 7a li vo7on 7une, 7icham kajnil, me7on likom, 7a li jun krem 7ikom, jun tzeb 7ikom, jun kunen krem xkotij li7ok' libat ba jchi7in jme7.

7Iday, tz'akal to 7ijnop, 7ijsa7 jun kajnil, lavi k'al tana 7une.

below, announcing the arrival of the priest for Sunday Mass. With deep feeling, Chep, though an unsentimental man with many ties to the Ladino world, exclaimed, "You have never heard those bells before! The bells of St. Lawrence sound the most beautiful of all, more beautiful than any in San Cristóbal!"

The association of bells with the forces of nature seems to be common in southern Mexico and Guatemala. The Chinantecs speak of bells returning to the mountains (Weitlaner and Castro, 1954:110). The Mazatecs hear bells ringing in the depths of a river (Laughlin, 1957). Both Chamulans and Zinacantecs know of bells that have disappeared into mountains (INI, 2:5 and 3:17–18). The Quiché tell of two bells that were stolen in the night and later found suspended by thunderbolt snakes in the mountain (Búcaro Moraga 1959:30). The Tzutujil recount a tale of the elders who abandoned a newly discovered bell while they went to seek help, only to find it later on the mountaintop. (Búcaro Moraga, 36).

Church bells, undoubtedly the single most valuable objects introduced into Indian communities by the Spanish colonizers, have become the symbol of municipal wealth. Much in the manner of the early crowns of England, they represent not only present riches, but assure good fortune in the future. While still in the mountains they are under the control of the Earth Lords, those unpredictable figures of supreme power who are part serpent and part Spaniard.

In Panajachel it is said that young boys were hurled into the cauldrons of molten metal during the casting process in order to assure a good tone (Tax, 1950:2115–2116)! This belief brings to mind the Zinacantec taboo against female contact with bells. Bells and waterholes must both be shielded from women's defilement.

During the recasting of the great bell of the Church of St. Lawrence in 1972 the most elaborate precautions were taken to ensure the security of the bell. From beginning to end, day and night, it was closely guarded, surrounded continuously by shamans and performing musicians.

Even stronger evidence of the persistent power of native belief was presented in 1969, when a Zinacantec boy from Naben Chauk dreamt that a bell was buried in a hill bordering the hamlet. The boy reported his dream to a shaman, who accompanied him on a visit to the local official and then to the magistrate. After the work was authorized, shamans made a

pilgrimage to the mountain shrines and churches to request permission from the Tutelary Gods. The tools were blessed in the chapel of Naben Chauk. Over eighty men, in the height of the agricultural season, dug day and night to a depth of twenty-five feet in solid limestone. All contact with the site was prohibited to women. Eventually the shamans consulted the Tutelary Gods, Talking Saints, and a spiritualist in Tuxtla

Gutiérrez in a vain attempt to locate the bell. After excavations in a second site proved unsuccessful, it was divined that the bell was held in the unyielding grasp of two saints. The hamlet, split into two political factions of believers and doubters, abandoned the search (Rush, 1971). See also T76, T91, T157, and their notes.

The Priest and the Bell, When the Bell was Lifted

T157

Then that Maryan Nuj dreamt about it. He dreamt that the bell was there. It was there.

Well then, somebody went to look at the bell. The elders. The elders, but . . . Have you seen the white-headed elders in Holy Week who carry [the cross]? Like them. Six elders went. But they were all Thunderbolts. But they weren't real people who went to look.

Then, they went. They found it, indeed! The bell was there in the place, in the place of Our Holy Mother [Muxul Vitz]. You've seen the place?

You see, the bell was quickly bound with chains. The bell was bound, bound with chains, bound.

But the priest went. He went.

Then the priest said nothing. The priest went to bless it. The bell was baptised.

You see, his maid went. The whorish woman went. [The bell] didn't want a woman [to be there]. Ooh, that was the end of it. Then they heard it at Na Joj [Raven House]. At Na Joj, by Muk'ta Vitz [Great Mountain]. It was bo—nging when it arrived there. They heard it there, then. The chains were left behind, knotted. They were there, since [the bell] was lost. If it weren't for that, who knows if it would probably be hanging [in the church], if it wouldn't be hanging [there]. I don't know. Because long ago Our Holy Father's bell wasn't that bell [that's in the Church of St. Lawrence now]. The [first] bell is in Chiapa. It was never hung. It's in . . . the Church of St. Dominic [in Chiapa] is like this . . . it's there inside the yard, but it can't be seen. It's shut up. [The churchyard] just looks like woo—ds. The bell is face down there.

Then the ancestors sold it.

You see, the holy bell didn't feel at home there. The next morning it was hanging here [in Zinacantán Center]. The bell could be heard, it could be heard as far away as Chiapa. It could be heard as far as Tuxtla. When they rang the bell, it could be heard. They sold it. The Chiapanecs were all Hairy Hands. The Tutelary Gods of the Chiapanecs. The bell had a hard time getting used to it. To this day it's never been hung. It's outside. The bell is there to this day. It wasn't hung. It didn't want [to be hung]. That's

7Óra, chvaychinta taj Maryan Nuj 7une,
chvaychin la te li kampanae, te li kampanae tey.

Bwéno day, li kampanae 7och yajval 7un ba sk'elik
7un, moletik 7un, moletik pero 7aviloj i sak-jol
moletik ta kuxel chk'echlomajike, ja7 yech bat
vak-vo7 li moletik 7une, pero naka chauk ma7uk
batz'i krixchano ba sk'elik 7un.

Day, bat 7un, 7istaik a7a, te xa li kampana yo7 li
yav 7onox yo7 li jch'ul-me7tike, 7avilojbe li yave?

Va7i 7un, chuk xi ta karina 7un, chukul xa chukul
xa li ta karina li 7a li kampanae chukul xa.

Buy 7une, 7ibat la li pale 7une, bat la.

7Óra, li palee mu k'u xal bat la stz'uultas i pale
7une, 7ich' xa vo7 li kampana 7une.

Va7i, bat la skiara 7un, ja7 bat i púta 7antze mu
7ox xk'ane li 7antze, 7ooo, ch'ab xi, ja7 to la ya7i te
ta te ta Na Joj 7un, Na Joj li yo7 Muk'ta Vitze, juteb
xa la xkanane---t k'otel 7un, ya7iik xa tey 7un, te la
pok'ol kom i karina 7une, ja7 te k'al kom 7o ch'ay 7o
7un, 7a ti manchuke che7e na7tik mi jok'i nan mi
muk' xjok'i mu jna7, kómo ti vo7ne skampana li
jch'ul-tottike che7e ma7uk skampana le7e, te ta
Soktom i kampanae, muk' bu jok'iem, te taa... xi li
7eklixa Santo Rominkoe, xi ta yut moke pero mu
stak' k'elel, bajal naka te---7tik yilel te la nujul li
kampanae.

7Óra, ti 7antivoe 7ilaj la xchonik.

Va7i 7un, mu la xnop i ch'ul-kampanae li7 xa la
jok'ol tzakube, 7a li xvinaj i kampanae xvinaj k'al
Soktom, xvinaj ta j-mek k'al Tuxta, xvinaj i kampana
k'al stijike, 7ixchonik la 7une, 7a li jsoktometike,
vokol la nop 7un li kampanae, muk' 7onox xjok'i k'al
tana te ta te ta jvera 7oy i kampana k'al tanae, muk'
xjok'i, mu sk'an 7un, ja7 yech 7un, yech'o pas ta
prove li 7antivo li7 7une, ja7 yech a7a. Ji7!

the way it is. That's why the ancestors here became poor. That's the way it was, indeed! Yes!

[What were the Hairy Hands like?] Chiapanecs. But their chests were covered with hair, here [their shoulders], here [their arms], all over their legs, just hair. You don't think their legs could be seen like our legs? They couldn't be seen. All hair. Hairy Hands. But they were rain creatures. Nothing could happen to them because they were rain creatures. That's the way it is, indeed!

After a lapse of eleven years I asked Xun to retell the story of the bell of Muxul Vitz. We had been talking about the shaman, Maryan Nuj, who had dreamt recently of a "saint" (a human-shaped rock formation) that had just been discovered in the cave of 7Avan Ch'en in Paste7. Xun attributed to him the discovery of the bell, too, though this conflicts with Xun's earlier account that it was three shamans who "saw" the bell when he was "a little boy." Maryan Nuj, though, a vigorous old man, must be ten year's Xun's junior.

Xun describes the elders as being like those who carry the cross in Holy Week. The *ch'ul-moletik*, or "holy elders" as they are called, are a group of six highly respected old men who choose their own replacements from the most eminent of the slightly junior men. Since telling this tale Xun has become perhaps the only man in Zinacantán who has ever lived to boast that he witnessed his son's appointment as holy elder. But these "weren't real people"—they were Thunderbolts, says Xun. They were transformations or manifestations of powerful souls whose "separate reality" escapes my understanding.

In this second version the blame for the bell's loss is laid

Jsoktom, pero naka la tzotz i yo7one, li7e li7e skotol li yoke naka tzotz, mu7nuk chaval xvinaj yakan chak koktike mu xvinaj, naka tzotz, tzotz k'ob, pero chanul vo7, chanul vo7 mu sna7 k'u spas yu7n chanul vo7, ja7 yech a7a!

squarely on the priest and his maid, but not on the elders.

As before, Xun proceeds from the history of one bell to the history of another. The loss of the bell from the Church of St. Lawrence he had described years ago in similar terms, but in greater detail in Tale 115.

The magical theft of the church bell is a theme widely distributed in the folk literature of Middle America. At dawn the Mixtec chiefs steal a bell from the Spaniards (Dyk, 1959:27-29). The Juchitecs force two Huaves to dig up a pair of bells or be beheaded. The Huaves pull up the bells and carry them on a cloud to their town (Warkinton and Olivares, 1947:223-235). A thunderbolt steals a Zoque bell that later sounds in the mountains (Wonderly, 1947:147-148).

So famous was the bell of Chiapa that it is cited in a geographic description of Chiapas in 1845, as being the largest of the department. Containing a considerable amount of gold alloy, it could be heard for a distance of two or three leagues (E. Pineda, 1845:68). Cast in 1576 "with native gold and Spanish iron," it is reputed to be the first bell manufactured in America. See also T74, T76, T91, T114, T115, T151, their notes, and T102.

The Spook and the Comadre

T122

Well, once there were many Spooks. The women's husbands weren't around. They had gone to the lowlands [to farm].

Now, it seems, they slept at dusk. "Let's sleep. Comadre, will you listen for me [and tell me] if my corn boils over?"

"All right, comadre, I'll probably hear it."

"I won't know because I am going to sleep at the fireside," said the person whose corn boiled over.

"All right, I'll probably hear it," said her comadre. She hears it hi—ssing now. "Comadre, comadre, your corn is boiling over," she said.

But it was the woman's blood now. The Spook was there already. "The co—rn is ready, coma—dre!" said the Spook.

Bwéno, 7a li vo7ne che7e, tol j7ik'al, 7a li 7antzetike muk' li7 smalale, batem ta 7olon 7osil.

7Óra, chvayik ya7ele mal k'ak'ale. "Vayikotik che7e, kumale, xava7ibon to xmal jjux," xi la.

"Yechuk, kumale, ta xka7i nan."

"Mu jna7 yu7un ti7 k'ok' chivay," xi la li much'u mal sjuxe.

"Teyuk ta xka7i nan," xi la li skumale. Cha7i xpulule---t xa 7un. "Kumale, kumale, mal tajuxe," xi la.

Bu, xch'ich'el xa li 7antz, te xa li j7ik'ale. "Ju---x tale, kumále!" xi la li j7ik'ale.

Xun has abbreviated the major Spook tale so drastically that there is not even a hint that the poor woman was raped as she slept by the fireside.

The comadres or "comothers," as the Spanish term is sometimes translated, are ritual kin whose relationship to each other has been established during any one of a number of ceremonies. Most typically, two women related to each other as comadres would mean that one was the mother of a child, and the other,

that child's godmother. The comparable male relatives are compadres.

I have translated the Spook's retort as, "The corn is ready, comadre!" but the meaning of *hux tale* is obscure. *Hux* is boiled corn. The meaning is much less important than the hideous enunciation that the Spook gives to these nonsense words as he draws them out. In Tale 67 the Spook says, "Your corn boiled over." See also T23, T67, T71, and their notes.

The War of Saint Rose

T117

Once in Chaklajon they had something that wasn't worship at all. Chaklajon, wha—t brutes! They prayed to the caves. They danced there. St. Rose, St. Rose was closed up in a house, a big house in Chaklajon. Eh, the girls, the women! Hah! It was quite a dance, Holy Mary!

But she was the mother of dissension. Little by little, little by little she lost her senses completely. She tricked her countrymen all the time.

St. Rose was there in Chaklajon.

They came out, since the men came out. They came to kill [the people of] their town.

Then their town protested. Chaklajon was far away. St. Rose was her name. She was a devil. They were si—nging and singing, dressed up, fine ceremonial huipils, fine skirts. The men and fine robes, fine ceremonial robes, high-backed sandals.

Hell, they came out. They came to kill [the people of] their town. So many had assembled, the followers of St. Rose. They met at Chaklajon.

Then, so then, their town protested. The Chamulan magistrate protested to the authorities. Not many soldiers came, just one hundred were dispatched. They left from San Cristóbal here. They just went on foot.

You see, the soldiers had never helped because there weren't many of them. The Chamulans, the followers of St. Rose, assembled in Chaklajon. There were many of them. Ooh, the bullets, sonofabitch, they weren't thrown off by the Chamulan women who uncovered their asses. Into the pussy went the bullets. Who knows if a hundred died or more, since [the bullets] just went up their asses. Their asses were turned facing [the enemy]. They hadn't worn their skirts because their asses were uncovered to put the bullets out of action.

How would that put them out of action? It was steel at play, foreign gunpowder.

They made an inspection when the shooting cooled down, because many of the Chamulans had died [from wounds] in their pussies. A grea—t many of the bitches had their pussies ripped. They finished coming out from wherever they were. Loads died. Just women died, since there were lots of women. It's true there were some men, but they fled. It was the women who [were trying to] cool [the bullets]. They didn't want to die.

But how would the bullets cool off? It was gunpowder at work. It doesn't cool off. There was nothing left to do when the war cooled. The soldiers went to Chaklajon. [The followers of St. Rose]

Bwéno, vo7ne che7e 7oy Chaklajon, ma7uk resal le7 a7a, Chaklajon, keee brúto, ta sk'opon ch'en te ch7ak'otajik, Santa-roxa, Santa-roxa, makal ta na jun muk'ta na, te ta Chaklajon, 7ee, tzebetike, 7antzetike, jee, jun 7ak'ot María Santísima!

Bwéno, pero me7 pletu 7un, k'un'k'un k'un'k'un sok sjol ta j-mek slo7lo xchi7iltak ta j-mek.

Bwéno, Santa-roxa 7une, te ta Chaklajon.

Bwéno, te lok' talel, kómo viniketike che7e, lok' talel 7ital smil stek-lumal.

7Óra, yak' kwenta li stek-lumale che7e, nom 7ox i Chaklajone, Santa-roxa sbi, pukuj, xla7e---t ta j-mek tz'akiem lek xchil, lek stzek, vinike le---k xchamaro, lek xxakita, nat xchak xonob.

Bwéno kavron, lok' talel 7un, 7ital smil stek-lumal, toj 7ep stzoboj sbaik, Santa-roxa 7un, te stzob sba ta Chaklajon.

Bwéno pwes, 7iday, 7iyak' kwenta le7e 7a li stek-lumale che7e, 7a li preserente jchamu7e che7e, 7iyak' kwenta, 7a li soltaroe, mu7yuk 7ep xtal jun no 7ox syen 7ikoltabat talel li7 lok' ta ta Jobele, naka ta yok 7ibat.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, mu k'u 7onox sbalin li soltaro 7une, kómo muk' 7ep, 7a li jchamu7e che7e Santa-roxa che7e, ta Chaklajon stzob sbae che7e 7ep, jii, 7a li bala jijo la chingáda pero muk' 7onox slaban i 7antz jchamu7 7une, 7isjol xchak, ta mis 7i7och i balae, jna7tik mi laj syen, mi mas k'u cha7al naka ta xchak 7i7och, valk'unbil xchak mu7nuk slapoj stzek yu7un jolbil xchak ta la syam i bala.

Bu chba syam, 7asero chtajin sibak tránjero.

Bwéno, ba yich' k'elel ti k'alal sikub ti ch'ul-bala porke laj, 7ep ta smis i jchamu7e che7e, 7e---p ta j-mek jat smis kavronetike, laj lok' tal ti bu lok'e, laj ta j-mek, naka 7antz 7icham, ja7 7ep i 7antzze, 7a li vinike melel 7oy a7a, pero jatav, 7antzze ja7 la tzsikubtas mu sk'an chljaj.

Bu ba sikubuk i balae, sibak ch7abtej mu sna7 sikub, mu k'u xavut, ti k'al sikub li pletue che7e, bat ti soltaro ta Chaklajone, 7a ti snae che7e, mu7nuk texa, mu yu7unuk k'usi 7oy yu7un, jobel, muk'tik na,

didn't have tile-roofed houses. They didn't have anything. They were big, thatch-roofed houses. And their god was there. Who knows what kind of hellishness was there. It burnt up. It was set afire so that [the war] would cool down. [But before] then, wherever there were pretty girls, [the followers of St. Rose] just embraced them, just deceived them. They went off embracing them. They escorted them to the dance. It didn't matter what kind of person they were—if they were from San Andrés or Magdalenas, or wherever it was they were able to grab them. They went to mislead them. They were going to kill [the people of] their town. The magistrate of Chamula was given a hundred soldiers. They attacked with guns.

Now that's what the Chamulans say, then. Hah! There were lots and lots. Ooh, who knows how many thousands of the brutes. One group assembled. The women turned their backs, then. They were killed by the bullets. They were [trying to] cool the bullets so they wouldn't fire. Why wouldn't gunpowder explode? They were fighting. They thought it was just a game. They were pursued until they died.

So when the dispute cooled down in Chaklajon, the houses in Chaklajon, then, burnt up, every one. The mother devil burnt up. That's the way it was.

Now when she died, yes, sir, it cooled down, it cooled down. She burnt up. The Bird was more difficult. The followers of the Bird assembled here [in San Cristóbal]. He was a tall Chamulan. He was very tall. When those people of long ago assembled here [they wore] high-peaked hats. But the park was packed tight with Chamulans, Holy Mary! Ooh, so many! The St. Rose people were another group.

They uncovered their asses to cool off the bullets so that the bullets wouldn't fire. Why wouldn't they fire? They went up their asses. They died.

The War of St. Rose, or the War of the Castes as it is known in the literature, was fought from 1868 to 1871. A Chamulan shepherdess, Agustina Gomez Chechev, in the hamlet of Tzajal Yemel (not Chaklajon as Xun recalls) discovered on 22 December 1867 three bluish black pebbles which she told her mother had fallen from the sky. She placed them on the house altar and soon the rumor spread that they were "talking stones." They were submitted to the local official, Pedro Díaz Cuzcat (Kuskat), for authentication. He put them in a box for safekeeping but was awakened during the night by a terrific racket issuing from the box. From then on he took charge of the cult, installing Agustina as a saint, "mother of god." On St. Rose Day, 1868, Cuzcat, dressed in a white robe, accompanied by a dozen women in embroidered huipils, consecrated their new chapel, baptized the women and declared them "saints." From the congregation he selected the literate men present from each of the towns, baptized them and appointed them as leaders of their towns subject only to himself. A daily market was initiated in

7i te ti srioxe, te jna7tik k'usi kavronetikal 7une, te k'ak', 7i7och k'ok' yo7 ti sikub 7o 7une, 7a li bu lekil tzebetike che7e, naka smeyel naka slo7loel yu7un smey ech'el, chba xchi7in ta 7ak'ot k'uk no 7ox krixchanoal mi San-antrex mi Malalena bu sta ta tzakele, yu7un bat slo7lobe sjol lik i sjol 7une, ta smil stek-lumal, 7ak'bat jun syen soltaro li jchamu7 preserente 7une, 7iyak' bala.

7Óra, chal li jchamu7e che7e, ja7 7ep ta j-mek, jii, jna7tik 7onox jay-mil brúto, jun grúpo stzob sba, 7isvalk'un xchak i 7antzetike che7e, 7ilaj ta bala yu7un la tzsikubtas pa-ke yo7 mu xt'om 7o li bala, k'u cha7al mu xt'om, jun sibak chtajin, xa7uk no 7ox tajimol, net'e ech'el 7une, k'al laj 7une.

7Entónse, k'al sikub i k'ope k'al Chaklajon, 7a ti naetike che7e, ta Chaklajone che7e, yu7un k'ak' skotol ta j-mek, k'ak' ti me7 pukuje, 7éso 7es ja7 yech.

Bwéno, 7óra 7un, k'al laj 7une, 7éso si 7isikube, sikub 7ik'ak', 7a li Pajaroe mas vokol, 7a li Pajaroe che7e, li7 stzob sba li7 toe, jun natil jchamu7, batz'i nat, nat xchak pixol, ti 7antivo ti k'al stzob sbaik li7 toe, pero tzinil i jchamu7 ta parke María Santísima, jii, toj mas, 7a li Santa-roxa che7e j-vok' 7o.

Bwéno, 7isjol xchak ta la ssikubtas bala, mu la xt'om bala, k'u cha7al mu xt'om, ta xchak 7i7och, 7ilaj.

Tzajal Yemel. Every Sunday a magnificent procession of saints, chiefs, and the faithful culminated in a service of revelation of the past week's oracles.

The ceremonial centers of the towns of Chamula, Chalchihuitán, Chenalhó, Pantelhó, San Andrés Larráinzar, Santa Marta, Magdalenas, Santiago, and Tenejapa were practically abandoned; their churches deserted, their political officials ignored, their markets emptied while everyone travelled to Tzajal Yemel.

Responding to the desperate pleas for a restoration of "order" from the Ladino merchants of San Cristóbal, who discovered that their shops and market were also abandoned, a military detachment of 50 men was sent during the night of 2 December 1868 to Tzajal Yemel. The chapel was sacked, and Agustina and her mother captured and carried off to San Cristóbal. After eluding capture, Cuzcat was identified by a Zinacantec in Ixtapa and taken to jail in San Cristóbal.

Nevertheless, the cult continued to flourish. On Good Friday

of 1869, according to unverified Ladino reports, Agustina's ten- or eleven-year-old brother was crucified. "They put him on the cross already well-tied, and began their barbarity. He gave out the most painful shouts, overwhelmed by the hubbub of the infernal furies, drunk on liquor and blood. The 'saints' caught the blood of the crucified, while others incensed him.

"We do not know (or will ignore) what the new Jews did with the body and blood of the martyr of savagery, although it is not improbable that they drank the blood." (V. Pineda, 1888: 76-77).

Shortly thereafter Cuzcat's wife was awakened in her sleep by the arrival of three Ladinos, Ignacio Galindo, his wife, and a friend. Galindo, a mysterious adventurer and social revolutionary, declared he had been sent by Cuzcat to liberate Agustina and Cuzcat. He promptly hypnotized and "brought back to life" several children, claiming that just as he had revived these children he would revive after three days all who died for their faith. The black-bearded Galindo was identified immediately with St. Matthew, his wife with the Virgin Mary, and his companion with St. Bartholomew. Galindo gave a call to arms.

The news spread terror in San Cristóbal, but the governor ignored their pleas for military support. The priest and the teacher of Chamula and three others traveled to Tzajal Yemel on 1 June to try to dissuade Galindo, but finding him absent, set fire to the native church and carried off the saint images. This outrage was quickly answered. An ambush party was dispatched and the priest, the teacher, and all but the younger of their companions were massacred. In the next few days Galindo opened his campaign. His rebel army sacked and put to the torch a dozen ranches. A hundred of their Ladino occupants were brutally slain with machete and pike. Several thousand Indian serfs were liberated to join the cause.

By the 17th of June Galindo and his forces were on the outskirts of San Cristóbal. The fortifications were still to be finished, weapons and ammunition were scarce, reinforcements from Chiapa had not arrived. The local garrison comprised 95 soldiers and a hundred ill-trained and ill-equipped volunteers. The commandant declared San Cristóbal indefensible and ordered the women and children to take refuge in the church where they might just possibly be spared.

On 17 June, the commandant, Captain Rosas, sent word to Zinacantán for the governor to advance with his three hundred troops. On the same day the captain met Galindo and his troops at the Quinta and persuaded him to surrender himself, his wife, and companion for three days as hostages in exchange for the release of Cuzcat, Agustina, and her mother. The next day Galindo and his companion were executed before a firing squad in the plaza of San Cristóbal. On the twentieth the governor promised to rectify the wrongs that the Indians had suffered if the Indians would withdraw.

At dawn on the morning of 21 June, realizing that they had been tricked, the army of Indians slipped down the mountain slopes into the valley of San Cristóbal. By afternoon they had penetrated the town and were advancing towards the center house by house. Captain Rosas hastily organized a final line of defense around the main plaza, but as dusk fell and the Ladinos were faced with total annihilation, the Indians withdrew carrying their dead and wounded into the mountains. Mourning the loss of over a hundred of their sons and husbands, the women of San Cristóbal made the streets echo with their hideous ululations.

Mysteriously Pedro Cuzcat lifted his siege of San Cristóbal and diverted his force to the easy capture of four Tzeltal towns. On 30 June Cuzcat's army was surprised and routed by 1400 troops sent by the governor of Chiapas. On 4 July, after suffering a series of defeats, the town council of Chamula and many others surrendered to the governor of Chiapa in Zina-

cantán. In the following months the fugitive rebels were hunted down and executed. Pedro Cuzcat escaped capture but died miserably in a cave in 1871, while Agustina Chechev disappeared without a word. (See H. Favre, 1971 for a concise resumé from which I have borrowed heavily; Molina, 1934; and V. Pineda, 1888. Carter Wilson's novel, *A Green Tree and a Dry Tree*, (1972), projects with nearly supernatural vision the dramatic events of the War of Saint Rose.)

The failure of the Zinacantecs to join the extraordinarily impelling cause of Agustina Chechev perhaps can be understood only by emphasizing the Zinacantecs' latent and centuries-old suspicion of the Chamulans, who, though socially inferior, outnumber them so dramatically. To worship and give one's life for a Chamulan saint would really be beneath a Zinacantec's dignity.

Although the vain magical tricks of the Chamulan women are not reported in the historical sources, they appear in the folk tradition of both the Chamulans themselves (Gossen, T162) and the Ladinos (Bricker, pers. com.).

There is an historical antecedent for the magical role of women in warfare. Bernal Diaz, describing the battle waged by his forces against the army of Chiapa wrote: "In the centre of their army was a woman, aged, and immoderately fat, who was esteemed by them a goddess, and had promised them the victory. They [sic] had also incense in a pan, and certain idols made of stone. This woman, who had her body painted, and cotton mixed with the paint, advanced without any fear among our allies, who were formed by companies, and by whom this infernal deity was in a very short time torn to pieces" (Keatinge, 1938:406).

The conversion of the Chiapanecs to Christianity was not without its setbacks, for in 1584, thirty years after the Conquest, Bishop de Feria complained to King Phillip II that one of the Chiapanec chiefs, Juan Atonal, thought to be among the most faithful converts, and head of a brotherhood of twelve dedicated to the veneration of the saints, was in fact the leader of a nativistic resurgence. According to the charges, Juan Atonal and his fellow stewards "went out at night, going to one mountain after another, and to one cave after another. And in the name of religion they held their meetings and consultations where they dealt with matters pertaining to their rites and to the cult of the devil, against our Christian religion. And they took with them two women, one they called Santa Maria, and the other Magdalena with whom they did many vile things. They carried out certain ceremonies saying that in this way they transformed themselves and they spiritualized others. The men were converted into Gods, and the women into Goddesses, who, as Goddesses had to bear and bring the rain storms and give many treasures to whomever they wished . . ." (de Feria, 1899:481). Bishop de Feria learned further that Juan Atonal had brought an idol from a cave and installed it in his home. This same chief declared haughtily that it was sufficient to look at the sky to be pardoned for one's sins.

Remonstrating to the king, Bishop de Feria asserted that he had jailed Juan Atonal, a chief of Ocosingo, and another from Ocoatepec, because he "feared that this cancer had spread through the whole bishopric, especially in Cinacantlan because of the close friendship of Cristóbal Arias and other chiefs of that town with the said Juan Atonal, and because of certain contemptible words that we had been told were expressed in the said town of Cinacantlan, and that there must be more evil than it appeared" (de Feria, 1899:482). The bishop's defense of the Faith, as he bewailed to the king, had been subverted by the members of the Inquisition and the judicial officials who, fearful that the tributes would not be paid in full, or as the bishop had discovered, in excess, had freed Juan Atonal and the other

prisoners, and had appointed Juan Atonal judge.

Today in Zinacantán, during the Christmas pantomimes, women's supposed magical power is flaunted by the Dames, who attempt to defend their consorts from the Bull's murderous charge by brazenly lifing their skirts. But the Bull, undaunted, makes a mockery of their efforts by goring their husbands in a vital place.

The association of licentious dances with heretical religions

persists today in wild stories about the rites that are celebrated by Protestant missionaries in Ixtapa.

Xun's brief digression about the Bird refers to the activities in 1911 of Jacinto Perez, nicknamed "Pajaro." Although this Chamulan general was of average height, time has apparently made the Bird walk taller (Moscoso Pastrana, pers. comm.). See also T22, T65, T66, T116, T153, T154, and their notes.

The Three Suns

T155

Two men climbed up. They went to get some fruit. The children stayed below. Yes!

The tree suddenly cracked. "What are you doing, Xut? I don't want you to fell the tree!" said the ones who had climbed the tree.

Well then, when the tree fell, Our Holy Father—[Xut] turned into Our Holy Father—he felled the tree. The ones who had climbed the tree turned into pigs. After that he stuck tortillas on their faces, one after the other. To this day pigs have them stuck on here. They still say that [pigs] are Our Holy Father's elder brothers. Yes!

That's how it is. It was the younger brother who made the tortillas and stuck the tortillas on their faces, one after the other. That's how pigs were born.

But they were Our Holy Father's elder brothers, they say, you see. But Our Holy Father was the younger brother. But Our Holy Father won out to this day, it seems. That's how it was, of course! That's the way it was.

See also T13, T162, and their notes.

7Imuy 7a li cha7-vo7 vinike bu ssa7ik tal lo7bol, te kom i 7a li k'oxetik ta 7olon 7une. Ji7!

Bwéno, 7a li stótzlij xa li te7e. "K'u me chapas, Xut, mu me jk'an xalomes i te7e," xi li much'u muyem ta te7 7une.

Bwéno pwes, k'alal lom i te7 7une, 7a li jch'ul-tottik 7une jch'ul-tottik xa pas ja7 7islomes i te7e, 7a li much'u muyem ta te7 7une chitom xa spas 7un, laj snáp'annáp'anbe memela tzat 7un, te nap'al xi toe k'al tana 7oy chitom 7un, sbankil jch'ul-tottik xiik to. Ji7!

Ja7 yech, 7a li 7itz'inal 7une ja7 la smeltzan memela snáp'annáp'anbe ta ssat i 7a li 7a li vaj 7une yech'o 7ayan i 7a li chitom 7une.

Bu, ti sbankil jch'ul-tottik xiik chava7i 7une, yan i jch'ul-tottik 7une ja7 7itz'inal pero si mas 7ikaji k'al tana li jch'ul-tottik ya7el 7une, ja7 yech a7a, ja7 yech.

The King and the Ring

T113

Well, do you want to hear about when the king appeared, the Indian king? Me, I heard about it. My father told me. My grandmother told me about when the Indian king appeared here at Our Holy Mother, Muxul Vitz. A bo—y would bar the way there. He was always ly—ing there on his stomach, every day, every single day. He would stop the people going to and from San Cristóbal, on the path. "Give me one of your torti—llas!" he said. "Give me one of your o—ranges!" he said.

"See here, what do you do, loafer? Work! You have hands, too! I buy fruit to eat because I work, because I'm a man," said the travellers to San Cristóbal. Whoever were his friends, then, "Well, do you want a tortilla?" said the people, those people [who were his friends].

Bwéno, mi chak'an chava7i, 7a ti k'al 7ayan ti reye 7intyo reye, 7a li vo7one 7ika7i, liyalbe jtot liyalbe jmuk'ta me7 k'al 7ayan ti 7intyo reye li7 ta jch'ul-me7tik Muxul Vitze, te ta smak jun be jun kre---m te xpate---t ta j-mek skotol k'ak'al, skotol k'ak'al ta j-mek, 7a li jjobelajele che7e, ta smak ta be, "7Ak'bon junuk 7avo---t!" xi. "7Ak'bon j-p'ejuk 7anaranjaaa!" xi.

"K'e k'u xana7 jaragan, 7abtejan, 7o 7ak'ob 7uk, ta jman lo7bol jlo7 yu7un chi7abtej yu7un vinikon," xi li jjobelajele. Much'u 7amigo che7e, "Bwéno, mi chave7 junuk vaj?" xi li krixchano, much'u krixchanoe.

"Well, give me some, then," said the boy.

"Do you want an orange?"

"Well, thank you," he said. He was playing there. He was scratching about there under a rock, under a rock at Our Holy Mother, Muxul Vitz. Yes, sir, it was there!

Ooh, who knows how long he had asked for alms, begged for tortillas, begged for fruit. He was given things there by the poor people, whoever was kind. Whoever was stupid gave him a bawling out.

You see, when he was scratching about under the rock, the boy discovered a lucky piece, a green ring for his hand. It was bright gree—n. Ha, the boy left. He left. He had a house.

The boy's parents, then, had a chest. But it was a worm-eaten old chest, sir, but it was a big old chest. When the holy dawn came, then, the next morning, [the chest] was filled to the top. The following night there were some pots, too. The next morning they were brimful. It was a ring, a green ring. In one night, by the next morning, the poor boy's parents' old chest was filled with money, ju—st money. There were pots there, sitting face down. He turned them up. They were filled to the brim the next morning. He went to the houses of those who were his friends. Their chests came [into his home]. He borrowed them. "Either I will buy them," he said, "or I will borrow them," he said.

"No, just borrow them," said the ones who were his friends.

Then they heard about it here in San Cristóbal. They went [to see]. "But where did that lazy Indian come from? No, he won't win. That money is ours," they said. But you can't imagine how many chests, how many pots, how many houses [full] there were. He had it by the houseful now.

Then the lords here [in San Cristóbal] went to look.

But you see they went to match the boy's money, then. God, [their money] didn't reach even half of his. It was counted up and left. The gentlemen, the lords, came walking back emptyhanded.

Then reports about it went as far as Mexico City, reports went everywhere, to the governor in Tuxtla. Soldiers came. [The boy] became a king. The money, then, Ooh God, since there didn't used to be trucks, who knows how the money went. He became a king, but an Indian king, but a real man when he arrived in Mexico City. Then the king looked after the Mexicans there. So they made him a legitimate Zinacantec Indian king.

Now, if the king hadn't upped and left, if they hadn't come and taken him away long ago, then Zinacantán, here, would be sitting on top today and the Ladinos would be face up. The Ladinos got on

"Bwéno 7ak'bon che7e," xi li kreme.

"Mi chalo7 j-p'ejuk naranja?"

"Bwéno, kol aval," xi. Te chtajin te sjotz'jon te ta yolon ton, yolon ton yo7 jch'ul-me7tik Muxul Vitz, senyor, ja7 tey!

Bwéno, jiii, mu jna7tik k'u sjalil 7isk'an ti limoxnae, 7isk'an ti vaje, sk'an ti lo7bole, te k'u x7ak'bat yu7un i povre krixchano much'u leke, much'u sonsoe, 7utel chak' komel.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, 7ista ti 7ora 7une, 7a li krem 7une, jun yaxal 7ixtalal skwenta sk'ob solet yo---x ta j-mek te sjotz'jon ta yolon ton 7un, je7 7ibat ti krem 7une, 7ibat 7un, 7o sna.

Bwéno, 7a li kreme che7e, 7o j-p'ej kaxa ti sme7 stote, pero k'a7-kaxa, senyor, pero muk'ta k'a7-kaxa, 7isakub i ch'ul-7osile che7e, jaxal 7isakub, 7oy te yan p'in, ta jun 7o 7ak'ubal jaxal 7isakub, jun 7ixtalal yaxal 7ixtalale, naka tak'in 7un, na---ka tak'in ta jun 7ak'ubal li mol kaxa, skaxa ti sme7 stot ti 7a li me7on kreme, nojem sakub, 7o te p'in te nujajtik, 7ixchotan jaxal 7isakub, 7ibat ta naetik much'u yamigoe 7ital skaxa 7ixch'amun. "7O mi ta jman," xi. "7O mi ta jch'amun," xi.

"Mo7oj, ch'amuno no 7ox," xi li much'u 7amigoe.

7Óra, 7iya7i li Jobel li7 7une, 7ibat. "Pero bu to tal li jun jaragan 7intyo, mo7oj, mu spas kanal, 7a taj tak'ine ku7untik," xi. Pero mu xana7 xa jay-p'ej kaxa jay-p'ej p'in jay-p'ej na xa 7oy, ta na xa 7oy.

7Ora, bat li ronetik li7e, ba sk'elik 7un.

Bu, ba ko7olajuk xchi7uk i tak'in 7a li kreme che7e, dyos, mi ja7uk j-7o7lol mu sta, te nitbat komel 7un, yech xva7laj tal li moletike, li ronetik 7une.

7Óra, bat svunal k'al Mejiko, bat svunal skotol ta j-mek butik 7oy k'al Tuxta ta govyerno, 7ital soltaro, 7ikom ta rey, 7a li tak'ine che7e, jii dyos, kómo mu7yuk to 7ox i karoe jna7tik k'u xi 7ibat i tak'ine, kómo rey 7ikom, pero 7intyo rey, pero yu7un vinik k'al k'ot ta Mejikoe che7e, ja7 to stuk'ulan i jmejiko le7e, ja7 7ismeltzan 7intyo rey tzinakantan jítimo.

Bwéno, 7óra 7un le7 7une, 7a ti ma toztuk li reye che7e ma taluk spojel vo7ne che7e ja7 kajiem tana 7a li 7a li Tzinakánta li7e, 7a li larino javal, 7ikaji li larinoe, porke yu7un 7ibat i reye, bat ta Mejiko, k'u

top because the king left. He went to Mexico City. That's how the place, here, lost.

As in "The Priest and the Bell," *batz'i yox*, "bright green," is associated with treasure.

Xun's opening and closing details of the Indian king legend agree with Romin's, but the theft of the ring is excluded. The attempt of the San Cristóbal lords to measure their wealth against the Indian king's is a new feature, which is placed in another context in a tale related by Xun 7Akov (T33).

When Xun concludes "Zinacantán, here, would be sitting on top today and the Ladinos would be face up," he is speaking with the perspective of a man who has witnessed seventy-odd years of exploitation by the Ladinos. He recalls that, when he was a young man in the time of Porfirio Díaz, Indians who were arrested for disturbing the peace were conscripted and sent off to the army. He himself was given a gun and put in charge of a group of Chamulan prisoners with orders to shoot anyone attempting escape. Xun 7Akov, too, remembers how Indians who had been cut up in drunken disputes were sent as cannon fodder to the front lines. He also recalls that, when Indians arrived in San Cristóbal before 7 a.m., they were forced to sweep the square. If they were discovered in the town after 2 p.m., they were seized by the police and made to serve as

cha7al 7ich'ay 7o li balamil li7e.

porters. Chep Xantis remembers his grandfather and his mother telling how Indians had to sell their wares at the prices Ladinos demanded. Whenever a Ladino flourished his gun, the Indians would drop their packs and run because Ladinos were known to shoot down Indians without provocation. The first tales that Romin Teratol gave me explained why Ladinos were ill-mannered and rich.

But times have been changing: conscription, curfews, and naked assaults are distant memories. It is probably expressing the general view of Zinacantecs that the Indians' lot has improved because of the agrarian movement in the 1940s, the increased ability of Indians to defend themselves in Spanish, and the efforts of the Instituto Nacional Indigenista to "civilize" the Indian. For over a decade Ladinos have been concerned that the Indians are getting ahead and leaving them behind, or, as Xun Vaskis would say, leaving them "face up." With considerable skill the Zinacantec politicians are manipulating their increased contact with the Ladino legal and administrative structures to preserve and advance traditional Indian values (see Collier, 1973). See also T11, T31, T33, T64, T166, and their notes.

The Bird

T116

There is a story from the time of The Bird about a Chamulan. The time of The Bird was long ago. I had been engaged to my wife. The Bird, then, was a priest. The Chamulans worshipped. The priest brought them together.

Two or three hundred Chamulans met to worship.

The priest was The Bird himself. He wasn't a real priest—he was a real devil!

Then things got out of hand. The priest got wrong ideas.

Now there were three hundred Chamulans who started a fight, a revolution. They met to kill their countrymen. They went to Ixtapa. Seven hundred went to Ixtapa. Seven hundred went there to Ixtapa. The Ladinos there were afraid. There are Ladinos in Ixtapa. [The Chamulans] seized the cattle. The Chamulans, hah! They had lots of lassos, the bastards. If the owners didn't want to talk to them, the Chamulans, The Bird, would kill them, shoot them, hang them on the spot.

So then the priest fled. The government was trying to kill him.

You see, the Bird's followers gathered together and kept on [fighting]. Even we were afraid they would come to kill us. Ooh, but there was plenty of fear, Holy Mar . . . They killed many of their countrymen. They threw them in the water. They killed women and men, e—very one. They ate the cattle. They went to 7Ach' Jtek-lum [New Town]

Bwéno, 7o jun rason ta pajarotike, yu7un jun jchamu7, ta pajarotike che7e, mas vo7ne, jmako7 7ox kajnil, 7a li Pajaroe che7e, 7a li 7o jtottik pale, 7ispas resal i jchamu7e, ja7 7istzob i jtottik pale.

Bwéno, 7a li jchamu7e che7e, 7istzob sba chib 7oxib syen, spas resal.

Bwéno, 7a li palee, mero Pajaro mu mero paleuk stuk, mero pukuj!

7Óra, sok 7une, pwes, 7isok sjol li palee.

7Óra, li jchamu7e che7e son tres syéno 7issa7 pletu, revolusyon ta smil xchi7il 7istzob sba, 7ibat ta Nibak syete syéno 7ibat ta Nibake, vukub syento bat ta Nibak te yo7e, 7ixi7 li larino yo7e, 7o larino ta Nibake, 7istzakik vakax, 7a li jchamu7e che7e, je7, jun riata, kavron, mi xak'an mu sk'oponbe yajvale, j-7ech'el chmilvan, chak' bala chjok'anvan 7a li jchamu7e, Pájaro.

Bwéno, 7iday, i pale 7une 7ijatav, sk'an 7ox chmile yu7un govyerno.

Bwéno, k'usi 7une, stzob sba, spas segir ta j-mek i Pajaroe, 7ásta vo7otikótik lixi7otikótik xtal smilotikótik, jii, pero 7ep xi7el María Santí . . . 7a li xchi7ile che7e, 7ep 7ismil st'ub ta vo7 7antz vinik 7ismil skoto---l, 7a li vakaxe tzi7, 7ay ta 7Ach' Jtek-lum ta Chapiyae, 7ay, 7ep 7isti7 vakax yo7e, pero jchamu7 7un.

Chiapilla. They went. They ate a lot of cattle there. But they were Chamulans!

So then they went to Chiapa. They wanted to go kill the Chiapanecs. They fought. They shot off bullets. What good did it do? They didn't have good weapons. All they had were flintlocks, spears, staves—gewgaws, worthless.

So then, the governor heard about it. Quickly they complained to Mexico City. Soldiers arrived. [The Chamulans] hadn't heard. They went to Yaleb Taiv [Where Frost Falls] to carry off two cows. The rancher there used to have cattle.

Fifty soldiers went, just Chamulans, but soldiers.

Then they seized the cattle in Na Chij [Deer House]. The cattle were lying there, they didn't come to [the Chamulans'] land.

Who knows how the Chamulans heard. The Obregónists came. They were in Tierra Blanca already. The soldiers were piled up there now. The Chamulans were in Zinacantán. One group was at the town hall. But you can't imagine how many thousands. Holy Mary! They wanted to start a war.

The magistrate of Zinacantán, then, complained to the government. "The soldiers have left already. They are about to arrive there. Wait a bit!" he was told. The Chamulans were unconcerned. They hadn't heard yet. The two cows were left at Na Chij, but who knows how the [Chamulans] heard. [The Chamulans] left. One bull, one brown cow—it was a black bull—were left behind. They were left lying there.

Now when [the Chamulans] arrived, then, they arrived to report to the [others]. "The soldiers are coming now, we'll die!" they said. "Eh, what sort of soldiers are they? Hell, the filth of your mother's cock!" they said. Quickly they loaded their guns and readied their spears.

The soldiers came, then, just cavalrymen. They didn't used to have the machines, the cars.

So then the Obregónist soldiers reached Choko7. They reached Choko7 at the edge of Zinacantán. Eh, then they heard! Quickly, who knows if it was twenty bullets, went whistling towards them, right off. Ooh, the Chamulans, sonofabitch! Some went by Be Chij [Deer Path], some by Ya7am Ton, some on the road to San Cristóbal. Bu—t he—ll, the Obregónists chased them on horseback. But the shoo—ting, sonofabitch! The spears were left lying on the path. One group was at the town hall.

[The war] reached their homes since the Obregónist soldiers went to Chamula. They circled this way. They circled that way. The Bird's followers were captured. The ones who were about to be killed, they captured now. As soon as they turned around

Bwéno, 7iday, chba ta Soktom 7un, sk'an chba smil li jsoktome, ta xak' k'ok' ta xak' bala, k'usi bal 7o 7un, mu7nuk mu7nuk lek 7arma yu7un, k'usi batz'i tuk' ta chimeni, lansa, nam-te7al, chúcho, mu xtun.

7Iday, 7iya7i li govyernoche7e, j-likel 7isk'an parte k'al Mejiko, 7ital li soltaroe, muk' bu cha7i, ta Yaleb Taive 7a stzak tal cha7-kot vakax, 7oy to 7ox svakax yajval finka te yo7e.

Bwéno, 7a li soltaroe, 7ibat sinkwenta naka jchamu7 pero soltaro.

7Óra, 7istzak 7a li vakax 7une, ta Na Chij 7une, te puch'i li vakaxe mu7yuk xtal ta slumal.

Bwéno, jna7tik k'u cha7al 7iya7i li jchamu7 7une. 7Ital li 7Ovrekone, te xa ta Tyéra Planka te xa busul li soltaroe, 7a li jchamu7 7une te ta Tzinakánta te ta kavilto jun grupo, pero mu xana7 jay-mil María Santísima, yu7un tzk'an ssa7 pletu.

Bwéno, 7a li preserente Tzinakantae che7e, 7iyak' xa kwenta xchi7uk govyerno. "Lok'em xa li soltaroe, te xa ta xk'ot, malao xa j-likel!" x7utat 7un. 7A li jchamu7e che7e, jun yo7on muk' bu cha7i to 7ox, 7ikom i cha7-kot vakax ta Na Chije, pero jna7tik k'u cha7al 7iya7i, 7ibat skomtzanojik te puch'ul 7ikom, j-kot toro j-kot k'anal baka, jun 7ik'al toro.

Bwéno, 7óra k'al 7ik'ote che7e, k'ot yalbe ya7i, "Te xa xtal 7a li soltaro, chilajotik!" xi. "7Ee, k'u soltaro, kere, yik'ubal yat 7ame7!" xi. J-likel xchap tiro, j-likel xchap lansa.

Bwéno, tal soltaro che7e, naka kavayero mu7yuk to 7ox i makina skwenta 7a li karoe.

Bwéno, 7iday, 7ista Choko7 li soltaroe li 7ovrekónista 7une, 7ista Choko7 ta ti7 Tzinakanta, 7ee, 7iya7i che7e, j-likel 7ijisbat jna7tik mi j-tob bala ta 7ora, jii, jchamu7e, jijo la chingádas, jun ta Be Chij, jun ta Ya7am Ton 7ibat, jun belel Jobel, pe---ro kavro---n, 7a li 7Ovrekone ta ka7 tznutzvan pero jun ba---la chingáda, ti lansa te pak'ajtik ta be, kavilto j-lom.

Bwéno, k'ot ta sna 7une, kómo 7ay ta Chamu7tik i soltaroe 7Ovrekone, 7ijoyp'ij 7un, 7ijoyp'ij xi 7une, 7itzake li Pajaroe, 7a li much'u, much'u chmile che7e, ja7 tzakvan xa 7un, 7ivalk'uj 7un, naka xchepel ta majel tza7e ta j-mek, pero dos tres syénto

they were clubbed. They were hunted down everywhere. Two or three hundred were searching in the woods now. The ones who were terrified, the followers of the Bird, were hunted down and killed. The followers of The Bird fled to Rinkontik [The Corners] where they have been ever since.

During the time of the fear, then, Mikel Poy, a [girl named] Loxa, a [girl named] Xunka7, arrived at my house. They weren't his daughters, they were his younger sisters. "Please, be kind to them, sir," my father was told. "Support me here, but man, your son will have a wife, now!" "I'll marry him!" they said.

"I'll marry him!" said Xunka7.

"I'll marry him!" said Loxa.

"Eh, but he doesn't want to, since he has another [girl]," said my father.

"Let her go back, give her back, because I'll marry him right away. I'll marry him all the same!" said Xunka7.

"Eh, no, I don't want to, it seems."

"But I have to marry him, please be so kind, sir, I'll marry him."

"Let them get married!" said Mikel Poy. "Let your son, let him get married, because, because, let him take her. Do you have a skirt? Give it to her if you have a skirt!" my mother was told.

"Of course I do!" said my mother.

"Well, let her take off the black skirt, then, let her put on your skirt. You have clothes, let her change right away. She knows how to work," she said. "The weaving of ceremonial robes, the weaving of robes, oh, she's very smart."

Me, I didn't want to. I don't know what I was thinking, otherwise I'd have married a Chamulan woman!

So then Mikel Poy returned [to Chamula]. He left. Oh, he arrived to squash his countrymen, the followers of The Bird. All of the followers of The Bird who escaped, then, they went to Rincón Chamula as Rincón is called. There is a church there, now. There are Ash Faces now. They plant "papas," potatoes, now. Ooh, the bastards there have been rich ever since! But long ago they were the followers of The Bird. They killed many of their countrymen, but many of them died, too, long ago. It was a priest, a priest who started the trouble. Not all priests are upright. The priest wasn't good. He was evil. He assembled a group of Chamulans, he assembled the worshippers. The worshippers, then, there were girls, men, ooh, a grou—p who learned, learned those prayers. They lost their senses. They went crazy. They murdered. The worshippers met all the time. When they didn't go in to worship, they were killed. The soldiers came afterwards. As many of the

sa7van ta te7tik xa, 7a li jxi7eletik 7une, 7a li Pajaroe, ja7 tza7e, ja7 chmile, 7a li Pajaroe jatav k'alal Rinkontik, 7ásta 7ora te k'al tana le7e.

Bwéno, ti k'al yolel li xi7ele che7e, 7ik'ot te ta jna Mikel Poy, jun Loxa jun Xunka7, jun 7a li ma7uk stzeb, yixlel. "7Avokoluk 7a li7, tottik," x7utat i jtote. "Li7uk mak'linone, pero 7ómbre 7oy xa yajnil 7akereme, chkik'!" xi.

"Chkik'!" xi li Xunka7e.

"Chkik'!" xi li Loxae.

"7Ee, pero mu sk'an kómo 7oy yan," xi li jtote.

"Ja7uk sutuk 7ak'o, yu7un ta 7óra chkik' ta j-mek yu7un chkik' mu7nuk jay-lok'el!" xi li Xunka7e.

"7Ee, mo7oj, mu jk'an ya7el."

"Pero yu7un ta pwersa chkik' 7un, batz'i 7avokoluk, tottik, yu7un chkik'."

"7Ak'o yik' sba!" xi li Mikel Poye. "Yu7un 7ak'o 7a lakereme, 7ak'o yik' yu7un batz'i 7a li yu7un 7ak'o yik', mi 7oy 7atzek 7ak'o, 7a li mi 7oy 7atzek?" x7utat ti jme7e.

"7Oy a7a!" xi li jme7e.

"Bwéno, 7ak'o lok'uk li 7a li 7ik'al tzeke che7e, 7ak'o slap latzeke, 7oy 7ak'u7ik 7ak'o k'exuk ta 7ora ta j-mek, 7a le7e sna7 x7abtej," xi. "Jal-xakitail jal-chamaroil, 7ee, bwen vívo."

Vo7one, mu jk'an 7un solel mu jna7tik k'u cha7al li jjole, manchuke che7e chamu7al 7antz kik'oj.

Bwéno, 7iday, 7isut i Mikel Poy 7une, 7ibat 7un, 7aa k'ot st'usanbe xchi7il ja7 laj i Pajaro 7un, k'u yepal kol li Pajaro che7e, Rinkon Chamúla sbi li Rinkone, te xa batem 7un, 7oy xa 7eklixa 7oy xa tan sat 7oy xa tztz'un li 7is-ak'e li papae, jii, jk'ulej xa k'al tana i kavronetik le7e, pero 7a ti vo7ne Pajaro 7un, 7ep 7ismil xchi7il, pero 7ep 7icham 7uk ti vo7ne 7une, 7a 7un le7e, pale, sliks k'op pale, 7a li palee mu skotol tuk', muk' lek i palee, chopol sjol j-lom, 7istzob jchamu7 7istzob jresal, 7a li jresale che7e, li tzebetike li viniketike, jii, jun kru---po xchan, 7ixchan li resal le7e, 7isok sjol 7un, 7ivovi 7un, 7imilvan 7un, 7istzob sbaik ta j-mek i jresaletik 7une, 7a li bu mu x7och ta resal 7une, ja7 7ilaj ta milel, ta mas tz'akal 7un 7ital li soltaro 7une, 7i jay 7ilaj stuk i Pajaro 7une, 7ep 7ilaj ko7ol 7ilaj, 7ilaj li muk' 7ochem ta resale 7ilaj i Pajaroe, ko7ol 7ispakbe sbaik 7un ti vo7ne 7une, jii, tyempo ta j-mek, muk' to 7ox nupunemo---n karájo vo7ne ti Pajaroe, yech

followers of The Bird who died—many others died—just as many died. The ones who didn't go in to worship, died, and the followers of The Bird died. They took revenge on each other equally. Ooh, it was a long, long time ago. I wasn't married yet. Hell! The Bird was long ago. I was offered two girls for free, long ago, but I didn't want them. Long ago, they were a present. They were just going to eat. They were just going to stay. They didn't want to go back to their country. They were scared.

They grew brave. The soldiers came. The [girls] returned to their country. Neither of the girls was accepted [by our countrymen]. There were other women. Neither one was accepted. They just went back. They looked for work. They weren't paid now. They worked, but they weren't paid. They were paid with food.

Mikel Poy, then, turned out badly. He killed lots of his countrymen. He did to them what they had done to him. His house had been broken into. He had lost his corn. He had lost his beans. His sheep had been killed. He had stuck a pig inside. The soldiers ate it, Chamulan soldiers.

When the Obregonist soldiers came, they entered Chamula. Ooh, the soldiers, Holy Mary! Lots and lots of them entered in pursuit. All the Chamulans were scared. All those who hadn't been involved with The Bird, who didn't involve themselves in the prayers, came out. They spoke to the general, to the Obregonist captain. They spoke to him. They gave him presents. They fed him. He ate corn on the cob. They killed his sheep for him.

Then, ohh, they were treated well. They went with him in the woods searching for the followers of The Bird. They were given orders. "Search in the woods!" They killed the followers of The Bird.

Then, you see, [The Bird's followers] died.

Then, they got many. They killed them. So the dogs ate them, the buzzards flocked, wherever they died, long ago.

cha7-vo7 tzebetik chipak'alibat ti vo7ne, pero mu jk'an, vo7nee che7e 7oy matanal te xa no 7ox ve7uk te xa no 7ox komuk, mu xa sk'an sut ta slumale 7ixi7.

Bwéno, 7itzatzub yo7on tal li soltaro 7une, 7isut ta slumal 7un, muk' bu ch'am junuk li tzebetik 7une, 7oy yan 7antzetik, muk' xch'am junuk, solet sut, 7issa7 7abtel, muk' xa tojbil ja7 no 7ox tztoj li vaj sve7e, chjala---v, sivu---j, ssa7 7abtel pero muk' tojbil, ja7 tztoj i sve7ele.

Bwéno, 7a li Mikel Poye che7e, 7ibat ta mas, 7ep 7ismil xchi7iltak 7ipak yu7un ti k'u cha7leate 7a ti snae vok'bat, 7ich'ay yixim 7ich'ay xchenek', 7imilbat xchij, 7o j-kot xchitom tik'il 7ikom, ja7 7isti7 soltaro, soltaro jchamu7.

Bwéno, 7a li soltaroe che7e, k'al 7ital li 7ovrekonistae, 7i7och k'al Chamu7tik, jii, soltaroe María Santísima, 7animal 7ep 7i7och, nutzvan ta j-mek 7un, 7i jchamu7e xi7 skotol, k'u yepal muk' bu stik'oj sba ta Pajaroe, muk' stik' sba ta resal ja7 lok' 7une, 7isk'opon i jeneral, 7a li kapitan skwenta yu7un 7Ovrekónista 7isk'opon 7un, 7iyak'beik smoton 7ismak'lanik 7isk'ux 7ajan, 7ismilbeik chij.

Bwéno pwes, 7ajj, k'uxubinbil 7ikom 7un, 7issa7ik ta te7tik xchi7uk i Pajaro 7une, 7i7ak'batik 7orten 7un. "7Ak'o ssa7 ta te7tik 7un!" 7ismil i Pajaro 7une.

Bwéno pwes, va7i 7un, laj 7o.

Bwéno pwes 7une, 7ista 7ep, 7ismil, ja7 ti bu sti7 tz'i7, bu tzoplajet xulem, bu k'usi bu xlaje, vo7ne 7une.

In 1911 the Bishop and the reactionary leaders of San Cristóbal promised the Chamulans land distribution and an end to taxation if they would rebel against the revolutionary government of President Madero. Jacinto Perez Ch'ix Tot, "Robin," known as "Bird" or "Little Bird," who had served in the army, was accorded the rank of general, and his followers were issued arms. A thousand Chamulans carried out guerrilla activity during the summer of 1911, occupying eight lowland towns including Ixtapa, Acala, Chiapilla, and Venustiano Carranza.

The historical and now nearly legendary accounts of the period do not all describe The Bird as a native priest nor do all place the conflict in terms of religious warfare, but they are unanimous in speaking of the horrifying acts of plunder, rape, and murder that the Chamulans visited upon their opponents,

whether they were Ladinos or fellow Chamulans loyal to the government. Zinacantecs and Chamulans remember how The Bird's forces advanced, many armed only with loom swords (Gossen, T78), like the women of Senahu in Alta Verapaz, who were led by a female mountain god to defeat the Moors (de la Cruz Torres, 1965:111-116). The government soldiers, incorrectly identified as Obregonistas or Carrancistas, acquired a similar reputation for wanton brutality. Indeed, a Chamulan account describes how one of their women rubbed chili on her sexual parts to torment her ravishers (Gossen, T9).

The expletive phrase *yik'ubal yat 7ame7*, "the filth of your mother's cock," is an expression not used by Zinacantecs, but is known by them to be typical of Chamulans, whose manner of speech is considered racier and coarser than Zinacantecs'.

At least Xun's description of the Chamulan girls offering themselves eagerly to him adds a light touch if you agree to see the event through his eyes. When Mikel Poy urged Xun's mother to give her skirt to his sister, he was suggesting that his sister exchange her telltale Chamulan black wool skirt for a blue cotton Zinacantec skirt. In normal times poor Chamulan girls who are commissioned to weave in a Zinacantec home occasionally change into Zinacantec clothing and marry into the community. Romin Teratol's grandmother became a Zinacantec after leaving Chamula to weave in Zinacantán Center.

Romin Tan-chak's mother recalls the women advancing with loom swords, chanting "*Ta tzajal chilil chimuyotik, ta tzajal chilil chimuyotik tal!*"—"In red huipils we climb, in red huipils we climb ahead!" Romin's mother remembers that they "killed"

the Christ Child in the church of Chiapilla but were destroyed themselves by a "bomb."

The Bird's forces were finally defeated in October 1911. As Xun relates, they fled northward nearly to Tabasco, where they founded a new town, Rincón Chamula. Rincón has remained traditional, retaining the Carnival "Ash Face" characters, who dress up in monkey skin hats and military-style costumes of the past century.

The Bird himself, who was hiding out in the Chamulan hamlet of Sak-laman Ton, came in to San Cristóbal before All Souls' Day 1914 to buy some bulls. He was seized by the Carrancistas and escorted to the cemetery of San Cristóbal, where he was executed.

The Revolution

T112

Will you hear about a war? There was a war long ago—Obregón against the Pinedists. They clashed together in the month of September.

Now the Obregonists didn't win. It was Pineda who came out on top. Obregón fled down as far as Tierra Blanca with Pineda sticking right behind. Obregón, Ooh God, he stopped at Ixtapa, at Nibak.

Chava7i jun k'op. 7Oy jun k'op vo7ne, 7Obregon xchi7uk Pinedista, 7ismaj sbaik mes de septyembre.

7Óra, li Obregonistae muk' skuch yu7un, 7a li Pinedae ja7 7ikaji, 7a ti 7Obregone jatav yalel k'alal Sak-lum, 7a li Pineda nap'al yalel, 7a li 7Obregone, 7oo, dyos, k'al 7Istápa Nibak 7ipaj, 7a li 7Obregon

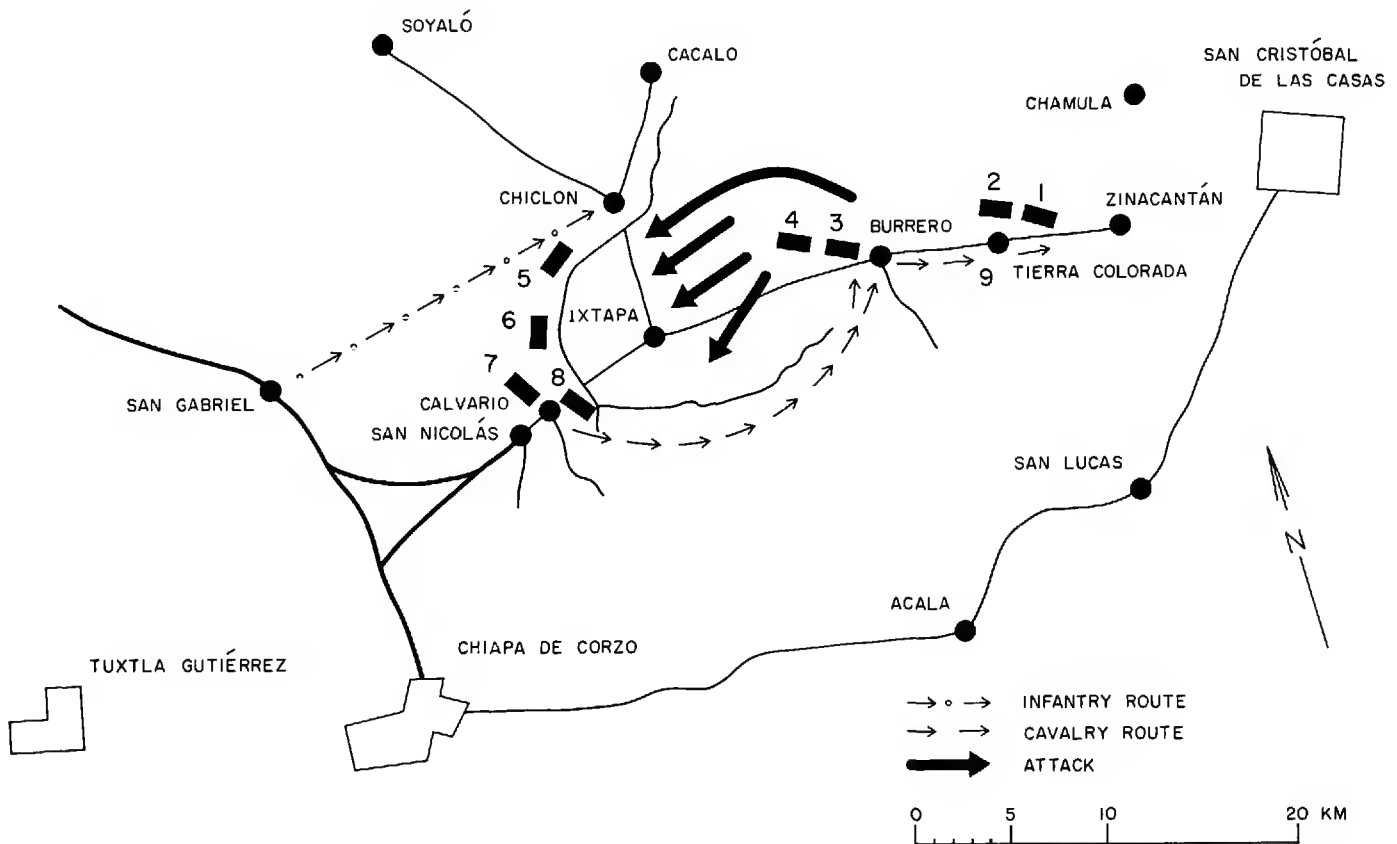


FIGURE 3.—Battle of Ixtapa, 24 April 1924 (adapted from Bravo Izquierdo; 1 = 3rd regiment of line cavalry, 2 = 1st regiment of auxiliary cavalry, 3 = 63rd regiment of line cavalry, 4 = 47th regiment of line cavalry, 5 = Battalion of state volunteers, 6 = 50 men of 47th cavalry regiment, 7 = 80 mm battery (2), 8 = 16th infantry battalion, 9 = ½ mountain battery).

Obregón left for good in September. He continued on, until April when he came back up.

He came back. Pineda was ready now. Obregón was ready now. A machine appeared in the sky, a red one. Just one appeared, one plane.

So then Obregón came on up here to Cañita. There he left . . . four cannons reached there. Bu—t they were cannons, Holy Mary!

Well, so then Pineda was there in Ixtapa, at the church door. The [Obregónists] brought the cannons, then. At first they fired a test shot to see if he would die or not.

So then, they stopped. As for Pineda, then he fired a machine gun.

They stopped for half an hour. [Obregónist] soldiers arrived from Ba Stentej [Upper Meadow]. One group came down. A group came from Soyaló and another group came along the San Gabriel road. [Pineda] was surrounded. The soldiers fired the cannons. Obregón fired.

It was one o'clock. At one o'clock a plane appeared.

[In the end] all the Pinedists died then, all of them, to the ground!

The plane, then, it had dropped six bombs from above. It dropped them. They came down. One hundred people expired then, died then. One hundred men were taken alive. They had come intending to burn the [church of the] Virgin, then. The Pinedists were going to burn it. The [Obregónists] got mad. They seized [the Pinedists]. Cloth had been dumped in front of the Virgin's door [to burn it].

They didn't burn it. The soldiers were captured immediately. It was the Obregónists who captured them.

So then the plane returned. It came back. It stopped for half, for just half an hour. It returned right away. It came back to see how many there were, if there were still more enemies coming down, if there were still more coming from Kakate7 or from Soyaló. There were advance groups there.

So then one hundred men were captured. They were full of all the generals, officers, all the devils of the headquarters, the Pinedist generals. Of the Obregónists, then, just the officers alone were there, guarding them now. They issued orders. They came to the cemetery [in Zinacantán]. The soldiers [there were] a thousand Obregónists. All the [Pinedists] died. The blood flowed now. They couldn't do anything because they were waiting, since the top generals, then, were encamped right here at Ventana. They issued orders because the Obregónists were strong-hearted now. They won now. They came out ahead. All the devils had their hands cut off at Ni-o7 [Headspring].

bat ta j-moj 7un ta septyémbre, bat ta j-mek 7ásta 7avril muy talem.

Bwéno, 7imuy talem 7un, 7a li Pineda lísto xa, 7a li 7Obregone lísto xa, 7ital jun makina ta vinajel jun tzoj, jun no 7ox ital, jun avyon.

Bwéno, 7iday, 7imuy talem li 7Obregone li7 ta li7 ta Kanyitae, te 7iyak', te k'ot ti chan-kot kanyon pe---ro kanyon María Santísima.

Bwéno pwes, 7iday, 7a li Pineda te ta Nibak ta ti7 7eklixa, 7iyak' talem li kanyone che7e, ba7yi primero yak' jun preva 7aver mi xcham mi mu xcham.

Bwéno, 7iday, 7ipaj 7un, 7a li Pineda che7e 7iyak' jun 7ametrayadóras xchi7uk 7a li bala.

Bwéno, 7ipaj médio 7ora, 7ik'ot ti soltaroe ta Ba Stentej 7iyal j-vok', ta Suyal Vo7 tal j-vok', 7i ta belel San-gravel tal j-vok' 7ijoyinat, 7ispas soltero i kanyon 7une, 7iyak'e li 7Obregone.

Bwéno, 7ista, 7ista jun 7ora, sta jun 7ora 7ital jun 7avyon.

Bwéno, 7icham xa skotol li Pinedae, k'al lum skotol.

Bwéno, 7a li 7avyone che7e, 7iyak' vak-moj kwete ta 7ak'ol, 7iyak' xa, 7iyal xa ti lok' xa xch'ulel ti cham xa li 7anima, jun syen, jun syen, 7ombre, 7itzake ta kuxul, 7ital xa 7ox tzk'an chchik'e li jch'ul-me7itike che7e, ja7 to xchik' i Pinedae, 7ikap xa 7itzak xa, 7iyak' xa 7ox manta te ta pwérta li jch'ul-me7itike.

Bwéno, mu7yuk muk' xchik' un, 7itzake ta 7ora li soltaroe, ja7 tzakvan 7Obregonísta.

Bwéno, 7iday, 7isut ti 7avyone, 7ital xa ta merio, merio 7ora no 7ox 7ipaj, 7isut tal ta 7ora, 7ital ta sk'el k'u yepal mi 7oy to mas kontra chyal mi 7oy to mas xtal ta Kaka Te7 ta Suyal Vo7, te xa 7oy bansadaetik.

Bwéno, 7iday, 7itzake li jun syen 7ombre te xa noj skotol li jeneral i sovrestante k'utik dyavlo li kavotikal ta j-mek jeneraletik i Pineda, 7a li 7Obregon che7e te xa li, te xa li 7a li sovrestánte stuke te xa sk'eloy, 7ispas mantal, 7ital ta pantyon, 7a li soltaro che7e, mil 7Obregonísta porke yu7un 7icham ta skotol 7i7okin xa li ch'ich'e, mu k'usi yu7un xa tzmala 7ora, kómo li mero jenerale che7e, li7 ta mero Ventina te chotol, 7ispas xa mantal porke porke tzotz xa yo7on i 7Obregonísta, 7ispas xa kanal 7ispas 7adelantar skotol ta j-mek i k'utikuk dyavloetikale 7ilok'bat xa sk'ob ta Ni-o7.

Now their hands were cut off. It was other soldiers who captured them.

The [prisoners] came to the cemetery from wherever they had started out. They asked a favor to write it down, to write down how they had died. With just five bullets a hundred men died at the cemetery. They didn't have one left. They were carried [and tossed into] one grave. All of them went into one grave. It was very long ago. Ooh, who knows if it was, if it was fifty years ago, the war long ago.

Xun begins his account of the Mexican Revolution with the victory of General Pineda over the Obregónists "in the month of September." This battle, fought at the Ventana at the edge of Zinacantán Center on 19 September 1920, raged for nine hours. But the defeated revolutionaries were followers of President Carranza not of President Obregón as Xun recalled. Chamulan narratives describe the Carranza soldiers as thieves and rapists, extravagantly equipped with death-dealing penises, who waylaid the Chamulan women whenever they went to San Cristóbal to market and violated them before the eyes of their husbands. The women banded together for protection, but this was of little aid (Gossen, T9, T164). According to historical sources, when the Carrancistas fled the Ventana they left behind many sheep and Indian style hats that they had stolen from the local populace. No sooner was the battle over than Ladinos from San Cristóbal, loyal to Pineda, streamed out to the Ventana to pick up whatever they could find. Among the booty scattered in the bushes were found the musical instruments of the Carranza band that had been playing lively tunes to hearten the revolutionaries before their hasty departure from the field of battle. Hostilities ended after this conflict (Moscoso Pastrana, 1960:311-322).

Continuing his account, Xun relates that the government soldiers returned in April. This was so, but it was after an absence of four years. The battle of Ixtapa pitted the Pinedists against 3000 government troops, including infantry, cavalry, four cannons and the first airplane ever to be seen in Chiapas. The number of Pinedist troops in combat varies from 200 to 400 depending upon whom you choose to believe—the conservative San Cristóbal historian Moscoso Pastrana or Bravo Izquierdo, general of Obregón's army. The battle began early in the morning of 24 April and lasted for thirteen hours.

General Bravo Izquierdo presents a vivid account of his stunning success, which he felt went off exactly as planned. The strategy was to dispatch 200 infantry to San Gabriel, the cavalry and two cannons each to San Nicolás and Burrero. They were all to arrive at six a.m. to surround the town just as the airplane dropped its bomb on Ixtapa. (Originally there had been two planes, but it seems that some ignorant Indian, serving as watchman, had flipped his cigarette butt too near the gas tank of one of the government planes.)

7Óra, tuch'bat ti sk'obe. Yan xa 7o soltaro stzakoj.

Bweno, 7ital ta pantyon 7un, ti butikuk likem tale, 7itz'ibaj 7isk'an pavor, 7itz'ibaj k'u x7elan 7ichame vo7ob no 7ox bala jun syen 7ombre 7icham te ta pantyon, mu xa junuk yu7unuk, kuchbil chbat ta jun ch'en, ch7och ta jun ch'en skotol, vo7ne ta j-mek, 7ii, jna7tik mi 7oy ta mi 7oy ta sinkwénta jabil ti pletu vo7ne 7une.

Despite their varying speed of locomotion, infantry, cavalry, and airforce reached their positions sharply at 6:00. The airplane carrying Colonel Pedro Moctezuma dropped the first bomb ever to fall on the state of Chiapas. It was a dud. But undaunted by this mishap, Colonel Moctezuma returned at 11 a.m. Flying low over Ixtapa, he strafed the troops with machine gun fire but, to General Bravo Izquierdo's dismay, soon exhausted all his munitions. It seems too that the pilot, unable to distinguish the enemy's position from that of the government troops, had misdirected his fire. Fortunately there were no losses.

Later in the day Colonel Moctezuma was to carry out the most extraordinary feat of the whole campaign. He flew over San Cristóbal with orders to bomb the enemy barracks, whose location had been discovered by intelligence. The target was missed, but, as if it had been a "smart bomb," the trajectory landed squarely in General Alberto Pineda's patio, where it decapitated his finest rooster (Bravo Izquierdo, 1948:119-121).

Meanwhile, back in Ixtapa, after a fierce resistance, the brave soldiers of General Pineda, seeing themselves thoroughly outnumbered, attacked from all sides and, sustaining many losses, capitulated. Many officers, including a general, were among the captives. According to Moscoso Pastrana the prisoners had been promised their lives if they surrendered, but no sooner had they laid down their arms than the officers were led off to the cemetery and promptly shot. A special favor was granted to the second in command, who was permitted to scribble a farewell letter to his mother. A tombstone served as his desk top (Moscoso Pastrana, 1960:281).

General Bravo Izquierdo reports that 300 Pinedist soldiers were routed that same day and pursued up the mountain trail to Zinacantán Center. There is no mention in the historical sources of prisoners having their hands cut off. It seems from Xun's account that the prisoners were executed in the cemetery in Zinacantán rather than in Ixtapa, but this may be my misinterpretation. It is also difficult to believe that the Pinedists, who represented the conservative clerical interest, intended to burn the church in Ixtapa, for it was the armies of the revolutionary government that achieved notoriety as "saint burners."

Xun's estimate that the war was "fifty years ago" placed it ten years too early. See also T14, T148, T152, T154, and their notes.

War, War, War

T154

[In] the fight, The Bird went with prayers. With prayers the [false] priest [went].

A group of Chamulans gathered.

Then, after the prayers, then the killing began.

7A li pletue, 7a li Pajaroe ta resal 7ibat ta resal jtottik palee.

Bwéno, li jchamu7e stzob sba jun krupo.

Bwéno pwes day, laj i resale ja7 7o 7och mil-bail.

Now, one thousand three hundred Chamulans assembled. The fight began in September.

After it ended . . . it took a long time. It lasted a long time. Unti—1 . . . January it stopped. In January.

The Chamulans went, went towards Chiapa. They didn't go [that far]. They stopped at a cave. As for the cave . . . You've seen the cave? [Juteb Chauk]. They crowded together there. The scribes wrote down, they wrote down [what was needed]. They were going to shoot them [the Chiapanecs]. They were going to kill the Chiapanecs. The [Chiapanecs'] cannons were standing there. That's all. The Chiapanecs were ready now. Ready now, Holy Mary!

Now, the captain, I forget what the bastard's name was. I forget what his name was.

Then, [the Chamulans] came [to Naben Chauk (Thunderbolt Lake)]. There was constant fighting. Some guns! They didn't have percussion caps. They put firebrands to the charge. Broom! All the Chamulans who fled, came here. They came here. All the girls you could want for wives! Girls! "Take her! Let her stay here!" they said now. The bitch of a girl didn't want to go [back to Chamula].

"I'll stay here!" she said. Since I had corn here—"It's the same if I stay here," she said. "I'll stay here. It's better if I stay here. Haven't you any boys? I'll marry one," she said. She was a child of Mikel. I think. Mikel . . . who knows what Mikel's [last name was].

And the Chamulans, well, they waged wa—r. Salvador was the chief, but he was a tall man, the bastard. Even Ladinos joined up.

Then the [Chamulan] soldiers appeared. They came in January. They came to steal cattle at Yalem Taiv [Fallen Frost]. A brown cow. They never ate it. It was left at Na Chij [Deer House].

You see, it was reported. A commission came. The [government] soldiers were told about the Chamulans. The Black Clothes [the Chamulans] were coming.

You see, when the soldiers arrived in Zinacantán Center, then, they didn't appear in the open. The soldiers were hiding. The Chamulans arrived. [The soldiers] heard that they were there now. Ooh, [the Chamulans] dashed to Muxul Vitz. The soldiers came out, all cavalry.

Hell, [the Chamulans] were shot at. Ooh, the bastards were chased far off. They fled.

Then, September . . . September, October, and December, January—five months it lasted. Just war, war, war, war, war!

They fled. Whoever fled went back to his country. The Bird went and killed them. Wherever they were sprawled next to the ponds, in the woods, the buz-

7Óra, li jchamu7e 7istzob sba j-mil tres syéntos, k'al 7och i pletue che7e ta setyempree.

Bwéno, 7ilaj 7une, jok'tzaj ta j-mek 7un bat ta j-mek 7astaa 7ásta 7enero to paj 7un 7enero to.

Bwéno day, 7a li jchamu7e che7e bat ta chbat ta Soktom muk' xbat 7un te paj ta nail ch'en, 7a li nail ch'ene 7aviloy i nail ch'ene, te lami te yo7e te tz'ibaj komel li 7ixkirvanoe, tz'ibaj komel chba yak' bala ta xa smil i jsoktome, 7a le7e kotal xa kanyon 7un mu xa k'usi 7a li jsoktome lísto xa, lísto xa María Santísima.

7Óra, li kapitane ch'ay ka7i k'u sbi li kavrone, ch'ay ka7i k'u sbie.

Bwéno day, 7ital 7un, te ti labal 7ak'-k'ok', jun tuk', mu7nuk 7o tuvo, xupet k'ok' chak'be li chemeniae, xpúmlij ti bu ti k'u yepal 7ijatave li7 tal li chamu7etike li7 tale, yepal 7asa7 7avajnil tzebetik, tzebetike. "7Ik'o le7e li7 komuke!" xi xa. 7A li púta tzebe mu xa sk'an xbat.

"Li7 chikome!" xi. "K'u 7oy 7a li kixim li7 7une -- xko7olaj li7 chikome," xi. "Li7 chikome mejor li7 chikom li7 toe mi muk' bu 7akremik chkik' jba jchi7uk," xi. 7A li xch'amal 7a li Mikel chka7i, Mikel na7tik k'u ta Mikelal.

Bwéno pwes, 7i 7a li chamu7 7une, bwéno, spasik pletuu, 7a Salvarol ti 7ajvalile pero natil mol kavron, k'al ta jkaxlanetik 7i7och.

Bwéno pwes day, 7ital li soltero 7une, 7a li ta 7enero tal, 7a li tal yelk'an vakax ta Yalem Taiv, jun tzajal baka muk' sti7.te kom ta Na Chij.

Bwéno va7i 7un, 7a li 7albat xa tal xa jun komisyon 7un, 7albat i solteroe li chamu7 7une chtal xa li j7ik'al k'u7e.

Bwéno va7i 7un, k'alal 7ik'ot i soltero ta Jtek-lume che7e muk' bu chak' sba li solteroe nak'al, 7ik'ot i jchamu7e, ya7i xa ti te xae, jiii, slichbeik k'al Muxul Vitz, 7ilok' talel li soltero 7une naka kavayería.

Bwéno kavron, 7ak'bat i balae, jii, nutze ta j-mek kavron jatav 7o.

7A li 7óra, setyémbre setyémbre noktúvne 7i lisyémbre 7enéro, vo7ob 7u jok'tzaj, naka pletu pletu pletu pletu pletu.

7A li bwéno, 7ijatav 7une, 7a ti buch'u jataveme bat ta slumale ja7 ba smilik i Pajaro 7une, ja7 ti bu butajtik ta ti7 nab ta te7tik naka xpochlajet i xuleme

zards were flapping about. There was no talk of finding them then. If there was a group [of fugitives] they assembled two or three hundred of the worshippers. They killed [the fugitives]. The ones who prayed killed. The ones who didn't pray killed. But the worshippers died. They fled. They went far away, as far as Rinkon, [(Rincón Chamula) where they're been] ever since.

Well, when they fled the magistrate arrested them. They went to jail.

But it was no jail, to the river they went. They went to the river, thrown in the river.

Well, then little by little, gradually it was settled. It was settled properly. It was settled properly. It calmed down.

Even longer ago, my mother and father said, [there was trouble] in Tzajal Yemel [Red Avalanche], Tzajal Yemel, but the soldiers went, they went to look there in Tzajal Yemel. But the women turned their asses to them.

Then the bullets went up their asses. They died. It simply cooled down. That was a great deal longer ago, of course. As for The Bird, ooh, The Bird was probably eighty years ago.

Well, then they all die—d. The holy earth cooled off. It was fine.

Another group appeared. They climbed up. The soldiers were all federals.

The Chiapanecs fled. They came here. And some put on women's ceremonial robes, [men's] ceremonial robes. Watch out for the cold, you bastards! The mangy ones were dying of the cold. They were lined up by the houses, seeking a place to stay. They were given tortillas, given them [for nothing]. They fled from Chiapa. The bastards were stupid. The other Chiapanecs, the other ones from Chiapa never fled. There was a woman there called Sirira. She was the younger sister. The older sister was Sinco Rosa. Sirira's husband was Elaidos.

You see, [they had] a house like this. The women had made holes in the walls. They fired from high up. They fired from high up. The officers, the men were on the ground. They had a cannon. The soldiers were pi—led up there.

The federals came, since they were robbers, but they die—d. They were the ones who died. The Chiapanecs won. The Chiapanecs won.

But the Chiapanecs weren't all alone. Julian Grajales appeared from Tzajal Ch'en [Red Cliff]. But he was an old ma—n, but he was a chief. A Thunderbolt, a Thunderbolt. But the federals were killed then, the federals. They die—d. It had cooled down. It had been fine.

Then another group came, too. But Chamula had cooled off for good. There was nothing at all. To

mi rason, mi te stae che7e, mi 7o jun krúpo mas ta stzob sba ta chib 7oxib syen i much'utik 7a li jresaletike ja7 tzmilik, 7a li much'u tzipas resale che7e ja7 milvan, ja7 milvan i mu7yuk 7ochem ta resale, ja7 milvan, yan ti jresaletike ja7 7icham jatav 7un bat ta j-mek, k'al Rinkon k'al tana 7un.

Bwéno pwes day, 7a li 7a li ti k'al 7ijatave che7e preserente tzak, bat ta bat ta chukel.

Bu, chukel, nab 7ibat, jipe ta nab.

Bwéno pwes day, k'un' un k'un' un 7imeltzaj 7un, meltzaj lek 7un, meltzaj lek, ch'ab xi.

7A ti mas vo7ne che7e, ja7 xa chal ti jme7 jtote ta Tzajal Yemel, Tzajal Yemel, pero 7a li solteroe che7e bat ba sk'elel taj ta Tzajal Yemele pero 7a li 7antze ta la svalk'un xchak.

7Óra, ta chak 7i7och i balae, laj taj 7une solel sikub 7un, 7a li mas vo7ne ta j-mek 7un bi, mas, 7a li Pajaroe che7e, jee, 7o nan ta chan-vinik jabil li Pajaroe.

Bwéno pwes, 7ila---j skotol ta j-mek 7isikub i ch'ul-balamile lek 7oy.

Bwéno, 7och j-vok' noxtok 7un muyel 7imuy tal 7un, 7a li soltero 7une naka jvereral.

Bwéno, 7a li jsoktom 7une 7ijatav li7 talik li7 toe, 7i 7o xa slap 7a li xchil i 7antzetike xakitail, k'el aba ta sik kavron, sarnóso laj ta sik ta naetike xcholet xa chch'amun na, ch7ak'bat vaj k'elanbat, jatav tal ta Soktom 7une, spentejoal li kavron 7une 7a li yan jchapaneko yan jsoktometik te yo7e mu7yuk 7onox xjatav, 7o te jun me7el Sirira sbi, ja7 mukil 7a li vixile Sinko Rosa, 7a li smalal li 7a li Sirirae 7a li 7Elaidos.

Va7i 7un, 7a li na chak li7 7une, 7a li 7antzetike 7ixch'oj i snae, ta 7ak'ol chak' i balae, ta 7ak'ol chak' i balae, 7a li moletik viniketike ta lumtike te kanyon 7un te li soltero bu---sul 7un.

Bwéno, 7ital li 7a li fereral 7une kómo j7elek' pero ja7 7ila---j, ja7 laj kuch yu7un i jsoktome.

Bwéno, pero ke mu yu7unuk 7a li stuk i jsoktom 7un to, 7ilok' tal te ta te ta Tzajal Ch'en Julian Grajales pero mo---l pero totil chauk, chauk, pero te laj, 7i fereral 7une fereral, 7ila---j sikub to 7ox 7un bi lek to 7ox.

Bwéno pwes, ja7 to tal 7otro j-vok' noxtok 7un, yan li Chamu7e sikub ta j-moj, ch'abal ta j-mek k'al

this day, nothing.

Well, then [another group] came, too. But that was recently. It was probably, it was probably sixty years ago. But it wasn't the federals anymore. It wasn't them. I don't know where they came from.

Well, then they came. As for me, I was a courier. As for me, I was shot at. I was shot at, but we weren't hit. I was a courier. I arrived at the district attorney's in Tuxtla. "Leave immediately!" he said.

"Okay!" I said.

"Since the bullets haven't reached [us]," he said. I was a courier for the boss, Claudio. Yes! We were waiting there. Then the mail arrived. "Go immediately!" said the district attorney. "Go right away. Dash off!" he said. Ooh, hell, we came back ve—ry fast.

Well then, the bullets were coming close. They didn't shoot yet. They didn't have orders yet to fire the cannons. But Tuxtla was ready, then. We came back. The woman in charge of the mail there didn't come out. She was shut up there.

You see, we came back. We hurried. We slept in Chiapa. But I couldn't go any further. The forces were stacked up here, here, here in Chiapa.

Ooh, but compadre, like a—nts! Ooh, it was too mu—ch, too much!

Well then, our horses were scattered there, munching corn, since we were travelling now by night. We didn't sleep anymore. Since it was the mail it continued on, the very same night.

The soldiers came. They came to catch the horses. The house was locked. "They're for the mail," they were told by the owner of the house.

"Even so!" they said.

"But sir, you can't!" they were told.

Three or four officers came, all on horseback. "What did they say?" the soldiers were asked.

"Nothing, it's the mail," they said.

"Ah, don't touch them, then!" the soldiers were told. But [the mail] passed through, compadre, but ooh, sonofabitch, the brutes, there were so many bastards. So many!

[Was that before the war between Pineda and Obregón?] Ah, Pineda was later, of course, compadre. It wasn't yet. It was later. It wasn't yet. That was against the government. Pineda was afterwards, of course. I was already a full-grown man! I already had a child. I already had Maryan. He was this big!

Well then, they were there. The soldiers were there at the bridge, at the big bridge in Tuxtla. The troops came down here. They didn't do anything at all. Little by little, gradually they came. Little by little, gradually the machine guns came. They went on. We were watching them all pass by. "As for you, we won't bother you, since you're the mail," they

7ora ch'abal.

Bwéno pwes, day, 7a li 7a li tal noxtok 7un, pero ja7 7ach' to, 7o to nan ta 7o to nan ta 7ox-vinik jabil pero ma7uk i fereral xae ma7uk xa, mu jna7 bu liken talel.

Bwéno pwes day, 7ital 7un 7a li vo7one korioon, i vo7one kich'oj bala, kich'oj bala mu ma xilajotik, korioon, 7a li ministerio lik'ot ta Tuxta 7une. "Lok'an ta 7ora!" xi 7un.

"Bwéno!" xkut 7un.

"Yilel mu chul li balae," xi. 7A li korioon yu7un i 7ajvalile Klávio, 7a li te ta jmalatikótik 7un, ja7 7o yul xa ta 7ora li korio 7une. "Batan ta 7ora!" xi li ministerioe. "Batan ta 7ora ta j-mek lichbeik ta 7ora!" xi. Jiii, sujem litalotikótik ta j-me---k kavron.

Bwéno pwes, 7a li te xa nopol tal li bala 7une, mu to chak' a7a muk' to permiso xak' i kanyone yan i Tuxtae che7e lísto xa, litalotikótik 7un, 7a li 7a li korio jme7el 7ajvale che7e muk' xa xlok' te xa mak.

Va7i 7un 7a li day, litalotikótik 7un sujemotikótik li7 livayotikótik ta Soktom xa 7une pero mu xa xu7 xibat li7 xa li7 xa busul li pwera li7 ta Soktome.

Jeee, pero, kumpágre, jun xini---ch, jeee toj ma---s, toj mas!

Bwéno pwes day, 7i te lamal li jka7tikotike tzk'uxa 7ixim 7un, bu ti7n chixanavotikótik ta 7ak'ubaltik xa mu xa mu7yuk xa mu7yuk xa xivayotikótik 7un, ta mismo 7ak'ubal chjelav kómo korio 7un to.

7A li tal li soltero 7une 7och stzak i ka7 7une, tz'otol li nae. "7A li7e koréo," x7utat 7un yu7un yajval nae.

"7Ónke séal!" xi 7un.

"Pero senyor mu xu7!" x7utat 7un.

Tal la li tal la li 7ox-vo7 chan-vo7 naka ta ka7 moletik. "K'u la xi?" x7utat i soltero 7une.

"Mu k'usi 7a li7e korio," xut.

"7A mu xapik che7e!" x7utat i soltero 7une. Pero jelave, kumpáre, pero ji---jo la chingáda vrúto toj mas kavron, toj mas ta j-mek!

Day, 7a 7a li Pinedae mas mas tz'akal a7a, kumpa, ma7uk to, mas tz'akal to ma7uk to 7un, skwenta govyerno taje, 7a li Pinedae mas tz'akal a7a ja7 vinikon xa 7ox lek a7a, 7oy 7ox i jun jch'amale, li Maryane 7oy 7ox, xi smuk'ul 7oxe!

Bwéno pwes, day, 7a li te xa ta 7a li, 7a li solteroe te xa ta ba k'o mol ba k'o ta Tuxta 7une, 7iyal li persa li7 7une, mu7 nox k'u xalik ta j-mek, k'unk'un k'unk'un chtal k'unk'un k'unk'un chtal li metrayaro, chbat chjelav skotol te jk'elotikótik 7un. "Vo7ote mu7yuk bu chakilbajin kómo koréo," xi 7un. "Bu lapasajee?" xi.

said. "Where is your pass?" they said.

"Here!" I said.

"He can't [be bothered]," they said. "Hell, none of the soldiers can [bother him]," they said. "They can't," they said.

Well then, they passed by. After they had passed, "Leave!" said an officer, but the sonofabitch was the top man. "[Who's the] courier?"

"I am, sir," I said.

"Leave, then!" he said. "That's all. There isn't a soldier left. Give the dispatches here, here to the courier!" he said.

"Won't something happen to me?" I asked.

"Nothing will happen to you," he said. "Nothing will happen to you. Five soldiers will go. They will go back with you. Go and join them!" he said. The soldiers came back. I went to join them. I passed by to ask for the messages. "Let's go. Go on, now!" he said.

As for the fugitives, ooh, there were so many, hell! At the bridge they were spraying each other [with bullets]. First, he fired. I've forgotten what the name of the top officer was. I don't remember anymore what his name was. But a paper [with his name on it] is here, compadre. He gave it to me, the governor gave it to me. His paper is here. Eh, I don't know what his name was. But he was pursued down. He was chased a long way, because they were attacking each other furiously.

There were lots of dead. [The mail] reached San Cristóbal. "How is it?" they asked.

"But I don't know how it turned out since I had already left," I said.

"Eh, but isn't [the report] that came in by phone true—that you were killed," they said.

"No, I didn't die. The district attorney told me to leave immediately," I said.

Then he said . . . I don't know what the general's name was, hell! I don't know what it was. I used to know. Ah, General Flores! But he was the top man, the bastard. "Go on! Nothing will happen to you. Take the messages here!" he said. Five soldiers went. "Nothing will happen to you," he said.

We came along. Ooh, would you believe it, compadre, dawn broke [when we were in] our country. Sonofabitch, but [we were so] sleepy, sonofabitch! Eh, don't think we had torches, of course. Just four bells so we could hear if the horses fled. They came jangling along. It quieted down. It stopped. General Flores cooled down. [The war] didn't [last] very long, either.

Then Pineda got up on his ass. [He was] an ugly man with a pock-marked face, the bastard. An ugly old man with a pock-marked face. He was Alberto Espinosa, not Pineda. Alberto Espinosa!

"Li7e!" xkut.

"7Éso mu xu7," xi. "Skotol soltero karájo mu xu7," xi. "Mu xu7," xi 7un.

Bwéno pwes day, 7ijelav 7un, laj jelavuk 7un. "Lok'an!" xi tal jun 7ajvalil, pe---ro mero mol jíjo púta. "Koréo?"

"Vo7on, sinyor," xkut.

"Lok'an che7e!" xi 7un. "Laj xa mu xa junuk i solteroe ch'abal mu xa k'usi 7ech'uk 7ak'o li mensaje li7 ta li7 ta koreoe!" xi 7un.

"Mi mu k'u jpas?" xkut.

"Mu k'u xapas," xi 7un. "Mu k'u xapas 7a li ta xbat 7a li ta sutuk vo7-vo7uk soltero ba chi7no!" xi. Sut i soltero 7une ba jchi7in, 7ech' jjak' i mensaje 7une. "Bámos batan xa 7un!" xi.

7A ti jjatvile, jii, toj ma---s kavron, 7a li ta ba k'o 7une te slilinbe sbaik te yo7 7une, te yak'be sbaik ta ba k'o 7une, ja7 primero yak' i 7a li, ch'ay me xka7i k'u sbi li batz'i totileee, mu xa jna7 k'u li sbie, pero li7 svunale, kumpágre, yak'ojbon, bu ti kovyerno yak'ojbon li7 svunale, 7ee, mu jna7 k'usi li sbie pe---ro net'e yalel ta 7olon, snet'oj 7ibat ta j-mek yu7 nox batz'i yak'be sbaik ta j-mek 7un.

7Animae toj 7e---p, k'ot ta Jobele. "K'u x7elan?" xi 7un.

"Pero mu jna7 k'u x7elan 7ikom kómo lilok' 7ox talel," xkut.

"7Ee pero mu me yechuk li yul ta ch'ojon tak'ine lalaj xa 7une," xi 7un.

"Mo7oj, mu xilaj, liyalbe li sinyor ministerio ti lilok' tal ta 7orae," xkut 7un.

7Óra, yal, mu jna7 k'u sbi li jenerale kavron, mu jna7 k'usi jna7oj to 7ox, 7a Jeneral Flóres, pero mero mol kavron. "Batan mu k'u xapas 7a li 7ech'uk 7ak'o mensaje li7 toe!" xi. Vo7-vo7 soltero bat 7un. "Mu k'u xapas!" xi 7un.

Bwéno, litalotikótik 7un, jiii, mi xach'une, kumpa, te me sakub ta jlumaltik 7un, púta pero jun vayeale, jíjola chínga, je, mu xaval ti 7o 7atoj a7a, k'ajom chan-p'ej kampana ja7 chka7itik mi 7o chjativ i ka7e, stz'intz'on tal ta j-mek 7un, lam 7un 7ipaj 7un ti sikub i 7a li 7a li Jeneral Flóres, muk' 7onox jal noxtok 7un.

7Óra, 7a li Pinera 7une lik xchak 7un, yil j7ot'om-sat mol pero muk'ta mol kavron, yil j7ot'om-sat mol Pinera 7une, 7a li 7Alvérto 7Espinósa ma7uk i Pinerae, 7Alvérto 7Espinósa!

After that, well, he came when the soldiers were mobilized, ooh! There was a Mariano Osuna living then. He was living here [in Naben Chauk]. His children were born here. Old Chusel was born here. That pimp was born here. But he was a leader. He was a real leader. "Join up with Pineda! You'll see, he's the boss, he's our father!" he said. Because the people of Zinacantán Center didn't want to.

Well then, the [Pinedists] kept on [causing trouble]. We were going to talk to the [government] soldiers in Chiapa. We were scared. We thought we would go talk to them, [taking them] a basket of passion fruit and a basket of eggs. We were scared. We turned back.

Then it was Old Petul [Tzu]. He went, indeed! And Petul—just Petuls—Petul Chiku7. And I don't know what his name was, here at home—Maryan, Maryan Xut. The three of them went, awful snail gatherers. They didn't go [directly] to talk to [the soldiers]. [They were] posing as snail gatherers. They went to gather them at the edge of Chiapa. It's said they were seen. They were seen by the soldiers. "Well, what are you doing here?" they were asked.

"Sir, we're going to talk to the governor," they said.

"Ah, let's go, man!" [The soldiers] threw their arms around them as they went. The three of them got in [a truck]. Hell, they went. Ooh, they went off! They left.

[Was it Old Petul Tzu?] Yes, Old Petul Tzu, [and] Maryan Xut, [and] Petul Chiku7. The three of them went. They went off, indeed! The next day they simply were accepted. But don't think there was hu—nger, hell! There were a devil of a lot of co—ws [to feed the soldiers], hell! I don't know what the pay was—how much pay they probably earned a day. I don't know if it was, eh . . . I think it was twenty pesos apiece. They went to Tuxtla by truck. They went. And then they gave orders. Then they were accepted. As for me, I had a corn field here in Joyijel [Roundabout]. It was in April. My corn field was there. I went to replant my corn field. Here, above Joyijel, I met two Chamulans with little aprons. They had several mangoes. "Where did you go, Chamulans?" I said.

"We went to Muk'ta Jok' [Big Dig]," they said.

Well then, "What's it like? Is it true there's a fight?" I asked.

"We never heard about it," they said. "We never heard about it," they said.

"Where did you get the mangoes, then?" I asked.

"Ah, it's because—ah my Zinacantec—they gave them to us," they said.

"Oh well!" I said. "All right, then," I said.

"Eh, where are you from?" they asked. Little by

Bwéno, 7a li 7ilaj 7un 7a li, bwéno 7a li tal 7un, ti k'al lik i solteroe, jiii, 7o to 7ox te nakal jun Mariáno 7Osuna li7 nakal, li7 7ayan xch'amaltake, ja7 to 7ox li7 7ayan li mol Chusel li7 7ayanem i 7alkavéta le7e, pero ja7 totil, ja7 totil ta j-mek. "7Ochanik ta Pineda chavil ja7 7ajvalil ja7 jtottik," xi 7un. Kómo li jitek-lum le7e mu sk'an.

Bwéno pwes day, 7i 7ispasik segire, chba jk'opontikótik 7ox i 7a li soltero ta Soktom 7une, lixi7otikótik, jun moch 7a li kranata jun moch ton kaxlan chba jk'opontikótik 7o ti kalojtkotike, lixi7otikótik lisutotikótik ta be 7un.

Day, ja7 xa ti mol Petul 7une ja7 bat 7un a7a xchi7uk 7a li 7a li Petul, naka Petul, Chiku7, xchi7uk mu jna7 k'usi sbi li7 ta na, 7a li Maryan, Maryan Xut, 7ox-vo7 7ibatik 7un, mu jtzak-puy, mu ja7uk ba sk'oponik jtzak-puy, ba stzakik ta ti7 Soktom, 7i 7ile la 7un, 7ile la yu7un soltero 7un. "Bwéno, k'u chapas li7 toe?" x7utat la 7un.

"Sinyor, ta xba jk'opon govyerno," xi la.

"7Aa, battik, 7ómpre!" Meybil la bat 7un yox-va7ale 7ochik 7un, kavron, bat 7un, jiii, bat 7o me bi ke bat 7un.

Li mol Petul Tzue, jun Maryan Xut, jun Petul Chiku7, 7ox-vo7 bat 7un, bat 7o me 7un bi ke yan to me k'ak'al 7un solet ch'ame xa 7un, pero mu xaval 7o vi7na---l, kavron, tal vaka---x ta dyávlo ta j-mek, kavron, ja7 mu jna7 k'u cha7al ti kanal 7une, k'u cha7al nan tzpasik kanal ta k'ak'ale, mu jna7 mi, je ju-tob pexu chka7i, chbat ta Tuxta ta karo, chbat 7i tzpasik xa mantal 7un, 7ich'ame xa 7un, vo7one ja7 7o li7 jchob ta Joyijel 7une, ta ta 7avril xa 7un, 7a li te jchob 7un, 7a li ba kaventa jchob 7une, 7a li 7oy yunin mak ti cha7-vo7 jchamu7 li7 jnup ta yak'ol Joyijele, te jay-p'ej smanko. "Bu la7ay, 7ulo7?" xkut.

"Li7ay ta Muk'ta Jok'," xi.

Bwéno pwes, "K'u x7elan mi yech ti 7o pletue?" xkut.

"Muk' bu xka7i," xi 7un. "Muk' bu xka7i," xi.

"Bu 7avich' i mankoe che7e?" xkut.

"7A yu7n 7ay, kulo7, te lisk'elanbe tal," xi 7un.

"7A bwéno!" xichi 7un. "Teyuk che7e," xichi 7un.

"7E, bu likemot tal?" xi. K'un'k'un k'un'k'un 7un te

little, gradually, the jerks were drinking their posol.

"Here in Naben Chauk [Thunderbolt Lake]," I said.

"Sonofabitch, but [how] can we find the house of Xun Vaskis?" they asked.

"Shit, Chamulan, that's me!" I said.

"Good grief, it's you, Lord" they said. They admitted it. "Eh, you're to meet our father, Petul [Tzu]. The war will start tomorrow," they said. "They will come from Ixtapa. They will leave. Pineda will be killed," they said.

"Okay," I said. Ooh, I never replanted my corn field. I came to report it here. I came to report it. We went to watch there at the graveyard [in Zinacantan Center]. We watched. Eh, first the great cannons were really boo—ming now. They had arrived in Ixtapa. Booming now, booming now, booming now. Ooh, they kept it up for a long time. Every few minutes, "put put put" came [the sound] of the fucking buzzard [plane] in the sky. It sprayed [bullets] down on the mountain. The Pinedists were killed in Ixtapa. They were all killed there. I don't know if there were twenty or twenty-five they caught by the arms, like this. They captured a lot. They captured them. There was an officer, a Pinedist soldier [who had] a tanned goatskin, with the hai—r turned in. That's what the soldier was wearing. That's what he was wearing.

You see, the soldiers arrived at Tzoy Lum [Red Earth]. There are cane fields there. They went. I went, myself. Old Petul [Tzu] sent orders. Probably twenty men went. Here by the cliffs, here where the cliffs are. The soldiers were pi—led there. You couldn't pa—ss! "Who goes there?" they said.

"We're friends," I said.

"Okay, come on, then!" they said. We reached where the soldiers were. The officers were there. Bu—t the leader himself was there. Ooh, the jugs were in a row this long—Tzoy Lum cane liquor. "You've come!" they said.

"I've come," I said. "I don't know where Old Petul is," I said.

"He isn't here. He went to catch some cows down below," they said. "Will you wait?"

"I'll wait," I said.

"Well, that's fine that you've come, because you've come for good," said [the officer].

"Very good, sir," I said. There was a gourd this big.

"Drink this!" he said. "Drink it! When you've finished it ask for more!" he said. Ooh, how could you finish it? Hell, it was terribly strong cane liquor. "All of you drink it!" he said.

"We've had all we want, sir. Thank you," I said.

chuch' yuch'imo7 i pentejo 7une.

"Li7 ta Naben Chauke," xkut.

"Púta pero mi jta van ta sa7el sna la Xun Vaskes?" xi 7un.

"7A la myerta, Chamúla, vo7on!" xkut 7un.

"Miserikórcho vo7ot kere!" xi 7un. Jam ye 7un.

"7E, 7abolajan che7e ta la xba nup i jtottik Petule ta xa x7och k'ok' 7ok'ob," xi 7un. "Ta xa xtal ta Nibak 7un ta xa xlok' tal 7un ch7och xa li k'ok' 7ok'ob ta Nibake ta xa xla7 i Pinera 7une," xi 7un.

"Bwéno," xkut 7un. Jii, 7a ti jchobe muk' xa 7onox xkaventa tal kal li7 toe, tal kal 7un, ba jk'eltikótik 7un, je, pimero li mol kanyone batz'i stzín---nluj xa li Nibak to yul 7un, stzínluj xa stzínluj xa stzínluj xa, jiii spas segir ta j-mek 7un, ta j-likel j-likel 7o, "jor jor jor," xi tal li 7a li jkobel xulem ta vinajel 7une, stani yalel ta vitz 7un, te la7 ti Pinera ta Nibak 7une, te la7 skotol 7un, jna7 mi mi j-tob mi benti-sinko xa tzak tzk'ob xie stzakik ta j-mek 7un, stzakik 7un, 7a li 7o to 7ox jun 7ajvalil, 7a li ja7 7a li ja7 7a li soltero Pinerae, nukulal chivo k'a7esbil, naka tzo---tz tik'ajtik, ja7 xa slapoj i soltero 7une, ja7 xa slapoj 7un.

Bwéno va7i 7un, yul li soltero ta Tzoy Lum 7une te va7letik yo7 7une bat 7un, libat i vo7on 7une, stak xa mantal li mol Petul 7une, bat nan j-tob vinik 7un, li7 ta li7 ta 7o li7 ch'entik li7 ta 7o li7 ch'entik 7une, te bu---sul li solteroe mu xajela---v. "Kyen víve?" xi 7un.

"Jchi7il jbatik," xkut 7un.

"Bwéno, jelavan che7e!" xi 7un. K'ototikótik yo7 bu li soltero te te li moletik 7une, pe---ro 7ajvalil stuk 7une, jii, li limetone xi snatil jit'il spox la Tzoy Lum. "Latal!" xi.

"Lital," xkut 7un. "Mu jna7 bu li mol Petule," xkut 7un.

"Muk' li7e ba stzak tal vakax le7 ta 7olone," xi 7un. "Chamala?"

"Ta jmala," xkut 7un.

"Bwéno ja7 lek latala7e yu7n latal 7o," xi 7un.

"Muy byen, senyor," xkut 7un. 7A li xi smuk'ul batz'i boch 7une.

7A li, "7Uch'an li7e!" xi 7un. "7Uch'an ti mi la7 7avu7unike xak'an xa yan!" xi 7un. Jee, bu ba lajuk, kavron 7animal tzotz i tragoe. "7Uch'an 7akotolik!" xi 7un.

"Ta7lo xka7itikótik 7un, sinyor, kol aval," xkut 7un.

"Well if you want some more in a little while, ask for it in a while," he said. "Well, please go get some horse fodder." The horses were [as thick as] ants. "Go and get some horse fodder!" he said.

"But sir, I haven't any ropes," I said.

"There are your ropes!" he said. This many pesos. But I went to get the horse fodder. It was as far away as the stile is [from my house]. Pesos! We got ten or fifteen a day.

Well then, we woke up the next morning there. "Sit down, don't worry!" he said.

The trouble was there weren't any tortillas. No tortillas at all. Tortillas were scarce, indeed! This big for a *real* [12 ½c]. But the fucker didn't call them tortillas. "*Chinque*," he said.

Well then, we were probably there . . . eh, we were there a long time. It was probably . . . we were probably there a week at Tzoj Lum. He waited the—re. "Now, you, go to Salinas, tell the tithing man to come bring some corn, one *fanega*," he said.

"Eh, I won't go, sir, because the enemy is there," I said.

"But nothing will happen to you since the advance force has already gone there," he said. Eh, I mounted the horse. With lots of weapons, hell! A white horse. I came very fast. Sonofabitch, I reached Vo7-bitz [Salinas] all right. I told the tithing man to go deliver the corn. I came back down. Lord, four [soldiers] were bunched there. I got it good! Ooh, Holy Mary, sonofabitch but I was terribly scared, scared, scared. Hell, sonofabitch, I wasn't hit! I fired four shots, too. I fired four shots. Then the soldiers in the hills saw [the enemy]. They spra—yed [bullets] at them. There were four soldier there. But just one, it was [me], went. [The others] stayed behind. They stayed behind.

I told the officer, "I nearly died," I said.

"What happened to you?" he asked.

"The bullets pa—ssed right through my hat brim. It broke off this much of my hat brim."

"Ugh, oh sonofabitch, but nothing happened," he said. "Ugh, twenty pesos for making the effort." Twenty pesos for the distance I went on horseback. But they weren't paper [bills] like this, bu—t they were all the real thing, hell!

Well, we came along. There at Mantza—Have you seen Tz'ajom Pik' [Submerged Clitoris]? You've never seen it? Below Choko7. Haven't you ever seen it? Below that. We were grouped there. The soldiers were grouped there. We came to look below 7Ichin, the cemetery. Haven't you seen it? You've seen it! We were grouped there. We were grouped there. The jerk, Pineda, didn't let himself be seen. He came here to Muxul Vitz. He took the trail down, the

"Bwéno, ti mi xak'anik to ta j-likele xak'anik ta j-likel," xi 7un. "Bwéno, 7abolajan ba bojo tal ve7el ka7." 7A li ka7e dyávlo ko7ol xinich. "Ba bojo tal ve7el ka7!" xi.

"Pero, senyor, muk' bu jlaso," xkut 7un.

"7A le7 7alaso!" xi 7un. Xi yepale pexu, pero xi snatil chak k'u cha7al ti7 be chba jboj tal li ve7el ka7 7une, pexu, 7o jtatikótik 7a li lajuneb vo7-lajuneb ta k'ak'al.

Bwéno pwes day, 7a li te lisakubotikótik.

"Chotlanik mu k'u xal 7avo7on!" xi 7un.

K'usi, ja7 ti vaj mu7yuk 7une, ch'abal ti vaj a7a jol ti vaj a7a, xi smuk'ule jun tak'in, pero ma7uk vaj chalbe li me jkobebe, "Chínke," xi.

Bwéno pwes, teotikótik nan, 7ee, jal teotikótik, te nan, teotikótik nan vaxakibuk k'ak'al ta Tzoj Lum 7une, teee smala 7ora. "7Óra, li vo7ote batan ta Salina, 7albo li mayole 7ak'o taluk yak' 7ixim junuk janika," xi 7un.

"Jee, mu xibat 7un, sinyor, kómo te li 7enemigoe," xkut 7un.

"Pero mu k'u xapas kómo te xa batem li bandadae," xi 7un. Je, likaji ta ka7, jun 7arma kavron, sakil ka7, 7anil lital ta j-mek 7un, púta 7ana lek lik'ot ta Vo7-bitz a7a, lek 7ikalbe li mayole 7ak'o ba yak' i 7ixime, liyal talel 7un te xa lamal kajval chan-vo7 ke lek 7ikich' bala, jiii María Santísima, púta pero lixi7 lixi7 lixi7 ta j-mek kavron, púta 7an muk' xilaj, 7ikak' to chanib tiro 7uk, kak' to chanib tiro, ja7 to yil ta vitztik i solteroe, sta---nibe ch'el, chan-vo7 te li solteroe, pero jun xa bat, te kom, te kom.

7Ikalbe ya7i li mol 7une. "Jutuk mu lilaj," xkut 7un.

"K'u 7apas?" xi.

"Ta yanal jpixol te je---lav i balae toj lok'el ta yanal xi snatil 7ixut i jpixol 7une."

"Tz', 7ay jíjo la gran púta, pero mu k'u spas," xi 7un. "Tz', ja7 chavak' 7o 7avokol j-tob pexu." J-tob pexu snatil lixnav ta ka7 7une, pero mu7nuk ja7 yech vun, pe---ro naka ja7 stuk kavron.

Bwéno pwes, talotikótik 7un, te li ta Mantza... mi 7aviloj i Tz'ajom Pik'e, muk' bu 7aviloj, yolon to li 7a li Choko7e muk' bu 7aviloj, 7a ja7 yolon to 7un, te lilamiotikótik te yo7 7une te lami li soltero 7une, tal jk'eltikótik ta yolon 7a li yolon 7a li 7Ichine, 7a li kámpo santoe muk' 7aviloj, 7aviloj, ja7 te lilamiotikótik te yo7 7une, te lilamiotikótik 7un, li pentejo mu7nuk 7o bu chak' ssat i Pintera 7une li7 tal ta Muxul Vitz stam yalel li be 7a li belel Chamu7

Chamula trail that reaches Chamula, it seems. Four went down [the trail]. We were watching them carefully as they were strolling towards [us]. We were grouped there with the soldiers. The soldiers were piled up. Eh, the machine gun was let go. They were shot at. They came out in the open. They were shot at. Ooh, the white horse was landed on its back, way off. It landed on its back, way off [flat] on the ground. It was shot at a lot. But the no-goods weren't hit. They fled. One was killed—the horse was killed. The horse was killed, of course. Then the soldiers went in. They went to look. Ooh, chickens came, cane liquor came, cows came, from 7Olon Ravol [Lower Ranch], 7Olon Ravol. Because the bastard [the owner] was there [where] the boarding school [is now]. Ooh, a whole truckful, the whole corralful was herded in. Then the owner went to ask, "But please!" he said. "But we're friends!"

"But you weren't ever our friend. He's a bastard. You're a Pinedist!" he was told.

"No, sir!" he said. Ah, they were given [back] to him. But probably ten [cows] were still left behind.

[Left behind?] Le—ft behind! Ooh, we started

xk'ot ta Chamu7 ya7ele, stam yalel chan-vo7, lek jk'elojtikótik xva7lajet talele te lamalotikótik xchi7uk soltero 7un, solteroe busul, 7ee, koltabat xa li metrayadore yu7n xa ch7ak'bat 7un, lok' tal ta jamaltik 7un tijbat 7un, jii, 7a li sakil ka7e taj to javal 7ik'ote, taj to javal k'ot k'al lum, 7ak'bat ta j-mek 7un, 7a li bu muk' xla7 i 7alkawetae 7ijatavik, jun 7ilaj, 7a li ka7e la7, la7 i ka7 a7a, ja7 7o 7och i soltero 7une ba sk'elik ta j-mek 7un, jiii, tal ti kaxlane tal ti trakoe tal ti vakaxe, yu7un 7Olon Ravole, 7Olon Ravol yu7un xa li 7o xa li 7a li kavron 7a li 7internaro 7une, jee, ta---l sjunul karo makbat sjunul koral, ja7 to 7a sk'an i 7ajvailil 7une. "Pero 7avokoluk 7un!" xi 7un. "Pero jchi7il jbatik!"

"Pero muk' bu 7achi7il abaik kavron li7e, vo7ote Pinaoat!" x7utat 7un.

"Mo7oj, sinyor!" xi 7un. 7Ana 7ak'bat 7un, pero kom 7onox nan la7unebuk 7un.

7Iko---m, li7ochotikótik ta labal mil-bek'et labal

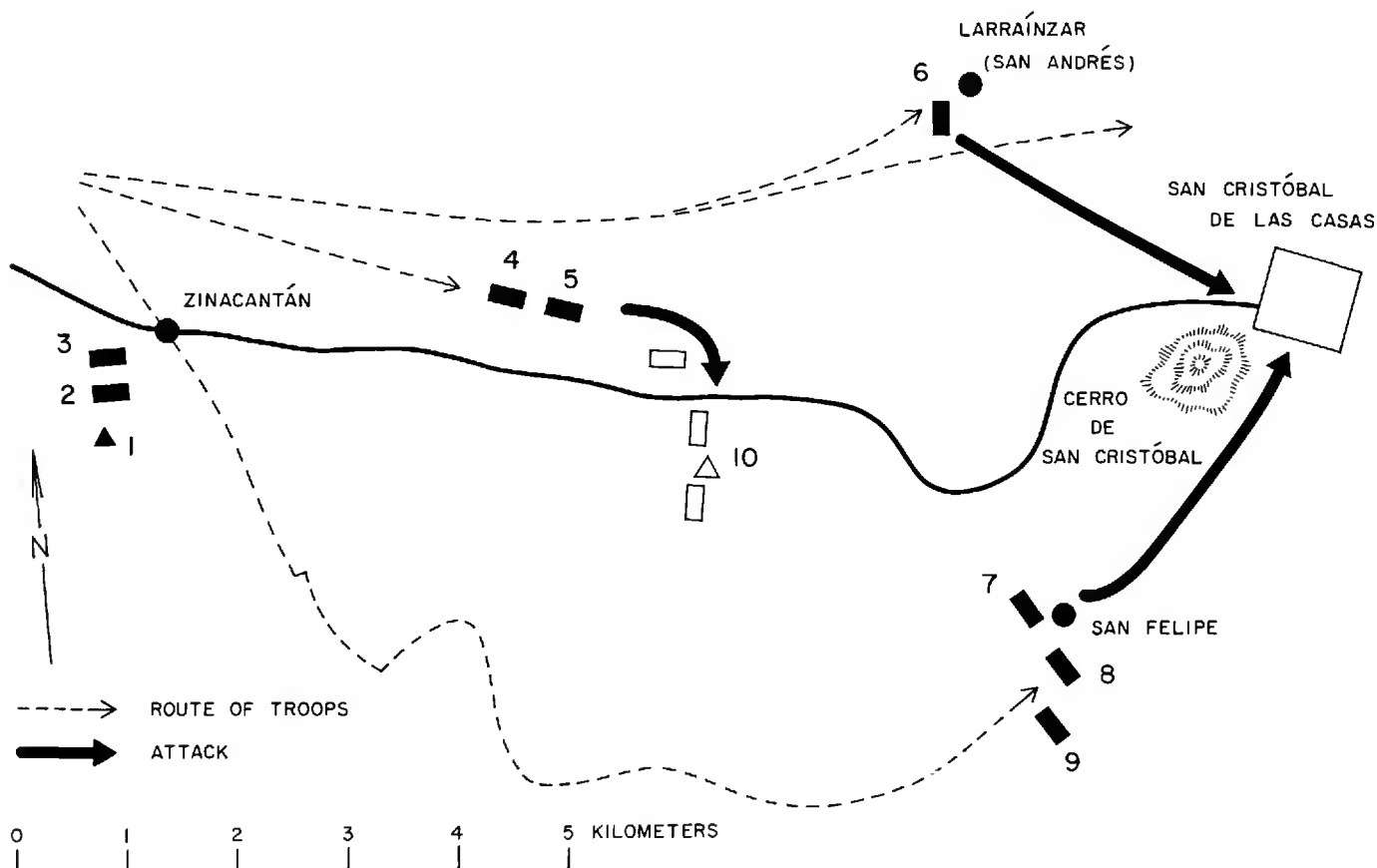


FIGURE 4.—Battle of Zinacantán, 1 May 1924 (adapted from Bravo Izquierdo; 1 = Obregón headquarters, 2 = Artillery, 3 = 47th regiment of line cavalry, 4 = Battalion of state volunteers, 5 = 16th infantry battalion, 6 = 3rd regiment of line cavalry, 7 = 1st regiment of auxiliary cavalry, 8 = 63rd regiment of line cavalry, 9 = Mountain battery, 10 = Pineda headquarters).

slaughtering the beef, slaughtering the cows, hell! Ooh, the meat, hell, but this much for the awful soldiers. We were counted in. We received this much, too, of course. However much the soldiers received, that's what [we got]. But what good was it? There weren't any tortillas.

[No tortillas?] No, compadre! Nothing could be done about it. I sent word here for them to go and bring tortillas. But they didn't give us any to eat. The soldiers had one *real's* worth apiece, but this bi—g, like this. Eh, it was so hard [in the time of] Pineda!

You see, we went, we went, it seems, to . . . we left Choko7. He went . . . one of our friends went to Chamula, [another] one to Ravol [the Ranch], [another] one to 7Isbontik [Dogwoods]. They went. They went to let the soldiers see them.

Then, the first one went to show himself at Ravol [Ranch], to show himself to the Pinedists. Eh, they scattered a lot of [bullets]. Ooh, hell, the Pinedists still attacked there. Afterwards the [second] one showed himself in Chamula. Afterwards that one went [there]. Even later the [third] one went to 7Isbontik. The first one showed himself at Ravol. Eh, the soldiers were killed down below. One officer was shot here. It went in the soldier [right] here, [in his chest], it went in [right] here [in his throat]. Lord they chased them. It came . . . then the airplane appeared in the sky. Then they moved out, but the corpses the—re on the back side of Ventana, where the Chamulan houses are . . . there was a family there where the tile-roofed house is. Eh, the corpses were sca—ttered. Ooh, the blood, hell! Like a river, compadre, but it would strike fear into you. Eh, hell! Ooh, the corpses were piled up. "Let's go!" they said. We were with that officer, with the very general himself. "Well, let's go in!" Old Petul [Tzu] was told. "Let's go in, Pegro, don't worry, we're here," they said. It was thi—ck with soldiers. On foot, not on horseback. They were all on foot. Just the officers were on horseback. There were several officers, captains, that's all.

Then, whoever had joined up [with the Obregonists] was not troubled. Those who didn't join up had their doors knocked in. The market, hell, whoever had money or ribbons, the fuckers [Obregonists] scooped them up one after another and left. Ooh, it was te—rrible. It was really terrible. The market, hell, simply went to the devil. Salt, chilis, mats, everything, hell!

[Where was that?] In San Cristóbal. After our countrymen had brought their burdens [stolen goods], after they had brought them, "Well, sleep here!" they said. We spent the night in a house there. Sonofabitch, the soldiers were cra—mmed in. We slept there. We were wedged in the middle.

mil-vakax, kavron, jiii, bek'ete, kavron, pero xi smuk'tikil mu solteroe, 7ech'otikótik ta kwenta 7ikich'tikótik xi smuk'tikil 7uk a7a, 7a ti k'u smuk'ul chich' i solteroe ja7 yech, pero k'u stu ti vaje ch'abal.

Ch'a---bal, kumpáre, mu k'u cha7al xbat li7e, jtak xa tal mantal li7 toe, chba yak'el sil li vaje pero mu x7ak'e jve7tik, li solteroe ju-jun tak'in xi smuk'tiki---l xi toe, je, toj vokol ta j-mek i Pinerac.

Bwéno va7i 7un, 7a li bat 7un, batotikótik ya7el taa, totzotikótik 7un ta ta Choko7 7une 7a li bat 7a li jun jchi7iltik bat ta Chamu7, jun ta Ravol, jun ta 7Isbontik, bat 7un ba yak'be yil li soltero 7une.

Bwéno pwes, 7a li 7a li ba7i 7a yak' i ta Ravole, ba7i 7a yak' i Pinerac, je, lek 7isililn ta j-mek, jiii kavron, 7o to nox te yak' i Pinerac ja7 tz'akal 7iyak' ta Chamu7e ja7 tz'akal 7ibat, ta 7Isbontike ja7 mas tz'akal noxtok, ja7 ba7i yak' ta Ravole, je, laj i soltero ta 7olone, jun 7ajvalil li7 tik'bat li7 toe, solteroe li7 7oche li7 7oche, kere snutzik 7un, tal ja7 to tal li 7aryoplan ta vinajel 7une, ja7 to sk'ej sba pero li 7anima ta---j ta pat Ventana yo7 sna chamu7etik 7onoxe, te 7o xa te j-chop yo7 mu texail nae, 7eee, solel la---mal li 7animac, jiii, ch'ich'e, kavron, 7uk'um yilel, kumpáre, pero xi7el xavich', 7e kavron ta j-moj, 7iii, busul ta j-mek i 7animac. "Battik!" xiik 7un. Ja7 jchi7uktikótik taj mol batz'i ja7 stuk mol jeneral 7une. "Bwéno, 7ochikotik!" x7utat i mol Petul 7une. "7Ochikotik, Pégro, mu k'u xal 7avo7on li7otike," xi. Solteroe tzi---nil ta j-mek, ta yok mu xa ta ka7uk, naka xa ta yok, k'ajom xa ta ka7 li moletik jay-vo7 kapitane li 7ajvalile k'ajom xa.

Bwéno pwes, k'usi 7a li 7a li much'utik 7onox ya7el 7a li 7ocheme jun yo7on, 7a ti much'utik muk' 7ocheme, 7a li nae puje ta majel, li ch'ivite, kavron, ti much'u 7o tak'in 7o xela sjópojójópoj chlok'ik i jkobeletik 7une, jii, muk' smelo---l, muk' smelol ta j-mek, ch'ivite, kavron, solel yávlo ta j-mek' ti 7a 7atz'ame ti 7iche ti pope ti k'utik nox ta j-mek kavron.

Ta Jobel 7une, laj staik yikatz i jchi7iltaktik 7une, laj staik 7un. "Bwéno, vayan li7 toe!" xi. Ju---n na te jch'amuntikótik 7un, púta solteroe tzi---nil, te livayotikótik, katz'alotikótik ta 7o7lol.

“Well, you get out, Magistrate!” [Then] Old Petul [Tzu] became magistrate [of Zinacantán]. He was stuck in. The [Pinedist] soldiers, the [former] magistrate had fled. It was Maryan Nuj. The father of the other Maryan Nuj. That one you were talking about. It was his father. [No,] 7Antun Nuj [was the name of] Maryan Nuj’s father.

Well then, we came. “You all go on, compadre, go on! I’m going to the courthouse,” said [Petul Tzu]. “One hundred soldiers are going with me,” he said. Those soldiers came to his seat [of office]. A hundred soldiers came with him.

You see, they came along the road that descends here at Na Chij [Deer House]. We met up with the soldiers. “Oh, we’ll be killed now, hell! But aren’t they probably Pinedists?” we said to ourselves. They were the ones from below [from Tuxtla].

“How is it?” they asked.

“They’ve gone way off. Now they’re to the east of San Cristóbal,” we said.

“Okay!” they said. They had thi—s much jerked meat. “Do you [want to] eat some meat?” they asked.

“Well, give it to us!” we said. They gave us this much. Hell! You don’t think it was a little bit of meat? It wasn’t a little bit. Whoever, . . . There were burdens, they had jugs. Empty jugs. They poured out the cane liquor! They pou—red it out! They brought the jugs. Eh, the cane liquor ran along [the ground], disappeared. Ooh, terrible. It was so hard long ago, so hard!

Well then, what could you do? Till it cooled off. [The soldiers] left. The soldiers from down [in Tuxtla] went to the west of San Francisco. An airplane was shot down there. It was shot down there in the valley that the road crosses. The soldiers were over here, the soldiers were over there. The airplane passed over. It was shot down there. It lay upside down. One was brought down in Ixtapa, but it fell all by itself, indeed! But on the road to Comitán it was wrecked by soldiers. Then we continued on. Me, I went. I went with the officers. I was following right behind the officers. On horseback now. There was shooting now. There was shelling now. The airplane was lying there upside down now. The wings were ruined by bullets. The whole machine was ruined. It was lost. Sonofabitch, the soldiers, hell, there were loads of them, thousands of them with me. Bullets came out of the woods then. But who knows what it was, but it wasn’t just people, compadre! [The soldiers] went in. They went into the awful heavy forest and rocky places, but they drove them out now, the soldiers captured them. Eh, the soldiers were terribly mean. Mea—n! Hell, it was so hard long ago, compadre. It was bad. Yes!

“Bwéno lok’anik i vo7ot 7une, preserente!” Ja7 kom ta preserente li mol Petule ja7 xa tik’e, soltero, preserentee jatav xa, ja7 ti Maryan Nuje, ja7 stot i jun Maryan Nuj 7a li 7a taj chavale, ja7 stot 7un, 7Antun Nuj, stot i Maryan Nuj 7une.

Bwéno pwes, 7a li 7a li 7i talotikótik 7un. 7A li “Batani i vo7oxuke, kumpáre, batan, vo7one chba jta kavilto,” xi 7un. 7A li “Chba jchi7in jun syen soltero,” xi. Tal ta xchotleb taj soltero, jun syen soltero xchi7uk talel 7un.

Va7i 7un, tal ta be ti chyal li7 ta Na Chij 7une jnuptikótik i soltero 7une. “Ji, lilajotik tana karájo pero mi ma7uk van 7a li Pinedae?” xichiotikótik. Ma7uk 7un, ma7uk ja7 li 7olone.

“K’u x7elan?” xi 7un.

“Bat xa ta j-mek, te xa ta yak’ol xa Jobel,” xkuttikótik.

“Bwéno!” xi. Xi ye---pal taxux bek’et 7une. “Mi chati7ik bek’et?” xi.

“Pwes k’elanbon!” xkuttikótik. Ke, xi yepakil yak’e, kavron, yu7 van 7o sjalal bek’et 7un, muk’ sjalal, much’utik 7onox xikatzine 7o slimetonik, xokol limetone, 7a li tragoe smal, 7isma---l, ja7 7iskuch tal li limetone, je, trakoe 7okin bat, 7oo, ta j-mek toj vokol ti vo7ne ta j-meke, toj vokol!

Bwéno pwes, yu7n yech te k’alal, ti k’al sikub 7une 7a li bat 7un, li7 ta yolon San-pransisko 7une bat 7i 7a li 7a li soltero ta 7olon 7une te jipe jun 7aryopláno yo7 7une, te jipe ja7 li sjomal xjelav i be te yo7 7une, xi li solteroe, xi li solteroe, 7ijelav i 7a li 7aryoplane te jipe 7un, te javal kom, jun 7ijipe ta Nibak pero p’aj stuk a7a, yan i ta belel Komitane laj soltero, ja7 7o te lijelavotikótik ba ba to jchi7in i moletik vo7on 7une, te to xinap’et jchi7uk 7a li moletik 7une, ta ka7 xa 7un, 7ak’-bala xa, 7ak’-tak’in xa, te xa javal li 7aryoplane lajem ta bala xxik’e lajem xa skotol makinae, batem xa, púta li solteroe, kavron, 7ep ta j-mek ta mil jchi7uk, 7o to te lok’ tal bala ta te7tik xa 7une, ke, pero na7tik k’usi pero mu7 nox krixchanouk, kumpágre, 7i7och, 7och yil pimil te7tik tontik pero smak xa tal solteroe stzakojik xa talel, je, toj ben pukuj i solteroe, puku---j, yávlo toj vokol ti vo7nee, kumpágre, chopol. Ji7!

That's all there is.

Throughout this reminiscence Xun addresses me as "compadre" because I am his grandson's godfather.

Xun's long account of the wars that he has witnessed or heard of is extremely difficult to follow, even for someone familiar with the terrain and the history of the area. In no case does he show the slightest awareness of the political issues involved. It just amounts to fear and hardship relived again and again, with a very small dose of adventure added.

The first war involving The Bird in 1911 was described more fully by Xun twelve years earlier in Tale 116. He assigns the name Salvador to The Bird, whose real name was Jacinto. He can no longer remember the last name of the Chamulan who offered his daughters or younger sisters to him, but the story follows the same outline. The first action occurs at Juteb Chauk, the cave where, in Romin Teratol's Tale 104, the Long Hair is defeated and the road is opened.

A Chamulan account echoes Xun's remarks on how the Chamulans took their compatriots to the courthouse and from there dumped them in the lake nearby. The Chamulan narrator tells too of a makeshift guillotine fashioned with a huge axe head that saw much use behind the courthouse wall (Gossen, T78).

The second war, the War of St. Rose fought in 1869-1870, is described more fully by Xun in Tale 117.

The third battle cited by Xun may date from 1863, when General Ortega, representing the imperialist capital of San Cristóbal, marched on Chiapa with 1300 men to defeat the liberal government in Tuxtla. On 20 and 21 October the Chiapanecs, outnumbered by more than 3 to 1, repulsed the imperialist army. On 4 January 1864 Julian Grajales, general of the liberal forces, defeated the imperialists in Ixtapa, pursuing them up to San Cristóbal, where they were finally subdued on 22 January after an eleven-day siege.

I have been unable to place historically the fourth battle, in which Xun was a courier. Nor could I identify General Flores. As this affair preceded General Pineda's involvement, it must have occurred prior to 1920, when there were frequent skirmishes between the revolutionary government in Tuxtla and the conservative resistance movement in San Cristóbal.

The fifth engagement centers on General Alberto Pineda. (Who knows why Xun changed his last name to Espinosa?) Xun shares none of the admiration for Pineda that many Indians felt. Though Pineda represented the San Cristóbal Ladinos, who wished only to keep the Indians under heel, his resourcefulness became legendary. It is said that he escaped detection many times dressed as an Indian charcoal maker. When I first lived in San Cristóbal in 1959, General Pineda, then in his 90s, could often be seen taking walks in the plaza.

Xun's account begins in April just before the battle of Ixtapa. For Petul Tzu and his two companions to venture into the lowlands near Chiapa to join the army could be dangerous, so they took the precaution of posing as snail gatherers. Since fresh

Laj yech yepal 7un.

water snails are customarily gathered by Zinacantecs as a Lenten delicacy, this was a good front. When they were finally enrolled in the army, the wage of twenty pesos a day must have seemed phenomenal.

When Xun met the Chamulans on the road, it was obvious from their mangoes that they had been to the lowlands and not merely down the road apiece to Muk'ta Jok' as they claimed. The posol that they were drinking is a refreshing drink of corn dough mixed in water. After Xun learned the news, he and nineteen other Zinacantecs left the Center to join up with Petul Tzu half way to Ixtapa in Tzoj Lum or, as it is known in Spanish, Tierra Colorada. He remembers that they were camped about a week there with the government soldiers. This corresponds very well to the information provided by General Bravo Izquierdo that his forces chased 300 of the Pinedists from Tierra Colorada to Zinacantán Center on the afternoon of 24 April. They remained in Tierra Colorada until 1 May, when they launched their attack on Pineda in the Center. General Izquierdo deployed his troops under the eyes of the governor of Chiapas. Eleven hundred Pinedists were camped in the hills on the northwest flank of the Center while another 400 were camped in San Felipe. As before, General Izquierdo used a three-pronged attack that, according to Xun, was preceded by Zinacantec scouting activities. The Ventana, the pass leading from Zinacantán Center to San Cristóbal and the scene of so many battles through the ages, was finally gained at noon by General Izquierdo after five hours of engagement. The Obregonists lost six men, the Pinedists, 25. The army of Pineda scattered, fleeing to the far side of San Cristóbal.

The heroic Petul Tzu, named magistrate of Zinacantán when the incumbent abandoned his office, I recall as a tall, shuffling old man, who in 1959 used to beg rides from me, wagging his tortoise head and smiling unctuously. But for many years he had shared with Xun Vaskis the political reins of his hamlet Naben Chauk.

Printed words can not convey the incredulous pain in Xun's voice as he described the government soldiers emptying the jugs of their precious cane liquor, pouring it on the ground—an act as senseless and irreverent to a Zinacantec as it would be for a Frenchman forced to witness soldiers pulling corks on jeroboams of Chateau Mouton-Rothschild.

There is no mention in historical sources of airplanes being downed. But the battles of San Francisco and Yerbabuena on 18 June 1924 were as fierce as Xun intimates. General Pineda marshalled 1800 soldiers to confront General Izquierdo and his army of 1000 men. The hopelessness of the conservative resistance must have become apparent, though, for the Pinedists were routed, losing 60 men against the Obregonist's loss of only nine. This marked the final major battle of the Revolution in Chiapas. See also T14, T22, T28, T66, T112, T148, T152, T153, and their notes.

The Spook and The Girl from Magdalenas

T123

Once the Spook, well, he had a fight with the Zinacantecs. Two of them slept in a cave. "Oh, I don't know why I'm afraid. Man, what if something should come!" said one of them.

Bwéno, 7a li vo7ne che7e, 7a li j7ik'ale che7e, bwéno, 7óra 7un, 7a li 7ispasik pletu xchi7uk i Tzinakanta ta nail ch'en 7ivayik cha7-vo7. "Jii, mu jna7 k'u yu7un chixi7, 7ómbre, 7a ti 7o la k'u xtale," xi li june.

"What are you scared of? What the hell, are you blue-assed? [do you wear women's skirts?]" said the other.

"So—nofabitch, but I don't know. You be brave!"

"I am brave, man. Put a lot of firewood on. Good. Are you blue-assed? What are you scared of, man?" he said. [The other] was very scared. He was chilled. Oh, la—te at night the Spook came whoo—shing down. He saw the fire gleaming in the cave. There is a field there. He set down his pack there.

He went in to talk to them. Oh, hell, as for the brave man, his ass was sopping wet now. He had pissed on himself. To the man who [first] had been scared—"What's up, friend? What are you doing?" said the Spook.

"Sir, I'm not doing anything."

"I'll warm myself."

"Fine, warm yourself, sir," he said.

"Do you want a smoke?" asked [the Spook].

"I'll smoke," said [the man]. He was given a cigarette. He crumbled it up like this. He just wasted it. He crumbled it up this way.

"Bastard, what are you doing to your cigarette? Hell, I haven't finished one," said [the Spook].

"Well, sir, I'm smoking the way I always smoke. Hell, I'll smoke," he said. Well, [the Spook] gave him another. Three cigarettes he took.

"You bastard, this kind of act is no good. Bastard, you'll see! Do you want to fight?"

"Well, fight if you know how to fight, sir, but me, I don't know how to fight. I'm just sitting here warming myself," he said.

The bastard [the Zinacantec] had a goo—d stick. What a man!

Well, you see, "You bastard!" said [the Spook].

"Look here, whose bastard? Hell, I'm not your bastard, because your hair is so kinky, you bastard," said the man.

"Well, wait, I'll draw a line." [The Spook] drew the line. It was made now. "Well, stand here," said [the Spook].

"Fine," he replied. [The Spook] rose up. He had a sword. He thrust it point downwards like this.

But he thrust it into the ground. The man whacked him two, three times right off when he rose up.

Well, you see, he came down. He grew weaker and weaker. Now he rose up only a little bit. [The man] hit his legs. He was the same distance as a bird. He came down to the ground. But the "brave" man's pi—ss was just pouring out. Oh, nothing could be done, the bastard's filth ran out [as he watched from the distance].

Then [the Spook] died. His [teeth] were ba—red in

"K'u chaxi7 7o, karájo, mi yax-balan 7achak?" xi la li jun 7une.

"Pú---ta, pero mu jna7 to tzotzan me kik vo7ote!"

"Tzotzon, 7ómbre, 7ak'o 7ep si7, bwéno, mi yax-balan 7achake, kere, k'u chaxi7 7o, 7ómbre?" xi la. Xi7 ta j-mek 7ak'bat sik. 7Iii, na---x la 7ak'ubal xjumume---t xa tal li j7ik'al 7une, 7iyil ti xnopet k'ok' ta nail ch'ene, 7oy te stentej 7une, te spuman i yikatz 7une.

Bwéno, 7och k'oponel 7un, jii, kavron 7a ti much'u tzotz vinike pitz'il xa xchak 7isk'ab ta sba, 7a li much'u xi7 7une -- "7Iday, 7amígo, k'u xi?"

"Senyor, mu k'u xi."

"Chik'atin," xi la.

"Bwéno, k'atinan, senyor," xi.

"Mi chasik'olaj?" xi.

"Chisik'olaj," xi la. 7Ak'bat jun ssik'ole xi stuch'ilane naka xch'ay xi stuch'ilane. "Kavron, k'u chacha7le lasik'ole, 7ómbre karájo, vo7one yilel mu xljaj jun," xi.

"Pwes senyor, chisik'olaj che7e, pwes k'u x7elan ta jpas fumar che7e, karájo, chisik'alaj," xi.

Bwéno, 7iyak'be xa jun ja7 no 7ox yech, 7iyak'be xa jun, 7oxib 7un 7istzak sik'alal.

"Kavron, chak li7e muk' lek 7amanya, kavron, xak'el avil mi xak'an xitajinotik."

"Pwes tajinan mi xana7 xatajine, senyor, yan i vo7one mu jna7 xitajin li7 no 7ox chotolon chik'atine," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, kavron le---k jun te7 jijo la chingáda vinik.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, "Kavron!" xi la.

"Ke k'usi kavron mu 7akavronikon, karájo, ja7 to yu7un ti batz'i muruch' 7ajole, kavron," xi li vinike.

"Bwéno, malao ta xkak' jun raya." 7Iyak' jun raya 7un, pasbil xa 7un. "Bwéno va7lan li7 toe," xi la.

"Bwéno," xi la. Muy 7un, yespara 7un, xi la tz'ukul 7ispaj yalel xi toe.

Bu, lumtik tzpaj 7un, 7a li vinike lek tzt'inbe cha7-moj 7ox-moj ta 7ora k'al chmuye.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, yal tal k'unib k'unib ta j-mek pek'el xa muy 7un, 7ismajbe yok yech snatil chak k'u cha7al jun mut 7une, yal tal ta lumtik 7un, pero 7a ti buch'u tzotz vinike solel xchorchon sk'a---b, 7ii, mu xa k'u xavut jelav yila7al kavron.

Bwéno pwes, cham 7un, solel ch'ivi---l xa sil 7ik'al

his horrible black mouth. The Spook's teeth were bared. He died.

[The man] tied his neck. With a lasso he tied it. Turning blue [in the face, the Spook] died. He was tied. He just turned blue.

You see, [the man] went to look where [the Spook] had left, where he had left . . . There rolled up in a new straw mat was a girl from Magdalenas. "Bastard, what kind of thing are you? Are you a Spook?"

"It's me, si—r. Don't kill me! Untie me!" she said. He untied her. Now a wife had come to the ma—n. The girl was a lu—sh babe. He married her. He didn't return her.

Well, but what happened to you?" he said [to his companion]. Now that he had a wife, the Magdalenas girl sitting there, he was swishing a switch, but the ["brave" Zinacantec] got a goo—d beating.

"Never mind, if its just a whipping. Don't kill me! Take her! I thought I was brave. I wasn't brave at all," said [his companion]. [She was] a Magdalenas girl.

"Sonofabitch, it [must be] a Magdalenas man coming!" said some men who had stayed behind. "But how did the bastard do it?" said the men. "He wasn't afraid. She's a devil. She has taken the devil's orders."

This tale is similar to Romin Teratol's story "The Spook and the Girl from San Andrés" (T126), but the Spook is dispatched in the same manner as the Long Hair was in Romin's Tale 104.

Despite the hero's bravery he is derided by the other Zinacantecs with what seems to be a touch of envy for having a

7e ta j-meke, ch'ivil ti j7ik'al 7une, cham 7un.

Bwéno, 7ixchukbe snuk', ta laso, chuk, te 7ik'-tzilan laj, te 7ichuk 7un, te no 7ox 7ik'ub.

Va7i, ba sk'el taj buy yak' 7une, ti buy yak' te la balal ta 7ach' pop 7un tzeb malalena la 7un. "Kavron, k'usi 7aves 7avabtel mi j7ik'alot?"

"Vo7on, mol to---t," xi la 7un. "Mu xamilon!" xi. "Jitunon!" xi la. Sjitun la, 7oy xa yajnil tal vini---k mu---k'ta ch'iom 7antz tzeb la 7un, 7iyajnilin 7o muk' xa ssutesel.

"Bwéno, pero k'u 7apas 7un?" xi la. K'alal 7oy xa yajnil li7e te xa chotol tzeb malalena 7une, xjáxluj jun vach' pero le---k ta j-mek 7iyich' 7un.

"Yiyil ja7 no 7ox i 7arsiale, mu xamilotik, 7ik'o le7 a7a, xka7uk no 7ox tzotzuk ko7on muk' bu tzotz ko7one," xi la 7un. Tzeb malalena 7un.

"Púta, tal tot jmalalena!" xiik la ti viniketik ti komem 7un. "Pero k'u cha7al li kavron?" xi la li vinik. "Muk' xa xi7 7un, pukuj la 7un, yich'ojbe xa smantal li pukuj to."

Magdalenas girl walking behind him as his wife. But they can write her off as a devil for having obviously had to submit to the devil both body and soul. See also T95, T104, T126, T158, and their notes.

Why the Valley of Naben Chauk Is Flooded

T119

The sinkhole of Naben Chauk flooded. Long ago, say the old men and women, there didn't used to be any people. It was woods, deep forest. There were tigers. There were monkeys. There were horned guans. In the evenings, my grandmother said, they called "Tom, tom, tom, tom," but on a great mountain in a cave there.

Once there were woods, pine trees. People appeared, then. The lake receded. The holy earth wanted to have children.

You see, they went, my grandmother, and my father who was little then.

So, the people came in. The lake receded. It dried up. The people grew contented. When I became aware of things, when I approached manhood, I had never seen the lake like this. I had never seen it. It's true there always was the sink, of course. Bu—t, anyway, once there were great pines, old trees

Bwéno, 7inoj i yochobe Naben Chauke, 7a ti vo7ne che7e, xal li me7el mole, mu7yuk krixchano, te7tik, montanya, 7oy bolom, 7oy max, 7oy 7a li tab, ta xmal k'ak'al xal ti jmuk'ta me7e che7e, "Tab tab tab tab," xi. Pero ta jun muk'ta vitz te ta ch'en.

Bwéno, vo7ne, te7tik, tojtik, 7ayanik krixchano che7e, 7ul i nabe, sk'an xch'amal li ch'ul-balamile.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, 7a li batik ti jmuk'ta me7e, ja7 bik'it i jtote.

Bwéno, 7iday, 7och i krixchano, 7ul i nabe, takij, lek kom krixchano, k'al yul jch'uulele che7e, lek 7ox vinikon likele che7e, muk' bu xkil nab chak li7e muk' bu xkil, me7el 7oy 7onox i yochob a7a, 7oy, pe---ro bwéno 7a ti vo7ne che7e, muk'tik toj k'atal te7 moletik, 7a ti jmuk'ta me7e, chba jsa7 tajchuch



FIGURE 5.—Nabon Chauk, 1971 (photo by Frank Cancian).

leaning over. I would go with my grandmother, looking for scaly lentinus mushrooms. I had my net when I went along with my grandmother. Me, I would climb up the leaning pines. I climbed up to pick the lentinus mushrooms. I went with my grandmother as she poked along with her walking stick.

The lake never flooded.

I reached manhood. The squatters of the owner of Yaleb Taiv [Where Frost Falls] went in and cut down the heavy forest. Long ago it was never touched. The old trees, the heavy forest, wasn't ever touched. That would have been [like] asking for the water to appear there [in the sink]. The owner granted permission. The old trees fell.

Now the rivulets flowed [carrying] the sediment. The sink hole was stopped up, the way it's been ever since. It hasn't been fixed. There is water, a lake, a large lake. Once what is now the edge of the lake used to be tall grass, pines, yellow pines, corn fields, beans. Yes, it's true, it was long ago. [The corn] turns brown right away now. You can't get any [corn] anymore. It's just lake now. Me, I saw it myself. I still saw all the hu—ge trees where there are now meadows, meadows. I once saw the great pines, long ago. Me, I was born long ago.

Where do you see woods there? Where do you see pine trees? There's just a lake. The people who used

jchi7uk jun jnuti7, vo7one chba jchi7in j muk'ta me7, vo7on chimuy ta ba k'atal toj chimuy jtuch' i tajchuche, xpajpon snam-te7 j muk'ta me7 chba jchi7in.

Bwéno, muk' bu xnoj nab.

Bwéno, 7ijta vinikal 7i yajval Yalem Taive che7e, 7i7och yajbaltio 7istz'et ti montanyae, ti vo7ne che7e, muk' bu chpike, muk' bu chpike mol te7tike, montanya tzk'an tal vo7 le7e, 7iyak' permiso li 7ajvalile, 7ilom i mol te7tike.

7Óra, 7ibat ti balak' vo7e li tz'ubal lume, 7imak i yochobe li x7elan k'al tana 7une, mu xa smeltzaj 7un, vo7, nab, muk'ta nab, vo7ne che7e ti7i7 nab ya7el lavi x7elan le7e, muk'tik jobel, tojtik, 7ajan tojtik, chobtik, chenek', ja7 tyémpo melel xk'anub ta 7ora lavie 7une, mu xa bu xata 7un, naka xa nab, vo7one jk'el vo7one che7e 7oy to kil muk'tik te7---tik ta j-mek te yo7 stentejtike stentejtik, muk'tik tojtik kil to 7ox i vo7one, vo7one vo7ne jch'iel xa.

Bwéno, 7a le7e bu chavil te7tik, bu xavil tojtik naka nab 7oy, mak krixchano che7e, 7o to 7ox nakal

to live along the edge of the lake were driven out. Long ago they never saw floods. They have been chased out now. The government doesn't want to bother. Last year I went to talk to the engineer. "I'll go there next year," he told me. I don't know if he'll go now. I'm waiting. It needs to be dug out. Three years ago it was dug out. Not much water went out. Not much water went out. Three women arrived. They went to look at it. So [the sink] just lost its temper, it seems. Who know—ws if the holy water is going to keep [flooding] again and again, if the passage will be stopped up. It never used to be stopped up there. We'll see how it turns out. The first time the sink hole was stopped up completely the people of Yaleb Taiv had cut the trees down. All the burnt charcoal, all the burnt trees, it all went into the sink, into the sink. See how it has been ever since! It was the fault of the owner who granted permission for the woods to be cut down. Long ago the huge trees weren't ever touched. There wasn't any squatting, nothing. The owner granted permission for the forest to be felled. It's true, things grew there, of course. We can't say things didn't grow, white corn, watermelon squash, summer squash, all over. I never used to see flowers. It was corn. I never saw potatoes, I never saw them at all. There wasn't anything else. There was just corn and beans and watermelon squash and summer squash. Yes indeed, that's all! Now there are flowers and potatoes. The sink was stopped up. See how it's been ever since! I never used to see it getting stopped up. It was a pine forest at the edge of the sink, grass, corn fields, beans. Hell! Long ago there wasn't any trouble. Where can you find corn fields? Where can you find grass? Where can you find pine trees? They all died. Even the people were run out. It's completely stopped up. The governor, then, doesn't want to bother. I just told the engineer last year. "I'm going!" he said. It's true he went indeed! He went, last year. "There isn't any money," he told me. I don't know about the coming year, if they will be so kind as to help out. If they are so kind as to begin working. We'll see how it is with the government. The holy water there is not very good. It's always running people out. It floods too much now. Long ago I never saw that. All that is submerged in the lake was just corn fields. It was just pines, just grass along the edge of the lake. All that is covered by the lake was just corn fields and beans.

Now all those young beans, all those beans you ate, where can you find beans? The people lost a lot of land there. They simply didn't plant corn fields. They used to plant them, but long ago. They were submerged. They died. We'll see how the holy year turns out, if the governor helps out, if he might

ta ti7ti7 nab, 7a ti vo7ne muk' bu xilik nojel, 7inutze xa lok'el, 7a li govyerno che7e mu sk'an stuk'ulan, jun-abi li7ay, 7a jk'opon 7ijinyero. "Te chibat jun-ab," xiyut 7un. Mu jna7 mi chbat lavi 7une, ta jmalá 7ora, ta sk'an ta xich' jotz'el, yoxibal jabile che7e, jotz' mu7yuk bu 7ep 7i7och i vo7e, 7i7och 7ox i vo7e, 7ik'ot vo7 7ox-vo7 7antz 7a sk'el, ja7 no 7ox 7ikap 7o yilel 7un, le7 7une jna7tik 7u---n, mi ta to spas segir ta j-mek i ch'ul-vo7e, ta to xmak i be, le7e muk' bu makem i be le7e, 7aver k'u x7elan, 7a ti k'alal primero 7ima---k ta j-mek 7a li yochobe che7e, 7itz'ete li Yalem Taive, 7ibat skotol li k'ak'et 7ak'aletike, i k'ak'et te7etike, bat skotol k'al yochob, k'al yochob, k'al yochob, 7ásta 7ora k'e x7elan 7un le7e, ja7 smul li 7ajvalil 7iyak' permiso 7itz'ete ti te7tik 7une, 7a ti vo7ne che7e, muk' bu xpike mol te7etik, mu7yuk baltio mu k'usi, 7a li 7ajvalile che7e, 7iyak' permiso lom i te7tike, melel 7ich'i a7a, mu xkaltik mu ch'i, naka sakil 7ixim, mayil, tz'ol, 7a ti vo7ne muk' bu xkil nichim, 7ixim, muk' bu xkil 7a li 7is-ak', muk' bu xkil ta j-mek, mu k'usi 7oy ja7 no 7ox 7ixim 7i chenek' 7i mayil 7i tz'ol, 7éso si ja7 no 7ox 7un, lavile che7e nichim, 7is-ak' la 7orae, le7e mak li yochob 7une, k'e x7elan k'al tana 7un, ti vo7ne che7e, muk' bu xkil xma---k, tojtik i ti7 yochobe, jobeltik chobtik chenek'altik, karájo, mu k'u palta ti vo7ne, 7a le7e bu chavich' chobtik, bu chavich' jobel, bu chavich' tojtik, 7itakij skotol, 7ásta krixchano snutzel lok'el 7imak xa ta j-mek, 7a li govyerno che7e, mu sk'an stuk'ulan, naka kalbe li jun-abi li 7ijinyeroe. "Te chibat!" xi. Melel 7i7ay a7a, 7i7ay jun-abi to. "Muk' tak'in," xiyut 7un. Ja7 mu jna7 to lavi xtal li jabile, mi ch7abolaj ta xak' 7ayura mi ch7abolaj ta x7och 7abtele, 7aver k'u xi li govyerno 7une, le7e mu xa 7onox lekuk i ch'ul-vo7e, nutzvan xa ta j-mek tol xa mas xnoj, vo7ne che7e muk' bu xkil, k'u yepal tz'anal nab le7e naka chobtik, naka tojtik naka jobeltik, ti7ti7 nabe che7e, le7e 7a li k'u yepal makal ta nabe che7e, naka chobtik, chenek'e.

7Orae, yepal 7ach' chenek', yepal 7ati7 chenek', bu chavich' chenek', 7ep xa ch'ay yosil ti krixchanoetik le7e, solel mi ja7uk chobtik stz'un, ti stz'une pero vo7ne tz'aj, takij xa, 7aver k'u x7elan xbat ti ch'ul-jabile, mi ch7abolaj govyerno, mi ta van stuk'ulan mi ch7abolaj tzjotz' segun k'u xi

bother, if he helps to dig it out—depending on how he feels. Today it's terrible. It isn't good any more. Who knows if it's because the holy earth there is angry. Settlers have gone there. Who knows how it is, since I don't know how it is. It is very bad there now. When I grew up long ago it was fine. I never saw a lake. Mu—ch longer ago, says my grandmother, a lake was once there, but it dried up. People came in. The holy earth wanted to have children. Ooh, but the watermelon squashes, the peaches, the chayotes, the corn fields when the people came in there! It's true, things have grown there all right, but the trouble is the lake is so wide now. Who knows how it will turn out. It looks bad. It looks very bad. The sink was just stopped up, it seems, when the old trees were cut down. The charcoal went [into the sink], the earth went [there], the sand went [there]. That's how it was tossed in. But that's why it can't be [fixed], that's why it can't be dug out. It's bad there. Who knows how it will be.

Xun's sentiment for the giant pines that once towered above Naben Chauk and his perception of the drastic effects of deforestation sounds a lonely echo in Zinacantán, where even the steepest mountain slopes are being laid bare by axe and fire. Xun's conviction, that women's contact with the sink was a contributing factor in its stoppage, would be endorsed by most Zinacantecs. This is clearly related to a widespread Mayan belief that "virgin water" should be protected from contact with female impurity. Even though it is women who draw water from

cha7ie, 7a lavile chopol xa ta j-mek, muk' xa lek, jna7tik mi ja7 kap 7o sjol i ch'ul-balamil le7e, 7oy xa te bat jnakleje, mu jna7tik k'u xi 7elan, kómo mu jna7 k'u xi 7elan, le7e chopol xa ta j-mek, 7a ti k'al lich'i tal vo7ne che7e, lek, muk' bu xkil nab, ma---s tyémpo ta j-meke, xal ti jmuk'ta me7e che7e, te tz'anal li nabe, te, pero 7itakij 7un, 7i7och i krixchano 7une, 7isk'an xch'amal ch'ul-balamile, jii, pero jun mayil jun turasnu jun ch'um-te7 jun chobtik ti k'al 7i7och i krixchano le7e, melel ch'iem le7 a7a, ch'iem pero lo ke si toj jamal xa smakoj i nabe, jna7tik k'u x7elan xbat le7e, chopol yilel chopol ta j-mek, ja7 no 7ox 7imak 7o yilel li yochob ti tz'etel ti mol te7tik che7e, te bat 7ak'al te bat lum, bat yi7 ja7 7isten 7un, pero yech'o mu stak', yech'o mu stak' jotz'el, le7e chopol, jna7tik k'u x7elan.

the wells, they are conspicuously absent on the Cross Day ceremonies, when the wells are cleaned and the Earth Lords are worshipped.

Today the growing and selling of pinks, daisies, and a number of other cultivated flowers is an increasingly important factor in the economy of Xun's hamlet, Naben Chauk. The flowers are sold in the market in Tuxtla. Children sit or stand on the roadside at Naben Chauk, waving bright bunches of pinks at each passing car.

The Villistas

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Long ago—nothing happens now—long ago there were the Villistas, son of a bitch! They came to Jok' Ch'enom. Thirty Villistas came to steal at Muk'ta Jok' [Big Dig]. They cut across Jok' Ch'enom.

Right away [the Zinacantecs] heard about it, when they were grouped in Muk'ta Jok'. The hamlet of Naben Chauk [Thunderbolt Lake] heard, the hamlet of Chobtik [Corn Field] heard, the hamlet of Sek'emtik heard. The men of Naben Chauk were real men. The Chobtik men were scared. They fled far off. The Naben Chauk men were crouched near the road. They all had their weapons. They all had shotguns. [The Villistas] approached. They came from Muk'ta Jok'. They had come half a league. There used to be houses there. [The Villistas] stole weaving. They stole coils of woven palm. They stole pants. They stole skirts, money, everything.

Then they blew their horns. They had picked up horns. Already they had taken strips of weaving. Already they had taken coils of palm. The billhooks—they cut the handles off the billhooks,

Bwéno, vo7ne che7e, 7a li7e mu xa k'u xbak', 7a ti vo7ne che7e, jun Biyisto jíjo la chingádas, 7ital ta Jok' Ch'enom, lajuneb xcha7-vinik Biyisto tal 7elk'ajuk ta Muk'ta Jok' ta stuch' jelavel Jok' Ch'enom.

Va7i 7un, 7a li vinaj ta 7ora 7un, k'al te lamal ta Muk'ta Jok'e che7e, 7iya7i parajel 7a li Naben Chauk 7iya7i parajel 7a li Chobtik, 7iya7i parajel Sek'emtik, jnaben chauke che7e, ja7 vinik 7a li jchobtike chi7, nom jatavemik, jnaben chauke ta tz'el be tzunajtik, naka 7oy yabtejeb naka 7oy stuk', 7ital 7un, 7ilok' tal ta Muk'ta Jok' 7une, 7o7lol reva xa 7ital 7un, 7oy to 7ox te naetik 7un, chelk'an jolobil, chelk'an setbenal xan, chelk'an vexal, chelk'an tzekil, tak'in skotol ta j-mek.

7Óra, 7ok' kachu 7un, 7o kachu 7un, 7istam be, ta xa yich'oj jisomal jolobil te xa setbenal xan yich'oj luk 7isp'asbe yok i luke, tik' xi ta koxtal jip xi ta jol xila.

popped them in bags, slung them from the pommel.

They turned a bend. They came with their guns pointed. They came ca—ntering here behind Jok' Ch'enomal Vo7. That's where the Naben Chauk men were grouped. But, hell! You talk about men, hell! But the Coons' [Villistas'] weapons were just thirty-thirties and Mausers.

Before they knew it [the guns] were roaring. Nine horses were killed by the bullets. One colonel was sprawled there in the meadow. He was hit right in the ear. [The bullet] came out the other side. But it was a shotgun [pellet]. The poor men, the Naben Chauk men, advanced. Then the thirty-thirties were grabbed up. Then the Mausers were grabbed up. Now it was man's work! Nine of the Villistas were crumpled up there. The Naben Chauk men weren't hit at all. There was a [man by the name of] Locario Perez. They wounded him in the mouth. At that time I had cleared some land there at Jok' Ch'enom. He passed through there. His old shirt was left waving from the top of one of the trees that had been felled. [The bullet] passed through his mouth. [The Villistas'] horses were limping o—ff. They had been hit in the haunches. Nine were captured. I don't know if there were eight guns that were confiscated. There were nine horses.

There was one gray male mule. It was hit in the eye. That eye just came out, too. The poor male mule cou—ldn't see anymore. It was just led along. But the horses, then, the saddles, then, were captured for sure. Bu—t hell! If the people of Chobtik spoke to the Naben Chauk men, they were just hit with rifle butts. Hell! They fled. They were scared. There were only thirty men from Naben Chauk, bu—t, hell! They shot a lot of them. There was a colonel, the leader himse—lf, a red-faced man, a Ladino, but he was left with his ass showing, the bastard. He took a long time to fall. The horse was still walking. It was scared by the bullets. Finally he was tossed off somewhere. He was left lying there, dead. His gun was confiscated, then.

O—ne was left who kept going. He was the very leader himself. The next day he was shot. He got his, too. The corpses went into one grave. The government dug it for them, then. "Well, fine, thank you, don't bury them! Let the birds eat them!" said the government. "Well their men were fucked. That's fine!" they said. "Come and ask for other weapons!" [our] men were told. Out of sheer stupidity they didn't ask for them. If they had asked for them, it would have been fine. The weapons would certainly be here now!

Now there was a mango seller named José Velio. "What business is it of yours? The poor people! Man, I'm going to protest to the authorities. What business

Bwéno, k'atp'uj 7un, tjanbat tal bala 7une, sli---chbe tal 7anil 7un, li7 ta pat Jok' Ch'enomal Vo7 7une, ja7 te lamal jnaben chauk 7une, pero, kavron, xaval vinik a7a, kavron, pero yabtejeb i napache che7e naka trenta naka maus.

Bwéno, k'al xa7ie che7e, ke lek 7it'ininanbat, 7a li ka7e balun-kot 7ilaj ta bala, jun koronel te level ta stentejtik lek 7itik'bat ta mero xchikin, lok' k'al j-jot, pero batz'i tuk' 7un, 7ispas xa 7abansar li povre viniketike che7e, li naben chauke che7e, 7itzak xa li trentae, 7itzak xa li mause che7e, ja7 xa 7abtel, balun-vo7 te butajtik i Biyistoetike, 7a li naben chauke che7e, ja7 no 7ox muk' xich', stzakik ta j-mek, jun Lokário Péres 7isjatbeik ye, ja7 7o te te7lal kosil ta ta Jok' Ch'enom, te jelav sk'a7-k'u7e, te lichil kom ta ni7 te7 ta te7lal, jelav, ta ye jatbat, 7ispak'be stzo7 ka7 ta ye, 7a li ska7e che7e, te xa xkoxkon ech'e---l ta j-mek ta stnav xchak yich'oj, 7a li balun-kote 7itzak, mu jna7 mi vaxakib tuk' 7ipoj, 7a li ka7e balun-kot.

Bwéno, 7o j-kot yaxal machu, ta ssat 7i7och, te no 7ox 7ilok' taj j-p'ej ssat noxtok, mu xa xk'o---t ssat ti povre machu, nitbil xa ta j-mek, yan i batz'i ka7etike che7e, li xilaetik che7e, te 7itzak ta pwera ta j-mek pe---ro kavron, naben chauke che7e, much'u xk'opoj i jchobtike naka stijbel chak tuk', kavron, yu7un 7ijatav yu7un 7ixi7, naben chauke che7e trénta 7ómbre no 7ox, pe---ro kavron, 7istzakik ta j-mek, jun koronel che7e, batz'i me---ro 7ajvalil tzajal vinik ron pero te ch'i7il xchak 7ikom kavron, vokol 7ip'aj, 7ixanav to li ka7e che7e, 7ixi7 ta balae che7e, ja7 to ti bu jipe komel, te puch'ul 7ikom chamem xa, 7a li stuk'e che7e pojbat xa.

Bwéno, ju---n xa te kom, te chanav ta j-mek mero 7ajvaliltik sba, ta yok'ob 7itzak, bala yich' noxtok, 7a li 7animae che7e, jun xch'enal 7i7och, 7isjok'beik, 7a li govverno che7e. "Bwéno, lek, kol avalik mu xamukik 7ak'o sti7 mut!" xi li govverno. "Pwes, spas sba ta joder i svinike che7e, lek chak taje!" xi. "Xtal 7ak'an yan 7avabtejebik!" x7utatik i viniketike. Spendejoal muk' sk'an 7un, sk'anuke che7e, lek, li7 tana li li 7árma bi a7a!

7Óra, 7o te jun jchon-manko Jose Vélío sbi. "K'u 7atunik i povreetike, 7ómbre, ta xkak' kwenta, k'u 7atun chamilik i povre, mi7n 7u k'u chal?" xi li

is it of yours killing the poor people? Have they done anything?" said the jerk. Oh God, the bastard was covered with pinta. His scabs were flaking off. He got it badly. He just was beaten with the butt of a gun. The box of mangos, nobody knows where it went. Who knows if each of the soldiers, the killers, got one. He was crying now. He was tied up. They captured him alive. They were going to hang him. They didn't hang him. He got down on his knees. He was freed, but with a five peso fine.

He paid the five peso fine. His mangos disappeared. Maybe each of the soldiers, the ones who had killed people, got one apiece. Me, I went then. A brown stallion was standing there, wearing a saddle.

It was standing in the woods now. It was eating now. When I arrived, the shooting was over. They were already crumpled up there. The blood was already flowing. I got nine horses. Me, I captured the horses here at Sek'emtik. I returned on horseback, with a gun. "Well, but did you shoot at them?" I was asked.

"I never did shoot at them, but I chased them far away," I said. But I was telling the truth. I chased them for a long distance. I couldn't reach them with bullets. Me, I shot at them, but I never met any of those who were fighting, on the road. They had captured guns. They had captured blankets. [The Villistas] had captured a seal. They were carrying an apparatus [a stamp] of Ixtapa. Who knows where those bastards, the Villistas, went doing evil. But, well, but we were real men, hell! They never won. They didn't come back again. They were scared because [their men] had been killed. They didn't say they'd come again.

The leader of the Villistas made peace. They became friends. There was no mention of anyone having died. They got on good terms [with us] now. They guaranteed that we could travel [in safety] anywhere, both on the other side of the Grijalva River and here on our side.

Now we could [travel]. They didn't do anything [to us] now.

You see, [their leader] was pacified. He asked for a pair of boots and spats together with a jug of cane liquor.

Then they were on good terms [with us]. Everything was all set now. No one did anything to anybody. No! "If you want to eat beef, brother, ask me. Ask me and I'll slaughter them for you for nothing," he said. Just the cattle of the rich. The Villistas couldn't be meddled with, the bastards. The devils had lots of guns, but they didn't come up to steal anymore. The robbers were all lowland ranchers. The real Villistas themselves never stole. The ranchers fancied themselves [as Villistas]. They kept

pendejo 7uk 7une. 7Ajj dyos, toj lilijel ssalil 7ikokoj i xxokile ti kavron, muk' smelol naka chak tuk' 7iyich', 7a ti j-p'ej kajon mankoche 7e, mi rason bu bat, jna7tik mi sta ju-p'ej ti solteroetike li jmilvanejetike, te x7ok' xa 7och yak'il kuxul 7istzakik, ta 7ox sjipanik 7un, mu sjipanik, 7ikeji, te kol pero pero vo7ob pexu multa.

Bwéno, yak' vo7ob pexu multae, 7a ti smankoe ch'ay, ju-p'ej nan mi 7o sta li solteroetike much'utik chmilvanike, libat xa li vo7one che7e, te xa xkotet j-kot 7a li tzajal tot ka7, slapoj xila.

Bwéno, te xkotet ta te7tik xa chve7 xa, vo7one k'alal lik'ote che7e, laj xa 7ox i balae, te xa butajtik ta xa x7okin ch'ich', 7a li ka7e 7ijta, balun-kot 7ijtzak i ka7e vo7on li7 ta Sek'emtike che7e, kajalon xa yulel chi7uk jun tuk'. "Bwéno, pero mi 7avak' i k'ok'e?" xiyutik 7un.

"Mu xa bu kak' a7a, pero yu7un no 7ox nat 7ijnutz 7un," xkut 7un. Pero yech kal yu7un no 7ox nat 7ijnutz, mu xa jta ta bala, vo7one kak' bala pero mu xa bu jnup ta be much'u ch7abteje che7e, stzakojik xa tuk', stzakojik xa chamaroil, stzakojik xa 7a li jun seyo skuchojik xa 7a li jun 7aparato skwenta jnibak, jna7tik bu 7a pochetik i kavron Biyistoe, pero bwéno pero vinik karájo muk' 7o nox spas kanal 7un, mu xa bu xul 7un, xi7 7o 7un, kómo 7imileik, muk' bu xal ta xtal.

Bwéno, 7a li totil Biyisto che7e, 7ik'opoj ta lek, 7amiko xa spas sbaik mu xa bu ta 7alel mi 7o chamem, solet xa lek, konfórme xa kom 7un, 7akwérto xa spas sbaik xu7 xixanavotikótik buyuk mi j-jech Nab mi li7 ta j-jech li7 ta jtojoltike.

Pwes xu7 xa, mu xa k'u xal.

K'usi laj 7o yo7one, 7isk'an j-chop sapatoil xchi7uk spolanya tz'akal, xchi7uk j-p'ej limeton pox.

7Entónse, konfórme komik 7un, lek xa listo ta j-mek mu xa much'u xalbe ju-jun tal, ch'abal. "Mi xak'an xati7 vakaxe, 7ermáno, xak'an 7a li vo7on xak'anbekon chajmilbeik ta yech no 7ox," xi. Naka svakax jk'ulejetik 7un, 7a li Biyistoe che7e, mu tijbaj, kavron, pukujik, 7o stuk'ik ta j-mek, pero mu xa bu xjelav tal ta j7elek' 7un, 7a li j7elek'e che7e, naka jranchero, 7a li batz'i mero Biyisto stuke, muk' bu ch7elk'aj, jranchero ja7 tzpak'ta sba stik'ulan sbaik 7isk'opon i stotike, pero muk' spas kanal, 7ila---j, ja7

interfering. They talked to their leaders. But they didn't win. They die—d, since it was discovered that skirts went, strips of weaving went, coils of palm went like those we always use for our hats, billhooks went, axes went. They cut off the handles with a machete. They looked for the well-made ones. But even so they didn't win. It was all in vain.

A Chamulan reminiscence describes how the Villistas raped Indian women in San Cristóbal and forced Chamulan men to gather horse fodder (Gossen, T90), but historical sources support the Zinacantec accounts that place the theatre of action in the lowlands. The Villistas were counter-revolutionary ranchers from the countryside around Chiapa, Tuxtla, Comitán, and Soconusco. They called themselves "mapaches" or "mapachis" ("Coons"). The term, "Villista," according to a local historian, was used by their enemies to brand them as outlaws in the style of Pancho Villa. These ranchers took to arms in reaction against the Ley de Obreros of 30 October 1914, which established a minimum salary, restricted the length of the work day, forbade child labor, etc. In an attempt to preserve their comfortable life,

vinaj 7o, bat tzekil bat 7a li jisomal jolobil, bat setbenal xan chak jpixoltikótik 7onoxe, bat luk, bat 7ek'el, 7isp'asanbe yok ta machita 7isk'el ti lek meltzajeme pero mi ja7uk 7ispas kanal, 7altik no 7ox.

grounded on the serfdom of the Indians and the landless Ladinos, they waged guerrilla warfare for three and a half years, from 2 December 1914 to 29 July 1917. They won the people's support by casting themselves as defenders of local tradition in opposition to the meddling bureaucrats and armies of the north. And so, ironically, the oppressed advanced the cause of their oppressors. On two occasions they nearly captured Tuxtla, the capital of Chiapas. They did succeed in gutting the Government Palace, but never gained control. Nevertheless, their leader, General Tiburcio Ruiz, became governor of Chiapas, not long after the cessation of hostilities (Casahonda Castillo, 1963:33-43). See also T149.

When the Bell Was Lifted and Three Stupid Indians Won

T115

Long ago the Tutelary Gods . . . it was an earlier generation of elders. The bell of Our Holy Father, St. Lawrence, isn't here anymore. But it was hung [there once].

You see, when the world was made, the Creator Gods left it. They left a bell for Our Holy Father, St. Lawrence. But it was quite a bell! Bu—t when the bell rang it could be heard as far as Chiapa, as far as Tuxtla.

The holy bell was hung for the Tutelary Gods. It was given by the Creator Gods.

You see the blotchy Chiapanecs were just Hairy Hands, Sunbeams.

[The Chiapanecs] said to the Zinacantecs, "Go bring the bell! Come, hang it here!" The more foolish elders were spoken to. Who knows how much it cost to bring it—if it was given, it seems, or bought, or a present. Who knows how much they sold the bell for, the people long ago. The elders sold it, then. Among the Zinacantecs, then, there was Sunbeam, there was Thunderbolt, there was Wind.

You see, the Chiapanecs were just Hairy Hands, just Hairy Hands. Among the Zinacantecs there was Thunderbolt, there was Wind, there was Rainbow, there was Butterfly. They were the Zinacantecs. The foolish elders talked together, the ancestors. The bell left. It went to Chiapa. The children of St. Lawrence were asked to go and leave it. Who knows how they went and lost St. Lawrence's bell. That's why there has been punishment ever since for the young and the old. But [we] aren't all just the same now. Some, some [have enough to] eat, some don't. Because they

Bwéno, 7a li vo7ne che7e, 7a li totil me7ile ma---s ótro j-koj moletik 7a li kampana yu7un jch'ul-tottik San-torensoe che7e, mu7yuk xa li7e pero jipiem.

K'usi 7une, ti k'al pas balamile che7e, 7iskomtzan ti jtottik vaxak-mene, 7iskomtzan jun kampana yu7un jch'ul-tottik San-torenso, pero jun kampana, pe---ro xvinaj to k'al Soktom k'al Tuxta ti xtij ti kampana.

Bwéno, jipil li ch'ul-kampana yu7un totil me7il yak' komel jtottik vaxak-men.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, 7a li xok jsoktom 7une, kómo naka tzotz k'obetik xojobetik.

Bwéno, bwéno, 7a li jtzinakántae, "Ba kich'tik tal li kampanae, tal jok'an li7 toe!" xi la 7un. 7Ik'oponat ti mas sonso moletik 7une, jna7tik k'u yepal 7imanbat, k'usi 7ak'bat ya7el, mi manbat 7o mi matanal jna7tik k'u yepal xchon i kampana ti mas moletik 7une, 7ixchon, 7a li moletike che7e, 7a li tzinakántae che7e, 7oy xojob, 7oy chauk, 7oy 7ik'.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, 7a li jsoktometike naka tzotz k'obetik, naka tzotz k'ob, 7a li tzinakánta che7e, 7oy chauk, 7oy 7ik', 7o vak-nab, 7oy pepen tzinakánta 7une, 7isk'opon sba ti sonso moletik 7antivoetik 7une, 7ibat ti kampanae, 7ibat ta Soktom, 7albat pavor ba yak' 7un i, 7a li xch'amal tottik San-torenso 7une, jna7tik k'u cha7al ba xch'aybeik i skampana ti San-torenso 7une, yech'o 7oy kastiko k'al tana k'u cha7al bik'it muk'e, pero muk' batz'i parejouk xa, j-lom, j-lom xa xve7, j-lom xa mu xve7, porke muk' yiloy, 7a ti moletike che7e ba sk'opon sbaik xchi7uk i

didn't see [what happened]. The elders, then, went to talk to the Hairy Hands, the Chiapanecs, the Chiapanecs. "Please, do us a favor!" they said. [The bell] left. It went in the Wind. It was struck by Thunderbolt. It left. It was picked up. Rainbow arched over. It left. It was hung in Chiapa.

It was hung, it seems at whatever hour it arrived in Chiapa. The next morning it was gone. It was here now in Zinacantán. The holy bell was bonging there [in the Center]. They went to leave it another time.

And the next morning it was gone. It was here now in its country. The holy bell had a hard time getting used to that place!

The third time, "Well, watch out, then. See how it turns out for you. Wait a bit!" said Our Holy Father, the bell. "You think I'll hang," it said. It wasn't hung in Chiapa. A house was built for it. It surrounds [the bell]. If you go look, then quickly, [the bell] scatters water on the people. Even now, even now we can't look at the holy bell. It has been face down ever since. It was never hung, then. It had been angered.

Now, it won't stir itself to come back. Wind lost. Rainbow lost. Thunderbolt lost. It was their fault that the holy bell left. [Our Lord] gave the command. The Sunbeams lost. Rainbow lost. That's why the holy bell is like that. There is a bell in [the Church of] St. Dominic in Chiapa, but that isn't it. It is big indeed. It is bi—g, but that isn't it. The other one could be heard as far as Tuxtla. It could be heard as far as Comitán when the bell rang, when the priest held Mass. But you know it was quite a bell, bu—t it was bi—g!

You see it was never hung. The blotchy Chiapanecs were going to hang it. The Hairy Hands, the Tutelary Gods, were going to hang it immediately. The Chiapanecs were strong, but even they couldn't hang it. The holy bell has just been face down there ever since. You can't even look at it. You go to look at it, quickly it sprays [you]. Watch out for the water!

So the holy bell was made angry there.

But it didn't turn out well for the Chiapanecs either. Some are poor, some are assassins. Some long, in vain, to eat. The holy bell was angered, so Zinacantán grew poor and so did Chiapa, since what happened started with them. They came to steal the holy bell.

But there has been punishment ever since. The bell, then, isn't that one anymore. It's a small bell. The great bell, then, said my grandmother, said my father, but he died long ago—but he told what it was like, but he never saw it, either. It goes back to my grandfather who passed down the description, my father's father. They were o—lder people, older

tzotz k'obe, chapaneke, 7a li jsoktome. "7Avokoluk 7abolajan!" xi. 7Ibat, ta 7ik' 7ibat, 7imaje ta chauh, bat 7un, 7itame 7un, 7ikoti li vak-nabe, 7ibat, ta Soktom, 7ijipi 7un.

Bwéno, 7ijipi ya7el jayib 7ora k'ot ta Soktome, ch'abal 7isakub, li7 xa ta Tzinakantae, te xa xkananet ti ch'ul-kampana 7une, 7otro j-moj ba yak'el noxtok 7un.

Bwéno, 7i ch'abal sakub, li7 xa ta slumal 7une, vokol 7inop i ch'ul-kampana le7e.

Bwéno, ta yoxibal bwelta 7une, "Bwéno, te k'el avilik che7e, te k'elo k'u x7elan chabatik, mala baik j-set'uk!" xi li jch'ul-tottik kampana 7une. "Xaval chijipie," xi. Ta Soktome, muk' jipil 7une, te pasbat jun sna 7a li joybil, 7a ti xba k'ele che7e, j-likel 7i ch7at'esvan talel, k'al tana 7un, k'al tana mu xu7 jk'eltik ch'ul-kampanae, nujul k'al tana mi 7o bu jok'iem che7e, 7iyak' sk'ak'al yo7on.

7Óra, mu xa totz tal 7un, 7ich'ay i 7ik'e, 7ich'ay i vak-nabe, 7ich'ay i chauke, ja7 7ismulinik 7un ti bat ti ch'ul-kampana, 7ispas mantal 7un, 7ich'ay i xojobetike, 7ich'ay vak-nabe, yech 7un ti ch'ul-kampana le7e, te li kampana yu7un jtottik Santo Rominko ta Soktom pero ma7uk, muk' a7a, mu---k' pero ma7uk, 7a le7e che7e, xvinaj k'al Tuxta, xvinaj k'al Komitan, xvinaj k'al Soktom chtij i kampanae tzpas mixa i jtottik palee, pero xaval kampana pe---ro mu---k'!

Va7i 7un le7e, pwes mu7yuk bu jok'iem 7un, ta 7ox sjok'an 7un, 7a li xok jsoktome, naka sjok'an tzotz k'obetik totil me7iletik tzotz i jsoktometike, pero mi ja7uk muk' xjok'i yu7unik, solel no 7ox te nujul li ch'ul-kampana k'al tana le7e, mi ja7uk xak'el, xabat ta k'elel j-likel ch7at'esvan tal, k'el aba ta vo7!

Bwéno, yech 7iyak' sk'ak'al yo7on li ch'ul-kampana le7 7une.

Bwéno, pero muk' xkom ta lek i jsoktom 7uk 7une, j-lom povre j-lom jmak-be j-lom mu k'u ssa7, chak ve7uk ya7i, 7iyak' sk'ak'al yo7on ch'ul-kampana, yech 7ikom i Tzinakantae, povre kom, 7a li Soktom 7uk 7une, kómo likem ta stojol ti k'usi spas tal yelk'an ch'ul-kampanae.

Bwéno, pero 7oy kastiko k'al tana 7un, 7a li kampana che7e, ma7uk xa le7e, k'ox kampana, ti mol kampanae che7e, xal ti jmuk'ta me7e, xal ti jtote, pero mas mol 7icham, pero ja7 to yaloj komel ti k'u x7elane, pero mu xa buy yil noxtok 7un, ja7 to ti jmuk'ta tot yaloj komel 7une, stot i jtot 7un, mo---letik mas moletik, jna7tik sjay k'exel li

people—who knows how many changes of the holy earth here.

Well, he heard, he saw, it seems, where the holy bell went. It has been lost to this day. Now some snatch women, now others lie in wait, now some play loudspeakers, now others are barkeepers. How brutish! They're not worth a whoring damn! Some Zinacantecs can't ever accomplish anything, since things got out of order, as we say. It was because of everything they did. So it is the punishment of the holy bell to this day. The bell, then, the Chiapanecs hung it up immediately, the Hairy Hands, the Sunbeams hung it up immediately. The Chiapanecs were just Hairy Hands, just Sunbeams. Among the Zinacantecs, then, there was a Wind, there was a Rainbow. There was a Butterfly.

There was a Mo—th, but quite a moth, a big moth. When there was a dispute, when the Mexicans were being killed, then the Zinacantecs rose up.

Three men rose up. A Wind went, a Rainbow went, a Butterfly went. Thunderbolt wasn't mustered. Just one Wind, just one Rainbow, just one Butterfly left. The war approached, since the Mexicans were dying. The Zinacantecs were mustered.

Now the three went. The [Mexican] generals came. They came to meet [the Zinacantecs] on the path. "Eh, what the fuck? What we want is a brigade. We want several hundred. What help are three men?"

"Oh well, with great pleasure we can return [home]. We won't offer ourselves, since you say you don't want us. Just the three of us came." They [started] to turn back.

[The generals] arrived to report that three men were no help. "How stupid. You are utterly useless!" the elders were told in Mexico City. Ooh, when they caught up with [the Zinacantecs] on the road, the Mexicans knelt. The lords knelt. They took off their hats.

[The Zinacantecs] returned. They went to see where the revolution was. They went to see where the battle was approaching.

You see [the enemy] had gotten in a ship. They were in the midst of eating. Butterfly reached them, sprea—ding [its wings] alongside the ship. Spreading [its wings], it watched them. The soldiers were in the midst of their meal. But they fired their guns right away. They were ready now. Wind was ready now. Rainbow was arching over now.

Butterfly left. It came back to report. "They are in the midst of their meal," he said.

"Well, that's perfect!" they said. Rainbow arrived in a minute alongside the ship, like this. Wind, but it was quite a wind, Holy Mary! The ship was face down now in the ocean. Oh hell! Then it disappeared.

ch'ul-balamil li7e.

Pwés bwéno, ya7i 7un, 7iyil ya7el ti bu bat ti ch'ul-kampana 7un, ch'ayem k'al tana le7e, j-lom xa stzak 7antz, j-lom xa smak be, j-lom xa stij votzina, j-lom xa kantinero, ke brúto, mu xa k'u púta bal 7o, mu k'u xa 7onox xu7 yu7unik j-lom xa no 7ox 7un, Tzinakánta ja7 ti sok 7o chkaltike, ja7 k'u spasulanik ta j-mek, ja7 skastiko li ch'ul-kampana k'al tana le7e, 7a li kampana che7e, naka sjok'an i jsoktometike, naka sjok'an jtzotz k'obetik, xojobetik, ja7 no 7ox tzotz k'ob, ja7 no 7ox xojob i jsoktometike, 7a li Tzinakánta che7e 7oy jun 7ik', 7oy jun vak-nab, 7oy jun pepen.

Bwéno, 7oy j-kot supu---l pero jun supul muk'ta supul, 7a ti k'al 7iyu7 pletue che7e, k'al chmile xa li mejiko che7e, ja7 tal stotze li Tzinakantae.

Bwéno, 7itotz 7ox-vo7, 7ibat 7a li jun 7ik', 7ibat jun vak-nab, 7ibat jun pepen, 7a li chauke muk' xtotz, ja7 no 7ox jun 7ik', ja7 no 7ox jun vak-nab, ja7 no 7ox jun pepen 7ibat, 7ital xa li pletue, kómo chcham xa li mejikoe, 7ital stotzel li tzinakantae.

7Óra, bat 7ox-vo7, 7ital li jeneraletike, tal snupele ta be. "Ee, ke chinga, k'usi ta jk'an, yu7un me jun krúpoo yu7un me jayib syénto ta jk'an, k'usi bal 7o 7ox-vo7?"

"7Aa bwéno, kon múcho gústo, stak' xisut, mu ta jpak'alín jba va7i mu xak'anotikotike ja7 no 7ox 7ox-vo7 litalotikótik 7un." Sut talel 7un.

7Ik'ot yal mu k'u bal 7o 7ox-vo7. "Ke sonso mu xabatzi-tun!" x7utat ta Mejiko ti moletik 7une. Jii, ta stael ta be, 7ikeji li mejikoe, keji li ronetike, 7islok' spixol.

Bwéno, 7isut 7un, ba sk'el li buy 7o revolusyone, ba sk'el i bu li 7a li k'ok' chtale.

Bwéno, va7i 7ochem xa ta barko 7un, 7a li yolel xve7ik, k'ot sta li pepene, xk'ie---t ta ti7 barko, xk'iet ta sk'el yolel ve7el yu7un i soltaro pero yu7un xa ch7och bala, yu7un xa segido ta j-mek yu7un xa chapal, 7a li 7ik'e, chapal xa, 7a li vak-nabe yu7un xa chkoti.

Bwéno, bat tal yal li pepen 7une. "Yolel ve7el," xi.

"Bwéno ja7 lek," xi. 7A li vak-nabe j-likel 7ik'ot ta ti7 barko 7un, xi, 7a li 7ik'e, pero jun 7ik' María Santísima, 7a li barkoe, nujul xa ta mar. Yéva la chingádas te ch'ay 7o.

You see, the story is over, that's where it was left.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, laj 7o k'op 7un, te to chkechi.

The original bell of the Church of St. Lawrence was given to the Tutelary Gods of Zinacantán by the *Vaxak-men*. These "Creator Gods," as I have termed them, also figure importantly as builders of the Church of St. Sebastian, and as makers of waterholes. Although the word *men* is no longer understood by the Zinacantecs, in Quiché it is a verb meaning "to support a house, like a centerpost" (Edmonson, 1965:72). These "Eight Pillars" are thought to stand at the foundation of the world.

The legendary hostility between Zinacantán and Chiapa was reported by Bernal Díaz:

There was a great fear of the Chiapanec because at that time they were certainly the best warriors that I had seen in all New Spain, including the Tlaxcaltec, the Mexicans and even the Zapotec and Mixe, and this I say because Mexico was never able to dominate them and they made war upon their neighbors, who were those of Zinacantán. (Díaz, 1934, 2:115)

It is not clear from historical sources whether the Zinacantecs were allies of the Mexicans. According to Clavijero, "the provinces of the Chiapanec, the Zoque, and the Quelens (Zinacantecs) were the last in the southeastern part of the Mexican empire and absolutely the most distant from the capital" (Clavijero, 1964:124). But Carlos Navarrete doubts that the Chiapanecs were ever conquered, or if they were, it was only for the brief period from 1498 to 1521 (Navarrete, 1966a:8). And Herrera's report that Zinacantán was an Aztec garrison is disputed by Frans Blom, who cites the evidence provided by Sahagún, that Aztec merchants, travelling in disguise, traded with Zinacantecs under the most precarious circumstances (Blom, 1959:25-27):

The reason why a certain group of itinerant merchants are called Nualoztomeca [disguised merchants] in certain parts of the country is that, before the conquest of the province of Tzinacantlan the Mexican merchants entered there to trade surreptitiously, dressed in the costume and having learned the language of that province, and thus they traded with the people without being recognized as Mexicans (Sahagún, book IX, chapter V cited in Blom, 1959:25).

The Aztecs reportedly exchanged obsidian knives, copper needles, and bells, etc., for amber lip-plugs and ear-plugs, as well as fans and fly swishes made of precious feathers.

And if the natives (of Tzinacantlan) should discover these Mexican

traders, then they killed them at once, wherefore they travelled in great danger and with great fear.

When (the Mexican traders) entered or when they left that province to return to their homes, they travelled in the clothing of these people (of Tzinacantlan) and reaching Tochtepec (now Tuxtepec in the state of Veracruz) where they had friends, they left this clothing and changed into Mexican clothes (Sahagún, *ibid.*, cited in Blom, 1959:25-26).

But Blom cut short Sahagún's report:

And when they came to reach their homes, thereupon the disguised merchants sought out the principal merchants; they discussed with them the nature of the places they had gone to see. Accurately did they set forth their account of all that had happened there. And when the principal merchants had heard the exact accounts; thereupon they led them before the ruler Auitzotzin [immediate predecessor of Moctezuma I], before him they set forth all which hath been told which had happened there at Tzinacantlan. They said to him: "O our lord, O ruler, behold that which happened there at Tzinacantlan. We have not achieved that which we went to secure. Some were slain because of it; they ambushed the beloved uncles, the disguised merchants. This is as it was: they sought land for the portent Uitzilopochtli [god of war]. First these discovered (and) marveled at all the land of Anauac [Mexico]. Secretly they saw (and) entered everywhere in Anauac, to travel inspecting as disguised merchants" (Dibble and Anderson, 1959:22-23).

Possibly the ship battle refers to the conquest of Chiapa by the Spaniards, that is commemorated on January 20th every year with a mock battle on the Rio Grijalva.

Xun describes the Chiapanecs as "blotchy" because so many are afflicted with pinta, a disease that produces pinkish white patches on the skin, that eventually become black. A similar term of opprobrium, "scabby," is used by the Zoques in referring to their ancient enemies. They relate how they tricked the Chiapanec robbers into donning dance costumes that had been coated on the inside with ashes, beeswax, and ground bones. As the Chiapanecs danced in the tropical heat and sweated profusely, their skin was impregnated forever with blotches and scabs (Navarrete, 1964:321-323).

Xun's diatribe against the degeneracy of the Zinacantec barkeepers was prompted by a battle he was waging in Naben Chauk against a political faction headed by barkeepers. See also T1, T111, T150, T157, their notes, and T102.

The Spook and the Chamulan

T124

There was a Chamulan who met a Spook on the trail. "Well, friend, where are you going?" asked [the Spook].

"Sir, I'm going home," he said. The sun was about to set.

"Aha! [And] where is your home?" he asked.

"Here," said [the Chamulan].

"Forget your home, you bastard, let's fight," said [the Spook].

"Well, the filth of your mother's cock! If you mean it, hell, let's fight!" he told him. "If you are a Spook, hell, we'll see how it turns out," said the Chamulan.

Bwéno, 7oy la jun jchamu7, 7isnup ta be i j7ik'ale.
"Bwéno, 7amígo, bu chabat?" xi la 7un.

"Senyor, chibat ta jna," xi la. Ta xa 7ox xch'ay
k'ak'al xch'ay jch'ul-tottike.

"7Aja!" xi. "Bu 7ana?" xi.

"Li7e," xi.

"Ke k'usi 7ana kavron, tajinkotik," xi la.

"Bwéno, yik'ubal yat ame7 ti mi yech 7avale, kere,
tajinkotik!" xutuk. "Mi ja7 to ti j7ik'alote, karájo, ti
xvinaj k'u xi bat 7o kere!" xi li 7ulo7 7une.

"Well, fine, if you're brave," said the Spook.

"We'll, I'm brave. I'm man enough if you're man enough," said [the Chamulan]. The fight began. Hell, he didn't delay. Right away the Spook was slugged. [The Spook] didn't last ha—if an hour. The Chamulan prayed the vespers, but the sonofabitching Spook probably never prayed the vespers.

Well, it didn't take even half an hour for the Chamulan to give him a good stab. He finished pulling off his wings, the Spook's wings that were [attached to the back of] his knees.

You see, the fucking Chamulan said, "What would happen if I stuck them on my legs?" He finished sticking them on his knees, one after another. He stood up. He tried to fly. He tried to fly. The second time he didn't rise up. The third time, ooh, he went on and on. The wings carried him. He went as far as the land of the Spooks.

"Well, what are you looking for?" he was asked by the lady Spooks, by [the Spook's] brothers, fathers, and mothers. "But is it because you killed my son?" they asked.

"No, not at all, I gave him eggs to eat, because I'm feeding him. He is waiting for me to return again," he said.

"Are you telling the truth?" they asked.

"Yes," he said. He went very far, for the wings carried him. He stuck them on his knees here, one after another. The wings were of yellow metal, this long. I have seen them. I have seen them. I saw one there to the east, there probably where the red door is [in a store in the main square of San Cristóbal]. Mark brought it. That Chamulan stuck them on, stuck them on here. He tried to fly. At first he just crashed. The second time [he went] this far. The third time he flew. Ooh, before he realized it he had landed in the Spooks' country. He arrived exactly at the Spook's house.

You see, the wings carried him along. "What are you looking for," they asked. "Where is my child? Have you killed him?" they asked.

"I never killed him, for I am feeding him. He is waiting for me at home, too," he said.

"Well, we'll go leave you," they said. I don't know what country it was where they went to leave him. He was given this much jerked meat. "Go, eat [some of] it on the way. When you arrive give [the rest] to my son. Take care of him! We want him to come [home]. I don't want you to kill him."

"No, he has always been my friend, because we travel together," said the Chamulan, so that he would be freed. God, don't believe it, the [Spook's] flesh had already dried up.

"Well, but the fucking Chamulan . . . "His money?" they asked.

"Bwéno, ja7 lek mi tzotzote," xi li j7ik'ale.

"Bwéno, vo7on tzotzon, vinikun kere mi vinikote kere," xi la. 7Och la pletu, kavron 7a li j7ik'ale muk' 7onox sjok'tzaj 7un, j-likel no 7ox 7it'axbat ta 7ora mi ja7uk médio 7ora muk' xkuch yu7u---n, 7a li jchamu7e che7e, sna7 7orisyon, 7a li púta j7ik'ale ja7 nan mu sna7 7orisyon.

Bwéno, jchamu7e che7e, mi ja7uk médio 7ora muk' xnel yu7un teee no 7ox 7istz'apbe smoton, laj la stotzanbe li xxik' 7une ta sjolov la yakan 7un li xxik' i j7ik'ale.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, 7a li jkobel jchamu7 7une, "Kere k'u nan xi, kere, 7a ti jnap'an ta koke, kere?" xi. Laj snáp'annáp'an ta sjoloval ti stotz 7une, ta la xvi---l, ta la xvi---l xcha7-lok'elal muk' la xtoy, ta yox-lok'elal 7un, keee, solel la me bat ta j-mek 7un, ja7 la 7ik'van i xxik' 7une k'alal la slumal li j7ik'aletik 7ibat 7un.

"Bwéno, k'u chasa7?" x7utat la yu7un i me7 j7ik'aletike yu7un yermanotak yu7un stotak sme7tak 7un. "Pero ma7n me yu7un 7amil ti jch'amale?" xi.

"Mo7oj 7un bi, yu7n te kak'be ton kaxlan slo7 yu7un te jmak'lin, te chismala xtok chisut xtok," xi.

"Mi yech 7aval?" xi la.

"Yech," xi la. Bat la ta j-mek 7un, kómo ja7 7ik van i xxik' 7une li7 la snáp'annáp'an nap'an sjolov yakane, li xxik' k'anal tak'in xi snatikil xi toe, 7o kiloj, kiloj, kiloj jun le7 nan ta lok'em k'ak'ale la le7e te nan yo7 tzajal ti7 na le7e, ja7 yich'oj jun li Markuxe, 7isnap'an li7 7isnap'ane ta la xvi---l ta primero batz'i yech la st'uslajet taj jchamu7, ta xchibal bwelta xi la snatil xi toe, ta yoxibal bwelta chvil, keee ya7i che7e, k'alal slumal j7ik'aletik k'ot la 7un, te la tuk' k'ot tzna li j7ik'al 7une.

Bu, 7ik'van ech'el xxik' 7une. "K'u chasa7?" xi la. "Bu ti jch'amale, ma7n me 7amil?" xi la.

"Muk' bu ta jmil yu7un te jmak'lin, teee chismala ta jna noxtok taje," xi.

"Bwéno, chba kak'ot che7e," xi. Mu jna7 bu xa lumal ti 7a yak'el 7une, xi la yepal taxux 7ak'bat tale. "Batan, ti7an ta be xk'ot ta 7avak'be ti jch'amale, chabanuk me, taluk me jk'antik 7un, mu me jk'an 7amil."

"7I7i, kamiko 7onox yu7un ko7ol chixanav jchi7uk," xi la li jchamu7, yo7 7ikol 7o 7une. Dyos mi xana7 yu7un takij 7ox taj bek'et 7une.

Pwés bwéno, pero li jkobel jchamu7 7une -- "7A ti stak'ine?" xi la.

“Oh, but you can’t think I’m getting his money for him since he really has taken it with him,” he said. In the place where the Chamulan had fought, there in his tracks, he had quickly buried it in the ground. He didn’t take it, lest it be stolen. [The money] would tarnish on the way.

If you come to change it here [in San Cristóbal] right away, “Where did you find it? Where is your invoice?” [they would ask]. If you come to change it they don’t want you to deposit it. Hold it in your tunic, look at it every few minutes. Come change it that way. But if you lose it from sight it will just [turn into] black potsherds.

You see, there where [the Chamulan] had left the fucking Spook’s several thousand [pesos] buried, they were left buried. The next time he looked, the Chamulan had arrived [in the land of the Spooks]. Who knows where the Spooks’ land is. “But what are you doing?” Their child was already bones. Nothing happened to [the Chamulan]. He won. “Well, I’ll keep our child’s wings here,” they said.

“What filth of your mother’s cock! How come you are going to keep your child’s wings? How is your son to come [back] again? I’m taking them back to him,” he said. He was allowed to come [home]. Now [the wings] didn’t stick on. He just carried them. Who knows how many days it took him to arrive in Chamulan country. He went to look at the money. The money was just the same, since it was buried. Some Chamulans are right smart. The Spook was well-screwed.

Xun’s telling of this tale is difficult to follow, because after describing how the Chamulan arrived in the Spook’s land, he gives further details about the wings and repeats the take-off scene. Then, after outlining how the Spooks escorted the Chamulan part of the way home, Xun backtracks to discuss the Spook’s money and then continues again with the Chamulan’s return home.

The association of potsherds with money has been clarified by Victoria Bricker’s description of a Carnival scene in Chamula, when the cavern, in which a sacred spring bubbles, is swept

“7Ey, pero yu7 van ta jsa7be stak’in 7un ti melet te nan yich’oje,” xi la 7un. 7A li jchamu7e che7e, ti bu spas pletu che7e, bu ta sbee muk xi komel ta lum, mu7nuk 7iyich’ naka la sta 7elk’anel to ta la x7ik’ub ta be.

Mi xtal 7ajel tal li7 ta 7orae che7e, “Bu 7ataoj talem bu lafakturac che7e?” Xtal 7ajele pero mu la sk’an xatik’ ta mas, chupo la, k’elo la, ta ju-likel ti mi ch’ay 7asate che7e, ja7 no la yech tal sjel yan nan ti mi ch’ay 7asate solel 7ik’al k’a7-p’in.

Va7i 7un, ta bu smukoj komel 7une, jay-mil stak’in i jkobel j7ik’al 7une te smuk komel 7une, k’al 7iyile jna7tik 7onox bu slumal ti j7ik’aletik 7une, yul la tal li jchamu7 7une. “Pero k’u chapas?” Sbakel xa 7ox i xch’amale, mu xa k’u spas, spas kanal 7un. “Bwéno li7 chkich’ komel li xxik’ i jch’amale,” xi la 7un.

“Ke yik’ubal yat 7ame7, k’u cha7al chavich’ komel xxik’ 7ach’amal k’u xi chtal noxtok takerem 7une, ta xkich’be sutel tal,” xi la. 7Ak’bat la tal 7un, muk’ xa la xnap’i tal 7un, solel xa la xkuch tal 7un, jna7tik jayib k’ak’al yul 7o li7 ta slumal i jchamu7 7une, ba sk’el i tak’in 7une, ja7 no 7ox yech mismo tak’in kómo mukul 7un to, 7oy toj ben sonso li jchamu7e, 7a li j7ik’ale lek pasbil ta joder ta j-mek.

clean of the pebbles and potsherds that litter its floor. Once it is clean, men and women come to pay a visit, tossing an entrance fee or “tribute” of three pebbles or three potsherds to assure their safety during their visit to the dangerous cave (Bricker, 1973b:114).

Potsherds also represent coins in a Puerto Rican folktale (Mason and Espinosa, 1929:349-350).

I did not discover the identity of the “Mark” who brought the Spook’s wings to San Cristóbal. See also T125 and notes.

The Famine

T118

Long ago the famine came. Ooh, the famine, hell, it was a punishment from Our Holy Father!

It was raining then like it is now. The holy rain didn’t want to let up at all. It went on and on. The next year it stopped in May. The first year the corn grew well. The corn produced well. All the people harvested lots of corn. The next year the punishment came.

Those who had sold a lot of their corn nearly died.

Vo7ne che7e tal vi7nal, jii, vi7nale karájo kastíko, yu7un jch’ul-tottik.

7Óra, yech vo7 chak li7e, mu sk’an xlok’ i ch’ul-vo7 ta j-meke yu7un spas sekir ta j-mek, ta jun 7o jabile 7ipaj ta mayo xa, ta jun jabil to lek 7i7iximaj, lek 7iyak’ 7ixim, lek 7islok’es skotol 7ixim ti krixchanoetike, ta jun 7o jabil tal kastíko 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li much’u lek 7ixchon i yixim 7une,

They ate [tortillas made of] banana roots and fern roots.

The poor . . . Ooh, you came here to San Cristóbal and there weren't any tortillas. They were just thi—s big! One roll for two bits. But that's if there were any, and there weren't.

But it was some chastisement!

You see, the rain didn't come, none. The lowlands were laid waste by the sun. You couldn't see anything anymore. Nothing was left. Me, in the past I had gotten . . . I had gotten a binful plus ten fanegas of flailed corn, but I hadn't sold it. If I had sold it I would have died. The Ixtapanecs went crazy, then. [They sold it for] five pesos an almud, but just solid money, not paper like it is now.

Five peso pieces, but just round silver pieces if there were any, but there weren't. Me, I sold some after the corn had lasted a while. I sold several fanegas.

As soon as the corn fields flowered with tassels the other poor people pulled them a—ll off [to eat]. They paid one quart [of corn] for a week's [labor] if they had any, but they didn't. The other poor people didn't ask for pay anymore. The Chamulans, if they had two ceremonial gourds or one ceremonial gourd [filled with] a ball of weed leaves, greens, amaranth, they left—wherever it was they went looking for an employer. The Chamulans who weren't given [jobs] were just stretched flat, lying on their ba—cks, dead on the road. Face up, they died. They died. It made no difference if it was an older man or a woman or a girl, still they perished. They died on the road to Zinacantán Center, of course, the Zinacantán Center road. An awful Chamulan girl passed by our house. There beneath the redberried hawthorn, in the tiny gully, she died. She passed by my house. "Eat!" she was told by my mother. But she didn't want to work, she did nothing. "Work in the corn field! Fluff wool!" she was told.

"I don't want to," she said. When she arrived, then, she had two ceremonial gourds [each filled with] a ball of amaranth greens and spider flowers.

You see she didn't want to fluff wool. She didn't wa—nt to. She just la—zed about. My parents ate banana root. Since it pleased me, and I had my own [supply], I supported them. My older brother and my father went as far as Chix-te7tik [Cherry Trees]. They found only eight ears, eight ears of dried corn. That was all!

I said to my father, "Never mind, father, I have some. Don't go again! It costs so much effort. I will support you," I told him, because I was living separately, apart already. I had a separate house already. To my older brother I gave six almuds. My father I gave nine almuds. To my older sister I gave

j-set' mu cham, jol lo7bol jol tzib 7islo7 7isve7.

Bwéno, ti povre, jii, 7a li li7e xatal ta Jobele, pero mu7yuk vaj xi smuk'u---l ta chib tak'in jun kaxlan vaj pero 7oyuke mu7yuk.

Bwéno, pero li7e jun tzitzel.

Va7i 7un, ch'abal tal ti vo7e, ch'abal, 7a li 7olon 7osile che7e, laj ta k'ak'al, mu xa k'u xak'el, ch'abal xa, 7a li vo7one, jtaoj to 7ox i vo7one, jtaoj j-p'ej ten, xchi7uk lajuneb janika majbil 7ixim pero muk' jchon, 7a ti jchonuke che7e licham, 7a li jnibake che7e, 7ivovi, vo7ob pexu ta 7almul pero naka tak'in, mu7nuk ja7 yech vun chak lavie.

7Órae, naka tak'in, vo7ob pexu tak'in pero naka spechel mejikano pero 7oyuke ch'abal, mu7yuk, 7a li vo7one 7ijchon k'alal 7ijalij i 7ixime, 7ijchon jayib janika.

Bwéno, yan povre tz'utuj 7inichin li chobtike, naka sbotz'el ta j-me---k 7un, ta jun kwarto jun xemana tztoj, pero 7oyuk 7une mu7yuk, yan povreetike muk' xa tzk'an stojol li jchamu7e, 7oy cha7-p'ej pisis boch, 7o j-p'ej pisis boch pich'bil yanal tz'i7lel, 7itaj, tz'ul-7itaj, chbat, bu chbat ssa7 yajval mi muk' bu 7ak'e 7une naka ja7 pochajtik i jchamu7etike, ja7 te java---l, laj ta be, javal laj, 7icham, 7ak' 7o mi mol 7ak' 7o mi 7antz, 7ak' 7o mi tzeb yu7un chlaj, chcham, belel Jtek-lum a7a, be Jtek-lum, te 7ech' ta jnatikótik i mu tzeb jchamu7 yolon tzajal k'at'ixe, yo7 7unen be-o7e, te cham, 7ech' ta jna. "Ve7an!" x7utat yu7un ti jme7e. Pero mu sk'an x7abtej, yech. "Chabajan, sivujan!" x7ute.

"Mu jk'an," xi. 7A ti k'al 7ik'ote che7e, k'ot cha7-p'ej pisis boch 7a li pich'bil tz'ul-7itaj, pa7 7itaj.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, mu sk'an sivuj, mu sk'a---n te no 7ox spas ch'a---j ta j-mek 7un, 7a ti jme7e che7e, ti jtote che7e, 7islo7 jol lo7bol, kómo pich' ko7on i vo7one che7e, vo7one 7o ku7un 7ijmak'lin 7a ti jbankile che7e, ti jtote, 7i7ay k'al Chix-te7tik 7ista vaxak-ch'ix no 7ox ech'el, vaxak-ch'ix vojton, ja7 no 7ox 7un.

Bwéno, 7ikalbe li jtote, "Yiyil, jtote, 7o ku7un, mu xa xabat, tol chavak' 7avokol, chajmak'lin," chkut. Yu7un slekojon ch'akalon xa, slekoj xa jna, jbankil vakib 7almul kak'be, 7a li jtote baluneb 7almul 7ikak'be, jun jvix 7oxib 7almul 7ikak'be pero yu7un 7o ku7un, te xa yijub 7un ti yunen yut jmoktik 7une,

three almuds. But that was because I had some myself. [The corn growing] in my little yard was already ripening. It grew. The holy corn was turning yellow.

“Well, give me two or three almuds of you corn and take the land here,” said my father.

“Fine, take it!” I told him. Me, what else could I do, since they were my parents?

Well, sir, I supported them. The Ixtapanecs, Ooh, they asked favors. Hell, they had the money, but what good was it? Me, I had planted irrigated fields at Vunal.

So then I went to guard my corn with a shotgun and a machete. There were two or three friends, long-panted ones [Ixtapanecs]. I was standing guard with them. The corn ripened. I carried it [still] on the cob. But the robbers were killing people. If you met Ixtapanecs on the way they killed you.

Me, I didn’t want to be killed. Because I was prepared when I travelled. There were three or four of us. We got together when we travelled during the famine. Not even here [in San Cristóbal] was it [any better]. God, it was punishment!

Now the Ladinos here, they haven’t taken it to heart yet. Punishment will come, you’ll see when, what year, it comes again. They step on the corn. They throw it out. They eat it on the cob.

You see we had grown arrogant because we came to offer them [corn] for the money we could get.

Well, you’ll see, on whatever day it is, the chastisement is yet to come, you’ll see!

Me, I felt the punishment. But tortillas, they weren’t for sale anywhere then. “That’s the end of them, some other day.” There weren’t even wheat buns or rolls. Ooh, [they sold them] for two bits, but they were this big! But we couldn’t get filled up with those, either. We couldn’t eat tortillas anymore. You would eat them, but on the sly. You would eat secretly, yes indeed! There wasn’t anybody who ate. Everybody [ate] corn tassels. The Chamulans [ate] fern root. Twice my parents ate banana root.

“Do you want to eat?” my mother asked me.

“Hand it to me, I guess I’ll eat some,” I told her. “But it isn’t edible. Don’t eat any more, you’ll just die,” I told my parents, because I had some [corn] of my own. Me, I was kind to my parents. I was kind to my older brother. I was kind to my older sister, all of them, because I had some [corn] of my own. Me, I had a lot stored away. That’s why! But I wasn’t punished. My father sold his. He wasn’t careful. Me, I was scared. Long ago, then, it was a stiff punishment. Ooh, for everybody! Whoever had any [corn], then, pai—d one quart for a week [of work]. Who knows if a quart would give enough to eat for two days. Who knows if it would be eaten in one or two

7ich’i 7un, k’anub i ch’ul-7ixim 7une.

“Bwéno, 7ak’bon xa chibuk 7oxibuk 7almul lavixime, 7ich’o li balamil li7e!” xi ti jtót.

“Bwéno, 7ich’o!” xkut 7un. Vo7one mu jay-lok’el kómo jtót kómo jme7.

Bwéno, senyor, bwéno 7ijmak’lin 7un, 7a li jnibaketike che7e, jii, chal vokol, tak’ine karájo 7oy pero k’usi 7un, vo7one 7o jtz’unoj 7ulbal ta Vunal.

7Iday, ba jchabi ti kixime, jun jtúk’ jun jmachita, 7oy te cha7-vo7 7ox-vo7 kamikotak jnat-vexetik ja7 ta jchabi xchi7uk, 7ixime 7ik’anube, 7ikean ta vojton, pero ja7 ti j7elek’e, yu7un xmilvan bu xanup ta be li jnibaketike, yu7un chasmil.

Bwéno, vo7one mu jk’an milel porke lísto chixanav 7oy 7ox-vo7 chan-vo7otikótik jtzoboj jbatikótik chixanavotikótik ti vi7naltik 7une, mi ja7uk i li7e che7e, dyos, kastíko!

7Óra, li jkaxlanetik li7e, mu xa yu7unuk ta yo7on k’al tana ta to xtal li kastikoe, te xak’el avil k’u 7ora jabilal xtok xk’ot, 7a li 7ixime che7e, tzpatz’ ta tek’el, tzch’ay ta sk’ux.

K’usi ta jtoy 7o jbatikotike xa 7oxe che7e, ja7 li xtal jpak’alinbetikotike, ja7 li tak’in ta jtatikotike.

Bwéno pwes, chak’el avil 7un ja7 ti k’usi k’ak’ale, ja7 to ta xtal to tzitzel xak’el avil.

Bwéno, li vo7one che7e, 7ika7i tzitzel, pero 7a li vaje che7e, mu xa bu xchone. “Laj sk’oplal yan to k’ak’al.” Mi ja7uk simita mi ja7uk kaxlan vaj, jii, chib tak’in pero xi smuk’ule, pero mi ja7uk chinojotik 7o noxtok, 7a li vaje che7e, mu xa xu7 jve7tik, ve7an pero ta mukul, mukul xave7, 7éso si, mu xa much’u sve7 skotol krixchano, naka tz’utuj, 7a li jchamu7e che7e jol tzib, 7a ti jme7 jtote che7e, sve7 cha7-ten jol lo7bol.

“Mi chave7?” xiyut i jme7.

“7Ixik, ta jve7 ka7tik,” xkut 7un. “Pero mu stak’ ve7el, mu xa xave7 na me chaman,” xkut i jme7e, xkut i jtote. Porke 7oy ku7un, vo7one 7ijk’uxubin ti jme7 jtote, jbankil 7ijk’uxubin, 7i jvix 7ijk’uxubin, skotol ta j-mek porke yu7un 7o ku7un, 7a li vo7one che7e, 7oy jnak’oj 7ep, yech’o, pero muk’ bu kich’ kastiko 7une, 7a ti jtote che7e, 7ixchon muk’ stuk’ulan sba, vo7one lixi7, ti vo7ne che7e, tol kastiko, jii, skotol krixchano ta j-mek, much’u 7o yu7une che7e, jun kwarto pero jun xemana tzto---j, jna7tik mi sve7 chibuk k’ak’al jun kwarto, mi sve7 van mu jna7tik mi jun mi chib k’u cha7al sve7 ju-moj ve7ele, vo7ne che7e, tol kastiko ta j-mek, ta to xtal

[days] with as much as is eaten at each meal. Once it was a very stiff punishment. It will come again, you'll see, some day, some year! The holy rain isn't good like this. Some years it falls and some years it doesn't. But the price of corn will rise here, you'll see, because they spill it and step on it all the time. Ehh, the holy corn suffers so much here. I saw it. I saw it this morning. It suffers so.

The trouble is, it is offered up because the money flows out here. Here is where they keep buying things. But corn is so hard to raise. It is so much work. There is exhaustion. There are, ooh, long trips to where the holy corn is harvested. The holy corn takes so many days!

Xun's father's and brother's trip to Chix-te7tik, from whence they returned with only eight ears of corn, dramatises the extreme scarcity, for Chix-te7tik is a hamlet near Mitontic, that must have been more than a day's walk from their home.

An almud is 15 liters and a fanega is 180 liters. So ten fanegas of corn would be about 51 bushels, and an almud would be a little under half a bushel.

Xun's belief, that human carelessness and disrespect toward corn bring divine punishment, is a fundamental tenet of Chiapas Indian communities. In Chenalhó, "white hunger" is caused by men's carelessness, "black hunger" by women's, and "red hunger" by children's (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:243). Sahagún reported Aztec women praying as they picked up scattered corn,

noxtok le7e, xak'el avil k'usi k'ak'al jabilal, 7a li ch'ul-vo7e che7e, mu slekiluk lavi x7elane, byen mi xp'aj, byen mu xp'aj ta jabil, pero chtoy stojol i ch'ul-7ixime li7e, xak'el avil kómo le7e che7e, tzaniik tzpatz'ik ta tek'el ta j-mek, je, tol svokol i ch'ul-7ixim li7e, 7ijk'el 7ijk'el nax tol svokol.

K'usi chich' pak'alinel porke li7 chlok' i tak'ine, li7 tzmanulan, pero li 7ixime toj vokol chmeltzaj, toj batz'i trabájo te lubel, te, jii, nat xanbal bu 7oy chlok' i ch'ul-7ixime, ta xjalij bu k'ak'al ch'ul-7ixime.

"Our Sustenance suffereth: it lieth weeping. If we should not gather it up, it would accuse us before Our Lord. It would say 'O, Our Lord, this vassal picked me not up when I lay scattered upon the ground. Punish him!' Or perhaps we should starve." (J. E. Thompson, 1970:285).

A Chamulan report of this same famine, that occurred around the time of the influenza epidemic, also lays the blame on San Cristóbal Ladinos' disrespect for corn (Gossen, T94).

Xun Vaskis points explicitly to the dilemma of traditional Indians in a money economy governed by forces beyond their control. Corn that is grown with sacred care must be delivered into grasping white hands so that an Indian can get the money to buy many of the necessities of twentieth-century life.

Xun 7Akov

I have not seen Xun 7Akov for many years and have no idea how life has treated him, but in 1959, at the age of 38, he was the political leader of his hamlet, Paste7, and Secretary of the Land Distribution Board. His hatchet face seemed to match his role as right-hand man to the boss of Zinacantán.

Reviewing his past, Xun told how, after three years of local schooling, when he was 18 years old, he and one other had been sent by President Cardenas to Mexico City for two months in 1940, followed by a two year stay at a boarding school near Toluca. The Ladinos in San Cristóbal had tried to discourage him from venturing out into the world, by assuring him that in Mexico City he would be rendered into lard or fatback, but he shut his ears to them because, "you gotta do your darndest!" After returning he resumed working his father's and his own corn fields for several years, until he was appointed magistrate of Zinacantán. After completing his term, he turned his energies to the agrarian movement, where he served in three subordinate positions before becoming Secretary. Reflecting on his years of prominence as magistrate, he confided that many people had asked him to take a second term, but that he was tired of being involved in endless disputes. He said he preferred the quieter life of his hamlet. And even though he could see that storekeepers were growing rich, he was reluctant to surround himself with drunks and credit hassles. He complained that a political enemy had thwarted his plans to enter the religious hierarchy. So he spent most of his time in the temperate corn fields, working side by side with his younger brothers, avoiding the risks of large-scale farming on distant fields in the tropical lowlands.

Xun's self-image as magistrate was not shared by his political foes, who nearly impeached him for alleged mismanagement of funds. They claimed be-

sides that he was an incompetent arbiter who would sit at home and send the plaintiffs to argue before the syndic or the justices of the peace. Or if he deigned to make his appearance at the courthouse, no sooner would he receive the defendant's bottle of cane liquor than he would give the curt command, "Off to jail!" Gossips were quick to add that Xun's wife would stroll along the paths in Zinacantán Center with a smile for any man who would give her a passing glance.

For me, Xun was a caricature of a backwoods farmer: phlegmatic, suspicious, horny-handed, a penny-pincher who preferred to keep all relations business-like and down to earth. Politically shrewd, he wielded his power matter-of-factly, as if it were a private affair. His sense of humor broke forth only on rare occasions, shyly, with embarrassment.

Xun's tales were learned from his mother. The predominance of myths describing the magical creation of wells was due to my own interest rather than Xun's. His favorites were clearly "The Buzzard Man" (T42) and "The Indian King" (T34).

The awkwardness and near incomprehensibility of Xun's tales was almost surely due to our mutual unfamiliarity with dictation (I had not yet secured a tape recorder), my poor command of Tzotzil, and our lack of close rapport. Romin Teratol, no friend of Xun 7Akov, took his versions severely to task for their repetitiveness, their obscurity, and their omission of the suffix *-e* that is usually attached to the last word in a phrase to give the flow of speech smooth continuity.

Despite their failings, Xun's tales give an added dimension, for I was unable to discover waterhole origin myths from the storytellers who lived in the Center or in other hamlets. Xun, unlike his wife, smiled seldom, but even he laughed as he told of the Buzzard Man.

The Donkey and the Spring

T40

They went to look for mushrooms at the foot of a cliff. They said that there was a donkey there. Three days later they went to see if the donkey was there. It was standing there. They saw the donkey. They were going to catch the donkey. Then they realized

Bat ssa7 yuy ta yibel ch'en, 7iyal ti 7o te buro, 7i bat sk'elik ta yoxibal k'ak'al ti mi te li buroe, te kotol, 7iyilik, li buroe, ta 7ox ba stzakik li buroe, ja7 to ya7iik ti 7o te koral, makal 7ik'otik ta koral, 7i7ochik ta yut koral, mu xa xlok' tal ta yut koral, te xchi7inik

that there was a corral there. They were shut up in the corral. They went into the corral. They joined the donkey there. They had friends who had stayed in the distance, so they went to tell about the donkey being there. Another man spoke. "Let's take candles, because our friends have already entered the corral," the man said. They took three candles. They went to offer them at the corral. They spoke; they prayed to the Earth Lord.

The Earth Lord spoke. "What are you looking for?" asked the Earth Lord.

"We're just taking a walk," said the man.

"What are you looking at?" asked the Earth Lord.

"If you want, come watch my donkey for me!" he said.

"I don't want to," said the man.

"What did you come to do here?" asked the Earth Lord.

"I was just taking a walk," said the man.

"I won't let you go," said [the Earth Lord]. They offered candles. Then they were freed. The man was released for three days. The man died. He told the name of the donkey's owner. He said that he was going to look after the donkey. He told them the Earth Lord's name. The man said it was Lupe. He said that Lupe was the Earth Lord's name. The man who was dying said that there was a spring there.

"There is water there. Go dig [there]!" said the man. "Don't worry anymore, because now I am going to watch the well and the donkey," said the man. When he died, the body was taken to be buried. It spoke. The dead man talked even when he was being buried. "He said that you can live there. The Earth Lord said that you can live there now. Me, I'm going to see everything there is under the world," said the man.

This is one of many legends where the use of a waterhole, Koral Buro, is granted by the Earth Lord to the community, only after he has taken a man's soul to serve him in exchange.

The concept of souls corralled in caves is related also in a

ti buroe, ja7 te 7oy xchi7ilik 7ikom ta nom, ja7 ba yal ti 7o te buro, 7iyal li jun vinik. "Kich'tik ech'el kantela yu7un te xa 7och ta yut koral, xi li jchi7iltake," xi li jun vinike. 7Iyich' 7oxib kantela 7a yak'ik ta koral 7iyal 7isk'oponik li yajval balamile.

7Iyal li yajval balamile, "K'u chasa7ik?" xi li yajval balamile.

"Yech no 7ox chipaxyaj," xi li vinike.

"K'usi chak'elbon?" xi li yajval li buroe. "Mi xak'an la7 k'elbon jburol!" xi.

"Mu jk'an," xi li vinike.

"K'usi xtal 7apasik li7 toe?" xi li yajval balamil.

"Yech chipaxyaj," xi li vinike.

"Mu xajkolta," xi. 7Iyak'ik kantela ja7 to te 7ikoltaat, 7oxib k'ak'al 7ikol ech'el li jun vinike, 7icham li vinike, 7iyal ti k'usi sbi li yajval li buroe, 7iyal ti ja7 chba xchabi li buroe, 7iyalbe k'usi sbi li yajval balamil, jun vinike, 7iyal ti Lúpe sbi li yajval balamil, 7iyal 7o te vo7, li jun vinike ta xcham.

"7Oy te vo7, ba jok'ik!" xi li jun vinik. "Mu xa k'u xal 7avo7on yu7un xa te chba jk'el li vo7e, li buroe," xi li vinike. K'alal cham, 7ibat ta mukel li 7animae, 7iyal, 7ik'opoj to li 7animae k'alal 7imuke. "7Iyal ti xu7 xanakiik, 7iyal li yajval balamil ti xu7 xa xanakiik, vo7one ba xa jk'el skotol k'usi 7oy ta balamil," xi li vinike.

Zoque tale from Copainalá (Wonderly, 1947:153-154).

This tale has been transformed into poetry by W. S. Merwin (Laughlin and Merwin, 1972).

The King and the Ring

T31

There was a person who found a ring. It was a treasure. The ring was stolen. The ring was taken, since that person who found the ring had many friends. It was discovered. They stole it from his house. He saw that the ring was no longer there. He dug where he had found it. He cried. There was a dog, a terrier. He heard the dog talk. It said, "Don't cry. It has been taken,"—said the dog.

"Where is it?" asked the owner of the ring.

7Oy to 7ox jun krixchano 7ista 7ox jun 7ixtalal, ja7 minax, 7i7elk'anbat li 7ixtalale, 7ipojbat li 7ixtalale, kómo 7ep xchi7iltak buch'u 7ista li 7ixtalale, 7ilbat, 7iyelk'an ta sna, 7isk'el ti ch'abal xa li 7ixtalale, 7isjok' ti bu staoje, 7i7ok', 7oy j-kot tz'i7, kaxlan tz'i7, 7iya7i k'opoj li tz'i7e. 7Iyal, "Mu xa7ok', te 7ich'bil," xi li tz'i7e.

"Bu 7oy?" xi li yajval 7ixtalale.

“It’s here,” said the dog. It was [the dog] who went to get it. He looked for it. They hadn’t ever caught [the thief who] stole the ring. The ring was swallowed so that it could not be found when they were looking for it. The terrier spoke. “Let’s wait for him to fall asleep,” said the terrier. The person who had taken the ring fell asleep. A mouse came. It gnawed through his pants until the ring came out. The person who was asleep didn’t feel the ring coming out. The terrier was standing there. It arrived to take [the ring]. The robber took the ring away from the terrier, too. The robber fled. He went to the Grijalva River. The robber went to hide in the Grijalva River. “Don’t worry, I’ll go get it wherever it is,” said the terrier. It went into the water since the robber threw the ring in the water. The little terrier went into the water to get the ring. It found [the ring]. It came out of the Grijalva River. The dog was able to find it in the water. The owner took the ring, since the owner of the ring said it was his treasure.

Although the ring’s owner is not described here as a king, the theft and recovery conform quite closely to the scenes in Manvel

“Ja7 li7e,” xi li tz’i7e. Ja7 7ech’ stam, 7issa7be, buch’u stamoj li 7ixtalale, muk’ bu stabeik, 7iyelk’an li 7ixtalale, sbik’oj xa, yo7 ti mu xtabat ta sa7bel ti 7ixtalale, 7iyal li kaxlan tz’i7e. “Jmalatik 7ochuk svayel,” xi li kaxlan tz’i7e. 7I7och svayel li buch’u stamoj li 7ixtalale, 7ital j-kot ch’o, 7ituch’bat li svexe, k’al 7ilok’ tal li 7ixtalal 7une, muk’ xa7i 7ilok’ li 7ixtalale, li buch’u vayem, te kotal li kaxlan tz’i7e, ja7 sch’amoj 7ik’ot, 7ipojbat noxtok li kaxlan tz’i7e, buch’u j7elek’e, 7ijatav, li j7elek’e, bat ta Nab, 7ibat snak’ sba ta Nab li j7elek’e. “Mu k’u xal 7avo7on chba jsa7 tal ti bu 7oye,” xi ti kaxlan tz’i7e. 7I7ay, ta yut vo7, ja7 sten li 7ixtalal li j7elek’e, ta yut vo7, 7I7och ta yut vo7 li 7unen kaxlan tz’i7e, ja7 7ay ssa7 tal li kaxlan tz’i7 li 7ixtalal, 7ista tal 7ilok’ tal ta yut Nab, 7ista ta sa7el ta yut vo7 li tz’i7e, 7iyich’ ti yajval ti 7ixtalale, kómo ja7 yal li yajval li 7ixtalale, ti yu7un ja7 sminax.

K’obyox’s and Rey Komis’ “The King and the Ring” tales (T64, T165). See also T11, T34, T64, T113, and their notes.

How Christ Came to Church

T35

A very long time ago, there were people going to the lowlands who were passing by on the trail. They rested [in a place] where there was a cave. The people sighed. The saint sighed. They passed by. Then more people came. They sighed, too, just the same way. Three days later, they went to look. They didn’t find him. The saint was not to be found. They went on the fourth day. They found him stuck inside a hollow tree. They found him asleep there. They called to him to come out. The saint spoke. He talked. “Please cut a log for me,” he said. “Make the log into a cross, because I am going to hang on the cross.” He came out of the cave. He went with fiddles, guitars, and harps. He went with drums. They had a great celebration. He went. It was Christ they called forth. He spoke. “Thank you,” said Our Holy Father. “Thank you. I’ve found my home,” he said. He spoke. “You will thrive under my care, because now I have a fine house,” he said. “I will buy you.” [I will pay for your sins.]

He spoke. “You will celebrate my fiesta. Thank you,” he said. “I’ve found my home. Now I’m doing fine,” he said. “I’ve discovered a home among my friends.”

Although Christ is described as a *santo*, the translation could just as well be “god” as “saint,” for the Zinacantecs make little

Vo7ne ta j-meke j7olonajel ch7ech’ ta be, ta skux ti bu 7oy ch’en, 7i7uyjan li krixchano, ch7uyjan li jch’ul-tottike, 7ech’ un, tal 7otro krixchano noxtok, mismo ta x7uyjan noxtok, ta yoxibal k’ak’al ba ssa7ik muk’ bu staik, muk’ bu 7istae, li jch’ul-tottike, 7ibat ta xchanibal k’ak’al, 7istaik tik’il ta jom te7, te vayem 7istaik, 7iyik’ik lok’el tal, 7iyal li jch’ul-tottike, 7ik’opoj, 7iyal. “Ta me xatzepbekon li jte7ele,” xi. “Ta xameltzanik ta krus li jte7ele, yu7un chijok’i 7o ta krus.” 7Ilok’ ta ch’en, 7ibat vob, 7ibat tampol, spasiq jun muk’ta k’inal, 7i7ay 7ik’ik tal ti jch’ul-tottik jmanvanej, 7iyal. “Kol aval,” xi li jch’ul-tottik. “Kol aval 7ijta jna,” xi. 7Iyal un, “Ta xach’iik ku7un kómo lek xa ti jnae” xi. 7Iyal, “Chajmanik tal.”

Bwéno, 7iyal, “Chalok’esik jk’inal, teuk 7un kol aval,” xi. “7Ijta jna, lek xa 7oyon,” xi. “7Ijta jna, xchi7uk jchi7iltak.”

or no distinction between the two. The cross that was brought from the cave of Xlok’ Santo in Paste7 to the Church of St.

Lawrence in Zinacantán Center is the large cross on which Christ is hung every Good Friday. This cross apparently never talked like the Gospel Cross that also appeared in Paste⁷ and was brought to the church only to be "killed" with boiling water by the priest, as Xun describes in Tale 33. This detail, combined with that of the saint sleeping in a hollow tree, calls to mind Friar Francisco Ximénez's account of the hermit of Zinacantán:

In the year 1708, when the Most Illustrious Bishop of Guatemala and Chiapa, Friar Juan Bautista Alvarez de Toledo, was inspecting the town of San Juan Chamula there arrived one day around two in the afternoon the natives of the town of Santo Domingo Sinacantlan which is about half a league from Chamula. Frightened and in great confusion they reported to me that on a trail of said town there was a man inside a tree who was calling for penitence and repentance before an image of Our Lady, the Virgin, which was inside the same tree, and which gave off shafts of light. [He claimed] that She had come down from the Heavens, explaining to the natives that She had come from there to offer them favors and assistance. And when said man was talking with them he told them to advise the Church. They gave me the news in great confusion, and although I wished to postpone going to see the case until I had reported it to His Eminence who was resting, when I saw the reaction in the town of Chamula to the news being spread by those of Sinacantlan, right away I set out without further delay. And arriving at said hamlet I found a large number of Indian men and women from both towns. I asked them where the subject was. To which they answered that said man had already left the tree, moving to another hamlet near said tree. I continued on and not far ahead next to an oak I discovered a man. His face was covered, and he was wrapped in a cloth. I asked him to tell me who he was. He did not answer until the third time when with emotion he turned, made obeisance to me and told me, 'I am a poor sinner whom they do not allow to worship God.' This sounded strange to me so I told him that that was no way to worship God nor to serve him, that it was only a device to agitate the town and to set a bad example for the Indians whose nation is so quick to accept idolatry. To which he replied that he was not the guilty one, that it was they who followed him and [he gave] other frivolous excuses of no consequence. I went to examine the tree. It was a hollow oak that he had gotten into. The opening was covered with a board. The board had a peep hole through which the Indians fed him. The oak had a hole above said board, through which could be seen a small canvas portrait of St. Joseph. Inside the tree I found a notebook with some verses that it seems he had written addressed to penitence and to the love of God. Near said oak he had set up a cross with other verses on a piece of paper addressed to the same subject. It was a large company of Indian men and women who idolized him and offered him certain things to eat, and carried censers with copal. And although said man was not inside the tree, nevertheless they worshipped said tree and offered it incense. For this reason I immediately had said tree cut down and chopped into pieces. Right away I set out for Chamula, escorting said man with a great company of Indians who appeared all along the way, kneeling in front of him. They even came to me to ask if they should ring the church bells on entering Chamula. After we arrived in

Chamula His Excellence began to examine him. And soon after [the hermit] stated he would only reply to His Excellence beneath the sign of the cross. For this reason His Lordship went inside. And when His Lordship came out he asked me what opinion I had of that man, to which I replied that from what I had observed and witnessed he was deluded and lacking in judgment. He was in Chamula three days during which time I observed that he was scarcely contrite about eating no end of morsels. At this time I was able to prevent the Indians from seeing him. On the pretext that he was a God they tried to see him and worship him so that I was even forced to correct it from the pulpit, trying to prevent the damage that could follow. Then on orders of His Eminence he went to the monastery of San Francisco in San Cristóbal where he remained and (as I learned) gave very little evidence of virtue, as they said he lacked the fundamental qualities of subjection and humility In the month of May, 1710 we knew that the hermit mentioned above was in said town [of Zinacantán] to which we were called, and having accused him of not attending Mass, and of setting a bad example for the Indians, and that it was not the proper way to serve God, nor the sure path to his salvation he replied that we could not judge his inner thoughts nor his methods and [he presented] other proposals born more out of pride than virtue. At this [discussion] there was a multitude of Indians of the town giving greater acclaim to the hermit than to the reproaches we were offering said man. And having known that he had built a hermitage in the woods we went and found it about a block and a half from the trail and hamlet where he had it the first time. The said hermitage was about eight yards long, divided into a dormitory and an oratory with an altar that had a small image of the Virgin with candles, cocoa beans, eggs, tortillas and such other things as the Indians offered in proper style. The hermitage was highly adorned and carpeted very neatly with straw mats. The woods where the hermitage was situated had been cleared, fenced, and planted with corn. The trail to it, though it had been made only three or four days before was so well frequented that it seemed it dated from long ago, and many Indians went to visit [the hermitage] with their candles and copal. Having inspected the hermitage, we tried to set fire to it. And with that in mind Fray Jorge began to reproach them for the errors and folly of their beliefs and idolatry, and then I understood that the Indians who followed us were saying in their language that we were going to burn the house of God and they started thinking of rebelling. For this reason I secretly told said Padre not to tell them anything because from what I understood of what they were saying in their language they were planning to rebel against us. We calmed them down and then I set fire to the hermitage and the Indians went into the flames to remove the mats and other furnishings that were inside. We sent the hermit back to His Eminence in San Cristóbal who held him prisoner. And because we put an end to this hermit who was the source of the other false miracles, this hermit was sent by His Lordship to the College of the Company of Jesus whose monks agreed that he was a deluded man and even somewhat devil-ridden. For this reason they sent him to New Spain where quite naturally he never arrived since he died in the town of Ocozacautla (Ximénez, 1931, 3:262-264).

Why Its Cherries are Sour

T36

There was a man who ate cherries.

The cherry tree spoke. The cherry tree itself talked. It spoke. "Why are you eating me?" it asked. "I'm too sour," it said. "If you want we'll go [together]," said the cherry tree.

"I don't want to," said the man.

"How come you don't want to? You just ate me," said the cherry tree. It spoke. "All right, then, if you

7Oy te jun vinik, 7islo7 chix-te7e.

Bwéno, 7iyal li chix-te7e, 7ik'opoj li chix-te7 stuke, 7iyal. "K'u yu7un chalo7on?" xi. "7A li vo7one toj pojón," xi. "Mi xak'an chibattik," xi li chix-te7e.

"Mu jk'an," xi li vinike.

"K'u cha7al mu xak'an, laj 7alo7on," xi li chix-te7e. 7Iyal, "Mo7oj che7e, mi mu xak'an 7une,"

don't want to," said the cherry tree, "Wait and see!" The person was stood up there. The person remained standing where the cherry tree was. The cherry tree left. The tree was no longer there. The person cried. The person cried, because he had been left standing in the cherry tree's place. The person stood there three days. The cherry tree took revenge on him for eating its fruit. On the third day the cherry tree came to talk. It spoke. "Are you having a good time standing here?" asked the cherry tree.

I can't bear it!" said the person.

"Get out then! Get out!" said the cherry tree. The cherry tree itself came to stand there. "If you want to, come step on me!" said the cherry tree. That's why its fruit is sour. "I don't want you to come stepping on me," said the cherry tree.

Although there is no mention here of a waterhole, Pajal Chix-te7, "Sour Cherry Tree," is the name of one of the six waterholes in Paste7 that form the focus for domestic groups. For a

xi li chix-te7e, "Mal avil!" Li krixchanoe, te va7anat komel, va7al kom li krixchano ti bu 7oy chix-te7e, 7ibat ti chix-te7e, mu xa bu 7oy te, li krixchanoe, 7i7ok', 7i7ok' ti va7anat komel ta sk'exol chix-te7 li krixchanoe, 7oxib k'ak'al te va7al li krixchanoe, tzlok'esbat smanya k'u yu7un slo7be ssat li chix-te7e, ta yoxibal k'ak'al tal k'opojuk li chix-te7e. 7Iyal, "Mi lek chava7i li va7alote?" xi li chix-te7e.

"Mu xu!" xi li krixchano 7une.

"Lok'an che7e, lok'an!" xi li chix-te7e. Mismo 7ital va7aluk li chix-te7. "Mi xak'an xtal 7atek'ikon!" xi li chix-te7e. Yech'o, 7a li poj li ssate, "Mu jk'an xtal 7atek'ikon," xi li chix-te7e.

detailed account of the settlement pattern in Paste7, see Vogt, 1969.

The Spook and the Comadre

T23

The people went into caves. There were many Spooks long ago. They say that there was [a woman] who had a comadre. They called back and forth. "Your corn has boiled over," she told her comadre. [The other] didn't answer. The Spook spoke, the Spook answered.

"The corn is hissing, comadre." It was human blood. The comadre of the one who had been speaking died when she was grabbed inside her house. [The other woman] heard the Spook answer. That person in her house was scared. Quickly they went into their caves, they hid inside caves. That's how the people stayed alive in the olden days. Long ago there were many Spooks. [The people] knew how to save up their farts. That was how they attacked the Spooks. They stayed there until dawn. There were many Spooks long ago. Many [of us] died long ago because of the people-eaters.

Xun 7Akov's version of "The Spook and the Comadre" adds here a bizarre detail that is reminiscent of Romin Teratol's "When the Guatemalan's Were Blown Sky-high."

Xun explained that his mother had told him this tale when he was a child to impress on him the dangers of going outside at

7Och ta xch'en li krixchanoe, 7oy 7ep j7ik'al ti vo7nee, xal ti 7o skumale 7iyapta sbaik. "7Imal xa lapanine!" xut sbaik ti skumale. Muk' bu xtak'av, 7iyal li j7ik'ale, 7itak'av j7ik'al.

"Pululu jux tale, kumále!" Ja7 xch'ich'el li krixchano, laj xa ta tzakel ta yut sna li skumale li buch'u ta xk'opoj tale, 7iya7i 7itak'av j7ik'ale 7ixi7 ti jun krixchano ta j-p'ej snae, j-likel x7och ta xch'en snak' sbaik ta yut ch'en, ja7 yech kuxulik ti krixchanoetike mas vo7ne, 7oy la 7ep j7ik'aletik ti vo7ne, sna7 la stzobik stzis, ja7 la chak'beik li j7ik'ale, ja7 to la te k'u cha7al sakub 7o 7osile, tol j7ik'al ti vo7nee, tol laj ti vo7ne yu7un jti7vanejetik.

night. In olden times she said the people lived in their houses in the daytime, but had to hide in caves at night.

Whenever the corn boils over and hisses in the fire, it is thought that the Spook is around. See also T67, T71, T122, and their notes.

Bowwow Cave

T39

A man passed by. The cave spoke. "Bowwow," it said. It wanted to bite. The people passed by. The man said that there was a spring there.

7I7ech' jun vinik ke 7iyal li ch'ene, 7iyal. "Vom vom!" Sk'an ta xti7van, 7ech'ik li krixchanoetike, 7iyal ti 7oy te vo7, li jun vinike.

"There is water there," he said. He also said, "The cave talks." He told his friend.

"Let's go look!" the other man said.

"Let's go! Let's see, then!" he said. They went to look at the spring first. They saw that there was water there. They saw it. They went to look at the cave. The same thing was said to them as on the first time. They saw the cave.

The cave spoke, "Bowwow." The people were scared. They arrived home. They arrived to tell their friends where the cave was. One man died five days later.

He spoke. "Please don't blame the cave," he said. The others realized [what to do]. They went and prayed to the cave. They gave candles where the spring was. They prayed to the Earth Lord.

The Earth Lord spoke. "I'm not going to let you drink the water for nothing. You will give me a servant," said the Earth Lord.

"I won't give him [to you]," said the man.

"What do you mean you won't give him [to me]? I already have him at home," he said. Five days later the man who first saw the cave [died]. They say the cave doesn't want to be looked at. The man died. He died on the fifth day.

He spoke. "I am going there to Vom Ch'en [Bowwow Cave]," he said. "Because I belong there," he said. "You stay here!" said the man. "Drink the water there. I am going to guard it," he said. The man spoke. "The sickness won't pass," he said. "All right, all right, I am going to look after our well."

"All right. Please don't frighten us," said the [other] man. "I'll drink the water there," he said.

"7O me te vo7," xi. 7Iyal noxtok 7un. "Chk'opoj li ch'ene," xi. Yalbe xchi7il.

"Ba jk'eltik!" xi li jun vinike.

"Battik, jk'eltik che7e!" xi. 7Ibat sk'elik ba7yi li vo7e, 7iyilik ti 7o te li vo7e, 7iyilik, ba sk'elik li ch'en, ja7 no 7ox yech 7i7albatik k'u cha7al ta primero, 7iyilik li ch'ene.

7Iyal li ch'ene, "Vom vom!" 7Ixi7ik li krixchano 7une, 7ik'ot ta snaik, k'ot yalbe xchi7iltak ti bu 7oy li ch'ene, jun vinike, ta yo7obal k'ak'al 7icham.

7Iyal, "Mu me xavutik li ch'ene," xi. Li yane 7iyul ta sjol 7ay sk'oponik li ch'ene, 7iyak'beik kantela ti bu 7oy li vo7e, 7isk'oponik li yajval balamile.

7Iyal li yajval balamile. "Mu yechuk no 7ox chkak' 7avuch'ik li vo7e, ta xavak'bon junuk jmoso," xi li yajval balamile.

"Mu xkak!" xi li vinike.

"K'u cha7al mu xavak' te xa oy ku7un ta jna," xi. Ta yo7obal k'ak'al ti jun vinik ti buch'u ba7yi 7iyil li ch'ene, mu la sk'an k'elel li ch'ene, 7icham li vinike ta yo7obal k'ak'al 7icham.

7Iyal, "Te chibat ta Vom Ch'en," xi. "Yu7un xa linop ech'el," xi. "Li7 komanik!" xi li vinike. "Te xavuch'ik li vo7e, chba jchabi," xi. 7Iyal li jun vinike, "Mu x7ech' li chamele," xi. "Teuk, teuk xba jchabi li ka7altike."

"Teuk, mu me xasibtasotik," xi li vinike. "Te ta xkuch' li vo7e," xi.

Why We Have Toothaches

T41

It is said that two men were travelling. They were going on a trip. When the sun set they went to ask for a place to sleep. There was a woman. The woman bit people. The woman spoke. "Go to bed!" said the woman. The two men slept. A dog spoke. It came to tell the two men about the place where they were spending the night.

The dog said, "Why are you sleeping here?" [That's what] the two men were asked. "The woman drinks the blood of people who spend the night," the two men were told. [The dog] spoke. "If you know [what's good for you] get out of this house!" the two men were told. The men knew what to do.

"Okay, come on, we'll see what we can do," said the men. They spoke. They looked for two rocks.

7Iyal ta xxanav cha7-vo7 vinik, chbat ta xanbal, mal k'ak'al 7ibat ta xch'amunik na, 7o jun 7antz, sna7 xti7van li 7antze, 7iyal li 7antze. "Vayanik!" xi li 7antze. 7Ivayik li cha7-vo7 vinike, 7ik'opoj j-kot tz'i7 tal yalbel li cha7-vo7 vinik ti buy xch'amunoj li nae.

Xi li tz'i7e, "K'u yu7un bu chavayik?" x7utatik li cha7-vo7 vinike. "Sna7 la me xuch' jch'ich'eltik li 7antze, li bu 7oy xch'amunojik li nae," x7utatik li cha7-vo7 vinik. 7Iyal. "Mi xana7 k'ej abaik li ta nae!" x7utatik li cha7-vo7 vinike. 7Iyul tzjol li viniketike.

"Ja7 lek la7 jsa7tik k'usi ta jpastik," xi li viniketike. 7Iyal, 7issa7ik cha7-p'ej ton, 7islambeik xchij chvay

They covered them with their blankets so that the rocks [looked just] like people sleeping.

Now the woman was delighted that there were people sleeping in her house, because she ate people. The woman bit people. She went to eat them. She thought it was people asleep there. Then the woman clamped down on the dumb rock until she felt the pain in her teeth. She didn't say what had happened to her. She crunched the rock. The woman thought it was a person she was going to eat. Then she realized it was a rock she held [in her teeth]. When morning came, the woman was holding her hand to her mouth. Her teeth hurt terribly. That's why we have toothaches now, today. It was that woman who left them.

Travellers in Chenalhó were once victimized by a woman who offered them shelter. At midnight, sharpening her teeth, she would steal in to feast on her unsuspecting guests. But one man volunteered his assistance. By turning to stone at the proper moment, he put a sudden end to her death-dealing teeth (INI, 1:23–25). From Soconusco in coastal Chiapas comes an intriguing version of this story—a shaman, who is the double of the great stela of Izapa, volunteers his services to the people of Soconusco. When the vampire woman bites into the shaman's

li tone ko7ol xchi7uk krixchano.

7Óra li 7antze, xmuyibaj 7oy te krixchano ta sna chvay yu7un ta sti7 li krixchano 7une, chti7van li 7antze, ba sti7 xak'uk krixchanouk ti te vayeme, ja7 to yil ton skatz'oj 7ik'ot, 7ásta ke 7iya7i chk'uxub stanal ye li 7antze, muk' bu ta xal k'usi spaso7, 7isk'ux li tone, xak'uk krixchanouk ta sti7 7ox li 7antze, ja7 to ya7i ton skatz'oj 7ik'ot, 7isakub 7osil, li 7antze sjopoj stanal ye, toj k'ux cha7i li yee, ja7 to k'u xi komem k'al tana li xchanul li stanal ketike, lavie tana, ja7 7iskomtzan li jun 7antze.

stony flesh, her teeth are shattered and swallowed, causing her death (Navarrete, 1966b:424).

In neighboring Chamula the origin of toothache is associated with Christ's flight from the Jews. One tale recounts that a woman bit Christ as he lay sleeping in her house. The next morning she suffered a severe toothache. As she and her husband were taking a steambath, Christ blocked the exit until they steamed to death (Gossen, T32). Another version has Christ hiding in the steambath. When the Jews try to bite off his head, he substitutes a hearthstone (Gossen, T178).

Priest Rock

T30

The people who were travelling on the trail saw him. They met him on the trail. They saw the priest walking along there. They spoke to him. "Where is your house?" they asked the priest.

"Don't you see where my house is?" he said. "You should pass by next to my house," said the priest. [That's what] the priest said. "See my picture there!" said the priest. "If you want, let's go!" they were told.

"We don't want to," said the people.

"You don't want to go with me? You have to go!" the people were told.

"We don't want to," they said.

"Oh no? We are, too, going," the people were told. The people did go. Their souls were taken away. They went. The people died, those who spoke to him. The priest spoke. "There is my house," said the priest. Today it is called Pale Ton [Priest Rock]. He was probably the Earth Lord.

Ta xil li krixchanoe, ta xxanavik ta be, te ta snupik ta be, 7iyilik te xxanav li pale, 7isk'oponik la, "Buy 7ana?" xutik li pale.

"Mi mu xavil bu li jnae?" xi la. "Te cha7ech'ik ta xxokon jna," xi li pale. 7Iyal li pale. "Te xak'elik jretrato," xi li pale. "Mi xak'an, battik!" x7utat.

"Mu jk'an," xi li krixchanoe.

"Mu xak'an xibattik yu7un chabat ta pwera!" x7utat li krixchanoe.

"Mu jk'an," xi.

Bwéno, "Mo7oj, yu7un no 7ox chibattik," x7utat li krixchanoe. Li krixchano bat 7onox, 7ik'bat xch'ulel, 7ibat, 7icham li krixchanoe, ti buch'u 7isk'opone. 7Iyal li pale, "Te jna," xi li pale. Li Pale Ton lavie sbi, i yajval bamil nan 7une.

A Bellyful

T26

Once there was a woman. Her husband went to the lowlands. The man had told his wife, "You just stay. We'll see each other in three days." The wo-

7A ti vo7ne 7oy jun 7antz, 7ibat ta 7olon smalal, li 7antze, 7ik'opoj komel li vinike. "Teano 7ox jk'opon jbatik k'al 7oxib k'ak'al," xi. Li 7antze 7ivay

man slept with another man. The husband came to look, near the foot of his bed.

The woman said, "All right, piss where my husband pisses." [That's what] the woman said.

"Okay," replied the other—since that other man had come in. He pissed. He took out his prick. His prick was cut off with a knife. The husband ran off after he cut off the prick.

He left right away. He went to the lowlands. On the third day the husband arrived [back home]. The husband spoke. He came to speak to his wife. "Are you there?" asked the husband.

"I'm here," said the wife. "How are you?"

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"Fine," said the wife.

"Didn't anything happen to you?" she was asked.

"No," said the wife.

"Ah!" said the husband. "Never mind. Cook our lunch! You eat this," she was told. "You eat this yourself." [It was] the penis. "Draw a jug of water. Eat your meal." The wife ate her meal. She drank water. She finished drinking a jug of water. She wasn't even satisfied with a jug of water. She went to drink the water at the well until she died from it.

[The husband's] dog caught three armadillos. [The husband] returned and gave them to his wife to cook. "Our children will eat them," [he said]. The wife was happy that food had come. She didn't know that she had received bad food, that her husband had given her a penis to eat. The prick she ate was the person's whose prick had been cut off—who had slept with her.

And she [had] buried [her lover] in her house. They looked for him there, [but] she said nothing. "I haven't seen him," said the woman. It wasn't until they dug inside her house—then they found the corpse, the man. The woman's husband didn't know what she had done. [The corpse] was discovered when the wife died. The husband was scared that something was buried inside his house. The man spoke, he asked his children.

"What is buried here?" the man asked.

"Nothing," said the children. The man dug and then he saw it. He saw the body.

Xun's abbreviated version of "A Bellyful," told to him once by his father, with the second scene momentarily forgotten and tacked on after the finale, is a crude replay of a Middle

xchi7uk 7otro jun vinik, 7ital sk'el li vinike, nopol ta yok stem.

7iyal li 7antze, "Teuk k'abinan bu xk'abin li jmalale," xi li 7antze.

"Bwéno," xi li 7otro june, kómo 7i7och li 7otro jun vinike. 7Ik'abin, 7islok'es yat, 7ituch'bat ta kuchilu li yate, 7a li vinike 7ibat ta 7anil, laj stuch' ech'el li 7ate.

7Óra, 7ibat 7un, 7ibat ta 7olon, ta yoxibal k'ak'al 7ital li vinike, 7iyal li vinike, 7iyul sk'opon yajnil. "Mi li7ote?" xi li vinike.

"Li7one," xi li 7antze. "Mi ja7 to yechot?" xi.

"Ja7 to yechon, mi ja7 to yechot?"

"Lek," xi li 7antze.

"Mi mu k'u 7apas?" x7utat.

"Ch'abal," xi li 7antze.

"7A!" xi ti vinike. "7A mu k'usi che7e, lakano jve7eltik, 7a li7i chati7 vo7ot," x7utat. "Ja7 li7e chati7 7atuk. Pulo tal junuk k'ib 7ava7al, ja7 chati7 lave7ele." 7Isti7 li 7antze li sve7ele, 7iyuch' vo7, laj yuch' j-p'ej k'ib li vo7e, mu ja7uk no 7ox ta7lo ya7i li j-p'ej k'ib li vo7e, ba yuch' ta poso li vo7e k'al 7icham 7o.

Tz'í7 7istzak tal 7ox-kot kapon, 7iyul 7iyak'be yajnil 7islakan. "Ta sti7 jch'amaltak." Li 7antze kontento, 7oy sve7el 7ital, mu sna7 mi chopol sve7el 7ich'bil tal, 7i7ak'bat sti7 7at xchi7uk vinik, li 7at 7isti7be ti buch'u 7ituch'bat yat, ti xchi7uk ta vaye7e.

7I te smuk ta yut sna 7isa7bat te muk' bu yal.

"Muk' bu xkil," xi li 7antze. Ja7 to 7ijok'bat ta yut sna, te 7itabat li 7animae, li vinike mu sna7 li smalal li 7antze, k'usi ta spas li 7antze, ja7 to 7itabat k'alal 7icham li 7antze, 7ixi7 li vinike ti k'usi te mukul ta yut snae, 7iyal li vinike, 7isjak'be xch'amaltak.

"K'usi li7 mukule?" xi li vinike.

"Ch'abal," xi li xch'amale. 7Isjok' lok'el ja7 to te 7iyil ti vinike, 7iyil ti 7animae.

American drama that is presented far more adroitly by Tonik; see T86 and notes.

Little Spring

T37

A man went there to Bik'it Vo7 [Little Spring]. He went to look for soap root in the hills. And he went to look at Bik'it Vo7. He heard a band there. He

Te bat jun vinik, ba ssa7 ch'upak' ta montanyaetik, li Bik'it Vo7, 7i ba sk'el li Bik'it Vo7e, 7iya7i te jun banta musika, ba sk'el, ba sk'el bu 7oye, cha7i bu 7oy

went to look. He went to see where it was, to hear where the band was. But suddenly a rainstorm came. He didn't know it was going to rain. He stood at the foot of a tree. He waited for the rain to pass. There was a thunderbolt. The man was struck by lightning. He survived the lightning, but the tree where he was standing was destroyed. The lightning passed. Then the band played again. He heard where it was. He went to see where it was. Then he saw that there was a spring there. When he looked, the spring was very small. He returned home to tell about it. "There is a spring," he said.

"Where?" asked the others.

"Over there. Let's go look!" he said. They went to look at the spring. The spring wasn't little—the spring was big. They saw that the spring was big. They were frightened. Trumpets were blown at them. There was a cave there. They went into the depths of the earth there. [The man] returned home to say, "I'm just telling you where the spring is. As for me, I'm going to die," said the man. "My body is left in the earth, in this place," he said. Three days later the man died. Before he died the man said, "You can drink the water. I am going to guard the well, but don't give up its name, Bik'it Vo7."

li banta, pero 7ital ta 7ora vo7, mu sna7 mi chtal vo7, 7iva7i ta yok te7, 7ismala 7each' li vo7e, 7ital jun chauk, 7imaje ta chauk li vinik, 7i7ech' yu7un li chauke, ja7 laj ti te7e bu va7al 7o, 7i7ech' li chauke, ja7 to 7istijik 7o li banta musikae, noxtok, 7iya7i ti bu 7oye, ba sk'el ti bu 7oye, ja7 to 7iyil ti 7oy te vo7, bik'it ta j-mek li vo7e, k'al 7iyile, 7iyul yal ta na. "7O me li7 vo7e," xi.

"Buy?" xi li yane.

"Le7e ba jk'eltik!" xi. Ba sk'elik li vo7e, mu bik'it li vo7e, ti muk' ti vo7e, 7iyilik ti muk' ti vo7e, 7isibtasat 7itijbat korneta, te 7oy te jun ch'en, te 7i7ayik ta yut balamil, 7iyul yal ta sna -- "Ke naka xa no 7ox chkal ava7i ti bu 7oy li vo7e, li vo7on 7une, chicham," xi li vinike. "Te xa likom jjunul ta balamil li7 li balamile," xi. Ta yoxibal k'ak'al 7icham li vinike, 7iyal li vinike mu to 7ox chchame -- "Xu7 xavuch'ik li vo7e, li vo7one, ba jchabi li vo7e, pero mu me xach'aybe sbi li Bik'it Vo7e."

A Visit to the Earth Lord

T33

A person entered 7Avan Ch'en [Shouting Cave]. Rain came. He took cover. The Earth Lord came out to where the person was taking cover. The Earth Lord came out. [The person] was spoken to. [The Earth Lord] revealed everything. The person turned around. He went into the cave. He arrived inside the earth. He was given sandals. "You will go when your sandals are worn out," he was told. He became a muleteer. He went to Tonalá. He went with his mules. He returned from Tonalá. There was a maid inside 7Avan Ch'en. She spoke to him. "But your sandals won't wear out," he was told. "Because your sandals are iron sandals," he was told. A maid said [that]. "Rub your sandals!" he was told. "So that they will wear out quickly," he was told. But they lasted around three years.

The sandals weren't worn out yet. "I'm leaving," said [the person] who had entered the cave.

"You will leave when your sandals are worn out," said [the Earth Lord]. "What do you want?" [the man was asked]. "Do you want a wife?" he was asked.

"I don't," said the man.

"What do you want then? [You can't leave] until your sandals break," he was told. "You will go in the

Ta 7Avan Ch'en te 7och jun krixchano, 7ital vo7, ta x7axinaj, 7ilok' tal yajval balamil ti bu 7oy ti krixchano ta x7axinaje, 7ilok' tal yajval balamil 7i7albat 7ijam skotol, 7ijoyij ti krixchanoe, 7i7och ta ch'en, 7ik'ot ta yut balamil, 7i7ak'bat xxonob, "Ja7 to chabat mi laj laxonobe," x7utat. 7i7och ta 7ariero, chbat ta Tunelan, chbat xchi7uk ska7, sut tal ta Tunelan, ta yut la 7Avan Ch'en 7oy jun kiarail, 7i7albat, "Pero laxonobe mu x7aj," x7utat. "Kómo laxonobe tak'in xonobil," 7i7albat. 7iyal jun kiarail. "Juxo laxonobe!" x7utat. "Yu7un ta x7aj ta 7ora," x7utat. Pero 7ijalij kómo 7oxib jabil.

"Bwéno, sk'an to x7aj li xonobile. "Ta xilok' ech'el," xi ti buch'u 7och ta ch'ene.

"Xalok' ti mi laj laxonobe," xi la. "K'usi chak'an?" x7utat. "Chak'an 7avajnil?" x7utat.

"Mu jk'an," xi li vinik.

"K'usi chak'an che7e, ja7 to ti mi jat laxonobe," 7i7albat. "Ta xmal k'ak'al chabat," x7utat. "Pero

afternoon," he was told. "But you can take with you whatever you want, a woman if you want," he was told. He was given a jug. He took it out with him. In the beginning he had a wife who was left at home.

The wife said, "My husband is dead." The man sent a note to his wife [to ask] if his wife would still accept him. The woman spoke. "My husband is dead," she said. The woman didn't believe that her husband was still alive—she didn't love him [any-more]. The wife said that he wasn't her husband, because he came out a white man. He came out. He left. On the third day after he sent the note he arrived home. Then the man arrived. The woman was scared. The woman said he wasn't her husband. The man arrived. The man arrived and embraced her. He arrived and kissed her. He kissed the woman three times, and then the woman learned [to speak] the language right away. Now the woman knew how [to speak] Spanish. The man began to chat. He hadn't been accepted when he arrived.

But the man said, "My pay is coming." [That's what] the husband said.

"Where?" asked the wife.

"That's it coming!" said the husband.

"We'll see if you're telling the truth," she said. The man was telling the truth. He took [something else] out [of the cave] together with his treasure. It was the cross. It is called *Krus 7Avajel* [Gospel Cross]. It was alive once.

Then the priest killed the cross with boiling water, because the priest didn't want it to make any noise. Long ago [the man] asked it for money. That's why it was called *Xun 7Ariax's* treasure. He left his treasure in the church. Eight mule loads of his money arrived. The wife was happy now. She had arrived to look at the money. The man told her. He told her. She looked in her house. Eight mule loads of money, [that's how much] money there was. It became known. It was heard that there was a rich man in *Zinacantán Center*.

It was said, "Why don't we go, compare ourselves, and [see] who has more money," the people of *San Cristóbal* said. The *San Cristóbal* people assembled. "Let's go!" They measured the money by the bushel. All the people of *San Cristóbal* gathered their money together. The man heard that they were coming to count up his money. Right away he sent for a guard. When the people of *San Cristóbal* came he showed [his money]. The man let his money be counted up. The *Earth Lord* spoke.

"Don't worry. Let them count it and see," [the man] was told. Six buzzards went to guard it. [The man] was named *Xun*. His money was counted. They compared it [to see] if the man had as much money as the people of *San Cristóbal*. His money

chavich' ech'el k'usi chak'an, jun 7antz mi xak'an,"
x7utat. 7I7ak'bat jun botija, 7iyich' lok'el tal, primero
7oy yajnil komem ti bu 7oy sna.

7Iyal ti 7antz, "Chamem jmalal," xi li 7antz. Ja7
li vinike, 7istak j-lik vun yu7un yajnil mi ch7ik'e to
yu7un yajnil. 7Iyal li 7antz, "Chamem jmalal," xi li
7antz. Mu xa xch'un li 7antz, mi kuxul smalal, mu
xa sk'an, 7iyal li 7antz, ti ma7uk smalale, kómo lok'
xa kómo jkaxlan lok' xa 7ilok' ech'el, ta yoxibal
k'ak'al 7ik'ot ta sna, ti k'alal 7istak li vun 7une, k'alal
7ik'ot li vinike, 7ixi7 li 7antz, 7iyal ma7uk smalal li
7antz, 7ik'ot ti vinike, 7ik'ot smey, 7ik'ot sbutz',
7oxib bwelta 7isbuz' li 7antz, 7ásta ke 7ischan ta
7ora li k'op, li 7antz, sna7 xa k'op li 7antz, ta
kastiya, 7ilik lo7ilajuk li vinike, sk'an to 7ox x7ik'e, ti
bu 7aye.

Pero *7iyal li vinike, "7Oy jtojol tal," xi li vinike.*

"Buy?" *xi li 7antz.*

"Le7 xtale!" *xi li vinike.*

"Jk'eltik kik mi yech 7aval," *xi. Yech yal li vinike,*
7iyich'be lok'el xchi7uk sme7 stak'in, ja7 li krus,
Krus 7Avajel sbi, vo7ne kuxul to 7ox.

7Óra, li palee, 7ismil li kruse, ta k'ak'al vo7 yu7un
mu sk'an ti xbak' li pale vo7nee xak' to 7ox la tak'in
yech'o 7isbiin ti sme7 stak'in Xun 7Ariax, 7iyak'
komel ta 7eklixa li sme7 stak'ine, 7ik'ot vaxakib ta
mula li tak'ine, li 7antz, xmuyibaj xa, k'ot sk'eloj li
tak'ine, 7iyal un, 7iyal 7issa7 ta sna, li vinike, vaxakib
ta mula li tak'ine, kom li tak'ine, 7ivinaj 7i7a7yat ti
7oy jun krixchano, jk'u lej ta Jtek-lum.

7I7albat, "K'u cha7al mu xba jp'is jbatik mi 7ep
stak'in?" xi li jjobelal 7osile. 7Istzob sba li Jobele.
"Battik!" Sp'isik li tak'in ta 7almule, 7istzob sbaik li
tak'in skotolik li jjobelal 7osile, 7iya7i li jun vinike ti
xtal sp'isbe li stak'ine, likel 7istak ta 7ik'el xchabiel,
7iyak' ta k'elet k'alal 7ital li jjobelal 7osile, 7iyak'
7ip'isbat stak'in li jun vinike, 7iyal li yajval bamil.

"Mu k'u xal 7avo7on 7ak'o sp'isik yil," *x7utat. Bat*
ta xchabiel 7un vak-kot xulem, Xun sbi, 7ip'isbat ti
stak'ine sko7oltasik mi ko7ol stak'in xchi7uk jjobelal
7osile, xchi7uk li jun vinike, 7ip'isbat stak'in, 7ikom
skotol stak'in li jjobelal 7osile, x7ok'ik xa ech'el

was counted up. [He won]. The people of San Cristóbal [had to] leave all their money. All the people of San Cristóbal left crying. The man who came out of the cave, whose name was Xun 7Ariax, won.

In Europe it was the devil who exchanged earthly riches for Doctor Faustus' soul, but in Middle America the chief contractor has changed his identity. In the Nahua area he is a "pingo," a charro (Madsen, 1969:629). In Mitla he is Lightning (Parsons, 1932a, T2). In San Luis Jilotepeque he is a dwarf (Tumin, 1946:439). Among the Achi he is "Ximón" (Simon), the Earth Lord (Shaw 1972:65). In Zinacantán he is the Earth Lord or Thunderbolt. In a tale from the Tzutujil region of Guatemala, the protagonist works for three days inside a mountain in exchange for treasure. His family is frightened by his return, because the three days actually have been three years (Rosales, 1945:835).

Our hero's iron sandals may have been made in Europe (A. M. Espinosa, 1967, T128). The maid who advises Xun 7Ariax to rub down their soles must be the same girl who figured in the Chenalhó man's escape from Hell (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:258-260).

It is still common belief that a Zinacantec can sell his own soul

skotol li jjobelal 7osile, spas kanal li vinik buch'u lok' ta ch'en, ke sbi Xun 7Ariax.

or another's to the Earth Lord.

Until 1970 the Gospel Cross from 7Avan Ch'en stood inconspicuously in the Church of St. Lawrence, wrapped in a straw mat. Every Fiesta of St. Lawrence the wrappings were removed. The silver cross was revealed, festooned with yards of brightly colored ribbons and strings of ancient coins. But shortly after Christmas in 1969, the church was pilfered and the Gospel Cross removed. This theft was thought by many to have been engineered by American anthropologists. Nine months later a "saint" and two "bells" appeared in the rock formation of 7Avan Ch'en. The saint spoke to a Zinacantec shaman in his dreams demanding that he be moved to the church, but after much heated community discussion no such action was taken.

The contest between Xun 7Ariax and the Ladinos of San Cristóbal is reminiscent of the scene in Xun Vaskis' "The King and the Ring" (T113). For a detailed, lucid analysis of the role of the Earth Lord in Zinacantán, see Thomsen, 1966. See also T9, T19, and T173.

The Dwarfs

T24

The rabbit is the dwarfs' mule. They load the rabbit. [The pack] slips to the side. The world will turn upside down if the rabbit's pack stays on top. [When] the sun passes over they put mud on their heads. It is a hot place. The mud is [used] for their hats. They want to come up, because they suffer from the heat down below and want us to see what their country is like. So they want to come up now where we are.

The rabbit's back, of course, is too humped for the packs to stay in place. This tale has appeared in poetic form (Laughlin

Ska7 konchave li t'ule, ta xak'be yikatz li t'ule, ta xjelav ta j-jot, ta xjoyij li balamil ti mi kajtzaj li yikatze li t'ule, ta x7ech' ti jch'ul-tottike, ta xak'ik 7ach'el ta sjolik k'ixin 7osil, ja7 spixol li 7ach'ele, ja7 sk'an ta xmuy tal k'u yu7un 7abol sba ta k'ak'al ta 7olon, 7ak'o ba jpastik proval k'u cha7al ti slumal stukike, ja7 ta sk'an ta xmuy tal lavi bu 7oyotik li vo7otike.

and Merwin, 1972). See also T7, T80, T89, and their notes.

When the Soldiers Were Coming

T25

The soldiers came on up. They passed Ixtapa. They came to Burrero. They came to Tz'akav 7Uk'um [River Fork]. They came to Tierra Blanca. They arrived at Salinas. There was a market above Salinas. [Some of] the soldiers were lost there. They came to the market. They arrived at the next stage, Jolom Na [Weaving House]. At Jolom Na, a woman was weaving. The soldiers said, "Why don't we go grab the woman who is weaving there?" The soldiers went. They went to grab the woman. Then they were lost there where the woman was weaving. As there were many soldiers, the others [who hadn't looked] passed on by. The other soldiers came on up

7Imuy tal solteroetik, 7ech' tal ta Nibak, 7ital ta Burero, tal ta Tz'akav 7Uk'um, 7ital ta Sak-lum, 7iyul ta 7Atz'am, ta yak'ol 7Atz'am jun ch'ivit te yo7e, te ch'ay 7o ti soltero, 7ech' tal ta ch'ivit, 7iyul j-koj noxtok ta Jolom Na, ta Jolom Na ta xjalav jun 7antz. 7Iyal ti solteroe, "K'u cha7al mu xba jtzaktik li 7antze, te ta xjalav?" Bat li solteroe, ba stzakik 7antz, te ch'ay ti bu 7oy ti 7antz te ta xjalave, kómo 7ep solteroe, jelav tal yan, 7imuy tal li yan solteroetike ta Tz'ajom Pik', te ta x7atin jun 7antz, 7iyul li solteroe, 7iyul ve7uk ta nab, kómo ta x7atin jun 7antz ta nab, sk'elojik te ch7atin li 7antze ti solteroe. 7Iyal li solteroe, "Ba jtzaktik!" xi ti

to Tz'ajom Pik' [Submerged Clitoris]. A woman was bathing there. The soldiers arrived. They came to eat at the lake since a woman was bathing in the lake. The soldiers had seen the woman bathing. The soldiers said, "Let's go grab her!" [That's what] the soldiers said. Several went and grabbed the woman. The soldiers stayed there. They stayed there at Tz'ajom Pik'. All the soldiers went in there. Another group continued on. They went on to Xlok' Yo7on Ton [Rock Whose Heart Appears]. They looked at Xlok' Yo7on Ton. They passed on to Zinacantán. They came as far as San Cristóbal.

In this version, unlike Romin Teratol's (T17) and Manvel K'obyox's (T56), the army reaches Zinacantán. See T17, T56,

solteroe. Jay-vo7 7ibat 7istzak ti 7antze, te kom ti solteroe, te kom ta Tz'ajom Pik', te 7i7och skotol li solteroe, 7ijelav to tal, j-lom 7i7ech' tal ta Xlok' Yo7on Ton 7isk'elik Xlok' Yo7on Ton, 7ech' tal ta Tzinakanta, 7ital k'al Jobel.

and their notes.

The Buzzard Man

. T42

He asked the buzzard for its suit. On the third day it was given to him. The man talked to the buzzard. "Give me your clothes," said the man.

"Take them," said the buzzard. The man wasn't given the wings. The wife of the man who asked the buzzard for its clothes wasn't there. When the buzzard saw that the woman's husband wasn't there anymore it turned into a person. The woman got mad when she came, [when] she came back from the well. She got mad, because her husband wasn't there anymore. The man who had been a buzzard saw the woman come [in]. He went in to speak to the woman. And he asked if he could live with the woman, just like her husband. She said she didn't want him, that she was better off by herself, that the husband never provided for her, that he didn't work. The buzzard spoke. "I'll work," he said. "I'll bring food for you, whatever you want to eat." The next day he asked her what she wanted to eat, whether fresh meat or jerked meat.

The woman answered, "Anything, whatever you can get."

"All right, then, have the water for it boiling when I return!" [he said]. The water for the meat was boiling. He came back in just two hours. [The meat] disappeared. He went to steal it. He stole meat in Acala. He flew back in the sky. He came back to eat. He returned home to eat with the woman.

The woman spoke. "I have found a better husband," said the woman. "My stomach is fuller," said the woman, "with a man [around]." Her husband was there. Her first husband was crying there on the rubbish heap. The woman spoke. "Go once and for all. I don't want to see your face anymore. Why did

Ta sk'anbe sk'u7 xulem, ta x7ok' li vinike kwándo ta xtal j-kot xulem 7isk'anbe sk'u7 li xuleme, ta yoxibal k'ak'al 7i7ak'bat li sk'u7e, 7isk'opon sbaik xchi7uk li xuleme li jun vinike. "7Ak'bon lak'u7e!" xi li jun vinike.

"7Ich'ol!" xi li xuleme. Mu7yuk 7ak'bat xxik' li vinike, mu7yuk te yajnil li vinik ta sk'anbe sk'u7 li xuleme, k'alal 7iyil ma7uk xa smalal, li 7antze, te xa 7ipas ta krixchano li xuleme, 7ikap li 7antze, k'alal 7ital 7iyul ta vo7 li 7antze, 7ikap 7o ti ma7uk xa smalale, 7iyil 7ital li 7antz li jun vinik li xulem to 7ox, 7i7och sk'opon li 7antze, 7i tzk'an 7ik'el xchi7uk ti k'u cha7al ti smalale, li 7antze, 7iyal ti mu sk'an, mejor stuk, muk' bu stabe sve7el jun vinik, mu sna7 x7abtej. 7iyal li xulem, "Chi7abtej," xi. "Ta jsa7 tal li 7ave7ele k'usi xak'an xalajes." Ta jun 7o k'ak'al 7isjak' k'usi sk'an sti7 mi yaxal bek'et 7o mi taxux.

7iyal li 7antze, "K'usuk no 7ox k'usi xata tal."

"Teuk che7e, lakanbo ya7lel k'al xiyul tale!" Chvokan li ya7lel li bek'ete, 7iyul ta chib no 7ox 7ora, 7ich'ay, 7i7ay yelk'an tal, 7iyelk'an bek'et ta 7Amuxton, ta xvil tal ta vinajel, 7iyul ve7uk, 7iyul ta sna ve7uk xchi7uk li 7antze.

7iyal li 7antze, "Mas to lek 7ijta li jmalale," xi li 7antze. "Mas noj jch'ut," xi li 7antze. "Xchi7uk jun vinik." Te li smalale, te ch7ok' ta k'a7eptik ti ba7yi smalal, 7ik'opoj li 7antze. "Batan ta j-moj mu xa jk'an jk'el 7asat k'u yu7un 7ak'anbe sk'u7 li xuleme, batan no 7ox naka me kak'bot te7!" xi li 7antze.

you ask the buzzard for its clothes? Just go or I'll hit you with a stick!" said the woman. The man cried now. On the third day, the wife beat her husband with a stick, since the woman's husband, her first husband, wouldn't walk. She was happy now with her husband who had been a buzzard. He turned into a man. "He gets lots of food!" said the woman.

Xun's account of the buzzard man differs from other versions recorded here in one detail that causes critical differences in the unfolding of the story—the lazy man is not given the buzzard's wings. This means that he could not plunge into the fire. It also puts a twist on the conventional moral of the story, for the hero,

X7ok' xa li vinik 7une, ta yoxibal k'ak'al 7i7ak'bat te7 li smalal li 7antze, ti mu xxanav li smalal li 7antze, li ba7yi smalal, ja7 nop xa xchi7uk li jun smalal li xulem to 7oxe, ja7 pas ta vinik. "Ja7 lek ssa7 tal ve7elil!" xi li antze.

still endowed with wings, does not gain food for his new wife by working in the corn field, but rather by theft! Nevertheless Xun says that his mother told him this tale as an example of why not to be lazy. See also T43, T69, their notes, and T48.

The Bird

T22

First the Chamulans arrived at Ya7ajvil with bows and arrows and spears. The chief was named The Bird. The war broke out there. They killed very few [people]. They only [had] bows and arrows. [But] the soldiers shot bullets. They killed a lot. When the battle ended at Ya7ajvil, they came on to San Cristóbal. They spent around three days in San Cristóbal. They came to San Felipe. They stopped a day there. That's what they did. They came to Laguna Grande. They continued. They were travelling on the trails then. They came to steal clothes, and tortillas. They stole horses. After that they continued until they passed San Lucas. They went as far as Chiapilla. The [people] of Chiapilla assembled then. They waited for the soldiers that had come to Acala. The soldiers came on from Acala. The soldiers formed two groups. One group went to Carranza. The other group stayed in Chiapilla. They fought in Chiapilla. Then [a lot of] people died. They were left in piles. When all the people had died they poured kerosene on them.

Well, it was the soldiers who burnt them up. The soldiers went to Carranza. The Bird was burnt up.

In 1960, after telling me this legend, Xun dated it a hundred year's earlier "in the time of Don Porfirio" Díaz. His reckoning was 61 years too early, but the events occurred only shortly after Díaz' fall.

His report of The Bird's campaign coincides with Xun Vaskis' in placing the first battle near Zinacantán. The final major battle

Primeró 7iyul ta Ya7ajvil li 7uloetike xchi7uk p'ilom te7, xchi7uk lansa, ja7 totil Pajaro sbi, 7iyul 7ak'-k'ok' te 7une, jutuk 7ismil ta j-mek, naka p'ilom te7, ja7 li solteroetike 7i chak' bala, 7ep 7ismil, laj xa li k'ok' ta Ya7ajvile, 7ital ta Jobel, 7ech' nan 7oxibuk k'ak'al ta Jobel, tal ta Xam-pilipe, jun k'ak'al 7ipaj te, 7ipas, 7ital ta Muk'ta Nab, bat un, te xa chanavik ta be, tal yelk'an k'u7ul, vaj, ta xelk'an ka7, laj, bat 7un 7ásta ke 7ech' ta Xan-lukax, bat k'alal 7Ach' Lum, li 7Ach' Lum 7une te stzob sbaik 7une, 7ismalaik soltero 7ital ta 7Ach' Lum, 7ital ta 7Amuch Ton li solteroe, chib parte spasik ti solteroe, jun parte bat ta Karansa, jun parte kom ta 7Ach' Lum, tey yak'ik k'ok' ta 7Ach' Lum, te cham ti krixchano, te kom te busul, 7ásta ke 7iyak'be kas k'alal 7icham skotol li krixchanoe.

Bwéno, ja7 la xchik'ik li solteroe 7ibat ta Karansa ti solteroe, ja7 7ik'ak' li Pajaro.

was fought in Chiapilla on 10 October 1911. As Xun 7Akov relates, the followers of The Bird were routed and their bodies burned. But the survivors, including The Bird himself, were pursued to Venustiano Carranza where they scattered and fled back to the mountains. See also T28, T66, T116, T153, T154, and their notes.

When the Chamulans Marched on the Capital

T28

With spears, with bows and arrows they went to Tuxtla. They were going to steal the staff of office. They wanted to establish the government in Chamula. The situation grew so grave that it reached Tuxtla. The Chamulans went to take away the staff

Ta lansa ta p'ilom te7 bat ta Tuxta, ta 7ox ba yelk'anik tal baston ta sk'an spasik govyerno ta Chamu7, k'al ti batz'ij k'op ta Tuxtae, ba spojik li baston 7une, li jchamu7etike, oy syen jchamu7 stzoboj sba li j7ik'al k'u7etike, ta xbat yich' 7o 7ox tal

of office. There were one hundred Chamulans who had assembled—the black-clothed ones. They were going to bring the staff of office from Tuxtla, but you see they were struck a blow on the way, in Chiapa. The soldiers were waiting in Chiapa. [The Chamulans] fled to the woods. They passed Chiapa. Then they were struck at the bridge in Chiapa. Around sixty people died at the bridge. Then they returned. Forty now came [back] in fear. The people returned, but they were chased through the woods. All those who escaped, hid. Those who escaped, who didn't die, returned. When they returned they said, "We can't win now. The staff of office can't be taken," they said. "We'd better give up," they said. "We can't win anymore," they said. "Let's give up. We'd better turn ourselves in to whomever comes, to whatever government comes in [to power] in Tuxtla," they said.

Although Xun does not identify the Chamulan force here as belonging to The Bird, a Chamulan reminiscence describes how The Bird marched on Tuxtla to recover the staff of office that had been stolen from Chamula. When they reached Jompana near Chiapa, they were met by ladinas from Tuxtla, who offered them a free meal. Not suspecting that they were to be victims of Ladino treachery, they gladly accepted. The women quickly retired, and the unfortunate Chamulans were mowed down by the federal soldiers concealed behind the rocks (Gossen, T155).

ta Tuxta li bastone, pero k'usi 7un, 7istaik majel ta be ta Soktom, ta Soktom malvanem li solteroetike, 7ijatavik ta te7tik, 7ijelav ta Soktom, ja7 to te majbil ta ba k'o ta Soktom, 7ilajik kómo 7ox-vinik krixchano ta ba k'o, te 7isut, 7ixi7 tal cha7-vinik xa, 7isut tal ti krixchano, pero 7inutze ta te7tik, 7isnak' sbaik li k'u yepal 7ikole, 7isutik tal li jay-vo7 xa 7ikole, muk' 7ichamik. 7Iyul yal "Mu jpastik kanal xa," xi. "Mu xpoj li bastone," xi. "Mejor kikta jbatik," xi. "Mu xa jpastik kanal," xi. "Kikta jbatik, mejor kak' jbatik k'usi ta xtal, k'usi jyu7elal ta x7och tal ta Tuxta," xi.

Historical sources mention a battle for a bridge in Chiapa occurring on 8 October 1911, only two days before the final defeat of The Bird in Chiapilla (L. Espinosa, 1912:56).

The San Cristóbal historian Prudencio Moscoso believes that the Indians have confused here the shifting of the state government from San Cristóbal to Tuxtla Gutiérrez, by Governor Rabasa in 1892, with the later events of the Revolution. See also T22, T66, T116, T153, T154, and their notes.

The Indian King

T34

Once a man was summoned. They wanted him in Mexico City. A dispatch came to the magistrate, [saying] "Have the king come to Mexico City!"

He replied. "No. There is none," said the magistrate. He ordered a search. He heard that there was someone lying on his stomach next to the church, at the market. [The man] heard that he was being sought. He went to talk to the magistrate.

"I'm going!" he said. He told the magistrate.

"You won't be received. You haven't fine clothes," he was told.

"Who says I haven't any clothes?" he said. They went to look at his house [to see] if he had anything. There were his pots. They were filled with money. But the magistrate spoke.

"But don't you go," [the man] was told. "Stay here in our country. We'll look for somebody else to go to Mexico City," said the magistrate. He said it would be whomever he wanted.

"No, I'll go," said [the man] until the magistrate sent him. The magistrate sent him. He left. He collected together all his money, as much as he had. He left. He left his country behind. The magistrate sent him. "All right, then," he said. "Take care!" he

7A ti vo7ne xtake ta 7ik'el jun krixchano, ta xk'ane ta Mejiko, 7ital jun 7orden yu7un li presirente, "7Ak'o taluk li reye!" xi li mejikoe.

7Iyal, "Ch'abal mu7yuk," xi li presirentee. 7Istak ta sa7el, 7iya7i ti 7oy jun xpatet ta xxokon 7eklix, ta ch'ivit, 7iya7i ti tzsa7ee, 7ibat sk'opon li presirente.

"Chibat vo7on," xi. 7Iyal li presirente.

"Mu xach'ame muk' lek 7ak'u7," x7utat.

"K'u cha7al mu 7oyuk jk'u7?" xi. 7Ibat sk'elbel sna ti 7oy k'usuk yu7un te 7oy sp'intak te noj ta tak'in, pero 7iyal li presirente.

"Pero mu xabat vo7ote," x7utat. "Li7an no 7oxe li7 ta jlumaltike, ta jsa7tik yan buch'u xbat ta Mejiko," xi li presirente. 7Iyal li buch'u chk'ane.

"Mo7oj vo7on chibat," xi. 7Ásta ke 7istak li presirente ech'ele, 7istak ech'el li presirentee, 7ibat, 7istzob sba skotol stak'in k'u yepal 7oy, 7ibat 7un, 7iskomtzan slumal 7istak ech'el li presirentee. "Teuk che7e," xi. "Te k'el abaik!" xi komel. "Teuk mi xisut

said. "It's all right if I return or if I don't," he said. "Or if I have gone for good, take care!" The magistrate cried when the king left. "All right. We'll see each other when I come back," said [the man]. "If not, then not," he said. He left. They parted with him in Tuxtla. He left contentedly. Happily, he went. The magistrate sent him. No more dispatches came from Mexico City. It was only the king himself they sent. Then he arrived happily in Mexico City. [He went] to the President of Mexico. The President of Mexico was happy that he had arrived in Mexico City. The man arrived to speak to him. "I am a king," he said on his arrival. He spoke. "If I get sick, because I am growing old, set down a jug for three days, [place me in it], and tether a black mule for three days," he said.

They didn't tether it for three days. They let the mule go, so the king died inside the jug. That's why ever since there is no more talk of kings.

The prominent role taken by the magistrate in Xun's version is unique. It seems likely that this is a reflection of Xun's past, his own career as politician and magistrate.

The strange fate of the king, who wished to be rejuvenated, is

tale 7o mi mo7oj," xi. "7O mi libat 7o, te k'el abaik 7un!" 7I7ok' to li presirente 7une, ja7 ti k'al 7ibat li reye. "Teuk un, te jk'opon jbatik ti mi lisut tale," xi. "Mo7oj mi ch'abale, ch'abal," xi. 7Ibat ta skoltaik ta Tuxta, 7ibat kontento, jun yo7on 7ibat, 7istak ech'el presirente, mu xa bu xtal ti mantale ta Mejikoe, ti ja7 la ja7 stuk ta j-mek rey 7istakik ech'el 7ásta ke jun yo7on 7ik'ot ta Mejiko, k'al presirente Mejiko, kontento la yo7on li presirente ta Mejiko, ke ti k'ot ta Mejiko, te k'ot yal li vinike. "Vo7on reyon," xi k'otel. 7Iyal, "Ti mi licham 7une," xi la. "Pero ta me ximalub." 7Iyal. "Vuchanik 7oxibuk k'ak'al li limeton, xchi7uk j-kot 7ik'al mula 7oxib k'ak'al xachuk komel," xi la.

Bwéno, mu la bu xchukik 7oxib k'ak'al, 7islok'esik li mulae ja7 ti k'u cha7al te cham ta yut limeton li reye, k'u cha7al k'al tana 7ilaj sk'oplal li reye.

confirmed by Rey Komis (T165). It sounds like a scene from *The Tales of the Arabian Nights*, but I have found no model for it. See also T11, T64, T113, T165, and their notes.

Saved from the Horned Serpent

T38

There is a rock with horns. It goes out on Wednesdays and Thursdays. A man went to see why the rock had horns. He saw the rock move. There was a thunderbolt. The rock was struck. The rock's horns were knocked off. The man was not struck by lightning. The man was just scared. He returned home. He said that the rock was called Xul Vo7. He said that there was a spring there [in] the forest, [in] the woods. He said that there was a spring. "Let's go look!" said the man. "Here is the spring." Five people came to look at the spring [to see] if it was true that there was a spring where the man said. They went to look at the rock where it was hit by lightning, [where] the man and the rock were. The rock spoke. The rock talked by itself. It said that its name was Xul Vo7 Ton. There was a horned serpent at the rock. It dug up the ground. The people came to live there. They said that the rock was called Xulub Chon [Horned Serpent]. They went to pray. They celebrated Cross Day where the rock stood. The rock spoke. "Thank you for praying to me," said the rock. It hid the horned serpent. It didn't dig up the ground. It had wanted to kill all the people who lived there. The water couldn't be drunk then. The Earth Lord didn't want us to drink it. They appeased the Earth Lord. He was contented. He

Ton 7oy xxulub 7oy, ta melkulex, ta jweves xlok', jun vinik 7i ba sk'el k'u yu7un ti 7oy xxulub ti tone, 7iyil ke ta xbak' li tone, 7ital jun chauk, 7ital smajel li tone, lok'esbat xxulub li tone, li vinike muk' bu 7ilaj ta chauk, 7ixi7 no 7ox li vinike, 7iyul ta sna, 7iyal ti sbi li tone, ti Xul Vo7, 7iyal ti 7oy te vo7e, montanyaetik, te7tik 7iyal ti 7o ti vo7e. "Ba jk'eltik!" xi li vinike. "Li7 vo7e." 7I7al vo7-vo7 krixchano tal sk'el li vo7e, mi yech xal li jun vinike, li bu chal li vo7e, ba sk'elik li ton ti bu laj ta chauke, li jun vinike, xchi7uk ton, 7iyal li tone, 7ik'opoj stuk li tone, ti yal sbi ti Xul Vo7 Ton, 7isjok' balamil 7oy xulub chon ta ton, tal nakluk li krixchano 7iyalik to 7oy Xulub Chon sbi li tone, ba sk'oponik 7ispasik k'in krus ti bu 7oy va7al li tone, 7iyal li tone. "Kol aval chak'oponon," xi li tone. 7Isnak' li xulub chon, mu7yuk 7isjok' li lume, ta 7ox sk'an ta smil skotol li krixchano k'u yepal te nakal, ja7 mu xa stak' 7uch'el li vo7e, mu sk'an chkuch'betik li yajval balamile, 7islajesbeik yo7on li yajval balamile, 7ilaj yo7on, 7iyak' permiso, 7iyuch'ik vo7 k'al tana, nakal ti krixchanoetike, yech'o muk' bu xch'ay 7o sk'inal li mayoe.

gave them permission. The people living there still drink the water. That's why the May celebration is never abandoned.

Xun describes this serpent as having two horns and being as big as a bull. It is supposed to have gouged out the ravines with its horns.

Horned serpents have inhabited the Middle American cosmos for at least a millennium. Plumed serpent columns at the entrance to the Temple of Warriors in Chichen Itza are each endowed with a pair of horns. Parsons notes the presence of horned serpents in the beliefs of the Mixe, Caddo, Mayo-Yaquis, and Pueblo Indians. They are known in Nahuatl as *mazacoatl* or "deer snake." Their association with water persists to this day among the Zapotecs (Parsons, 1936:332-333), Totonacs (Ichon, 1969:122), Achí (Shaw, 1972:51-52), and Chorti (Fought, 1972:83-85, 110-113; Girard, 1962:95-96). Like the Zinacantecs,

the Chorti give offerings to the horned serpent on May 3rd for the Holy Cross Day well ceremonies. They consider the horned serpent to be the alter ego of the god of the earth's center, the lord of water, crowned at both ends with a pair of bejeweled golden horns, with which it plowed the riverbeds. As in Xun's story, it may be smitten by the gods for causing landslides.

In 1813 a Spanish proclamation to the overseas members of the Empire, pleading for their support while Napoleon's armies rampaged through the homeland, was translated into Tzotzil by an anonymous churchman of Chiapas. Striving to reach Tzotzil hearts and purses, the couplets liken the "murderous" Napoleon to a jaguar, a whirlwind, and a horned serpent (*Proclama del duque infante presidente*, 1813:2-5).

The Tree and the Spring

T29



FIGURE 6.—View from Paste 7, 1971 (photo by Frank Cancian).

There was a tree standing by the spring. A very long time ago they said, "There is a spring where the tree is standing." [That's what] the people said.

"Let's go see," said the others.

"Let's go," they said. They came to look at the spring. They saw that the tree wasn't there now.

They saw something [that looked] like a person standing there in the place where the tree was. They saw the person standing there. They found a stump standing there where the spring was. They began to dig a well. The next day they saw that the tree was standing there where a tree had always been. They dug the well. They found water. They named it Vo7 Ta Pas Te7 ["Spring by the Stump"].

This origin tale of the major waterhole in Xun's hamlet of Paste7 was not very clear to me, so eleven days later I asked Xun to retell it (T46). Although both accounts give the same information that a tree disappeared, was replaced by a human being, who was replaced by a stump, which vanished at the reappearance of the tree, I have retained both to show the degree of variance in two versions told within a short period of

7Oy te jun te7 tek'el ta vo7, 7iyalik ti vo7ne ta j-meke, "Oy me te jun vo7 ta tek'el te7!" xi ti krixchano.

"Ba jk'eltik kik," xi ti yane.

"Battik!" xi. 7Italik sk'elik li vo7, 7iyil ti ch'abal xa te li te7e.

Bwéno, 7iyilik jun kómo jun krixchano te va7al, ti buy yav ti te7, 7iyilik xa li krixchano te oy va7al 7istaik, jun chuman te7 te va7al ti bu 7oy li vo7e, 7ilik sjok'ik li vo7e, ta yok'omal 7iyilik te xa tek'el ti te7 ti buy 7onox tek'el li te7, 7isjok'ik li vo7e, 7istaik li vo7 7isbiin Vo7 ta Pas Te7.

time by the same individual.

The etymology of Pas Te7 is difficult; *te7* means tree, but *pas* apparently is derived from the root *p'as*, which indicates a short length of wood, in this instance referring to the stump. If Pas Te7 is translated loosely as "stump," then Vo7 Ta Pas Te7 would be "Spring By the Stump," and Pas Te7al Vo7 (T46) would be "Stump Spring." See T46.

The Tree and the Spring

T46

In the beginning it was there. The tree disappeared when they saw it—when [they saw] there was a spring there. A tree had been standing there. The next day they went to look. They saw the tree was no longer there. They saw a person standing there where the tree had stood. [That was] when the people were off in the distance. When they looked, after they had come close to where the person was standing, they saw a stump standing there. [It was] when they arrived next to where the spring was. They returned from looking at the spring. They went back to bring their tools, to dig the well. They saw that the tree was standing there again, that the stump was no longer there. They thought it over. They offered candles. They asked for permission since they wanted to dig a well. They dug the well. When they finished digging the well they celebrated Cross Day. That's why they named it Pas Te7al Vo7 ["Stump Spring"].

Primeró te to 7ox 7ich'ay te7e, k'alal ti 7iyilik ti k'al te 7oy vo7, te petzel j-tek' te7, 7ibat sk'elik ta jun 7o k'ak'al, 7iyilik ch'abal xa te li te7e, 7iyil krixchano te va7al bu 7oy to 7ox li te7e, petzel, ti k'alal nom to 7ox xlok'ik li krixchano, k'alal 7iyilik k'alal 7inopojik bu va7al li krixchano, ja7 to 7iyilik jun chuman te7 te va7al, k'alal 7ik'ot ta stz'el bu 7oy vo7e sutik tal sk'elik vo7, ja7 to 7isut tal yich'ik yabtejebik ta sjok'ik ti vo7, 7iyilik te xa petzel li te7 noxtok, ja7 ch'abal xa li chuman te7e, lik snopik, 7iyak'ik kantela, 7isk'anik lisensya yu7un sk'an sjok'ik li vo7e, 7isjok'ik vo7, spasik k'in krus k'alal laj sjok' li vo7 yech'o 7isbiin li Pas Te7al Vo7.

For commentary see T29.

Bellyache

T32

They slept together. The woman had a husband. The woman's husband came. [A man] spoke to his sister-in-law. They talked together. He slept with his sister-in-law. The husband didn't know that there was someone else. The husband came. He arrived to

Yik' sbaik, 7oy smalal li 7antze, 7ital smalal li 7antze, 7isk'opon sbaik xchi7uk smu7, 7iyalbe sbaik, chik' sbaik xchi7uk smu7, mu sna7 li vinik, mi 7o te yan, 7ital li vinike, makal sna, yul sta, 7isjam sna li vinik, te kajalik xcha7-va7alik xchi7uk smu7.

find the house closed. The husband opened the door. There the two of them were, the other [man] on top of his sister-in-law.

And the husband wanted to kill them. They turned into birds. They flew away. They left by the eaves. They went outside. When they went into the woods [one] said, "Bellyache."

The other answered, "Sister-in-law, bellyache." They flew in the trees. The two of them went and called in the trees.

This tale explains the origin of the names of the red-billed pigeon, *k'us tzukutin* or *k'us tzukut mut*. *K'ux* means pain. When the *x* is followed by *tz*, its shape could change in rapid speech to *s*. *Tzukut* means belly. *Mut* or "bird" is very similar to *mu7*, "sister-in-law." Actually the names imitate the pigeon's call.

A similar version of this tale is told in Chamula. When a man discovered his wife sleeping with his younger brother, he attacked them with a machete. They turned into birds and flew to the woods. His wife became a red-billed pigeon and his brother a white-tipped dove (Gossen, T22).

A Cakchiquel tale from Guatemala relates an illicit affair between a boy and his sister-in-law. When discovered, the girl

7I ta 7ox sk'an smil li vinike, 7ispas sbaik ta mut,
7ivil ech'el, 7ilok' ta nuk' na, 7ilok' ta pana 7une.
K'al 7ibat ta te7tike, 7iyal, "K'us tzukutin."

7Itak'av li yan, "Jmu7 k'us tzukutin." Chvil ta
te7tik, 7ay ta x7ok' ta te7tik ta xcha7-va7alik xa.

dies and the boy turns into a roadrunner (Búcaro Moraga, 1959:47).

In Belize Thompson recorded a tale of the Sun, whose elder brother, Venus, has an affair with his wife, the Moon. The Sun feeds them a chili tamale. They drink quantities of water, until the Moon begs a buzzard to carry her off. The Sun, enlisting the aid of a blowfly, finally discovers her hideaway and brings her back (J. E. Thompson, 1930: 129-130). Although the episodes recall many Zinacantec plots, it seems doubtful that this Kekchí tale is related historically.

For a poetic rendering of "Bellyache" see Merwin, 1972. See also T62.

Lol Sarate

The doorbell rang. It was Xun 7Akov's younger brother, Chep, accompanied by a boy from Paste7, in his early teens. Chep had come to request a loan. He produced the appropriate bottle. During the following discussion, the boy, Lol Sarate, stood with the assurance of a brilliant princeling, his feet planted well apart. He extended his hand gracefully to receive the glass of clear liquid. With courtly elegance, he bowed to Chep and to me before downing his share of cane liquor and returning the glass. Lol was the first child to accord this stranger the customary civilities of Zinacantán.

We were in the midst of the annual Easter fair of San Cristóbal. Our small apartment overlooked the main square. For hours Chep and Lol (pronounced Lōl) watched the crowds of people milling below. Then the band struck up. In a flash Chep seized both Lol's hands, and holding their arms over their heads, they twirled and waltzed around the balcony, their faces shining with smiles. Lol inspected our apartment, asking the price and purpose of every object. He slipped his feet into my wife's high heels and clomped about. He found a shirt of mine and, unfamiliar with buttons, fastened it ridiculously askew. He switched the lights off and on. With a look of delighted omniscience, he taught the older man how to flood the room with light.

We learned later that Lol was the cupbearer of the Steward of the Holy Sacrament. He also was a drummer boy at various fiestas. Nearly the last time I saw him, though only a boy, he was the steward for his neighborhood, in charge of their autumn water-hole ceremonies. But lacking in experience, he had miscalculated the amount of cane liquor and rockets needed at each shrine, and so had to run home again and again to replenish the supplies, much to the annoyance of the women in his home. In the early hours of the morning he grew demanding and rude to his mother, just before passing out. Shortly after dawn the men offered him a glass to chase his hangover. When he refused it, they turned on him angrily to ask. "Where has your manhood gone?"

Between these two scenes Lol came to our apartment once with a young friend. I asked them to tell me a tale. They could think of none and instead intoned for the tape recorder a list of hamlet names. In desperation I recited the exploits of the rabbit in the melon patch. Then Lol exclaimed, "I know a tale!" For fifteen or twenty minutes he regaled us with his rabbit tale, while his companion darted at him black scowls of envy.

Lol was married several years ago, but I have not seen him since.

How Rabbit Won His Hat and Sandals

T90

Once a traveller was coming along.

He picked up a dead rabbit that he found there. "What happened to the little rabbit?" he asked. He picked it up and put it in his shoulder bag. He went on.

He found a stump there. He hung up [his shoulder bag] and left it. He went hunting. He left. He hung it up and left it. When he returned, [when] he came back, he discovered that his rabbit was no longer there. When he returned it certainly wasn't there. He tried to find it. Ooh, then he heard it tooting on its gourd. Who knows how far it had gone. It had a gourd like this. It kept going, tooting on its gourd as it went. It was the rabbit that had come back to life, of course.

Bwéno, 7a ti vo7ne lae, 7ital la jun jbeinel.

Va7i 7un, stam la 7a li j-kot t'ul te la chamem 7ista. "K'u spas i 7unen t'ul 7une?" xi la. Stam la, stik' la ta smoral 7un, bat la.

Va7i 7un, 7o la te chuman te7 sta 7un, sjipan la komel 7un, bat la ta paxyal 7un, bat, sjipan la komel, k'alal la sut tal 7une, ch'abal xa la yul sta ti st'ul 7une, k'alal la sut tal 7une, ch'abal a7a, ya7uk la ssa7, jii, ja7 to la ya7i jna7tik xa 7ox k'u snamal 7ibat 7un, ti xpriet xa stzu 7une, j-p'ej la stzu 7un xi 7un, bat la ta j-mek xpriet la ech'el stzu 7un, ja7 la ti t'ul 7une 7ikux la 7a.

It continued on.

Then it met a coyote. "What are you doing, little rabbit?"

"Nothing, uncle," said [Rabbit].

"We are holding a meeting because we are going to die," said Rabbit. "If you want to be saved I'll tie you up, too."

"Eh, I don't think so," said [Coyote].

"If you want to be saved I'll tie you up," said [Rabbit].

"Oh, but I don't know. Would you tie me up?" asked [Coyote].

"I'll tie you up for sure!" he said.

"All right, tie me up, then," said [Coyote]. Rabbit tied up Coyote right away. I don't know, who knows how, Rabbit had taken [the man's] axe with him.

"Look how sharp the axe is!" It was a good axe. "I'll try it out [to see] if it can cut down this tree." Then he took a big chunk out of that coyote.

He killed Coyote, too. He pulled out his teeth.

Well, then he went off tooting on his gourd again. He continued on.

Then he met a tiger. No, I remember! He had been tied up. "What are you doing, little rabbit?" Because he had been tied up.

"Nothing. It's because they're letting me marry a girl," he said. "I don't want to marry her," he said.

"Ah!" said [Tiger].

"If you marry her yourself I'll leave you tied up."

"Why not marry her? I'm man enough!" said Tiger. "Well, I can marry her!" he said. So that tiger was left tied up.

"Oh, all right!" he said. Tiger was left tied up. The person who had tied [Rabbit] up heard [about it and] came to look.

"What are you doing?" [Tiger] was asked.

"Nothing. It was the little rabbit who left me tied up," he said.

"Eh, do you still believe him? He's a liar," he said.

"Huh, but you, what are you doing, then?" [Tiger] was asked. In a second, a red hot metal was stuck up Tiger's ass.

Who knows if that rabbit came to watch. "Will you still forgive me?" asked Rabbit.

"I won't forgive you now. My ass is punctured. A red hot metal went up my ass," said [Tiger].

"If you will forgive me, I'll make amends," said Rabbit.

"But I won't forgive you, since my ass is punctured," he said.

"If you'll calm down I'll go and bring some mangoes for you to eat. Those ones are very ripe now," said Rabbit.

Va7i 7un, bat la noxtok te.

Va7i 7un, te la snup 7a li j-kot 7a li 7ok'il 7une.

"K'u chapas, konejito?"

"Mu7yuk, tio," xi la.

Va7i 7un, "Yu7un ta jtjob jbatikótik yu7un ta xilajotikótik," xi la ti t'ul 7une. "Mi xak'an to xakol 7uk chajjipan 7uk yu7un."

"7E, mu jna7 chka7i," xi la 7un.

"Mi xak'an to xakole yu7un chajjipan," xi la.

"7A, pero mu jna7, mi7n xajjipanon 7un?" xi la.

"Chajjipan a7a!" xi la.

"Bwéno, jipanon che7e," xi la. Sjipan la ta 7ora ti 7ok'il ti t'ul 7une. Mu jna7 7un, jna7tik k'u x7elan, stamoj la ech'el la yek'el 7un li t'ul 7une.

Va7i 7un, "K'e slekil ye li 7ek'ele!" xi la. Lek li 7ek'ele. "Ta jpas proval mi xboj yu7un te7 li7e." Ja7 la lek 7ixjech'be taj 7ok'ile.

Va7i 7un, noxtok cham la yu7un ti 7ok'ile, spitzbe la ech'el ye 7un.

Bwéno, te la xpjet ech'el stzu noxtok 7une, bat la 7un.

Va7i 7un, te la snup 7a li j-kot 7a li bolom 7un, mo7oj, 7a li chukul xa 7ox la ma ti! "K'u chapas, konejito?" Yu7un la chukul xa 7ox la.

"Mu7yuk yu7un chak'ik kik' jun tzeb," xi la. "Mu jk'an chkik' 7un," xi la.

"7A!" xi la.

"Mi chavik' vo7ot chajchuk komel."

"K'u cha7al mu chkik', vinikon!" xi la ti bolom 7une. "Bwéno, stak' xkik'!" xi la. Ja7 la chukat komel taj bolom 7une.

"7A, stak'uk!" xi la 7un. Chukat la komel ti bolom 7une, ya7i la ti buch'u chukvanem 7une, tal la sk'elel 7un.

Va7i 7un, "K'u chapas?" x7utat la 7un.

"Mu7yuk, ja7 lischuk komel ti konejito," xi la.

"7E, mi xach'unbe to le7e j7epal jol?" xi la 7un.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, "Ja7 pero k'u chapas vo7ote che7e?" x7utat. J-likel 7a pajbat k'ak'al tak'in schak ti bolom 7une.

Va7i la, jna7tik mi7n 7ital to k'elvanuk taj t'ul 7une. "Mi xlaj to 7avo7on?" xi la ti t'ul 7une.

"Mu xa xlaj 7un, ja7 li te vomol i jchak 7och k'ak'al tak'in ta jchake," xi la.

Bwéno, "Ti mi laj 7avo7one ta jlajesbot 7avo7on," xi la ti t'ul 7une.

"Pero mu xlaj ko7on," xi la. "Ja7 li x7elan vomol jchake," xi.

"Mi xlaj 7avo7one ba jta tal manko 7alo7, 7a le7e batz'i k'onik xa ta j-mek," xi li t'ul 7une.

“Eh, but I won’t calm down, it seems,” he said again.

“If you’ll calm down I’ll go pick some of those mangoes for you to eat,” he said.

“But I won’t forgive you, it seems,” said Rabbit, Tiger [that is]. “I haven’t forgiven you, it seems,” he said.

“If you’ll calm down, we’ll go get some mangoes for you to eat,” he said. “If you’ll forgive me, we’ll go get some of those mangoes for you to eat,” he said. “Well, if you’ll forgive me, open your mouth wide!”

“Are you going to climb up?”

“Sure, I’m climbing up!”

“Go and bring them, then!” So Rabbit got them. Rabbit went to get them.

“Open your mouth wide!”

Well, [Tiger] had opened his jaws very wide. “But how come the mangoes aren’t falling down?” he asked.

“They’ll fall down,” said [Rabbit].

“Ah!” said [Tiger].

“See, they fell down! They’re lying next to you. Don’t you see?” he said. “Open your mouth wide now! I’ll drop them down,” he said. They never fell down.

“But no, you’ll still climb down here. You aren’t going anywhere,” Rabbit was told.

“Sure, I’ll climb down!” said Rabbit. Rabbit climbed down. “But won’t you forgive me?” he asked.

“Huh, but I won’t, since my ass is punctured,” he said. “Eh, but I won’t forgive you,” he said.

“If you’ll calm down, drink this juice from the cheese,” he said.

“But I won’t calm down,” said Tiger. “Huh, but I won’t forgive you, it seems,” he said.

“If you calm down, drink this cheese water,” said [Rabbit].

“Well, I can do it,” [said] Tiger. He drank the cheese water, but he couldn’t hold it in. “It’s because my ass is punctured,” he said.

“Well, let’s go and plug it up!” said [Rabbit].

“Eh, please plug me up, then!” Rabbit plugged it up.

He drank lots of cheese water.

Who knows if the moon was very bright. [The water was rippling. “See, the cheese water is rippling now,” [Tiger] was told. The cheese water was rippling.

That rabbit kept stirring up the water with his paw. It was water, but it was [supposed to be] cheese juice.

[Tiger] drank loads. He guzzled it. His belly burst. His belly burst.

Je, pero mu xljaj ko7on ya7el,” xi la noxtok 7un.

“Mi xljaj 7avo7one ba jtul tal manko 7alo7 le7e,” xi la.

“Pero mu xljaj ko7on ya7el,” xi la ti t’ul 7une, ti bolom 7une. “Mu xljaj ko7on ya7el,” xi la.

“Mi xljaj 7avo7one ba jtatik manko 7alo7,” xi la. “Mi xljaj 7avo7one ba jtatik manko 7alo7 le7e,” xi. “Bwéno, ti mi xljaj 7avo7on jach’o me lave 7une!”

“Mi7n chamuy 7un?”

“Chimuy a7a!”

“Ba tao tal che7e!” Ja7 7ista tal ti t’ul 7une. Ba sta tal manko ti t’ul 7une.

Va7i la 7un. “Jach’o me lave 7une!”

Bwéno, xjach’oj xa la ti ye ta j-meke. “Pero k’u cha7al ti muk’ bu xp’aj tal ti mankoe?” xi la.

“Chp’aj tal,” xi la.

“7A!” xi la.

“K’e, p’aj tal, te pitil ta xokon 7un, mi mu xavil?” xi la. “Jach’o xa me lave ta jp’ajes tal,” xi la. Mu la bu xp’aj tal.

“Pero mo7oj, li7 7onox chayal tale, muk’ bu xabat,” x7utat la ti t’ul 7une.

“Te chiyal tal a7a!” xi la ti t’ul 7une. Yal la tal ti t’ul 7une. “Pero mi mu xljaj 7avo7on?” xi la.

“Je, pero mu xljaj, ja7 li x7elan vomol jchake,” xi la. “7E, pero mu xljaj ti ko7one,” xi la.

“Mi xljaj 7avo7one, 7uch’an ya7lel kexu, 7a li7e,” xi la.

“Pero mu xljaj ko7on,” xi la ti bolom 7une. “Je, pero mu xljaj ya7el ko7on,” xi la.

“Mi laj 7une 7uch’an ya7lel kexu li7e,” xi la.

“Bwéno, stak’ che7e,” xi la. Yuch’ xa li ya7lel kexu 7une, pero mu xmak 7un. “Ja7 li vomol i jchake,” xi la.

“Bwéno, ba jsuktik!” xi la.

“7E, 7abolajan sukbon, che7e!” Ssuk la ti t’ul 7une.

Va7i 7un, chuch’ la ta j-mek ti ya7lel kexu 7une.

Va7i 7un, jna7tik mi yu7un k’ak’al jch’ul-me7tik 7une, xnik 7un. “K’el avil me, xniknon xa me li ya7lel kexu 7une,” x7utat. Xniknon xa li ya7lel kexu 7une.

Va7i 7un, ta sk’ob la ta snikulanbe ta vo7 taj t’ul 7une, vo7 la 7un, pero ya7lel kexu xa la 7un.

Va7i 7un. 7iyuch’ la ta j-mek, slombe la, t’om la sch’ut, t’om la sch’ut 7une.

He died.

When [Tiger] died [Rabbit] pulled out his teeth. He went on. He was tooting on his gourd again as he went. But he was tooting on his gourd as he went. Then he met a crocodile. "What are you doing, little rabbit?" he was asked.

"Nothing, uncle!" he said again.

Now you see, that rabbit was going to kill him, going to kill Crocodile.

He was scared off by that crocodile. He hurried off. [Crocodile] went to tell his friends, to gather his friends together. He went on, because that rabbit was going to be attacked, too. That's why those friends of his came.

Rabbit was going to be attacked. He changed his clothes. He changed his clothes. It seemed as if it wasn't him anymore. "Well, you're the one who was going to kill me," he was told.

"No, I'm not doing anything. I'm only drawing my water," he said. He had his gourd. He was drawing his water now, it seemed.

"Ah!" said [Crocodile].

"That certainly isn't him! Who knows where he went to," said the one who had seen him first. "Who knows where he went," he said.

"Me, I'm not doing anything! I'm just drawing my water," he said.

"There, that's him over there," said [the crocodiles]. But [the one drawing water] was him. He had changed his clothes. Yes, he had changed his clothes.

"Let's go search for him!" said the others. "Let's go search for him!" said the others. They came and searched in the woods. Then one of those crocodiles stayed behind. Who knows what got into their heads. They killed each other, too. So that rabbit won. He pulled out their teeth, too. He pulled out their teeth.

He came along again, tooting his gourd again.

"Here is the money for my sandals," he said. He told the sandal maker.

"Good," he said. "Did you bring it?" [Rabbit] was asked.

"Of course I brought it! Will you give me my sandals?" he said—Rabbit said to the sandal maker.

"But who knows if you can walk with them," [Rabbit] was told.

"I can walk," said Rabbit.

"Fine," he said. "Take them, then!" he said. [Rabbit] was dressed in his sandals and his hat. "Go on into the heavy forest here!" he was told. "I think you should go in, let's see, I guess, if you can walk with them," he was told. He went in. Ohh, he went, he went very far. A deer came along, a deer.

"Well, how much did you pay for your hat and your sandals?" [Rabbit] was asked.

Va7i 7un, cham la.

Va7i 7un la, spitzbe la ti ye ti cham 7une, bat la, te la xpriet ech'el stzu xtok 7un, pero ti xpriet ech'el stzu 7une, j-kot xa la 7a li lakarto te sноп 7un. "K'u chapas, konejito?" x7utat.

"Mu7yuk, tío!" xi noxtok 7un.

Va7i 7un xa, yu7un xa 7ox la ta xmilvan taj t'ule ta xmil li lakarto 7une.

Va7i 7un, xi7 la ech'el taj lakarto 7une, bat la ta 7anil ba la yalbe tal schi7iltak, stzob tal schi7iltak 7un, bat la 7un, yu7un xa 7ox la ja7 chich' taj t'ul noxtok ti tal taj schi7iltak 7une.

Va7i 7un, chich' xa 7ox la ti t'ul 7une, sk'exta la sk'u7, sk'exta la sk'u7 7un, ma7uk xa la yilel. "Bwéno, vo7ot taj chamilone," x7utat la 7un.

"Mo7oj, mu k'usi ta jpasulan tuk' ta jpul ka7al," xi la. Te la taj stzu 7une tzpul xa ya7al yilel.

"7A!" xi la.

Va7i 7un, "Ma7uk le7 a7a, jna7tik bu bat," xi la taj buch'u to 7ox 7iyil ta primero 7une. "Jna7tik bu bat," xi la.

"Mu k'u ta jpas vo7on a7a, tuk' no 7ox ta jpul ka7al," xi la.

"Taj 7a taj te xa 7une." Pero ja7 la 7un, yu7un la sk'extaoj sk'u7 7un, ji7, sk'extaoj sk'u7 7un.

"Ba jsa7tik!" xi la ti yan 7une. "Ba jsa7tik!" xi la ti yan 7une. Talik la ssa7ik ti buy ta te7tik la 7une, ja7 7o te la kom j-kot taj lakarto 7une, jna7tik k'u xi lik sjolik 7un ti smil la sbaik noxtok 7un, ja7 la kuch yu7un taj t'ul 7une, spitzbe la tal taj ye noxtok 7un, spitzbe la taj ye 7une.

Va7i 7un, tal la noxtok, te la xpriet tal stzu noxtok 7un.

Va7i 7un, "Li7 me ti stojol jxonob 7une," xi la, xut la yulel ti 7ajvalil 7une.

"Bwéno," xi la 7un. "Mi 7ata tal 7un?" x7utat la.

"Jta tal a7a, mi chavak'bon ti jxonob 7une?" xi, xut la ti 7ajvalil ti t'ul 7une.

"Pero jna7tik mi xaxanav 7o," x7utat la.

"Xixanav," xi la li t'ul 7une.

"Bwéno," xi la. "7Ich'o che7e!" xi la. Lapbat la ti xxonobe, ti spixole. "7Ochan kik ech'el li pimil te7tik li7 7une!" x7utat la. "7Ochan kik jk'eltik kik mi xaxanav 7o," x7utat la. 7Och la, jii, bat la 7un, bat la ta j-mek, tal la 7a li tal la j-kot te7tikil chij, j-kot te7tikil chij.

Va7i 7un, "Bwéno, k'u cha7al latoj lapixole laxonobe?" x7utat la.

"Ohh, lots!" he said.

"Are they comfortable?" he was asked.

"Yes, indeed!" said Rabbit.

"Do you want to make a test?" he asked. "Give them to me for a minute or so," said Deer.

"But I won't give them to you. You'll just run away," said Rabbit.

"Give them to me for a minute or so, I'll try them out," said Deer over and over. [Rabbit] didn't pay any attention at all. "Give them to me for a minute or so, I'll try them out," said [Deer].

"But I won't give them to you. You'll just run away," he said over and over. "Heh, but I won't give them to you, it seems."

"Give them to me for a minute or so. I'll try them out," he said. "I think I'll jump over the gully, if I can jump over it," he said. There was a gully there.

"Oh, take them, then! I'll take them off," said [Rabbit]. He took them off, indeed. Deer put them on.

After he put them on, "Well, I'm jumping over the gully with them. You'll see, I guess, if I can jump it," he said. He jumped it. Ohh, he went off. You couldn't reach him now. Rabbit's hat just went for good.

Well, that's all. That's the way it ended.

"Jii, toyol!" xi la.

"Mi lek chava7i 7un?" x7utat la.

"Lek a7a!" xi la li t'ul 7une.

"Mi xak'an 7a li xapas ka7tik proval?" xi la.

"7Ak'bon ka7tik j-likeluk," xi la ti te7tikil chij 7une.

"Pero mu xkak' naka jatavan," xi la ti t'ul 7une.

Va7i 7un, "7Ak'bon j-likeluk ta jpas kik proval," xi la ti te7tikil chij ta j-mek 7une. Mu la xa7i 7albel ta j-mek 7un. "7Ak'bon ka7tik j-likeluk ta jpas proval," xi.

"Pero mu xkak' naka jatavan," xi la ta j-mek 7un. "Je, pero mu xkak' ya7el," xi.

"7Ak'bon j-likeluk ta jpas proval," xi la. "Chip'it kik ta be-o7 mi xip'ite," xi la. 7O la te be-o7 7un.

"7An, te nan 7ich'o che7e, ta jlok'," xi la. Slok' la 7a. Slap la taj te7tikil chij 7une.

Laj la slap 7un, "Bwéno, yu7un xip'it yu7un li be-o7 7une, xak'el kik mi xip'it," xi la. P'it la, jii, bat la, mu la bu xata, solel bat 7o la spixol ti t'ule.

Bwéno, ja7 no 7ox 7un, nel 7o chak taje.

Lol's sprightly tale of Rabbit's further exploits introduces fresh elements to the standard rabbit-coyote cycle. Rabbit's musical accompaniment has not to my knowledge been heard before. The judgment day ploy, in which the dupe is tied up for "protection," occurs also among the Mixe (Radin and Espinosa, 1917:59). Tiger's red hot poker treatment is thoroughly familiar. Lol substituted mangoes for the standard sapote or prickly pear, and perhaps he forgot how that episode should end. The cheese-as-moon reflection adds a new detail; the plugging of Tiger's ass is featured also in Guatemala (Recinos, 1918: T1). Rabbit's use of clothing to disguise his identity occurs in Mexico among the Mixe (Miller, 1956:29; Radin and Espinosa, 1917:59) and the Huave (Radin, 1929: T11).

Lol's account of the crocodile episode seems slightly confused, but a search for alligator or cayman teeth to pay a brideprice is a West Indian theme (Hansen, 1957:856; Mason and Espinosa, 1927:334). In Belize a Mopan version of Rabbit's adventures tells how Rabbit secured a monkey's tooth, a giant's tooth, and a crocodile's tooth, which he paid Christ so that he would grow big enough to win the princess' hand (Shaw, 1972:179-180).

The theft of Rabbit's sandals by a swift-footed deer is related by the Cora (Lumholtz, 1902, 1:514-515), and Deer's theft of Rabbit's hat is recounted also in Chamula (Gossen, T53) and Venustiano Garranza (INI, 2:16-17). See also T20, T21, T49, T50, T166, T167, and their notes.

Tonik Nibak



FIGURE 7.—Tonik Nibak, 1961 (photo by Frank Cancian).

She hoisted a huge bundle of daisies onto the truck and sat herself down complacently on the bench, giving the Ladinás a bright smile and a cheery “Buenos días.” All the bumpy way to San Cristóbal she added her worldly wisdom to the Ladinás’ excited accounts of all the ghosts and buried treasures they had known of in their short lives.

She may be sixty-two years old now, but that is only a guess, because Tonik’s confident calculations of her age at the time of personal crisis and historical events simply do not agree. Her early childhood was spent in Zinacantán Center with her mother and her younger sister. Her father was deceased. When she was seven, her mother died, too, and she was adopted for two years into a Ladino household in San Cristóbal, paying her board and keep by the

performance of small chores. She returned to the Center, where she learned to weave. She attended school for three years with Romin Teratol’s late stepmother and three or four other Zinacantec girls. Tonik (pronounced Tonique) recited to me from memory the verses she had had to deliver at her graduation from third grade, and even the lines that one of her classmates had declaimed. Of her classmates she alone learned to read and write. “And what do they know now? Ha! How many tales have *they* told you?” During this period she became a regular helper and protégée of the resident priest. Engaged to be married, Tonik rebelled and willfully rejected her suitor—an act that obliged her to return to San Cristóbal to work as a maid to earn the money needed to repay her suitor’s courtship expenses. Tonik’s younger sister then jilted her fiancé and skipped town, forcing Tonik to return to take the marriage vows in her stead. During their twenty-eight years of marriage, she bore her husband ten children, only five of whom survived into adulthood. Restless at home, Tonik became an agent of the National Indian Institute. According to women’s gossip, she wrapped her belly in a straw mat so she would look more pleasingly plump. Her husband finally grew tired of all the rumors that were bound to stick to a woman who would leave her husband to earn a wage, consorting with Indian schoolboys and teachers from many towns. He accused her of carrying on with Chep Xantis and another, grabbed her pigtails, and laid about her shoulders with a firebrand. Not one to submit in silence, Tonik evicted her husband and marched off to complain to the director of the National Indian Institute in San Cristóbal, then to the director of the Department of Indian Affairs, and finally to Don Erasto Urbina, local defender of the Indians. She explained that if she didn’t work, her family would be dressed in rags, for her husband offered no support, that half her earnings she gave to her husband, “And since when has a wife been obliged to do that?” She had been married in the Church, had respected and obeyed her husband as she should. After listening to Tonik’s tale of woe, Don Erasto summoned her husband to San Cristóbal. Old “Black Joe,” as he was known, was ordered to provide ten pesos a week to support his children. But since then, says Tonik, he has provided “not ten cents a week.”

In recent years Tonik has carried on an adventurous flower trade, selling her products in far-off Tuxtla, the state capital. In her spare time she has taught weaving to a number of Americans, when they stayed at Na Bolom, and has been commissioned to weave exceptionally fine blankets.

Despite a never-ending series of squabbles with her children's fiancés, husbands, and wives, who never seemed to live up to her high standards or even to respectable community standards, she has managed to live so free of sickness that people ask her, "Are you a pillar of the world?"

No one denies she is a "strong-hearted" woman. Her sharp wit, whether expressed in faultless colloquial Spanish or in Tzotzil, is both feared and relished by the men whom she engages in lively banter. Intensely righteous, pretentiously Catholic, vicious in gossip, her gaiety still commands affection, her nimble mind, grudging admiration.⁹

Tonik attributes her knowledge of tales to the long hours she spent alone with her mother, and to her travels in the highlands. The lore of the past was handed down by her mother's grandfather to her

⁹ This sketch of Tonik is taken from *Of Wonders Wild and New: Dreams from Zinacantan* (Laughlin, 1976:144-145).

mother's grandmother, to her mother's mother, to her mother, and finally to Tonik herself. Though Tonik's tales betray a strong Ladino influence, still they provide a remarkably detailed, intimate view of Zinacantec family life. A series of stories which depend upon the bestowal of a magic producer of food and wealth, though not entirely unknown to the other raconteurs, has special prominence in her repertoire. Her favorite tale is transparently an account of the miraculous good fortune bestowed upon the poor Indian serving girl—Maria Cinderella!

Tonik's powers of imagination are represented equally in her narrative style and her embroidery style. Ten years before her colleagues, Tonik was embellishing her shawls with colorful animal and floral designs. Her tales resemble lacework of filigree. Their elaborations do not consist merely of interminable repetition, but are built up by the extensive use of descriptive detail, combined with the reproduction of lengthy exchanges of conversation. Not only do Tonik's narrations double, even quadruple the length of the men's tales, but her vocabulary is considerably larger and her sentence structure more complicated. Only she consciously laces her narrations with flashbacks. Tonik's tongue is as sharp and as nimble as her needle.

When Earth Lords Offer Flowers, Beware of Snakes!

T72

Once there was a boy who was hunting along the trail. He was looking for rabbits. He went out hunting.

He saw a dahlia flower there at the edge of the path.

"How would the flower look if I picked it?" he said each time he passed by there. He passed by there to look at the flower. It was the prettiest flower [he had ever seen]. Each time that he went by there on the path he was answered by a man. [The man] answered from inside the fence.

"If you long so for the flower try and pick it, but only if you are brave, only if you aren't afraid, because it will be transformed into something else. The flower will turn into a snake. If you are brave, if you aren't afraid, pick it, take it, don't worry. But if you are scared, don't bother to touch it, don't bother to pick it. [Even if you think] it will bite you, it won't bite you. It will just turn into a snake," the hunter was told.

"I'm not afraid. There's nothing for me to be scared of, since it's [just] a snake, it seems. I can kill it."

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la jun krem ta la xpaxyaj ta be, ta la ssa7 t'ul, ta la xlok' ta paxyal.

Va7i 7un, 7oy la chil j-p'ej dalya nichim 7oy la ta ti7il be.

Va7i 7un, "K'u no van cha7al li nichim le7e 7a ti jtuch'e?" xi la ju-ten ch7ech' te yo7e, te ch7ech' la sk'el ti nichime, te la melel la slekil stuk no la ti nichim te 7une, ta jay-lajun-lok'el to la 7ech' ti ta be te yo7 7une, tak'bat la yu7un jun vinik te tak'av tal te ta yut ti mok 7une.

"Mi7n spich' avo7on ta j-mek-i nichime tuch' avil pero mi tzotz me 7avo7on 7un, mi mu xaxi7 7un, yu7un me j-chop 7o ta xk'ataj ta me xk'ataj ta chon i nichime, mi tzotz 7avo7one 7une, mi mu xaxi7e, tuch'o 7ich'o mu k'u xal 7avo7on, yan ti mi chaxi7e, mu 7altikuk 7apik mu 7altik 7atuch', 7a ti chasti7e mu xasti7 ja7 no 7ox ti tzipas ta chone," x7utat la ti jpxyal 7une.

"Mu xixi7, mu k'u chixi7 7o k'u ti chon ya7el 7une, stak' jmil."

"Oh you can't kill it, treat it well. The snake shouldn't be killed. The snake shouldn't be beaten. Don't you see, it's a flower. It turns into a flower because it's a human being. It turns into [a snake] just so you won't pick it. That's why it turns into a snake," the boy was told.

He thought it over. Maybe two or three days went by before he arrived to hunt. He arrived to hunt. That was the only place where he saw such a beautiful flower. "I guess I'll pick it. Since it won't bite. What I've been told is true that it won't bite. So what, I guess I'll see if I can do it, if I can pick it," he said. He went in. He jumped over the top of the fence. He went in. He picked it.

"It didn't bite me." It was then that he saw the hu—ge, great, thick snake lying there.

Then, "Aren't you afraid?" said the snake when it spoke.

"I'm not scared at all," said that boy holding that flower. "I'm not scared at all."

"Let's go then, I'll go with you," said the snake.

But you see it wasn't a snake. It turned into a girl. "If you want me to take you, I'll take you home. We'll go to my house. We'll get married. Go live in my house," the snake was told by the boy when it turned into a person.

"Well, if you love me, if you treat me well, if you don't scold me. My father has told you already that you can't scold me, you can't say [bad things] to me. So if you love me, if you don't scold me I can go," said the snake. He took her along. You see she was a girl now, it seems. She wasn't a snake anymore when she arrived at his house. And maybe he thought it was true what he had been told. They ate. They slept. She prepared the meals and so on. She went to bring a basket of beans, a tiny little basket of beans.

She poured them in heaps next to the wall. There were loads. That man just watched. With an awful angry face he watched his wife. She went to pick a net of corn to bring in. The corn filled a corner of the house, too. The wife was cooking two handfuls of corn. "Why the devil did you pick such a terrific amount of corn? We won't have anything left to pick when the time comes for the harvest. You shouldn't have picked a lot. When harvest time comes we'll be lucky if we can put a lot up under the roof," said the husband.

As for the wife, "When did I pick so much? Go see for yourself! A little net. I didn't finish picking a row. I don't know how many plants I picked from. It's because your corn has done well," said the woman.

The husband went to look. "Oh, you told the truth, never mind, hell, I thought you weren't following my wishes," said the man.

"7Aj, mu xu7 xamil mi yu7un chak'uxubine, 7a li chone, mu sk'an milel, 7a li chone, mu sk'an 7a li majel, mu xavil, 7a li nichim, yech'o xal tzpas ta nichim porke yu7un 7a li krixchano, yech'o xal tzpas yech 7un, k'usi no 7ox 7un yo7 ti mu xatuch' 7o yech'o xal tzpas ta chon," x7utat la ti krem.

Va7i 7un, snop la 7un, bat nan chib 7oxibuk k'ak'al ti chk'ot paxyajuke, chk'ot paxyajuk stuk no 7ox te jun yav ti nichim melel slekil chil. "Ta jtuch' kik yu7un yech ti mi, va7i mu xti7van 7une, 7albilon xa ka7i 7une, va7i mu xti7van 7une, yiluk yil kik, ta jk'el kik mi stak', stak' j-tuch'," xi la 7un. 7Och la 7un, sp'itu la ti ba mok 7une, 7och la 7un, stuch' la 7un.

Va7i 7un, "Mu la bu ti7on 7un." Ja7 to la chil ti 7animal mu---k'ta yijil chon ti tey banal 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to "Mi muk' chaxi7?" xi la ti chon 7ik'opoj 7une.

"Muk' bu chixi7," xi la. Stomoj xa la taj nichim taj krem 7une. "Muk' bu chixi7."

"Battik che7e, chba jchi7inot!" xi la ti chon 7une.

Bu 7un, mu la chonuk 7un, pas la ta tzeb 7un. "Mi xak'an xakik' chakik' ech'el ta jna chibattik ta jna chkik' jbatik ba naklan ta jna," x7utat la ti yu7un ti krem ti chon ya7el 7une k'al pas ta krixchano ya7el 7une.

"Bwéno, mi xak'anone mi chak'uxubinone mi mu xavutone, 7a li vo7one yaloj xa ava7i li jtote, ti mu xu7 xavuton mu xu7 k'u xavalbone, yech'o xal 7un, mi xak'anon mi muk' chavutone, stak' chibat," xi la ti chon 7une. Yik' ech'el 7un, k'u xavil 7un, tzeb xa ya7el mu xa yu7unuk chonuk 7un, 7a ti k'al k'ot ta sna 7une, 7i xak'uk no nan yechuk ti k'u 7albat 7une, 7ive7ik la, 7ivayik la, spas la ve7elil k'usi la 7un, ba la ssa7 tal jun moch chenek', 7unen k'ox moch la ti chenek' 7un.

Va7i 7un, stokan la ta yibel na 7un, 7animal 7ep la 7un, yech no la sk'el taj vinik 7une, kape---m xa la smu sat sk'el ti yajnil, ba la sk'aj tal jun nuti7 7ixim, 7a li jun la chikin na noj ti 7ixim noxtok 7une, cha7-p'ej la slakan spanin ti 7antz. "K'u nox yu7un kavron ti batz'i 7animal 7e---p ta j-mek chak'ajan tal li 7ixime, mu7nuk 7oy xa k'u ta jk'ajtik ti k'al xk'ot styempo li k'ajoje, 7a ti yechuke mu xak'aj 7ep, bal xka7itik ja7 7ep xa ta jkajantik ta jol na ti k'alal 7a li sta yora k'ajoje," xi la ti vinik 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7antz 7une, "Bu 7ep 7ijk'aj, ba k'el avil jun 7unen nuti7 muk' xlay j-chol jk'aj mu jna7 jay-petz no 7ox 7ijk'aj yu7un lek yak'oj lavixime," xi la ti 7antz.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti vinik 7une, ba la sk'el 7un, "7A yech 7aval che7e, yiyil, kavron, yu7n xka7uk mu xach'unuk mantal," xi la ti vinik 7une.

But you see, I don't know what her fault was in their bed, but he went and gave her a slap for it.

He had stuck his flower in a bottle. He had put water in it, since he didn't want the flower to die that he picked when he married the woman, the girl, it seems. He had stuck the flower in a bottle, put it in water.

When he gave her a slap, the dahlia flower had just one leaf. It looked as if it was about to wilt.

That woman got angry when she was slapped. The husband turned over and stuck out his rear at her when they were sleeping. He didn't look at his wife anymore. The woman wept. "I'm going to let my father know how he's beating me. I'm going to let him know that [my husband] thinks I'm unbearable," said the woman.

What do you think? The husband was given no time at all. When he turned over to look at his wife, it seems, then he realized it. He was planning to hug her. It was a horrible snake he got to hug. The awful man was scared. "Hell, I thought you were a girl. I thought you were a woman. [You're] a fucking snake!" he told his wife.

"Get out, you bitch!" he told her. He threw her out of his bed. The next morning the snake was in a pi—le at the foot of his bed. It had curled up there. It had coiled up. Since it was a snake it was probably used to it, since it's in the woods that they sleep, it seems.

He went to tell the snake's father, it seems, there where he had come [in the beginning]. But Thunderbolt was that girl's father. He went to tell him. "But didn't I tell you, *if you want to pick it, then treat the flower well. Stick it in water. Get water for it, in a bottle. Stick it in a wide-necked bottle. But be kind to her, don't hit her. If you pick it, treat it well!* Didn't I say that? Now since you hit her, go look at your flower there where you stuck it in a bottle. It has [just] one little leaf. It's wilting now," he was told by the girl's father when he arrived. Then when he came back to look, the leaf of that dahlia flower was wilted. That's why he believed it was true what he had been told.

"See here, since I've already gone to settle the matter with your father, do whatever you please, since I've seen that you don't touch much corn, you don't touch many beans. They just increase by themselves in your hands. There's no one now to complain. I won't scold you, nor will I complain. If I feel irritable, if I'm not in a good mood, I'll go hunting. I'll go take my gun. I'll go have fun. When my meanness has passed I'll come join you. I'll come talk to you.

Va7i 7un, k'u xavil 7un, yu7un 7o la, mu jna7 k'usi palta ta svayebik 7un, ja7 la ba st'ax 7o ta majel j-moj 7un.

Va7i 7un, spajanoj la ta limete ti snichim 7une, yak'ojbe la ya7lel 7un, yu7un la mu sk'an xtup' ti nichim stuch'oj ech'el k'u cha7al ti yik' 7o ti 7antz ya7el 7un, ti tzeb ya7el 7une, yak'oj la ta limete tz'ajal ta vo7 ti nichime.

Va7i 7un, 7a la taj k'alal 7ist'ax ta majel j-moj 7une, j-p'ej la yanal ti dalya nichim 7une, ta la xa---l xa tzk'an xtakij 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7ikap la taj 7antz k'al 7it'axe ta majel 7une, joyij la ti vinik 7une, sbutanbe la xchak ti k'al chvay 7une muk' xa la sk'el ti yajnil 7une, 7a la ti 7antz 7une, 7i7ok' la 7un. "Taj x7elan chismaje chba kalbe ya7i jtot, chba kalbe ya7i ti 7ilbaj xiyile," xi la ti 7antz.

Bu xavil, ti vinik 7une, mu k'u no xak' tyempo 7un, k'alal 7ijoyij xa sk'el ti yajnil ya7el 7une, ja7 to la cha7i ba la smey ti chale, yil chon la smeyoj 7ik'ot 7un, xi7 la ti mu vinik 7une. "Kavron, xkak' to me tzebikot xkak' to me 7antzikot me jkobel chon!" xut la ti yajnil 7un.

Va7i 7un, sakub 7osil 7une, "Lok'an che7e, kavron!" xut la 7un. Sjip la lok'el ti ta svayeb 7une, te xa la votzo---l ta yok svayeb ti chon 7une, te la xotoj sba smochoj sba, ja7 nan ti nopem 7onox xa7i li chon ya7el yu7un te7tik buy buy chvay ya7el 7une.

Va7i, ti ba yalbe ti stot ti chon ya7el ti buy 7ital 7une, pero yu7un la chauk stot taj tzeb 7une, 7a li 7i ba la yalbe 7un. "Pero mi mu lakalbe, *Mi xak'an xatuch'e yu7un me chak'uxubin li nichime, me chatz'aj ta vo7 chasa7be ya7lel ta limete bu jamal sti7il lalimete xatz'aje, pero yu7un chak'uxubin mu7nuk chamaj mi xatuch'e, k'uxubino!* mi mu xichi, 7óra chamaj 7une, ba k'el avil lanichime, yo7 latz'ajoj ta limete j-p'ej yunen 7anal ta xa xtakij," x7utat la tal yu7un ti stot ti tzeb 7une. Ja7 to la yul sk'el 7un, ta la xtakij yanal taj dalya nichim 7une, yech'o la ti xch'un ti yu7un yech taj k'u 7albat 7une.

"7il avil xa 7un, yal ti 7a xa jk'an parte xchi7uk latote paso ti k'u sk'an 7avo7one yavil ti kil xae, 7ixim mu 7epuk chapik, chenek' mu 7epuk chapik te nox ta 7ak'ob ta xp'ol 7avu7un 7atuk, 7a lavi 7une, mu xa buch'u k'u xayalbe mi ja7uk xakut mi ja7uk k'u xakalbe mi chopol jjol chka7ie, mi muk' lek jjol chka7ie, ba paxyajkon ba jtam ech'el jtuk' ba kux ko7on 7ech' ma tal li jpukujale, chtal jchi7not chtal jk'oponot."

"You, you don't get angry. Me, I just have a bad temper," said the boy.

Now the boy took it seriously. He had sheep now. He had mules. He had corn. He had beans now. He no longer felt any poverty. The boy did favors for his mother now. He did favors for his father. He used to look on his mother with annoyance. He never would give her a single tortilla. He wouldn't give her a meal, nor did he even fold over a tortilla [with food inside] for her when his mother arrived. It seemed as if he hadn't seen her. It was because he hadn't had anything when he married that woman that way. They grew rich. The wife was so good-hearted. "Come on, right now, mother, we'll eat. I killed a chicken. Come, eat!" said the wife now. The wonderful meal was already bubbling. Her chicken was well-prepared with potatoes, well-prepared with rice and whatever they ate long ago.

They ate well. Her husband would pass by to bring his mother. They ate contentedly. "Get yourself [some of] our food, mother. I'm eating with your son. Dish out whatever you want to eat," she said.

"No, you serve it out, daughter, dish me up as much as you want!"

"But how would I know what you want? Whether a little . . . whether it's a heart or a wing or its little neck or a drumstick or the rump. Whatever you want. I don't know how [you like it]."

"Then give me a piece of its little heart, daughter, not much, with a bit of its little wing, if you'll give me that as a present," said his mother.

They ate well. "Come and eat later today, mother. Come and eat [when] we eat. Spend the night, I guess. Then tomorrow we'll eat again. We'll eat our little meal cold then," said the man. There were just three of them together with the mother-in-law of the girl who was a snake, it seems. Because she was Thunderbolt's child, the woman was very white, very fair.

The lady went to spend the night at their house because she was all alone. She had just the one son who was used to going hunting all the time. The boy had bought a gun to go hunting with. He only had enough money for a gun to go hunting with, to have fun with. [They were poor] since the lady had only one child that grew up.

They were kind to her. The lady was fine now. She grew strong. She picked up and diverted her daughter-in-law's child. She carried her daughter-in-law's child for her, her first child, it seems, [the child] of that boy. Because the lady's husband had died. When her husband was dead she took the part of father and mother for her daughter-in-law and her son. When she died the girl was brokenhearted over

Va7i 7un, "7A li vo7ote mu xana7 xakap, vo7on no 7ox i tol sok jjole," xi la ti krem 7une.

7Óra, ti krem 7une, 7iyich' sba ta muk' 7un, 7ayan la xchijik 7ayan la ska7ik, 7ayan la yiximik, 7ayan la xchenek'ik mu xa la k'u me7anal ta xa7i 7un, chk'uxubin xa la sme7, chk'uxubin xa la stot, ti krem 7une, 7a la ti sme7e 7ilbaj to 7ox la xil, mu to 7ox la xak'be junuk yot, mu to 7ox la xak'be 7a li sve7el, mi ja7uk la spuxbe yot ti k'al xk'ot ti sme7e, muk' la yiloy yilel, ja7 la ti ch'abal, 7iyik' la taj 7antz x7elan 7une, k'ulejanik 7un, yech la ti 7antz 7une, toj lek la yo7on 7un. "La7 mach'a, me7, ve7ikotik, 7ijmil me kalak', la7 me ve7an!" xi la ti 7antz 7une. Xbalbon xa la slekil ti sve7ele lek xa la ta 7is-ak' ti yalak'e, lek xa la ta 7aros mi k'utikuk ta sti7 ti vo7ne 7une.

Va7i 7un, lek la chve7ik 7un, chik' la jelavel ti sme7 ti smalal 7une, jun la yo7on chve7ik. "Sa7o li jve7eltike, jme7, 7a li vo7one chive7 xchi7uk li 7akrem 7une, jotz'o k'u x7elan chak'an chave7e," xi la 7un.

"7I7i, jotz'o me, tzeb, jotz'bon tal k'u yepal sk'an 7avo7on!"

"Pero k'u xi ta jna7 k'u x7elan chak'an chati7 mi yunen, mi yo7on mi xxik' mi yunen nuk', mi yo7 mi spech chak, k'usi chak'an, mu jna7 k'u x7elan."

Va7i 7un, "Ja7uk 7ak'bon ti yunen 7o7on j-tuch'uke, tzeb, mu no 7ox yepaluk xchi7uk j-tz'uj yunen xik' mi xak'elabone," xi la ti sme7e.

Va7i 7un, lek la chve7ik 7un. "Xtal me ve7an tana 7un, me7, xtal me ve7an, xive7ótik xavayuk kik ja7 to ti 7ok'ob xa xive7otik noxtok 7une, sik xa ta jlajestik kunen ve7eltike," xi la ti vinike. Yu7un la stuk 7ox-vo7 xchi7uk ti yalib me7el ti tzeb ya7el chon 7une, yu7un la xch'amal chauk 7un, batz'i sak batz'i méka la ti 7antz 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti jmeme7tik 7une, ba la vayuk ta sna 7un, yu7un la stuktuk 7un, yu7un la junjun ti skrem nopem ta labal paxyal 7une, smanoj la stuk' ti krem ti k'al chpaxyaj 7o 7une, skux 7o yo7on ja7 ti stuktuk jun yol ti ch'i ti jmeme7tik 7une.

Va7i 7un, sk'uxubinik la 7un, lek xa ti jmeme7tik 7une, 7ik'ak'aj to la 7un, 7isch'ipbe to la yol ti yalib 7une, skuchbe to la yol ti yalib 7une, sba yol ya7el, taj krem 7un taje, yu7un la cham smalal ti jmeme7tik 7une, 7a ti k'alal chamem xa ti xmalale, ja7 xa sk'exol stot sme7 ya7el ti yalibe, ti skrem 7une, ti k'al 7ichame, batz'i k'ux la ta yo7on ti yalib me7el ti cham ti tzeb 7une. "Mu xa buch'u spet kol 7un, mu

her mother-in-law's death. "Now there is no one to hold my child. Now there is no one to bring up my little girl. My little girl is still so young," said the woman when her mother-in-law died. She was more grief-stricken when her mother-in-law died. When her [mother-in-law's] husband died she didn't miss him, but [when] her mother-in-law [died] she was heartbroken. The woman cried and cried. She went to tell her father, "I don't know what to do. There's no one to carry my child. I'm not used to carrying my child. When I went to draw water, when I went to get firewood, [as if she were] my mother and father, she took my children for me. But now there is no one to carry them for me, now there is no one to hold our children for me."

"Never mind, daughter, if there isn't anyone to carry them. There's no problem. You don't have to have [more] children. Tell your husband. See what kind of medicine you can get, I guess."

"I shouldn't have [more] children. There's no one to bring them up for me," she told her husband.

But you see the man grew angry about it. "If that's the way it is, if you don't want any children, it's better if I move away. I'll go see where I'll throw myself in a ravine!" said the man.

But the man went hunting. Then a deer passed by. He meant to shoot at it.

But he was concentrating, looking to see where the deer was, where it went. The man fell into a ravine. It was a deep ravine. He was there in the ravine where he had fallen. Then on the third day his wife went looking for him. It was hard to find him. He was stinking when they found him. He was brought to where she was.

But he just came to his funeral. The poor man died there. He hadn't a chance to speak to his wife or to his child [before] he died.

In typical Zinacantec fashion, confusing to an English speaker, the girl addresses her mother-in-law as *me7*, "mother," and the boy addresses his father-in-law as *tot*, "father."

When Romin Teratol, listening to the tape of this tale, reached the episode of the angry husband who turned over in bed and stuck out his rear at his wife, he burst out laughing and remarked "that's just what Tonik's husband must have done to her!"

The elaborate discussion of gracious living and visiting with one's in-laws sounds like a wish-fulfillment for Tonik, whose children invariably made disastrous matches. Tonik described to me with righteous indignation her son's wife who was so stingy that, when Tonik paid her a visit, she would slaughter a chicken and serve only a few mouthfuls of chicken broth to her mother-in-law, while she served herself a huge bowlful: quite unlike Tonik, who always dished out the food equally! Tonik brought up one of her grandchildren herself, until that daughter-in-law of hers reclaimed it, sending the constables to drag off her protesting granddaughter. Months later Tonik's daughter-in-law paid a visit. Tonik killed a chicken, and everyone sat around the table having a pleasant time, exchanging no harsh words. After the

meal was over, her daughter-in-law stood up, said her goodbyes and left, never to return.

xa buch'u stz'ites ti kunen tzeb lavi bik'it to kom i kunen tzebe," xi la ti 7antz ti k'al 7icham ti yalib me7el 7une. Ja7 la mas k'ux 7iya7i ti cham ti yalib me7el 7une, 7a la ti k'al 7icham ti smalale, ja7 la muk' sna7, yan ti yalib me7ele, batz'i k'ux la ta yo7on 7i7ok' la ta j-mek ti 7antz. 7A to la yalbe ti stote, "Mu jna7 k'u ta jnop mu buch'u skuch li kole, ja7 li mu nopemuk xka7i jkuch kole, 7a ti k'al chibat ta ja7beje, chibat ta si7beje, jme7 jtot chiyik'be komel ti koltake, yan 7un li7e mu xa buch'u xiskuchbe 7un, mu xa buch'u xispetbeik i kol 7une."

"Yiluk yil, tzeb, mi mu xa buch'u skuche, 7a li mu k'usi, mu xa pwersauk xa7alaj, 7albo lamalale, k'elo kik k'usi poxal xasa7."

"Mu xa 7altikuk xi7alaj mu xa buch'u xistz'itesbe," xut la ti smalal.

Bu ti vinik 7une, kap 7o la 7un. "7A ti mi x7elan mu xa xak'an 7avole, mas lek ta jk'ej jba ech'el vo7on, chibat jk'el bu ba jten jba ta ch'en!" xi la ti vinik 7une.

Bu ti vinik 7une, bat la ta tuk'avil 7un, lajeltza 7ech' la j-kot te7tikil chij, ba la stuk'a ti chal 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 la batem ta yo7on sk'eel buy ti te7tikil chij bu chbat 7une, p'aj la ta ch'en ti vinik 7une, toj tuch'el la snuk' 7ik'ot 7un, toj k'asel la ti snuk' 7une, p'aj ta ch'en 7une, yu7un toyol ti ch'en 7une, te xa 7a li yo7 ti ch'en ya7el p'ajem 7une, ja7 to la ti ta yoxibal k'ak'al ba ssa7el yu7un ti yajnil 7une, vokol xa la tae, tu xa la tae, tal ti yo7 buy 7une.

K'usi 7un, naka xa tal smukel 7un, te cham ti prove vinik 7une, muk' xa sk'opon ti yajnil, ti xch'amal 7icham 7une.

This serpentine tale is best taken on faith with a pinch of grass, for too serious scrutiny leads to despair. Tonik's creative sense seems unperturbed by the inconsistencies and overlapping themes that she presents here, in the notably similar Tale 78, and in a third account she related to Victoria Bricker. This last combines elements from the first two and adds a few more ingredients. In brief summary, a princess goes to the river to wash her hair. She is accompanied by her father, who discovers a beautiful flower. He longs to pick it, but a huge snake is coiled around its stem. Thunderbolt appears and promises him the flower in exchange for his daughter. The king protests that Thunderbolt must be a Ladino and will surely beat his daughter, but he relents when Thunderbolt picks the flower for him. The princess departs with Thunderbolt, and a new bud grows on the stem. When Princess and Thunderbolt are bathing together, Thunderbolt warns her to hide her head in the sand, because lightning is about to strike. She disobeys and is badly burned. Thunderbolt rubs her with cotton and cures her, but rebukes her

for satisfying her curiosity. Meanwhile he has dried up the river so that they can go for a walk. When they return, her parents see that her forehead is burned and ask her how it happened. Thunderbolt describes her willful ways, and her father rebukes her, too. The end. (Bricker, T78).

Adding to the exasperation provoked by the shifting of characters and plots in these three tales is the bewildering montage of elements that seem to be both European and Indian—Indian Kings, Ladino Thunderbolts, dahlia princesses, and multiplying nets. A tale from Mitla recounts the visit of two compadres to Lightning, who offers them two flower vases; one containing a blind girl and the other a beauty. After they make their choice, the man who picks the blind girl is blessed with good crops, while his compadre can grow only weeds (Parsons, 1936:328). But if this seems European, consider the departure of Jaguar and Hunter Deer in the *Popol Vuh*:

We're going then, oh our grandmothers;
We're just taking leave of you.

And this is the sign of our word
That we shall leave now.
Each of us shall plant this cornstalk for you;
In the middle of our house we shall plant it then.
It will be the sign of our death
If it should dry up.
They must be dead,
You can say when it dries up.
And if it bears its tassel,
They must be alive, you can say then,
Oh our Grandmother,
And our Mother. (Edmonson, 1971:108).

Mention of the net of multiplying corn will be postponed until the commentary on Tale 78 where, in combination with several elements of that tale, it will point to an interesting conclusion. See T78 and notes.

The Revolution

T148



FIGURE 8.—Ya7ajvil, 1971 (photo by Frank Cancian).

At the beginning of the war, it seems, one group [of Obregónists] was gathered at the graveyard. Another group was gathered at Ya7ajvil.

Now when they were eating at Ya7ajvil they were discovered by Pineda's soldiers. [Pineda's soldiers] killed them all, of course!

Now Pineda wasn't all by himself. All his men went like this. They went and circled around Ya7am Ton. They went down. They went to attack [the others] like this, at the graveyard. They circled back around there.

[At the lower graveyard or the upper graveyard?] At 7Olon Mukenal [Lower Graveyard].

They circled back around the lower graveyard. There were heaps of mea—t, bee—f, mu—tton, chi—cken left there. As for the chicken, is there anyone who would eat it like that? Cooked in lard in a frying pan! It was served out there.

It looked fine, if you didn't know fear, of course! I was little. I was probably the same size as your daughter [eleven years old]. My neighbor had some sheep. We stu—ck the sheep in the pen. We came back home, since the bullets were spu—ttering now at Jol Na 7Ichin [Top of Horned Owl House], as we call it. Yes, the bullets were spu—ttering now. After that, we hadn't a chance here now.

Ooh, Pineda's soldiers came—came cha—sing [the Obregónists].

The ones who were fleeing were killed. As for us, we thought that all of Obregón's soldiers died—that not one had been left.

But you see, Pineda's soldiers came on up. They were coming to kill us. We hadn't a chance of going anywhere. "So forget it, let's each of us lie down at home. We can't say we don't know about [the shooting]," we said. That's what we said. I didn't know what was happening. I didn't know what had started. Ooh, they passed by to collect at the courthouse. They passed by to collect all the . . . there were twelve sheep, three cows. They gathered them together. Old Pineda drove them from here to San Cristóbal. But the food—the cows that had already been killed were to—ssed up quickly on the horses. They brought them back. Yes!

Now I don't know if the authorities were there [at the courthouse] or not, or if anyone was there. All the meat was left there. They divided it up with their friends. But the food that was already served out—it didn't matter who took it. It made no difference. There is a cross here. Have you seen it there above the spring above Tz'uiltasbil Vo7 [Blessed Spring]? There by the cross we went—went to stick the sheep in the pen. There were two chickens cooking. Each one in a frying pan. The owner had already left.

We came back. "Come on let's take them!" the

7A ti k'al primero 7ak'-k'ok' ya7ele j-lome lamal ta ta mukenal, j-lome lamal ta Ya7ajvil.

7Óra, yolel la chve7 li ta Ya7ajvil li 7itae yu7un i yajsoltero Pinedae, ja7 7ilaj smilel komel skotol 7un bi.

7Óra, 7a li Pineda 7une mu yu7nuk stukuk nox 7a li taj yepal svinik 7une xi xa ba sjoy 7a li 7a li Ya7am Ton 7une yal ech'el 7un ba spas 7atakar i xi ta mukenal 7une, 7ijoy tal te yo7 7une.

Ta 7Olon Mukenal.

7Óra, li sjoy tal li ta 7Olon Mukenal 7une, te la---mal 7ikom bek'---et vaka---x chi---j kaxla---n, 7a li kaxlane mi7n 7o buch'u yech sti7, bakubtasbil ta mantikat ta xalten 7i te xekajtik.

Va7i 7un, lek yilel ti yu7un mu xana7 xaxi7 a7a, bik'iton to 7ox ja7 nan yech jmuk'ul chak 7atzebe, 7oy xchij i jlak'-nae, ja7 jti---k'tikótik i chij ta korale, litalotikótik ta jnatikótik k'u ti xp'otote---t xa li bala ta Jol Na 7Ichin xkaltikotike, xp'otote---t xa li bala 7une, laj xa mu xa yoraikótik tana li7i.

Jiii, tal 7a li yajsoltero li Pineda 7une, tal nu---tzvanik 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7o la laj la ma jatavuk 7ox, 7a li kalojtikótik vo7otikotike laj skotol li yajsoltero li 7Ovregone, mu junuk 7ikom.

Buy 7un, muy xa tal li yajsoltero li Pinedae, ja7 xa chtal smilotik mu xa yorauk bu chibattik. "Yu7n yiyil puch'likotik ta jnatik ju-jun tal mu7nuk chkaltik ti mu jna7tike, va7i," xichiotikótik 7un, ja7 yech 7ikaltikótik, mu jna7 k'usi yolel mu jna7 k'usi 7och, jiii, 7ech' stzob i ta kavilto 7une 7ech' stzob skotol, 7a li 7oy lajcha-kot chij, 7ox-kot vakax, 7a li 7ech' stzob 7un smakoj tal li7 ta Jobel ti mol Pineda 7une, yan i ve7elil ya7el li vakax bu milbikil xa 7une ka---j xi sjipik tal ta ba ka7, yich'ik tal.

7Óra, li 7autorida ya7el 7un mu jna7 mi muk' tey mi tey mi 7o buch'u teye ja7 xa 7ak'bat komel skotol ti bek'et 7une tey la xch'akbe xchi7il 7un, yan i te xekajtik ve7elile muk' xa ta 7alel buch'u stam, muk' sk'oplal, ja7 7oy la li7 mi 7aviloj i krus 7a li yo7 7o li7 tzba vo7e Ba Tz'uiltasbil Vo7e ja7 te yo7 li krus 7un le7e ni7ayotikótik ta 7a li ni7ayotikótik ta tik'-chij ta koral, 7o tey cha7-kot kaxlan chta7aj, ju-jun xalten ju-jun, bat xa 7ox i yajval 7une.

Va7i 7un, nitalotikótik 7un. "La7 jtamtik!" xiyut i

boy told me, my companion, my neighbor's child.

"If he comes back, what if he kills us?" I said, myself.

"So that's the way awful girls always are! They're so scared. Ach, go on saying it! Keep on gabbing!" he said. He was walking off himself with one frying pan. Now I really didn't want to take the other frying pan, myself.

"Shall I just take the piece of liver to eat?" I said to myself. Eh, I guess I'll take it," I said to myself. I went to take it, but I was looking around behind me like this. I was scared. Yes!

But the owner was gone! He was in one of those advance groups that was destroyed here at the Ventana. They all died. Not one was left. The [other soldiers] came back. They went to bury them. There were only three wounded ones [left] who went. Their arms were wounded [right] here. Their thighs were wounded. They came back.

[It was those Obregónists?] Yes, yes, Obregónists, of course. The three of them. The other one was wounded in the lung, I think. I don't remember very well anymore.

They came back. They went on. As for the sheep, they were hung up. They were all skinned. They were hanging up. The women's food was there, their tortillas. Who knows where they fled to. We never saw how they fled. They were herded off to San Cristóbal. They went, herded to San Cristóbal. [The women] were brought back to San Cristóbal.

[The Obregónists] probably still didn't give up or perhaps more Obregón soldiers were sent back. I don't know.

When the time came, Pineda arrived here [in Zinacantán Center]. That was the first time I saw them. The second time I saw them—me, I was already here [in San Cristóbal] as a maid. That's the first [thing] I saw, after they came back like that, came here from San Cristóbal. Then, as for us, [the next day] we opened [the pen] for those sheep. I don't know if it was probably, ah, it was probably ten o'clock when [the fighting] broke out. We opened [the pen] for the sheep, since they were hungry.

Don't you see it was the corn season, like now. Ripe corn fields.

We opened it up for the sheep. The sheep came. The sheep arrived where we were shepherding. "Why, why did we take our chickens back with us? Our mothers will eat them. We should have eaten them here by ourselves!" said my companion. Yes!

"Let's go, let's go look at the fire over there [to see] if there is any food left there," he said. Ooh, a pot was bubbling away there. A pot of chicken. It was in—oh, I don't know what they call the thing

jun krem jchi7il xch'amal jlak'-na.

"7A ti xtal mi xismilotik 7une?" xkut i vo7one.

"Yu7 nan stalel mu tzeb tol xi7 7une, tz', 7a ta to xavalulan 7i7onan to me!" xi. Xtulton xa ech'el jun xalten i stuke, ja7 xa jk'an ma jk'an jtam ti jun xalten i vo7one.

"Mi ja7 no van ta jtam i j-tuch' sekub ta jti7e," xichi. "Je, ta jtam kik," xichi 7un. 7Ay to jtam pero xi xa ta jk'el ti jpate chixi7.

Bu, ch'abal yajval, ja7 la taj 7ilaj 7avansada li7 ta Ventana 7un, laj la skotol mu la junuk 7ikom, yu7n 7isut xa, ba smukel, 7ox-vo7 xa nox 7erido 7ibat, lajem i sk'ob li7i lajem i yo7e, ja7 xa sut ech'el 7un bi!

Ja7 ja7 7Ovregonista 7un bi, taj 7ox-vo7 7une, 7a li june jun chak jun spulmon lajem chka7i mu xa jna7 lek.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti 7isutik ech'el 7un batik 7un, 7a ti chije ti jok'ajtik ti chij naka cho7bile te jipajtik, 7oy tey sve7elik 7oy te yotik, ti 7antzetike yu7n na7tik k'utik xi jatav, muk' 7onox xkiltikótik k'u xi jatav, makbil 7ibat ta Jobel, makbil 7ibat ta Jobel, tal ta Jobel 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li muk' 7onox xla7 7o nan yo7on 7un mi takbat to tal yan jsoltero li 7Ovregone ja7 mu jna7.

Va7i 7un, k'al sta yora 7iyul li Pineda li7 to 7une, 7an ja7 primero ti kil chak taj 7une, 7a ta xcha7-lok'elal kil xa 7une li7on xa 7ox ta kriarail vo7on 7une, ta primero kil 7un taje, 7i 7ilaj tal taj x7elane tal li7 ta Jobele, vo7otikótik 7une ja7 7o 7a li 7a jcha7-jamtikótik tal taj chije, mu jna7 mi te nan, je, te nan lajuneb 7ora, taj 7iyu7 7un taje, jjamtikótik tal ti chij 7une k'u ti chvi7naj 7un to.

Mu xavil, 7iximaltik chak li7i, 7ajan chobtik.

Va7i 7un, 7a jjamtikótik tal ti chij 7une, 7ital ti chij 7une 7iyul ti chij yo7 buy ta jchabitikótik 7une. "Ma kich'tik ech'el li kalak'tike ta to sti7 jme7tik yechuke li7 ta jti7 jtuktike," xi ti jchi7il 7une.

Va7i 7un, "Battik kik, ba jk'eltik la le7 jun k'ok' mi mu xa bu tey ve7elile," xi. 7Iy, te la xba---lbon j-p'inal, j-p'inal kaxlan, ta 7a li, 7ay mu jna7 k'usi sbi 7a li yav chile seráno, 7a li xi smuk'tikil latae, ja7

for mountain chili—it was a can this big. It was cooking in that. It was good food. Yes!

“Ah, did you find anything where you looked?” I asked the boy.

“Come here! Look here! See how good the food is here! Let’s eat!” he told me.

“Where will you get the tortillas for it?”

“What? The tortillas are stacked here!” he said. At the foot of a fence. That’s why they weren’t seen. So we went to open the pen for those sheep. We went to eat. We found our meal there. We ate. Whatever we couldn’t finish eating we took home. [You were lucky!] Yes, we were lucky! We ate.

We probably ate a lot of chicken at the foot of the fence. We opened [the pen] for those sheep. We ate chicken, because we discovered a pot bubbling.

There weren’t many tortillas. There were maybe just a few stacked there by the upper fence. Yes!

As for the tortillas—“Forget it, we won’t eat tortillas,” we said. We ate the chicken. We ate. We drank its broth. I still took a few pieces home. We divided them up. Four pieces for me, four pieces for my companion. We each ate two pieces. We took the [rest] home. We went to stick the sheep in [their pen]. I was ca—rrying [the meat] in my little old can. My companion, the boy, wrapped his up in his tortilla. [His house] was as far away as [from here to] the corner. Yes!

The next day, it was dese—rted. The governor’s soldiers were go—ne now. “That’s probably how it will be. Old Pineda was able to take [the town],” we said. No trouble. None.

Eh, the next thing we knew, the government came in force. Who knows how many soldiers came again. Eh, but they had no mercy. They wouldn’t care if you hadn’t anything. We didn’t have many tortillas at that time.

We had there just this tiny bit of little tortillas among us. Qui—ckly . . . I think there was some watermelon squash flavored with chili. We had cut it in chunks to eat. So they scooped out the watermelon squash. They took their tortillas and ate. It didn’t matter if you died of hunger, yourself!

[The Obregónists?] The Obregónists. The governor’s soldiers.

[It was on the next day?] No, four days later. Yes!

They probably found a lot of sheep still hanging up. They roasted them. They ate them, and so on. They surely were satisfied with that! If they hadn’t found them hanging there still, if there weren’t someone guarding them at the courthouse, who knows!

They were distracted then. They ate there.

More sheep-stealing, chicken-thieving, and so on,

lakal 7o, ja7 lek ve7el.

“7Ana mi k’usi xi 7ata bu 7avil?” xkut i krem 7une.

“La7 k’el avi k’el avi slekil li ve7elil li7e ve7ikotik!” xiyut 7un.

“Bu chavich’be yotal?”

“K’usi li vaj li7 latzale!” xi 7un. Ta yibel mok 7un yech’o li muk’ x7ile 7un, yu7n ba jjamtikótik taj chij ba ve7uk ku7untikótik 7un, te jta jve7eltikótik 7un nive7otikótik, k’u yepal muk’ x7aj j7ajestikotike kich’tikótik ech’el ta jnatikótik 7un, lek 7ikiltikótik 7un nive7otikótik 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li lek xa nan, 7a li ta jti7tikótik kaxlan ta yibel mok, ta jjamtikótik taj chij 7une, jti7tikótik kaxlan yu7un xbalbon j-p’inal 7ijtatikótik 7un.

Va7i 7un, muk’ buy 7ep ti vaj 7une 7o nan 7unin jayibuk te latzal te ta 7a li ba mok.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7a ti vaj 7une. “Yiyil mu jve7tik vaj,” xichiotikótik. Jti7tikótik ti kaxlane nive7otikótik kuch’betikótik ti skaltoal 7une, 7oy to nan jay-tuch’uk kich’ ech’el ta jna 7un jch’akbe jbatikótik 7un, chan-tuch’ vo7on chan-tuch’ i jchi7ile, cha7cha7-tuch’ 7ijti7tikótik 7un, kich’tikótik ech’el ta jnatikótik 7un, 7a jtik’tikótik ti chij 7une, jliko---j ech’el vo7on ta kunin k’a7-tak’in 7un, ja7 spotz ech’el ta yot i jun jchi7il 7une, ja7 li krem 7une, yech to snamal chbat chak k’u cha7al 7eskinæ.

Va7i 7un, 7a li ta yok’omal 7un ch’ij-ya---n ch’aba---l xa ti yajsoltero ti govyerno 7une. “7An yu7n xa nan yech 7ikom 7un, lek 7ipoj xa yu7un i mol Pinedæ,” xichiotikótik 7un. Ch’abal k’op mu7yuk.

Je7, k’alal 7ika7itikotike tal spwersa li govyerno, tal nan na7tik k’u yepal ti soltero noxtoke, je7, pero yu7n muk’ sperton mu ta sna7 mi mu7yuk k’usi 7oy 7avu7un, ja7 7o muk’ bu 7ep kottikótik.

Va7i 7un, 7o te xi yunin 7epal kunin 7ottikótik ta jay-vo7otikotike, j-li---kel, 7o tey 7ichil mail chka7i j7isoj jlo7tikótik, yu7n sjotz’ 7ichil mail stam yot 7ive7 muk’ ta 7alel mi chacham ta vi7nal li vo7ote.

7Ovregonísta 7une, yajsoltero govyerno 7un.

7I7i, ta xchanibal 7o k’ak’al.

Va7i 7un, ja7 te to jipajtik 7ista nan k’u yepal li chij 7une, 7isvoik 7isti7ik k’utikuk ja7 xa nox bal 7iya7i 7un bi, 7a ti manchuk te to jipil 7istæ, manchuk 7o xchabiel li kaviltøe na7tik!

Va7i 7un, ja7 tey ch’ay yo7on 7un, tey ve7ik 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7o---ch yan 7elek’-chij 7elek’-kaxlan

bega—n. The governor's soldiers always ate stolen food. They'd scarcely buy it!

"God, how will we be freed from our hardship—suffering as we do? It's not possible." I had a hen turkey crouching along the foot of the fence, in the weeds, in ta—ll weeds. They made a pa—th through [the weeds] and grabbed the turkey. They grabbed the turkey and went on. Yes!

They took away two chickens and one turkey. Yes!

[No sheep?] Not my sheep. Not my sheep. Just my turkey and my chickens. They did go! Yes!

On the fourth day, my pots we—nt, my bowls went. I had a ball of yarn this big, just wool. They stole it.

They went to sell them. There was a store, a bar. They went to sell them, to exchange them.

I still saw my bowls. They were this big, huge. What good were they now? They were somebody else's now. We lost lots of our things. I had a chest. I had some books. I had some notebooks. They all went. They stole them all.

"God, My Lord, why do we have so much hardship, mother?" I asked my mother.

"Ah, you're right, daughter! Never mind, I guess. We'll see what we'll live on," said my mother.

"Yes, you're right, of course!" I said. Yes!

They returned more—more than they stole. They came back. Obregon's soldiers came. They came to ask a favor. They had stolen a mule-load of flour here at the Ventana. A mule-load of flour. "Do you want a third of the flour in exchange for making tortillas for us to eat?" said the soldiers. Three soldiers arrived.

"We do!" we said.

"I'll pay someone, then, to come and bring it," they told us. A sack of flour. "Just send [word] to us. We'll come and get [the food]," they said. "Make tortillas for us to eat!" they said. "Three days. If we find more, we'll give it to you," they said.

"Okay," I said. We made tortillas. This big a sta—ck of wheat tortillas went every day. Every day they ate them. Yes!

A little, half straw mat of flour was probably used up. That much. They ate it and we ate it. Yes!

"Never mind, then, My Lord," I said.

"If you will still be so kind as to make tortillas, we'll get some more," they said.

"Bring it!" we said. [One of them] brought it. He came to leave it. Another bag. "Well, never mind, we'll store up the rest. We'll be happy to eat it when we haven't any corn," said my mother. We put it away. The straw mat was empty now.

"What can I do with the straw mat? Take it!" he told us.

7elek'-k'utikuk naka ta 7elek' 7onox chve7 li yajsoltero li govyerno yu7 van tzman 7un!

Va7i 7un, "Yos k'u to xi xkol li jvokoltik la x7elan 7abol jbatike mu7 nox stak'!" 7Oy j-kot sme7 jtuluk', patal ta yibelyibel mok ta tz'i7leltik, smu---k'tikil tz'i7lele, 7a xi sp'e---v ech'ele stzak i tuluke' stzak i tuluk'e bat. Ji7!

Cha7-kot kaxlan j-kot tuluk' 7iyik' ech'el. Ji7!

Mu7yuk jchij, mu7yuk jchij, ja7 nox ti jtuluk'e ti kalak'e ja7 bat a7a! Ji7!

Va7i 7un, ta xchanibal 7o k'ak'al 7une, 7iba---t jp'in 7ibat jboch 7ibat 7oy jpisbenal noetik xi smuk'tikile naka tzotz 7iyelk'an ech'el.

Va7i 7un, 7a la xchon 7un, 7o te jun tyenta nail trago 7un 7a xchon 7un sjelik la 7un.

Va7i 7un, kil to ti jboch xi sil 7animal muk'ule k'u xa bal 7o yan krixchano xa, 7ep 7ich'ay k'usuk ku7untikótik, 7oy j-p'ej jkaxa 7oy jlivrotak 7oy jkwadernotak te bat skotol, laj yelk'anik 7un.

Va7i 7u---n, "Yo7s kajva7i 7a ti x7elan i jvokoltike, me7, k'u7 nox yu7un?" xkut i jme7e.

"7Ay, ja7 xavale, tzeb, yiyil kik jk'eltik k'u xi xive7otik," xi ti jme7e.

"Ji7, 7ava7uk a7a!" xkut. Ji7!

Mas to mas to k'ex ti k'u yelk'an 7une, tal 7un tal ti yajsoltero 7Ovregon 7une tal sk'an pavor 7un, yelk'an tal ta li7 ta Ventana j-kot ta ka7 7a li jarina, j-kot ta ka7 jarina. "Mi chak'an junuk tersyo jarinae chapak'an jve7tik?" xi ti solteroe. 7Ox-vo7 soltero te k'ot.

"Ta jk'an!" xkuttikótik 7un.

"Ta jtojbe tal yajval che7e chtal yak'," xiyut. J-p'ej koxtal jarina. "Ja7 nox chatakbon ech'el, 7a li chtal kich'tikótik" xi. "Chapak'anbon ta jve7tikótik!" xi. "7Oxib k'ak'al, mi jtatikótik yane chakak'betikótik," xi.

"Bwéno," xkut. Jpak'antikótik xi sla---tzlej i jarinail vaj chbat sil k'ak'al, sil k'ak'al tzve7ik. Ji7!

Va7i 7un, 7a li laj nan 7unen 7o7lol 7o7lol pop ti jarina, yech 7un taje, ta sve7ik 7i ta jve7tikótik.

Va7i 7un, "Yiyil che7e, kajval," xichi 7un.

"Mi ta to xa7abolaj chapak'an 7o xa te jtatikótik," xi.

"7Ich'o tal!" xkuttikótik. 7Iyich' tal 7un tal yak' 7un, 7otro j-p'ej. "Béno, yiyil ta to jnak'tik i yan 7une bal to xka7i jve7tik ti k'u 7ora mu7yuk kiximtike," xi li jme7 7une. Jnak'tikótik 7un, 7a li xokol xa li pope.

"Li pope k'u stu ku7un 7ich'o!" xiyutotikótik.

“Okay,” we said. “That’s probably payment for our firewood, mother,” I said, myself.

“That’s it!” she said. Yes!

We made [them tortillas]. He came to take them. He kept coming to take them. One day he came carrying two turkeys. Probably Chamulans’ turkeys! Yes!

“Fix the turkeys for us to eat. We’re hungry,” he said. “You eat half, we’ll eat half,” he said.

“Ah!” we said. As for my mother, she fixed a whole turkey. He carried the whole potful off. It went together with my pot. Ye—s!

He had said he would stay to eat the one. That’s what he had said. Yes!

“Won’t you separate out your meal, then?” [he asked].

“No,” said [my mother].

“Oh, ma’am, why are you being like this?” he asked. “I told you, *One today, one tomorrow*, I told you,” he said. “Never mind, then,” he said. “Since there are just three of us eating, you’ll just have to figure it out—we’ll eat it. There will still be cold [food],” he said. So then he took our pot to eat out of. [The big pot] stayed. It was a little pot that went. Six pieces [of turkey] went. Our own portion was left, it seems. We ate. He left. He came to get their tortillas. He would bring something—a chicken or a rooster. He would come to get the food for his tortillas. Our pay was half a bag of flour—half for them. We lived on it, it seems.

“The trouble is, my firewood has run out. I haven’t any firewood left,” my mother told him.

“We’ll see if there’s a way for the firewood to come. There’s a lot of firewood. Take it from the paths! You’re scared to get it from the fences,” he said. They just warmed themselves with the fences!

“Ah, but my neighbor will scold me! Don’t you see, it’s my neighbor’s fence,” I said.

“Ah, what does it matter to you?” he said.

“No!” I said.

“Don’t you see, we’ll pay someone for it,” my mother told him.

“Ah!” he said. “But don’t be scared to [steal]!” he said. He had gotten this ma—ny broad beans in a bag, green broad beans.

“He said, *Cook the green broad beans to eat too*,” I told [my mother].

“Eh, but I don’t know how to,” said [my mother].

“Do you know how we should eat them, mother?” I said, myself. “We’ll shuck the pods and then we’ll boil them.”

“What if they don’t eat them that way? You see, they only eat them fried,” she said.

“Yes, of course!” I said myself.

I shucked the pods. Now they were we—ll-

“Béno,” xichiotikótik. “Ja7 xa nan stojol jsi7tik 7un le7e, me7,” xkut i vo7one.

“Ja7 che7e!” xi. Ji7!

7Ava7i 7un, jpastikótik 7un, chtal yich’ chtal yich’ batel 7un, tal jun k’ak’al cha7-kot tuluk’ slikoj tal, stuluk’ nan jchamu7etik. Ji7!

“Chameltzan tuluk’ jti7tik ta xive7otik,” xi. “7O7lol chati7 7o7lol ta jti7,” xi.

“7A!” xkuttikótik. 7A ti jme7 7une smeltzan skotlej ti tuluk’e, slik ech’el sp’inlej bat xchi7uk jp’in. Jii7!

7A li 7ava7i 7un 7a li ti yaloj 7une yu7n la chkom sti7 ti j-kot ti yaloj 7une. Ji7!

Va7i 7un, “Mi muk’ xach’ak komel 7ave7el che7e?”

“7I7i,” xut.

“7Ay, sinyóra, k’u no van yu7unot?” xi 7un. “7A li nakalbe *J-kot lavie j-kot 7ok’ob*, xakut 7une,” xi 7un.

“Yil xa yil,” xi 7un. “Kómo 7ox-vo7otikótik nox chive7otikótik ja7 xa nox chanit ech’el li presa ta xi jti7tikotike 7o to 7onox te sik,” xi 7un. Ja7 xa 7a li yich’ xa ta ti jp’intikótik ti ve7 7o 7une, ja7 xa 7a li 7ikom 7un bik’it p’in xa bat 7un, bat xa vak-tuch’ 7un, ja7 te kom jrasyontikótik ya7el vo7otikótik 7une, live7otikótik 7un, bat 7un, chtal yich’ chtal yich’ i yot 7une, 7o j-kot kaxlan 7o j-kot kelem k’u xich’ tal 7un, chtal ta xich’ 7o yocheb i yot 7une, ja7 jtojoltikótik ti 7o7lol tersyo li jarinae 7o7lol yu7un, ti nive7otikótik 7o ya7el 7une.

Va7i 7un, “K’usi, laj jsi7 mu7yuk xa jsi7,” xut i jme7 7une.

“Ta jk’eltikótik mi 7oy 7oy k’u cha7al xtal li si7e, 7oy 7ep si7 tam ta soral yu7un chaxi7ik mu xasa7ik i moke,” xi 7un. Naka mok tzk’atin 7un!

“7A pero ta x7ilin i jbesinoe mu xavil smok jbesino,” xkut.

“7A, k’u 7akwenta 7o?” xi.

“Mo7oj!” xkut.

“Mu xavil ta jtojbetikótik yajval,” xut i jme7e.

“7Aa!” xi 7un. “Pero mu xaxi7 7o!” xi. Ssa7oj ech’el xi ye---pal ta vorxae javas, yaxal javas.

“*Lakano la 7ati7 noxtok yaxal javas.*”

“Je, pero mu jna7,” xi.

“Mi xana7 k’u xi ta jti7tik, me7?” xkut i vo7on 7une. “Jcho7betik i spate 7i ja7 7o jlakantik.”

“7A ti mi mu sna7ik sti7el yech 7une naka ch’ilbil tzk’ux chavil 7une,” xi 7un.

“Ji7 a7a!” xkut i vo7on 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7ijcho7be li spat 7une le---k xa chak,

cooked. They were good now. They were good and soft, like corn. They were boiled. I gave them to him. "Do you eat them like this?" we asked.

"Ah, they're better!" he said. Yes!

He had an awfully big bowl, this size. We filled it up for him. He took it. They ate. "Ah [there's enough] here for supper and breakfast," he said. He went. He took his wheat tortillas. We ate wheat tortillas for a long time. It was probably more than a month. Yes!

Now they won. It was when . . . I don't know if it was the third time they were sent off, I think.

My mother had run out of corn. "I'm going to leave you in San Cristóbal. That's better. Go earn something!" she said.

Pineda was chased by Obregón there by [the Church of] Guadalupe [in San Cristóbal]. Pineda fled. Obregón stayed now. Obregón was established. Pineda lost for good. He lost for good. One of their roosters, two legs of mutton, roasted in the oven were left at my home. There was still probably, eh, a quart of corn. That was all. That became our pay, of course! Two of their sheep, too. But they were still alive. They hadn't slaughtered them and brought them. They brought them, of course! They were eaten here in San Cristóbal. That's all I saw. The last time they came, it seems—the last time we fed the soldiers like that—Pineda's soldiers came. They went this way along the top of Na Joj [Raven House]. They blew their bugles. They blew their bugles. Their bugles sounded goo—d.

But the advance force was already at the cemetery. [Pineda's soldiers] were scared now. They fled back now, like this, along the top of the mountains. They left. They ended up at [the Church of] Guadalupe. They fled. They fled to this day. They stayed away. Now it's fine. There haven't been any more battles. That was the last battle, indeed! Ye—s!

For Tonik, all the grand ideals, the bullets and battles of the Mexican Revolution, shrink to nothing before the contemplation of a generous stack of tortillas and a simmering pot of well-spiced chicken.

The first scene apparently opens on 19 September 1920, when the Pinedists routed the government troops of President Carranza. Tonik, like Xun Vaskis, mistakenly identifies them as the Obregónists, who arrived years later. It appears from Tonik's closing comments that the soldiers they fed were Obregónists. Tonik's mother's quandary about how to prepare food for the Ladino soldiers expresses the distinctive difference between Indian cuisine and Ladino cuisine—Indians eat boiled food, Ladinos eat fried food. Tonik's concern with food did not end with the Revolution. I recall her bouncing my infant daughter in her lap and, with her eyes asparkle, reciting a litany of all the gastronomic pleasures that awaited our baby: "You will eat tortillas! You will eat beans! You will eat potatoes!" (And almost surely out of consideration for our vegetarian diet, she thoughtfully excluded chicken and beef, etc.)

tok'on 7un lek xa, juyul xa slekil chak k'u cha7al 7a li 7ixim 7un, tok'on 7un kak'be 7un. "Xana7 sti7el yech chak li7e?" xkuttik 7un.

"7A, mas lek!" xi 7un. Ji7!

7Oy jun smu mol tasa xi smuk'ule ja7 ta jnojesbetikótik ech'el 7un, chich' ech'el 7un chve7 7un. "7A li7e 7oy yu7un sena 7oy yu7un 7almwerso," xi 7un. Chbat 7un chich' ech'el ti sjarinail vaj 7une, jal 7ijve7tikótik ti jarinail vaje, te nan mas ta jun 7u. Ji7!

K'usi xa li 7ispas kanal 7une ja7 ti k'alal taa, mu jna7 mi ta yox-lok'elal 7ay stakel ta 7ik'el chka7i 7un.

7A li ja7 ti jme7 7une laj yixim 7un. "Chba kak'ot Jobel mas lek ba paso kanal!" xi 7un.

Le7 ta Valalupa 7a snutzel yu7un 7Ovregon 7une ti Pineda 7une, bat ti Pineda jatav ech'el li Pineda 7une, ja7 xa te kom i 7Ovregon 7une, choti li 7Ovregon 7une, ja7 ch'ay i Pineda ta j-moj 7une, ch'ay ta j-moj 7un, ja7 7oy 7ikom te ta jna 7a li j-kot skelem cha7-jek chij bakueb ta jorno, 7a li 7o to nan, 7eee junuk kwarcha te7 7ixim k'ajom 7un, ja7 xa jtojoltikótik 7ikom 7un bi, cha7-kot xchij a7a pero xkotet to muk' milbil 7iyik' tal 7un, 7iyik' tal bi 7a li7 tal sti7ik li7 ta Jobele, ja7 yech yepal 7i 7i 7a li 7ikil chak taj 7une, tal xa ta slajeb xa ya7el taj k'alal slajeb taj x7elan ta jmak'lantikótik i soltero 7une, 7i 7ital to yajsoltero li 7a li Pineda 7une, xi bat xi ta baba Na Joj 7une, stij skorneta 7un, stij skorneta 7un le---k xa xal ti skornetae.

Buy, te li 7avansada ta mukenal xa 7une, 7ixi7 xa 7un, jatav xa tal 7un ja7 xa li xixi baba baba vitztik 7ibat 7une xi k'ot ta lok'el ta Valalupa 7une jatav 7o ech'el 7un, k'al tana, kom 7o li lek xa 7un mu xa bu 7och pletu yan, ch'abal xa, slajeb pletu bi! Jii7!

The entry of the Obregónist troops in Zinacantán Center in late April 1924 was described to me by another witness, Manvel K'obyox. He told how General Pineda used to disguise himself as a Chamulan charcoal maker, so that he could pass freely among the enemy. When the Obregónists arrived searching for Pineda and his troops, the townspeople had mainly fled. As a sacristan, Manvel had stayed behind to guard the church. The Obregónist commander, flourishing a pistol in his right hand and a red flag in his left, accosted the small group of defenders at the bridge: "Where is Pineda?" They swore their ignorance, though they must have guessed that his forces were sitting in foxholes in the mountain slopes above the town. A house was searched nearby, and a cache of corn and pure cane liquor was discovered. A bull was slaughtered. Each of the soldiers and each of the Zinacantec defenders received a kilo of meat and a large shot of cane liquor.

The flight of Pineda's soldiers from the hills flanking Zinacantán Center occurred on 1 May 1924. See also T14, T112, T152, T154, and their notes.

He Followed the Sun and Swallowed the Gold

T89

There was a man long ago. He asked the buzzard for its wings. He left. He followed close behind. "My Lord, I am going to join you because I want to go see where it is you go, as far as [the place] where you stop. I [want to] know where the world ends. I want to see it," he told Our Lord.

"Oh, poor creature!" said Our Lord. "Let's go and see! Do your best, you will be somebody, you will be a real man if you pass along where I'm going," said Our Holy Father.

[The man] followed close behind. He was getting worn out. Right around three o'clock he just grew exhausted. He couldn't go on.

He perched in a tree. When he perched in a tree, when he looked [again], Our Lord had already gone on. He fle—w off again. He flew off qui—ckly now. He caught up with Our Lord on the path. "Please don't leave me. Please wait for me, because I feel tired," he said.

"Ah, you want to go on because you surely are a rugged traveller, but me, I'm used to it. That's how I watch over the young and the old," said Our Lord. He went on. You see they reached the place where the sun sets, [where] the sun disappears. "If you want to continue on, if you really want to cross over, dunk your head three times," he was told, at the ocean. He dunked his head. After that first dunking Our Lord had not yet crossed over [the ocean]. Nor after the second dunking. After the third time that he dunked his head, when he looked, Our Lord was on the other side of the ocean. "Cross on over! Now the ocean isn't very deep any more," he was told. But he was tantalized by the money. [It reached] from one side to the other. There was money here on our side. There was money on the other side.

"Why should I go now? Why should I cross over now, since I long for the money, it seems?" he said. He picked up the money. He stuck it under his sash, around his waist or something. Already it felt heavy. He couldn't stand up anymore. He wasn't even satisfied with that much. He had a neckerchief. When he flew off he had tied it around his waist. He put [the money] in his neckerchief. He wrapped it tightly around him. He tied it around his waist. Then he flew.

But you see, he came back bringing the money he had found. He flew back by himself, he didn't come back with Our Lord. He just returned to tell about how it was, what it was like that he dunked his head three times. He came home. He returned to tell his children. "Never mind, wife, I carried out my wish, I achieved my purpose. I went to see where the end

7Oy la jun vinik ti vo7ne, 7isk'anbe la xxik' i xuleme, bat la 7un, bat la, tijiltijil la. Ti "Kajval, chba jchi7inot yu7un ta jk'an chba jk'el ti bu chabate, ti buy buy ti k'alal chapaje, ta xkojtkin ti bu k'alal xpaj i balamile, ta jk'an ta jk'el," xut la ti kajvaltik.

"7Ay, 7olol!" xi la ti kajvaltik. "Battik avil ba lok'es 7avo7on yu7un krixchanoot yu7un vinikot ti mi7n na7ech' ti yo7 bu chibate," xi la ti jch'ul-tottik.

Va7i 7un, tijiltijil la ech'el, ta xa xlubtzaj ti k'al lek xa nan 7oxib 7ora k'ak'ale, solel la tzlubtzaj xa, mu xa xu7.

Va7i 7un, luchi la ta te7, 7a la ti k'alal 7iluchi ta te7 7une, k'al 7iyil i kajvaltike bat xa 7ox la, vi---l la ech'el noxtok 7un, suje---m xa la vil ech'el 7un, sta la ta be ti kajvaltik 7une. "Mu me xakomeson 7un, malaon me 7un, yu7un me chilub chka7i," xi la 7un.

"7Aa, chak'an chabate yu7un me tzotzot ta xanbal 7un bi 7a, yan chak i vo7one yu7n nox nopem xka7i ja7 yech ta jk'el 7o bik'it muk'," xi la ti kajvaltike. Bat la 7un, xavil 7istaik la ti yo7 bu mal ti k'ak'al ch'ay ti k'ak'al 7une. "7A li ti mi7n chak'an chajelav, mi slok'el 7avo7on cha7ech'e, tz'ajo 7ox-tz'ajeluk lajole!" x7utat la ti ta nab 7une. Stz'aj la ti sjole, taj ta primero j-tz'ajele, mu to 7ox bu la jelav yu7un kajvaltik, xcha7-tz'ajele ch'abal la, ta yox-tz'ajelal 7istz'aj i sjol 7une, k'al 7iyile j-jech nab la ti kajvaltik 7une. "Jelavan talel 7un, lavi mu xa bu mas noj i nabe," x7utat la 7un. Pero spich' la yo7on ti tak'in ta j-jot ta j-jote, 7oy la tak'in li7 ta jtojoltike 7i 7oy la tak'in xi ta j-jote.

"K'usi xi chibat 7un li7i, k'usi xi chijelav 7un li7i, ti xpich' ko7on i tak'in yilel 7une?" xi la. Stam la ti tak'ine xch'ik la ta xch'ut sjoyob spat k'usi, 7ol xa la cha7i 7un, mu xa la stak' xva7i 7un, mu7 no la ja7uk no 7ox ta7lo ya7i la, 7o la spok', 7a li xchukoj ech'el ta xch'ut ti k'al 7ivil ech'el 7une, 7a li 7iyak' la ta ta spok' 7un, 7isut' la 7un, 7ixchuk la ta xch'ut 7un, ja7 7o la vil 7un.

Bu la xavil 7un, 7isut la tal 7un yich'oj tal ti tak'in ya7ele sta la tal stuk xa 7ivil tal 7un mu xa yu7unuk xchi7uk tal li kajvaltik 7une, ja7 no la ti yul slo7ilta ti k'utik xi ti k'utik x7elan ti stz'aj 7o 7ox-tz'ajel ti sjol 7une, tal ta sna 7une, yul yalbe ti xch'amaltak 7une. "Yiyil 7un, 7antz, 7ijlok' ti ko7one, 7ech' ti ko7on 7a jk'el buy ti slajelal ti balamil 7une, mu k'usi 7un.

of the world was. That's all. *Dunk your head three times and cross over!* Our Lord told me."

"But I never saw how he crossed over. After the second dunking Our Holy Father was still there. Then after the third dunking I saw Our Lord standing now on the other side of the ocean. The money, wi—fe! But it seemed as if I wouldn't come back. I wouldn't come back, it seemed. You wouldn't be sad scooping up the money! I just scooped it up in my hands. I just picked it up with my hands. Look how much there is! See how the money is to the touch! We just pick it up. We just bring it from the place where Our Lord disappears. But the trouble is I had a hard time returning all the way with it. I deposited some at the place where I became exhausted. There at Calvary I grew weary, you see, I dug a hole for it. I left it buried. I don't know if I'll still find it. Take this [much], because I'm coming ri—ght back!" he said.

He returned. He had come back holding the money in his teeth. He swallowed it. He didn't tell his wife about the money he swallowed. He left. He went to get his neckerchief in which he had wrapped the money tightly. Maybe it was the price [he had to pay] for his efforts, it seems. The price [paid] by his body, since he felt awful now, I think. Who knows how he found the money. He gathered it up. It was wrapped tightly in the neckerchief. He carried it back a second time. He came back. He returned home. "Look! See how much money there is! But the trouble is, I took pains [to get] it. I'm dying from it. The trouble is I went and did a bad thing. I went and scooped it up. I cupped the money in my hand. I put it in my hand. I put it in my mouth.

"But you see, I didn't think I would get thirsty on the way.

"But you see, my heart was bursting with air at Calvary. It was then that I went and swallowed all the money there. I drank some water. Who knows if I discharged it. I don't know if I'm not dying from it. My stomach feels drea—dful. I feel awful. My stomach is really bursting." He was just given refined sugar [and water] to drink. He didn't go anywhere any more. He got very sick.

He died. The man's wife went to report it at the courthouse. "See here, magistrate, I don't know what to do. It's the fourth day after my husband's return from where he went to see the end of the world, it seems, where Our Lord disappears. He found some money. He gathered it up and returned.

"But the trouble is he grew thirsty on the way. He was going to drink some water.

"But you see, he swallowed the money at the same time," she told the magistrate. "I don't know what to

Tz'ajo 7ox-tz'ajel lajole jelavan tal! xiyut ti kajvaltik 7une. 7Ijtz'aj i 7ox-tz'ajel 7une xka7uk to xkil k'u xi chjelav i kajvaltik 7un."

"Bu, muk' 7onox kil k'u xi jelav 7un, ta xcha7-tz'ajelale te to 7ox i jch'ul-tottike, ta yox-tz'ajelal 7une ja 7 to chkil va7al xa ta j-jech nab i kajvaltik 7une, 7a ti tak'ine, 7a---ntz, pero mu xisut tal yilel mu xital yilel yu7un mu chibuk 7avo7on k'u xajop ti tak'ine, naka ta jjop ta jk'obtik, naka no 7ox ta jtam ta jk'obtik, k'e yepal, k'e x7elan ti tak'in chpike, naka ta jtamtik naka ta xkich'tik ti yo7 buy buy chch'ay i kajvaltike, pero k'usi, vokol ta xljaj yuluk ku7un, 7oy to 7ijkuban komel yo7 li nilubtzaje taj nilubtzaj ta Kalvarioe, va7i, jjok'be xch'enal 7un, jmuk komel, mu jna7 mi jta to 7un, 7ich'o komel yu7un chisu---t ta 7ora!" xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7isut la 7un, 7o la skatz'oj tal ti tak'ine, sbik' la 7un, ja7 la muk' xalbe komel ti yajnil ti tak'in 7isbik' 7une, bat la 7un, bat stam tal ti spok' ssut'oj ta tak'in 7une, ja7 nan ti stojol ti svokol ya7el stojol xa ti spat xxokon ti chcham xa nan chkal vo7on 7une, ja7 mu jna7tik k'u x7elan k'u ti sta la ti tak'in 7une, sjop la tal 7un, te la sut'ul ti ta pok' 7une, xcha7-kuch la tal 7un, tal la 7un, yul la ti la sna 7une. "K'e 7un, k'e yepal tak'in, k'usi, chkak' 7o jvokol 7une, chicham 7o 7une, k'usi, yu7un ba jpas chopolal ba jjop 7a li jk'et ti tak'ine, 7ijtik' ta ke kum tal ti chkal 7une.

"Bu, xkak' mu xtakijuk jti7 ta be 7un.

"Bu, batz'i 7animal suk sba ko7on li7 ta Kalvario 7une, ja7 te ba jbik'an ti tak'in te yo7 7une, 7ijkuch' vo7 7un, na7tik xa mi jtza7ta lok'el 7un, mu jna7 mi mu ja7uk xa chicham 7o, 7animal ya---n x7elan ti ko7on, chicham ya7el batz'i sukoj sba ti ko7one." Naka la 7ak'bat sakil 7asuka 7iyuch', mu xa la bu bat 7un, 7i7ipaj la ta j-mek 7un.

Va7i 7un, cham la 7un, ba la yal ta kavalto ti yajnil ti vinik 7une. "K'el avi, preserente, mu7 no jna7 k'u ta jnop, 7a li xchanibal k'ak'al syulel ti jmalal ti bu 7a sk'el ti slajelal balamil ya7ele, ti bu xch'ay i kajvaltike, sta la tal tak'in 7un, sjop la 7un, yul la tal 7un."

"K'usi, yu7un la takij sti7 ta be 7un, ta 7ox la xuch' vo7 7un.

"Buy, ko7ol la sbik' xchi7uk ti tak'ine," xut la ech'el ti preserente 7une. "7A li mu jna7 k'u ta jnop 7un,

do. Should he be operated on? Do you think he would come back to life?"

"Oh, we can cut him open, but I certainly won't give you the money. I'll take the money if you are telling the truth that your husband swallowed some money. I'll take the money myself. We'll divide it up amongst ourselves here. Since it costs me money, it seems, whatever the cost is, it seems, for the efforts of the justice of the peace who looks at him. He costs money, it seems. Oh, who knows if you are telling the truth or not. [When] will I ever see how you can go so far off in the world, loafers!" said the magistrate.

"Oh, well, if you don't want to operate on my husband for me so that he won't die . . .," said the woman. He wasn't cut open. Then the poor man, having swallowed it, died. He was buried. He was never examined to see what he had swallowed. All that happened was that his children lived on [the rest]. His children grew up with all the money he had brought back. It was just gold, just silver and so on that he had brought back from the place where he went, from the place where Our Lord disappears.

In this Zinacantec counterpart to the Icarus myth, Tonik's artful juxtaposition of private and public greed is probably her own invention. A version from Chenalhó relates how the hero is transformed into a buzzard, follows the sun, and visits the underworld, where he sees the dwarfs with their mud hats. He scoops up gold from the dry ocean bed, swallows some, and returns. But, his stomach, heavy with gold, bursts upon landing (Montes Sánchez, c. 1959:50-51).

From the coastal Chiapas region of Soconusco comes an elaborate variant of this tale. A man, seeking to reach the sun, transforms himself into a hawk, but is unable to catch up. He returns home and the next day becomes an eagle. He flies to the east, but the sun has already left. He flies to the west to wait for the sun's arrival. As the ocean dries up, he discovers fields of gold. He asks the dwarfs to help him gather it up. He accompa-

ja7 lek ta xjav ya7ele, mi xkuxi to xana7."

"7An ta jjavtik pero mu7nuk chakak'be xa li tak'in 7un bi, chkich' i tak'in ti mi yu7un yech 7aval ti sbik'oj tak'in 7amalale, ta xkich' vo7on i tak'ine, ta jch'akbe jbatikótik li7 toe, k'u ti ta jpas kasto ya7el ti k'u yepal ti 7a li stojol ya7el svokol ti 7alkalte ta sk'el 7une, ja7 tzpas kasto ya7el, 7aa, jna7tik 7onox mi yech mu yechuk xavalik, mi xkil to k'usi xabatik ta nom balamil le7e jaraganetik!" xi la ti preserente 7une.

"7An yech ti mi mu xak'an xjavbone, mi yo7 xa mu chcham 7o li jmalale," xi la ti 7antz. Muk' la xjav 7un, te la sbik'oj 7ibat ti prove vinik 7une, k'al tana, 7imuk 7o 7un, mu xa yu7unuk 7ik'elbat ti k'usi sbik'oje, k'ajom no la ve7 7o xch'amaltak 7ich'i 7o xch'amaltak ti k'u yepal ti tak'in yich'oj tale, naka la 7oro, naka la plata k'utikuk ti yich'oj tal ti bu 7ay yo7 ti bu chch'ay ti kajvaltik 7une.

nies them to their cave where they lead idyllic lives—leaf-cutter ants are their pigs, the rats and gophers bring them their food. But, anxious to return home, he speaks with eloquence, persuading the dwarfs to help him transport the gold to his home. As he nears his destination, the greedy man coughs on them, dropping them to the ground, while he hurriedly stuffs the gold in a sack and runs home. But the gold grows heavier and heavier as he shrinks, turns black, sprouts wings and a beak, grows claws and scales until he is fully a buzzard. The dwarfs take the money to his house for his wife and children, keeping some for themselves. They bury their share by the roots of their crops, and so corn shines with the golden glow of a sunbeam. The buzzard still today is searching for the gold, but all he eats is carrion and excrement (Navarrete, 1966b:426).

The Charcoal Cruncher

T81

Once there was a man who was sleeping with his wife. His head went off at nighttime.

It went to the fireside. It covered up the woman's fire. It left the charcoal heaped up.

But you see, the man got up to eat it. He went to the fireside.

He was gna—wing on it, gnawing at night like a rat. "Wake up, man! Wake up, man!" she tried to tell her husband. He never answered. Not once. Nobody there. The Charcoal Cruncher was mu—nching away. He was there at the fireside.

But you see after the awful Charcoal Cruncher had finished crunching all the charcoal he had

7Oy la jun vinik ti vo7ne, ta la xvay xchi7uk yajnil, yu7un la chlok' ta 7ak'ubaltik sjole.

Va7i 7un, chbat la ta ti7 k'ok', smuk la sk'ok' ti ti 7antz, ta stzopan komel ti 7ak'al 7une.

Va7i 7un, bu xavil 7un, yu7un la chlik sk'ux ti vinik 7une, ta la xbat ta ti7 k'ok' 7un.

Va7i xjep'ep'e---t, xjep'ep'et ta 7ak'ubaltik k'u cha7al ch'o. "Vinik julavan, vinik julavan!" ya7uk la yut ti smalale. Mu la bu xtak'av, ch'abal a7a, ch'ij-yan la, te xjup'up'e---t ti jk'ux-7ak'ale, te ya7el ta ti7 k'ok' 7une.

Bu la xavil 7un, ti mu jk'ux-7ak'al 7une, lajem la sk'ux ti k'u yepal tzopanbil komel ti 7ak'al ta ti7

heaped up at the fireside, he would brush up the charcoal with his foot, piling it up at the fireside. "Please, wife, don't cover up the charcoal here. That's no good!"

"It's because they are glo—wing so. I can't get to sleep because of the fire. The coals are burning so," she said.

But you see the husband got up to eat [charcoal] again and again. The wife wasn't aware of it. "Oh where did you put the coals you piled up here? I need them for lighting my fire. My fire is very low now. It doesn't burn at all now," she said.

"Your coals must be somewhere. I didn't see if there were any coals. You still had them banked up to warm my tortillas at bedtime. Where in the world could the coals go to?" said the awful man. He had begun doing that a lo—ng time ago. Just like that he went off each time, each time, every night. The poor woman would shake him.

But the man never answered. "What's going on? What's happening?" she said to her compadre when she went to visit her. "What do you make of it, compadre? It's terrible. I try to waken your compadre. He gets up at night. He goes off to eat charcoal." He went to that compadre's house. He went to eat charcoal.

"What disgusting thing is that, gnawing at the fireside? Have you struck a match?" [the Charcoal Cruncher's] compadre asked her husband.

"Who knows what it is. What difference does it make as long as you've picked up your tortillas, [as long as] you've picked up whatever odds and ends were on top of your metate or on top of your metate platform?" said the man.

"Never mind, what difference does it make? Strike a match! You see, it doesn't hear [us] at all, knocking around now among our pots," said the woman. He struck a match. Who knows where it went. The awful Charcoal Cruncher didn't get caught. No!

He didn't get caught until his compadre had a curing ceremony for his child. His awful head was si—tting there at the fireside. His wife was asleep.

They heard the Charcoal Cruncher munching away. "You're right, you weren't just telling a story, compadre, I see you were telling the truth that my compadre eats charcoal," he said when he had a curing ceremony for his child. They had gone to spend the night there. They had arrived to spend the night. They went to bed. When the curing ceremony was over for his compadre's little child they slept, they rested, it seems. Maybe he hadn't had enough to eat. He got up to eat charcoal.

Who knows if there was charcoal from the pine torch behind the lamp stand. There was a lot of charcoal that had fallen from the lamp stand. After

k'ok'e, ta la sbek' ta yok ta ti7 k'ok' ta la stzopan ti 7ak'ale. "Mu me xamuk i 7ak'al li7e, 7antz, mu me xtun!"

"Ja7 me li batz'i x7exexe---t xa mu x7och 7o jvayel i k'ok' ta x7an ta j-mek ti 7ak'ale," xi la 7un.

Bu xavil 7un, 7a la ti vinik 7une, yu7un la ma chlik sk'ux batel 7un, mu la bu ta yo7on ti 7antz 7une. "7An bu 7avak' ti 7ak'ale, li7 7atzopane, bal jnop' 7o jk'ok' batz'i j-tz'uj xa li jk'ok'e, mu xa xtil ta j-mek," xi la.

"Te nan buy ta tavak'ale, muk' bu xkil, mi 7oy 7ak'al che7e, 7a la 7apot 7onox 7ak'ixna 7o kot vayuke che7e, bu ma xu7 chbat 7ak'al?" xi la ti mu vinik 7une. Vo7ne la slike---l, ja7 yech, ja7 yech ju-koj ju-koj ju-jun 7ak'ubal ju-jun 7ak'ubal chbat ta xtijvan ti yo 7antz.

Bu xavil 7un, mu7yuk la buy xtak'av ti vinik 7une. "7An k'u no van yu7un, kumale, k'u no van cha7al?" xut la ech'el ti skumale 7a svula7an 7une. "K'u x7elan chavil, kumale, batz'i muk' lek, ya7uk jtij lakumpare ta xlik ta 7ak'ubaltik chba sk'ux 7ak'al." 7Ay la tzna taj skumpare 7a la sk'ux 7ak'al.

Va7i 7un, "K'usi porkeriyail taj xjep'ep'et ta ti7 k'ok'e, mi 7ajoch' 7aserio?" xut la smalal ti skumale.

"Jna7tik k'usi, k'u jtu7untik, yiyil ja7 no 7ox skwenta ma tamoj 7avote, ma tamoj k'usi j-set' juteb 7oy ta sba 7acho7 ta sba 7avek'ene," xi la ti 7a li vinik 7une.

"Yiyil k'u jtu7untik joch'o laserioe, va7i batz'i mu xa7i ta j-mek xk'ojlajet xa ta jp'intik," xi la ti 7antz 7une. Xjoch' la ti sserioe, jna7tik la bu bat 7un, mu la bu yal ta k'ok' ti mu jk'ux-7ak'al 7une, ch'abal!

Ja7 to 7iyal ta k'ok' yu7un la yal vokol xch'amal taj skumpare 7une, te la xp'eje---t ti smu jol ta ti7 k'ok' 7un, vayem taj yajnil 7une.

Va7i, ya7i la ti xjup'jon ti jk'ux-7ak'al 7une. "Mu7nuk 7alo7iluk 7ava7uk, kumale, yu7un ka yech 7aval ti ta sk'ux 7ak'al li jkumpare," xi la ti k'al 7iyal vokol xch'amal, batik ta ch'amunel te 7une, 7ik'otik la ya7el ti ta ch'amunel 7une, vayik 7un, laj 7aluk vokol ti yunen ch'amal taj skumpare 7une, vayik 7un, skuxik ya7el 7un, mu no nan ta7luk xa7i ti k'u yepal 7ive7 7une, lik la sk'ux 7ak'al 7un.

Va7i 7un, mu jna7tik mi 7oy la te yak'lel toj la ta pat kuxanob toj, 7a la ti kuxanob toje, 7ep la yak'lel p'ajem 7un, ja7 la laj sk'uxan ti yak'lel toj 7une, laj la

he ate all the charcoal from the pine torch, after he had gathered it all up, he was bumping around by the fireside. "I see you're right, compadre. I see you're right that he eats charcoal. Never mind, what difference does it make? Do you know what to do? What you should do is to lay a rock [against his neck] and put salt on his neck," said her compadre.

The [first] comadre did what she was told. She did just that. She laid a rock [against her husband's neck].

It was when they arrived home a few days later when they returned from spending the night. He got down [out of bed] again. She heard him mu—nching away, eating the charcoal at the fireside. "Why is the awful man so strange? My Lord I'd like to get to sleep," said the woman. "Oh, what's the use!" she said. She sle—pt. She closed her eyes. "Never mind what he's doing. I guess I'll hear him when he comes back later on," she said. The man arrived. "Oh, I wonder where you go all the time. Why is that ugly face of yours so free—zing cold? It's so horrible I can't get near you."

"It's because my face was uncovered. Where do you think I'd go?" said the man.

But you see his face wasn't uncovered. It was because he went out constantly to eat charcoal.

The wife spied on him. She sat up. She saw that her husband wasn't there. He was eating charcoal at the fireside.

"Oh, why are you doing that?" she asked. She picked up one of the rocks that props up the hearthstones. She laid it down on his neck. She put salt on it when he left. But she didn't say a word to him. She just picked up [the stone]. She knew where she had left her stone and her salt when she went to bed. She stuck her fingers in the saltcellar and carefully rubbed [the salt] on his neck. So [his head] bounced and bounced, ba—nging around now on top of the bed. "What are you doing banging about, you nasty thing? Go to bed! As for me, I certainly don't want anyone coming to bang around here," said the woman.

But you see he landed on top of his little child. "Ow!" cried the baby. The baby was upset by his father's bouncing. [The father's head] wouldn't stick on.

The woman just said, "What business is it of mine? What's the use?" she said. She went to gather firewood. She went to San Cristóbal. She went to Chamula. She paid no attention to him. I guess he was starving. He died a week later. His awful eyes were po—pping out. He was buried in a grave, his head and his body, it seems. But his head went to the grave as it was, cut off. When he died, a coffin was bought for him. They buried him in a grave. She told

stzoban 7un, te la xk'ojlajet ta ti7 k'ok' 7un. "Yu7un ka yech 7aval 7ava7uk, kumale, yu7un ka yech 7aval 7ava7uk ti sk'ux 7ak'al, yiyil k'u 7atu7un mi xana7 k'u chacha7le, mas lek matz'anbo j-p'ejuk ton, 7ak'bo yatz'mel li snuk'e," xi la ti kumaleil 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7ixch'un la ti kumaleil 7une, ja7 la yech 7ispas chak taj 7une, 7ismatz'anbe j-p'ej ton.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to la ti k'alal ti k'ot ya7el ta sna 7un, ta sjayibal k'ak'al ti k'al 7isutik ta ch'amunel 7une, 7a li yal la noxtok 7un, ya7i la ti xjup'jo---n xa tzk'ux ti 7ak'al ta ti7 k'ok' 7une. "K'u no van yu7un ti batz'i j-chop 7o li mu vinike, kajval, batz'i chak vayikon," xi la ti 7antz'e. "7Aj yiyil!" xi la 7un. Va---y la 7un, smutz' la ti ssat 7une. "Yiyil k'u tzpas, chka7i ka7tik k'u 7ora xtal tana," xi la 7un. K'ot la ti vinik 7une. "7An bu toj xak'ot chkale, k'u yu7un ti 7animal si---k-bajan taj 7ayil sat xtal yila7ale, mu xa jtak' nopel."

"7A li yu7un jamal li jsate, mi7n 7o bu chik'ot?" xi la ti vinik.

Bu xavil 7un, mu la bu jamal ssat 7une, yu7un la chlok' ta labal k'ux-7ak'al 7un.

Va7i 7un, spa7-muk'ta la ti 7antz 7une, chotol to la k'ot 7un, yil la ti ch'abal ti smalal 7une, te la tzk'ux 7ak'al ta ti7 k'ok'.

Va7i 7un, "7An k'u no 7ox yu7un la x7elan chapase?" xi la 7un. Stam la 7o te j-p'ej ton xon yoket ya7el 7un, smatz'anbe la snuk' 7une, 7iyak'be la 7atz'am taj k'alal 7ilok' 7une, pero mu7nuk la yu7unuk 7ik'opoj, ja7 no la ti 7istam, sna7oj xa bu yak'oj vayel taj ston 7une, yatz'ame xch'op ta yav yatz'am, 7isnijbe lek taj snuk' 7une, ja7 la chp'it la batel 7un, xpo---jlajet xa la taj ta ba tem 7une. "K'u chapas pojlajetel porkeriya, vayan me, mu me jk'an buch'u xtal pojlajetuk li7 to li vo7on a7a!" xi la ti 7antz'e.

Buy 7un, k'ot la ta sba ti yunen ch'amal 7une. "Jay!" xi xa la. Ch7ok' ti 7unen 7une, yan la sba cha7i ti 7unen ti sputz'lajet ti stot 7une, mu7 no la bu nap'i 7un.

Solel la "K'u jkwenta 7o?" xi la ti 7antz 7une. "Yiyil!" xi la. Bat la ta si7bej, chbat la ta Jobel, chbat la ta Chamu7, mu la k'u skwenta 7o, ja7 to la vi7nal xa la yak' kik 7un, cham 7un, ye---ch la te bulul ti mu satil 7une ta svaxakibal to la k'ak'al 7un, muk la ta ch'en xchi7uk ti sjole, ti sbek'tal ya7ele, pero ja7 la yech k'okol sjol 7ibat ta ch'en, man skajonal ti k'al 7icham 7une, smukik la ta ch'en 7un, yalbe la ti skumale skumpare yu7un la ch'abal xa sme7 stote, taj

her comadre and her compadre, because that man hadn't a mother or a father anymore. "Your compadre died. I did thus and so just the way you told me. He died. He hadn't anything to live on at all. I did it to him a week ago," she told her comadre.

"Oh, that's fine, comadre! What good is a nasty man like that? He just frightens us. How can we eat and sleep comfortably?" said [her] comadre.

"That's right. Won't you be so kind, comadre, compadre? Let's go together and bury him!"

"Oh we can, comadre. Let's go! It's time to see where his coffin will come from. It's time to see if he has a burial or what."

"Ugh, the awful Charcoal Cruncher died. The Charcoal Cruncher's troubles are over. The Charcoal Cruncher business is finished," said each of the funeral guests when they arrived. "We are burying the awful Charcoal Cruncher. Now the Charcoal Cruncher business is over. Now no one's left to eat our charcoal. The charcoal here will just be put in our yards, but before there used to be somebody who ate charcoal," said the men who went to the funeral. That was the conversation of the men at the graveyard. They talked about how the Charcoal Cruncher died. "The Charcoal Cruncher's troubles are over," they said.

After they buried him they came back. The woman was happy now. She thought he was the only one.

But you see there was another one in the same house. There was a woman still left.

But you see, it would fly to the eaves. It would bounce to the eaves. So the woman was terribly frightened by it. It ba—nged around when it left. Then the woman would wake up even if she were fast asleep. It would bounce to the eaves. Cra—shing suddenly now, it left. "What can that be moving around?" she asked her husband. She never had an answer. Oh, she just fell asleep. It was cra—shing about when it left. It bounced out or bounced down on the bed. It isn't that it doesn't make noise. Crashing about, it frightens people.

"He'll just kill me of fright. I'm so tired of him," she said. The end.

vinik 7une. "Chame lakumpare 7une, ja7 me yech ja7 me yech 7ijcha7le k'u cha7al 7avalbone, chame 7un, mu xa me k'usi xipan ta j-mek svaxakibal me k'ak'al ti yech 7ijcha7le," xut la sba xchi7uk ti skumale.

"7Oj ja7 lek, kumale, k'u jtu7untik porkeriya vinik la x7elane, xi7el no 7ox chiyak'otik, mi7n jun ko7on chive7 chivayotik?" xi la ti kumaleil 7une.

"Yech'o xal 7un, mi mu xa7abolaj, kumale kumpare, jchi7in jbatik jmuktik."

"7An yu7un stak', kumale, battik, ta7lo ta7lo jk'eltik 7o bu xtal skajonal, ta7lo xkiltik 7o mi 7oy smukel k'u x7elan."

"7Oj, cham ti mu jk'ux-7ak'ale, laj 7o svokol jk'ux-7ak'al ch'ab xi sk'oplal jk'ux-7ak'al," xi la ju-jun ti jmuklomal 7ik'ote. "Jmuktik mu jk'ux-7ak'al ch'ab xa me sk'oplal ti jk'ux-7ak'ale mu xa me buch'u sk'ux kak'altik 7un, solel xa me chbat ta yut jmoktik ti 7ak'al li7 a7a, yan ti vo7ne 7oy to 7ox buch'u xk'ux 7ak'al," xi la ti viniketik 7a muklomajuk 7une. Ja7 xa la slo7il ti viniketik ta 7a li mukenal 7une, ja7 la tzlo7iltaik ti x7elan, ti cham jk'ux-7ak'al. "Laj 7o svokol jk'ux-7ak'al," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, laj smukik 7un, talik 7un, jun xa yo7on ti 7antz 7une, xa7uk la k'ajomuk 7un.

Bu yu7un, jun 7o no la ma snailik 7un, 7oy la jun 7antz komem noxtok 7un.

Bu yu7un, 7a li ta la xvil ti ta nuk' nae, ta la xp'it ti ta nuk' nae, ja7 no la chi7 7o ti 7antz ta j-mek 7une, xpo---jlajet la ti k'al xlok'e, ja7 la chul 7o xch'ulel 7ak' 7o la mi lek vayem ti 7antz, ta la xp'it ti ta nuk' na, xpu---jlajet xa la chlok'. "K'usi van taj chbak'e?" xut la ti smalal 7une. Mu la bu xtak'bat. 7Oj te no la ch7och svayel 7un, xpu---jlajet xa la ti k'al chlok'e, chp'it lok'el, mi chp'it yalel ti ta teme, mu la yu7unuk mu xbak' noxtok 7un, xpujlajet xa la tzsibtasvan.

Va7i 7un, "Xi7el xa no 7ox chismil batz'i chtavan," xi la 7un, laj 7o.

After Tonik has seen the male Charcoal Cruncher to his grave, she intimates that there was a female Charcoal Cruncher, a relative of the first. But unwilling to put an end to her story, she can't resist repeating a few of the scary details once more, before launching on the next chiller.

It is unusual for a Charcoal Cruncher to be a man, not a woman. Anyone who has spent a black winter's night in a Zinacantec home, and heard a forest rat munching on the corn

stored in burlap bags against the wall, and then minutes later heard the family cat bumping among the pots beside the hearth, can feel in his bones the eerie horror of the Charcoal Cruncher. Why charcoal is its diet is not clear to me. In Chenalhó charcoal is said to have been the diet of the survivors of the deluge, before they were turned into monkeys (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:157). See also T12, T82, and their notes, T47, T60, and T175.

'The Spook and the Brother-in-Law

T127

Once there was a man who went to Chamula. On the way back he met his brother-in-law on the trail. "Let's drink, brother-in-law," he said. He and his brother-in-law got drunk. They came along drunk.

They passed by Stzellej Minax [Mine Ridge]. They went on, because the man's house was in Na Chij [Deer House].

They went beyond Na Chij. A comadre of his brother-in-law had a house there. "Comadre, won't you sell me a half-pint or a pint or so?" he said, because she was a shaman [and would have leftover cane liquor].

His comadre [answered], "Take it, compadre, take it. Do you just want a pint?"

"Just one [pint], comadre," said his brother-in-law.

They took it. They drank it. The brothers-in-law walked down [the trail] just a short distance together. They would be going along for [the last] stretch of the trail.

But you see, [one of] the brothers-in-law got drunk. He had drunk a strong dose when they parted company. His brother-in-law's house was probably nearby. "Won't you sleep here in my house, brother-in-law? Will you spend the night?" asked [the second] brother-in-law.

"No, brother-in-law, because [my wife], your younger sister, is waiting up, watching the night go by. She doesn't lock the door, she just pushes the door closed for the night. Something might happen to her," said the [first] brother-in-law.

He meant to go on. He meant to arrive home.

But he never arrived home. He jumped over the stream. Toch' they call it, in Na Chij. He jumped.

He landed way off on his knees. He landed rolling, "Oh, hell, I guess I'll sober up," he said. Then he tried to sober up. He fell asleep. He slept soundly. He didn't wake up, not until the devil went and woke him in the evening. He didn't wake up until he felt [his head] being lifted up and jostled.

Then he felt his hair being wetted down. He felt the cold, then, it seems. Then, "How come he's burning?" said the Spook. He stood back, he moved away because [the man] was burning. The Spook was scared because he was burning. "Oh, but why did I get burnt?" said the Spook.

He fled this far away, then he returned again. "I'll put [the fire] out with water. I'm going to bring the water in my mouth. I'm going to scoop it up in my hands," said the Spook.

But it was no fire! It was because the man was

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la jun vinik 7ay la ta Chamu7 sut la talem 7un, 7ista la ta be sbol. "Kuch'tik 7a li, bol," xi la. 7Iyakub la xchi7uk ti sbol 7une, jyakubelik la tal 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7i7ech'ik la ta Stzellej Minax, 7ibatik la 7un yu7un la Na Chij sna ti vinik 7une.

Va7i 7un, k'otik la ta sjelavel Na Chij 7un, 7o la te jun sna skumale taj sbol 7une. "Kumale, mi muk' bu xachonbon junuk kwarta junuk meria mi k'u xi?" xi la 7un. Yu7un la j7ilol 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti skumale 7une, "7Ich'o, kumpare, 7ich'o, mi jun nox meria chak'an?"

"Jun nox, kumale," xi la ti bolil 7une.

Va7i 7un, yich'ik la 7un, yuch'ik la 7un, 7a ti bolil 7une, naka xa no la jun soral li xchi7in sbaik yalel 7un, stuk xa la bat j-tuch' be.

Bu xavil, ti mu bolil 7une, 7iyakub la 7un, tzotz xa la yuch'oj taj 7ixch'ak sbaik, yu7un nan nopol xa sna ti sbole. "Mi muk' chavay li7 ta jnae, bol, mi xach'amun na?" xi la ti bolil 7une.

"Mo7oj, bol, ja7 ta ja7 ti 7avixlel te ta xmalavan te xk'elk'on chbat 7ak'ubal, ja7 la mu sna7 smak snae, naka nox tznup' vayuk i snae, naka me 7u k'u spas," xi la ti bolil 7une.

Va7i 7un, bat la ti chal 7une, xa7uk la xk'otuk ti ta sna.

Bu, muk' la xk'ot li ta sna 7une, sp'itu la li 7uk'um 7a li Toch' xkaltik ta Na Chij 7une, p'it la 7un.

Bu, taj to la kejel 7ik'ote xbalet to la k'ot 7un. "7Ii kavron, jkux ka7tik," xi la 7un. Lajeltza tzkux la ti chal 7une, 7och 7o la svayel, vay la ta j-mek 7un, mu la bu yul xch'ulel 7un, ja7 to la ba tijvanuk ti pukuj ta 7ak'ubaltik 7une, ja7 to la cha7i ti toyilanat tijulanat, mu la bu yul 7o xch'ulel.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to la cha7i ti yolel xa stzebiltasat 7une, cha7i xa sik ya7el 7une. Ja7 to, "K'u van yu7un ti chtile?" xi la ti j7ik'al 7une. Chlok' lok' la ech'el ti chtil 7une, ta la xxi7 7un, yu7un la chi7 ti mu j7ik'al ti chtil 7une. "7A pero k'u yu7un 7a ti xik'ak'e?" xi la ti j7ik'ale.

Va7i 7un, chjavav la ech'el xi snatil, ja7 7o la tzsut tal noxtok. "Ta jtup' ta vo7, chba jkum tal vo7, chba jk'et tal ta jk'ob," xi la ti j7ik'al 7une. Sk'et la tal ti vo7 7une, ta la xtal stup' ti k'ok' 7une.

Buy, mu la ma k'ok'uk 7un, yu7un la ma jyakubel

drunk. The man came to, a little. "What's happened to me? [Why] do I feel wet?" he said. He touched his head when the Spook left. "Eh, but this is terrible! It's probably a horrible devil taking me off to his house or to his cave," said the drunk.

He waited 'til he came to a little. His hair was wetted down. He pretended not to move. He felt how cold [the Spook's] horrible hand was, how [his head] kept being touched and lifted up. He just waited for [the Spook] to go away. Then he rushed off home. He went to his house. He arrived home. His house was unlocked. He arrived. "Wife, I'm not at all well. I almost died. Don't you see, the Spook would have taken me off if your house weren't unlocked. He was following right behind me." Oh, the Spook knocked on the door. He knocked on the boards. He kept picking up the hens. He kept picking up the chickens. He shook the chickens off the peach tree. And the chickens were squawking now.

But you see all the chickens flew off. The woman noticed, when it dawned the next day, that the hens were lying about, some of them wounded. The sun set. Maybe it was at dusk. She finished putting her chickens in her house. [The Spook] looked for the house.

He tried to open it. He tried to look in the house on the second night. The same thing happened. But now it was the dog he hit. They had a pig. He came and pulled their pig along. He was going to tie the pig up somewhere else. "But, husband, our pig has gone!" [she said].

"It probably hasn't gone. It's the disgusting devil who is bothering us. [He'll stop] after the three nights are up. Don't be scared," said the man. "Never mind, if it's just a pig it can be replaced. If it's just a chicken it can be replaced. But if it's me who dies, me who goes, then there will be no one to come prepare the food for your chickens and pigs. But so long as I'm alive, never mind!" he said. "In the end you'll see." At daybreak after the second night they saw a puddle of blood by the door. Who knows if it was just the dog's blood or what. Their dog was not there at dawn.

You see, the dog had gone to the stile. The dog was curled up there asleep.

But one of its ears was hurt. You see it was because [the Spook] had cut off its ear. Who knows what use it was to him.

You see, the dog's ear had traveled this far from the stile. The dog's ear was lying there. "It's clear that he's the one who is bothering us, but he'll go. He must have a house somewhere," said the man. On the last night he readied his gun, he readied his stave. He looked to see if [the Spook] had arrived. [The

ti vinik 7une, 7a ti vinik 7une, yul la j-tz'uj ti xch'ulele. "K'usi ti chicha7leat ti t'uxulon chka7ie?" xi la. Spik la ti sjol 7un ti k'al 7ibat taj j7ik'al 7une. "7Ee, pero muk' lek li7e, yil pukuj nan chiyik' ech'el mi ta sna van mi ta xch'en van," xi la ti jyakubel 7une.

Va7i 7un, smala la ti yulyultik j-tz'uj xch'ulel 7une, tzebiltasat la, mu la xbak' xa xcha7le sba 7un, ya7i la ti k'u ssikil ti sil k'obe, k'u x7elan ti chpikulanat chtoyilanat, smala la naka nox ti bat 7une, ja7 7o la ssalbe ech'el ta sna 7un, bat la k'al sna 7un, k'ot la ta sna 7un, jamal la ti sna 7une, k'ot la 7un. "7Antz, muk' 7onox lekon, lilaj 7ox ti yechuke, muk' xavil, bu, nibat ta j7ik'al ti manchuk jamal 7anae, tijil me tal ta jpat." Jii, ti j7ik'ale stij la ti7 nae, stij la ti tenel te7e, spetulan la ti me7 ch'eke, spetulan la ti kaxlane, slilin la ta turasnu ti kaxlane, 7i x7eklajet xa ti kaxlane.

Bu la xavil, ti kaxlan 7une, 7a li laj la viluk 7un, ta yok'omal sakub 7osil ja7 xa la ti bu patajtik i me7 kaxlane, yayijemik xa la j-lom, 7iyich' la kwenta ti 7antz ta yok'omal 7une, mal ti k'ak'al lek nan 7orisyonatik ya7el 7une, laj la stik'an ta sna ti yalak' 7une, ssa7 la na.

Buy, ya7uk la sjam ya7uk la sk'el ti na, k'ot ta xchibal 7ak'ubale, ja7 no la yech tz'i7 xa la, tzmaj noxtok tz'i7, 7o la xchitom ta la xtal snitbel ti xchitome, j-jot xa 7o la bu xba xchuk ti chitom. "Pero bat taj jchitomtike, vinik!"

"Mu nan xbat yu7un ja7 li porkeriya pukuj chiyilbajinotike ja7 to ti mi tz'aki 7oxib 7ak'ubale, mu xaxi7," xi la ti vinik 7une. "Yil nan yil, mi chitom no 7ox a7a, ta xk'ex, mi kaxlan no 7ox a7a, ta xk'ex, yan ti chamikon vo7one batikon vo7one, mu xa yu7unuk 7o buch'u xtal spasbe sve7el 7avalak' 7achitom bi 7a, yan li7e yal ti kuxulone, yiyil," xi la. "Lajeltza xavil 7un." Sakub ti 7osil xchibal 7ak'ubal 7une, ja7 to la chil 7a li 7oy la te tz'anal ch'ich' ta ti7 na 7un, ja7 mu jna7tik mi ja7 no 7ox xch'ich'el ti tz'i7e ti k'usi 7une, ti j-kot stz'i7e ch'abal la sakub 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti tz'i7e bat la ta ti7 be, te xa la mochol vayem ti tz'i7 7une.

Buy, yayijem la jun xchikin 7un, xavale yu7un la sjosbe ech'el i xchikin 7une, jna7tik la k'u stu7un 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a la ti xchikin 7un ti tz'i7 7une, bu, xi la snamal xanavem ech'el ta ti7 be 7une, te la metzel ti xchikin ti tz'i7 7une. "Xvinaj ti ja7 chiyilbajine pero yu7un li chbat 7une che7e, te bu sna," xi la ti vinik 7une. Slajeb xa la 7ak'ubal 7un, 7ixchapa la stuk', 7ixchapa la 7a li yak te7, sk'el la mi 7o chk'ot, k'ot la

Spook] arrived, but there wasn't much he could do. He seemed to be looking for chickens. There was only that little hen. Their hen had one chick now. The woman hadn't remembered to collect her eggs. There were two. [The Spook sucked them], drank them up.

He left. He left when the three nights were up. "Stay there, you bastard! You don't want company, you don't want to talk [to me]," said [the Spook]. He left. The three nights were up.

"Forget it!" said [the Spook]. I don't know if it was three or four months later when he came back again. They went outside [to go to the bathroom]. [Ordinarily] we go outside late at night, it seems.

That little boy [of theirs] said, "Mother, come feel what this is! A horrible freezing hand is touching my back. Come see what it is!" he said.

"How could it be, stupid!" she said. [His] mother was carrying a torch.

But [his] mother came [back]. It wasn't anywhere. She didn't see anything.

But you see, something that looked the size of a cat went inside the house.

But it was that Spook!

Then they saw him. He was big when he was inside the house. He was big. His hat was big. Only his horrible face was black. "Oh, why did you open the house and let [the Spook] come in?" asked [the man]. "Never mind, don't worry! I'll get him out. I'll send off a bullet. You'll see!" said the man. Quickly he loaded his gun. [The Spook] was going around inside the house. He loaded his gun. He fired at [the Spook]. [The Spook] was impaled on a pole at the door. He grabbed that pole by the door and stumbled out. That horrible Spook was terribly scared. He fled away.

But he frightened that little boy. "Mother, a devil caught me. I don't know what it is. A freezing cold hand is touching me," he said.

[The Spook] left. But time was running out for him. He arrived to scare them, but at particular times. He didn't arrive every day anymore. He longed to carry off one of the people for company perhaps, because I think he hadn't any friends.

He left. He picked himself up and left. Two months later [the man's] compadre arrived. "I just don't know what to do, compadre. A devil went and kept chasing me at Toch'," he said.

"But didn't he do anything to you?" asked [the other].

"It was still hard for me to escape from [the Spook] at Toch'. It was still hard for me to come back. At least I remembered the way home. I came to, it seems, when he kept lifting my head. *Brother-*

pero mu xa la bu mas ti k'u tzpas 7une, ja7 la tzsa7 ti kaxlan yilel 7une, k'ajom la taj 7unen me7 ch'ek 7une, yu7un 7o la te j-kot ch'ek xa yalak' 7un, muk' la sna7 stam ston yalak' ti 7antz 7une, te la cha7-p'ej 7un, laj la yuch' ech'el 7un.

Va7i 7un, bat la 7un, bat li k'al 7itz'aki 7oxib 7ak'ubal 7une. "Koman che7e, kavron, mu xak'an chi7nel mu xak'an k'oponel," xi la. Bat la 7un, tz'aki la ti 7oxib 7ak'ubal 7une.

Va7i 7un, "Yiyil 7un!" Mu jna7 mi yoxibal 7u mi xchanibal 7u k'u la xi taj k'alal 7i cha7-k'ot noxtok 7une, yu7un la chlok'ik ta pana 7un, ja7 li nax yik'ubel chilok'otik'otik ta pana ya7el 7une.

Va7i 7un, taj 7unen krem, "Me7, la7 7a7i 7ava7i k'usi taj sik ta j-mek sil k'ob, chispik ta jpate," xi la. "Ba k'el avil k'usi!" xi la 7un.

"Buy, yech chaval, sonso," xi la 7un. Sjapoj la stoj taj me7il 7une.

Buy, tal la taj me7il 7une, mu la buy 7un, mu la bu k'usi yil 7un.

K'u xavil, j-kot la ta katu7 yilel 7och la ta yut na 7un.

Buy, ja7 la ma taj j7ik'al 7une!

Va7i 7un, k'u, ja7 to la chilik 7un, muk' la taj ta yut na 7une, muk' la 7un, muk' la spixol mi k'utik, k'ajom la ti 7ik' ti sil sat 7une. "7An k'u no 7ox yu7un 7ajamik i nae, 7avak'ik 7ochuk tale?" xi la 7un. "Yiyil, mu k'u xal 7avo7onik, ta xlok' ech'el ku7un li ta jt'omes avil j-p'ejuk jbala," xi la ti vinike. Likel la stik' stuk', te la xjoyet ta yut na 7un, ta ta la stik' stuk' 7un, yak'be la bala, xojol la te7 7ista ta ti7 na 7un, ja7 la xkiklaj xa 7o lok'el 7un, ja7 to la yik taj te7 ta ti7 na, lok' 7o ta 7anil, xi7 la ta j-mek taj mu j7ik'ale, jatax la ech'el 7un.

K'usi, ssibtas la taj 7unen krem 7une. Ja7 taj "Listzak i pukuje, me7, mu jna7 k'usi sik-chavan sil k'ob chispik," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, bat la 7un, tz'aki la mi yech 7un, ja7 taj te la chk'ot sibtasvanuk pero ta sta xa yora 7un, mu xa bu ti batz'i sil k'ak'al xk'ot 7une, ja7 la ti yiluk 7ox yo7on stzak ech'el junuk ti krixchano xchi7in nan 7une, yu7un muk' xchi7il ti kaloj vo7on 7une.

Va7i 7un, bat 7un, stam ech'el sba ti k'alal 7ibat 7une, ja7 to la ta xchibal la 7u 7un, 7ik'ot la ti skumpare. "Mu 7o no jna7 k'u ta jnop, kumpare, 7a li 7i7ay ni pukuj noxtok ti nisnutzilan tal ta Toch'e," xi la 7un.

"Pero, pero mu k'u chaxcha7le?" xi la 7un.

"K'u ti yu7un ja7 ti vokol 7onox ti nikol tal ti ta Toch' 7une, vokol 7onox nital ya7el 7une, manchuk xa 7onox 7ijna7 tal ti jna, yul ti jch'ulel ya7el ti chistoyilanbe jjol. *Bol, bol!* xiyut ti k'al chistzebiltas

in-law, brother-in-law! he said to me when he was wetting my hair.

"I thought it was you. I thought he said *Brother-in-law*. But then I heard he was saying *Brudder-in-law, brudder-in-law!* So then it became clear. I knew it wasn't you. I had thought it was you who went to wake me," he said.

"Oh no, for I just barely arrived myself. I had a hard time finding the door. I just fell there at the door, myself," that brother-in-law [of his] replied. "Damn, but why [do you let it happen]? Don't you have a cure for it? Ask for holy water in the church. Put holy water at each corner of the house. Put holy water at the door, together with 'chief' as they call it. Spray the four corners of your house. You'll see, then he won't come," said his brother-in-law. So that's what he did. [The Spook] didn't arrive anymore. So that's the way it was left till now.

Now we are brave if there is "chief." Whoever knows how to grind "chief." Do you know what "chief" is? It's tobacco, well-ground, well-prepared. That's "chief." "Remember 'chief,' remember to put it at your door. Let it guard your door," said his brother-in-law.

"I've already put it there," he said.

"Take care, take care of yourself."

"All right, brother-in-law."

"We'll talk together tomorrow. Take care of yourselves. We'll see how you get through the night," he said.

"Okay," he said.

You see, it was the last time [the Spook] came. He didn't come anymore when they protected themselves. Because [tobacco] is a protection, it's a protection even against assassins.

When the Spook calls out, "*Bal, bal,*" the man knows that it cannot be his brother-in-law, because *bal* is Tzeltal for "brother-in-law," while in Tzotzil the word is *bol*.

I know of no similar version of this Spook tale. Unfortunately, the humor of the Spook's believing the drunk to be on fire is lost to an English-speaking reader. It is the logical, but absurd conclusion to the Tzotzil recognition of cane liquor's marvelous heating qualities.

The loss of the dog's ear may be an incidental detail, borne of Tonik's remarkable imagination, or it may have historic precedent. A torn dog's ear is the day glyph for Itzucintli in the Fejervary-Mayer codex and for Oc in Mayan codices. Thompson believes that it represents a syphilitic god (J. E. Thompson, 1960:79).

Tonik's faith in the magical properties of tobacco was shared by the Aztecs who, "upon giving the royal investiture to Moctezuma, fastened around his neck a tecomatillo [tiny gourd] in which to keep piciete [tobacco] 'which is strength for the roads' " (Recinos, Goetz, and Morley, 1957:209n). Bishop

7un."

"Va7i 7un, 7a ti vo7on 7une, xka7uk 7a li vo7tikot 7un," xi la 7un. "Xka7uk Bol xi 7uk 7un," xi la. "Buy, ja7 to chka7i ti Bal, ball! xi 7une. Yech'o ja7 to te tuk'ib 7o 7un, chka7i ti mu vo7tikot 7une, xka7uk vo7tikot ba tijon 7un," xi la.

"7Aa, 7i7i a7a, k'u ti naka nox nik'ot ti vo7one, vokol xa jta sti7 na, te xa no 7ox nilom ta ti7 na li vo7one," xi la taj bolil. "Kere, pero k'u no 7ox yu7un 7un, pero mu 7o la me smetz'ul 7un, 7a li k'ano la tz'uiltasbil vo7 ta 7eklixa, 7ak'o la tz'uiltasbil vo7 ta ju-jun chikin na, te 7ak'o la tz'uiltasbil vo7 ta ti7 na xchi7uk la li bankilal, xutik k'usuk 7une, ja7 la xaputz'ta xchan-jechel li xchikin 7ana 7une, xak'el avil mu xa la xtal 7un," xi la ti sbol 7une. Ja7 la yech 7ispas 7un, mu xa la bu k'ot 7un, ja7 lavie komem 7o yech tana 7une.

Ja7 xa tzotz ko7ontikótik mi 7o bankilal buch'u sna7 stene li bankilal, mi xana7 k'usi li bankilal 7une, ja7 li moy 7une, tenbil, lek meltzanbil 7un, ja7 bankilal. "Na7o me tabankilale na7o me mavak' ta sti7 7ana, 7ak'o xchabi sti7 7ana," xi la ti sbol 7une.

"7Ikak' xa 7a."

"Kwentan me che7e, 7ich'o maba ta kwenta!"

"Yechuk, bol."

"Jk'opon jbatik 7ok'ob 7un, k'elo mabaik, jk'eltik k'u x7elan xasakubik," xi la.

"Teyuk," xi la.

Va7i 7un, slajeb la me 7ay 7un bi, mu xa la me bu xk'ot 7un, ja7 to la taj 7ismetz'taik 7une, yu7un ja7 smetz'ul 7un, 7ak' 7o mi jmak-beuk, ja7 smetz'ul 7un.

Landa described Mayan boys smoking during their puberty rites (J. E. Thompson 1970:108). During the ritual of the bacabs, tobacco smoke was blown towards the sun and the cardinal points (Kell, 1965:99). In Chenalhó tobacco is allied with the thunderbolt—it protects body and life (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:177). In the film *Appeals to Santiago*, Tenejapan religious officials on the day of their appointment partake liberally of the tobacco stored in their gourds. Most Zinacantec houses have a tobacco plant growing near the door. The Indians' mystical attitude towards tobacco was adopted by European colonists. William Byrd of Virginia described how "[We] wear it about our clothes and about our coaches . . . hang bundles of it round our beds." (Kell, 1965:106).

Tobacco was a traditional cure for toothache in Yucatan (J. E. Thompson, 1970:118). One of the first observed Indian practices, it is still today a folk cure for toothache in Ontario, New England, Appalachia, South Carolina, and among the Pennsylvania Dutch (Kell, 1965:108). See also T131.

The Priest and the Bell

T76

Once the men of Zinacantán Center assembled. They went, because the priest saw it. "There is a bell here that rings at midday," he said. "If you want the bell, let's go dig it up and bring it to the church," said the priest.

Don't you see, the town still didn't know [the truth] about the priest. The men assembled. It was about to come out. They were about to dig the bell up, long ago.

But you see, they had already reached half the bell. They were just about to reach its rim. They were digging. Around sixty men had gathered to dig. A lot of dirt was dug up. It was about to come out. It reached midday. They ate. They put their hats on top of the bell to cover it, it seems. They ate. After they ate, "Now, let's go and dig again," they said.

They had still seen [the bell] when they put their hats on top, but now the bell had sunk deeper.

"How can it be? What shall we do? Why does it seem to me to be deeper?" said [one] of the men.

"No, we're almost there. It's because you aren't looking carefully. That's just the way we left it," said the others.

"All right," he said.

"Let's put some strength into it now! We're stronger now that we've eaten!" said the men.

They dug and du—g. They didn't reach its rim. They stuck their digging sticks in. Then that priest arrived with his mistress. They didn't see where it went. They didn't see where it went. The ground was even. There was nothing. They just dug now. There wasn't anything. There was just dirt. The priest just lost it for them, because the priest had a mi—stress. He had taken up with his maid. His maid ate with him and slept with him there. She seemed to take the place of a wife for the priest. That's why [the bell] disappeared long ago. She isn't wanted now. They don't want a priest to have a maid anymore. That's why they want him to have a boy. But if there's a maid the woman may do what she's told by the priest. That's why they don't want her anymore. Just a boy is wanted, a male companion to prepare his meals. They don't want a woman to come in. That's the way the town lost its luck. Zinacantán was left without a penny. Who knows where [the bell] went. Those men said, "It must have moved someplace else. Who knows where it went, far away. Don't you see, if it were our present it wouldn't leave," said [one]. "If we hadn't brought a priest who had a mistress the bell would be ours

Va7i 7un, 7a ti vo7ne che7e 7istzob la vinik i Jtek-lume bat la 7un, 7a li yu7un la 7iyil ti palee. "7O te kampana li7 toe, te ta xtij ta 7ol k'ak'al," xi la. "7A ti kampana 7une, 7a li mi xak'anik 7a la jjok'tik lok'uk tal taluk ta 7eklixa," xi la ti pale.

Mu xavil ti pale 7une, mu to la sna7 ti Jtek-lum 7une, xtzob la sba ti vinik 7une, ta xa 7ox la xlok' 7un, ta xa 7ox la sjok'ik ti kampana ti vo7ne 7une.

Pero buy ti kampana 7une, 7a li 7ista xa 7ox 7o7lol, po7ot xa 7ox stabeik sti7il sjok'ik yu7un chak 7a li 7ox-vinik la ti vinik stzob 7o sba sjok'el la yepal li balamil jok'bil 7un, ta xa 7ox lok' 7un, 7istaik la 7un, sta la 7ol k'ak'al 7un, ve7ik la 7un, snujanbe la spixolik smakik ti kampana ya7el 7une, ve7ik 7un, laj ve7ikuk. "7Ora tal jjok'tik noxtok 7un," xi.

Buy yil xa 7onox ti k'al 7isnujanbe spixole, mas xa la nat 7iyal la ti kampana 7une.

Va7i 7un, "Bu van, k'usi van ta jnoptik k'u yu7un ti mas yalem chkil 7une?" xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Mo7oj po7ot xa, yu7un chach'ay-satij, yech'o no 7ox 7ikiktatik," xut la ti yantik 7une.

"Bwéno," xi.

"Kak'betik xa pwersa che7e, lavie 7un 7ikich'tik xa persa live7otike!" xi la ti viniketik 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li, 7isjo---k'ik la ta j-mek 7un, sti7il xa la muk' stabeik yu7un xa la tzpajbeik bareta 7un, ja7 7o la k'ot taj pale xchi7uk yantz 7une, muk' la xil bu bat 7un, muk' la xil bu bat 7un, balamil la jaxal, ch'abal 7a, naka xa la sjok'ik, mu xa la k'u 7oy, naka xa la lum, ja7 no la ba ch'ayvanuk ti pale 7une, yu7un la 7oy ya---ntz ti pale 7une, yik'oj la skriara, 7a ti skriara 7une, ja7 la te chve7 xchi7uk, chvay xchi7uk, ja7 sk'exol yajnil ya7el li pale 7une, yech'o xal ti ch'ay 7o ti vo7ne 7une, mu xa sk'ane 7un, mu xa sk'an 7a li pale 7oy skriarae, por 7éso smuchacho xa chk'ane ti 7oy 7une, yan 7i kriaraile, ja7 la li 7antz repente xch'un 7u k'u x7albat yu7un ti pale 7une, yech'o xal mu xa xk'ane lavi 7une, chk'ane muchacho no 7ox sbi xchi7il ta vinikal smeltzanbon sve7el mu xk'ane ti 7antz ta x7och ja7 ta x7elan 7ich'ay 7o ti swerte yu7un 7i Jtek-lum 7une, komem xa 7o ta batz'i me7on 7i Jtek-lum 7une, jna7tik la bu bat. 7A ti chal 7a ti taj viniketike, "Yu7un te bu sk'exta yav jna7tik bu bat ta nom, mu xavil ja7 li k'usi k'usi leke che7e, mu yu7unuk ti mi jmotontike ta xlok'," xi la. "Ti manchuk chkik'tik tal li pale, x7elan 7oy yantze, ku7untik tana li kampanae, k'usi 7un le7e, jna7tik bu bat 7un, mi nom van 7ibat." Ja7

now. The trouble is, who knows where it went. If it went far away." They were told that . . . They saw it. They dreamt. They saw it at night. They saw it go [burning] like a pine torch. Ohh, up in the sky it went! It sai—led off. Haven't you seen a balloon go up? That's the way it bo—bbed [up] and away, it went like this, like this, it seems, towards the road to Comitán. It went o—ff. It disappeared in the mountains. Yes, it left.

"We won't find anything now. There's nothing there, here in our mountains. We were right, the land has become poor. We were right, there's nothing left," said the people long ago.

The shamans [said], "God, will the holy mountain stay just like this? Will the holy pit stay hollow this way?"

"Yes, indeed! There's nothing left. It went towards the road to Comitán. It lives now on the road to Comitán," said the mountain, it seems. The shamans were told in their dreams.

They offered candles. They prayed where the earth was, where [the bell] came out. Have you seen where it came out? God, there's nothing left there, nothing now. That's why it hasn't changed. The ground just remained hollowed out. If there were anything there then maybe it would still be there, but it left. "It moved to another place because your priest was bad. He had his mistress with him," said the Earth Lord. The Earth Lord said that.

As for the people, all the efforts of the sixty men who dug up the ground ended like that. That's how the money was lost. That's how all their labors ended. [The bell] was lost there. [The work] was abandoned. Ever since it's been abandoned. They don't dig there anymore, since there is nothing. They saw it go. That's why it was left abandoned like that.

When Tonik describes the bell sailing into the air like a glóbo her image is not of a rubber balloon, but rather of a popular Mexican fiesta device, consisting of a spherical frame covered with paper and enclosing a candle. When the candle is lit, the sphere rises rapidly into the chill night air, shining like a planet as it sails out of the valley and over the mountaintops.

The distinction between the Tutelary Gods and the Earth Lords who live in the mountains is apparently not as clear-cut as I had thought originally, because it seemed perfectly appropriate to Tonik that it would be the Earth Lord who was offended by the priest's mistress, while for Xun Vaskis it was the Tutelary God, Maria Muxul.

7albil ti yu7un la yilik 7un svaychinik la ta 7ak'ubaltike, 7iyilik la 7un j-ch'ob la ta toj 7ibat 7un, 7iij, ta vinajel la bat 7un, xvole---t la ech'el, muk' bu xavil buy 7a li glóbo xmuye, ja7 la yech xvole---t ech'el 7un, xi la bat xi yilel ta bebel Komitan 7une, ba---t la, ch'ay ta vitzetik ech'el 7un, ji7, bat.

Va7i 7un, "Mu xa k'u jtatik 7un che7e, mu xa ka k'u 7oy te ta li7 ta jvitztike solel ka me7on 7ikom ti balamil 7une, che7e, mu xa ka k'u 7oy," xi la ti vo7ne krixchano.

Va7i 7un, 7a la ti j7iloletik 7une -- "Dyos mi yu7un 7ikom ta yech li ch'ul-vitze, li ch'ul-ch'ene, mi yech pujul 7ikom 7un?"

"Yech a7a mu xa k'u 7oy, bat me ta bebel Komitan bi 7a, bebel Komitan xa me nakal," xi la ti vitz ya7el 7une. X7utat la ta xch'ulel ti j7iloletik 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7iyak' la skantelaik, 7isk'oponik la yo7 li balamil yo7 li lok'em 7un, mi 7aviløj i yo7 li lok'em 7une, 7a li yos, mu xa k'u 7oy la, 7a ch'abal xa, yech'o me ti staoj yav yech pujul 7ikom li balamile, 7a ti 7oyuk k'u 7oye, 7ikta nan te to, yan le7e k'u ti bat 7une. "Sk'exta yav yu7un la chopol lavajpaleike, yantz la li xchi7uke," xi la ti yajval balamile. Yajval balamil la yal taj x7elan.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti krixchanoetik 7une, yech 7ilaj ti svokol ti 7ox-vinik ta sjok' ti balamile, yech 7ilaj ti tak'ine, yech 7ilaj ti k'utikuk yabtelik 7un, te ch'ay 7un, kechel 7ikom, k'al tana kechel, 7oy yech 7un, mu xa bu sjok'ik, k'u ti ch'abal xa, yiløjik 7ibat, yech'o kechel 7ikom yech 7un.

According to Tonik this event occurred around thirty-seven years earlier, i.e., in 1923. The priest Mariano Lievano became the source of still further controversy. Tonik described how he ordered the sacristans either to take the image of St. Lawrence to the Church of St. Sebastian or burn it. They carried St. Lawrence to the other church, and for five days and five nights the rain fell without cease. The townspeople became so frightened that the sacristans returned St. Lawrence to his rightful home. The priest fell ill. He kept asking those attending him to pull off his shirt, because his back was on fire. He was taken to San Cristóbal, where he died shortly thereafter. See also T91, T114, T157, and their notes.

The Spook and the Comadre

T71

Once there were a great many Spooks. Because of the Spooks, it wasn't possible to walk around. You couldn't go outside until nine o'clock. You couldn't go out alone. We walked with escorts. Then the

7A ti vo7ne toj toyol to 7ox la j7ik'al, 7a ti j7ik'ale mu la stak' xaxanav ja7 to la ti me sta baluneb 7ora xu7 xalok' ta pana mu la xu7 xalok' 7atuk chi7inbilotik la xixanavotik 7a li ja7 to la ti sp'ijubtas

women got smart. There was [a woman] who had a comadre. They were neighbors. "Please, comadre, wake me up [in a little while], because I'm cooking my little bit of corn," she said.

"All right," answered her comadre. "Comadre, comadre!" she said. [The other's] corn was spilling suddenly in the middle of the fire. Her fire was hissing now, since the fire was going out.

But no, it wasn't corn putting out the fire. It was because the Spook went and grabbed, molested the woman. The disgusting Spook's prick was so long it killed the woman. The woman died. When the other woman woke up, it was just blood there hissing.

You see her other friends came in a group. They came to look at their comadre.

But you see she was already dead. As for that Spook he was caught on an upright stake at the door. He was impaled. That house post came out of his mouth. And then they put him over the fire. They cooked him so that he would die for good. They boiled hot water for him so that they could scald him like a chicken.

You see that one died like that. He burned up. They gathered firewood for him. They [used] corn-cobs since the people of long ago had a lot of corn. They didn't throw out their corn-cobs. They were glad to use them as firewood it seems. One died, but that wasn't enough, since there were so very many Spooks. Hairy Hand was the name of that Spook who died that way. Hairy Hand had many many children left—other Spooks. There was a lady, that comadre. She was clever.

You see, she boiled hot water. She put the boiling water on top of the fire. The Spook entered. "Nani—ta, are you there?" he said as he arrived.

"I'm here. Come in. Do you drink coffee, do you drink posol? We'll boil the water for it," he was told.

"I do," said the Spook. He drank the posol. He ate the posol. When he was touching it to his mouth then they scalded him with boiling water.

But you know he wasn't burned well enough until he threw down his gourd. Then she threw it. The boiling water was thrown at his head. Then he died.

That comadre won. That was the way she threw boiling water at him. She scalded him it seems.

That one died. He died because of them. They put him on the fire. He burned up. The woman's comadre, that lady's comadre said to them, "Come on, let's burn them up! That's how we'll get rid of the Spooks. They grab people so much now. It isn't right the way they molest us. It isn't right what happened to that other woman. What he did—he dragged her to his cave."

sba 7antzetik 7une, 7oy la jun skumale slak'-na sbaik. "7Abolajan, kumale, xatijon to me yu7un ta jlakan kunen jux," xi la.

"Teyuk," xi la ti kumaleil 7une. "Kumale kumale!" xi la. Xtánluj la ta 7ol k'ok' li sjux 7une, xpulule---t xa la ti sk'ok' 7une, yu7un la stup' k'ok' 7un.

Bu yu7un, mu la juxuk ti a li stup' k'ok' 7une, yu7un la ba stzak 7iyilbajin ti 7antz i j7ik'al 7une, yu7un la toj nat 7a li yat ti mu j7ik'al 7une, 7ismil 7o ti 7antz 7une, 7icham ti 7antz 7une, k'alal 7ijulav tal ti jun taj xpululet 7une, naka la ch'ich' 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7ispa7i la sbaik tal ti yantik xchi7iltak ya7el 7une, 7ital la sk'eel ti skumale 7une.

K'u xavil 7un, chamem xa 7un, 7a la taj j7ik'al 7une, pajal la te7 7ista ta ti7 na 7un, ja7 la te xojol 7un, lok' la ta ye taj te7el na 7une, 7i ja7 la sk'atanik ta k'ok' 7un, 7ista7ajesik la 7un, yo7 la ti x7aj chamuk 7o lek 7une, 7islakanbeik la sk'ak'al 7a7lel 7un, yo7 ti stulik 7o chak k'u cha7al kaxlan 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7icham la jun 7un chak 7un taje, 7ik'ak' la 7un, 7istzobbeik la 7a li ssi7il sbaklel ja7 ti 7o 7ep yixim ti 7antivo krixchano la 7une, mu7nuk chch'ayik ti sbakalik 7une, bal xa7i ta ssi7inik ya7el, 7a li, 7icham jun 7un, pero mu la buy 7un, ja7 ti toj toyol to 7ox 7ep ti j7ik'al 7une, tzotz k'ob la sbi taj j7ik'al 7icham taj x7elan 7une, 7a li tzotz k'ob 7une, 7oy la 7ep xch'amaltak 7ikom 7un, 7a ti yantik j7ik'al 7une, 7oy la jun jmeme7tik taj kumaleil 7une, p'ij la 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7islakan la sk'ak'al vo7 7iskajan la ta 7ol k'ok' ti k'ak'al vo7 7une, 7ochem la li j7ik'al. "Nani---ta, mi li7ote?" xi la k'otel 7un.

"Li7one, 7ochan tael mi xana7 yuch'el kajve mi xana7 yuch'el 7uch'imo7 ta jlakanbetik ya7el," x7utat la.

"Jna7," xi la ti j7ik'al 7une. 7Iyuch' la ti 7uch'imo7 7une, 7islajes la ti 7uch'imo7 7une, yolel la tztijan ta ye 7un ti k'alal 7istu---lik ta k'ak'al vo7 7une.

Bu xavil 7un, muk' la xk'ak' lek yu7un 7un, ja7 to la ti k'al 7isjip taj sboch 7une, ja7 to la sk'eb, 7ik'ebbat ta sjol 7un taj k'ak'al vo7 7une, ja7 to la cham 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7ispas kanal taj kumaleil 7une yech, ta sk'ebbe k'ak'al vo7 tztul ya7el.

Va7i 7un, 7o la laj 7un taje, 7icham yu7unik 7un, 7istik'ik ta k'ok' 7un, 7ik'ak' 7un, 7a li 7a la taj jun skumale li kumaleil 7une, skumale taj jmeme7tik 7une, 7iyalbe la 7un. "La7 jchik'tik ja7 yech ta xch'ay ku7untik ti j7ik'aletike, lavie toj tol stzakvane, mu lekuk la x7elan 7ilbaj chiyilotike, muk' lek taj jun 7antz x7elan, 7ixcha7le 7iskil ech'el ta xch'ene.

They breed too fast.

One child a night. How could we win? Some hunters passed by behind a cave. There where the cave was. The hunters passed by. "What men are you? Take me ou—t. Come, take me awa—y!"

"We can't take you away now because we haven't anything to get you out with. The cave is too deep. I'll come to hunt and I'll bring my lasso to get you out," answered [one of] the hunters. They went to hunt on purpose there where she was. They took their rope. They threw it down. "I've come. Come on out! It's me whom you told to get you out," said [one of] the men.

The woman came out.

Her children were li—ned up along the hem of her skirt. They grabbed the hem of her skirt. They stuck on, one after another. One of her little children came out. She had a hard time pulling off all the others. Six of that woman's children stayed behind it seems. Now the one that came out sticking to her skirt was already walking. It was following right behind. It went to the house of that woman. [The hunters] looked for four staves when they arrived at her house, when they arrived to return that woman at the house of her father and mother, it seems. There where she went out she had been pouring out the lime water when she was stolen away a long time before.

They arrived there. They looked for those four staves. They held a curing ceremony. She had a curing ceremony. Her candles were offered [at the shrines], but they did no good. That Spook went there three nights searching. He just wanted to steal his wife back. But that child of his, the little baby Spook, they stuck in the fire so he would die. As for that old Spook, this is what they did about him—those four staves at the edge of her bed guarded her. They guard people. He never could take the woman away.

But you see, I don't know if the woman lasted one month or three weeks. She died. The woman just peed lime water. She had diarrhea. That's how the woman died when she returned it seems.

They buried her. The Spook kept coming all the time, frightening people. He thought his wife was still there. When he returned, it seems she had died already. She had already been buried. The woman had entered the grave. The Spook hadn't wanted his wife to die. He thought she was still alive. He wanted to take her to his house another time.

The people were scared. They were upset about him wandering and wandering about, coming to look and look [for his wife]. They just assembled to

Va7i toj tol 7ep ta xp'ole.

Va7i ju-jun yol ju-jun 7ak'ubal 7une, yu7 van ta skuch ku7untik 7un, 7i7ech' la jtuk'aviletik ti ta pat spat ti ch'en 7une, te ya7el ti ch'en 7une, 7ech' la ti jtuk'avil 7une. "Buch'uoxuk viniketi---k, lok'esiko---n, la7 7ik'ikon lok'e---l!"

"Mu xu7 xakik' lok'el lavi a7a, yu7un mu k'u xajlok'es 7o, toj nat li ch'ene, ta xital ta paxyal yalal chkich' tal jriata chajlok'es 7un," xi la ti jtuk'avil 7une. Yalal la bat ta tuk'avil yo7 ti buy 7une, 7iyich' la ech'el sriata 7un, sjip la yalel. "Li7 me nital 7une, [ok'an tal 7un, vo7on ti 7avalojbon chajlok'ese," xi la ti viniketik 7une.

Va7i 7un, lok' la tal ti 7antz 7une.

K'u xavil 7un, xchole---t la ti yol ta sti7il stzek 7une, stzak sti7il stzek ju-jun ju-jun 7un, tzakal la 7ilok' tal ti jun yunen 7ol 7une, vokol la laj sjipan lok'el ti yan 7une, vak-vo7 la kom yoltak ya7el taj 7antz 7une, 7a li yantike ta xa la xxanav, 7a taj jun tzakal lok'el ta stzek 7une, te la tijil ech'el 7un, ja7 la bat 7o 7un ta sna taj 7antz 7une, 7issa7ik la chanib 7ak te7 ti k'al k'ot ta sna ti k'ot yak'el 7entrokal taj 7antz bu sna stot bu sna sme7 ya7el bu lok' 7une, yu7un la jmal-tanil-vo7 ti k'alal 7i7elk'anat lok'el ti vo7ne.

Va7i 7un, 7a li te 7ik'ot 7un 7issa7ik la taj chanib 7ak te7 7une, 7iyalik la vokol, 7iyich' la 7ilel, 7i7och la skantela, pero mu la sbalin, 7a taj j7ik'ale 7oxib la 7ak'ubal te 7a ssa7el tzk'an no 7ox chelk'an lok'el tal ti yajnil 7une, yan taj xch'amal 7une stik'ik la ta k'ok' 7un, yo7 la ti xcham 7o taj 7unen k'ox j7ik'al 7une, 7a taj mol j7ik'al 7une, ja7 taj x7elan 7ixcha7leik, 7i ba xchabi ya7el li taj chanib 7ak te7 ta sti7 stem 7une, ja7 la chabivan 7un, mu la bu stzak yu7un lok'el ti 7antz.

Bu xavil 7un, mu jna7 mi jun 7u mi 7oxib xemana k'u xa xi jok'tzaj ti 7antz 7une, 7icham la 7un, naka la tanil vo7 ta sk'abta xa ti 7antz 7une, tambil la labal tza7nel 7un, ja7 yech 7icham 7o ya7el ti 7antz ti k'alal 7isut tal 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7ismuk la 7un, 7animal la xk'ot sibtasvanuk ti j7ik'al 7une, xa7uk la teyuk to ti yajnil 7un, ti k'alal 7isut ya7el 7icham xa mukbil xa 7ochem xa ta ch'en ti 7antz, pero mu7nuk ta 7a li yo7onuk xa ti chamem yajnil ti j7ik'ale, 7a ti yaloje, yu7un kuxul to yu7un sk'an chik' ech'el 7otro j-7ech'el ti ta sna 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7ixi7 la ti krixchanoetik 7une, yan sba cha7i ti te xva7von te xva7von ya7el chk'ot sk'elulan 7une, solel la spa7ibeik yajval 7un, chan-vo7 la vinik

get him. Four men gathered together at night. They shot at him. They just shot at him, but they never hit him. It wasn't until they went to look in that cave that the woman had been taken out of. They went to kill him with guns. He died, the old one died.

But his children were left. So then the women assembled to get them. They died of boiling water. They burned them. They would cook a turkey for them.

Now they won't finish eating their turkey. Sometimes the Spooks are scalded to death with boiling water. Or else, when the hot water is bubbling, when the water is boiling, then they scald the Spooks first. Or else when their meal is bubbling—"Wait, drink a little coffee," they would say. Then when they touched the gourd to their lips they would throw the boiling water at them and scald them. That's how they killed them. They cut them to pieces with machetes so that their flesh wouldn't stick together. [The people] called them Hairy Hands long ago. They couldn't be killed unless they were scalded with boiling water. That's how they got rid of the Spooks long ago.

You see that's how the Spooks have gotten fewer. Long ago we couldn't go outside until nine o'clock. At three o'clock you close up the house, close the door. You'd better have your water, your things [inside]. A load of firewood is put inside during the day. No more can come in. Then we draw our water. We can't go anywhere. The house is closed. Somewhere inside you go to the bathroom. Look for a place to go to the bathroom. We can't go outside. We were closed up inside long ago. My mother told about it. It seems it was my mother's grandmother who saw it. But now there aren't any. God willing there aren't any Spooks now. There's nothing to scare people, because they were scalded to death with boiling water. They were burnt up. Long ago the fires were made for them.

It was her comadre who spoke to her. "Comadre, what is it, what is it, your corn boiled over. Look!"

But it wasn't her comadre who answered, it was the Spook now. "The corn's ready, coma—dre, the corn's ready, coma—dre!" the Spook answered.

They went to look. What do you think? It was the Spook they found. The Spook fled, but he was caught on a stake by the door. His ass was impaled. It came out his mouth. They burned him up.

"Lime water" is the same as nixtamal water, that is, the water used to boil corn before it is ground.

The use of staves to protect a person from Spooks seems to be peculiar to this and the following tale. In Tenejapa a pole of the *ch'ijt* bush is said to be protection from Spooks, as it "will burst into flames upon seeing evil demons" (Stross, 1973:105). *Ch'it* in

7istzob sbaik ta 7ak'ubaltik stuk'aik la 7un, naka la stuk'aik pero mu no la bu staik 7un, ja7 to la ti ba sk'elik taj yo7 buy taj ch'en lok'esbil tal taj 7antz 7une, ba smilik la ta tuk' 7un, 7icham 7icham ti mol ya7el 7une.

K'usi ja7 7ikom ti xch'amaltak 7une, ja7 to taj 7ispa7i sbaik taj 7antzetik 7une ja7 taj ta k'ak'al vo7 xa 7ixchik' la ech'el j-kot tuluk' spanbeik la.

7Óra, mu xlah sti7 ti stuluk'e, 7o la ja7 ba7yi chlah ta tulel ta:k'ak'al vo7 taj j7ik'al, mo7oje ja7 la xbalbon i k'ak'al vo7e, chvokan ya7el ti k'ak'al vo7e, ja7 taj tzulik ba7yi taj 7a li j7ik'ale, mo7oje ja7 la xbalbon li sve7ele. "Malao 7un 7uch'an j-tz'ujuk kajve," xi. K'alal stijan ti boch ta ye 7une, ja7 7o la tzk'ebbeik k'ak'al vo7 tzulik 7un, ja7 la tzmilik 7un, 7o la 7istuch'ilanik ta machita yo7 ti mu xa stzak 7o sba ti sbek'tal 7une, ja7 la ti tzotz k'ob sbi yu7unik ti vo7ne 7une, yech'o xal ti mu la xcham ta milel naka la ta k'ak'al vo7 7itul yu7unik 7ich'ay 7o ti j7ik'al ti vo7ne 7une.

Va7i 7un, k'u xi xi bik'taj ti j7ik'aletike, 7a ti vo7ne mu la stak' xibatotikótik ta pana stama 7a li baluneb 7ora, 7oxib 7ora, yu7un xamaklan ta na mako sti7 7ana 7oyuk 7ava7al 7oyuk k'u 7oy 7avu7un, 7a ti si7e, j-chep la ch7och ta k'ak'al mu la xu7 x7och mas, ja7 7o ta jpul ka7altikótik mu xa stak' bu xibatotikótik makal na, te xa 7oyuk buy xach'ay aba ta yut na, sa7bo yav ti k'usi chach'ay 7o abae, mu xa stak' xilok'otikótik makalotikótik ta na ti vo7ne la ti slo7iltaoj ti jme7e, ti smuk'ta me7 ti jme7 ti buch'u yiloj ya7el 7une, yan lavi 7une, mu xa buy 7un, sk'anuk 7o ti kajvaltike, ch'abal xa j7ik'al 7un, mu xa k'u sibtasvan 7un, ja7 taj 7ilaj ta tulel ta k'ak'al vo7 7ilaj ta chik'el tzobbat sk'ak'al ti vo7ne 7une.

Ja7 ti skumale 7une, 7iyalbe la sbaik 7un, "Kumale, k'usi ti k'usi 7imal 7avu7un taj 7ajuxe, k'elo kik!"

Bu yu7un, ma7uk xa 7itak'av ti kumaleil 7une ja7 xa la tak'av ti j7ik'al. "Jux tale kuma---le jux tale kuma---le!" xi la tak'av ti j7ik'al 7une.

Va7i 7un, ba la sk'elik 7un, k'u xa chavil 7un, j7ik'al la te 7a staik 7un, jatav lok'el taj j7ik'al 7une, ja7 taj pajal 7ista te7 ta ti7 na 7une, xojol 7ik'ot ta xchak 7un, lok' ta ye 7un, 7ixchik' ta k'ok' 7un.

Zinacantán is the brush cherry (*Eugenia* sp.), but I have never heard of such a use ascribed to it.

Tonik identifies Hairy Hands as Spooks, while Xun Vaskis claims that they are rain creatures, Tutelary Gods of the Chiapanecs (T157).

This tale is paralleled by an account from Chamula. A woman

goes outside at nighttime to rinse her corn. She is carried off by a winged devil. A month later she is found outside her house, but her body stinks horribly, and she is unable to talk. After she regains her speech, she tells how she was carried to the devils' cave. The devils had debated, "Shall we eat her or fuck her?" They dumped the poor woman on the bed and went to work, feeding her rotten jerked meat between their assaults. In three

weeks she delivered a baby boy who could fly at birth. Her son grew up immediately, pushed a rock away from the cave entrance, and took his mother home. When her devilish husband returned to find her gone, he ate their son. The poor woman never recovered. She died (Gossen, T39). see also T67, T122, T123, T145, T146, and their notes.

The Spooks

T145

Long ago, they say there used to be so many Spooks. Long ago you couldn't go anywhere. At eight o'clock there were still Spooks. By nine o'clock we could go about. We'd go for firewood. We'd go wherever we were going. Around four o'clock in the afternoon, you couldn't go out anywhere. In the mo—rning just at noo—n. Early in the morning you couldn't go anywhere. Just around noon you could go about. But early in the morning you couldn't go anywhere.

Once, then, the firewood gatherers went, were taken by the Spooks. When the wood gatherers came back, they didn't all come back. Just two or three would come back. Even more so if they hadn't any men with them, then they simply all disappeared.

Little by little the people long ago learned what to do about so many Spooks. They never saw when [their friends] disappeared. Then when they went, they stayed close together getting their wood. Their men would go and fell the trees. The women would get their firewood. They would crowd together around the branches. The men would cut them with axes. Then they would come back fine. But when the women went by themselves, if they separated from each other a little distance, they were caught by the Spooks. They were carried off by the Spooks.

They would be taken off. There was a woman, there where the boarding school is now. She was taken by the Spook, because she went out to draw her water, just after the sun had appeared.

She went out to draw her water. She was carrying a pot of water. Her pot was standing there, she was gone. The woman went off—carried off to the cave, to his cave. Who kno—ws, when they went to take her out, that came out with the help of three ropes. But she had already seen the Spook's six children.

Every week another Spook's child [was born].

"A week after I had come to this house I had a child. I had one. The next week, another one."

I don't know if the Spook had six or four children or what. Some hunters passed by where she was. As for the poor woman. "Halloo, who are you, don't

7A ti vo7nee 7oy 7oy la toj toyol j7ik'al, ti vo7nee mu la stak' bu xibattik, ta vaxakib 7ora k'ak'ale yu7n 7o to j7ik'al, ta baluneb 7orae ja7 stak' xa bu xibattik, xibattik tzi7bej xibattik bu xibattik, 7a ti k'alal lek nan chanib 7ora k'ak'ale mu xa stak' bu xalok', so---b ja7 nox ta 7ol k'ak'a---l, ta sobe muk' bu stak' bu xabat, lek 7ol k'ak'altike ja7 nox bu xu7 xabat, yan i sobe mu stak' bu xabat.

7A ti vo7nee che7e 7oy la xbat jsi7biletik tey la chbat ta j7ik'al, tzut talel ti jsi7biletike ch'abal xa tz'akalik tal, 7o xa nox cha7-vo7 7o xa 7ox-vo7 sut talel, mas ti mi mu7yuk svinikale yu7n solel te bat 7o skotol.

Va7i 7un, k'unk'un la 7ixchanbeik smelol ti krixchano vo7ne k'u x7elan toj tol j7ik'al 7une, mu7yuk buy xich' 7ilel ya7el ti x7elan ta xbat 7une ja7 to chbatik 7un nopol xa la tza7ik ssi7ik, chbat la svinikalik ta slomesik te7 ta ssa7ik ti ssi7ik li 7antzetik stzoboj sbaik te ta k'ob te7 7une, ja7 ti vinik 7une te tztuch' ta 7ek'el 7un, ja7 lek tzutik tal bi 7a, yan i k'alal chbatik stuk 7antzetike ja7 ti buy snatil sk'ej sbaik ju-jun tale te tzake 7o ta j7ik'al bat ta j7ik'al.

Va7i 7un, ta x7ik'e ech'el, 7oy jun 7antz te ta 7a li yo7 li 7internado xa tanae, 7ibat ta j7ik'al yu7n la lok' spul ya7al li lek naka xlok' tal k'ak'al.

Va7i 7un, 7ilok' spul ya7al 7un, jun p'in slikoj ti ya7al 7une, te vuchul ti sp'ine ch'abal li stuke, bat ti 7antzete, 7ik'e ech'el ta ch'en, 7a ti xch'ene, 7a li na7ti---k, 7a li 7ox-p'ej la riata 7ilok' 7o taj 7antz ti k'al 7a slok'es tale pero 7isk'el xa 7ox komel ta ssat vak-vo7 xch'amal ti j7ik'ale.

Ta vaxakibvaxakib la k'ak'al ju-jun xch'amal ti j7ik'ale.

"Vaxakib k'ak'al ya7el li7 jtalel li7 ta nae 7o xa jun kol, jun, 7otro jun vaxakib k'ak'al 7otro jun."

Va7i 7un, mu jna7 mi vak-vo7 mi chan-vo7 mi k'u la xi xch'amal ti j7ik'al 7une, 7ech' la ti jpaxyaletik ti yo7 buy 7une. 7A ti prove 7antz 7une, "Ju---je,

you recognize me? It's me. I'm his wife," I don't know what that man's name was. "It's me. I live there, there by 7Olon Ravol [Lower Ranch]," she said.

"Ah!" they said. "Who is that? Lord, let's go see who it is! I think it's one of our people," said the men. They went to look.

"God, if you have a ro—pe, to—ss it down to me, because I [want to] get out. I don't want to be here anymore. I'm tired of it, it seems," said the woman. And each of the men had brought, I don't know if it was a rope apiece. Because they had gone to look for deer, for deer.

They got their . . . they tied their ropes together. The woman came out with the help of three ropes. The woman got out. "Isn't your husband there? We don't want to die!" said the men. There were twelve men who got her out.

"No, if you can get me home, my [real] husband will pay you when I arrive," she said. She got out. They took her to her husband's house.

Huh, I don't kno—w if the woman's husband was called Xu—n or Maryan or what. They took her to where her house was. "God, My Lord, I never thought I'd see my house, I never thought I'd reach my home!" said the woman, when she arrived. Her husband wasn't there, just his children were there.

"How much shall we pay you for bringing our mother back?" asked the boys. I don't know if the woman had four sons. As for the four boys, they borrowed some money and gave it to the hunters.

Well, that was all. They had already gotten a deer. Three of them [came with the woman]. They had left it way back in the woods, since they first came to leave that woman. They knew that she had been abducted. She was an abducted woman. As for the poor guys, they took that money with them, their pay, it seems. I don't know if it was fifteen pesos or how much for leaving that woman in her home. Then they went back. They left. They went to meet up with their food, when [their friends] came walking back. They caught up with the meat. They came back to divide it up. They divided it up at San-kixtoval [Saint Christopher]. There is a field there. There is a place there we call 7Isbontikal Vo7 [Dogwood Spring]. There in the field, they divided it up. They divided it amongst themselves there. One received his share, the next received his share. "Let's divide it up. Now our fifteen pesos' pay we'll have to divide up equally among the twelve of us. We'll get several pesos apiece since there are twelve of us," they said. They were given fifteen pesos. They figured out there how much money they would give each other, [how much] each one would get. The money was divided up. The meat was divided up.

buch'uoxu---k, mi mu xavojtkiniko---n, vo7on me ti yajnilon." Mu jna7 k'usi la sbi taj vinik 7une. "Vo7on me 7a li te nakalon 7a li te 7a li xi ta 7Olon Ravole," xi la un.

"7Aa!" x7utat la 7un. "Buch'u 7un taje, kere, ba jk'eltik kik buch'u, jchi7iltik chka7i," xi la ti viniketik 7une. Ba la sk'elik 7un.

"Yo7s, mi mu nox 7ok 7ach'ojoni---k tenbeko---n tal yu7n chilok' mu xa jk'an li7one chtavan ya7el," xi la ti 7antz 7une, 7i 7o la yich'oj mu jna7 mi ju-p'ej sriata ti viniketik 7une, yu7n la sa7-chij batem 7un, te7tikil chij.

Va7i 7un, 7istaik la ti, 7istz'akik la ti sriataik 7une 7ox-tz'ok la ti riata lok' 7o tal ti 7antz 7une, lok' la tal ti 7antz 7une. "Mi muk' me te 7amalal 7un mu me jk'an xilajotikótik," xi la ti viniketike. Lajcha-vo7 la ti viniketik 7ilok'esvan tal 7une.

"Mo7oj, ja7 nox chak jta jna 7avu7unike te chastojik ti jmalal mi nik'ote," xi la ti 7antz 7une. Lok' tal 7un 7ay yak'ik ti yo7 sna ti smalal 7une.

Ja7 mu jna---7 mi Xu---n mi Maryan k'u sbi ti smalal ti 7antz 7une, 7ay yak'el ti yo7 buy ya7el ti sna 7une. "Yos kajval, mi xkil to ka jta ti jnae xkil to ka jta ti jk'ulebel!" xi la k'otel ti 7antz 7une. Muk' la tey ti smalal 7une k'ajom no la xch'amaltak tey 7un.

"K'u yepal chajtojtkótik lavik'ik tal li jme7tikotike?" xi la ti kremotik 7une. Mu jna7 mi chan-vo7 la skremotik 7oy ti 7antz 7une, 7a ti chan-vo7 kremotik 7une ja7 la 7ixch'amunik tak'in 7un yak'beik la ti jtuk'aviletik 7une.

Béno, mu k'usi ja7 la ti staojik xa 7ox j-kot te7tikil chij 7un ja7 la 7ox-vo7 yajval 7un nat to la komem ta te7tik 7un ja7 la ba7i tal yak'ik taj 7antze ja7 la tzna7ik ti chpoj, xpojbat i 7antz 7une, 7a ti proveetik 7une yich'ik la ech'el taj tak'in stojolik ya7el 7une, mu jna7 mi vo7-lajuneb pexu k'u la xi tal yak'ik 7o ta na taj 7antz 7une, ja7 7o sutik ech'el 7un batik 7un, ba snupik tal ti sve7elik ya7el ti buy chanav tal 7une, staik la ta nupel tal ti bek'et 7une tal 7un tal xch'akik 7un, taj la ch'ak ta San-kixtoval 7une, 7a li 7oy stentejtik te yo7e, 7oy 7Isbontikal Vo7 sbi ku7untikótik te yo7e, ja7 la te ta stentejtik 7un te la ch'ak 7un, te la xch'akbe sbaik 7un, yich' sparte jun, yich' sparte jun. "Jch'ak jbatik 7un, 7óra li vo7-lajuneb pexu jtojoltik 7une yu7 nox ta parejo ta jch'akbe jbatik lavi lajcha-vo7otik 7une, jayjay pexu ta xkich'tik 7un lavi lajcha-vo7otik 7une," xi la. Vo7-lajuneb la pexu 7ak'bat 7un, te la snitbe sbaik k'u yepal ta xak'be sbaik ti tak'in ju-jun 7iyich'ik 7une, 7ich'ak ti tak'ine 7ich'ak ti bek'ete.

"We've each gotten our little share. Let's go, I guess! We'll see, I guess, if we aren't found out. It's bad if we're found out. God will surely save us now from being caught by our [grandfather, the Spook]!" said the men.

"Lord, don't be afraid! He won't catch us. He'll go look for his meal at her house, of course! You'll see, he has to!" one of their companions, an old man, said now. As for the old man, he was right, it was no story! The first night [the Spook] wouldn't let the husband, the woman's husband, get to sleep. God, My Lord, he was groping about there, walking about, [trying to find a way] into the house, but the man, the woman, the boys were dying of fright. You couldn't sleep at all, not even a minute, you couldn't sleep.

It was probably around, probably just before dawn. He kept going, returning. [That awful Spook?] The Spook, since he was coming back to look for his wife.

Nine nights. When the nine nights were up, he went for good.

What difference did it make? Where her bed was, like where your cupboard is, here, they had made a good bed for that poor woman. Because they had a curing ceremony right away. She had a ceremony, since she was sick now. They say she couldn't pee properly anymore. The woman just peed lime water.

"What shall we give her to drink? What in the world will cure a woman who is sick like that?" said her sons. "Our mother is sick!" they probably said.

"I don't know what she can be given. Shouldn't we ask one—tell a shaman?" they said.

Then, "Forget it, I'm not well anymore, so—n. I'm going to die. I have no strength left," said the woman.

"What do you feel, what hurts?"

"I have no strength at all. My whole body is sick," said the poor woman.

"We'll have a curing ceremony for you, then," they said.

"Eh, it may be that you'll just be spending your money in vain, my children. It was so terrible where I went. It's true there was chicken, of course. Every day I ate chicken. Every day I ate. What I think really made me sick were my six children that stayed behind," she said. There were six children by that Spook. "Every week I had another child," said the poor woman.

"That's what you got sick from, then, mother. It couldn't have been anything else that made you sick," they said.

They sent for a shaman. [Their mother] had a steam cure, she was warmed up, and so on, that poor woman. She was just a tiny bit sick, if only [the

Va7i 7un, "Kich' kunin partetik ju-jun tal 7un battik kik 7un, jk'eltik kik mi mu xivinajotik ja7 chopol mi livinajotik 7une ta xiskoltaotik riox tana ta tzakel ta j muk'ta tottik bi 7al" xi la ti viniketik 7une.

Va7i 7un, "Ke7 mu xaxi7ik mu xistzakotik ja7 te chbat sk'el li sve7el yo7 li sna a7a xak'el avil yu7 nox ta persal" xi la ti jun chi7ilil jun mol xa 7un. 7A ti mol xa 7une 7a li mu la lo7iluk ya7uk 7un, 7i primero 7ak'ubal, muuu la x7ak'e vayuk ti smalal li, smalal li 7antze. Yos kajval, te la sjotz'lajet te la xjoyet ta ta la sjam ochel tal ti nae, pero ti vinike ti 7antze ti skremotike yu7n la chcha---mik ta xi7el ta j-mek, batz'i yu7n mu xa la stak' xivayotik, mi j-likel mu la stak' xivayotik.

Va7i 7un, lek nan 7a li, lek nan po7ot sakub 7un chbat la 7un, chbat la batel tzut la ech'el 7un, ja7 li j7ik'al 7une tal ssa7 ti yajnil chava7i to.

Va7i 7un, baluneb la 7ak'ubal 7un, tz'aki ti baluneb 7ak'ubal 7une bat 7o 7un.

K'u bal 7o 7un ja7 to la ti yo7 stem ya7el, ja7 chak 7avalmaryo 7un li7i ja7 la tey 7oy lek meltzanbil stem taj prove 7antz 7une yu7n la 7al-vokol ta 7ora 7un, yich' vokol la ti 7ip xa la 7une mu xa la bu lek li chibattik ta k'abnel ya7ele naka xa la tanil vo7 tzk'abta ti 7antz 7une.

Va7i 7un, "7A li k'usi chkak'betik yuch' 7un, k'usi ta j-mek xmeltzaj 7o la x7elan 7ip i 7antz 7une?" xi la 7un ti skremotik 7une. "7Ip i jme7tike," xi nan 7un.

Va7i 7un, "Mu jna7 k'usi stak' 7albel mi muk' nan ta j jak'tik kalbetik j7ilol?" xiik la 7un.

Ja7 7o la, "Yiluk 7un muk' xa lekon 7un, kre---m, ta xa xicham 7u---n mu xa xu7 ta j-mek," xi la ti ti 7antz 7une.

"K'usi ya7yel 7un k'usi ti chak' 7une?"

"Batz'i mu xu7 yech 7ipon ta jjunul," xi la ti prove 7antze.

"Chakaltikótik vokol che7e," xi la.

"Je, proval xa mi mu yechuk xalajes 7atak'inike, kolta---k, toj chopol li yo7 bu ni7aye, me7el 7oy ti kaxlan a7a, sil k'ak'al ta jti7 kaxla---n, sil k'ak'al chive7, k'usi li batz'i ni7ipaj 7o chka7ie ja7 ni koltak vak-vo7 7ikome," xi la 7un. Vak-vo7 la xch'amaltak taj j7ik'al 7une. "Ta váxakibváxakib k'ak'ale yu7n ju-jun ju-jun kol," xi la ti prove 7antze.

"Ja7 7och 7o 7achamel che7e, me7, mu k'usi ti 7och 7o 7achamele," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, stak la ta sa7el ti j7ilol 7une yich' la pus ton yich' la k'ixnael k'utikuk taj prove 7antz 7une, 7an 7unin j-tz'uj la yilel ti manchuk te chk'ot ta

Spook] hadn't arrived over and over. E—very night. He wouldn't let you sleep. After she was given a curing ceremony, she was just a li—ttle [sick].

You see, the last night that he came, he si—mply grabbed the door. He tugged and tugged at the door. The thing is, I don't know if you know what a stave is? That's what they got, four staves, one for each corner of her bed. Two for the door. Two behind her bed like this. Four around the woman's bed.

Then, with that, he left. Then, with that he retired a bit. It was probably because the sticks had soul. Who knows what the wood was, since it was ancient wood.

Then, with that, he left. He left. The Spook, as we call him, left. He didn't come back again. Three months later he came back one night. "Nani—ta, little Ma—ry," he said when he arrived. "Nani—ta, little Ma—ry, little daughter, where are you?" he said. Ooh, the boys were scared.

"Will he get in, My Lord? Will he get in, St. Lawrence?" they said. They lit the fire. They looked at their fire. They put wood on it. "God, we can't possibly open the door now, indeed! We haven't any wood left. What can we do?" said the boys. "Ah, we'll take her bed, our beds, we'll put them on. We'll burn them in the fire," they said. "No, we'll never get through the night, he'll just come in," they said.

They looked. They put them o—n. With that, he left. The next morning around six o'clock, at dawn, it seems, he left. That was the end of it. That was the last time he came, that one time when he came after three months. He never came again. What difference did it make to the woman? She got sick. She was still sick. She never got well. She lasted just half a year in her home. When half a year passed, she died, since she had a hard time going to the bathroom. She wasn't well. Something was wrong with her pee hole. Who knows what had happened to her. She never found a cure for it. They kept getting remedies for it, [but] the poor woman didn't get well. She was together with her husband for six months. She wasn't with her sons for long, her [husband's] children. She saw one get married. She didn't see three of them get married.

Of the three, of the three boys, one was engaged to his [future] wife, the others didn't have the money for it, since they grew corn with their father. The two were different [from the first].

What could you do? All four couldn't get wives all of a sudden. Two now had wives, it seems. One was married now, one was engaged now, two had no wives when their mother died.

When the mother died, things went wrong. One of the younger brothers went to live with his wife. The

j-mek, si---l la 7ak'ubal yu7n la mu xak' vayikotik 7une, yo j-tz'u---j 7ox la ti k'al 7iyich' vokol 7une.

K'u xavil 7un, ja7 la taj slajeb xa 7ak'ubal 7i7ay 7une, so---lel la stzak ti ti7 nae, xi la snit ta j-mek ti ti7 nae, k'usi mu jna7 mi xavojtkin 7a li 7ak te7e, ja7 la 7issa7ik ssa7ik taj 7a li skremotik 7une, chanib la 7ak te7 7un, ju-jun la ju-jun la sti7il stem, chib la ta ti7 na, chib la xi ta spat steme chanib ta svayeb stuk i 7antz 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 ja7 to la me bat 7o 7un, ja7 to me lok'lok' 7o 7un, bu ti ja7 o xch'ulel nan i te7e, na7tik k'usi x7elan li te7e 7antivo te7 chava7i 7un.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to la bat 7o 7un, bat ti 7a li j7ik'al xkaltik 7une mu xa bu 7ay 7un, ta yoxibal to la 7u 7un jun la 7ak'ubal 7i7ay 7un. Nani---ta, Maruchi---ta!" xi la k'otel 7un. "Nani---ta, Maruchi---ta, 7ijita, buyot?" xi la 7un. Jiii, xi7ik la ti kremotike.

Va7i 7un, mi ch7och tal 7un, kajval, mi ch7och tal 7un San-torensol!" xi la. Stzoy la ti sk'ok'ike sk'el la ti sk'ok'ike yak' la ti ssi7ike. "Yo7s mu xa yorauk ta jjamtik na li7 a7a ch'abal ti jsi7tik 7une k'usi ta jnoptik 7un?" xi la ti kremotik 7une. "7A jtamtik i 7a li stem 7a li jvayebtike ja7 kak'betik, 7a li kak'tik ta k'ok'," xiik la 7un. "Mo7oj mu7 nox sakub naka me 7ochuk tal," xiik la 7un.

Va7i 7un, sk'elik la 7u---n yak'ik la 7u---n 7ibat 7o 7un, sakub ti 7osil lek nan vakib 7ora 7ik'-luman ya7el 7une bat la 7un ch'ab xi la 7un, slajeb la me 7ay ti ta yoxibal 7u j-7ech'el 7i7ay 7une, mu xa la bu 7ay 7un, k'u stu ti 7antz 7uneee, 7ipaj, 7ip xa 7onox 7un mu xa 7onox bu lek, 7i yo 7o7lol xa la jabil 7ech' ti ta sna 7une, sta 7o7lol jabil cham la 7u---n, ja7 la ti chopol xa ti chbat ta yut moke ja7 la muk' lek ja7 la 7ipaj li yav jk'abtike na7tik k'usi spas mu la bu sta xa spoxil, naka la ssa7beik spoxil mu xa la smeltzaj ti prove 7antz 7une, vakib xa 7u xchi7in ti smalal ya7el 7une, mu xa bu jal 7ixchi7in ti skremotike, ti xch'amaltake, jun to lae yil to la nupun, 7ox-vo7 xa muk' xil xnupun.

Va7i 7un, ta yox-va7al, ta yox-va7al kremotike, jak'bil la kom yajnil ti june, 7a li june mu to 7ox la buy stak'inal ja7 la ti yu7un chchabaj xchi7uk ti stote, slekoj cha7-vo7.

Va7i 7un, mu k'u xacha7le ya7el ta jun tiro sa7bel yajnil xchan-va7al 7un, cha7-vo7 xa 7oy ya7el yajnil, june yik'oj xa li june k'ubul xa, cha7-vo7 7une ja7 ch'abal yajnilik 7un ti k'al 7icham i sme7ik 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to sok ti k'alal 7icham ti me7il 7une, tael xa la bat ti jun 7itz'inal 7une, 7a ti june lok' to la

other one got a wife. The wife of the older brother paid [the bride-price]. Then the older brother's wife acted as her mother-in-law. [His bride] came and joined his older brother's wife. They lived together. She took the place of the mother.

They arrived. They fed the poor old man there. They gave him his meals. They looked after their father, it seems.

When the women had babies, the grandfather was kind to his little grandchild. The poor old man stayed with the babies. The others went to get firewood, they went to San Cristóbal or Chamula or wherever they went, since the woman [the old man's wife] had gotten sick and died, it seems. The poor things were all alone—ne.

Just that the Spook wasn't around much anymore, after that time months ago. Because it used to be, long ago, that at six o'clock at dawn, it was just the Spooks' time. You couldn't go anywhere, you couldn't travel anywhere. Little by little things got better. Three months after, after that woman came back, probably he was scared or something, or who knows what, that he had stolen the woman. [But the Spooks] didn't stop coming.

Ah, it was a serious business, too. There is another part, too. They say there was a Spook who was a Hairy Hand. He couldn't be killed. It was different, it was different, indeed! But as for [the first story] that's all there is to it. The poor lady died. The babies were left all by themselves.

[Were the babies the children of the awful Spook?] No, they weren't. The children of that Spook, they turned out very badly. The children of that woman, our countrywoman, turned out badly. They turned out to be different. They couldn't be killed.

That's all there was. And those babies were left all alone, the children of the first man.

This account of the Spooks, with incidents similar to some in the previous tale and some in "The Spook and the Saints" (T130), was told after a lapse of eleven years.

The phrase *jnae . . . jk'ulebe*, "my house . . . my home," is a traditional way to refer to one's house in ritual speech. The woman's use of ritual speech gives an indication of the intensity of her emotions arriving back home.

The term *proveetik*, translated here as "poor guys," connotes "kind-hearted" or "compassionate guys."

Tonik, who always delights in providing a numerical qualifier for the most insignificant details, provided the hunters with the tricky mathematical problem of dividing fifteen pesos equally among the twelve of them. But they clearly are undaunted as they exclaim "We'll get several pesos apiece since there are

tal ti yajnile, ja7 xa la tojvan lok'el tal ti yajnil bankilal 7une, ja7 xa 7alibaj ti yajnil bankilal 7une tal xchi7in i yajnil ni sbankil 7une, ja7 xa te xchi7in sbaik 7un ja7 xa sk'exol me7il 7un.

Va7i 7un, yulik 7un, 7a ti prove mole ja7 te tzmak'lanik te chak'beik sve7el tzk'elik ti stotik ya7el 7une.

Ti k'alal 7i7ayan yol ti 7antzetik 7une ja7 xa te chk'uxubin ti yunin mamobtak ti muk'ta totil 7une, ja7 xa chkom xchi7in 7unetik ti prove mol 7une, ja7 chbatik ta si7bej chbatik ta Jobel mi Chamu7 mi bu xbatik ti ti yantik 7une ja7 7ipaj ti 7antz 7icham ya7el chava7i 7une, stuki---k xa ti proveetik 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 nox ti mu xa bu ya7el mas ti j7ik'al xa 7ox 7un, taj x7elan ta jayib 7u 7une, yu7n ja7 taj vo7ne to 7ox ya7ele che7e mi ja7uk ta vakib 7ora 7ik'-lumane yu7n batz'i styempo j7ik'al, mu stak' bu xabat mu stak' bu xaxanav, k'un'k'un k'un'k'un 7imeltzaj 7un 7ista ti, 7ista ti 7oxib 7u ssutel tal taj 7antz 7une, te nan mi yich' xi7el mi k'utik xi mi k'utik x7elan ti yelk'an ech'el 7antz 7une mu xa bu xlj taluk.

7An yu7un 7oy tzotz sk'oplal noxtok, 7oy j-koj j-tos 7o noxtok, 7oy la, 7oy la jtzotz k'ob i j7ik'ale, 7oy la mu la xcham ta milel, ja7 j-tos ja7 j-tos 7o xa 7un taj a7a, j-tos 7o xa 7un taj a7a, yan taje yech yepal 7ikom chak taj 7une, cham ti prove jmeme7tik 7une stuk xa kom i 7unetik 7une.

7I7i, ma7uk, taj xch'amal taj j7ik'ale ja7 taj chopol xa lok' 7une, ja7 taj chopol xa lok' taj yol taj 7antz jchi7iltikótik ya7el 7une, ja7 la j-tos 7o lok' 7un ja7 taj mu xcham ta milel 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li laj 7un taje yech yepal 7ikom 7i stuk xa kom taj 7unetik 7une, ja7 xch'a---mal ti ba vinik 7une.

twelve of us!"

The *pus ton* or "steam cure" that was used to try to cure the poor woman would have consisted of the following: a round hole dug in the floor, in which are placed thirteen red-hot brown river pebbles, on top of which are placed a variety of plants, and over which is poured a large gourd of urine (half from one of the male assistants and half from one of the female assistants).

It is characteristic of Tonik not to end the tale where others would—at the woman's death, but rather to continue with a catalogue of the sufferings of her survivors: her husband, her children, and her children's children, who we are made to believe were entirely dependent on her! See also T67, T71, T130, T146, and their notes.

Our Lady of the Salt

T83

Long ago when Salinas was formed, the Virgin arrived there. A man saw her. As for the man,

7A ti vo7ne k'alal 7imeltzaj i 7a li Vo7-bitze yu7un la k'ot 7a li jch'ul-me7tik teye, jun la vinik 7iyil. 7A

“What are you doing, son? What are you looking for here?” asked the Virgin.

“I’m not doing anything, ma’am. I’m taking a walk. I’m looking at my little bit of land, because I’d like to clear off my little bit of brush, since the season has arrived, it seems. I’m looking to see if the little river that goes by here, it seems, hasn’t risen too high. I’d like to do a little [work] in my tiny corn field,” he said.

“Ah!” she said. “So that’s what you’re doing!” she said. “If you wanted to, if you wanted to chat and tell your friends, those who are the wisest, who seem the manliest . . . If you want to build a house for me, build a church for me here . . . because I am very pleased by the holy place I’d like to live on it here. I’d like to be seated here. If you want to build a little house for me here. I’ll come [to learn] what they said. I’ll come in two weeks. I’ll come here to wait for you [to find out] what [your friends] said. Think it over, son. Think it over, if you want to talk about it with your friends, if you want to tell your friends. If you want me to I’ll come to hear [about it].”

“Oh, it’s no trouble, ma’am. It’s no trouble. I guess I’ll tell at least one family. If I’m answered favorably I’ll come back and wait for you. It doesn’t matter whether I’m answered favorably or not I’ll come and wait for you anyway, ma’am. Don’t worry. If they want [to do it] I’ll come tell you. If they don’t want [to do it] I’ll come tell you, [too].

“How could they know what we have come to do—where I have come to sit? I am coming to sit here under the avocado tree. There under the avocado tree is where I am coming to sit. But you understand if they want [to do it], then I will bring something. I want a sluice made for our salt. We will have salt. You will make our salt.

“You understand, you will earn your money with it. You will earn your pennies with it. I will help you if you build me a house. You will have salt. You will make griddles. You will crystallize my salt. There will be no problems at all. I am the second oldest sister. My older sister is in Zinacantán Center. My younger sister is in Ixtapa,” she said. [No, I was wrong.] It’s the second oldest sister in Ixtapa. It’s the youngest sister now in Salinas.

“My older sister is content now. She is settled now. She has a house. Her house has been built already, but the men there did what she said. Her house was built for her. Right away they did what my older sister said.

“Now, as for me, I’d like to have my house, too, if you’ll be so very kind, it seems, if you’ll build a house for me.”

“I’ll hear about it, too, if you come, ma’am, if you won’t deceive me, if it seems you aren’t just tricking me.”

la ti vinike, “K’u chapas, krem, k’usi chasa7 li7 toe?” xi la jch’ul-me7tik.

“Mu k’u ta jpas, me7tik, yu7un chipaxyaj yu7un ta jk’el 7a li kunen 7osil yu7un kiluk ko7on 7a li jvel kunen vach’ lavi chtal 7ora ya7ele, ta jk’el mi muk’ bu tol chmuy i 7a li 7unen 7uk’um li7 ch7ech’ ya7ele, kiluk ko7on jpas j-tz’ujuk kunen chob,” xi la 7un.

“7A!” xi la 7un. “7Ava7i k’u chapas!” xi la. “7A ti yu7unuk no xak’ane yu7un 7ak’an lo7ilajan 7avalbe 7achi7iltak 7a li buch’u mas xa 7oy xch’ulele mas xa viniketik ya7ele, mi xak’an xameltzanbekon jna xameltzanbekon jun keklixa li7 toe, yu7un batz’i lek 7ikil i ch’ul-balamile, chak naklikon 7o ka7i, chak 7a li chotlikon li7 toe, mi xak’an 7un chapasbekon kunen na li7 toe, ti k’usi xi 7une, chital 7un k’al vo7-lajuneb k’ak’al chital li7 chtal jmalao7 ti k’usi xi, nopo ka7tik, krem, nopo ka7tik, mi xak’an xalo7iltabe li 7achi7iltake, mi xak’an xavalbe lachi7iltake, ti mi yu7un chak’an 7une, chtal ka7i 7un.”

“7An mu k’usi, me7tik, mu k’usi, ta xkalbe ka7tik j-chopuk buch’u, mi lek litak’bate, ta xtal jmalao7 7ak’ 7o no 7ox mi lek mi mu lekuk xitak’bat, ta 7onox tal jmalao7, me7tik, mu k’u xal 7avo7on ti mi yu7un sk’anike, xtal kalbot, mi mu sk’anike, chtal kalbot.”

“Mi7n chna7e to k’usi chtal jpastik bu xtal chotlikone, li7 chtal chotlikon ta yolon 7one, 7a la li yo7 yolon 7one, te chtal chotlikon, 7an pero va7i 7un, ti mi yu7un sk’an 7une, yu7un ta xkich’ 7o tal k’usuk 7un, 7a li ta jk’an tzmeltzaj 7a li sjomal katz’amtik, ta x7ayan katz’amtik, chameltzanik katz’amtik 7un.

“Va7i 7un, ja7 xa chasa7 7o 7atak’inik, chasa 7 7o 7amerioik, chajkoltaik xa ti mi7n yu7un chameltzanik i jna 7a, ta x7ayan 7avatz’amik chapas 7asemetik, chavulesik katz’am 7un, mu xa k’usi 7un bi 7a, vo7on me li, vo7on me li 7o7lol mukilone, ja7 me 7a li jvix te ta Jtek-lume, te me li jun jmuk te ta Nibake,” xi la 7un. Ja7 la 7o7lol mukil li te ta Nibak 7une, ja7 la k’oxil mukil lavi ta Vo7-bitz 7une.

Va7i 7un, “7A ti, 7a li jvixe che7e, jun xa yo7on, nakal xa, 7oy xa sna, meltzajem xa sna, pero 7ixch’un mantal 7a li viniketik te yo7e, meltzanbat sna 7ich’unbat smantal ta 7ora, 7a li jvixe.

“7Ora, vo7on xa li kiluk ko7on jk’an jna 7uk 7une, mi xach’ul-7abolajik ya7el 7une, mi xameltzanik jnae.”

“Ta xka7i 7uk 7un, mi chatal 7un, me7tik, mi mu xalo7loon 7un, mi mu yechuk xalo7loon ya7el 7une.”

"Why wouldn't I come? I want to settle, if you want to build my little house for me, howe—ver small. We'll produce salt here, it seems. You won't have anything to worry about at all. You will have salt. You will crystallize it, then you will sell it. With that you will eat and drink. You won't have to buy your salt. You will have salt."

"Oh, I guess I'll chat about it. You will hear what I'm told in two weeks," said the boy.

The boy arrived home. She left. "Just stay there, son. Just stay there. Take care. I'll talk to you in two weeks," said the lady.

That's what he was told. The boy didn't see where the woman went.

"Oh, was it a real person? Was it a person who told me she wanted a house? Couldn't it have been some kind of dirty work? If it were something announcing my death. If I should die from it?" said the man. "Eh, I guess I'll go talk about it first with my mother and my father. [I'll find out] what they tell me, if it's a messenger of death. If they tell me it's something bad, that will be terrible. That won't be good at all!" said the awful boy.

He had a grandfather. So he arrived there to talk about it with his grandfather. "Don't worry, son. You'd better go wait [for her]. She might be the Virgin, since you've learned that she has an older sister, you've learned she has a younger sister, [I mean] you've learned she herself is the youngest sister. But that is known since there are three of them living wherever each of them wants to have her own seat. Could it be I am not conversing properly, for that is what I saw, that is what I heard? That's what I tell myself, that's how I understand it. All the men should meet. *Come on, we'll build it for her. We'll make her house, collect the money*, if that's what they say. If they don't come, then we aren't good for anything at all. *I can ask my grandfather*, you should have told her."

"Oh I certainly didn't say that. That lady set apart a two week period. Two weeks, because she wants to come and settle down. Because she wants a little house. [She wants] to come here."

"Two weeks is still plenty of time. Decide what you want to do. Tell whomever you want to tell. I think I'll tell my compadre, Maryan," said [his grandfather]. "My compadre, Xun, too. [I'll see] what my compadre Xun tells me. I guess I'll learn if he'll say, *Let's build it! Let's make a house, of whatever size, for her to live in!*"

He talked about it with his compadre. "I don't know if it's true that she talked to my boy. There is a woman, he says, who wants to settle [here]."

"K'u yu7un mu chital, yu7un ta jk'an chinaki mi xak'an xameltzanbekon k'u---k no smuk'ul ti kunen nae, yu7un kiluk ko7on 7a li jlok'es katz'amtik ya7el li7 to 7une, mu xa k'u xana7ik 7un bi, ch7ayan 7avatz'amik chavulesik ja7 xa te chachonik 7un, chave7ik 7o, chavuch'ik 7o vo7, mu xa persauk xaman 7avatz'amik, 7oy xa 7avatz'amik."

"7An, ta xilo7ilaj ka7tik ti k'u xi7utate, xava7i k'al vo7-lajuneb k'ak'al," xi la ti krem 7une.

Va7i 7un, k'ot la ta sna ti krem 7une, bat la 7un. "7ean nox che7e, krem, tean nox k'elo maba xajk'opon k'al vo7-lajuneb k'ak'al," xi la ti jmeme7tik.

Va7i 7un, ja7 no la yech te k'oponat chak taj 7une, muk' la xil bu bat ti 7antz 7un, ti krem 7une.

"7An mi lekil krixchano 7o no me krixchano 7o no me li buch'u chisk'opon tzk'an snae mu no 7ox me yu7unuk 7a li k'usi yabtel, 7a ti mi yu7un la 7o k'usi tzpay jchamele 7a ti xicham lae?" xi la ti vinik. "7Ey, yu7un ba jlo7iltabe ka7tik ba7yi ti jme7e ti jtote k'u van xiyut, 7a ti mi yu7un jpays-chamele, 7a ti mi yu7un k'usi chopol 7a ti mi xiyutik 7une, batz'i chopol 7un bi, muk' lek 7un bi!" xi la ti mu krem 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7oy la te smuk'ta tot 7un, ja7 la te k'ot slo7iltabe, 7a la ti smuk'ta tot 7une. "Mu k'u xal 7avo7on, kere, ba me malao, k'an me jch'ul-me7tikuk taje, va7i 7oy svix, va7i 7oy smuk, va7i ja7 k'ox mukil li stuk 7une, pero ja7 no me ta 7a7yel 7un taje, yo7 7ox-vo7ik ya7el ta naklej ya7el ti buy tzk'an tzk'upin 7a li xchotlebik ju-jun tal 7une, k'an me mi mu lekuk ta xilo7ilaj yu7un ja7 yech 7ikil, yu7un ja7 yech 7ika7i, chichi ka7tik ta xka7i ka7tik 7a ti mi yu7un 7ak'o stzob sba li jay-chop viniketike. *La7 jmeltzanbetik jpasbetik i snae, tzobuk stojol* ti mi xi 7une, 7a ti mi mu tal 7une, pero mu 7onox xitunotik 7un, *Stak' ta xkalbe li jmuk'ta tot 7avutuk komel* 7une."

"7A muk' xkal 7un bi 7a, ja7 to ti yu7un vo7-lajuneb k'ak'al xch'akoj komel sk'ak'alil taj jmeme7tik 7une, k'alal vo7-lajuneb k'ak'al 7un, yu7un la tzk'an chtal nakluk 7un yu7un la tzk'an ti yunen na chtal li7 to 7une."

Va7i 7un, 7a li "K'al vo7-lajuneb k'ak'al 7une, slekil to 7o 7un ta xanopik k'u chanopik mi chavalbe buch'u chavalbe 7une chkalbe ka7tik li jkumpare Maryane," xi la. "Jkumpare Xun k'usuke ti k'u xiyut ti jkumpare Xun 7une, xka7i ka7tik ti mi yu7un i, *Jmeltzantik jpastik k'uk smuk'ul li nae nakluk*, ti mi xi 7une."

Va7i 7un, 7a la ti kumpareile 7une, slo7iltabe la 7un. "Mu7 no jna7 mi yech 7ista la 7a li k'oponel li jkreme, 7oy la jun 7antz ta la sk'an nakanel."

“Oh, could it be the Virgin?” asked the compadre.

“Huh, how can you think it’s the Virgin? If it’s a lady who wants to fluff wool, to spin, to weave here in our homes are we going to turn her down? We’ll be satisfied if she covers us. We’ll be satisfied if she clothes us. She’ll make our shirts and our neckerchiefs. Lord, how can we refuse [to let] that poor lady live here? It’s worth it to build her a little gabled house, however small,” they said.

They built a gabled house for her. They gathered together. “What else can we do?”

But you see the house was built right away in the place where she said she wanted her house. The house was built right away.

Who knows how many years afterwards, the ground split open. There was a little stream that descended from the foot of the cliff by the door of the Virgin’s house. The ground split open and now a river appeared.

But you see, the Virgin was leaning against the avocado tree. Her house was completely flooded with water.

That’s where 7Unen 7Uk’um [Little River] is now. That’s what they call it now. A river passes by the entrance to the Virgin’s house now, it seems. Long ago when she arrived it wasn’t there. But now the town is big. As for the church, it’s a big church now. Long ago it was that little gabled house they made for her. The house was built. The church was rebuilt. Now it’s a church, because it was seen that the ground split open, water came out, a river. The Virgin landed leaning against the foot of the avocado tree. But when she talked, you don’t think she was a saint? She was a person. The boy she spoke to didn’t see where she went.

It became apparent that maybe she was the Virgin since she seemed to disappear there.

Then she came and sat down again. But she left her seat, it seems. She went to sit on the altar, it seems. Finally she was on the altar.

She landed, leaning against the avocado tree. The Virgin leapt out when her house was flooded, it seems. Now there is another sluice that was made. The former sluice was a big sluice. It used to be on the other side of the river, because I saw it myself. It wasn’t anybody else who saw it. The trunk used to be a good meter in length. But the well for the water was maybe ten or fifteen meters deep, where the salt used to come out, long ago. I was little. I was maybe eight years old when I arrived there beneath the feet of the Virgin.

The sluice was moved to the other side [of the river]. The new sluice was made on this side. That’s where the salt water came out. It dried up on the far

“7Iij, ma no 7ox me jch’ul-me7tikuk 7un?” xi la ti kumpareile.

“7Ey, buy, mi7n jch’ul-me7tik 7ana7ojik, 7a ti mi jmeme7tik bu tzk’an chich’ sijel chich’ najel, chich’ jolob li7 ta jnatik, mi ta to jp’ajtik 7un bi, bal xismakotik, bal xispixotik smeltzan jk’u7 jpok’tik kere, mi ta to jp’ajtik nakluk taj prove jmeme7tike, bal k’uk smuk’ul yunen vakax na jmeltzanbetik,” xiik la 7un.

Va7i 7un, smeltzanbeik la ti svakax na 7une, stzob la sbaik. “Yiyil, kere!”

Bu la xavil 7un, ti buy ti yal ti tzk’an ti sna 7une, meltzaj la ta 7ora ti na 7une, pas la ta 7ora ti na 7une.

Bu, jna7tik to ta sjayibal jabil 7une, ja7 7a li 7ituch’ tal li balamil, 7oy te 7unen 7uk’um xi xyal tal ta yibel ch’en 7un, yo7 sti7 sna li jch’ul-me7tik 7une, 7ituch’ tal ti balamil 7une, 7uk’um xa lok’ tal 7un.

Buy 7un, 7a li jch’ul-me7tik 7une, kikil xa ta yolon 7on 7un, 7ino---j xa ta j-mek ta vo7 skotol ti sna 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 lavi buy 7oy xa te “7Unen 7Uk’um” ya7el sbi lavi 7une, 7oy xa x7ech’ 7uk’um ta ti7 ta sti7 sna li jch’ul-me7tik ya7ele, 7a ti vo7ne k’al 7ik’ote, ch’abal to 7ox, yan le7e jamal lum xa li 7eklixa 7une, muk’ xa li 7eklixa, ti vo7ne, ja7 taj 7unen vakax na 7ismeltzanbeik, meltzaj ti na 7une, cha7-meltzaj ti 7eklixa xa lavie 7eklixa xa tana le7 7une, k’u ti yu7un ja7 ti 7ile ti yu7un 7ituch’ tal li balamile, 7ilok’ vo7 li 7uk’ume, jch’ul-me7tike kikil to k’ot ta yibel 7a li, yibel 7on, pero yu7 van jch’ul-me7tik ti k’alal 7ik’opoje, 7a li krixchano la, ja7 la ti muk’ la xil bu bat ti krem ti sk’opon 7une.

Va7i 7un, xvinaj 7o 7o no nan ti jch’ul-me7tik 7une, k’u ti te ya7el 7ich’ay 7un.

7Ora, tal chotluk noxtok 7une, k’usi xi lok’ ya7el li7 ta xchotleb ya7el 7une, te bat 7a li chotol ta 7altal ya7el 7une, lajeltza ti 7altal 7une.

Va7i, ta 7on xa kikil 7ik’ot, 7ip’it lok’el tal jch’ul-me7tik ti k’al 7inoj i sna ya7el 7une, 7a lavi 7une, meltzajem xa jun xa li jom lavi a7a, 7a ti vo7ne jome, 7o to 7ox jun muk’ta jom, j-jech 7uk’um to 7ox yu7un 7ikil jtuk bi 7a, mu7nuk 7o buch’u 7iyil, lek to 7ox nan jun metro snatil li ste7ele, pero 7a ti xch’enal ti vo7e, 7oy nan lajuneb vo7-lajunebuk metro snatil ti 7atz’am to 7ox chlok’ ti vo7ne, bik’iton to 7ox 7un, lek to 7ox 7un, lek to 7ox nan vaxakib jjabilal te chik’ot te ta yolon yok ti jch’ul-me7tik 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7ijelav i jom ya7el 7imeltzaj i 7ach’ jom xi ta j-jot 7une, yu7un te la lok’ taj ya7el 7atz’am 7une, ja7 7ul 7i xi ta j-jech 7uk’um, ja7 jelav

side of the river. It came over to this side of the river. That's the sluice that's been there ever since. They celebrate a fiesta over it. There is a fiesta of [Our Lady of] the Rosary. Musicians enter, they go down there and do whatever else they have planned. They have a fiesta because that's what the Virgin wants. All the civil officials, the scribes, the aldermen, the justices of the peace, the magistrate, no, not the syndic, but the magistrate, the justices of the peace, and whoever else goes. They go to hold the fiesta there. Whoever is actually in charge of the fiesta, the stewards-royal, the tithing man, they are the servants of the Virgin. The Stewards of Our Lady of the Rosary, they are the servants of the Virgin [too]. Now when the fiesta is about to begin they carry the censers from house to house. They do lots of things in Vo7-bitz [Five Pieces]. They hold a fiesta, since her house is a good one now. A house was built for her. They collected the money in Zinacantán Center, it seems. A church was built for her. Her little church is big now. But long ago it was a little gabled house that was built for her. That's how they began building a house for her. Now, today, they hold a fine fiesta. Because now a band arrives there, it enters there. Before it was with the little musical instruments, the little fiddle, the little guitar that they celebrated the fiesta. They celebrate. They offer meals, they give whatever they give, it seems, just as it has come down from long ago. But now they celebrate a fine fiesta. The town has been improved now, it seems. That's the way it's left.

The importance of salt in Zinacantán dates from before the conquest, when the Zinacantecs held a monopoly on the salt trade in the highlands of Chiapas. Indeed their control of the salt wells was maintained at the cost of constant warfare with the lowland Chiapanecs (Ximénes, 1929:360).

The purity of the salt from Ixtapa and Zinacantán was renowned, even up to the early years of the twentieth century (Zárate, 1971:27). The very name for salt in distant Guaquitepec is *sotz'leb* or "Zinacantec"! There is a place between Guaquitepec and Cancuc that is called *svayeb sotz'leb* or "Zinacantec's sleeping place." But today there are only a few families from Zinacantán Center that still bring salt from Ixtapa to sell in San Cristóbal, Chamula, San Andrés Larrainzar, and Tenejapa. Nevertheless, this local salt is still preferred in the Indian communities where it is available. Commercial salt is believed to be too "hot" to feed to the sheep.

The salt from the Zinacantec hamlet of Salinas has primarily a ritual use now. On alternate Sundays a Salinas religious official, the tithing man, brings a token amount of salt to the Chapel of Lord Esquipulas in Zinacantán Center. There it is received by a publican and a steward-royal, who distribute it among the elders, and later to other religious officials.

It appears from this story that the man "actually" saw the Virgin. Even in recent times, the construction of a chapel, as in the hamlet of 7Apas, was motivated or at least legitimized by a dream in which a saint asked for a home. There are cases of individuals being jailed for deceiving the authorities when the saint failed to make his or her appearance "on the Earth's surface."

xa tal li7 ta j-jot 7uk'um 7une, ja7 lavi jom k'al tana 7un le7e, spasi7 7o li k'ine, 7oy k'in Rosario ch7och 7a li chyal 7a li jvabajom k'utik xa xi lik snopilanik ta j-mek, 7oy xa k'in 7une, yu7un la ja7 yech tzk'an i jch'ul-me7tik 7une, skotol i justisyae, li 7ixkirvanoe, li rejiról, 7alkalte, preserente, 7a li sintiko 7i7i, pero li preserente, 7alkalte, buch'utik chljaj batuk, chba spasi7 k'in te, buch'u li batz'i jpas-k'in yajval k'in ta j-meke, martomo rey, 7a li mayol, ja7 yaj7abtel li jch'ul-me7tike, martomo jch'ul-me7tik, ja7 yaj7abtel li jch'ul-me7tike, ja7 lavi ch7och i k'ine, chch'ip yav 7ak'al, 7oy k'utikuk ta j-mek ta spasi7 te ta Vo7-bitz 7une, spasi7 xa k'in 7un, k'u ti lek xa ti snae, meltzaj ti snae, 7istzob tak'in ta Jtek-lum ya7el 7un, meltzaj ti yeklixa 7une, lek xa muk' yunen 7eklixa 7un le7e, pero 7a la ti vo7ne 7unen vakax na la 7imeltzanbat ti k'u cha7al lik meltzajuk 7o li sna 7une, 7a lavie che7e, lek xa k'in tzpasi7, yu7un xa chk'ot xa, ch7och xa musika, 7a ti vo7ne 7unen vob, 7unen biolin, 7unen kitara, tzpasi7 7o ti k'in 7une, tzpasi7, chak'ik ve7el, chak'ik k'u chak'ik ya7el ti k'u cha7al ti vo7ne tal ta j-mek ya7ele, yan le7e lek xa k'in tzpasi7, lek xa meltzajem li balamil yo7 ya7el 7une, yech te k'alal kechel 7ikom chak taj 7une.

A *vakax na*, literally "bull house," is considered the humblest kind of construction. A gabled house is rectangular, like most of the modern adobe and tile-roofed houses, and its roof is similarly low-pitched.

Every year, at the Fiesta of Our Lady of the Rosary, elaborate ceremonies are held first in Zinacantán Center and then in Salinas. Ritual activities are centered in the church and at the salt well.

This tale provided the first stepping stone of Robert Wasserstrom's study of Our Lady of the Salt (Wasserstrom, 1970). He collected an additional seven versions from Zinacantán Center and Salinas which, despite their numerous differences, show that the religious theme has strong political overtones. The principal actors are members of a divine family of brothers and sisters. The eldest is St. Lawrence of Zinacantán Center. He has two younger brothers, St. John of Chamula and St. Luke of El Zapotal. He has a bevy of sisters, with Our Lady of the Rosary of Zinacantán Center as the eldest, Our Lady of the Ascension of Ixtapa, and Our Lady of the Rosary of Salinas as variously second and third. Our Lady of the Presentation of Soyalo and Our Lady of Candelaria of 7Antz Ton (?) are also sisters.

The dramatic action unfolds in five acts: (1) In three of the tales St. Lawrence dispatches his siblings from Zinacantán Center to carry out certain tasks: Saint Luke and Our Lady of Candelaria to care for the fruit trees (RFW 1),¹⁰ Our Lady of the Ascension and Our Lady of the Rosary to teach men how to

¹⁰ The designation RFW 1, etc., is that used by Wasserstrom for the unpublished texts in his field material.

produce salt (RFW 1), to care for the salt, and to protect it from devils (RFW 5, 6). (2) The Virgins appear mysteriously from caves (RFW 1,4,5,6). (3a) Our Lady of the Rosary asks a man to request that his kinsmen build her a home. When they come to see her, she is silent, but still they carry out her wish (RFW 1). (3b) Or, as fair skinned as a Ladina, but wearing a beautifully woven shawl, she appears to a shepherdess, and promises to give her salt and fruit trees if she will tell her father. When the townspeople come to see her, she is standing mutely with a child in her arms and a book at her foot. When they take the book to the scribes in Zinacantán Center to read it for them, they are advised to bring her to the Center. But she can't be budged, not until they have built her a home in Salinas (RFW 5). (3c) Or, she is taken to Tierra Blanca and given a home, but she is unhappy there and returns to Salinas, leaving behind her a trail of footprints (RFW 8.) (3d) Our Lady of the Ascension meets a girl and asks her to bring her grandfather. The girl returns to report that the old man does not believe her. The Virgin gives the girl a letter and a flower, and magically the waterjugs sitting in her home are filled. Her grandfather tells his compadre. They show the message to the magistrate, who reads it to the townspeople.

they build her a home (RFW 6). (4) In Salinas the church is built of salt, in Ixtapa, of sugar, in Chamula, of wood, and in Zinacantán Center, of corn (RFW 3). Our Lady of the Ascension built a road of salt (RFW 4), but Our Lady of the Rosary in Salinas, because she was carrying her baby, could bring only a handful of salt (RFW 4,7). Our Lady of the Rosary in Zinacantán Center has some salt, too, but will demand the lives of half the town in exchange for it (RFW 7). (5) The ritual visits are required by the saints (RFW 6). Failure to carry out ritual obligations are punished by loss of the salt and even by death (RFW 4). Times are not as good as they once were (RFW 1,8).

Almost as if they were iconic representations of the communities, recalling Aztec tribute lists, the major products are associated with the patron saints. Two of the towns, El Zapotal and Ixtapa, whose patron saints to this day exchange visits with St. Lawrence, were once politically subordinate to Zinacantán. Chamula, too, exchanged such visits as recently as 1933. Soyaló did not, so far as I know, but it must have been an Aztec trading outpost, as Nahuatl was spoken there until very recent times. See also T63.

When I Worked in San Cristóbal and the Plane Came

T152

Ah, the true story, too, about when the plane came, indeed! It was when I was here in San Cristóbal, of course.

[That was later?] La—ter! What I just told you was earlier.

As for the airplane—[How many years ago do you think the plane was?] Ehh, it was maybe forty-eight, forty-eight years. Do you know why? Because it was when my 7Antun was little. No, it wasn't. My 7Antun is forty-eight years old.

But, I didn't have my 7Antun then. No, I didn't. Wait, I guess I'll tell . . .

[You were already married?] No, I wasn't married. No, I was a girl. It was at the end of the Obregón [period]. Since it was when there was a sergeant, a first captain. The wife of the first captain asked me a favor. His wife was named Julia. I went to grind [corn] for her tortillas every day. I made tortillas. They had sheep barbecues. They made barbecues of the scraps, too, it seems. And they ground up fine broad chili peppers, cinnamon, thyme, oregano. Then they kneaded them ca—refully. It turned out roasted, it seems. Ye—s!

I ate it like that. I didn't used to eat it. But since then I've learned to. I eat it now.

I would arrive to grind [corn]. That's why it was probably, ehh, one, two years, three years when I was at . . . Yes, I had a stepfather already. I was four, five years old. In my sixth year they got divorced. In my seventh he died [no] in my eighth. Ah, he had gone to grow corn. I was nine . . .

It was fifty years ago. It was fifty years ago, because don't you see I was probably a ten year old

7A 7avi xi smelol noxtok taj k'al 7ital 7avyon a7a ja7 7o ja7 7o 7a li li7on ta Jobel li7 bi 7a.

Mas tz'aka---l ja7 ba7i taj li naka to kale.

7A li 7avyon 7une -- 7eee, 7o nan kwarantay-ochouk, je, kwarantay-ochó, kwarantay-ochó jabilal, mi xana7 k'u yu7un yu7n ja7 7o bik'it i kAntune, 7i7i ma7uk, kwarantay-ochó jabil yich'oj i kAntune.

Pero ch'abal to 7ox i kAntune, 7i7i, ch'abal, 7a li malao ta xkal ka7tik...

7i7i mu7yuk nupunemon, ch'abal, tzebon, 7a li ta slajel li 7Ovregone, k'u ti 7a li ja7 7o kom tey jun sarjento, jun kapitan primero, 7a li kapitan primeroe ja7 nyalbe vokol yajnil Julya sbi yajnil, ba jjuch'be yot sil k'ak'al, te chipak'-tani, ta smeltzanik ta barbakoa li chije ta spasik 7a li taa 7a li barbakoa li li smenudo noxtok ya7ele xchi7uk 7a li chjuch'beik lek ochel chíle 7áncho piminta, kanela tomio, 7oregano, ja7 7o le---k tzvotz'ik 7un, 7asado yilel chlok' 7un. Jii7!

Va7i 7un, 7a li ja7 jti7 yech 7un, mu to 7ox jna7 sti7el, yan lavie jchan xa, jti7 xa.

7A li va7i 7un, ja7 te chk'ot juch'unkon 7un, por 7éso 7a li te nan, jee, taa jun chib jabil yoxibal jabil k'alal teon taa, yech jcha7-tot xa, xchanibal yo7obal jabil, svakibal 7ixch'ak sbaik svukubal 7i 7icham, svaxakibal 7aa 7ay ta chabajel, sbalunebal.

7Oy sinkwenta sjabilal, sinkwenta sjabilal porke mu xavil 7o nan slajunebaluk jabil ti ti yech tzebone,

girl. Because first my mother was with another husband. My mother was married to him probably three years. He got a mistress. He married [that] other old woman. She was barren.

Then he went to grow corn in the lowlands for a year. He fooled [his wife]. [He and his mistress] married each other. My mother divorced him. She was divorced one year. He was little I had a little younger brother, this big. My little younger brother died. He got sick. I was still a girl, of course. Just that

I had come as a maid. I was here as a maid, here. It was probably my sixth, seventh, eighth [I was] ten years [old]—around there. It was around forty-five or fifty years ago when Obregón passed by, it seems. The very last time we were at home. The plane came. It was around [the time] when I came as a maid—when my mother took me. The plane appeared. Ooh, we were scared. “Who knows what kind of buzzard that is roaring. Listen to the way it roars. We’re going to die from it. It’s going to kill us!” said my mother. We were lying face down, now, on the ground. We had hidden ourselves in the shadow of a tree, because she said it would kill us. That’s what we thought. Yes!

“Why are you scared, mother? Don’t be afraid!” I told my mother. I was so, . . . who knows what my heart was like. I went and stood up in the front yard, I did! I was loo—king up. Yes!

[It was] here in San Cristóbal, the second time the plane came. The police were kneeling in the park shooting at it. Since I was there on the first day that it arrived there. It passed over there. It just went on. It went like this. It came to San Cristóbal. The one that was fired at.

[Could it have been Pineda’s plane?] No, it was Obregón’s. I think it was Obregón’s, indeed! Since . . . no . . . it was Obregón’s. Do you know how [I know]? Because I know somebody . . . ah, what was his name, Ah, I don’t know what his name was. He was a captain or something, but I don’t know what his name was. I can’t remember it, but he was in Pineda’s party. I don’t know if it was Villalobos. I don’t know. I don’t know if it was Old Alberto [Pineda] himself or Because I think there were three leaders. Three, but yes! What I was telling you about was that his wife had taken refuge in my master’s house. Secretly. That’s why that plane was Obregón’s. That’s right. I know very well because I was a maid myself. Because the awful Ladina had taken refuge there. “They’ve come. They’ve come looking for your husband. He’s being searched for. Look how he’s being searched for by plane!” she was told.

“Eh, yes, you’re right!” she said. But where would

porke primero 7ixchi7in jun smalal ti jme7e, 7a ti jme7e 7iyik’ ti vinike tey nan 7oxib jabil xchi7uk, yu7un 7issa7 yantz 7iyik’ 7otro jun me7el mu sna7 x7alaj.

7Óra, jun jabil 7ay ta chabajel ta 7olon 7osil tey slo7lo 7o sbaik yik’ 7o sbaik, 7ixch’ak jun jabil ch’akal ti jme7e, ja7 bik’it, 7i 7oy jun kunin muk krem xi smuk’ule, 7a ti kunin muk krem 7une 7i 7icham 7un 7i7ipaj 7un, tzebon to 7ox 7un bi, ja7 nox ti...

Va7i 7un, nital ta kriarail xa 7un li7on ta kriarail li7 to 7une, tey nan svakibaluk jabil 7un, svukubal svaxakibal lajcheb nan jabil, por 7ay kómo 7únos kwarentay-sínko 7o sinkwénta 7ányos ti ti 7a li 7ech’ i 7Ovregon ya7el taje, 7a li slajeb slajeb ta j-mek 7une ja7 7a li teotikótik ta jnatikótik 7un tal li 7avyon 7une, jna7 te nan k’u x7elan chital ta kriarail ja7 7o chiyik’ ech’el li jme7e, tal li 7avyon 7un to, jiii, lixi7otikoti---k. “Na7tik k’usi xulemal le7e ch7avan 7a7y ava7i x7elan ch7avan yu7n xa chichamotik li7i yu7n xa jmileltik!” xi ti xi ti jme7 7une. Patajtikótik xa ta malamil, jnak’oj jbatikótik ta ta snanalil te7 yu7n ja7 la ti chismilotikótik ti kalojtikótik 7une. Ji7!

“K’u yu7un chaxi7e, me7, mu xaxi7!” xkut la ti jme7, yu7 nox toj ben... na7tik k’u x7elan i ko7on 7une ba va7likon yech ta 7amak’ i vo7one xi ta jk’e---l muyel 7une. Ji7!

7A li li7 ta Jobel ta ta xcha7-lok’elal tal 7avyon 7une kejajtik xa ta parke chak’ bala li polisya 7une, k’u ti ja7 7o teon primero k’ak’al ti k’al 7iyul te yo7e te 7ech’, te nox 7i7ech’ te yo7e xibat xi 7une, tal li7 ta Jobel 7une ja7 taj ch7ak’bat bala 7une.

7I7i, yu7un 7Ovregon, yu7un 7Ovregon ti kaloj a7a, k’u ti 7a li 7i7i, yu7un 7Ovregon, mi xana7 k’u cha7al yu7un 7a li 7oy xkojtikin jun, 7ay k’usi sbi li li7, jay mu jna7 k’usi sbi, yajkapitan mi yajk’usi pero mu jna7 k’usi sbi mu xkom ta jjol pero ja7 spartido li Pineda 7une, mu jna7 mi ja7 li Biyalóvos, mu jna7 mi ja7 li, mu jna7 mi ja7 li mol 7Alverto stuke mi, yu7n 7oy 7ox-vo7ik chka7i li totiletike, 7ox-vo7ik pero yu7n ja7, k’usi li chakalbe 7o 7une yu7n te xch’amunoj na ta sna kajval li yajnil 7un taje, nak’al 7un, yech’o xal ti ja7 yu7un 7Ovregon taj 7a li 7avyon 7une, 7éso, ja7 jna7oj 7o lek 7un yu7n kriarailon i vo7on 7une, yu7n ja7 te xch’amunoj na ti mu jxinulan 7une. “Tal xa 7un, tal xa ssa7el lamalal 7une, yu7 nox ja7 tza7e le7e k’el avi x7elan tza7e ta 7avyon!” x7utat 7un.

“Je, yu7n ja7 7ava7uk!” xi. Pero bu tzaik,

they find him? Tabasco . . . I don't know where he had gone to—if it was Simojovel or where. Yes!

They didn't find him now. It was just the woman, herself, who was taking refuge from house to house. Because there was a room of their house, like this one—the same width as this one. Because that master of mine sold cane liquor. They had made a bed for her there. It looked as if there was just a [front] door where you would come in, like this. She ate there. She drank there. She just came out when she went to shit. She came out when she went to pee. She would go back in. Nobody knew there was anybody there. They arrived searching for her. They arrived looking for her. It looked as if there was nothing, [no] room there, since the house looked as if it had a solid wall. She would go in as if there was a door here. How would we know that it wasn't a one-room house, if we didn't know your house, it seems? How would we know?

The thing is, I saw myself that her sleeping place was made. Because my master had hidden eighty-four jugs of old vintage [cane liquor]. Because he was a recruiter [for the fincas]. Yes! Manuel Coello Ochoa was the old man's name.

Those jugs were packed in tight there. "Please, take a good look for me, fix the jugs ca—refully! Stack them all carefully on top where you have stacked them carefully. Put them in there one by one," I was told. "So clear a place for that lady's bed!" I was told. You see how I saw it. That's why that plane was Obregón's plane. It was his plane.

[How many years do you think you were there with that old recruiter?] The recrute—r!

[Were you with him for long?] I was there for a long time. It was eight months. Eight months. I wasn't there [very] long [really]. The place where I stayed a long time was at the house of José H. Ruis. Yes, indeed! I was there nine years. Nine years and nine months. Then I left. I went to get married. At that other old man's house, just eight months because he was so mean. He beat me so.

[Was that where you first came to in San Cristóbal?] No! The very first [place] I came to in San Cristóbal was the house of . . . she's still alive. The first time I came, I came when I was four years old. The house of Miss Carmen Fonseca. There in Santa Lucia. I was four years old. My mother came. She came one year. The trouble with my mother was that her mistress had sons. She got a baby. Then she left. It was my younger brother. He isn't here. He went to Nayarit. [He went far away!] Far! That's why my mother left, because it seems [her belly] wasn't empty anymore. It had something in it when she went. That's why my mother left.

Then me, I stayed. So now I became a maid for

Tavasko mu jna7 bu to la me taj bat 7une, mi Simo Jobel mi bu to. Ji7!

Muk' xa staik stuk xa nox i 7antz bu chch'amun na ta naetike, yu7n 7oy 7oy 7a li j-k'ol sna yech chak li7 yech sjamlej chak li7 7une, yu7n chchon trago taj kajval 7une, ja7 tey meltzanbil stem tey 7un, ja7 nox yech 7o sti7il yilel li yo7 chi7ochotik chak li7e, te chve7 te chuch' vo7, tey ja7 nox chlok' tal k'al chba tza7nuke, chlok' tal k'al chba k'abinuke, te chcha7-7och ech'el 7un, muk' buch'u sna7 mi 7o krixchano, chk'ot ssa7el chk'ot sk'el el mu k'usi 7oy yilel, xi to ta j-k'ole, ti lek pak'al yilel li na 7un, ja7 ch7och 7o chak i ti7 na li7i, yu7 van ta jna7tik mi mu7yuk j-k'ol yut na, ti mu xkojtkin 7ana ya7el yu7 van ta jna7tik!

Va7i 7un, k'usi kil 7o vo7on 7un taj meltzanbil taj svayebe yu7n 7oy 7a li 7ochentay-kwátro garafónes de 7anyéjo snak'oj ti kajval 7une, yu7un 7enganchador, Manwel Kwéyo 7Ochóa sbi ti mole.

7A li va7i 7un, ja7 te tzinil taj garafon 7une. "7Abolajan k'elbon lek meltzanbon lek i garafone le--k xalatz skotol 7i ta sba li li 7a li bu lek 7alatzoje, xavak' i ju-p'ej ju-p'eje," xi7utat 7un. "Ja7 xokobtasbo yav stem i senyora," xi7utat. Va7i k'u cha7al ti kiloj 7o 7une, yech'o xal ja7 ja7 yavyon 7Ovregon taj 7avyon 7une, ja7 yavyon.

7Enganchadoreee!

Jal teon, 7o vaxakib 7u, vaxakib 7u muk' bu jal teon, bu ni lijaliye tzna Jose 7Áche Ruis, 7éso si te yo7e 7oy 7a li baluneb jabil, baluneb jabil xchi7uk baluneb 7u, te xa nilok' ech'el ba nupunkon, 7a li tzna li mol le7e vaxakib nox 7u yu7n toj tol pukuj, tol xmajvan.

7I7i, 7a ti primero primero ta j-mek nital ta Jobele ta sna, kuxul to k'al tana, primero nitale naka ta chanib jabil nital, sna Ninya Karmen Fonséka, taj ta Santa-lusia, 7a li chanib jabil kich'oj, 7a li jme7e 7ital 7i7ay jun jabil, k'usi ti jme7 7une yu7n ja7 7oy skremotik ti yajval 7une sta ech'el yol 7un, ja7 bat 7o, ja7 li ja7 ti jun jmuk muk' li7 7un taje, batem ta Nayarit, nom, 7a li yech'o xal ti lok' ech'el ti jme7 7une ja7 ti muk' xa xokol ya7ele 7o xa sbel 7ibat 7une yech'o xal bat i jme7 7une.

7Óra, li vo7on 7une nikom 7un ja7 xa lavi nikom

good. I would keep going. I would go for half a year. I would go for four months or three months. I would go like that. Then I would come back [home]. I would go, then I would come back. Where I thought the pay was good, where I was paid well, I would go there. That Old José Ruis was so kind to me, so I worked there a long time. If the girls went to the movies, me, I stayed with my old mistress. "Eat some bread! Drink some cocoa! Don't go! Never mind, daughter, we'll stay here," she told me. I would stay with the old women.

[They were nicer.] They were nicer. If my mother came she was given oranges, sweet lemons, squashed bananas to take. She was given them to take along to eat. My mother was loved.

The thing is, why wouldn't I like my master since my master was good? That's why I stayed a long time there. So I was there a long time.

Tonik's estimate of the time the airplane first appeared over Zinacantán is off by only two years. It was fifty-two years before her reminiscences, in 1920. Romin Teratol's mother remembers that, when the first airplane appeared in the sky over Zinacantán Center, the people ran into their houses and slammed the doors tight, believing that the end of the world was upon them. The second plane must have passed over San Cristóbal in 1924. I am unable to trace the identity of the Pineda leader whose wife was in hiding. The name Villalobos is not familiar to the historian Moscoso Pastrana.

In Zinacantán sheep are raised for wool, but never for their meat. Tonik is almost unique among Zinacantecs in eating mutton, on which there is a strong taboo. This is a measure of her close relations with the Ladino world. Tonik and other Zinacantecs, who worked for the Instituto Nacional Indigenista, were often obliged at INI banquets to eat the mutton that this institute of applied anthropology unaccountably served to Indian officials.

Some measure of the nature of past Ladino-Indian relations is hinted at by Tonik's gratitude to her employers for presenting her mother with squashed bananas, no longer deemed fit for Ladino consumption. Recalling the seduction, or perhaps rape,

7o ta kriaraile, chibat batel 7un, 7o xibat 7o7löl jabil 7o xibat chanib 7u 7o 7oxib 7u ja7 yech chibat ja7 7o chital, chibat ja7 7o chital, ja7 ti bu lek kanal ta xkil bu lek xtojvan 7une ja7 te chibat, ja7 toj lek k'ux xiya7i taj mol Jose Ruis 7une ja7 jal te ni7abtej te yo7e, mi xbat ta sine li ninyaetike chikom vo7one ta jchi7in i jme7el 7ajvale. "Chave7 7akaxlan vaj chavuch' 7achukul7at mu xabat yiyil, 7ijjita, komikotik," xiyut 7un. Chikom jchi7uk ti me7eletik 7une.

Mas lek yo7on, mi xtal jme7e ch7ak'bat ech'el li naranja lima, batz'i lo7bol t'usemike ch7ak'bat ech'el slo7, k'anbil ti jme7e.

Va7i 7un, k'usi xi mu jk'an kajval 7un ti lek i kajval chava7i 7un, yech'o xal ti ja7 jal nijalij te yo7 7une, ja7 jal teon te yo7e.

of Tonik's mother by her employer's sons, and the desperate circumstances of her stepfather, who returned from his rented lowland cornfield with only a neckerchief to cover his nakedness (T149), it is interesting to hear the priest of Zinacantán in 1819, after he had been accused of negligence for letting his flock stray. In that year the town of Acala, in the heart of the lowland area farmed then and now by Zinacantecs, tried to force the Zinacantec farmers to settle in Acala. But they refused, objecting that their homes were in the highlands. The curate explained that they were forced to look elsewhere for farming land because their own land was either so reduced in area or so sterile as to be quite useless. He then lashed out at the lowland ranchers who, he claimed, maintained the Indians in perpetual serfdom, by paying them such low wages for their work, and by loaning them the great sums of money that they required for the food and drink, which they were obliged to provide at the constant round of fiestas in Zinacantán center. They were "forced to cheat and often to steal and they are always poor." So great was their indebtedness that they sent their women to San Cristóbal to work as maids, only to have them "return home ravished and pregnant" (Reyes García, 1962:45-46). See also T14, T112, T148, T154, and their notes.

Cinderella

T84

Once there was an orphan.

The orphan suffered greatly. Whatever the master's children ate, they ate first. They drank first. The poor girl was given the leftovers. Of the things that they ate she was only given the leftovers. She wasn't given anything good.

"Why am I suffering, My Lord?" she said. Her master was a pig killer.

"Mary, come!" said [her mistress]. [Mary] went. "Go wash the tripe!" she said. [Mary] picked up her little old shawl. The child wrapped it around her and went to wash the tripe.

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la jun me7on.

Va7i 7un, 7abol la sba ta j-mek ti me7on, mi 7a la ti k'u slajes ti xch'amaltak ti 7ajvalile, ja7 la ba7yi chve7, ba7yi chuch'ik vo7, 7a ti prove tzebe, sovra la ch7ak'bat, 7a la ti k'u tzlajese, naka la sovra ch7ak'bat, mu la bu x7ak'bat k'usuk lek.

Va7i 7un, "K'u no van yu7un ti 7abol jbae, kajval?" xi la. Jmil-chitom la ti yajval 7une.

7A li "María la7!" xi la. 7A li chbat la 7un, 7i "Chba sap i bikile!" xi la. Stam la, 7oy la yunen k'a7-revoso 7un, ja7 la smochin ech'el chbat la ssap ti bikil ti 7olöl 7une.

God,
My Lord,
Why am I suffering so as an orphan?
Why am I suffering so as a pauper?
I'm never treated well.
I'm worn out now, My Lord,

she said. For a long, long time she had done nothing but wash tripe, wash tripe, grind corn, make tortillas, fix meals. She hadn't a blanket. She hadn't any clothes. She hadn't anything. She was just an orphan. She hadn't anything, since she didn't have a mother anymore, neither a mother nor a father to be with her. She took the place of a maid. The people weren't kind to her, either, in the place where she had been taken, it seems. When they slaughtered pigs it didn't matter if she was covered with lard. [It didn't matter] how she slept. She just put on her little shawl. The poor thing slept buried in ashes. She had a hard life with the little dog and the little cat. The child slept with them.

She was tired of going to wash the tripe. E—very day she washed tripe at the river's edge.

God,
My Lord,
I am wretched,
I am miserable.
If only I had a shirt.
If only I had a blouse.
I am suffering.
I am an orphan.
I haven't a shirt.
I haven't a blouse or a blanket to sleep with.
I am wretched,

she said.

A little old man arrived. "What are you doing, daughter? What are you doing here, sitting on your haunches this way at the river's edge?" he said.

"I'm not doing anything, sir. I'm washing my little bit of tripe, because I'm a poor orphan. The people at the place where I am never take pity on me. I am suffering."

"Yes, I certainly see that. You are suffering."

"I haven't a blanket. I haven't a blouse. I haven't a shawl, just my little shawl that's in tatters now," she said.

"Ah!" she was told. "Never mind, daughter, don't worry. Are you coming tomorrow?" he asked.

"I'm coming," she said.

"Ah!" she was told. "If you come tomorrow, that's fine. Don't worry. If you fry the tripe, if you fix it when you reach [home], do it, don't be unhappy. Because of me you will rest. I will give you something to relieve your hardship. You won't suffer anymore if I give you what I'm going to give you. I didn't bring it today, that's why I haven't anything. But I won't be coming myself, somebody else will come to give it to you," he said.

Dyos,
Kajval,
K'u no van yu7un toj 7abol jba li me7onone,
Toj 7abol jba li mu7natone,
Mu no 7ox bu ti k'ux xi7a7yate,
Ta xa xilub 7un, kajval,

xi la. Vo7ne la slikel ta j-mek ti ta labal sap-bikil sap-bikil juch'nej pak'-tan, pas-ve7elil ti mu7yuk la xchij mu7yuk la sk'u7, mu la k'u 7oy yu7un, yech me7on mu7nuk 7u k';usi 7oy ja7 ti mu7yuk ti sme7 7un to, mu sme7uk mu stofuk ti buch'u xchi7ine, sjel ti kriaraille, mu7nuk, xk'uxubajik ta yo7on, 7a ti krixchano yo7 bu ti 7ik'bil ya7el noxtok 7une, 7a ti k'al ta smil chitome, muk' la sk'oplal mi balem mantekat mi k'u la x7elan ti chvaye, ja7 no la tzk'u7un ti yunin revosoe, mukul la ta tan chvay ti prove, 7abol la sba xchi7uk la 7unen tz'i7, xchi7uk la 7unen katu7 chvayik li 7olole.

Va7i 7un, chtavan la 7un ti k'al chba ssapulan ti bikil si--- la k'ak'al ti tzsap ti bikil ta ti7 7uk'um.

Dyox,
Kajval,
7Abol ti jbae,
7Utz'7utz' ti jba,
7Ok to ti jtzeke,
7Ok to ti jk'u7e,
7A la van ti 7abol jba,
Me7onone,
Mu7yuk jtzek,
Mu7yuk jk'u7 mi ja7uk jchij chivay 7o,
7Abol jba,
xi.

Va7i 7un, k'ot la ti jun 7unen mol 7une. "K'u chapas, tzeb, k'u chapas la x7elan li7 xaxok'et ta ti7 7uk'ume?" xi la.

"Mu k'u ta jpas, tottik, yu7un ta jsap kunen bikil ja7 li yo me7onone mu7nuk 7o bu xiyich' ta k'ux i krixchano yo7 buyone, 7abol jba."

"Ji7, chkil a7a, 7abol aba."

"Mu7yuk jchij mu7yuk jk'u7 mu7yuk jmocheb k'ajom kunen mocheb la x7elane, batz'i jataltik xa," xi la.

"7Aj!" x7utat la, "Yiyil tzeb, mu k'u xal 7avo7on, mi ta to xatal 7ok'ob?" xi la.

"Chital!" xi la.

"7A!" x7utat la. "Ti mi chatal 7ok'obe, ja7 lek, mu k'u xal 7avo7on, junuk 7avo7on mi chach'il mi chameltzan li bikil mi nak'ote, paso, mu k'u xal 7avo7on ta xakux ku7un ta xakak'be skolesobil lavokol mu7yuk 7abol aba xa ti mi yu7un lakak'be ya7el ti k'u chakak'be, 7a lavie yu7un muk' kich'oj tal, yech'o xal mu k'usi, 7aj, pero muk' xa chital jtuk ta xa xtal yan 7o buch'u xtal yak'bot," xi la 7un.

She went off with the tripe. She reached [home]. The next day, too, "Mary, come here, take them!" said the awful old woman at the place where she was, it seems.

"What?" [Mary] asked.

"Take them, wash the tripe!"

"Will one of your daughters go with me?" she asked.

"The girls never go. What the girls do is this, the girls go to school. As for you, go wash [the tripe]!" she was told.

"Okay!" she said. She we—nt clu—tching her little old skirt, her little old blouse, her little old shawl. She wrapped herself in her shawl, as we call it. She wrapped herself up and left. She put the washtub on her head. "God, My Lord, it's hard for me to lower the washtub for the tripe at the river. I'm suffering so," she said.

That's all she said. "What are you doing, daughter?" she was asked by the little old man.

"I'm not doing anything, sir. I'm washing my little tripe."

"You are suffering so, daughter. Never mind, now. God has had enough of your suffering. For a long time you have suffered, you have been tormented by this hardship. Never mind, God has had enough of it. Now you will rest. Now you won't have to do what you're doing. When the burro brays bow your head," he said. "When the cock crows scan the sky," he said.

"Okay," she said.

"I'll come to see you."

"All right," she said. When the burro brayed she bowed her head. When the cock crowed she scanned the sky.

But you see, a star appeared on her forehead. "My Lord!" she said when she touched it. She was frightened when it alighted on her forehead. "But what can I do now?" she said. She took her little shawl, it seems, the rebozo, and bound it around her forehead. But the star just went right through her little shawl. She bound it tightly around her head. "But what can I do about it? What can I do? Eh, I'll tear off a piece of my skirt. It's thick," she said. She tore off the hem of her skirt. She folded it four times.

That little man, who had told her, appeared. "Don't keep covering it up!" he said. "You didn't steal it. You didn't find it anywhere. If you want, let people see. Let them see if you've stolen it," he said.

"All right, then."

"Uncover it!" he said. "There's nothing to be afraid of. Don't keep tearing your skirt," he said. When she was about to tear her skirt—"Don't rip your skirt. You are suffering," he said.

"Okay," she said.

Va7i 7un, 7ibat la xchi7uk ti bikil 7une, 7a li k'ot la 7un ta yok'omal noxtok. "María la7, 7ilo!" xi la 7a li mu me7el 7antz ti buy ya7el 7une.

"K'usi?" xi la.

"7Ilo, sapo li bikile!"

"Mi chba jchi7in junuk latzebetike?" xi la 7un.

"Muk' bu chbat tzebetik skwentauk tzebetik, tzebetike chbat ta chan-vun, vo7ote batan, sapo!" x7utat la.

"7Ey!" xi la. Ba---t, sjopo---j la yunen k'a7-tzek, yunen k'a7-k'u7, yunen k'a7-revoso smochinoj ech'el taj smocheb ya7el xkaltikotike vo7otikótik 7une, smochinoj la ech'el 7un, skajan la ta sjol ti jayil te7e. "Dyos kajval, vokol la xa chiyal ti sjayil te7al ti sbikil ta 7uk'um 7une x7elan 7abol jbae," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, yech yepal 7iyal 7un. "K'u chapas, tzeb?" x7utat la ti 7unen mol.

"Mu k'u ta jpas, tottik, ta jsap kunen bikil."

"Tol 7abol aba, tzeb, yil xa yil, ta7luk xa7i riox lavokole, vo7ne 7alikel, 7abol aba 7utz'7utz' aba ta j-mek k'u x7elan lavokole, yil no 7ox yil 7un, ta7luk 7o xa7i riox 7a li7e ta xakux muk' xa chapas k'u chapas, k'alal 7a li x7ok' li buroe xaniji," xi la. "K'alal x7ok' li keleme xak'el muyel vinajel," xi la.

"7Ey," xi la.

Va7i 7un, "Te chtal jk'elot 7un."

"Yechuk," xi la. K'al 7i7ok' li buroe, snijan la sba 7un, k'al 7i7ok' li kelem 7une, ja7 7o la xi sk'el ta vinajele 7une.

Bu xavil 7un, k'ot la 7a li k'anal ta sti7 ba 7un. "Kajval!" xi la ti k'alal 7ispik. Xi7 ti k'al ti k'ot ta sti7 ba. "Pero k'u xa ta jpas 7un?" xi la. Stam la ti yunen mocheb ya7el 7une, revosoil 7une, spech' 7o la ti sti7 ba, pero 7a la ti k'anale, solet la chjelav ta spat ti yunen revoso, smit' la ti sjol 7une. "Pero k'u ta jcha7le, k'u ta jpas, 7ej, ta jjat j-tuch'uk jtzeke, ja7 pime," xi la. Sjat la ti sti7 stzek xchan-puxin la 7un.

Va7i 7un, tal la taj 7unen mol buch'u 7albil. "Mu xamakulan!" xi la. "Mu7nuk 7avelk'an mu7nuk 7o bu 7ata, 7a li mi xak'ane, 7ak' 7o mi xil krixchano 7ak' 7o yil mi 7oy cha7elk'aj," xi la.

"Yechuk che7e," xi la.

"Jamo!" xi la. "Mu k'u xaxi7 7o, mu xajatulan 7atzek," xi la. Ja7 la taj k'al chtuch' 7ox taj stzek 7une -- "Mu xajat latzeke 7abol aba," xi la.

"7Ey," xi la.

“In addition, I’ll give you a little ring,” he said.

“Ah!” she said. “Where shall I put my ring? If my master sees it on me”

“It’s none of your master’s business. If you don’t want it, it’s better if I give you a sash to tie up, to tie up your skirt,” he said.

“Okay,” she said.

She took the sash. “Take your sash. That’s all,” he said. “Go to bed! There’s nothing to complain about. Eat! There’s nothing to complain about when you are sent to wash tripe. Wash the tripe. There’s nothing to complain about. It isn’t you who will wash it. It does the washing. The tripe washes itself. When you look, it’s well-washed.”

“Okay,” she said.

“So that sash of mine, what do you say to it, to the sash?” she asked.

“Please, sash, do my work here, because I can’t do it anymore. I’m terribly worn out. These lungs of mine are very sick now. They hurt very much here, [you should tell it],” he said.

“All right,” she said. She did it. She didn’t do anything anymore. She just went and sat down. The girl rested her head in her hand like my daughter is doing. She was si—tting looking about. As soon as she set down her washtub and looked, [the tripe] was already well-rinsed. She just took it and left. She arrived [home]. “See, here it is!” she said.

“Oh, fine,” said [her mistress]. “Why, you haven’t returned covered with dirt! How come?” asked her mistress.

“Who knows, maybe it’s because I haven’t soiled my clothes yet,” she said.

“Go on, go and cook! Sweep the kitchen! Tidy up the kitchen!” She sa—t down again.

So she told that sash, “Sash, please, do me a favor, sweep my kitchen for me. I don’t want to work at all anymore.”

“Okay,” it said. It did it. It swept the inside of the house. It tidied up the inside of the house. It looked over the inside of the house. It took the dishes. It washed her plates, her bowls, her metate, her metate platform. It finished making the tortillas. The sash made the tortillas.

It finished frying the fatback.

Then, “Go, sell it!” she was told.

“Okay,” she said. She just went outside the door. One person came, another came, another came to buy the fatback. The fatback was finished up, right there at the door.

“Well, but what kind of god [favored you] that yours were bought up in a second?” she was asked.

Va7i 7un, 7a li “Xchi7uk k’usuk 7un, chakak’be 7a li junuk 7avunen, 7avunen 7ixtol,” xi la.

“7Aj!” xi la 7un. “7A li 7a li kixtol 7une, bu chkak’ 7un, 7a ti xiyilbe ni kajvale.”

“Muk’ bu ta skwenta 7avajval, ti mi mu xak’ane, mas lek chakak’be 7a li jun j-likuk chuk ch’util chachuk 7o la, chachuk 7o latzeke,” xi la.

“7Ey,” xi la.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7iyich’ 7o la ti chuk ch’util 7une. “7Ilo lachuk ch’ut 7une, mu k’usi k’op,” xi la.

“Vayan, mu k’u xaval, ve7an, mu k’u xaval, k’al chatake ta sap-bikile, sapo li bikile, mu k’u xal 7avo7on mu vo7otikot chasap, te xa sna7oj ta ssap, ssap sba stuk i bikile, k’al xavile sabil lek.”

“7Ey,” xi la.

Va7i 7un, “Ja7 li taj jchuk jch’ut k’usi chak’opon 7a li chuk ch’util 7une?” xi la.

“7A li chuk ch’util 7abolajan pasbon i kabtel li7 7une, yu7un xa batz’i mu xa xu7 lilub xa ta j-mek, 7a ti jpulmontak li7e batz’i 7ipik xa, batz’i k’uxik xa7i li7i,” xi la.

“Bwéno,” xi la 7un. Spas la 7un, mu xa la bu 7un, yech la chba chotluk k’u cha7al lavi yikoj sti7 ba jtzeb i tzeb 7une, xi la, choto---l xi sk’el, ja7 no la mi xchotan ti sjayil te7 7une, k’alal xile, lek xa la sabil, naka xa no 7ox stam ech’el 7une, chk’ot la 7un.

“7Avi li7e!” xi la.

“7A, bwéno,” xi la. “K’u ma7n ti ja7 to muk’ bu 7avatinoj tal 7ik’ubale, k’u cha7al?” xi la ti yajval.

“Jna7tik yu7un nan ja7 to muk’ jbon jba,” xi la.

“Batan, ba pano, meso li kusinae, ch’ubao li kusinae!” Cho---ti la noxtok 7un.

Ja7 la yalbe taj chuk ch’util, “Chuk ch’util 7abolajan 7avokoluk mesbon li jkusinae, batz’i mu xa jk’an xi7abtej.”

Va7i 7un, “7Ey,” xi la. Spas la, smes la taj yut nae, xch’uba la taj yut nae, sk’el la ti yut nae, 7istam la ti trasteetike, ssuk’ la ti spulatu, sboch xcho7 yek’en, laj la pak’-tanijuk 7un, ja7 la pak’-tanij ti chuk ch’util.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, ja7 la laj la xch’ilel ti chicharone.

Va7i 7un, ja7 xa la “Ba chono 7un!” x7utat la 7un.

“7Ey,” xi la. Ja7 no la te lok’ ta ti7 nae, xtal la jun, xtal la jun, xtal la jun smanel ti chicharon 7une, te no la ta ti7 na laj ti chicharon 7une.

“Bwéno, pero k’u rioxal ti batz’i j-likel 7ich’am 7avu7une?” x7utat la.

"I don't know. Mine were bought up right here at the door. I didn't take them anywhere."

"How much did you get [for them]?"

"Look how much!"

"Oh, good, go and sit down a minute! Take a rest! When you are finished sitting, make [some] coffee, because we are going to drink it before leaving. They've come to take us to the king's house. We are going to the dance. The girls are going," said her mistress.

"Ah!" She said. "As you wish." The girl arrived [in the other room]. "Here is the coffee now. It's fixed now," she said.

"Oh, bring it!" said [her mistress]. [Mary] brought it in a little pottery pitcher. They had little cups, little clay [cups], like the ones we drank from earlier today.

"Fill them up! Bring them!" she said. "Are the toasted tortillas well-larded as I told you?" she asked.

"They're made. They are made with the fatback drippings that you told me about earlier," she said.

"Ah!" said [her mistress]. The fatback drippings were ground. She kneaded them carefully. She put in eggs. She put in sugar. She patted them carefully.

She brought them in, this high in a little gourd. She went to give them to her mistress, it seems, since she took the place of a maid, it seems. She was a grown girl like this one [of mine], but she was a substitute for a maid, it seems. Because her mistress didn't act like [a mother]. She didn't treat her as her child, since she was an orphan.

"Never mind, fix the dinner, now that the girls have finished drinking their coffee. Fix the dinner! I want to find dinner well-prepared when I return. When we come back we will eat. Fix the coffee, if you have hot tortillas," she said.

"All right," said [Mary]. She was upset that they didn't take her out to have fun. It wasn't like it is with me now. I take my daughter out when I go, if I go to see a movie or if I go to have a good time at a fiesta or whatever. That's me! The poor girl stays all alone in the kitchen. She talks to the little cat, to the little dog. So then that sash spoke. It was of leather like this.

"Daughter, what do you want?" it asked.

"I don't want anything."

"If you want to, you ought to go enjoy the fiesta," it said.

"I'd like to go," she said.

"Really?" it said.

"Really!" she said. "The trouble is there is no way for the meal to be fixed, because they are coming back to eat it. And I still have to make my tortillas."

"No, don't worry. If you [want] to go, go on!" it

"Mu jna7, li7 no 7ox ta ti7 na 7ich'am ku7une, mu xa bu jkuch ech'el."

"7A, k'u yepal 7ata tal?"

"Vi yepal!"

"7A, bwéno, batan chotlan j-likeluk kuxo, mi laj chotlan 7une, xapas kajve yu7un ta xkuch'tikótik ech'el, yu7un 7a li talem kik'el tzna 7a li rey, chibatotikótik ta 7ak'ot, chbat ti ninyaetike," xi la ti sme7el 7ajval 7une.

"7A!" xi la. "Yechuk, che7e." 7Ik'ot la ti tzeb 7une. "Li7 xa me li kajve 7une, meltzaj xa me 7un," xi la.

"7A 7ich'o tall!" xi la. Yich' la ochel ta 7unen rosa p'in, xi smuk'ul ti 7unen rosa p'in 7une, 7o la yunen bochtak 7a li 7unen lum chak k'u cha7al 7ikuch'tik 7o nax 7une.

Va7i 7un, "7A li nojeso, 7ak'o tall!" xi la. "Mi meltzaj ti k'oxox lek xa ta mantikat kaloje?" xi la.

"7Imeltzaj ja7 7imeltzaj 7o li stzo7 chicharon 7avalbon 7a li naxe," xi la 7un.

"7A!" xi la 7un. Xjuch' li stzo7 chicharone, 7isvotz' lek, 7iyak'be ton kaxlan, 7iyak'be 7asuka, spak'an la lek 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li yich' ochel 7un xi la spimil ta 7unen jay 7une, ba la yak'be 7un, ti sme7el 7ajval ya7el 7une, k'u ti yu7un sk'exol ti kriarail ya7el 7un, ja7 yech tzeb ch'iem chak li7 a7a pero sk'exol kriarail ya7el, ja7 ti mu xa yu7unuk 7ajvalil ya7el, mu7nuk tzp'is ta yol ya7el, kómo me7on.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, 7a li "Yiyil 7un meltzano me séna lavi laj xa yuch' skajve li tzebetike, meltzano me séna, lek me meltzajem séna chul jta, ta me xive7otikótik k'al mi nisutotikótik tale, meltzano kajve, mi 7o me 7ak'ixin 7ot 7un," xi la.

"Yechuk," xi la. Yan la sba yo7on ti muk' ch7ik'e ech'el ta paxyal 7une, mu7nuk ja7uk yech chak k'u cha7al lavi chkik' ech'el jtzeb, chibat mi xibat jk'el mi sine, mi xibat paxyajkon ta k'in mi k'u x7elan i vo7on a7a, 7a ti prove tzeb 7une, stu---k la chkom ta kusina 7un, ja7 la tzk'opon ti 7unen katu7e ti 7unen tz'i7e, ja7 ja7 to la ja7 la k'opoj taj chuk ch'util 7une, nukul la xi la.

Va7i 7un, 7a li "Tzeb, k'u chak'an?" xi la 7un.

"Mu k'u ta jk'an."

"Mi chak'an, chak batan ava7i li ta k'ine," xi la 7un.

"Chak batikon," xi la.

"Melel?" xi la.

"Melel!" xi. "K'usi, ja7 mu k'u cha7al smeltzaj i 7a li ve7elil yu7un chul slajesele, xchi7uk i kote, ta to xipak'-tanij."

"Mo7oj, mu k'u xal 7avo7on mi chabate, batan!" xi

said. "I'll give you a carriage. I'll give you fine clothes. I'll give you a pair of shoes. Go on, go dance! Dance with whomever you wish to dance!" it said.

"Fine!" she said. She went. Eh, the poor girl didn't even finish listening to [the sash]. She went. She arrived at the place where her little car was suddenly standing. At the door, like your car. It was suddenly standing there. She stepped down.

She was seen by . . . I don't know if it was the king's wife. I don't know who it was. Oh, "Step right ahead, Miss!" they said, since you see she arrived as a Ladina. "Step right ahead, come in!" they said. She was seated, of course. Eh, the prince directed his way towards the girl who had arrived.

"Where does the beautiful girl come from?" he asked. "I'll certainly dance with her!" he said. He went to dance with the girl. "Dance!" Eh, he didn't dance any numbers with anyone else during the fiesta. He just danced with her alone, not with any other girl, for she herself was the most beautiful girl. But it was Mary Cinderella, the stupid girl, the orphan.

He only danced with her.

When the party was over they were saying good night to the host. "I'm going now. It's very late now. My maid, it seems, is at home. The little orphan is there alone. She surely is nodding away now. She sleeps too much," said the mistress.

"Oh, all right, then, go along!" he said. That girl overheard that. Then she left on the ru—n! She slipped into her carriage and left hurriedly. But one of her shoes fell off and was left behind. Her shoe that fell off was a little metal shoe.

The king, [I mean] the prince—"Well, whoever's foot fits this shoe," he said, "that [person] I'll marry," he said.

"But who does it fit? Who has a shoe like this? There isn't anyone here with such a shoe." The shoe was nothing less than a charm.

"There is no one with a shoe like this. There is nobody. I will marry the person whose foot it fits," he said. He went everywhere where that girl might be, to every house. In one house after another there was no one whose foot fit it.

"Well, we'll see! Since I'm to marry the prince I'll slice off [part of] my foot," said that girl's mistress. [Mary] said no—thing. She huddled there by herself. She didn't make a sound.

"Come here!" the girls were told. Their feet didn't fit. The poor maid was summoned. "Come here, Mary!" they said. "Haven't you any other daughters?" [the mistress] was asked finally.

"No, I haven't any more daughters," she said.

"But your maid is in the kitchen," he said, as if he knew.

la. "Chakak'be j-kotuk 7akaruafe, chakak'be 7a li 7ak'u7 lek, chakak'be junuk par 7asapato, batan ba 7ak'otajan ti buch'u sk'an 7avo7on xa7ak'otaj 7achi7uke!" xi la.

"Bwéno!" xi la. Bat, jee7, mi ja7uk laj ya7i ti prove tzebe, chbat la, 7ik'ot la ti yo7 buy kot xi la ti yunen karoe, ta ti7 na k'u cha7al lakaroe 7une, kot xi la 7un, yal la 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7i7ile la yu7un ti 7a li mu jna7 mi yajnil rey, mu jna7 k'usi. 7Aj, "Páste adelánte senyorita!" xi la bu ti jxinulan k'otel to. "Páste adelánte senyorita, la7!" xi la. Chotamat la 7a, 7ej, 7a la ti prinsipe spas la dirijir ti ta tzeb 7ik'ot 7une.

"Bu tal li tzeb batz'i leklek sba?" xi la. "Chi7ak'otaj jchi7uk i vo7on a7a!" xi la. K'ot la 7ak'otajuk xchi7uk ti tzeb 7une. "Ak'otajan!" 7Ej, mu xa la bu pyesail ti k'al 7oy ti k'ine, ja7 no la stuk xchi7uk ch7ak'otaj, mu xa bu yan tzeb, yu7un la ja7 no 7ox stuk ti tzeb mas leklek sba 7une, pero Maria Senisyénta, pero sonso tzeb, me7on.

Bwéno, stuk no 7ox 7i7ak'otaj.

Va7i 7un, 7a li ta xa la spas sba ta spas despedir xchi7uk ti yajval k'in ti 7a li k'alal chlah xa ti k'in 7une. "Chibat xa 7un, nax xa 7ak'ubal yu7un ja7 ti jkriara ya7el te ta jna ti werfanita tee, stuk ta xa xnikav bi, toj tol xvay," xi la ti 7ajvalil.

"7Aj yu7un yech che7e, batan!" xi la. Ya7yoj la taj tzeb yech 7une, ja7 7o la me lo---k' ta 7anil sti---k' sba taj ta skaruaje, ba---t ta 7anil, k'usi, p'aj la komel jun ssapato, 7a ti ssapato 7ip'aj komel 7une, 7unin tak'in la ti sapatoil.

Bwéno, 7a la ti rey, 7a ti prinsipe 7une --"Bwéno ti buch'u sbelin yok i sapatoil li7i," xi la 7un, "Taj ja7 ta xinupun jchi7uk," xi la.

Va7i 7un, "Pero buch'u tzbelin, buch'u yech ssapato muk' buch'u 7oy ssapato li7 toe." Nada menos 7enkantádo ti k'usi ti sapatoil 7une.

Va7i 7un, "Muk' buch'u yech 7a li ssapato, muk' buch'u 7a li ti buch'u sbelin yoke, yu7un ja7 chkik'," xi la. Bat la ta sko---tol ti balamil ti yo7 buy ya7el taj tzeb 7un taje, skotol la na ta ju-jun na ju-jun na, mu la buch'u sbelin yok.

"Bwéno, ta xk'eltik kon tal ke ta xinupun jchi7uk i prinsipe, ta jsep' i koke," xi la taj yajval taj tzeb 7une. Mu la k'u xa---l, taj stuk 7une, te la tzunu---l mu xbak'.

Va7i 7un, 7a li "La7ik!" x7utat la ti tzebetike. Mu la bu sbelin yok, take ta 7ik'el ti 7a li prove kiarail. "La7, María!" xi la. 7A li "Mi mu xa bu yan 7atzeb?" x7utat la ma ti.

"7I7i, mu7yuk xa jtzeb," xi la.

"Pero 7akriara te ta kusina," xi, k'u cha7al sna7 7un.

"Oh, uh, my maid is in . . . she's there, but, ach, she is an orphan, a little orphan. I took her in, because her mother died," she said.

"Even so," he said.

"If it's her foot that fits then I'll marry her," he said.

"How can you believe that that sooty thing's foot will go in?" she said. Hoho, Holy Mary, when she put her foot in, it slipped right into the shoe! Haha, now she was in that prince's hands! He left, dragging her out. Her mother wasn't respected, the godmother, that godmother, no, her mistress, it seems. Like me who is bringing up a girl, like that.

"Now even if you bawl me out, even if you get mad, get mad! I'm taking her. I'm taking the girl away. I'm marrying her. The only thing I recommend to you is that tomorrow you go to the fiesta and that's that, no arguments."

The awful girls were left in anger. "How, how can we believe that the shoe fits that Indian? Huh, loafer, covered with ashes. I don't believe it. Who knows how it could be," they said. But however it was, she was the one. The daughters didn't make a sou—nd now. They were angry now. "Who knows how this girl did it. If only I had had another orphan, it seems, then I'd still see how to be married. How come it wasn't me whose foot fit? I would surely get myself a husband. I wouldn't have any more problems. I'd get married tomorrow," they said.

I don't know if they published the banns, if they had all the things to do with the priest. They were married. They celebrated the fiesta for two days. That old woman and old man went. And now the fiesta turned out better because that sash asked for a fiesta. It asked for a band. It asked for whatever that girl desired. They had a fi—ne fiesta.

Now the girl was well-loved by the king, it seems, since she held the fiesta herself. So now she asked for music or she asked for food. Whatever was needed she would do. She would fix it, because she knew how. "The thing is, everything I do is my own responsibility. You'll see what I do," she said.

"But how do you do it?" he asked.

"I don't do anything. I know how to look after [things]," she said.

"Fine!" they said. "Ah!" they said. "We're hungry!" they said.

"Eat!" she said. She served the meal right away. They ate, when they were newlyweds. "Don't bother! Why should we mistreat you after you have been mistreated where you used to be and now I come and mistreat you here? No!" he said.

"She is my son's wife!" said the king.

"All right, then," she said.

The maids were treated well. "Have you fin-

"7O, 7a, jkriara te ta, 7oy te, pero, tz', me7on, werfanita, yu7un jpasoj rekojer yu7un cham sme7," xi la.

"K'uk cha7al," xi la.

Bwéno, "7A ti mi ja7 7isbelin yoke, pwes ja7 ta xinupun jchi7uk," xi la.

"Dónde pwédes kreer ke ta x7och 7o yok i tsnada le7e?" xi la. Je7 je7, María Santísima ti k'al 7istik' ti yoke, pero yu7un stzúllij 7i7och ti sapato 7une, ja7 ja7 7och ta sk'ob taj prinsipe skiloj 7ilok', muk' xa p'isbil ta vinik ti sme7 7i ch'ul-me7, taj ch'ul-me7, 7i7i yajval ya7el ja7 chak vo7on ti jtz'ites junuk tzebe, ja7 yech 7uk.

"7Óra 7aunke mi xa7ilini 7aunke mi xakapik, kapanik, 7a li vo7one ta xkik', ta xkik' ech'el, 7a li tzebe, chinupun jchi7uk, lo úniko ke chajpasik rekomendar ti 7ok'ob xabatik ta k'in 7i ya, ch'abal k'op."

Va7i 7un, kapem la kom ti mu tzebetik 7une.

"7Ónde, 7ónde podémos kreer ke ta x7och sapato li 7indio le7e, je7 jaragána yéna de senísa mu jch'un, jna7tik k'u cha7al," xi la. Pero k'uk cha7al yu7un ja7 ja7 7a li yu7un mu xa la xba---k' ti tzebetike, kapemik xa la. "Jna7tik k'u cha7al li tzeb ya7el 7un, li7e, ti 7oyuk yan jme7on ya7el, ja7 xkil to k'usi ch7ik'e le7e, k'u no 7ox cha7al mu vo7nikon sbelin koke, vo7on 7ijmalalin bi, mu xa k'u jna7 bi 7a, chinupun 7ok'ob," xi la.

Va7i 7un, mu jna7 mi 7oy presentasyon mi 7oy k'utikuk la yu7un pale, 7inupun la 7un, chib la k'ak'al k'in 7ispasik, 7i7ay la taj me7el mole, 7i 7óra mas la lek k'in 7ibat 7un, porke ja7 la taj sinchoe, 7isk'anbe k'in, 7isk'anbe musika, 7isk'anbe ti k'u sk'a---n yo7on taj tzeb 7une, spa---sik lek k'in.

7Óra ti, 7a ti tzebe k'anbil 7ik'ot, yu7un ti rey ya7ele, k'u ti ja7 xa tzpas k'in stuk to, ja7 xa tzk'an mi musika, ja7 xa tzk'an mi ve7elil, mu xa la nesariouk ta to spas, ta to smeltzan, yu7un ja7 sna7oj k'usi. "Vo7on te ta x7och ta jkargo li k'utikuk ta jpase, ta jpas avilik," xi la.

"Pero k'u chacha7le chapas?" xi la.

"Mu k'u ta jcha7le ta jpas, te jna7oj k'u xi ta jk'el," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno!" xi la 7un. "7Aj!" xi la. "Ta chive7otikótik 7un!" xi la.

"Ve7anik!" xi la. Chak' la ta 7ora ti ve7elile, chve7 la 7un, ti k'al 7ach' jnupunel. "Te yiyil, k'u yu7un ta jpastik maltratárte despwes de ke ti pasbilot maltratar ti buy 7oyot to 7oxe, 7i 7ora chtal jpasot maltratar li7 toe, mo7oj!" xi.

"Yajnil jkrem," xi la ti rey.

"Bwéno, yiyil che7e," xi la.

Va7i 7un, ja7 la chk'uxubaj ta yo7on ti kriariletik

ished?" the girl asked when she arrived.

"No!" they said.

"I'll help you," she said. Hah, in a minute she went to wash the dishes, but it seems that it wasn't her hands that washed them. When you looked, all the dishes were done. She just looked at them. As soon as she looked at them, if she looked at them, then they were done. Plates, bowls, tortilla gourds were suddenly face down, suddenly face down.

Well, the king had some chairs, long ago. They weren't like the chairs of today, pure stone. Who knows how the stone was carved. And they were like these ones, but they were tall, wide, and thick. She went to wipe them off. She went to wash them, but in a minute, in a minute she dried them off. "Huh, how does that girl do it?" they said. They didn't want to complain about her at all now. On her own she went to look at the kitchen. On her own she went to look at the girls who were fixing the meal there.

"I'm going to see if the food is cooked. I'm going to taste the food," she said, because she was going to help them. She pitied them.

"No, don't do that! I don't want you to," said her husband.

"But the poor things, I feel sorry for them. That's the way my hardship was before."

"Even if it's like your suffering, for that very reason you should take a rest now," he said. "Now that you are here today under my control you will rest," he said. "Before, because you were under the control of poor people they were very satisfied having you go out to sell fatback or go out to sell pork, going to sell from house to house," he said. "But when you began to be favored, it seems, then you didn't [have to] work hard anymore. I saw that, of course, because your fatback was bought up right at the door. It was just when you got the thing on your forehead," he said. "Then there was a wonderful star on your forehead," he said. "With it, then you sold [things] easily. You didn't [have to] walk anywhere." Since it was then that her hardship began to be eased. She no longer had to carry hea—vy things on her head, baskets or whatever. If she had pork she would carry it on her head and go sell it. Her little shawl, that little rebozo was just covered with blood, it seems, covered with lard, but the poor girl [smelled] ra—ncid. You wouldn't [ever] marry her, it seems.

The girl [smelled] rancid. "All right," she said.

"Take a rest now. Don't work any more. Don't go wherever it is you go. Just sit down here. Rest, because your lungs are very worn out now. You are exhausted," said [the prince].

7une. "Ya akabáron?" xi la k'otel ti tzeb 7une.

"No!" xi la.

"Les ayúdo," xi la. Je7, j-likel la chba ssuk' traste pero mu la ta sk'obuk yilel tzsuk', xavile naka la lekik xa ti trasteetike, naka la sk'elel, naka no la xi tzk'ele, mi sk'ele yu7un lek xa, pulatu boch jay, nuj xi, nuj xi la.

Bwéno, ja7 la ti, 7oy la xxila ti rey vo7ne, mu7nuk ja7 yech chak k'u cha7al xila lavie, naka ton, 7a li jna7tik k'u x7elan 7anbil li tone, 7i 7a la x7elan li7i, toyolik noxtok 7un, jamalik pimik, ta la xba skus tal, ta la xba spok pero j-likel, 7i ta j-likel la tztakijes 7un. "Je7, k'u no van cha7al li tzeb le7e?" xi la. Mu xa la sk'an k'u xalbeik 7un, batz'i ta smantal xa la stuk chba sk'el ti kusinae, tzmantal la stuk ba sk'el ti muchachaetik te ta spas ve7elil yo7e.

"Chba jk'el mi ta7aj ve7elil, chba jpas proval ve7elil," xi la. Yu7un la ma chba skolta 7un, yu7un la k'ux ta yo7on 7un.

"Mo7oj, mu xapas yech, mu jk'an," xi la ti smalal 7une.

"Pero póvre k'ux ta ko7on ja7 yech jvokol ti vo7ne."

"Aunke mi yech 7avokol, por éso chakux lavie," xi la. "7Óra lavie li7ot xa ta jpoder vo7one, chakux," xi la. "7A ti vo7ne porke yu7un ta spoder me7on krixchano batz'i bal cha7i ti chlok' 7achon chicharone, chlok' 7achon chitome, chba chon ta naetike," xi. "Yan ti k'alal 7a li lik xa sk'uxubinelot ya7ele, mu xa bu cha7abtej tzotze, 7ikil bi 7a, porke ti7 na no 7ox 7ich'am 7avu7un chicharon 7une, ja7 no 7ox ti k'al 7ata li k'usi ta 7ati7 bae," xi la 7un. "Lek 7oy xa k'anal ta 7ati7 bae," xi la. "Ja7 no 7ox 7un li7e, ja7 7o lik 7a li chonolajan lek mu xa bu chaxanav." K'u ti ja7 7o lik skoluk svokol, mu xa bu ta skajan ech'el ta sjol ti k'utik 7o---lik moch ya7ele, k'utik 7oy chitom ta la skajan ech'el tzjol, ba xchon 7a ti yunen mocheb ya7el taj 7unen revosoil ya7ele, solel la balem ch'ich', balem mantikat, pero batz'i ra---ncho xa ti povre tzebe. Mu xavajnilin yilel.

Bwéno, ráncho xa ti tzeb 7une. "Yiyil 7un," xi la 7un.

"Kuxo xa 7un, mu xa xa7abtej 7un, mu xa xabat bu xabat, li7 xa no 7ox chotlane kuxo porke batz'i gastádo xa lapulmontake, ta xalubtzaj," xi la.

"All right," she said. Sometimes she would do what he said, sometimes she wouldn't. She suffered, but it's just because we get used to working.

She was used to it. She went quickly. She went to look again and again. She made quick trips when the prince wasn't noticing. So she went. She came back and sat down. "Let's sit down," he said. He would chat and chat with her.

"Let's have a party!" she said. "I'd like to dance the way I used to dance," she said. "I want a fine suit, a fine dress, but really fine. I don't want to suffer anymore," she said.

"No, don't worry. We'll send for it to be made," said the prince.

"Fine!" she said. They had a good party, a good fiesta like the fiesta that just passed. Hah, they danced and danced. The poor girl was well-loved. The end.

It is not clear whether the old man, when he told Cinderella that "somebody else" would give her her fortune, was referring to the fairy godmother, who never makes an appearance, or to some other undisclosed figure.

If Tonik does indeed take her daughter to the movies, she must be the only Zinacantec woman ever to spend her money that way. Tonik describes Cinderella's troubles with considerable feeling, for not only was she a servant herself, but she is also the mother of an adopted orphan.

Cinderella's sash is thoroughly unconventional, as leather sashes are not worn by Zinacantecs.

The dance, of course, being in the Ladino king's house, is modeled after Ladino-style dances, at which men dance with female partners, unlike traditional dancing in Zinacantán.

Tonik's rendering of this tale presents unique features that

"Yechuk," xi la. Ta la xch'un bak'intik, 7o la mu xch'un bak'intik, 7aból sba pero náda ménos ke nopem xka7itik i 7abtele.

Va7i 7un, nopem xa7i, bat la ta 7anil, ba la sk'el batel, 7iyak' sbwelta k'alal xch'ay yo7on ti prinsipe, ja7 la chbat 7un, yul chotluk. "Chotlikotik," xi la. Te chlo7ilaj chlo7ilaj xchi7uk 7un.

Va7i 7un, "Jpastik k'in!" xi la 7un. "Chak 7ak'otajkon k'u cha7al ti ni7ak'otaj vo7ne," xi la. "Ta jk'an junuk jtraje lek, junuk vestido lek, pero lek, mu7nuk ta jk'an 7aból xa sba," xi la.

"Mo7oj, mu k'u xal 7avo7on ta jtaktik ta meltzanel," xi la ti prinsipe.

"Bwéno!" xi la. Spasik lek k'in, lek k'in chak k'u cha7al yolel k'in 7ijelave, je7, lek la ch7ak'otajik, k'anbil 7ik'ot ti prove tzeb 7une, laj 7un.

seem to spring from her own personal experiences and moral judgments. Her Cinderella is a poor Indian girl who, even as a princess, insists on helping her servants wash the dishes!

Tonik's Cinderella contains most of the elements found in Cinderella tales from Spain (A. M. Espinosa, 1967, T111, T112), Puerto Rico (Mason and Espinosa, 1925:511-515), Jalisco (Robe, 1970, T69, T70), Oaxaca (Radin, 1943:207-220), and Yucatan (M. Redfield, 1937:37-38).

This past year, when I was unequipped with a tape recorder, Tonik retold her story, adding a new episode: One of Cinderella's stepsisters, jealous of her star, imitated Cinderella's actions, only to have a donkey penis sprout from her forehead! This bizarre growth contrasts with a donkey's tail in Spain, a horn in Puerto Rico, donkey manure in Jalisco, a tiny horned donkey in Oaxaca, and a horse's rump in Yucatan.

When the Bell Was Lifted

T74

Once the Chiapanecs came to steal. They came from Chiapa.

They knew how to be Whirlwinds, Whirlwinds. They turned into Whirlwinds. There used to be a bell in our town. The bell was really beautiful. I don't know if Maria Teresa was its name. The bell was named Maria Teresa. It was [made of] gold and silver.

They stole the bell at midnight. They stole it away. [The Zinacantecs] didn't know how the bell reached Chiapa. And it was in a whirlwind that it went.

It arrived there in Chiapa, it seems. They weren't aware of it. The people of Zinacantán Center saw that their bell wasn't there. At daybreak nothing was there. The people of Zinacantán Center got up. The bell tower was empty. There was nothing to be seen. Long ago the Chiapanecs were robbers, it seems. Because the Chiapanecs had a cave. In the cave they prayed for the Whirlwind to come.

Ti vo7ne tal la 7elk'ajuk i jsoktome, lik tal 7a li Soktom.

Va7i 7un, yu7un la sna7ik 7a li 7a li sutum 7ik', 7a li sutum 7ik' 7une, 7ispasik la ti sutum 7ik' 7une, ja7 li 7o to 7ox kampana te ta jnatikótik 7un, 7a ti kampana melél slekil, mu jna7 mi María Terésa k'u la sbi 7un, María Terésa ti kampana sbi 7une, yu7un 7oro 7i plata 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti kampana 7une, 7iyelk'anik ta 7ol 7ak'ubal, 7iyelk'anik ech'el 7un, muk7 xa7i k'u xi k'ot ta Soktom ti kampana 7une, 7i ta sutum 7ik' 7ibat.

Va7i 7un, k'ot te ta Soktom ya7el 7une, muk' xa7i, 7iyil i jjtek-lum 7une, ch'abal skampana mi ja7uk 7u k'u 7oy sakub 7osil, lik i jjtek-lume, 7eklixa xokol, kampanario mu k'usi xavil, ja7 j7elek' i jsoktome, ti vo7ne ya7el 7une, yu7un la 7oy xch'en ti jsoktom 7une, ta ch'en 7isk'an tal ti sutum 7ik' 7une.

That's the way it was long ago. Because they were at Pulatual Vo7 [Bowl Spring] at the opening to that cave, the men who knew how to be Whirlwinds. There were fifteen men who were Whirlwinds. And between the fifteen men they carried off that bell together. That's why Zinacantán Center was left penniless. Now it has no money. Now it has nothing.

Don't you see, the Chiapanecs were cunning. They came to steal, it seems. Oh, the wealth of the town, everything [the Zinacantecs] had, it seems was stolen away. Oh, they're paupers now. They haven't anything anymore. That's because the bell left that way long ago.

The townspeople said, "How could it be? Where could our bell have gone?"

"Oh, there's no good in this, because two Chiapanecs came here yesterday," said one of the shamans. "Two Chiapanecs came here yesterday. They were standing around here. They were walking around here looking at the church." The church used to face Chamula. "They were walking around. What could they have been looking for? They seemed to be buying bread at the house of Old Serafina," he said. "There where Mother Nolbertas' house is," he said.

"Oh!" they said. "Damn, if our bell went off in a whirlwind we surely didn't hear it. It was lifted in our sleep, you know," said the shamans. "But what can we do now, since it's gone? You don't think we can bring it back ourselves! They'd just start a fight." [The bell] wasn't put up in the bell tower there [in Chiapa] right away. It was hidden inside the church. That's why they didn't recognize their bell. In a week they went to look. They didn't see it anywhere. There wasn't anything. [The bell's] name was on the outside and its name was on the inside, saying that it belonged to Zinacantán Center.

Its name was surely there on the outside. It couldn't be lifted by one or two men.

They looked. [They were afraid] they might suddenly get into trouble if they went to look inside the church, it seems, if the bell didn't seem to be theirs. If they were asked, "What are you looking for?" the two men would be scared, it seems. Even if many went and were asked, "What are you looking for?"

"Who knows if it is sitting inside the church like this at the east end of Calvary [Church]. [That's what] I've heard. It's sitting there at the east end of Calvary," said the two men.

"Oh let's see, I guess, if we can win. It's just that we aren't as strong as the Chiapanecs, since they have their mountains," said the shamans. Right away they offered candles. They prayed for the bell to come [back]. It never returned. It never came back.

They did their best. Three times they offered

Va7i x7elan taj vo7ne 7une, porke 7oy 7a taj Pulatual Vo7e, jun chak ja7 sti7il taj 7a li ch'en yu7un 7a li viniketike, buch'utik sna7 sutum 7ik'e, vo7-lajun vo7 la ti viniketik sna7 sutum 7ik'e, 7i 7éntre vo7lajun-vo7 vinik 7un 7i skomon-7ik'ik ech'el taj kampana 7une, 7asi 7es ke por 7éso komem ta me7on i Jtek-lum 7un le7e, mu7yuk xa stak'in mu7yuk xa k'u 7oy yu7un.

Mu xavil ja7 li manyoso li jsoktom tal yelk'an ya7el, 7ej, 7elk'anbil ech'el ti k'usuk yu7un ya7ele, ti sk'ulejal li Jtek-lum 7une, 7aj le7e me7on xa, mu xa k'u 7oy yu7un, yech'o xal 7un, ja7 yech la bat 7o ti vo7ne ti kampana 7une.

Va7i 7un, ti jjtek-lum 7une, "K'u van yu7un, k'u van bu bat ti jkampanatike?" xi la.

"7Ej, mu k'u no me lek 7un, yu7un li7 me 7ay cha7-vo7 jsoktom ti volje," xi la ti jun j7ilol 7une. "Yu7un me li 7ay cha7-vo7 jsoktom ti volje 7une, li7 me xva7et 7une, li7 me xjoyet ta sk'elik ti 7eklixa 7une." Sk'eloj to 7ox Chamu7 ti 7eklixa 7une. "Li7 me xjoyet 7une, k'usi van tza7 tzman me yilel kaxlan vaj li7 ta sna mol Serafine," xi la. "Yo7 sna me7tik Nolbertae," xi.

"7Aj!" xi la. "Kere 7a ti mi yu7un ta sutum 7ik' 7ibat ti jkampanatike, muk' xka7itik 7un bi, ja7 stamoj i jvayeltike va7i," xi la ti j7iloletik 7une. "Pero k'u xa ta jpastik, yu7un'xa bat 7un, yu7un xa van ta sut tal ku7untik 7un, naka la ssa7ik k'op." Mu la bu muy ta 7ora ta tijob tak'in te yo7 7une, te la mukul ta yut 7eklixa 7un, yech'o la ti muk' xojtikinik ti skampanaik 7une, 7a la sk'elel ta vaxakib k'ak'al mu la bu yilik, muk' bu 7u k'usi, 7oy la sbi ta spat, 7i 7oy la sbi ta yut 7un ti yu7un Jtek-lum 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li te la ti bi, sbi, ti ta spat a7a, kómo mu xlik ta jun cha7-vo7 vinik.

Va7i 7un, sk'el la 7un, ja7 ti repente xyal ta k'ok' ti xba sk'el ya7el ta yut 7eklixa 7une, ti mu yu7unuk ya7el li kampana 7une. "K'usi chasa7?" mi x7utate lae. Ta to la xi7 ti cha7-vo7 vinik ya7el 7une, 7ak' 7o xa la batuk 7ep. "K'usi chasa7?" Ja7 la ti mi x7utat 7une.

"Mu jna7tik mi ja7 te te nujul ta yut ti7 7eklixa xi ta lok'em k'ak'al ta Kalvario xi me ka7i, lok'em k'ak'al yu7un Kalvario te nujul," xi la ti cha7-vo7 vinik.

"7Ej, jk'eltik kik mi xkuch ku7untik, ja7 ti mu no 7ox yechuk jtatzaltik chak i jsoktometike, ja7 li 7o svitzike," xi la ti j7iloletike. Naka la 7iyak'ik kantela 7isk'anik tal ti kampanae, mu xa bu sut tal li7e, mu xa bu tal.

Va7i 7un, 7ech' yo7on ti yak'ik 7ox-lok'el la

candles in the mountains. They didn't win. Don't you see, it was a Whirlwind [the Chiapanecs] had asked for. It was a Whirlwind the Chiapanecs had asked for in the cave. It came out of the cave for them. That's why [the Zinacantecs] didn't win. The bell didn't come [back]. It has been there ever since. That's why it was left that way very long ago. It was stolen away. It was stolen. The bell that went to Chiapa was [made of] pure gold and silver.

That's why. That's all there is [to say]. The end.

Unlike Xun Vaskis' accounts of the loss of the bell (T157, T115), Tonik does not suggest that the elders were so foolish as to sell their bell to the Chiapanecs.

The cave of the Chiapanec Whirlwinds, Pulatual Vo7, is the

kantela ti ta vitze, muk' bu kuch yu7unik, mu xavil ja7 li sutum 7ik'e, sk'anoj taj sutum 7ik'e, sk'anoj ta ch'en i jsoktometike, lok'em yu7unik ta ch'en, yech'o xal ti muk' bu kuch yu7un 7une, muk' xtal ti kampanae, k'al tana te, yech'o xal ja7 yech 7ikom 7o yech 7un ti vo7ne 7une, 7elk'anbil ech'el, 7elk'anbil naka la 7oro 7i plata li kampana batem ta Soktom 7un le7e. Mm!

Yech'o xal, te yech yepal 7ikom chak taj 7une, laj 7o.

first enticement mentioned in "When the Soldiers Were Coming" (T17, and by an alternate name in T56). It is located next to the Pan American Highway, halfway up the first ascent. See also T115, T151, T157, their notes, and T102.

When the Bell Was Lifted

T151

The Whirlwind, you see, this is the truth about it. I'll tell you the whole story about the Whirlwind, indeed. We used to have a bell here in Zinacantán Center. The bell—the bell was of gold and silver.

Now as for the bell, it sounded beautiful. It sounded very loud.

Now, the Chiapanecs used to come to visit. They used to come see the threshold of Saint Lawrence. They used to be walking about all the time. It wasn't the way it is now. They never come anymore to sell fish. They were the ve—ry first to come.

Twelve of the Whirlwinds who came grew envious. As for the twelve Whirlwinds—the Chiapanecs have a cave there.

They came. "Well, why is it that the Indian jerks are so lucky, the Zinacantec jerks? They are so lucky. Their bell is wonderful!" they said. Since in the place where the [bell] was hung, there was a snake. The snake's jaws were ga—ping wide. It was all gold—the snake. The [bell] rope was all gold. Ye—s!

Those twelve Chiapanecs arrived. Four . . . six untied it and six on the ground received it. They slid it down by the church door.

Then when they had untied it—however they did it—they lowered it. Then a terri—fic Whirlwind came. Bu—t, Holy Mary, what a Whirlwind! They never heard the bell go. It reached Chiapa. The bell is there now, to this day, in Chiapa. But it is cracked now. Cracked by lightning because they didn't know what to use. In Zinacantán Center, they put "St. Peter the Martyr"—they put palm fronds on it. They have to be tied to the bell's rim. It is wrapped around with palm fronds.

7A li 7a li sutum 7ik'e 7avi xi xi smelol 7une, ja7 chakalbe k'usi xi smelol li sutum 7ik' a7a, 7o to 7ox jun jkampanatikótik li7 ta Jtek-lume, 7a li kampanae 7a li 7oro ói plata yich'oj i kampanae.

7Óra, li kampana 7une 7animal lek xtij 7animal tzotz xtij.

7Óra, kómo li jsoktome ja7 to 7ox chtal vula7ajuk ja7 to 7ox chtal sk'el li yolon yok San-torensoe, li7 to 7ox xva7von ta j-meke ma7uk xa chak lavi mu xa bu xtal xchonik choye ba---tz'i ja7 priméro chtal.

Va7i 7un, yak' la sk'ak'al yo7on 7un lajcha-vo7 la ti sutum 7ik' 7ital 7une, 7a ti lajcha-vo7 sutum 7ik' 7une, ja7 li 7o xch'en i jsoktometik te yo7 7une.

7A li va7i 7un, tal la 7un. "Béno, k'usi xi batz'i lek chil li pentejo 7intyo pentejo jtzinakánta ta j-mek batz'i lek ta xil lek skampana ta j-meke," xi 7un. K'u ti 7a la te yo7 sjiplebe che7e j-kot la chon jach'a---l la ye ti chone naka 7oro 7un chon 7un, 7a ti yak'il riata ya7el 7une naka 7oro 7un. Jii7!

Va7i 7un, tal la 7un taj lajcha-vo7 jsoktom 7une, chan-vo7 la... 7a, vak-vo7 la 7istitin 7i vak-vo7 la 7ixch'am ta ta lumtik, 7ixjuxuxinik la yalel li ta ti7 teklixa 7une.

7Óra, li k'al 7ititij xa yu7un 7une li k'alal k'u x7elan 7une yu7n tzyalesik xa 7une ja7 7o la tal ti jun benos sutum 7i---k' pe---ro María Santísima ti sutum 7ik'e muk' xa7i bat i kampanae k'ot k'alal Soktom, 7a li kampana 7une tey tana k'al tana li ta Soktom 7une pero vok'ol xa vok'bil ta chauk yu7n mu sna7ik k'u xi tzpas 7utilisar, 7a li ta Jtek-lume ta xich' 7a li Sam-poro Martil, ta xich' ramox, persa chukul ta sti7iltak i kampanae joyibtasbil ta xan.

[The bell] went. It went with the Whirlwinds. They were able to take it. They succeeded in stealing it away. The town was left without its bell. A bell is still there [in the Church of St. Lawrence]—the one that's there now. It's the second bell. The first one was bigger.

Now, the second bell, there, it has taken the place of the first bell, now. The bell that's there now is called Maria Angelica. The other was Maria Teresa. Yes!

The [thieves] were able to get it there to Chiapa. "Now that we've won, let's see, I guess, if they come looking for it. What can they do to take it? There's no way. Even if they pay us for a cart—but a cart can't ever get it there. Don't you see, it's really heavy," they said. Since there just used to be carts long ago. Ye—s!

They went. The poor people of Zinacantán Center went searching. They never brought it back. They never found it. They still didn't know, it seems, what Zinacantán Center was missing. They didn't know about the business. They still didn't know about the Chiapanecs' business. They were just Whirlwinds, those dumb [Chiapanecs].

Since they were witches—the Chiapanecs a long time ago.

They stole it. It arrived. No trouble. The matter ended there—to this day. They never searched [successfully] for it. [The Chiapanecs] took possession of the bell.

Since it was stolen property, the Chiapanecs have their fine bell now. It isn't theirs. It's Zinacantán Center's. Just the way the Gospel Cross went. It disappeared. Who knows who stole it. How would you know who it was—if it was just the sacristans themselves or somebody else who stole it. We don't know.

That bell arrived [in Chiapa]. "We'll see. The Indians will have to come looking for it. They always come to sell peaches. Take care, then! Don't let them see that it's here now!" said the Chiapanecs—those twelve [Chiapanecs]. The bell arrived. They hid it. It was hidden a long time. Little by little they turned their attention to it. It went up. They got it up into the bell tower. I don't know how long they hid it. I don't know if it was a year, or longer. I don't know.

When it was hidden—when the people of Zinacantán Center saw it—it was already hung. What good did it do? We hardly could get it down ourselves! They just looked at it.

The bell was hanging there, now. That's all. It was rung there, then. They heard its tone, since they recognized it. Ye—s!

The bell is there now in Chiapa.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7ibat 7un bat ta sutum 7ik' 7un, 7ik'ot yu7unik 7un 7ispasik kanal ti yelk'anik ech'el 7une ch'abal skampana kom i Jtek-lum 7une, ja7 te 7onox i 7a li kampana lavi tey tana 7un le7e ja7 segúndo kampana 7un ja7 priméro taj mas muk' 7une.

7Óra, li segúndo kampana 7un le7e ja7 xa 7och ta ba7yi kampana yu7un lavi 7une, María 7Anjélika sbi li kampana lavi tey tana 7un le7e, 7a taje María Terésa. Ji7!

Va7i 7un, 7ik'ot yu7unik tey ta ta Soktom 7une. "7Óra 7ijpastik xa kanal jk'eltik kik mi chtal ssa7 k'u la xut ta xich' ech'el mu jay-lok'el 7ak' 7o mi 7ak' 7o mi stoj ech'el jkaretatik pero mu7 nox xk'ot yu7un i karetae mu xavil batz'i 7ol," xi la 7un. Ja7 ti naka to 7ox kareta ti vo7ne 7une. Jii7!

Va7i 7un, 7a li bat ba la ssa7 ti prove jktek-lume mu xa bu sta ta---l, mu xa bu staaa, mu sna7 ya7el k'usi palta yu7un i Jtek-lum to, mu sna7 k'u x7elan i 7a li k'ope mu sna7 k'u x7elan i sk'opik i jsoktometik to, ja7 nox stuk jsutum 7ik'etik i sonsoetik 7un le7e.

Va7i 7un, ja7 li j7ak'-chamel chava7i 7un, ja7 ti mas vo7ne ti jsoktom 7une.

7Ava7i 7un 7iyelk'anik ech'el 7un k'ot 7un, ch'abal k'op te ch'ay sk'oplal 7o k'al tana 7un mu xa bu ssá7luj 7un 7iyu7uninik 7o li kampanae.

Va7i k'u cha7al ye---lek' lavi 7oy yu7unik skampanaik lek i jsoktome mu yu7unuk, yu7un 7o no Jtek-lum, ja7 chak k'u cha7al 7ibat li krus 7avanjelyoe, 7ibat na7tik buch'u yelk'anoj yu7 van chana7 buch'u 7un, mi mismo pixkal nox mi buch'u yelk'an mu jna7tik.

7Ava7i 7un, 7a li 7ik'ot ya7el taj kampana 7une. "Jk'eltik li7 7onox chtal ssa7 li 7intyoetike ta 7onox xtal xchon turasnu, kwentaanik me che7e mu me xavak'ik 7iluk ti li7 xae!" xi la ti jsoktometik 7une, taj lajcha-vo7 7une. 7Ik'ot i kampana 7une snak'ik la 7un jal nak'al 7un, ja7 to k'un'kun 7issa7beik sk'oplal muy ta muy yu7unik ta tijob tak'in, ja7 ti mu jna7 k'usi kantidad tyémpo snak'ojik 7un, ja7 mu jna7, mi jabil mi mas mu jna7.

Va7i 7un, 7a li ti k'al nak'al xa 7une, k'alal 7iyil xa li jktek-lum 7une, te xa jipil 7un, k'u xa bal 7o 7un yu7n xa van chyal ku7untik, ja7 nox ti yilik 7onox 7une.

Va7i 7un, te xa te xa jipil li kampana 7une mu xa k'usi 7un te xa chtij te xa cha7ibeik snuk' kómo xkojtikantik. Jii7!

Va7i 7un, te xa me li kampana ta Soktom 7une.

In the previous tale and in this version, told eleven years later, Tonik disputes Xun Vaskis' claim that the bell returned twice to Zinacantán and could never be hung by the Chiapanecs (T157, T115).

Tonik's mention of the fish that Chiapanecs used to market in

Zinacantán is an historical note of which I was previously unaware, but to this day Zinacantecs sell peaches in the lowlands, sometimes transporting them as far as Arriaga, Tonalá, and Juchitán. See also T74, T115, T157, their notes, and T102.

The Poor Woodcutter

T77

There was a boy. He was an orphan. He had no mother, no father. All by himself he would get out of bed, wash, rinse his mouth, and leave. He would take his tumpline. He would take his rope. He went to get firewood. When he had carried back the wood—there was a madrone tree there—he rested. He rested again and again. Every time, every time he went for the firewood, every day, every day he did the same thing.

He suffered. "I am an orphan, God, My Lord, I have no father. I have no mother. I ache so. I'm wearing myself out getting firewood. I'm tired of selling firewood, it seems. My Lord, if only I had money I'd certainly rest. But being an orphan I haven't anything. I'm suffering so," said the poor man. He rested there again and again. He spread out his little blanket. He slept. He rested awhile. If he hadn't eaten before he left, at around ten o'clock he would rest there. It was at ten or eleven o'clock or so, who knows. For he was an orphan. He had no coffee. If he earned the money for it, he ate. If he didn't earn the money for it, then he had nothing [to eat]. He suffered.

When he arrived with the wood he went to sell the wood. He sold it. He received the money for the wood. He ate.

[He had made] many, many trips perhaps. He had begun [doing it] long before. It was either Our Lord or something [divine] that took pity. The tree there had roots.

[The man] threw himself down there by the roots. Then the [young] man saw the roots of the tree split open and then a little old man appeared. "What happened to you, son? What happened to you? Why are you suffering so?"

"It's because I'm an orphan, sir. I have no family, no father, no mother."

"Oh," he said. "What do you wa—nt? What do you want me to give you? Shall I give you a ring, or a sash, or a little walking stick? It's good company for you," he said.

"You can give me that walking stick, sir. Give that to me. It will help me lift myself when I stand up, because I suffer so when I stand up with the wood."

"Even though you can stand up with [the wood] if I give you your walking stick—[Well], we won't say

7Oy la jun krem, me7on la, mu7yuk la sme7 mu7yuk la stot stuk la chlik la ta svayeb, ta la x7atin tzsuk ye bat 7un, tztam spek' tztam xch'ojon chbat ta si7bej, mi skuch tal ti si7 7une, 7oy la te 7a li j-petz 7on te7 ja7 la te tzkux tzkux batel ju-koj ju-koj chbat ta si7bej sil k'ak'al sil k'ak'al yech tzipas.

Va7i 7un, 7abol ti sba. "Me7onone, dyox kajval, mu7yuk ti jtote, mu7yuk ti jme7e, toj k'ux ya7el 7un, chilub xa li ta si7beje, chtavan ya7el li chon-si7 7une, kajval, 7ok nox ti jtak'ine, ta jkux bi 7a, yan chak la x7elan me7onone, mu k'usi 7oy ku7une, toj 7abol jba," xi la ti prove vinik 7une. Te la tzkux batel, sk'i la ti yunen tase, ta la xvay chkux j-likel, ja7 ti muk' ve7em chbat 7une, teyuk xa nan lajuneb 7ora chkux te yo7e, mi lajuneb mi buluchib 7ora k'u xi, mu jna7tik, ja7 ti me7on 7une, mu7yuk skajve mi stabe stojol ja7 to chve7, mi mu stabe stojol yech ch'abal, te 7abol sba.

Va7i 7un, mi yul tal ti si7 7une, chba xchon ti si7 7une, xch'ambe stojol ti si7 7une, ja7 to xchon 7un, chve7 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7ep nan ta bwelta ta j-mek vo7ne 7ox slikel 7une, k'uxubaj la yo7on mi kajvaltik mi k'usi 7un, 7oy la te yisim ti te7 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti yo7 i yisim te7 te chjip sba 7une, ja7 to la yil ti vinik 7une, 7ijav la ti yisim te7 7une, ja7 7o la xva7a7 lok'el ti jun 7unen mol 7une. "K'usi chapas, kere, k'usi chapas, k'un x7elan 7abol aba ta j-meke?"

"Yu7un ja7 li me7onone, tottik, mu7yuk buch'u 7oy ku7un, mu7yuk jtot, mu7yuk jme!"

"7Aj!" xi la. "K'usi chak'a---n, k'usi chak'an chakak'be, mi ja7 chakak'be li 7ixtalale, mi ja7 li xchuk jch'uttike mo mi junuk 7avunen nam-te7, bal xachi7in," xi la.

"Ja7uk 7ak'bon taj nam-te7e, tottik, ja7uk 7ak'bon, bal no 7ox jtoyoj jba li k'alal chilike, yu7un toj tol 7abol jba li k'al chilik xchi7uk jsi7e."

"7Ak' 7o chakak'bot 7anam-te7e, chalik 7o mu xkaltik mi mu chalik 7o, pero 7a ti chavikta ti si7bej

you can't stand up with it—Stop gathering firewood! Collecting wood is tiresome. You suffer too much. Don't carry wood! Don't sell wood! Just sit down. Take a rest or you'll get sick from just selling firewood. You began doing it long ago. Your little walking stick will give you your food. It will give you whatever [you need]. *My little walking stick I want plenty to eat. I want plenty to drink. I want a good meal. I'd like to eat chicken. I'd like to eat beef. Prepare it for me and bring it [to me]!* tell it. It will give it to you. Whether it's tortillas or beef or pork or chicken or whatever else you want to eat. It will know. It will give it to you," the man was told. Because he was growing old now, he was aging now from just selling firewood, selling wood. So Our Lord took pity on him, let him rest perhaps with [the help of] his gift.

But [the man] had a neighbor. As for his neighbor—"How could that disgusting lazy man be sitting around, that ugly orphan? What does he live on? What does he eat? If he continues like that he'll die of starvation. If he shuts himself up in the house he'll die of starvation," said his neighbor. "Eh, who knows, if he has stored up a lot of money from the firewood, then that's what he's living on. That's why he's taking a rest now," he said.

You see a visitor came to [the man's] house. "Where did you get the good food you eat? Where did you bring it from?" asked the visitor.

"I didn't bring it at all. It's a little present they came to give me," he said. He lied, because he didn't want to tell.

"Oh that's how he does it! He's stolen it from somewhere," they said.

"Eh, the poor guy hasn't stolen. But he's an orphan, it seems. It isn't that he's not an orphan. How is he going to steal? How could he get in to where he wants to go? He certainly doesn't steal. Don't you see, when he sold his firewood he collected his little bit of money. He has a little money now," the talk went. Then he looked for a wife. He married. He had a wife. His wife gave birth to two little children.

They celebrated at the time of the baptism, when the babies were baptised. Then his neighbors resented it. They went to tell the king. "Let him be seized! Let him be hung!"

"No, not at all. It's because my food comes by itself. It appears by itself. When I want whatever I want, 'God, My Lord give me my food. Bring it here to me,' if he says that, when he says that, the food is already served. The bowls, the chicken or beef, whatever he wants to eat comes by itself," they said. They told the king, there where they went to incriminate him.

"Well, I guess I'll see if you are telling the truth,"

7une, xtavan ti si7beje, tol 7abol aba mu xa xakuch i si7e, mu xa xachon i si7e, chotlan xa no 7ox kuxo xa no 7ox, yu7un xa 7och 7achamel ta labal chon-si7, vo7ne ta likel ta j-meke, 7a li ja7 xa no 7ox 7un, ja7 chayak'be 7ave7el, ja7 chayak'be k'u chayak'be lavunen 7a li nam-te7 7une. *Kunen nam-te7 ta jk'an lek chive7, ta jk'an lek chkuch' vo7, ta jk'an lek jve7el, ta jti7 ka7i kaxlan, ta jti7 ka7i bek'et, 7a li meltzanbon tal 7uto 7un, chayak'be, mi vaj mi bek'et mi chitom mi kaxlan mi k'u xak'an xati7e, te sna7oj chayak'be,*" x7utat la ti vinik 7une. Ti yu7un xa, yijub, molib xa yu7un ti labal chon-si7, chon-si7, yu7un xa k'uxubaj yo7on ti kajvaltike, 7ak'o skux nan ti x7elan 7ik'elanbat 7un.

Va7i 7un, pero 7o la slak'-na. 7A la ti slak'-na 7une -- "K'u van yu7un ti chchoti li porkeriya jaragan vinik yil me7one, k'usi chipan 7un le7e, k'usi tzlajes 7un le7e, mi yech te chcham ta vi7nal, mi7n van smakoj sba ta na ta xcham ta vi7nal," xi la ti slak'-na. "Je jna7tik, yu7un te mi7n 7o xa 7ep snak'oj stojol li si7e, ja7 xa chve7 7o 7un le7e, yech'o xal ti chkux xa 7un," xi la 7un.

K'usi 7un, yu7un la 7ay jvula7al ta sna 7un. 7A la ti jvula7al 7une -- "Bu 7ata li lek 7ave7el chave7e, bu 7avich?" xi la 7un.

"Muk' bu xkich' yu7un kunen moton 7a yak'belon," xi la. Snop k'op 7un, yu7un mu sk'an xal 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li "7Aj pero yech chcha7le ti bu yelk'an," xi la 7un.

"7Ej, mu no 7ox x7elk'aj 7a li prove pero ti me7on ya7el 7une, mu yu7unuk 7a li mu me7onuk 7une, yu7un k'u xi chba 7elk'ajuk 7un, k'u xi ch7och ya7el ti bu ch7oche, mu x7elk'aj a7a, mu xavil k'al xchon to 7ox ssi7e, yu7un 7istzob xa sba yunin tak'in le7e, 7oy xa yunin tak'in," xi la sk'oplal 7une. Ja7 to la ti ssa7 yajnil, 7inupun, 7ayan yajnil, 7a ti yajnil, 7ayan la cha7-vo7 yunin ch'amaltak.

Va7i 7un, spas la k'in ti k'alal 7iyich' vo7, 7iyich' vo7 ti 7unen 7une, ja7 la ko7ol 7o ya7i ti slak'-na 7une, ba la yalbeik rey 7un. "7Ak'o la stzaket, 7ak'o la sjok'anel!"

Va7i 7un, "Mo7oj 7a7a, yu7un yu7un 7a li jve7ele te ta xtal stuk, te ta xlok' tal stuk, 7a ti k'alal ta jk'an ti k'u ta jk'ane, Dyos kajval, 7ak'bon jve7el, 7ak'bon jve7el, 7ak'bon tal li7i! Mi xi la 7une, k'alal la xi 7une, pechajtik xa la ti ve7elile, ti pulatue, ti kaxlane, mi bek'et k'u la sk'an sti7 7une, ta la chtal stuk 7un," xi. Xut la ti rey ti yo7 ti bu ba stik'be li smul 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li "Bwéno, ta jk'el kik mi yech

said the king. When [the man] was summoned [the king] tested him out to see what he did. [The man] went to [the king's house]. He left [home].

"God, My Lord, what can I do? Please don't let me be anxious. Please don't let me be afraid, my little walking stick. Please watch over me, defend me. Please don't make me tell you when. . . . God, My Lord, my little walking stick, let them see whatever I ask of you. Prepare a turkey, prepare a sheep, we—ll-done, well-prepared. Let them eat. Let them see that it comes at your command, that I don't steal—not one thing," he said as he left his house. He told his walking stick.

He arrived. "No, [the meal] will come. See, I myself will pray to the holy earth." When he arrived he said to the king, "God, Jesus Christ, what is your command?"

"There's no order, son. Why is it that now you have everything [you need]? You eat now. You had a celebration when your children were baptised. Where does your money come from? So do you steal? So that's why your neighbors there have been ruined by robberies?" asked [the king].

"No, I never steal. I just remember [to pray] to My Lord. *My Lord, bring me my meal. I'd like to eat chicken, I'd like to eat that. I'd like to eat beef.* If I say that, it knows how to come. My meal comes already prepared, already cooked," said the man when he arrived.

"Well, if you are telling the truth, if you can do that, let's go. I really want a sheep we—ll prepared and a turkey well-done. We'll eat here, sharing it with my wife and my children," said the king. "Then I certainly will let you go!" [the man] was told.

He was given [the meal]. He asked for it this way, "My little walking stick don't let me be anxious or afraid since Our Lord gave you [to me] for [this reason]. I have been asked for a turkey. I have been asked for a sheep. Please prepare them for me. Let them see, so that I can escape or I'll just suffer death. My two little children will be left with my wife in hardship," he said.

Then when he saw [the king], "If you don't do anything to me, if you let me go I'll certainly give you your meal. It will come right away, just as long as you eat right away," he told the king.

The king saw. "Bring it to me then, the meal that is already cooked now. Bring the table! Get the bowls, then. Let's eat!" said [the king].

"No, the bowls will come. Our Lord will bring them himself. He knows how to bring them," he said. The meal was set. They ate. The king's place was set, the gentleman's place was set. The man and the king [sat] next to each other. They ate, together with the king's wife and children.

7aval," xi la ti reye. Spas la proval k'u x7elan ti k'alal 7itake ta 7ik'el, bat ti ta snae, lok' ech'el.

"Dyos kajval k'u ta jnop 7un, mu me xavak'on ta 7at-7o7on 7un, mu me xavak'on ta xi7el 7un, kunen nam-te7, 7avokoluk me 7un, k'elon me 7un, pojon me 7un, mu me pwersauk xakalbe ti k'alal dyos kajval kunen nam-te7 7ak'bo la yilik k'utikuk chajk'anbe, meltzano tal j-kotuk tuluk', meltzano tal j-kotuk chij, le---k tok'on, lek meltzajem, 7ak'o la ve7uk yil, 7ak'o sk'el ti yu7un ta xtal ta 7amantal vo7ot 7une, mu yu7unuk vo7nikon ta xi7elk'aj, mu7nuk k'usi 7une," xi la ech'el ti ta sna 7une. 7Iyalbe la ti snam-te7 7une.

Va7i 7un, k'ot la 7un. "Mo7oj, te ta xtal, jtuk ta jk'opon avil i ch'ul-balamile," "Yox Jésu-kristo kajval k'usi lamantal?" xut la k'otel ti rey 7une.

"Mu k'usi mantal, 7i7jo, k'u yu7un ti skotol xa k'u 7oy 7avu7une, chave7 xa chapas k'in 7i k'alal 7iyich' vo7 lach'amale, bu chata tak'in, man me cha7elk'aj man me yu7un laj xa ta 7elk'anel buch'utik 7abesinotak teye?" xi la.

"Mo7oj, muk' bu jna7 xi7elk'aj, k'ajom no 7ox ta jna7 li kajvale. *Kajval 7ak'bon tal jve7el chak jti7 ka7i kaxlan, chak jlajes ka7i li7i, ta jti7 ka7i bek'et.* Mi xi 7une, te sna7oj ta xtal 7un, meltzajem xa tok'on xa chtal ti jve7el 7une," xi la ti vinik k'otel 7une.

"Bwéno, 7a ti mi yech 7aval, mi xana7 yech chak taje, bámos, ta jk'an lek j-kotuk chij lek meltzanbil xchi7uk j-kotuk tuluk' le---k xa tok'on chive7otik li7, ta komon xchi7uk i kajnile xchi7uk i jch'amaltake," xi la ti rey 7une. "7Ikta nan chajkolta ech'el 7un bi 7a!" x7utat la.

Va7i 7un, 7a li, 7i7ak'bat la 7un, sk'anbe la yech. "Kunen nam-te7, mu me xavak'on ta 7at-7o7on 7un, ta xi7el 7un, yal me ti ja7 yak'ojot 7o tal ti kajvaltike, ta la xik'anbat j-kot tuluk', ta la xik'anbat j-kot chij, 7abolajan 7un, meltzanbon tal 7un, 7ak'o sk'el 7un, yo7 ti xikol 7o ech'ele, naka kak' jvokol ta milel, ja7 me li cha7-vo7 kunen ch'amaltak ya7el, 7a li 7abol sba chkom xchi7uk i kajnile," xi la 7un.

7An ja7 to la yil, "Mi mu me k'u xacha7leon 7un, mi chakoltaon me ech'el 7un, ta xkak' lave7el a7a, ta 7ora ta xtal, ja7 no 7ox kwenta mi chave7 ta 7ora 7une," xut la ti rey 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a la ti rey 7une, yil la ti "7Ak'ik tal che7e, lavi tok'onik xa li ve7elile, 7ak'ik tal mexa sa7ik tal plato che7e, ve7ikotik!" xi la 7un.

"Mo7oj ta xtal i platoe, ta xak' tal stuk li kajvaltike, te sna7oj chak' tal," xi la. Pechi ti ve7elile, ve7ik la 7un, tal yav sve7el ti reye, tal yav sve7el ti mole, ja7 la snopoj 7ikom ti vinik 7une, snopoj 7ik'ot ti rey 7une, ve7ik la 7un xchi7uk yajnil li reye, ti xch'amaltake.

When the meal was over they didn't see where their dishes and so forth went. "Who knows what you can do. If you want to, sometime, I'll have a fiesta. You bring a band! We'll have a fi—ne fiesta. Don't think we won't have a fiesta. But you should come have a fiesta here if you're telling the truth that you know how to celebrate."

"We'll come and do whatever you want. I'll do it. I'll prepare it. Don't think I won't do it, I just have to pray to Our Lord. It's fine! If you want us to have a fiesta I'll come and celebrate it for you," he told the king.

"Well, go then, we'll celebrate a fiesta for my little child. We'll have a fiesta here in a week," he was told.

"Well, I'll come then," he said. He went home. He went free. He hadn't any more trouble. He was content now.

At the fiesta for the king's child he asked for five turkeys. He asked for six chickens, well-prepared, well-cooked. They ate. "Now you know how they are to come—what's needed. Please do just the same thing. I never told you I'd provide the dishes. And I've lost my maids. They don't want to wash them. They don't want to look at them. But whoever it is you ask knows how to wash them," [he was told].

"All right," he said. They ate. They celebrated. A marimba came. A band came. It was a goo—d fiesta! The fiesta was in full swing at the king's house.

"Who is giving the fiesta that's really swinging at the king's house? We've never heard that marimba there. We've never heard that band there. But where did they come from?" [the people] asked.

"Oh, it's nobody's. It's the band of the Indian wood carrier," they said.

"The Indian wood carrier, uh, Don . . ." I don't know what his name is, uh, I think it's Don Juan. "It's Don Juan's marimba and Don Juan's band," said the talk.

He was summoned again and again every time the king had a fiesta. He would come then. [The king's] son got married. He went to play. They played music, played the marimba. They celebrated. When they [turned to] look, there wasn't a single plate, a single frying pan, or a pot. It was left perfect. There wasn't anything blocking the corridor where they ate, in the dining room or wherever they ate. Nothing at all. It was swept clean so they could dance merrily.

"Well, that's all, go! When I want to have a celebration please come, that's why I'll free you because I've seen that you were telling the truth that they would come on your own account. It isn't necessary for me to spend money. I'll save up my money. I'll store away my money," said the king.

Va7i 7un, k'al 7ilaj ti ve7el 7une, muk' la xil bu bat ti spulatie ti k'usuk yu7une. "K'u chacha7le, jna7tik, mi xak'an k'u 7ora jpas k'ine, che7e, ta xavich' tal junuk musika le---k k'in ta jpastik, mu7nuk muk' ta jpastik k'in 7un, pero vo7ot xtal 7apasik k'in li7 toe, ti mi yech 7aval ti yu7n xana7 spasele."

"Xtal jpastik avil ti k'usi xak'ane, ta jpas ta jmeltzan mu7nuk mu ta jpas yu7un taj k'ajom no 7ox ta jk'opon i kajvaltike, lek 7a xak'an ta jpastik k'ine, chtal jpas avil," xut la ti rey.

"Bwéno, batan che7e, ja7 ta jlok'esbetik sk'in i jun kunin ch'amal, 7a li7i ta jpastik k'in k'al vaxakib k'ak'al," x7utat la.

"Bwéno, te xital," xi la 7un. Bat la ta sna 7un, kol la ech'el 7un, mu xa k'u svokol 7un, jun xa yo7on.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to la ta sk'in taj 7a li xch'amal 7a ti rey 7une, tal la 7un, sk'an la vo7-kot tuluk', sk'an la 7a li vak-kot kaxlan, lek la meltzanbil, lek la pasbil, ve7ik la 7un. "Lavi 7ana7oj xa k'utik xi chtal 7un, 7i lavi k'utik chtun 7une, ja7 no 7ox yech 7abolajan 7un, muk' bu ta xakalbe ta xkak' jtrastetak, vo7on 7i ja7 7ich'ay li jkriaratike, mu sk'an ssuk' mu sk'an sk'el, yan le7e a7a, te sna7oj k'u xi ta ssuk' ti buch'u chak'anbe," x7utat la 7un.

"Yechuk che7e," xi la 7un. 7Ive7ik la, 7ispasik la k'in, tal la marimpa, tal la 7orkesta, le---k la k'in xnik xa la k'in ti sna reye.

"Buch'u yak'oj taj k'in ti batz'i xnik xa tzna rey 7une, ti muk' bu xka7itik taj marimpa 7un taje, muk' bu xka7itik taj 7orkesta 7un taje, pero bu tal?" xi la 7un.

"Aj, muk' buch'u a7a, ja7 la yorkesta li 7intio jkuch-si7e," xi la.

"7A ti 7indio jkuch-si7e, janj, Don... "Mu jna7 k'usi la ti sbi 7une, 7anj, 7a li Don Jwan ya7el chka7i, Don Jwan la ti, "Aj es la marimba de Don Jwan i la músika de Don Jwan," xi la ti sk'oplal 7une.

7Aj, 7ik'bil xa la ta j-mek ju-koj ju-koj spas k'in ti reye, ja7 xa la chtal, nupun la skrem ja7 7a stij, stij musika stij marimpa spas ti k'in, k'alal xile mu la junuk plato, mu la junuk 7a li xalten, p'in, 7ij, chkom yu7un la lek, mi ja7uk 7oy k'usi makal 7o ti korirol ti bu ve7ike, ti yut sala komedor, mi k'usi ta bu ve7ik la 7une, ch'abal la, solel la lek sak-mesan, k'ajom la ti ch7ak'otajike, lek la yo7on.

"Bwéno, mu k'usi, batan, k'al ta jk'an ta jpas k'in vo7one, xa7abolaj xatal 7un, ja7 no 7ox chajkolta 7o, porke kil xa ti yu7un yech 7aval ti xtal 7avu7un vo7ot ta 7atuk 7une, muk' persauk ta jpas kasto, mas to ta jpas 7aorar jtak'in, ta jnak' jtak'in," xi la ti rey 7une.

That's how the poor man was saved. He wasn't punished. He was treated very well. As for the king . . . the poor [woodcutter] was sick. He got sick. Who knows what sickness he had. "Please go take care of him for me, go and give that poor man an injection for me or else he'll die. Because he is my marimba player. He is my musician, for when I want music there isn't anyone [else to play] at my children's fiestas. He is the one who brings the marimba, who brings whatever orchestra I want. He has very good music," he said. They went to give him an injection. They went to give him medicine. And he nearly died. Three weeks later when he got up they went to bathe him. They went to wash him. The herb doctor went at the king's command.

He bathed. He recovered. He got up. "Walk! Try hard! I'll be happy. I'm going to have a celebration. My wife's holiday is almost here," said the king who went to talk to him.

"Well, don't you worry. I'm getting up now. I've recovered. I seem to be pretty well. I guess I'll see. I'll go inside later this afternoon. If I don't get sicker, then [my illness] will certainly pass, but if I do get sicker who knows if I won't die," said the man, Don Juan. Finally, when dusk came, Don Juan felt very comfortable when he went in.

"Well, we'll get some medicine to warm you. Warm your legs and your back with old rags! Hot ones, hot ones. Have your shirt censed and your pants censed so that you won't get sicker! The trouble is you don't wash your clothes. It would do no good for you to have a laundress. You wouldn't ask her [to wash your clothes]. You ought to look for one. *Please wash my shirt carefully for me. I want my shirt to be clean, my pants to be clean. I don't want to be naked, you should say.*"

"Oh, but my neighbors say ugly things. They just say I steal. They just say I do things. No, so there's nothing for anyone to hear, to criticize, to make trouble about in front of me. I'm going to ask—look here Your Highness—I'll ask for clothes, I'll ask for pants, I'll ask for shirts. I'll ask for clothes for my children. I'll ask in front of you so that I can pray to Our Lord. You will see them come here before your eyes so that nothing can be said [against] me," said the man.

He went and asked like that. Juan recovered. He had nothing more to worry about. Strolling about happily, he carried his children. He went to the market. He went to give his children a good time. Because he never bought food to live on.

You see when he died he went in under the madrone tree. He wasn't buried. The coffin that was bought for his burial—the coffin was empty. It seemed as if he was put in the coffin.

Va7i 7un, k'u cha7al ti kol 7o ti prove vinik 7une, 7ipaj la 7un, mu jna7tik la k'usi ti 7ipaj 7une. 7A li "7Abolajanik ba k'elbekon, ba pasbekon 7inyektar ti prove le7e, naka me chamuk, porke ja7 me kajmarimpero ja7 kaj7ak'-musika, porke ti k'alal ta jk'an musikae, yu7un muk' buch'u sk'in jch'amaltake, ja7 ta xich' tal marimpa, ta xich' tal k'usitik 7orkestail jk'ane, batz'i lek musika 7oy yu7un," xi la. 7A la yak'beik 7inyeksyon, 7a la yak'beik pox, 7i yu7un la jutuk mu cham ti k'al ta yoxibal xemana ti k'al stam sbae, 7a la yatintasel, 7a la spokel, 7ay la ti jyerberoe, ja7 la ta smantal ti rey 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7atin 7un, kol 7un, stam sba 7un. "Xanavan 7un, 7ak'o persa 7un, bal me xka7i, xba, xba jpas k'in, po7ot xa me sk'in i kajnile," xi la ti rey ti 7a sk'oponel 7une.

"Bwéno, mu k'u xal 7avo7on a7a, ta xa jtam jba, ta xa xikol, lekleton xa ya7el, ta jk'el kik xmalma xa chi7och ta yut na ti tanae, ti mi muk' xa xi7ipaje, yu7un xa chi7ech' bi 7a, yan ti mi li7ipaj 7une, jna7tik mi mu xicham," xi la ti vinik ti Don Jwan 7une. Lajeltza ti Don Jwan 7une, 7ista la ti 7orasyon 7une, tol la si---k xa cha7i ochel 7un.

"Bwéno, 7a li ta jsa7tik pox chavich' k'ixnael, 7a li 7ak'o sk'ixnael lavoque, lapat ta k'a7-pok'e, k'ok'ik k'ok'ik xa xchi7uk 7a li 7ak'o spantael, 7ak'u7 spantael 7avex, pára ke yu7un mu xa7ipaj 7o, k'usi le7e yu7un toj tol 7a li, mu xana7 xachuk' lak'ue, 7altik, ti 7oy 7avajchuk'om mu xana7 sk'anele, yechuke chasa7. 7Abolajan chuk'bon lek jk'u7, ta jk'an le---k i jk'u7e lek i jvexe, mu jk'an t'analón xachi ti yechuke."

"7Ay pero ja7 li jlak'-na yantik xale, xal no 7ox chi7elk'aj, xal no 7ox k'usi ta jnop 7un, mo7oj para ke mu7yuk k'usi 7oy ti buch'u xa7i, 7iyak' ta yak' ta 7utel, 7iyak' ta k'oape, ta jsat, xba jk'an, k'el avi 7a li senyor rey, ta jk'an jk'u7, ta jk'an jvex, ta jk'an jmokite, ta jk'an sk'u7tak i jch'amaltake, ta 7asat ta jk'an 7un, para ke ta jk'opon i kajvaltike, chak'el ti li7 ta 7asate ta xtal 7une, yo7 ti mu k'u xi7albat 7o 7une," xi la ti vinik 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li ja7 la yech la sk'an 7un, 7aj, kol la me ti Xun 7une, mu xa la k'u sna7 7un, xva7et la 7un, jun la yo7on 7un, xch'ip ti xch'amaltake chbat ta ch'ivit, chba skuxbe yo7on i xch'amaltake, yu7un ti tzman sve7el xichiotike, mu la bu tzman 7un.

K'usi 7un, 7a la ti k'al 7icham 7une, ja7 la te ba 7ochuk ti ta 7on te7 7une, muk' la xmuk 7un, 7a la ti kajon 7imanbat ti k'alal 7imuk ya7ele, xokol la ti kajone, te la 7och ti ta kajone.

Don't you see, the coffin was left empty. He went there bodily where he had been provided for.

He died. The children stayed there, but he took everything with him. The children couldn't ask [the walking stick]. They just had their belongings. His money was left, it seems. They wouldn't go hungry. They bought four horses with it, a pair of oxen. His children could support themselves.

The children weren't stupid, either. When they saw they had their horses, they worked. They prepared their corn field. Their oxen plowed their land. They weeded their corn. The corn flourished. They bought more. They were left with plenty. The man went to pay in the place where his food came from and where he rested. He went there to the foot of the madrone tree where the old man came out. He went in bodily. Yes!

"Don't bury me when I die. When I'm dead, stick me into the coffin, you see, but don't bury me! I'm going to the place where the person who provided for me came out, the place where he came from, the person who supported me for so many days. I was lucky. I didn't do anything. Just because Our Lord took pity on me, he supported me. *Now I'm suffering so much from carrying wood, from selling wood. I'm suffering from hunger!* [I told him]. I'm going there. Don't worry! Go see me there! I'll come out there every Tuesday," he said. It was every Tuesday since he was allowed to come out on Tuesdays.

"I guess I'll go this Tuesday, I guess I'll see if I can talk to my father, because I'd like to talk to him, because I miss my father," said [his] son.

"But don't take your tumpline! Don't carry wood or else he won't come out!" said his mother.

"No, I won't carry firewood. I'm going. I'm going to sit down," [he told his mother as he left]. "God, My Lord, father, I miss you. I'd like to talk to you," said the small boy when he arrived beneath the madrone tree.

He had been sitting there quite a while. "Son, have you come? Did you come to talk to me? I'm not dead. I'm alive, for I've come to pay for all that I ate, for what I ate on the surface of the holy earth. That's why I came here," he said. But he didn't die. It seemed as if he died, but he didn't die. He was certainly alive. "Don't worry! If you want money, if you ask for whatever you want, I haven't any problems. I have money. I have plenty of my own. Whenever you want to, come join me, if you need money, come!" he said.

That scared him. He didn't arrive to talk anymore. Ever since he avoided it. The boy was scared. He didn't want to talk to his father anymore, because [his father] entered between two roots, since the

Bu xavil, i kajon 7une, xokol 7ikom, sjunul 7ibat ta yo7 buy 7imak'lanon 7une.

Vai 7un, 7a li 7icham 7un, 7a ti 7unetike, te to kom, pero ja7 yich'oj 7ibat skotol 7un, mu stak' sk'an ti 7unetike, ja7 no 7ox ti 7oy ti k'usuk yu7une, 7oy ti stak'in 7ikom ya7el 7une, mu7nuk chvi7naj 7un, sman 7o no la chan-kot ska7, 7a li jun la par svakax, i chve7 7o ti xch'amaltak 7une.

Va7i 7un, muk' o no la sonso ti 7unetik noxtok 7une, ti yil ti 7oy ti ska7 7une, 7abtej la 7un, smeltzan la xchob 7un, 7a ti svakax 7une, ja7 la tzvok 7o yosil, chak'inta 7o ti yixim 7une, 7ayan 7ixim, sman yan, 7oy k'u 7oy yu7un 7ikom 7un, 7a ti vinik 7une, ba la stoj ti yo7 ti buy lok'em tal ti sve7el, 7i skux 7o 7une, te la ba ba ta yok ti yok ti 7on te7 yo7 ti buy 7ilok' tal ti mole, te la 7och ech'el sjunul. Ji7 la.

"Muk7 bu muk' bu chamukikon, 7a lavi chichame, chamikon tik'ikon ta kajon avilik, pero muk' chamukikon, ta xibat yo7 ti lok'em tal li buch'u chismak'lane, yo7 li bu talem i buch'u chismak'lane, jayib no me k'ak'al lavi lek 7ikil, muk' xi7abtej mu k'u jpase, yu7un no me k'uxon ta yo7on ti kajvaltik nismak'lane. *Ja7 lavi ti 7abol jba ta j-mek li ta kuch-si7e, ta chon-si7e, 7abol jba ta vi7nale.* Te chibat 7un, mu k'u xal 7avo7onik, ja7 te xba k'elikon, te chilok' ta ju-jun ju-jun martex," xi la. Ju-jun la martex 7un, k'u ti martex 7i7ak'bat tal 7un taje.

Va7i 7un, "Chibat kik lavi martexe, jk'el kik mi jta ta k'oponel ti jtote, yu7un chak jk'opon ka7i yu7un ta jna7 ti jtote," xi la ti krem 7une. Bat.

"Pero mu xavich' 7apek', mu xakuch si7, naka me ma lok'uk tal!" xi la ti sme7.

"7I7i a7a muk' ta jkuch si7, chibat, chibat chotlikon." "Dyos kajval, tot, chajna7 7un, chak jk'oponot," xi la k'otel ti k'ox krem ta yolon ti 7on te7 7une.

Va7i 7un, naxnax 7ox la xchotlej 7un. "Kere, mi natal, mi tal 7ak'oponon, mu me bu chamemon, kuxulon me, yu7un me ja7 tal jtoj ti k'u yepal k'u jlajeso, k'usi ti jlajes ti tzba ch'ul-balamile, yech'o me ti li7 nitale," xi la 7un. Pero muk' la xcham 7un, spas la ti chame, pero muk' la cham 7un, kuxul la. "Mu k'u xal 7avo7on, mi chak'an tak'in, mi chak'an k'u chak'ane, li7 toe mu k'u jna7, 7oy jtak'in, 7oy k'u 7oy ku7un, k'u 7ora sk'an 7avo7on xtal jchi7in jbatik mi chak'an tak'ine xatal!" xi la 7un.

Ja7 la xi7 7o 7un, mu xa la bu xk'ot sk'opon 7un, k'al tana yech kechel 7ikom 7o chak taj 7une, xi7 7o ti krem 7une, mu xa la sk'an sk'opon ti stot 7une, k'u la yu7un cha7-p'ej yisim te7 k'u ti ja7 no 7ox 7ijam la

roots opened wide. It was hollow now. He went in there like a weasel.

That's all there is.

The woodcutter's prayer for deliverance is expressed more in prose lines of irregular length than in tight couplets, so I have not tried to force it into poetic format.

It appears from the conclusion of this tale that for Tonik there is no distinction between Our Lord and the Earth Lord, because the description of the man's death fits the model of those who have made a pact with the Earth Lord, and who at their death must therefore depart bodily to serve him until their debt is paid. This accounts for the confusing and seemingly confused discussion of the woodcutter's burial but only partial death.

Despite the European elements of this tale (a spirit appearing

ti yisim te7 7une, pujul xa la te la 7och ech'el 7un chak k'u cha7al saben.

Va7i 7un, ja7 yech yepal laj chak taj 7une.

from between tree roots to bestow a magic cane on a poor man), I am unaware of the plot being repeated in tales from any other source.

In 1963 Tonik told this story briefly to Victoria Bricker. Again, the woodcutter rests under a madrone tree and bewails his fate. An old man appears from between the roots to give him a magic walking stick. He baptises his baby, celebrating the event with a dance. The king, who has been informed by an envious neighbor, arrives and interrogates him. Because he had buried his charm, it is never discovered, and the king is convinced of his innocence (Bricker, T67). See also T144 and notes.

The Poor Woodcutter

T144

There was a tiny old man. He suffered. He was poor. He had nothing at all. He was alone with his wife. Begging, begging, he would arrive at his neighbor's house or whatever.

He would go, go get firewood. On the way back he would sell his little bit of wood. Then he would eat, if his firewood had arrived.

Then if his firewood arrived or was bought, then he would buy his tortillas to eat with his wife. On the way back he would rest under a madrone tree, because there was a madrone on a rise where he could set down his firewood.

God,
My Lord,
Whenever will I be freed of this, my hardship?
Whenever will I be freed of this, my suffering,
My Lord?
I am wretched.
With difficulty I find the pay,
For Thy sunbeams,
Thy shade.
I cannot stand it, it seems,
I cannot bear it, it seems.
I grow weary,
Faint with exhaustion,
Every afternoon, every afternoon,
Selling wood, selling wood, as I do,
My Lord,

he kept saying, every time, every time the poor old man rested there under the tree.

I don't know how many times [he had rested] when he was pitied by, who knows what he was, whether Thunderbolt or what. A little old man appeared. "What are you doing, son? Why do you sell wood?" asked the little old man.

"God, My Lord, sir, I sell wood because I'm so wretched. I have no money. I have nothing at all. I am all alone with my wife. I have nothing to live on," he said.

7Oy jun 7unin mol 7abol sba me7on mu k'u 7oy yu7un ta j-mek stu---k xchi7uk yajnil, k'an-limuxna k'an-limuxna la chk'ot tzna jun mi slak'-na mi k'usi xi.

Va7i 7un, chba---t ba skuch tal si---7, ta sut tale---l chchon ti yunen si7e ja7 to chve7 ti me yul ti ssi7e.

7Óra, mi yul mi ch'am i ssi7 7une ja7 7o tzman tal yot chve7 7o xchi7uk ti yajnil 7une, k'alal ta xul tale7 7une, ja7 la tzkux yo7, ta yolon j-petz 7on te7, yu7n la 7o j-petz 7on te7 lek toyol ti balamil yo7 bu chchepan ti ssi7 7une.

Yo7s,
Kajva7l,
K'u to 7onox 7ora xkol li jvokol li7i,
K'u to 7onox 7ora xkol li kik'ti7 li7i,
Kajva7l,
7Abol ti jbae,
Vokol ta jta ti stojol,
Taxojobale,
Tanak'obale,
Mu xu7 ya7el 7un,
Mu xkuch ya7el 7un,
Chilub,
Chijiltzaj,
Ju-jun xmal ju-jun xmal,
Ti chon-si7 chon-si7 ta jpase,
Kajval,

xi la batel ju-ten ju-ten tzkux ti prove yo mol yo7 ti yolon te7 7une.

Va7i 7un, mu jna7 ta sjayibal to bwelta k'uxubaj ta yo7on ti, na7tik k'usi yabtel, mi mi 7a li chauh mi k'usi, lok' la tal jun 7unin mol. "K'usi chapas 7un, 7ijo, k'u yu7un ti chachon si7 7une?" xi la ti 7unin mol 7une.

"Yo7s kajva7l, senyor, ta jchon si---7 yu7un batz'i 7abol jba ch'abal jtak'in ch'abal k'u 7oy ku7un jtuk xchi7uk kajnil mu k'u cha7al xive7," xi la 7un.

As for his children, the babies were wretched. The little boys, the little girls, both sexes, were starving. Who knows how old that man was, whether young or old or what. He had around five children, one baby, it seems.

As for the baby, I don't know if that baby was three months old. It hadn't been baptised, since he hadn't money for corn, he hadn't money for anything, it seems. He was wretched.

He went to sell firewood. "Ah, never mind, son, come back tomorrow, we'll talk together then," said [the stranger].

"All right," he said. The man was deli—ghed now over what he had been told. He got up early on the morning after he had arrived [at the madrone]. "I spoke to a Ladino. I don't know, what do you think it means? He told me thus and so. *Come back tomorrow, son. Right here, rest here tomorrow, we'll talk together*, he told me. I don't know if I'll meet him now. I guess I'll go," he said [to his wife]. He went. He went to bring the firewood. He hurried as he got the firewood. After he had gotten the wood, he tied it in a bundle. He carried it back. He arrived right on time at the place where he rested, it seems. Quickly he set down the wood. He took off his hat. He sat down. "God, My Lord, how will I be freed of my hardship?" he said.

"What is your hardship, fool? You have no hardship. Take this if you want! Ask it for your food, if you'd like to eat, if you are hungry. If there is something you want, this charm will give it to you," said [the Ladino]. The golden charm was very beautiful. It was wide, it was a sash. "When you ask it for whatever you want," he said, "you speak to it like this," he said. "You [should] take off your charm."

"Little sash, little sash, by the power that God has given you, I wish to eat plenty, I wish to drink plenty, I want good—d meals, I want a good fiesta, because I am having my child baptised," he said when he was back at home.

Then when he was told that by that Ladino—"I want to have a good meal, I want to eat beef, I want to eat chicken, whatever you want, or if, I want some clothes, you say, it will give them to you. It will give you everything," said the Ladino.

"Fine!" he said. The poor guy never stopped to listen. He grabbed it. He stuck it in his bag. He couldn't stop looking at it. "What if it gets lost?" he said. He took it out of his bag. "Eh, it's better if I hold on to it. Otherwise it will get lost," he said. He took it out of his bag. He was holding it now. He carried his firewood back.

"Well, son, take care, you'd better sit down, you'd better rest. Rest! Rest happily! When you arrive, then your meal will arrive. When you see your meal

Va7i 7un, 7a ti xch'amaltak 7une te la 7abol sba ti 7unetik, chlaj vi7najuk ti 7unin krem 7unin tzeb k'utik yabtele, na7tik k'u syijil taj vinike mi yij mi 7unen k'u x7elan, jun chak vo7-vo7 ti xch'amaltake, jun la nene7 ya7el.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti nene7 7une ja7 7a li mu jna7 mi yoxibal 7u yich'oj taj 7unen 7une muk' la yich'oj vo7 7un ja7 la ti ch'abal stojol yixim ch'abal stojol k'u stojol ya7el 7une 7abol la sba 7un.

Va7i 7un, ba xchon ti ssi7e. "A, yiyil, 7i7o, te xatal 7ok'ob te ta jk'opon jbatik," xi la 7un.

"Béno," xi la 7un. Xmuyiba---j xa la ti vinik ti x7elan 7albat 7une, sob xa la lik ta yok'omal ti k'alal k'ot 7une. "Li7 7ijk'opon jun jkaxlane mu jna7 k'usi xal xana7, ja7 yech ja7 yech niyalbe chak li7e, *Xatal 7ok'ob*, 7i7o, li7 xa, li7 7onox chakux 7ok'obe ta jk'opon jbatik, xiyut 7un. Mu jna7 mi jta van lavi 7une chibat kik 7un," xi la 7un. Bat la 7un ba la skuch tal ti ssi7 7une sujem la ssa7 ti ssi7 7une, laj la ssa7 ti ssi7 7une, stz'al 7un 7iskuch talel 7un, ja7 xa no la tijil tal sta ti yo7 buy ta skux ya7el 7une chep xi la ti ssi7 7une slok' la spixol 7un choti la 7un. "Dio7s kajva7l, k'u7 nox xi xkol ti jvokole?" xi la 7un.

"K'usi lavokole, sonso, mu k'usi 7avokol, 7ilo mi xak'ane, ja7 chak'anbe 7ave7el, mi chak ve7an mi chavi7naj mi k'usi chak'ane ja7 chayak'be li 7ixtalal li7i," xi la 7un. Melel la slekil mu 7ixtalal 7oro 7un jun sincho la 7un, 7a ti k'alal mi chak'anbe k'u chak'anbe 7une xi xak'opon 7une," xi la. Chalok' li 7avixtol 7une.

"Sinchíto sinchíto por la virtud ke Dyos te a dádo, ta jk'an lek chive7 ta jk'an lek chkuch' vo7 ta jk'an le---k ve7elil, ta jk'an lek k'in yu7n ta xkak'be yich' vo7 jch'amal," xi la taj k'alal ta sna 7une.

7Óra, taj k'al 7albat tal yu7un taj jkaxlan 7une -- "Ta jk'an lek jve7el ta jk'an ta jti7 bek'et ta jk'an ta jk'an ta jti7 kaxlan, mi k'u chak'an, mi Ta jk'an jk'u7, mi xachi 7une chayak'be 7un, skotol chayak'be," xi la 7un, ti jkaxlan 7une.

"Béno!" xi. Jiii, mu la me laj ya7i ti prove 7une stzak la 7un stik' la ta svorxa 7un, batz'i mu xa la xljaj sk'el. "7A ti xch'ay lae?" xi la. Slok'es la ti ta svorxae. "Je, mas lek ta jmich' naka ch'ayuk," xi la 7un. Slok'es la tzvorxa 7une stomoj xa la 7un, skuch la tal ti ssi7 7une.

"Bwéno, 7ijíto, tek k'el aba 7un, tek chotlan 7un tek kuxo 7un, kuxo, kon gústo xakux, k'al xak'ote naka chk'ot 7ave7el k'al xavil 7ave7ele yu7n pechel

it will be served on the table. Whether it's chicken, or beans, or meat, or whatever you want, it will all be cooked," he was told.

"Ooh, could that be so?" he said. He hurried along. He went and tossed down his firewood for the Ladina where he had asked for money [to buy] his corn. He left the wood. He didn't even count up how much she owed. He didn't even say anything. He went on right away. He asked it. He arrived and asked his sash. "Little sash, little sash, by the power that God has given you, I want a good meal, and some tortillas, so I can eat," said the little old man.

He ate. It was given to him. When he looked, there was a pot of chicken there, a pot of beans there, ah, a deep tortilla gourd there. He was given everything, since it was a charm. It was all cooked.

"Bring your bowl over, wife! See here, the poor Ladino was telling the truth, the blessed Ladino, because you never know if [a thing like] this is good, or if it isn't that we'll go and pay for it when we die," he said. She accepted it. She served out food for her children. Ehh, but the chi—cken—its drumsticks looked just like turkey drumsticks. The chicken's heart, its wings, its liver, and so on—they were really big, the very best. They ate with their children. The babies were crowded about inside. the bowls were served now. The tortillas, too, never ran out. They ate. They ate. The children were full now. The number didn't change. The number of tortillas didn't change. How would they run out, since they were given by Our Lord?

They ate. They finished. As for the meal, she served it out. They ate, they drank the broth, it didn't matter, the meal stayed the same. The same way, it never ran out. "But how can it be that my food doesn't run out?" he said. Ooh, the next day, he spoke to his little charm again. "Little sash, little sash, by the power that God has given you, give me a good meal, because my child is to be baptised. I want a good meal, fine clothes. My little boy is going to be baptised. He can't remain unbaptised," he said. He he—ld a fiesta. "I want some good music," he said. Ooh, the music resounded at the house of the dumb old man. He thought it was a good thing to have music. [The charm] gave the music. He held a good fiesta, the fiesta was wonderful. His child was baptised to music. They came out of the church. He arrived home with music, good music. He sent for some cane liquor. He bought some cane liquor. He was given the money by his charm, too. Probably because he was scared that it would get lost, he tied it up in his neckerchief. He tied it around his waist.

He got into trouble. The king heard that that old man was celebrating a fiesta. That [man] was summoned. The first fiesta he celebrated when the

ta mexa, mi kaxlan mi chenek', mi bek'et mi k'u chak'ane yu7n tok'on skotol," x7utat la 7un.

"Jii, mi yech van?" xi la 7un. Suj la sba ech'el 7un 7ech' la sjipbe ssi7 ti jxinulan bu sk'anoj skotol yixim 7une, skomes ti ssi7e, muk' xa 7o no la snit k'u yepal yil mu xa 7o no la k'u yal bat la ta 7ora 7un sk'an la 7un k'ot la 7un sk'anbe ti sincho 7une. "Sinchíto sinchíto por la virtud ke dyos te a dádo kyero una bwena komída i éste tortíyas pa ke yo kóma," xi la ti 7unen mol 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7ive7 la 7i7ak'bat la 7un, k'al 7iyile te la j-p'inal kaxlan te la j-p'inal chenek', 7a li te la j-p'ej pulum vo7 vaj, skotol la 7ak'bat 7un k'u ti 7enkantádo chava7i 7un, tok'on xa la skotol 7un.

Va7i 7un, "Tamo tal 7apulatu che7e, 7antz, k'el avil yech xal ya7uk i prove jkaxlan, bendisído jkaxlane, yu7n 7onox na7tik mi lekil k'op li7i mi mu yu7nuk 7a li chba jtojtik mi nichamotike," xi la 7un. 7Ixch'am 7un sjotz'be la sve7el ti yoltake, jee pero kaxla---n 7animal yo7 tuluk' la yilel ti ti yo7take, ti yo7one, ti ti 7a li xxik'e, ti ssekub mi k'utikuk ti kaxlan ya7el 7une, batz'i muk'tik la batz'i meel la slekil 7un, 7ive7ik xchi7uk ti xch'amaltake, ti yut nae k'i7il xa ti 7unetike, pechajtik xa ti pulatue, 7a ti vaj noxtoke mu la sna7 x7aj tzve7ik 7ive7 xa 7inoj xa li ch'amaletike, ja7 no la yech staoj yav, staoj yav noj ti vaje, k'u xi xi ch7aj yak'oj ta kajvaltik chava7i 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li ve7ik la 7un laj la 7un, 7a ti ve7elile, tzjotz' chve7 chuch' kalto muk' ta 7alel pero staoj yav ti ve7elile, ja7 no la yech mu la bu ch7aj. "Pero k'u7 nox yu7un ti mu x7aj i jve7el 7une che7e?" xi la. Jii, ta yok'omal la 7un 7iyalbe la ti 7unin yunin 7ixtol noxtok 7une. "Sinchíto sinchíto por la virtud ke dyos te a dádo, chavak'bon lek ve7elil yu7n ta xich' vo7 jch'amal, ta jk'an lek ve7elil lek k'u7ul, chba yich' vo7 li kunen kreme mu xu7 ti mu7yuk yich'oj vo7e," xi la 7un. Spa---s la k'in. "Ta jk'an lek musika," xi la 7un. Jee, xnik la musika, tzna ti sonso mole xak' xtunuk ti chak' musika 7une, yak' la musika spas la k'in lek, lek xa la ti k'ine lek xa la 7iyich' vo7 ti ti xch'amale ta musika la lok' tal ta 7eklexya, ta musika yul tzna lek musika stak ta 7ich'el trago sman trago, 7ak'bat to tak'in yu7un ti yixtol noxtok 7une, ja7 ti xi7em nan ti xch'ay 7une so7el la xchukoj ta pok', xchukoj ta xch'ut 7un.

Va7i 7un, sta smul 7un, ya7i la ti rey ti tzpas k'in taj mol 7un taje take ta 7ik'el 7un, primero k'in 7ispase yu7un taj 7iyich' vo7 ch'amale ch'abal, mu

child was baptised, no, there was no trouble. On the second fiesta—he thought somebody might take [his charm]—[so] he had a fiesta.

On the second fiesta I don't know if it was his wife's fiesta or if it was that old man's own fiesta. I don't know the truth about it. On the second fiesta he celebrated, they ate we—ll.

Ooh, the trouble was, his compadre went out and shot off his gun outside. he went out and shot off his gun outside. Then the [man] got in trouble over it. When [his compadre] fired the gun on the path, then the king's servants came. They came to arrest him. He went. That little sash of his was ta—ken from him. There it stayed. "Where do you earn, where do you get the money? Where do you find the money?"

"I don't earn any. This was given to me, like this. He gave me this. And he told me how to ask it."

"Let's go, ask it for this and ask it for that!" he was told. He asked it. It was given to him. [The king] saw it. That's why the king kept the charm.

The king kept it. [The man] was punished. He probably wasn't punished [physically], it was just a punishment that they kept the charm.

"Go on, then," said [the king]. The next day again, he took his tumpline and his ropes. He we—nt again.

"Well, now you'll pay for it!" said his wife. Now why did you have to celebrate fiestas? Didn't I tell you, *Let's just eat, let's just drink! Come on, let's just eat some chicken, since the holy charm gives us our food*, didn't I tell you? You deserved it. You drink so much cane liquor, you have so many fiestas," she told him. He left. He too—k his tumpline and his ropes. He left the next day. Just the same. I don't know if he spent a week selling firewood.

"But why, why are you coming to sell firewood. How come? What's happened?" asked the little old man, again.

"Nothing, it was taken from me. The king took it from me. Like thus and so," he said.

"The king took it from you?" he asked. Didn't you see where he put it?" he asked.

"He stuck it in his pocket," said [the man].

"Ah, well, don't worry at all!" he said. "The thing that he put in his pocket will be here in my hand tomorrow," he said.

"All right," said [the man].

"Come back tomorrow to talk to me, to see me [to learn] what happened when I went to see him," said [the Ladino]. "I'm going to talk to that king. I'm going to visit him," he said.

Who knows if he went to visit him, if he went to talk to him or what. The next day [the man] arrived. Aah, "Don't worry, even though I didn't get the charm, I'll give you your little cane," he said. He was given a little cane.

k'usi k'op, ta xcha7-lok'elal k'in xak' no la 7ok buch'u yich'oj ech'el k'in te ba spas.

Va7i 7un, ta xcha7-lok'elal k'in sk'an la, ja7 mu jna7 mi sk'in yajnil mi sk'in stuk taj mole ja7 mu jna7be smelol 7un, 7a li ta xcha7-lok'elal k'in 7ispas 7une le--k la ve7ik.

Jii, k'usi la 7un yu7n la lok' st'omes st'omes stuk' ta pana taj 7a li skumparee, lok' st'omes tuk' ta pana ja7 la sta 7o smul 7un, 7a ti st'omes tuk' ta soral ya7el 7une ja7 7o tal tal la 7a li smoso taj rey 7une tal la tzakvanuk 7un bat la 7un, yi---ch'oj 7ibat taj yunin sincho 7une te k'alal 7ikom. "Bu 7ata bu 7avich' tak'in, bu 7ata tak'in?"

"Mu k'usi jta ja7 yech niyak'be li7e ja7 niyak'be li7i 7i ja7 7a li yalojbon xi ta jk'ane."

"Bámos, k'ano tal yech chak li7i k'ano tal yech chak li7i!" x7utat la 7un. 7Isk'an la 7un 7ak'bat la 7un, yil la 7un yech'o xa ti ja7 la yich' komel rey ti 7ixtalal 7une.

Va7i 7un, yich' komel ti rey 7une yich' ti kastiko 7une, mu nan bu yich' la ma kastiko, ja7 no la ma kastiko taj 7iyich' komel taj 7a li 7ixtalale.

Va7i 7un, "Batan, che7e!" xi la 7un. Ta yok'omal noxtok stam spek' xch'ojon ba---t noxtok.

Bwéno, "Lok'uk 7amanya che7e!" xi la ti yajniile. "K'u xatu7un xapas k'in che7e? Mi mu nakalbe, *Ve7ikotik nox kuch'tik nox vo7, la7 jti7tik nox kalak'tik yavil chak' jve7eltik i ch'u7-7ixtalale*, mi mu xakut? Sa7bil 7avu7un tol xavuch' trago tol xapas k'in," xut la sbaik 7un. Bat 7un sta---m spek' xch'ojon bat ta yok'omal ja7 no la yech, mu jna7, mi laj vaxakib k'ak'al ti chon-si7e.

"Pero k'u yu7un, k'u yu7un ti chtal 7achon si7e k'u cha7al k'u smelol?" xi la ti 7unin mol noxtok 7une.

"Mu k'usi yu7n lipojbat ja7 lipojbe li reye, ja7 yech chak li7i ja7 yech chak li7i," xi la.

"Laspojbe rey?" xi la. "Mi muk' xavil bu yak' 7un?" xi.

"Te stik' ta svorxa," xi la 7un.

"7A bwéno mu k'u xal 7avo7on bi 7a!" xi la 7un. "7A taj bu stik'oj ta svorxae 7ok'ob li7 ta jk'obe," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno," xut la 7un.

"7Ok'ob xtal 7ak'oponon xtal 7ak'elon ti k'usi k'usi x7elane chba jk'el," xi la 7un. "Chba jk'opon chba jvula7an taj reye," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, mu jna7tik mi 7a svula7an mi 7a sk'opon mi k'u x7elan 7un, ta yok'omal 7une k'ot la 7un. Ji, "7A mu k'u xal 7avo7on 7ak' 7o mi muk' jta ti 7ixtalale pero chakak'be ch'el 7avunen baston." Jun xa la yunen baston 7i7ak'bat 7un.

"Use it as a walking stick when you go to gather firewood, [when] you go wherever you go. Ask it for your food. It will give you [your food], too. Don't think it won't give it to you, just as long as you treat it well," he said.

"All right!" said [the man]. He asked it for food, he asked it for clothes and so on, for corn, beans. He was given them. He ate well.

"But I don't want to see your face anymore, coming here carrying your wood," said [the Ladin].

"All right," he said. He did what he was told. He didn't go carry firewood anymore. He bought his co—rn, now. He bought his bea—ns, now. He ate. He drank. That was all. He never held fiestas anymore. When he felt like eating chicken, when he felt like holding a fiesta, he only . . . if he felt like drinking cane liquor he would send for a liter. He would dri—nk it, but all by himself. Then he would sleep. As for the wife, she ate, she drank. No problems. There were no quarrels. There were no fights. They were fine, no problems. That cane was his 'til the day he died. There were no problems. None. [Another] baby was baptised. They ate plenty, they drank plenty. After that baby was baptised, his comadre and compadre left, went home. He took his comadre and his compadre [home]. He came back. He came back to go to bed. When the holy dawn came, he sent for his tortillas. They ate. No problems.

"How did you sleep, comadre?"

"Fine."

"Will you drink a glass, compadre?" he said.

"Why not leave it at that, compadre? Do you have the money for it? I don't want you to sell yourself, I don't want you to deliver yourself into debt, in arrears. It still must be bought. There are great expenses buying that way for us to drink," he said. [The father] sent for a liter, he sent for a basket of brea—d. They ate, they drank. They ate. After they had eaten, then that comadre and compadre of his left. It was around six in the morning.

"Forget it, wife, let's go to bed. I don't think I can manage. I feel as if I've taken a lot [of liquor]. Spread out my bed for me," said the man. The man slept. The babies slept. No problems.

The next morning there was no fiesta, none. It was fine. Whatever they wanted was stored away. They asked for food. They put it away. They had a chest. The old-fashioned chests had different tops. We just clo—sed them like this. We closed them like this. They weren't fastened. They had no latches, just simple chests.

He had stuck [the liquor] in it. He went to look. "I think I'll chase the hangover," said the man. He

Va7i 7un, "Ja7 chanam-te7in batel k'al chabat ta si7bej chabat bu chabat 7une ja7 chak'anbe lave7ele chayak'be 7uk 7un mu xaval muk' chayak'be ja7 nox ti k'uxubino me 7une," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno!" xi la 7un. Sk'anbe la sve7el sk'anbe la sk'u7 spok' k'utikuk, yixim xchenek' 7ak'bat la 7un ve7 la lek.

"Pero mu xa jk'an xajk'elbe 7asat li7 xtal 7akuch si7e," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno," xut la 7un. Xch'un xa la 7un mu xa la buy i ba skuch si7 7un, sman xa la yixi---m sman xa la xchene---k', chve7 chuch' vo7 ja7 xa nox la 7un, mu xa la buy ta 7a li spas k'in 7une, k'alal chak sti7 kaxlan k'al chak spas k'ine k'ajom no la, mi chak la yuch' tragoe ta la stak ta manel jun litro ta la xu---ch' pero stuk 7i ja7 7o la chvay, 7a li 7antz 7une chve7 chuch' vo7 ch'abal k'op mu7yuk 7il mu7yuk pletu lek ch'abal k'op, ja7 yu7un, 7ásta ke cham 7o taj sbaston 7une mu7yuk k'usi k'op, mu7yuk, yich' vo7 li 7unene lek 7ive7ik lek 7iyuch'ik vo7, laj 7a li yich' vo7 taj 7unen 7une 7ibat ti skumale skumpare 7une bat ta sna 7un, ba yak'ik ti skumale skumpare 7une sut talel 7un tal vayikuk 7un, sakub ch'ul-7osil stak la ta manel yotik 7un ve7ik la 7un mu k'u k'op.

"K'u xa7elan lasakub, kumale?"

"Ja7 nox yechon."

"Mi chavuch' j-p'isuk, kumpare?" xi la.

"K'u mu teuk noxe, kumpare, mi 7o me stojol mu me jk'an xachon aba mu me jk'an xavak' aba ta labal 7il ta labal ya, stojol to me sk'an 7ep me kasto yich'oj la x7elan chaman kuch'tike," xi la 7un. Stak la ta 7ich'el 7a li jun litro, 7a li stak la ta manel jun moch kaxlan va---j sve7ik la yuch'ik la, 7ive7ik 7un, laj ve7ikuk 7un ja7 7o la bat taj skumale skumpare 7un lek xa la vakib 7ora k'ak'al 7un.

"Yiyil, 7antz, vayikotik mu xa xu7 chka7i, tzotz kich'oj chka7i k'ibon jvayeb!" xi la ti vinike. Vay la ti vinik 7une vay la ti 7unetik 7une ch'abal k'op.

Sakub 7osil mu7yuk k'in ch'abal lek, nak'al ti k'usi chk'an, tzk'anbeik sve7el 7une svetz'ojik la 7un, 7o la j-p'ej skaxaik ta 7a li j-chop 7o sti7il ti vo7ne 7antivo kaxae, naka nox xi ta jma---ktikotike, ta jmaktikótik xie, mu7yuk bu tzakal, mu7yuk sbisagrail yech nox sonso kaxa.

Va7i 7un, te la stik'oj 7un, ba la sk'el 7un. "Ta jkuxbe xchamelal ka7i" xi la ti vinik 7une, ba la sk'an

went, went and asked for a liter. It was given to him, then.

“I want a liter,”—whoever asked for it. That liter arrived. He drank it.

That’s all that he did. He didn’t get drunk, there wasn’t any trouble. His comadre and compadre didn’t come back. He was all by himself.

They ate. They drank. They had chickens. They had food. There was no trouble. It turned out well as always. He just kept [the cane]. When the time came for him to grow old, it was kept by his little boy who had been baptised. He kept it. The old man died. The old woman died. That little boy kept it. It was a little cane. That was what they lived on. That’s how it has been ever since. Who knows where it went. That’s all.

Again, in this version of the poor woodcutter told eleven years later, Tonik repeats the single identity of Our Lord and the Thunderbolt or Earth Lord—a surprising admission for as orthodox a Catholic as she.

In the interlude, the woodcutter has picked up a family even before he meets the Earth Lord. The woodcutter’s first words to his sash are premature and surely should have been put in the mouth of the Earth Lord, who was advising the man what to say when he reached home.

No longer is the king defender of the woodcutter, who seems to have lost his privileged status as Don Juan, the king’s

jun litro 7un, tey 7ak’bat 7un.

“Ta jk’an junuk litro,” -- buch’u sk’an 7une. 7Ital taj jun litro 7une yuch’ 7un.

Va7i 7un, te xa nox 7i7ech’ ya7el yech 7un mu xa bu yakub mu xa bu k’usi k’op, mu xa bu tal skumale skumpare stuk no la 7un.

Va7i 7un, ve7ik 7un yuch’ik vo7 7o yalak’ 7o sve7el mu k’u k’op lek, 7ikom k’u cha7al 7onox ya7el 7un, so7el yich’oj 7ikom 7o 7un, ja7 xa k’alal 7ista ti yora ti 7iyjubik 7une ja7 la yich’oj 7ikom ti yunin krem 7iyich’ vo7 7une, ja7 la yich’oj 7ikom 7un, cham ti mol 7une cham ti me7el 7une, ja7 yich’oj 7ikom taj k’ox krem 7un taje, 7unen baston 7une, ja7 no la yech chve7ik 7o 7un, ja7 yech 7ikom 7o taj 7une, k’al tana, ja7 mu jna7tik bu bat 7un, yech yepal chak taj 7une.

musician. In this later version the charm is not simply a walking stick, but first a sash, and then its replacement, the walking stick.

What Tonik presents as an ideal situation—the man drinking alone at home and falling asleep like a baby—is an understandable feminine ideal that is directly opposed to the great value assigned by men to social drinking. At least in a man’s mind only alcoholics and the old and friendless must resort to solitary tipping. Tonik apparently revised her story in midstream, so that the compadres did not go back to their home, but spent the night with the woodcutter. See also T77 and notes.

Stopping a Girl on the Rampage

T75

Once there was a woman.

She had a boyfriend. The boy would come to her house every afternoon, every afternoon. He would start out. He would come to see when the girl came out. Sometimes the girl wasn’t free. Sometimes she was free to come out and talk to the boy.

If the girl wasn’t free, it seems, if the boy wasn’t able to talk to his girlfriend, he would return. He would go back and get drunk.

He was stopped on the way by a cow. It gored him. One time his hand was hurt. Another time his shirt was ripped. Another time his pants were torn. His hip was hurt.

“But why is this awful cow doing this to me? But, no, wouldn’t it be a good idea if I took my lasso along with me? I’ll catch it. I’ll tie it up,” he said. “If I take my knife along, I’ll kill it,” he said. “Better yet, I’ll punish it. I’ll tie it up well. I’ll leave it bound to a tree there by the barbed wire fence,” he said. When it appeared he was going to catch it and tie it up. When the man started out from his house, he came to see his girlfriend. After he talked to her, he returned. Oh, maybe he had half a block to go before

7A la ti vo7ne 7oy la jun 7antz.

Va7i 7un, yu7un la 7oy slekom, ti kreme ta la xtal sil xmal sil xmal ta j-mek ta sna, xlik tale7 7un, chtal sk’el k’u 7ora xlok’ ti tzeb 7une, 7a ti tzeb 7une, 7oy la mu xxokob, 7oy la xxokob xlok’ sk’opon ti krem.

Va7i 7un, ti mi mu xxokob ya7el ti tzeb mi mu sta ta k’oponel slekom ti krem 7une, ta la sut 7un, ta la xyakub 7un, tzut ech’el 7un.

Va7i 7un, te la chmake ta be yu7un ti vakax 7une, ta la xk’oje, ja7 ti j-7ech’ele 7iyayij sk’ob, 7a li j-7ech’ele jatbat smokite, 7a li j-7ech’ele, 7ijat svex 7iyayij jun yo7.

Va7i 7un, “Pero k’u no 7ox yu7un ti x7elan chixcha7le li yil vakaxe, pero mo7oj, k’usi van lek, mi chkich’ van ech’el jriata ta jtzak ta jchuk,” xi la. “Mi chkich’ ech’el jkuchilu ta jmil,” xi la. “Mas lek 7a li chkak’be jun kastiko ta jchuk komel lek ta j-mek ta jpech’ komel lek ta te7 yo7 li te7el 7alampree,” xi la. Stzak la 7un, xchuk la 7un, ti k’alal 7ital ya7el, 7ilik tal ta sna ti vinike, tal la sk’el ti slekom 7une, laj la sk’opon 7un, ja7 7o la sut ech’el 7un, 7ej, 7o7lol to 7ox la kwadra sk’an sta ti yo7 buy ya7el ti mu vakax

he reached the place where the awful cow was. The horrible cow was already hu—rtling towards him. It was a spotted cow, it seems. It had white spots. Maybe that was the woman's blouse.

Her braids were the horns. It ru—shed towards the man now to gore him. The man lost no time at all. In a minute he roped it. The lasso, the rope, it seems, went around its horns. He caught it. He tied it up. He tied up its hindlegs. He tied up its forelegs. He tied up its horns. He bound it ca—refully to a tree where the man went. "What do you want? Why do you keep stopping me on the trail? And what have I done to you?" said the [young] man.

The boy arrived home, "Mother, I left a cow tied up. When you see that it's grown light—it's the one that stops me on the trail—wake me up, but only if it's very early in the morning," he said.

"Okay," said the old woman. "Get up, son! It's already light," said his mother. He started out. He came to look.

But there was a great blue-skirted woman. Her skirt was the same kind as ours, it seems. A blue-skirted woman. She was kneeling there, kneeling with her legs tied up, her arms tied up. She couldn't do anything. Her head was bo—wed. She was tied up well, it seems, where he had left [the cow] tied to the fence post.

"Forgive me. I won't do it to you. Untie me! Plea—se, don't you recognize me?" she said to the boy.

"Oh, you're a human being?" he said. "And how come last night you barred my way? You stopped me on the path here. [I mean] you stopped a boy on the path here, you know," said the boy. He didn't say it was him. "I'll untie you if you pay [me] a fine of two hundred and fifty [pesos]," said the boy. "If you pay [me] a fine of two hundred and fifty [pesos] I'll untie you, but if not, you can die like this. You'll pay the punishment. Let the whole town see! Because you've been getting away with it. You come to bar people's way. You come to do that. I've just heard the gossip that you stop people. A friend of mine told me about it, that you keep stopping him all the time. One time his hand was hurt. One time his hip was hurt. One time his pants were ripped. One time his shirt was torn!" she was told.

"Oh it certainly wasn't me! Who knows what woman [it was]."

"If you give me two hundred and fifty [pesos] then I really will untie you, but if not, then rot there with the rope—the rope you're tied up with," he said.

"Don't do that, sire. Don't do that. Untie me. Please, sire!" said the woman because she wasn't from Zinacantán Center, it seems. The woman was

7une, xviloma---j xa la tal ti mu vakax, pinto vakax la ya7el 7un, 7a li ja7 sak li spintoale, ja7 nan ti sk'u7 ti 7antz 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li spech' sjol 7une, ja7 la xxulub 7un, xviloma---j xa la tal 7un, sk'oj la ti vinik 7une, mu k'u 7o no la xch'ay tyempo ti vinik 7une, j-likel la xxoka, 7i7och 7a li laso, riata ya7el la ta xxulub 7une, stzak 7un, xchuk 7un, 7ixchukbe yok 7ixchukbe sk'ob 7ixchukbe ti xxulube, le---k 7ispech' komel ta te7, ja7 to te yo7 7ibat la ti vinik 7une. "K'usi chak'an, k'usi ti chamakon 7o ta be ta j-meke, 7i k'usi chakalbe?" xi la ti vinike.

7A ti krem 7une, k'ot ta sna 7un. "Me7, chukul me kikta vakax mi sakub 7avil 7une, 7a li ja7 te chismak ta be, xatijon naka no 7ox batz'i lek sakub ta j-mek 7osil 7un," xi la.

"7Ey," xi la ti me7ele. "Likan me, krem, sak xa me," xi la ti sme7e. Lik la tal 7un, tal la sk'el 7un.

Buy, yijil jyaxal-tzek 7antz la, ja7 yech yox stzek chak vo7otikótik ya7el 7une, jyaxal-tzek 7antz 7un, kejel la te 7un, kejel chukul i yoke, chukul i sk'obe, mu k'u sta k'u spas, yech nijl---l, lek chukul ya7el ti buy chukul komel ta te7el 7alampre.

Va7i 7un, "7Ak'on tapertonal mu xajpas yech, 7a li titinon 7abolajan mi mu xavojtikinon?" xut la ti krem 7une.

"7Aj krixchanoot?" xi la. "7I k'u ma cha7al li samel chamakon ta be, 7a li chamakon ta be li7 toe, va7i li7 chamak ta be jun kreme," xi la ti kremuk 7une. Muk' la xal ti ja7 7une. "Chajtutin ti mi yu7un chavak' 7a li dos syentos sinkwenta multae," xi la ti krem 7une. "Mi chavak' dos syentos sinkwenta multae, chajtutin, yan ti mi mo7oje, chaman yech, kastiko chavich', 7ak'o sk'el skotol i Jtek-lum 7une, porke xakom ta manya xtal 7amak ta be 7a li krixchano, xtal 7apas yech, 7a li vo7one, ja7 no 7ox ti lo7il 7ika7i ti yu7un 7o la chamakvan ta bee, lislo7iltabe jun kamiko le7e la chamakulan ta be ta j-meke, j-7ech'ele 7iyayij la sk'ob, j-7ech'ele 7iyayij la yo7, j-7ech'ele jat la svex, j-7ech'ele jat la skamixa," x7utat la 7un.

"7Aj mu vo7nikon bi 7a, jna7tik buch'u 7antzil."

"Mi chavak' ta dos syentos sinkwenta 7ésó si chajtutin 7un bi 7a, yan ti mi mo7oje, te k'a7an xchi7uk li riata yavil riata 7a li chukbilot 7oe," xi la 7un.

"Mu xapas yech 7un, to, mu xapas yech 7un, titino---n, 7abolajan, to!" xi la ti 7antz 7une. Yu7un mu yu7unuk jitek-lumuk ya7el 7un, jxam-pilipe ya7el

from San Felipe, it seems. That's why she said "sire." "Do me a big favor, sire, please! Untie me! Those two hundred and fifty [pesos] you want, I can't bring them. I haven't any money. I'm poor."

"But what are you doing at nighttime? But why do you have to stop people? You must be guilty of something. That's why you're tied up like this," he said.

"If only you would, if you would untie me, then follow right behind me. We'll go. I'll go sell my house and my land because I'm all alone at home. I haven't anyone to order about," she said.

"Where is your land? Tell me all about where your house is, your land, then I'll go ask if anyone wants to buy them. Then I'll untie you if I've found an owner for it, someone who will buy it," he told her.

"But then I'll still die here for sure!"

"Oh, then you'll surely die!" He took his revenge. He didn't untie her. That man returned home.

"Oh, I will not tell you where my house is. Be patient for me to tell you where it is. Just follow behind me. I'd like you to untie me," she had said.

"Oh, I certainly won't untie you!" The man was still smart. He didn't untie her. If he had untied her, she would have fled!

He didn't untie her. He left. He went back. "Let her die of starvation!" he said.

An old man came by, too. "What happened to you, girl? What happened to you, woman? Why are you tied up like this?"

"I don't know, sire. I don't know. They're making me suffer so because I went out to amuse myself in the dark last night, it seems. I went out to amuse myself. I thought I was going out to have fun. What good was it? See how I was blamed! I'm tied up here."

"Oh, but I can't touch you. Don't you see, the townspeople here, I don't know what the magistrate said, but if it's on the magistrate's order, it's best if you die," said the gentleman, too.

"Well, if that's all there is to it, then, who cares if [I die] of starvation or what!" she said. It got to be five or six o'clock in the evening. That awful boy just took along his knife. It reached eight or nine o'clock at night when there weren't any more people [around]. He just cut her throat. He killed her. He killed her. He didn't lover her any more. So that's how that deceitful one lo—st! He killed her. She died. Then, when she had died, he left her untied. He abandoned her in a heap. Then he went off. The next

la ti 7antz 7une, yech'o ti "to" xut. "7Abolajan jutuk, to, 7abolajan, titinon, 7a taj dos syentos sinkwenta tak'in chak'ane, muk' bu xkich' mu7yuk tak'in me7onon."

"Pero k'u chasa7 ta 7ak'ubaltik pero k'u xatu7un chamak ta be krixchano, yu7un tek k'usi 7amul, yech'o xal la x7elan chachuke," xi la 7un.

"Ja7 xa nox mi xak'ane, mi chatitinone, 7ikta nan 7un bi 7a, tijlan ech'el ta jpat battik ta xba jchon ti jnae, ti kosile, yu7un jtuktuk ta na, muk' buch'u jtak'i," xi la 7un.

"Bu lavosile 7albon ech'el 7a li srasonal buy lanae, lavosile, 7ikta nan chba kal mi 7o buch'u sk'an sman, ja7 chajtitin ti mi yu7un 7ijtabe yajval buch'u smane," xut la 7un.

"Pero yu7un xa 7onox li7 chicham 7o 7un bi!"

"7Ay, yu7un me chacham 7o 7un a7a!" Lok' la smanya 7un, muk' la stitin 7un, sut la ech'el tzna taj vinik 7une.

"7Aj, mu xakalbe buy ti jna 7a, 7a ti chakalbe buye, pasensia tijlan no 7ox ech'el ta jpat chak 7atitinone," xi la 7un.

"7Aj, mu xajtitin 7un bi 7a!" P'ij 7onox ti vinik 7une, muk' la stitin, 7a ti stitinue, 7ijatav!

Va7i 7un, muk' la stitin 7un, bat la, sut la ech'el, "Tek chamuk ta vi7nal!" xi la.

Tal la jun mol noxtok 7un. "K'usi 7apas 7un, tzeb, k'usi 7apas 7un, 7antz, k'u 7onox yu7un ti x7elan chukolote?"

"Mu jna7, to, mu jna7, tol 7abol jba xixcha7leik yu7un lok' jkux ko7on ti samel ya7el ta 7ak'ubaltike, lok' jkux ko7on lok' paxyajkon ti chkale, k'u stu k'e x7elan 7ijta jmul 7un, chukulon 7un li7i."

"7Aj pero mu stak' xajpik, mu xavil 7a li Jtek-lum li7i mu jna7 ti k'u xi xi li preserente, yan ti mi tzmantal preserente yu7un tek chaman," xi la ti jtata7tik noxtok.

"Bwéno, muk' sk'oplal 7un che7e, yu7un yech pasensia mi vi7nal k'usi!" xi. Sta la vo7ob mi vakib 7ora ti k'ak'al 7une, solel la stam ech'el skuchilu taj mu krem, 7ista vaxakib 7ora mi baluneb 7ora 7ak'ubal ti k'al ch'abal xa krixchano 7une, solel la stuch'be snuk' la, smil la, smil, mu xa la sk'an, ja7 la li ch'a---y 7o taj manyoso x7elan, smil la, cham la 7un, ja7 to la stitin komel k'al cham xa 7oxe, te la butul 7iyikta, ja7 to la bat, 7istak ech'el 7a li cha7-vo7 mayol ti preserente ta yok'omal lek nan lajuneb 7ora

day, maybe about ten o'clock, the magistrate sent two constables.

"There is a dead woman over there," said the magistrate, "Because I came by, next to the barbed wire fence. A woman is lying there! She was stabbed with a knife in her throat or her chest I think," he said. "But who killed her? Who else killed the woman? There's something not right about that woman, I think," said the magistrate. "But who killed her? We aren't killed for doing nothing at all. There's something wrong," said the magistrate.

You see, the awful man was clever, it seems. The boy had gone to complain about it. "She barred my way like this. She did thus and so to me. Won't you give me permission to give it to her once?" he had said.

"But can you be telling the truth about her?"

"I'm telling the truth. Go see for yourself! She transforms herself into a cow. What good does it do you if you are able to catch her?"

"How did you tie it up? You tied its horns. You tied its forelegs. You tied its hindlegs," said the magistrate.

"I just asked her to pay me a fine of two hundred and fifty [pesos] for what she did to me. She ripped my pants." He showed [the magistrate] his hand, how it was hurt by the horn.

"Oh you're right, then! Never mind, then, if you can kill her, kill her!" said the magistrate. "But only on condition that you aren't seen," he said.

"All right," he said. The man lost his temper. He prepared his knife well. He sharpened the blade carefully. Who knows if it was in her chest that she was finished off. There was just a bi—g ring of blood like this. He undid his lasso. He passed by the stream to rinse it off, but there was no trouble. He left, he returned home. The knife was left sticking in her chest. Oh, so that it wouldn't be said that he was the one who gave it to her. The trouble ended. It didn't become known. It was left like that. The tricky one who used to gore people long ago, it seems, lost.

7une.

7A li "7Oy le7 jun 7antz chameme," xi la ti preserente. "Yu7un te 7i7ech' tal ta xxokon mok yo7 7alampretike, te 7a li jun 7antz te puch'ul, xavale ta snuk' mi ta sti7 yo7on bu 7ochem ti kuchilue," xi la 7un. "Pero buch'u xmilon mu 7onox batz'i ximileotik ti k'al mu k'u ta jpasulantike, te k'u palta le7e," xi la ti preserente 7une.

Bu xavil 7un, yu7un la p'ij ya7el ti mu vinik 7une, 7a la sk'an parte ti k'u x7elan ti krem 7une. "Ja7 yech chismak ta be chak li7e, ja7 yech chixcha7le chak li7e, mi mu xa7abolaj xavak'bon permiso yu7un j-7ech'el chkak'be?" xi la 7un.

"Pero ti mi yech 7aval chak taje?"

"Yech kal, mi xba k'el avil yu7un ta slok'ta sba ta vakax, k'u jtu7untik ti yu7un xa 7ata ta tzakel, va7i."

"K'u x7elan chukul 7avu7un, xxulub 7achukbe, sk'ob 7achukbe, 7i yok 7achukbe 7une, lajuk," xi la ti preserente 7une.

"Yu7un naka jk'anbe chiyak'be dos syentos sinkwenta multa ti k'u chixcha7le chisjatbe jvex." 7Iyak' la 7iluk ti sk'ob k'u x7elan lajem ta xulub 7une.

"7A, rason 7ava7uk 7un, che7e, yiluk yil che7e, mi xmil 7avu7une, milo!" xi la ti preserente. "Pero ja7 no 7ox skwenta mi mu la7ile," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno," xi la. 7Ikap la, smeltzan la ech'el lek skuchilu ti vinike, sjuxbe la ech'el lek ye, ja7 mu jna7tik mi ta sti7 yo7on bu taj 7ilaj bu ti, ja7 no la te 7e---p xi la yepal ti ch'ich' setel 7une, 7a ti slaso 7une, 7istitin la 7un, 7ech' la ssap ta 7uk'um pero mu k'u k'op, bat 7un, sut ta sna 7un, 7a ti kuchilue, te la pajal 7ikom ta sti7 yo7on, 7aj, para ke mu x7ale ti ja7 ti buch'u 7iyak' 7une, laj 7o k'op 7un, muk' xvinaj 7un, yech 7ikom chak taj 7une, 7ich'ay 7o ti buch'u manyoso ta xk'ojvan krixchano to 7ox ti vo7ne ya7el.

While this tale has no close counterpart, to my knowledge, it does represent a theme that is frequent in Mesoamerican folk literature—the witch who walks abroad at night in the shape of a cow. Such nocturnal spectres cavort in Mitla (Parsons, 1936:364; Radin and Espinosa, 1917:107), Sayula (Clark, 1961:69–76), and Chan Kom (Redfield and Villa, 1934; T11, T12). In Veracruz, too, an unsuspecting man discovers that his girlfriend has transformed herself into a cow (Robe, 1971, T43).

For a Zinacantec it would be inconceivable to share the Greeks' sentiments as they spoke of "cow-eyed Athena." Only an enraged drunk earns the epithet "cow-eyed." Nor would

Chagall's dreamy creations, floating in bovine splendor across the sky, stir the same emotions in a Zinacantec breast. These doughty corn farmers would never ascribe docility to a horned beast! Conspicuous figures of their dream life, cows are always creatures of unrestrained, unpredictable evil power. Seen in this light, the protagonist of this drama is not a heartless and vengeful man, but a genuine hero, who would win the acclaim of man and woman alike for ridding the world of a terrifying incarnation of overweening female power. See also T128 and notes.

The Villistas

T149

As for Villa, he went to Acala. He went to steal horses. He went to steal sheep. He went to steal chickens. He went to steal money in Acala. After he had robbed there, he went to Chiapilla. After Chiapilla—he never continued on, he didn't continue to San Lucas. He passed through Rosario, through Totolapa. And who knows by what route he came.

You know, then, Villalobos, or whatever his name was, went there around Yerbabuena. Long ago—since the people of Zinacantán Center grow corn—they signed themselves up [with the people] on the other side of the Grijalva River. On the other side of the Grijalva lived that Villa. Ah, what was that old man's name? Ah, I don't know. I think it was Pancho. I don't remember anymore. I'm right, it was Pancho. Pancho Villa! Pancho Villa!

As for Old Pancho he was bold. If he [wanted to] steal cattle, he stole them. He slaughtered them. He skinned them. And all the corn farmers went to work their corn fields, like Romin [Teratol] was talking about today. They formed a group at whichever colony they arrived, at whichever hacienda they arrived. "You will sign up with me. If you don't sign up with me, I will strip you naked!" was the order. He would take off their clothes. He would take off their pants, their shirts. Because my stepfather went [to the lowlands] like that, my mother's husband. He wasn't my father. He was my stepfather.

The man went. God, he came back without his clothes. He simply used in place of his pants—he made his head-covering [his neckerchief] serve as pants. That's what he put on to cover himself when he came back! The poor guy came empty-handed, carrying his net. He hadn't anything, not even tortillas to bring back. The thing was, they had tossed a tiny cloth at him—that's what he had wrapped around his head when he arrived there [in Zinacantán]. We didn't even recognize him when he returned.

"Why are you that way?" my mother asked him.

"Oh, be quiet! I was left naked like this. I haven't any clothes left. My pants are gone, my shirt, my blanket, my tortillas. I didn't work a single day. Villa took them all from me," he said. "All our things went to Villa, since the old man whose work I went to see didn't join up with Villa!"

"My Lord!" we said.

"Since you haven't any clothes, where can I get clothes for you?" said my mother.

"So, some cloth will have to be cut," said her husband. . . . Old Chep, it seems. They went to get some

7A li Biyae 7i7ay ta 7a li 7Amuxton 7ay yelk'an ka7 7ay yelk'an chij 7ay yelk'an kaxlan 7ay yelk'an tak'in ta 7Amuxton, laj yelk'an te yo7e bat ta 7Ach' Jtek-lum, laj ta 7Ach' Jtek-lum ja7 li muk' bu xjelave muk' xjelav ta Xan-tukax, 7i7ech' ta Rosaryo, ta Natijolom 7i mu jna7tik k'usi xi xtuch' talel 7un.

7Ava7i che7e Biyalóvos mi k'usi sbi li 7ay le7 ta Yervavwenatike, 7a li ti vo7nee che7e k'al taaa, kontal ke chchabaj i jktek-lume, taaa ta 7a li xak' sba ta j-jech Nab, j-jech Nab 7a li nakal taj Biya 7une, 7an k'usi li sbi li mol li7e, 7ay 7ay mu jna7, Páncho ya7el chka7i mu xa jna7, Páncho ka7uk Páncho Víya, Páncho Víya!

7A li 7a ti mol Páncho 7une yu7n 7aresgado mi xelk'an ganado yu7n chelk'an, ta smil ta xcho7, 7i skotol li jchabajometik 7a li chba spas xchobik chak k'u cha7al lavi chlo7ilaj Romine, ta ta stzob i sgrupoe buy kolonyail k'otem buy 7asyentoal k'oteme. "Chavak' aba ta jtojol mi mu xavak' aba ta jtojole yu7n chajt'anan!" xi mantal. Tzlok'be sk'u7 tzlok'be svex smokete yu7n ja7 yech 7i7ay jcha7-tot smalal ti jme7e, mu jtotuk jcha7-tot.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7ay ti vinike, yo7s mu7yuk xa sk'u7 tal solel xa 7a ti yak'oj ta sk'exol svexe, ja7 xa spaso7 tal ta svex 7a li 7oy sut' jolol pok'e ja7 xa yak'oj smakoj 7o sba tal, xvitvon tal ti provee skuchoj tal snuti7, mi yotuk mi k'usiuk yu7n mu k'u yich'oj tal, k'usi xa jipbat la komel 7un j-lik xa 7unin toaya, ja7 xa ssut'oj 7o yulel sjol 7un, 7ásta mu xkojtikintikótik ti yul 7une.

"K'u yu7un la xa7elan 7une?" xut i jme7 7une.

"7Oj 7an to me chan t'anal me nikom li7i mu me mu7yuk me jk'u7 nikom, bat me ti jvexe ti jmoketee ti jchije ti kote mu me bu junuk k'ak'al ni7abtej laj me spojbon Biya," xi 7un. "Yu7n 7ibat ta Biya skotol ti k'usuk ku7untikotike yu7n ja7 li muk' stik'oj sba ta Biyail li 7a li mol 7a jk'elbe yabtele," xi 7un.

"Kajval!" xichiotikótik 7un.

"7Ak' 7o to ch'abluk 7ak'u7 7un le7e bu ta xkich' 7ak'u7?" xi li jme7 7une.

"Yu7n solel chich' tuch'el manta," xi ti sm... ti mol Chep ya7el 7une. 7A ssa7ik manta 7un, manta svex

cloth—cloth for his pants, cloth for his shirt. They came [to San Cristóbal] to buy it.

He we—nt to work again. Then he was told properly. “If you will join my group, then you can work! But if you don’t join my group—if you side with the governor, it seems—then you won’t have any corn. I’ll take all your corn,” said [the Villista]. Ye—s!

Then the poor guy obeyed. The second time he came back, nothing had been taken from him. He had his things. He even came back with meat. He brought back salted ribs—a strip of meat ten arm spans long. But the meat was this thick! Ten arm spans.

Then one leg of beef.

Then probably one strip of liver an arm span’s length. A strip, an arm span, of lungs, as we say.

Something like that, since there was a meter or so of heart. That’s what he brought back with the leg of beef. And one side of ribs he brought back. And two iguanas, one armadillo. What’s the name of the awful animal [whose meat] came in strips, too? Deer, [no] peccary! Bu—t there was a burlap bag of meat. The meat arrived. You eat the meat—there were no tortillas!

“What happened? Is it because you took his side?” I asked. “What if they come to our house, if they come to arrest you?” Because there was a man, named Maltil Pixkal. Yes!

As for Maltil Pixkal he thought the same way. He stole together with Villa. That Old Pancho was strolling about by his house. They ate there. They slaughtered cattle, and so on. [Old Maltil] even came to sell jerked meat in his house. Now he had a store. He sold jerked meat in his house. Since the cattle that they cut into strips of meat was all stolen. He sold jerked meat in his house. He sold it for a peso, for five pesos—however much of his meat was bought.

Now, Maltil Pixkal got into trouble. Obregón’s soldiers went and saw him.

Then Obregón’s soldiers—it was discovered that he stole in Acala, and in, I don’t know what it’s called on this side of Acala. He got into trouble, since he stole from a hacienda there. They came to arrest him. He was arrested and jailed in Chiapa. He left Chiapa and arrived in Zinacantán. He left Zinacantán and was brought trussed up, by the soldiers. [Ah, that? . . .] That Maltil Pixkal. Ye—s!

Then Maltil Pixkal—you see what happened—he left Zinacantán Center. And since I came to San Cristóbal myself, I was returning [home] like when I return now. It used to be on foot.

There was a tree this thick there by the road. A rope was already strung up. You see, they made him

manta smokete 7ital smanik 7un.

7Icha7-ba---t 7o ta 7abtel noxtok 7un, ja7 taj soled lek xa 7albat 7une. “Mi chavak’ aba ta jparte vo7one, 7abtejanik yan ti mu muk’ chavak’ aba ta jparte vo7one, mi chavak’ aba tztojol li li govyerno ya7ele 7ikta nan mu7yuk 7avixim ta jpoj komel skotol lavixime,” xi la 7un. Jii7!

7Óra, 7ixch’un ti prove 7une, 7a sut talel ta xcha7-lok’elale mu xa k’u pojbat 7oy xa k’u 7oy yu7un, 7ásta bek’et 7iyul, 7ista tal 7a li jun koxtiya 7atz’meltasbil 7a li lajun-jov bek’et sjisel pero xi syijil ti bek’ete, 7a li lajun-jov.

7Óra, jun yok vakax.

7Óra, j-jov nan sjisel sekub, j-jov sjisel 7a li 7a li bófe xkaltike.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7ay kómo jun jun metro mi k’usi xi yo7on, ja7 yich’oj tal 7un xchi7uk taj jun yok vakax 7une, 7i jun koxtiya 7un yich’oj tal 7un, 7i xchi7uk 7a li cha7-kot 7inatab 7a li j-kot kapon, 7a li k’usi sbi li mu chon jisbil tal noxtoke, te7tikil te7tikil chij, te7tikil chitom, pe---ro ti bek’ete j-p’ej koxtal tal ti bek’et 7une, ti7an bek’et ch’abal vaj!

Va7i 7un, “7A li k’u cha7al 7un mi7n mi 7a li yu7n 7avak’oj xa abaik tztojol 7un?” xkut. “7A ti xtal li7 ta jnatik 7une 7a ti xtal stzaketol?” Yu7n 7oy jun vinik 7un, Maltil Pixkal sbi. Ji7!

7A ti Maltil Pixkal 7une ko7ol sjol xchi7uk ko7ol ch7elk’aj xchi7uk ti 7a li Biya 7une, 7a taj mol Páncho 7une ja7 xa te xva7et ta sna te chve7 tey tzmilik vakax k’utikuk ta j-mek 7un, 7ásta chtal xchon taxux li7 ta ta sna 7une, ta la 7o xa la styenta ta xchon taxux ta sna ja7 ti naka yelk’anel ti vakax ta sjisik ta bek’et 7un, ta xa xchon taxux ta sna 7un, ta xchon xa ta pexu ta vo7ob pexu ti k’u xi xmanbat i sbek’et 7une.

7Óra, 7a ti Maltil Pixkal 7une ba yaluk ta k’ok’ 7un ba yil li yajsoltero 7Ovregon 7une.

7Óra, li yajsoltero 7Ovregon 7une, 7ivinaj ti ch7elk’aj te ta 7Amuxton 7i ta mu jna7 k’usi sbi li7 ta ti7il tal 7Amuxton 7une, 7iyal la ta k’ok’ ti ta x7elk’aj te ta jun 7asyento 7une 7ay stzaket tal 7un, 7itzake tal 7un chuk ta Sektom 7un, lok’ tal ta Sektom 7un yul ta Tzinakánta 7un lok’ tal ta Tzinakánta 7un 7ay spech’el tal ta soltero 7un, ja7 taj Maltil Pixkal 7une.

7Óra, ti Maltil Pixkal 7une, 7a ti Maltil Pixkal 7une 7avi xi 7une, 7ilok’ talel ta Jtek-lum, 7i kómo jjobelajelon i vo7one yu7n nisut xa ech’el chak k’u cha7al chisut lavi 7une, ta koktikótik to 7ox 7un.

7Oy xi syijil te7 xi ta be 7une, jipanbil xa 7o yak’il 7un, 7avi xi skaj kejel xi ta kejel ta balamil xi to 7une

kneel. He was kneeling, kneeling like this on the ground, like this. He was kneeling on his hat.

The rope was knotted with a knot here. "Will you tell or not?" he was asked. The poor guy was jerked up by the rope.

"You will make your declaration, as God commands, or who cares what the fuck happens!" said the soldiers. Then he was jerked up by the rope.

"Ow," said the poor man. He was probably told that three times. We were standing, then, watching.

"You—what do you want?" the soldiers asked us.

"No—thing, nothing at all, sir!" we said.

"All right, keep going!" was the command.

"All right," we said. We continued on. We probably went pretty far. We stopped to watch. "Will they kill him now, My Lord?" we said to ourselves. Then, no, they took down the rope. And his neckerchief was worn by a soldier. His woolen tunic was worn now by a soldier. I think that's all. He had a leather shoulder bag. A soldier had it slung over his shoulder.

No more trouble. That's how he came. We watched him come. He came. They picked up their things.

He came to the jail here in San Cristóbal. He never confessed. He never said that he was of the same mind as Villa—that they stole together. He didn't tell a word of his thoughts. And he never confessed it. He won out like that. He left the jail. He came out ten years later, I think. It was hardly after one year! After ten years [the gates] were opened for him. He went to Zinacantán Center. He wasn't very guilty now. No! There weren't any witnesses left. "No, it wasn't true, I never stole," he said. Yes!

"All right, go on, then!" he was told. He was freed. He left. He arrived at his first wife's house. He had a daughter by his first wife. Paxku7 was his wife's name. His daughter was named Maruch.

Now, the man had older sisters and younger sisters. He arrived at the house of his first cousin—Petul, Petul Buro. You know him? He is a close relative [of theirs]. He had the same father and mother as my husband's mother. Her name was Mal Buro.

He went there to report. "I've come out of jail now. They say I'm not guilty anymore, since they said my guilt ended quickly," he said. He passed by to tell them.

"At least you weren't killed!"

"No!" he said. "I guess I'll go look. I don't know if you were so kind as to look after my corn field for me." It was around—I don't know what month that he was freed. Ye—s!

"But never mind, the corn field was looked after, of course!"

li7 skakanoj i spixel 7une.

Va7i 7un, xi li7 p'okol sp'ok i ch'ojon li7 to 7une. "Mi chaval mi mo7oj?" x7utat. 7I xi to li nitbat ti ch'ojon ti povre 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li "Vas a dar tu deklarasyon kómo dyos lo mánda o ke chingádos pása!" xi ti soltero 7une. Ja7 taj xi ni---tbat i ch'ojone.

"7E7!" xi ti prove vinike. 7Ox-lok'el nan yech 7i7albat chak taj 7une ja7 7o va7alotikótik 7un ta jk'eltikótik.

"Ustédes ke kyéren?" xiyutotikótik i soltero 7une.

"Ch'aba---l mu7yuk, sinyor!" xkuttikótik 7un.

7A li "Bwéno sígan sus kamínos!" xi mantal.

"Bwéno," xichiotikótik. Litalotikótik 7un, natnat nan 7ibat 7un niva7iotikótik jk'eltikótik. "Mi tzmil tana, kajval?" xichiotikótik. Ja7 to, mo7oj 7un syalesbe li yak'ile, 7i 7i 7uinbil xa ta ta soltero ti spok'e, 7a ti sjerkae lapbil xa ta soltero, 7a li ja7 nox ya7el chka7i, 7a li 7oy smoral nukul, sjelp'unoj xa soltero.

Va7i 7un, ch'abal k'op yech tal 7un, jk'elojtkótik 7ital 7ital 7istam tal k'usuk yu7un 7un.

Va7i 7un, tal ta chukel li7 ta Jobel 7une muk' 7onox la xjam ye 7un muk' 7onox xal ti yu7un ko7ol sjol xchi7uk 7une ti yech ti ko7ol sjol ch7elk'ajik 7une, mu7yuk 7i mu7yuk i j-p'el srason 7i mu 7onox bu jam ye 7iyal, kuch yu7un yech 7un lok' ech'el ta chukel 7un, lok' ech'el, ta lajuneb to me jabil chka7i 7un, yu7 van ta jun jabil 7un, ta lajuneb jabil li 7ijam 7ibat 7un 7ibat ta Jtek-lum mu 7epuk xa ti mulil ya7ele ch'abal 7un mu7yuk rextiko to. "Ch'abal mu yechuk muk' bu jna7 xi7elk'aj," xi la 7un. Ji7!

"Bwéno batan che7e!" x7utat 7un. 7Ikol ech'el 7un bat k'ot ta sna sba7yi 7ajnil, 7o jun stzeb ti ta sba yajnil 7une, 7a li Paxku7 sbi ti yajnile 7a li Maruch sbi ti 7a ti stzeb 7une.

7Óra, 7oy svix 7o yixlel ti vinik 7une, ja7 te k'ot ta sna 7o tey sprímo 7ermáno 7un, Petul, Petul Buro xavojtkin, ja7 yermano ta j-mek ja7 jun stot jun sme7 xchi7uk ti sme7 li jmalal vo7on 7une, Mal Buro sbi.

Va7i 7un, ja7 te 7ech' yal sba 7un. "Lilok' xa tal ta chukel 7une, te xa no nan k'alal la ti jmul 7une yu7n la laj ya7el ti jmul j-likeluke," xi. 7Ech' yal 7un.

"Muk' xamile li sile!"

"Ch'abal!" xi. "Yu7n xa nan ja7 chba jk'el, mu jna7 mi 7o na7abolajik 7ak'elbekon tal ti jchobe." Jun chak me ta, mu jna7 k'usi ta 7ual ti kol ech'el 7une.

"7An pero yiyil te yich' k'elel tal li chobtik a7a!"

"Then I'll find out how much I owe [you]."

"Oh, you can pay us back [with work]," he was told. They had him pay back the days. He payed back the work. His corn appeared. His family ate, it seems. Since he was alive, it seems. After the corn appeared, he, himself, came to pay back the work [that had been done for him]. That was all. That was the way the affair ended. The poor guy came out of prison. But he never confessed. But Villa was like that.

What I saw myself was that he brought meat. He came to sell it here in Zinacantán Center.

[Villa himself?] No, that [Maltil Pixkal].

[Where did Pancho Villa live?] Pancho Villa—beyond Acala. On the other side of the Grijalva. Pancho Villa. That's where his house was indeed! It was probably sixty-eight or sixty-nine years ago, indeed, I think. Long ago! Long ago, because . . .

[How old were you when you saw that?] When I saw it I was seven. I was seven years old when I saw it, indeed. Seven years. I was seven years old, because that had started long ago. It was already two or three years after that had begun—when they stripped people, took off their shirts, took off their pants, searched for their money. They were just bad. Bad, there wasn't a good person. They had probably prayed to God so that they could eat. That's what they lived on. They certainly didn't believe in God [properly]. No, the poor guys were different.

Tonik's account of the Villistas provides a different perspective from Xun Vaskis' (T121), but a no less real one. The helplessness of the Indians, caught between contending forces, is the traditional plight of peasants in wars imposed from above.

Of course Pancho Villa did not even come to Chiapas in

"Ja7 xa ta xka7i k'u yepal ti kile."

"7Oj te xapak," x7utat 7un. Pak-k'ak'al xa 7iyak' 7un, spak ti 7abtel 7une, 7ilok' tal ti yixim 7une sve7 ti sfamilya ya7el 7une, kontal ke kuxul 7o ya7el 7une, laj lok'uk tal ti yixime, 7ik'ot i stuk 7une spakbe yajval ti yabtel 7une, ch'abal yech laj 7o ti k'op chak taj 7une, lok' ech'el ta chukel i povre 7une, pero yu7 nox muk' xjam ye 7un, pero yech ti Biya 7une.

K'usi li kil 7o li vo7one yu7n chich' tal bek'et chtal xchon li7 ta Jtek-lume.

7A li 7i7i ja7 7un taje, ja7 taj.

Páncho Biyae sjelavel 7Akala sjelavel j-jech Nab, Páncho Biyae, ja7 tey sna a7a, te nan mi sesentay-ochó sesentay-noeve k'u x7elan jna7 sjabilal bi vo7ne, vo7ne porke 7a li...

K'alal jk'ele vukub, vukub jjabilal ti k'al 7ijk'el a7a, vukub jabil, vukub jjabilal porke vo7ne xa 7onox slikel 7un, xchibal mi yoxibal xa 7ox jabil slikelik taj taj x7elan 7une, ja7 li tzt'ananik ti krixchanoe tzlok'beik sk'u7 tzlok'beik svex tza7beik stak'in, yu7 nox pukuj, pukuj mu7 nox bu ti lek krixchanoe, yu7 nan ja7 sk'oponoy 7o riox yu7un ja7 chve7 7o, ja7 chve7 7o mu sna7 ti sna7 riox a7a, 7i7i batz'i j-tos 7o prove.

person, but his name was associated with the counterrevolutionary "mapaches" the lowlands and with Pineda in the highlands.

Maltil Pixkal's first cousin Petul Buro is the lucky musician of Tale 132. See also T121 and notes.

When the Church Rose and Saint Sebastian Was Saved

T85

Long ago the Church of the Martyr, it wasn't built by masons or whatever. It was built by the Creator Gods long ago. It was made, it was built in four, in five nights and five days. The stones, the timbers, and so on were transported. It grew dark. There was no day and no night, just darkness. It was the Vaxak-men, as they were called long ago, who worked. It was these Creator Gods who carried the stones. It was the Creator Gods who carried the lime. It was the Creator Gods who transported the timbers. That's why the land was in darkness. [The Church of] the Martyr was built long ago.

The church was built, the church was made, in five days. Day and night it was dark. The land was in darkness. Dawn never came. "Why is the land so dark? Why doesn't dawn ever come. It's unbearable, it seems," said the people.

7A ti vo7ne li 7eklixa ta Martile, mu7nuk meltzajem ta 7alvanil ta k'usitikuk ja7 la ti vaxak-men smeltzanoi ti vo7ne, chanib 7a li vo7ob la 7ak'ubal vo7ob la k'ak'al 7i pas 7o 7imeltzaj 7o 7eanluj 7o ti tone, ti te7e, ti k'utikuke, 7i7ik'ub, mu7yuk k'ak'al mu7yuk 7ak'ubal solel 7ik'-7osil, ja7 la 7abtej ti vaxak-men sbi yu7unik ti vo7ne, 7a ti vaxak-menetike, ja7 la skuch ton, 7a ti vaxak-menetike, ja7 la skuch tan, 7a la ti vaxak-menetike, ja7 la yeant 7e7, yech'o la ti 7ik' ti 7osil 7une, 7imeltzaj 7o li Martil ti vo7ne 7une.

Va7i 7un, meltzaj ti 7eklixa, pas ti 7eklixa 7une, ja7 taj vo7ob k'ak'al, k'ak'al 7ak'ubal 7ik', 7ik' li 7osile, mu7yuk bu tzsakub. "K'u no van yu7un ti batz'i 7ik'-7osile, k'u no van yu7un ti mu sakube, ta xtavan xa me ya7el 7un," xiik la ti krixchano.

“Eh, who knows why. Maybe god is punishing us for something. If we don’t live through it . . . if the things we live on run out we’ll die of starvation,” said the people.

But you see when the five days and five nights were up, the church was standing. It was standing. Its walls were up now. Its tiles were on now. The bell tower wasn’t tall. It’s low. That’s because it was built by the Creator Gods. That’s why. It was rebuilt. It was repaired. It was hard to repair it. It was hard to rebuild it because it wasn’t built by people. Oh, maybe they were people, but they were the Creator Gods who built it lo—ng, long ago. That Church wasn’t built just this morning or yesterday. I don’t know, in the year . . . I don’t know how many years old it is. I don’t know what year it was, but it was long ago. It was Our Holy Fathers, the Creator Gods who built the church.

They finished building it, making it. There used to be a cemetery there where that church is. There used to be a graveyard there. There used to be white stones or whatever standing at the head of the graves of the dead where the people were buried.

Stones were standing for each one, for each of the dead. They were there when we watched the fiesta, it seems. I saw them of course, but since my age is . . . I’m forty-six years old now.

Now when the church was built . . . How would you know how many centuries ago the church was built? That church is very old. There isn’t anyone who saw it built. It was the ancestors who saw the church being built. The bells weren’t big either. Its little bells were small.

Don’t you see, long ago there weren’t any big bells. There used to be just very little bells until the ancestors had their bells, but [that was] in the church of Our Holy Father, St. Lawrence. Who knows how it was built. But the Holy Martyr, Our Holy Father, was a captain. He came from deep in the woods. They went to throw him in the woods. I don’t know what Our Holy Father’s crime was. They went and threw him in the heavy forest to be killed by mountain lions, to be killed by coyotes, to be killed by whatever animal would eat Our Holy Father long ago. They did their best where they threw him. They tried their hardest where they tossed him, but he didn’t die. Nothing happened to him. I don’t know if it was the Lacandóns. I don’t know whose job it was to shoot arrows at him long ago. Just arrows. He was wounded badly. Flecha they’re called. He was wounded many times in his breast. He was wounded in his legs. He was wounded in the belly, in his thighs, in the ribs, wherever the arrows that they shot entered. They killed him, since he was an army captain. How would we know he was Our Holy Father, the Martyr? So today that [church] is built. That church was made. They went to throw

“7Ey, jna7tik k’u yu7un, te xa nan k’u ta jtobetik riox, mi mu kuch ku7untike, laj ma k’u ta xkipantike, chichamotik ta vi7nal,” xi la ti krixchano.

Bu xavil 7un, tz’aki la ti vo7ob k’ak’al vo7ob k’ak’al vo7ob 7ak’ubal 7une, p’ejel la li 7eklixae, p’ejel la 7o xa la snail, 7o xa la stexail, 7o xa la 7a li mu7nuk 7o bu toyol tijob tak’ine, pek’el le7 to, yech’o xal 7un ja7 vaxak-menetik smeltzanoi, yech’o xal 7un le7e, lavi meltzaj 7iyich’ pak’anel xa le7e, vokol xa 7iyich’ pak’anel, vokol xa yich’ meltzanel, porke mu krixchanouk smeltzanoi, 7an, krixchano nan pero ja7 vaxak-men smeltzanoi ti 7a---ntivo ta j-mek 7une, mu7nuk nax volje to smeltzajel li 7eklixa le7e, mu jna7 ta 7ányo de ... mu jna7 sjayibal me jabil le7e, mu jna7 k’usi jabilal pero vo7ne, 7a li jch’ul-tottik vaxak-men la ti smeltzanoi 7un li 7eklixa.

Va7i 7un, laj meltzajuk 7un, pasuk 7un, mukenal to 7ox yo7 7a li 7eklixa le7, 7a li 7oy to 7ox te mukenal te to 7ox matz’ajtik, 7a li sakil ton k’utikuk yo7 bu xch’enal sjol li 7animae, te butik mukem ti krixchanoe.

Va7i 7un, ja7 te ju-jun ju-jun ti 7animae, te matz’ajtik ton, te k’alal ta jk’eltikótik k’in ya7el xa lavi kil vo7on a7a, pero kómo li jch’iel vo7one, 7oy xa kwarenti-ses jabilal li vo7on li7i.

7Óra ti meltzaj i 7eklixae, yu7 van xana7 jayib syen jabil li meltzajem li 7eklixa 7un le7e, vo7ne li 7eklixa, muk’ buch’u yiloi meltzajem, ja7 to ti 7antivoetik yiloi meltzajem li 7eklixa, muk’ bu muk’tik kampana noxtok, bik’itik yunen kampanail.

Mu xavil 7a ti vo7ne ch’abal to 7ox la muk’tik kampana, naka la bik’it ti kampana ta j-mek to 7ox ti 7oye, ja7 to ti 7antivoetike, ja7 7oy to 7ox skampana pero ja7 li7 ta yeklixa li jch’ul-tottik San-torensoe, ja7 mu jna7tik k’utik xi meltzajem a7a, yan i jch’ul-martil le7e, ja7 taj kapitan to 7ox li jch’ul-tottik le7e, ta yut te7tik talem, ta yut te7tik 7a la sjipel, mu jna7 k’usi smul ti jch’ul-tottik le7e, 7a la sjipel ta muk’tik te7tik, 7ak’o la lajuk ta leon, 7ak’o la lajuk ta 7ok’il, 7ak’o la lajuk ta k’usi chanul xti7on ta j-mek ti vo7ne jch’ul-tottik 7une, 7i7ech’ yo7onik ti bu sjipike, 7ech’ yo7onik ti bu stenike, pero mi ja7uk 7o bu 7o bu xcham, mi ja7uk 7o bu k’u spas, ja7 mu jna7 mi ja7 li lakandone, ja7 mu jna7 k’usi yabtel ti 7iyak’beik p’ilom te7 ti vo7ne 7une, 7a li naka p’ilom te7 7ep yayijem ta j-mek, ja7 li flecha sbie, 7ep yayijem ta xchu7, yayijem ta yok, yayijem ta xch’ut, ta yo7, ta xch’elop butikuk 7ochem ti flecha chak’beik 7une, tzmilik 7o la 7un, k’u ti ja7 ti kapitan soltero lae, yu7 van ta jna7tik mi jch’ul-tottik Martil 7un, ja7 lavi meltzajem 7o 7un le7e, pasem 7o ya7el li 7eklixa 7un le7e, ba stenele ti butik 7a stenele pero mu no 7ox buy 7icham 7un, mu no 7ox bu k’u spas, yu7un staoj yav k’u x7elan li jch’ul-tottik Martil le7e.

him wherever they threw him, but he didn't die. Nothing happened to him. They got no further—he was like [the image of] Our Holy Father, the Martyr there.

Then he returned. He came back, it seems. He still didn't die because of them. They looked at him, it seems. "How can it be that he doesn't die? How can it be that nothing happens to him? How can he just be there, be there a long time and not die? We thought he would be killed by coyotes. We thought he would be killed by jaguars, that he would die from some animal in the woods, but he returned just the same, alive. But who knows, then. He didn't die of anything. Now, come on, let's kill him!" said the Lacandóns. So they just shot him with arrows.

Now it was then that Raven came. The Spooks came. They came with their squirrels. The Spaniards came. When the Spaniards arrived they asked, "Why are you killing him? Don't kill him. Don't you see, he is our captain," said the Spaniards. "No, don't kill him. He will come here. He will come to live here in the house," they said.

That's the way it was left. It was the Spaniards who defended him long ago. The end.

Long ago the timbers didn't travel. The timbers and the stones didn't have to be carried, they came by themselves. They worked by themselves. They already knew where [to go]. Our Holy Fathers, the Creator Gods, just gave the orders. They did it. They did it. And they just gave the order, "You go in here!" When the stones heard they knew to get up. They knew how to build [the church] by themselves. The trees, too. If they were told, "Let's go!" they just went by themselves. They dragged themselves along. They travelled by themselves. They had legs long ago. That's why it didn't take long to build the church.

This tale of the origin of the Church of St. Sebastian gave us the first hints of the meaning of the highly complex ritual activity that occurs every year at the Fiesta of St. Sebastian. The *ka7benal* impersonates the Lacandóns. The name perhaps derives from Cabnal, a seventeenth-century cacique and priest of the Lacandóns (Villagutierre, 1933:223, 241). The *k'uk'ul chon*, "feathered serpent," is Raven who gave man corn, the *j7ik'al* is the Spook; the *muk'ta jkaxlan*, "great Ladino," and *muk'ta jxinulan*, "great Ladina"; the *bik'it jkaxlan*, "petty Ladino," and *bik'it jxinulan*, "petty Ladina," represent the Spaniards. These and other characters reenact certain aspects of the appearance and martyrdom of St. Sebastian, as well as the construction of his future home.

The date over the door of the Church of St. Sebastian is 1872.

The Vaxak-men or Creator Gods who, it is believed, built the Church of St. Sebastian are credited with making the waterholes with their staves. They are also the gods who uphold the corners of the world on their shoulders, and so are surely related to the Yucatec Cuch-caan and the ancient Mayan Bacabs (Villa Rojas, 1969:272). In the neighboring town of San Andrés the original ancestors are said to have come from a place to the east called

Va7i 7un, te 7isut tal, 7ital ya7el, mu k'u 7onox 7icham yu7unik 7une, ja7 7a li, 7isk'elik ya7el 7un. "K'u van yu7un ti mu xchame, k'u van yu7un ti mu k'u spase, k'u van cha7al ti te no 7ox, te no 7ox ta j-mek, mu xchame, 7a ti chkal vo7one, chlaj ta 7ok'il, 7a ti chkal vo7one, chlaj ta bolom, chlaj ta k'utik chanul ta te7tik, pero k'usi, ja7 no 7ox yech kuxul 7isut tal 7une, pero na7tik 7onox 7un che7e, yu7un no 7ox mu 7a li mu k'u xlaw 7o, 7óra la7 jmiltik kik!" xi la ti lakandonetik 7une. Ja7 taj naka la flecha 7iyak' 7un.

7Óra, ja7 to 7un yu7un chak 7ital i joje, 7ital 7a li j7ik'ale, 7oy xchuch tal, tal li 7espanyoletik la 7une. 7A li 7espanyol 7une, "K'u yu7un ti chamile?" xi la k'otel. "Mu xamil, mu xavil 7a le7e kajkapitan," xi la ti 7espanyoletike. "Yiyil mu xamilik, 7a li ta xtal li7 toe, ta xtal nakluk li7 ta nae," xi la.

Va7i 7un, kechel 7ikom chak taj 7une, ja7 la spoj ti 7espanyoletik vo7ne 7une, laj 7o.

7A ti vo7ne mu la yu7unuk ta xxanav li te7e, 7a li mu la yu7unuk chich' kuchel li te7e, li tone ta la xxanav stuk, ta la x7abtej stuk, sna7oj xa ti buy naka no 7ox chal mantal ti jch'ul-tottik vaxak-mene, ja7 spaso7 to spaso7 to, 7i naka no la chal mantal. "Li7 cha7oche!" Mi ya7i li tone, sna7oj stam sba, sna7oj smeltzan sba stuk. 7A ti te7 noxtoke, "Battik me!" x7utate. Naka chbat stuk, tzkil sba ech'el stuk, chanav la, 7o la yok ti vo7ne, yech'o xal 7un, mu jaluk 7imeltzaj 7o ti 7eklixá 7une.

Vaxak-men, where there was an "elegant palace of stone." (Holland, 1965:14). Perhaps this was Palenque.

A far more detailed account of St. Sebastian's travails is given in a Zinacantec version elicited by Vogt (Vogt, 1976:159-161), which clarifies the significance of the jousting ritual at the Fiesta of St. Sebastian. For refusing to marry a general's daughter St. Sebastian was thrown to the animals in a forest along the seacoast of Oaxaca. When neither the animals, nor the Indians' arrows, nor the soldiers' bullets succeeded in killing the saint, the general was told that St. Sebastian could only be slain by knocking to the ground a jousting target that was his shield and, in fact, his heart. After the general failed, too, St. Sebastian was abandoned. The following day he was brought by oxcart to Zinacantán, together with his drum and jousting paraphernalia.

Two other Zinacantec versions of St. Sebastian's travails and the raising of his church add new and sometimes conflicting details. In the first, collected by John Early (1965:27-28), St. Sebastian refused to marry the king's daughter and fled to Zinacantán, where he was shot by the soldiers' arrows. He had two drums, one of which was left in the cave of *Ni-o7* (Head-spring) in the hill overlooking the church, and the other which is

played today. He was buried where the church stands now. Five years after his death some children discovered him sitting on the top of *Bolom Ton* (Jaguar Rock). They reported the news to the magistrate, who sent an investigating party. St. Sebastian was nowhere to be seen, but he had left a written message requesting a home. The shamans prayed to St. Lawrence, who advised them not to be alarmed if the sky darkened for three days while the church was being built by the *Vaxak-men*. St. Lawrence served as architect, St. Dominic mixed the cement, Our Lady of the Rosary cut and carried the beams. The rock, the sand, and the lime were transported by insects (Vogt, 1969:357). In the second account, collected by Allen Young (1962:41, 64–66), St. Sebastian dreamt that he should not marry the daughter of the royal clerk. He fled, carrying two drums and a cornet, symbol of his captaincy. His large drum and his cornet were left in the cave of *Lach-chikin* (*Pricked-up Ears*), while the small drum is played today. St. Sebastian, flanked by St. Dominic and St. Lawrence, who were unable to rescue him, was shot to death with arrows. Three years later Our Lady of the Rosary discovered him bathing at *Ni-o7*. He requested that she ask St. Lawrence to build a home for him. St. Lawrence did not believe the Virgin and so went with St. Dominic to see for himself.

They found no one at *Ni-o7*, but heard a whistle coming from *Bolom Ton*, where they discovered him sitting. He asked them to build a home for him on top of his grave, saying that in the meantime he would live under Jaguar Rock. St. Lawrence asked Our Lord for three days of darkness. St. Lawrence was the architect, St. Dominic, aided by the ants, transported the stone and sand for the walls, Our Lady of the Rosary brought the wood and tile for the roof. She cut a magic wand and struck the trees three times with it, so that they would travel to the building site on their own. Four buzzards, transformed into men, were stationed at the corners, working as the masons (Wasserstrom, 1970:212–213).

The magical creation of the church has parallels in other Mayan communities. St. John allegedly built his house in Chamula by herding the stones like sheep, chasing after those that ran off to the woods (Gossen, T46, T97, T160). The church of Panajachel was built in three days and then only under cover of darkness (Tax, 1950:2116). The church of the Achí was also built in the dark, by pre-humans who simply whistled to the stones and logs to come form the church (Shaw, 1972:61–62). See also T58, T147, and their notes.

When the Church Rose

T147

When [the Church of] the Holy Martyr was erected, for three days, for three days it grew dark. For three days it grew dark. By the third day the sand was carried, the rocks were carried, the lime, and so on, were carried. Since the people used to burn lime in Zinacantán Center, it seems. They burned it. In three days they carried the lime, rocks, lumber, and so on.

It was Our Holy Fathers, *Vaxak-men*, as they were called long ago. It was them. They it was who built that church, because it wasn't built by masons. Just Our Holy Fathers built it. That's why for three days and three nights it grew dark. The dawn never came. Dark! In the daytime it was dark. In the night it was dark. The darkness just took hold.

We could probably call it a week. When it grew light [the church] was already standing—when the dawn came. I don't know if it was three [days] or six. That was all. That's all, since Our Holy Fathers, *Vaxak-men* built it. They built [the Church of] the Holy Martyr. It wasn't built by masons. No—the work of Our Holy Fathers. It wasn't the work of masons—the building of [the Church of] the Holy Martyr. That's why [the Church of] the Holy Martyr—it's scarcely like the big church! Have you ever seen it collapse? It's unchanged. It's never come apart. It's never had anything wrong with it. Who knows, [St. Sebastian] probably is happy there. It's fine now. It has a roof. It has everything. The only thing we think is bad is that it lost the pictures of Our Holy Father, St. Lawrence, the Holy Martyr, Saint

7A li k'al 7iva7anat i ch'ul-martil le7e 7i7i 7oxib k'ak'al 7i7ik'ub 7osil, 7oxib k'ak'al 7a li 7oxib k'ak'al 7ik'ub 7osil, ta yoxibal k'ak'ale 7i7eanat la yi7 7eanat la ton 7eanat 7a li tan k'utikuk ja7 li ja7 to 7ox chchik'ik tan li krixchano te ta Jtek-lum ya7ele, ja7 chchik'ik, ta 7oxib k'ak'al 7iyeantik tan ton te7 k'utikuk 7un.

Ja7 la ti jch'ul-tottik vaxak-men sbi ti vo7nee, ja7 la smeltzanoi i 7eklexya le7e porke mu meltzanbiluk ta j7alvanil, naka naka jch'ul-tottik smeltzanoi, yech'o 7oxib k'ak'al 7oxib 7ak'ubal 7ik'ub mu7yuk bu sakub ta j-mek, 7ik' 7o 7a li k'ak'altike 7ik' 7a li 7ak'ubale 7ik' te nox tztzak sba 7ik'.

7Ava7i 7un, 7a li te nan kalbetik xemanauk 7un, k'alal k'alal sakube yu7n p'ejel 7ox 7i k'al sakub i balamile, mi 7oxib mi vakib ja7 mu jna7, pero ja7 nox yech chak taje mi 7oxib mi vakib ja7 nox ja7 nox ti ja7 smeltzanoi taj jch'ul-tottik vaxak-men 7une, ja7 smeltzanoi i ch'ul-martile mu meltzanbiluk ta j7alvanil, 7i7i, yabtel yabtel jch'ul-tottik mu yabteluk mu yabteluk j7alvanil, li meltzajem i ch'ul-martil le7e, yech'o xal 7un, li ch'ul-martile che7e yu7 van ja7 yech chak k'u cha7al li jun muk'ta 7eklixya 7un, yu7 van 7o bu chlom chavil 7un, yu7n staoj yav, staoj yav mi ja7uk 7o bu sok mi ja7uk 7o bu k'usi palta, ja7 mu jna7tik yu7 nan snop xa yo7on 7un 7a le7e lek xa 7o xa stechoal, 7o xa k'utikuk, k'usi xa nox chopol chka7itikotike ja7 ti xch'ay noxtoke, ja7 li 7a ti 7a li sretrato li jch'ul-tottik San-torenso

Dominic. You've seen them there? They are in wood, in a frame. Ye—s!

They took them down. They've never put them [back] up [over the altar]. That's wrong! Ye—s!

Don't you see—look at the way the world is now! It's wre—cked, it is! The world isn't good any more, since the Gospel Cross was lost. Ye—s!

As for the Gospel Cross, it emerged from—ah, what's it called?—from 7Avan Ch'en [Shouting Cave]. It emerged from there, indeed! Ye—s!

It was probably blest with luck. Look at the way it is now—the world is no longer good. What can you find now in Zinacantán Center—not peaches, not fruit! This year is very sad. It turned out badly. As for [the Church of] the Holy Martyr, it's not like that. If you go ask Him for grace, for blessing, if you go and weep, Our Lord there always gives you your food. Our Lord has miracles. Our Lord is good-hearted. That's why it was built long ago. It was built in ancient times by Our Holy Fathers, Vaxakmen. That was the name of those who built it. They built it. It's built now. It was built [to last] to this day. It's hardly fallen apart! No, it's never fallen apart. It's really fine! Fine, absolutely fine. But the Church of St. Lawrence—it's the second time it was built. The second time. I didn't see the first time but this other time I saw. I saw it being built. And [the Church of] the Holy Martyr, no! It wasn't built [again]. That was a—ncient work.

Unlike her description, eleven years before, of the Church of St. Sebastian, Tonik now claims that the church was built in three or six days, (not five), and that it has never been repaired.

The paintings whose loss she deplores were removed during a

ch'ul-martil, 7a li Santo Rominko, tey 7ak'eloj, te 7a li ta te7 7a li ta kwadroe. Jii7!

Ja7 syalesojik 7un mu xa bu yak'ojik ta sba ja7 chopol 7un.

Mu chavil k'e x7elan i balamil lavi tana li7e che7e 7iso--k ti soke mu xa bu mu xa bu lek i balamile ja7 ti ch'ay ti krus 7avanjelyo 7un. Jii7!

7A ti krus 7avanjelyo bi lok'em tal ta, 7ay k'usi sbi, ta 7Avan Ch'en, tey lok'em tal bi 7a. Jii7!

Te nan mi7n yox 7un, k'el avi 7un li7i ch'abal xa lek balamil, mi turasnuuk mi lo7boluk k'usi xa xata te ta Jtek-lume, batz'i triste li jabil li7e, yech chopol 7ilaj, 7a li ch'ul-martil le7e mu ja7uk nox yech 7o k'u xba k'anbe krasya bentisyon xba vok'itae yu7 nox ta pwera chak' jve7eltik i kajvaltik le7e, lek smilagro li kajvaltike, lek yo7on i kajvaltike yech'o xal ti vo7ne meltzajem 7un le7e 7antivo smeltzanej ti jch'ul-tottik vaxak-men sbi ti buch'u smeltzanej, ja7 smeltzanej, lavi meltzaj 7o 7une, meltzajem 7o k'al tana yu7 van 7o bu sok 7un, muk' bu sok 7un, batz'i lek, lek 7entero lek, yan i 7eklexya ta San-torensoe k'u ti xcha7-lok'elal meltzajuk 7un le7 a7a, xcha7-lok'elal, j-7ech'ele muk' xkil pero lavi j-7ech'el le7e kil xa, kiloj xa meltzaj, 7i li ch'ul-martile ch'abal, muk' bu xmeltzaj 7a---ntivo 7abtel le7e.

recent refurbishing of the church. The Gospel Cross is the same whose appearance was described by Xun 7Akov (T33). See also T58, T85, and their notes.

He Saved a Snake and Won a Wife, Slapped His Wife and Lost His Life

T78

Once there was a Chamulan who was hunting on the trail to the lowlands.

The Chamulan was hunting. He passed by there.

But you see, a snake appeared. "You've come to block my way," he said. Because the awful snake was stretched out in the middle of the trail. "You've come to block my way, you bastard!" he said to it. Quickly he slashed at it with his machete. He cut the snake into three pieces to kill it.

But you see, in a flash its head spun around, because it was still pretty long, since the snake was a long one. Its head spun around. It received another blow of the machete. He [tried to] kill it again.

It died. The snake was left there in four pieces.

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la jun 7ulo7 chpaxyaj la ta belel 7olon 7osil.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti 7ulo7e, ta la xpaxyaj te la 7ech' un.

Bu xavil 7un, bu la tal chon. "Chtal 7amakonuk ta be," xi la. Yu7un la k'ilil ta 7o7lol be ti mu chon 7une. "Xtal 7amakon ta be, kavron!" xut la. J-likel la stz'itbe machita 7un, 7ox-tuch' la xcha7le ti smil ti chon 7une.

Buy, 7i j-likel la 7ijoyp'ij tal ti sjol 7une, yu7un la natnat to 7ikom 7un, yu7un la nat ti chon 7une, 7a li joyp'ij tal ti sjol 7une, xch'amojbe la k'ot ta machita 7un, smil noxtok 7un.

Va7i 7un, cham 7un, te 7ox chan-tuch' 7ikom ti chon 7une.

Then [another] person travelling to the lowlands, or somebody else, passed by there. "Please my Chamu—lan, won't you be so kind as to carry me away, go take me home."

"Where is your house?"

"I'll show you where it is if you'll carry me away. I'll pay you. It won't be just for nothing. Tell my father whatever payment you want," said the Thunderbolt [snake].

"No, I don't want to. There isn't anything to do it with. I haven't anything to carry you in."

"Carry me in your net," it said. "Spread out your neckerchief, then put me in your net," it said.

"Eh, who knows. Your juice will stain my net and my neckerchief."

"I'll give you the money for the soap to wash it with. Carry me away. Please, my father will pay you when I arrive. My father has money. He'll pay you with it," said [the snake].

"Oh, maybe I'll carry you away. It's just because I pity you, it seems, the way you are now," he said. It was a human being who had spoken. It wouldn't talk if it were [an ordinary] snake. It was piled up this thick on the trail. The pieces had piled themselves up. He carried them off. He went to leave them.

"If I feel very heavy to you, rest please, because I have a terribly sharp pain where my back was wounded," said that snake.

"Ah!" he said. "I'll set you down, then. I'll rest, because you're certainly right, you feel heavy!" He rested on top of a rock. A lot of its yellow juice was left there where he rested. "Shall we go now? Come on, I guess I'll carry you," [the snake] was told.

"Let's go!" said [the snake]. [The man] went. He reached the place where the door was. He knocked on the door. The fog was very thick. "But I can't see at all anymore. It's gotten very dark," he said.

"No, the cloud will rise. It's just a cloud," said [the snake].

"Ah!" he said.

"My house is near now. We just go down here. My house is a little bit further," said [the snake].

"Knock on the rock," it said. "This is my house," said [the snake] as they passed by.

He knocked. "Sir, is this your son you see wounded to death? I've come to bring him here to you," he said.

"Ah!" he said. "Yes, that's him. That's my boy. Thank you for bringing him to me. How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"You don't owe me anything, sir. You don't owe me anything, since I brought him. I certainly did bring him. I'm going to lay him down, I guess," he said.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to la 7o 7ech' 7a li mi j7olonajel mi k'usi noxtok 7un. Ja7 la "7Avokoluk, kulo---7, mi mu xa7abolaj kuchon ech'el, ba 7ak'on ta jna."

"Bu to lana 7une?"

"Taj te chkak' avil ti mi yu7un xak'an xakuchon ech'ele, chajtoj, mu yu7unuk yechuk no 7ox, k'u yepal chak'an 7atojole, te xavalbe ti jtote," xi la ti chauk 7une.

Va7i 7un, "7I7i, mu jk'an mu k'u xajcha7le ech'el, mu k'u xajkuch 7o."

"Kuchon ta 7anuti7," xi la. Li 7a li "K'io lapok'e, ja7 7o xatik'on ta 7anuti7," xi la.

"7Ej jna7tik, ta xatin 7ava7lel li jnuti7e li jpok'e."

"Chakak'be stojol 7a li xxavonal chachuk' 7o 7un, kuchon ech'el, 7abolajan chastoj ti jtote mi nik'ote, 7oy stak'in i jtote, chastoj 7o," xi la.

Va7i 7un, "7A li 7ej, ta nan xajkuch ech'el, ja7 no 7ox ti, ja7 no 7ox yu7un ti k'uxot ta riox yilel la x7elan li7e," xi. Krixchano la chk'opoj, yu7 van chal mi chon 7un, ja7 no 7ox ti xi la spimil latzal ti ta be 7une, slatzoj xa sba te tuch'ultik 7une, 7iskuch la ech'el 7un, ba la yak' 7un.

"Mi batz'i 7olon chava7i, kuxo me, yu7un batz'i 7animal ta xtekuj taj yo7 bu yayijem ta jpate," xi la taj 7a li chon 7une.

"7A!" xi la 7un. "Chajchepan che7e, ta jkux yu7un no 7ox 7ol ya7el 7ava7uk a7a!" Skux la 7un ta ba ton la 7un, xi la yepal sk'anal 7a7lel 7ikom ti yo7 bu xkux 7une. "Mi chibattik xa, la7 jkuchot kik," x7utat la 7un.

"Battik!" xi la 7un. Bat la 7un, sta la ti yo7 buy ti ti7 na 7une, stij la ti ti7 na 7une, k'usi yu7un la batz'i pa---tal lumal tok 7un. "Pero batz'i mu xa me xk'ot jsat 7un, batz'i 7ik'ub xa 7une," xut la 7un.

"Mo7oj ta xtam i toke, tok no 7ox le7e," xi la 7un.

"7A!" xut la.

"Te xa nopol i jnae, te xa naka no 7ox li7 chiyalotik 7une, j-tz'uj li7e, te xa li jnae," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, "Ja7 me xatij yo7 li j-p'ej ton 7une," xi la 7un. "Ja7 jna li7e," xi la ti xxanav ech'el 7une.

Va7i 7un, stij la 7un. 7A li, "Tottik mi ja7 la 7akrem 7a li lajem ta milel 7avi li7 tal kak'bote," xi la 7un.

"7A!" xi la 7un. "Ja7 le7 a7a, ja7 jkrem, kol aval ti 7avik'bon tale, k'u yepal chajtoj?" xi la 7un.

"Muk' bu chatojon, tottik, muk' bu chatojon yalal ti 7ikik' talele, 7ikik' xa a7a, ba jpuch'an kik," xi la 7un.

And, "Wait for me, then. Sit down. I guess I'll lay him down. I guess I'll see what sickness he has," said [the father]. He went to look. "God, he's badly hurt. Never mind. When I've finished treating him—I've laid him on his bed, you see—if [his bones] mend quickly I'll let you know," he said.

"We'll try it out. If he gets up. If he seems to be strong. If he can stand up, you'll see, but only if you aren't scared," he said.

"Oh!" said [the man]. "So you'll let me see how it's done?" he asked.

"Of course I'll let you see!" he said.

The father treated his son and looked after him carefully.

"Okay," said [the snake]. [The bones] mended. They mended. "Was it you who carried me back?" asked the snake.

"It was me. I carried you," he said.

"God, My Lord, thank you," he said. "Thank you for carrying me back. Take your choice. Do you want the money here? Do you want beans? Do you want corn? Or do you want mules or cows?" asked [the snake].

"I don't want anything at all," he said.

"What do you want, then? Do you want one of my younger sisters? My father will give her to you. I'll tell him to do it," he said.

"Oh, well then, if you'll give me one of your younger sisters, I guess so. I'll take her home!" said the boy.

"Look, my father will give her to you. I can't say anything myself. Don't you see, since you did me a favor and brought me back."

"Do you feel well now? Do you feel strong now?" asked [the boy].

"You see it's here, it isn't well here in my back, it seems. It hurts ho—rribly," said [the snake]. "But I'll be well again in a little while. I won't be sick for long," he said. "It's my father's medicine. The medicine he gave me is so good," he said. "You'll see for yourself, just as long as you aren't afraid. If I get well in a minute it will grow dark. A clou—d will appear, but it will look terribly bla—ck. Do you know what to do?" he said. "Bury your head in the sand!" he said. "Don't be afraid!" he said.

"All right," said [the boy].

"When it comes, don't be scared. Bury your head!" he said. First that father came out. Then right behind came the patient. When that old man hit it, the door rattled and rattled. It ba—nged. But he just [hit it] softly. [His patient] was so strong, the one who it seemed would be killed. When the fire fla—red up suddenly then you, heard the cra—ck! The ground moved this way and that. The [Chamulan] fellow had his head buried in the sand. The fool went

7I, "Malaon to che7e, chotlan, chba jpuch'an kik, chba jk'el kik k'usi ti 7ip cha7ie," xi la 7un. Ba la sk'el 7un. "Yo7x, batz'i lajem, yiyil a7a, laj xa jpoxta, te xa jpuch'anoj komel ta stem, va7i 7un, ti mi tz'ak li7 ta li7 ta j-likel 7une, te chkal ava7i," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, "Mi stam sba mi tzotz xa ya7el 7une, mi stak' xa xva7i 7une, ta jpastikótik preval 7un, chak'el avil 7un, ja7 no 7ox ti mu me xaxi7 7une," xi la 7un.

"7A!" xi. "Xavak' kil k'usi yabtel ya7el 7un?" xi la 7un.

"Chkak' avil a7a," xi.

Va7i 7un, 7a li spoxta la, sk'el la lek ti xch'amal ti totil ya7el.

"7Ey!" xi la 7un. 7A li 7itz'ak la 7un, tz'ak la 7un. "Mi vo7ot a7a, 7akuchon tal 7une?" xi la ti chon 7une.

"Vo7on, vo7on laj jkuch," xi la.

"Dyos kajval, kol aval 7un," xi. "Kol aval ti 7akuchon tale, t'ujo 7un mi ja7 chak'an i tak'in 7un li7i, mi ja7 chak'an chenek'e, mi ja7 chak'an 7ixime, mo mi ja7 chak'an 7a li ka7, li vakaxe," xi la 7un.

"Yu7un batz'i mu k'u jk'an," xi.

"K'usi chak'an che7e, mi ja7 chak'an junuk i kixleltake, chayak'be li jtote, chkalbe mantal," xi la 7un.

"7A, ja7 nan kik mi chavak'bon junuk taj 7avixlel a7a, k'u ti yu7un chkik' ech'el ta jna ya7el 7un bi 7a!" xi la ti krem 7une.

"K'e te chayak'be li jtote, 7a li vo7one mu xu7 k'u xkal, mu xavil yavil ti 7apasbon pavor ti 7a li 7avik'on tale."

"Mi lekot xa ya7el 7un, mi tzotzot xa ya7el 7un?" xi.

"K'usi yu7un 7avi li7 li muk' lek li7 ta jpat ya7ele, batz'i k'u--x ta j-mek," xi la. "Pero li7 ta 7unen j-likele lekon xa, mu jaluk chi7ipaj," xi la 7un. "Ja7 li spox i jtot toj lek ni pox niyak'be," xi la. "Te xak'el avil ja7 no 7ox ti mu me xaxi7 7un, ti mi7n lilekub li7 ta j-likel 7une, 7a li ta x7ik'ub 7un, chtal to---k pero ta bu no 7ox k'alal 7i---k' xa yilel 7un, mi xana7 k'u chapas 7un?" xi la 7un. "Muko lajol ta yut ti yi7 7une," xi. "Mu me xaxi7 7un!" xi la.

"Bwéno," xi la.

"Tal la 7un, mu me xaxi7 7un, muko me lajole!" xi la 7un. Ba7yi la lok' taj totil 7une, ja7 tijil lok'el taj jchamel 7une, 7a la ti k'alal 7ismaj ya7el taj mol 7une, "tilininininini," xi la ti ti7 na 7un, ti "K'a---v" xi la 7un, pero k'un' un no 7ox 7un, ja7 la toj mas tzotz taj buch'u jmilel ya7el 7une, 7a la ti k'alal xlé---bluj xa li k'ok'e, ja7 to xava7i ti totzi---j xi la bak' to la ti balamil 7un, 7a ti jun 7une, mukul la ti sjol ta yi7 7une, sonso 7une, yu7un la xi ba sk'el xi to

and looked, like this. He nearly died. He fell over then. He couldn't get up anymore. "Why didn't you bury your head carefully? You watched me to see what I was doing. That's why that happened to you," that boy was told by that burden he had carried. "No [you think] I didn't see it?" he was asked.

"I did do it because I felt like seeing what you were doing," said [the boy].

"Oh don't do that anymore. That's bad. It's no good. You may die," [the snake] told him.

"Yes, of course!" he said. But he was left with the smell of gunpowder all over his body.

That Old Thunderbolt had medicine. "Come in!" he said. "Don't be afraid! Stupid, what good did it do you to look at what my son was doing? We can't watch. It isn't right," he said.

They had some cotton, thi—s much, like this. [The boy's] whole face and body was rubbed with it. I think maybe it was because he was burned. His back was rubbed. He was rubbed, rubbed carefully.

"Now, today, you lived through it. You saw how we work, it seems. You saw who and where and how we did it. Now choose one of my daughters," he said. "I'll see if you want this one here," he told [the boy].

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, pick the one [you want], then." The four girls were standing there. "Which one do you want?"

"I want that one there in the middle," he said. Hm!

Maybe it was the next to oldest sister, something like that.

"Well, take her! But only if you treat her well, if you don't hit her. Just on condition that you don't scold her, because if you scold her I'll do just the same thing to you as happened when you got scared there in the sand where you were hurt. You hear!" he said.

"Ah!" said [the boy]. "No, I won't scold her, but provided that she does what I say, that she prepares my meals for me, that she feeds me, that she takes care of my things. I have my little sheep, I have my little horses. She'll go tie up my horses. She'll go feed my sheep. If she remembers to take the horse's food along, if she has gotten corn stubble, she'll feed them. She will go watch my sheep in the meadow."

"Oh, don't worry. If it's a question of her going to watch the sheep, they know how to look after themselves. They know to get in [the corral] when the rain comes," said Thunderbolt's father.

7une, jutuk la mu cham 7un, te la butk'ij, mu xa la stam sba. "K'u yu7un ti muk' xamuk lek lajole, 7a le7e yu7un 7ak'elon k'usi xi ta jpas, yech'o xal la xa7elane," x7utat la yu7un ti, yu7un ti, 7a li, 7a taj yikatz 7iskuch ech'el ya7el 7une, taj krem 7une. "7I7i, muk' bu k'usi mi mu kil?" x7utat la.

"7Ijpas a7a, yu7un chak jk'el ka7i li k'u x7elan i chapase," xi la 7un.

"7Aa, mu xa xapas yech, mu xtun, mu lekuk 7a ti chaman 7une," xut la.

"7i7 a7a!" xi la. Pe---ro yik' sibak la kom sjunlej.

Va7i 7un, 7o la spox taj mol chaut 7une. "7Ochan tal!" xi la. "Mu xaxi7, sonso, k'u xatu7un chak'el i jkrem k'u ta spase, mu me stak' jk'eltik, mu me lekuk," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7o la tuxnuk' xi la spi---mil xi 7une, ja7 kusbat 7o skotol taj ssate, taj spat xxokone, te nan mi yu7un k'ak'em chkal vo7on 7une, 7ikusbat 7un i spate, 7ikusbat 7un, lek xa kusbil.

Va7i 7un, "7Óra lavi 7une, 7ikuch 7avu7un, 7avil ti k'u x7elan ya7el chi7abtejotikótik 7une, 7avil ti buch'u buy k'u x7elan 7ijpastikótik 7une, 7óra t'ujo bu junukal i jtzeb 7une," xi la. "Ta jk'el mi ja7 chak'an li7e," xut la.

"7Aa, mu jna7."

"Bwéno t'ujo bu junukal che7e." Te va7i la chan-vo7 ti tzebetik 7une. "Bu junukal chak'an?"

"Ja7 ta jk'an 7a li jun le7e, ta 7o7lole," xi la 7un. Mm!

7O7lol vixil nan ya7el ti tzeb 7une, k'u x7elan 7une.

"Bwéno 7ik'o, ja7 no 7ox kwenta mi xak'uxubine, ja7 no 7ox kwenta mi mu xamaje, ja7 no 7ox kwenta mi mu xavute, porke ti mi 7avute, yu7un ja7 me yech chajcha7le chak k'u cha7al la x7elan laxi7 yo7 li lalaj ta yi7 7une, va7i!" xi la.

"7Aa!" xi la 7un. "Mo7oj mu xkut, ja7 no 7ox kwenta mi xch'un jmantale, xispasbe jve7ele, mi xismak'lane, mi sk'el k'usi ku7une, 7oy kunen chij, 7oy kunen ka7 chba xchuk i jka7e, chba smak'lan i jchije, ja7 mi sna7 ech'el li sve7el i jka7e, sa7bil me k'ajben tzmak'lan 7un, 7a li jchije, chba xchabi tztentejtik 7un."

"7A, mu k'u xal 7avo7on mi ja7 li chba ta chabi-chij a7a, te sna7oj tzk'el sba stuk, te sna7oj tztik' sba k'al xtal i vo7e," xi la ti stot ti chaut 7un.

"That's all, then, take your wife. Go with her! Be kind to her! Thank you, may God repay you for carrying my son back to me. Well, take your wife. Your wife is your pay, that's all, because if my son were to die I wouldn't have anyone to keep me company. Because my son is my constant travelling companion wherever I go. I walk first, my son walks right behind me," he said.

"Ah!" said [the boy]. "All right then, I'll come tell you how things are going. I'll come and visit you. Your daughter and I will visit you," he said.

"All right, come back! If you haven't any money, if you haven't any corn, if you haven't anything to eat, come back. Come and ask for it here. You've seen now that I have money. You've seen now that I have corn. I don't go hungry here. Come and ask. Even if she comes by herself, send my daughter. It's just that my house is far away. You won't reach my house quickly," he said.

"Yes, you're right of course!" said [the boy]. "No, I'll come, even if I have to spend a night here when I come," he said.

"All right, come then," said [Thunderbolt].

He didn't return. He left on good terms. He didn't return. The poor woman had children. They grew up. Her children were big now. Her children were baptized. He had never hit her. Then he went and got dru—nk. He drank with his compadre. He went and hit her. She went and complained about it. I don't know what it was that caused the man to die. I don't remember very well anymore how it goes.

She left. She went. He died. He hit his wife. That woman went to complain. "Where did you go?" he asked.

"I went to our father's house. I went to spend the night. I went to sleep with our father, so you wouldn't hit me," she said.

"Oh, I hit you, but it was because I got drunk. You don't think I would hit you for nothing! But I hardly hit you at all, just once," he said. "My hand didn't hurt," he said.

"Your hand didn't hurt! It's just that now my eye is so wonderfully blue!" The poor woman was very blue here.

"Oh, but never mind, you shouldn't have gone to tell our father. Would it please our father, since he has said he would kill me if I hit you once?" he said.

"Never mind, go talk to our father! As for me, I don't know," she said.

"See here, I'm going to talk to him tomorrow, then," he said. He left. He went to talk to his father-in-law. "Father!" he said.

"Come, come in! Won't you eat?" said [his father-in-law]. "Come on, let's eat,"—I don't know if it was fish or what they ate—"Let's eat some fish," he

Va7i 7un, 7a li "Mu k'usi 7un che7e, 7ik'o ch'el lavajnil, batan 7achi7uk 7un, k'uxubino me 7un, 7a li jkreme, kol aval sk'extabot riox ti 7akuchbon tale, bwéno, 7ik'o ch'el lavajnil, ja7 7atojol lavajnil a7a, mu k'usi porke 7a ti chamuk i jkreme che7e, mu xa buch'u jchi7in, yu7un ja7 jchi7il ta j-mek ta xanbal i jkreme, ti bu chixanav i vo7one, ba7yi chixanav vo7on, ja7 tijil chanav i jkreme," xi la 7un.

"7Aa!" xi la. "Yechuk che7e, te chtal kal ava7i ti k'u x7elane, te xtal jvula7anot, jvula7anot jchi7uk latzeb 7une," xi la 7un.

"Teyuk, te xatal mi ch'abal 7atak'inik mi ch'abal 7aviximil, mi mu k'u chalajesike, xatal, xtal 7ak'an 7a li li7 toe, 7avil xa ti 7oy jtak'ine, 7avil xa ti 7oy kixime, mu7nuk chivi7naj li7 toe, xtal 7ak'anik, 7ak' 7o mi ja7 xtal stuk xatak tal li jtzebe, ja7 no 7ox ti nom i jnae, mu xataik tal ta 7ora li jnae," xi la 7un.

"Ji7 7ava7uk a7a!" xi la. "Mo7oj, chital 7ak' 7o mi li xivay li7 junuk 7ak'ubal ti k'alal mi nitale," xi la.

"Teyuk, te xatal," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, ch'abal la, lek la bat ch'abal, 7ayan yol ti prove 7antze, 7ich'i, muk' xa ti yole, yich' vo7 ti yole, mu to 7ox la bu smaj, ja7 la taj ba ya---kubuk yu7un yuch' la xchi7uk skumpare taj ba smaj 7une, ba sk'an 7o parte, ja7 mu jna7 k'usi xi bu bat ti vinik 7une, ti 7icham 7une, 7a li jun chak mi 7olon 7osil, mu xa jna7be smelol lek 7un.

Va7i 7un, bat 7un, bat la, laj la, smaj taj yajnil 7une, ba sk'an parte taj 7antz 7une. "Bu la7ay 7un?" xi la.

"Li7ay tzna jtottik, 7a vayikon, 7a jchi7in ta vayel jtottike, 7ak'anuk 7a li chamajon," xi la 7un.

"7Aa, chajmaj pero yu7un ja7 ti chiyakube, yu7 van yech no 7ox chajmaj 7un, pero ti muk' 7ep xajmaj, j-moj no 7ox," xi la. "Muk' k'ux i jk'obe," xi la.

"Mu7yuk k'ux lak'obe, k'u ti toj lek lavi xi yaxal li jsate!" Yox la ta j-mek li7 li prove 7antz.

"7Aa pero yiyil 7un, muk' xba 7avalbe li jtottik ti yechuke, mi lek cha7i li jtottik 7une, ti yaloj yu7un ti j-7ech'el chismil ti mi yu7un lajmaj 7une?" xi la.

"Yiyil te xba 7ak'opon i jtottike, vo7one mu jna7," xi la.

"K'el avil va7i 7un, chba jk'opon 7ok'ob che7e," xi la 7un. Bat la 7un, ba la sk'opon ti sni7-mol 7une. "Tot!" xi la.

"La7 7ochan tal, muk' chavé7?" xi la 7un. 7A li, "La7 jti7tik..." mu jna7 mi choy k'usi la me tzi7ik 7un. "Jti7tik choy," xi la 7un. Xi la smuk'tikil ti

said. The piece of fish was this big, fresh fish. They ate.

"I've brought you a little of this folded up in a tortilla. I stuck it in my net," said the man when he returned [home].

"I know when my father wants to eat. I'll go eat with him. You should have eaten it. You should eat it," she said.

"I still don't want any because I just went yesterday," he said.

"Ah," she said. "Never mind, the children will eat it," she said.

"Please don't hit her. Please don't scold her. Please don't bother her," [said the father].

"I don't hit her, father. What's to be done? It's just because I went and got drunk," said the man.

"Oh well, then," said [the father].

[The man] went to the lowlands. He came back sick. The man died. They buried him. The people gathered. They killed chickens. She bought a coffin for her husband. He died. Yes!

After she buried her husband, then, it seems, "Father, but things aren't right. My husband died. I don't want to be alone there with my children. It would be better if I came back, if I came to join you, for I'm alone with . . . It's just because you gave me away long ago. It's just because of my older brother who got sick and was carried back, it seems. But he suffered so. I'm left with two children. My little girl and my little boy stayed home. They can be there now since that leaves an owner for the land and an owner for the house. They can grow up there now. Do you know what I do, father?" she said. "I have a little pot this big. They turn it upside down and rap on it several times. *I'm hungry, mother. I'm hungry, mother*, they tell their pot. *Eat!* it says. Their beans and their tortillas come out of it. That's what the children live on. That's what I taught them."

"Ah!" he said. "That pot of your's, where did you get it?" he asked.

"From here, I took it from home," she said.

"Ah!" he said. "Did you ask your mother for it?" he said.

"Of course I asked my mother for it. *Take it! It can be used by the children to live on*, my mother told me."

"Ah, never mind, leave the children. You can go see them when you aren't busy. Come!" said her father.

"Okay!" said the woman. She left. She began her work again. She was Thunderbolt again, it seems. She left.

That dead Chamulan man's children were left by themselves.

They grew up, a girl and a boy. Oh, they were

bek'tal choye, yaxal choy la 7un, chve7ik 7un.

"Jpotzobjbot tal j-tz'uj 7un, li7 jtik'oj tal ta jnuti7e," xi la ti k'al 7iyul tal ti vinik 7une.

"Te jna7oj ti k'u 7ora tzk'an k'u tzlajes i jtote, ba ve7ikon jchi7uk ya mu 7ati7 chak 7ati7 le7e," xi la.

"Vo7one mu to k'u jk'an ja7 li volje to ni7aye," xi la.

"7Aa!" xi la. "Yiyil sti7 7unetik," xi la.

Va7i 7un, "Mu xa me xamaj, mu xa me xavut, mu xa me xavilbajin."

"Muk' xa bu ta jmaj 7un, tot, yiluk yil, ja7 no 7ox i ba yakubkone," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Yiyil che7e," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7ibat la ta 7olon 7osil 7un, 7i7ipaj la tal 7un, 7a li cham la ti vinik 7une, 7ismukik 7istzob sba ti krixchanoe, smilik la kaxlan, 7isman skajonal ti smalale, cham 7un. Ji7!

7Ilaj smuk ti smalal ya7el 7une, ja7 7o 7un --Tot, pero muk' lek 7un, cham li jmalal 7une, mu jk'an teyon ya7el jtuk jchi7uk i jch'amaltake, mas lek chital chtal jchi7not 7a li jtuk xa jchi7uk ... 7i ja7 no 7ox yu7un ti 7avak'ikon ech'el ti vo7nee, ja7 no 7ox yu7un lavi 7i7ipaj li jxibnel 7ikuche tal ya7ele, pero toj xa ti svokole, 7oy xa cha7-vo7 7a li jch'amaltak 7ikom, jun kunen tzeb jun kunen krem 7ikom te ta jna 7une, xu7 xa te, ja7 yajval 7osil, ja7 yajval na chkom 7un, te xa chch'i mi xana7 k'u jpas 7un, tot?" xi. "7O jun kunen p'in xi smuk'ule, ja7 ta snujanik 7un, ja7 tzk'ojilanik 7un. 7A li *Ta me xivi7naj, me7, ta me xivi7naj, me7!* xut la ti sp'in 7un. *Ve7an!* xi la 7un, 7oy la te chlok' tal ti xchenek'e, ti yote, chve7 7o ti 7unetik 7une, ja7 no 7ox yech 7ijchanubtas 7un."

"7A!" xi la. "7A taj 7ap'ine, bu 7ata 7un?" xi la.

"Li7 7ijtam ech'el li7 ta jnatike," xut la.

"7Aa!" xi la. "Mi 7ak'anbe 7ame7 7un?" xi la.

"7Ijk'anbe li jme7 a7a, 7Ich'o ech'el, bal xve7 7o taj 7unetike xiyut ti jme7e."

"7A, yiyil che7e, komeso taj 7unetike, xba k'el ti k'u 7ora xaxokobe, la7!" xi la ti stot 7une.

"7Ey!" xi la ti 7antz 7un. Bat la 7un, stam ti y'abtel 7onox 7une, chauk 7onox ya7el 7une, bat 7un.

Va7i 7un, stuk 7ikom xch'amaltak taj 7anima vinik 7ulo7 7une.

Va7i 7un, ch'i la 7un, jun tzeb, jun krem, 7aj,

kind to each other. The boy was full-grown now. The girl was full-grown now. They looked after each other. The little girl ground [the corn]. So the little boy asked for the food they were to eat. They broke their pot. It broke. They hadn't anything to feed them anymore. Then they got their food by themselves. That little boy learned how to work. Now he worked in his cornfield. He prepared his cornfield. Now the little girl ground their food, too. They ate the same things.

They went to see their mother. "Mother, I don't know what to do. I dropped my pot," she said. "I tried to catch it, but I dropped it. It's split in two," she said.

"Oh, never mind. I'll go and give you another one. You should ask it for your food," they were told. "Now that you have grown up there's nothing [to worry about]. Aren't you afraid to sleep here [alone]?"

"No, of course not. We can sleep well," they said.

"Ah!" they were told.

The children grew up. They were big now. They supported each other now. They ate now. They drank now—the two children all by themselves. They had nothing to worry about. The mother left. She went with her father. She just came to see them when she wanted to. She came to see how her children were. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, mother. What did you bring, mother?" asked the little girl.

"Oh, I didn't bring you anything much, just a little fish, if you want to eat it," she said.

"Aha!" she said. "Put it on my little hook for me. You can stick it in my pot," said [her daughter].

"Okay!" she said.

It was a huge fish she had taken. But when her mother picked it up the fish was just this big, this long. She stuck it in the pot. It grew and grew. The fish got bigger. It grew so much.

They ate it a little at a time. The children ate well because of it.

When they grew up, you see, she saw that [her husband's] children were big now. They had learned. "Eat and drink! This is the last time, now, that I've come to see you. Only if, only if you want to go and ask for money, if you need money for your clothes, if you need money for something, then I'll come see you. See this! Take this money here! I'm leaving you a little chest where you can get [your money]," she said. The little chest was the same size as this one here. Only it wasn't as wide. It was narrow. This wide and this long. "I'll leave it here. I'll put the key underneath it here," she said. "Open it! Your money is there," she said. The little boy

sk'uxubinoj sbaik sva7lej xa ti kreme, sva7lej xa ti tzebe, te xa tzk'el sbaik chjuch'un xa ti 7unen tzebe, yech ti 7unen kreme, tzk'an sve7el chve7ik, 7a ti sp'in 7une, vok' la yu7unik 7un, vok' yu7un 7un, mu xa k'u xmak'lanon 7un, te xa tzsa7 sve7el stuk 7un, xchan 7abtel taj 7unen krem 7une, tzpas xa xchob, tzmeltzan xchob, te xa chjuch' sve7el ti 7unen tzebuk 7une, kó7olkó7ol xa chve7ik 7un.

Va7i 7un, ba la sk'eel yu7un sme7. "Me7, mu jna7 k'u ta jnop, 7a li jp'ine, 7ip'aj ku7un ta jk'ob," xi. "Ba jpete yu7un 7a li 7ip'aj ku7un 7un, cha7-jov 7un," xi la.

"7A, yiyil xtal kak'bot 7otro jun, te xak'anbe lave7ele," x7utat la 7un. "Tal to 7o yul 7o 7ach'ulelik xa, mu xa k'usi, mi muk' bu chaxi7 li7 chavaye?"

"7I7i a7a, lek chivay," xi la.

"7A!" x7utat 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7iyul la xch'ulel ti 7unetik 7une, muk'tik xa la 7un, tzmak'lan xa sbaik, chve7ik xa, chuch'ik xa vo7, stuk cha7-vo7 7unetik 7une, mu xa k'usi yatel yo7on, ti me7ile bat 7o, ti, 7ibat xchi7uk stote, ja7 xa no 7ox ti k'u 7ora sk'an yo7on xtal sk'el 7une, chtal sk'el ti xch'amaltak. "K'u xa7elanik?"

"Ja7 no 7ox yechon, me7, k'usi 7avich' tal, me7?" ja7 la xi ti 7unen tzeb 7une.

"Mu k'usi lakich'be tal j-kot no 7ox 7avunen choy, mi chati7?" xi la.

"7Aa!" xi la. "7Ak'bon komel li7 ta kunen lukux te7e, che7e, tek tik'o ta yut jp'in," xi la.

"7Ey!" xi la.

Va7i 7un, 7a la ti j-kot la ti choy yich'oj ech'ele, pero batz'i muk' la ta j-mek, pero ti k'al stomojbe ech'el ti sme7e, xi la yunen muk'ul ti choye, xi la yunen natil 7istik' ta p'ine, ch'i ta j-mek 7imuk'ib ti choye, 7ich'i la ta j-mek.

Va7i 7un, ta ju-tz'uj ta ju-set' la tzi7ik 7un, lek xve7ik 7o ti 7unetik 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li ti yul xch'ulel 7une, va7i, 7iyil ti muk'tik xa ti xch'amaltak 7une, chanik 7un. "Ve7anik 7uch'anik vo7 7un, slajeb xa tal jk'eloxuk lavi 7une, ja7 xa ja7 xa no 7ox mi xak'an xba xak'anik 7atak'inik mi sk'an stojol 7ak'u7ik, sk'an k'u stojole, te to xtal jk'eloxuk, 7avi li7 7ich'o komel 7atak'in li7i, ja7 ti xataik li7 ta xkak' komel ta 7unen kaxae," xi la. Yech la smuk'ul li 7unen kaxa chak li7i, ja7 ti mu yechuk sjamlej 7une, teltel xi sjamleje, xi la snatil 7une. "Li7 chkak' komel li7 toe, li7 ta xkak' ta 7olon i yavee," xi la. "Xajamik 7un, te latak'inike," xi la. Chba la sjam tzta stak'in ti 7unen kreme, ti "chak'ak'ak'ak'aj," xi la ti tak'ine.

went to open it to get his money. The money jingled and jangled.

"Our money is used up. But where can we get more?" the children asked [each other] when their money was used up.

"It won't run out. More will come," said the little girl.

"Eh, it will run out. If it runs out we won't have anything to live on." [The boy] took out their money. They saw there wasn't any left. When they looked [again] it was this deep in the chest. It just came and came and came.

They grew up. [With the help of the money] they ate, they bought their corn, they bought whatever [they wanted] to eat. They grew up.

No [problems]. The little girl acquired a husband. The boy got a wife.

That's the way it ended. That's the way it was left. The mother went off. She just left that one little chest of money. [The money] kept appearing and appearing. They lived on it. They grew up. That's the way it was left. The end. It was a Thunderbolt that did that, a Thunderbolt girl.

The trail of Thunderbolt Girl, who first appeared in Tale 72, leads from the Chiapas highlands to Mitla and finally backtracks to Guatemala.

One tale from Chenalhó (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:191-192) and three from Chamula (Gossen, T6, T26, T33) provide the best leads. They will be identified as exhibits a-d.

Episode 1: A Thunderbolt is caught by a water monster. Thunderbolt asks Ysumprun, a man passing by, to bring him his drum from his home in the mountain (a).

A man catches a huge snake in his rat trap. The snake begs the Chamulan to spare its life. Then it turns into a Ladino, and asks in Tzotzil that the trapper carry him to his home in the mountain (c).

Episode 2: Thunderbolt, receiving his drum from Ysumprun, tells him to hide his head. Ysumprun can't resist watching while lightning cracks from the drum and kills the water monster. Ysumprun also perishes, but is revived by Thunderbolt (a).

Episode 3: Thunderbolt rebukes Ysumprun for his curiosity, but offers him his daughter, the Mother of Maize. They live as husband and wife and have two children (a).

The trapper is rewarded with a fair maiden by the Ladino Earth Lord. They have two children (c).

Episode 4: When Thunderbolt's daughter harvests the corn, she brings in so much that Ysumprun slugs her. In disgust she wipes her bloody nose on a corncob, and that is why there is red corn (a).

The trapper strikes his wife for the same reason and with the same results (c).

A lazy man, father of two children, gives his wife the same treatment for identical reasons and with identical results (b).

A rich man, father of a boy and a girl, the same (d).

Episode 5: Thunderbolt girl returns to her father, leaving her children two clay drums that provide them with food. Hungry Ysumprun forces his children to show him their magic pots. He breaks them angrily and breaks their replacement too (a).

The trapper's wife is carried home in a cloud. She returns with

Va7i 7un, "Laj xa li jtak'intik 7une, pero bu ta xkich'tik 7un?" xi la ti 7unetik ti k'alal laj xa ti stak'in 7une.

"Mu xlaj, te chtal yan," xi la ti 7unen tzeb 7une.

"7Ey, chlaj 7un, ti mi laj 7une, mu xa k'u xkipantik." Yeche la tzta lok'el stak'in chak lavie, ch'abal xa la chil k'al xile, te xa la k'alal i kaxa, te no 7ox xtal, te no 7ox xtal, te no 7ox xtal 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7iyul 7o xch'ulelik, 7ive7ik 7o, 7isman 7o yiximik 7isman 7o k'u slajesik, 7iyul 7o xch'ulelik 7un.

Va7i 7un, ch'abal 7un, 7ayan la smalal ti 7unen tzeb 7une, 7ayan yajnil ti krem 7une.

Va7i 7un, ch'ab xi yech kechel 7ikom chak taj 7une, 7a ti me7ile bat 7un, k'ajom no 7ox 7iyak' komel taj j-p'ej 7unen kaxa tak'in, ja7 ti chlok'ilan, chlok'ilan, chve7ik 7o 7un, 7ich'i 7un, yech kechel 7ikom chak taje, laj 7o, ja7 ti chauh ya7el ti spas yech 7une, jun tzeb chauh.

two magic pots for her children, but the trapper discovers the pots and smashes them (c).

The lazy man's wife returns home to her parents. She gives her children a magic pot, but the father smashes it and smashes its replacement too (b).

The rich man's wife is carried home to her parents in a cloud. She leaves her children a magic pot but their father smashes it (d).

Episode 6: Ysumprun's children are turned into squirrels for showing their father the magic pots. He is turned into a Thunderbolt (a).

The Thunderbolt girl takes her children home with her. The trapper is left behind sad and lonely (c).

The lazy man's children are turned into squirrels (b).

The rich man's wife takes her children to her mountain home. He tries in vain to get his family back and dies of a broken heart. His widow distributes his corn among his friends (d).

If we tack the scene of the multiplying net in Tale 72 onto Tale 78, its plot then falls into line with the versions above.

A cursory investigation of Thunderbolt activities in Mitla suggests more than a casual resemblance. In one tale Thunderbolts battle with a water monster (Parsons, 1936:332-333) as did Ysumprun's friend. In another, two orphans are adopted by Thunderbolts, who give them a magic pot. They are told to put a single bean in it, but they disobey, and so when the beans swell they burst the pot (Parsons, 1936:330-331). In a third tale two mountain spirits quarrel after harvesting their corn. The woman complains that all the corn is white. So her husband promptly punches her in the nose with now familiar results (Parsons, 339).

Following the trail south to the central highlands of Guatemala and searching the records of the past four hundred years turns up a fresh lead. The mother of the twin heroes of the *Popol Vuh*, Hunter and Jaguar Deer, bears further investigation. This woman, Blood Girl by name, presented herself, already pregnant, before her mother-in-law, who cursed her and disowned her, telling her that she would never be accepted unless she brought home a big net of corn. So Blood Girl went to the corn field.

And there was just one stalk of corn;
 There was not another stalk,
 A second stalk
 Nor a third stalk.
 It was a bearing stalk,
 With the fruit of one stalk.
 So then was finished
 The maiden's heart.
 "I am such a sinner!
 I am a whore!
 Where can I even get
 The one net of food
 That is asked?"

Blood Girl prayed for help.

And then she took the tassel,
 The tassel in the top of the ear, and tore it right out.
 She didn't cut the ear.
 Then there were abundant ears.
 The food in the net
 Filled up the big net.
 So then the maiden came back,
 But it was animals who carried the net.
 When she got back
 They went and left the rack
 She perspired as though she had carried it,
 And came in to see the grandmother.
 So when the grandmother saw the food,
 One big netful,

"Where could the food come from for you?
 Did you fell them then?
 If you have brought our whole corn crop here . . .
 I'm going to see," said the grandmother,
 And she went;
 She went and looked at the field.
 There was still just one cornstalk,
 And there was still just as clearly the net mark under it.
 So the grandmother rushed back,
 And then she returned to the house
 And said
 To the maiden,
 "Actually there is a sign there;
 It must be true that you are my daughter-in-law . . ."
 (Edmonson, 1971:83-84).

Only a thread of blood, a net of corn, and two as yet unborn offspring point to Thunderbolt Girl as the bearer of ancient traditions that once flourished leagues apart, but can this evidence be dismissed as purely circumstantial? The defense rests.

In a last minute communication Walter Morris reports a version of this tale from San Andrés, where, a man named Usum is offered a daughter by the Earth Lord in exchange for saving the life of a snake. The daughters are fluffing cotton in preparation for spinning. "The pile of fluffed cotton grows higher and higher and becomes clouds." Morris believes this tale establishes the religious significance of weaving, its relation to the Earth Lord, and an explanation for many of the symbols that occur in the textiles of highland Chiapas (Morris, pers. comm.).

See also T72 and notes.

The Buzzard Man

T69

Once there was a man long ago. He was very lazy. A loafer. He didn't want to do anything. He didn't want to work. And when he went to work he asked for his tortillas [to take along.] He just went to eat the tortillas. He went to sleep. He came back. He left. And he came back and he left. And he came back and he left. And that's how the year passed. And [he said] that he had corn, and that he worked. And he just lied to his wife.

The poor woman's heart, God, My Lord! "My corn is about to be harvested," she said.

But how could her corn be harvested, sleeping is what the man did! The husband said he had corn, because he goes to clear trees, because he goes to work, goes to do whatever it is he does, it seems. He takes his tortillas with him. He takes his tortillas with him.

He goes there to sleep. He just goes to sleep there. God, in no time he spreads out his woolen tunic. He goes to sleep. He makes a pillow of his tortillas. "God, My Lord, holy buzzard, how is it that you don't do anything at all? You fly, gliding easily along. You don't work. But me, it's hard with me. I'm suffering terribly. What agony I suffer! Look at my hands! They have lots of sores already. My hands hurt, so now I can't work. My hands are worn out. I

7Oy to 7ox jun vinik ti vo7ne, yu7un la toj ch'aj, jaragan, mu sk'an k'u spas, mu sk'an x7abtej, 7i chbat ta 7abtel sk'an yot, 7a ti vaje, yech chba ve7uk, chba vayuk, tzut tal, chbat, 7i tzut tal, 7i chbat 7i tzut tal 7i chbat 7i ja7 yech chbat jabil, 7i ke 7oy la yixim, 7i ke ch7abtej la, 7i yech no 7ox ta snopbe k'op li yajnil 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti yo7on ti povre 7antz 7une, dyox kajval! "Po7ot xa xlok' kixim," xi la.

Bu chlok' yixim, vayel tzpas ti vinike, 7a ti vinike yu7un yaloy ti 7oy, ti yu7un 7oy ti yixime, yu7un la chk'ot sboj yosil 7un, yu7un la chk'ot 7abtejuk, ti k'u chk'ot spas ya7el 7une, chich' ech'el yot, chich' ech'el yot.

Va7i 7un, chk'ot vayuk 7un, k'ajom chk'ot vayuk 7un, dyos k'i xi ti sjerka 7une, chvay 7un, chonjolin ti yot 7une. "Dyos kajval ch'ul-xulem, k'u no 7ox yu7un ti batz'i mu k'u xana7 ta j-meke, jun 7avo7on xajayet chavil, mu7nuk cha7abtej, yan i vo7on jvokole, batz'i 7abol jba, batz'i k'ux ta riox ya7el ti jvokole, k'e li jk'obe, batz'i chyayij xa, 7a li jk'obe, batz'i k'uxik xa mu stak' xi7abtej, xclub i jk'ob 7une, batz'i mu xa jk'an xi7abtej." Tavan nan xa7i ti

don't want to work at all now." Maybe Our Lord grew tired of it. The buzzard came down.

"Well, what is it you want with me, talking that way?"

"I don't want anything. It's just that you seem so well off. Without a care you fly in the sky. Now me, I suffer so much at work. I suffer a lot working in my cornfield, and I haven't any corn. I'm a pauper. My wife is scolding me. The woman asks for her corn. We have nothing to eat. What I do now is, I borrow ears of corn. Or if I borrow beans I go give them to her. *My corn has been harvested. My beans have been harvested.* I tell her. I arrive to tell my wife lies. But it isn't mine. I just borrow it. I have so many debts now. That's why I want some way to return them. That's why if you just wanted to, you could take my clothes and I'll go buzzarding," he said.

"Ah!" said [the buzzard]. "Well, I'll go first to ask permission. I'll come, depending on what I'm told."

"Go, then!"

"Wait for me on Tuesday." Or was it on Thursday? Who knows whether it was Tuesday or Thursday. "I'll come then."

He went to wait. He arrived. He went to sit down and wait for [the buzzard]. "God, holy buzzard, why don't you come to change with me? I can't stand it anymore. I'm tired of working, it seems," he said. He had taken his axe and his billhook with him to clear the land. He cleared a tiny bit. He felled two trees. Two trees he felled. Then he returned home again.

"How about it, have you nearly finished clearing your land?" he was asked by his wife.

"Oh, it seems to be nearly ready. I finished trimming all the ones I felled." "All the ones,"—Two! The loafer!

"Ah," she said.

"So, I'm going again today. Get up please and make me a couple of tortillas," he said.

"Okay!" she said. He went out to talk to the poor buzzard again. He sat down right off.

"God, I'm hungry already. I feel like drinking posol now. I have too much work. There's no way to replace the corn [I've borrowed]," he said.

"Oh!" said [the buzzard]. That buzzard came down. It arrived.

"What, what do you say?"

[The buzzard] spoke. "Our Lord has given permission. He says you can change. He says for you to go, and me to stay."

"But won't my wife realize that it isn't me anymore?"

"No, she won't know, it's by Our Lord's order. It's not by my order," said [the buzzard].

"All right," he said. [The buzzard] stayed. He took off his feathers. He shook off all his feathers. The

kajvaltik 7une, 7iyal la tal li xulem 7une.

"Bwéno k'usi chak'an xchi7uk i vo7on ya7ele, la x7elan chavale?" xi la 7un.

"Mu k'usi ta jk'an, yu7un ja7 lek chkil li vo7ote, jun 7avo7on chavil ta vinajel, 7a li vo7one, 7abol jba ta j-mek ta 7abtel 7abol jba ta j-mek ta jpas jchob, 7i mu7yuk ti kixime, me7onon, ta xa xiyut ti kajnil 7une, ta jk'an, 7a li ta sk'an, 7a li ta sk'an yixim ti 7antz 7une, mu k'u ta jve7tikótik, 7a lavi ta jpas li vo7on li7i, ta jk'ex ech'el li 7ajane, mi ta jk'ex ech'el li chenek'e chba kak'be. 7Ilok' xa li kixime 7Ilok' xa li jchenek'e chkut. Chk'ot jnopbe k'op ti kajnil 7une, pero mu ku7unuk 7un, naka ta jk'ex 7un, tol xa 7ep kil 7un li7e, yech'o xal ti kiluk ko7on k'u xi jsutes 7un, yech'o xal ti 7ak'anuk no 7ox vo7ot 7avich' i jk'u7e 7i vo7on chibat ta xulemal," xi la 7un.

"7A!" xi la. "Bwéno, ta xba kak' parte ba7yuk ti k'u xi7utate, chital."

Bwéno, "Batan che7e!"

7A li, "Xamalaon ta martex." Mi ta jweves, mu jna7tik 7un, ta martex, mi ta jweves. "Te chital."

Va7i 7un, ba la smala 7un, k'ot la 7un, bat chotluk malavanuk la 7un. "Dyox ch'ul-xulem k'u nox yu7un ti mu xtal 7ajelon 7une, batz'i mu xa xu7, chtavan ya7el li chi7abteje," xi la 7un. Yich'oj la ech'el yek'el, sluk, tzvel 7o ti 7osile, tzvel la smelol 7un, cha7-petz la te7, 7islomes 7un, cha7-petz te7 7islomes 7une, sut tal ta sna noxtok 7un.

"K'u x7elan 7un, mi po7otaj ti sbojel 7avosile?" x7utat la yu7un ti yajnil.

"7Aj, po7otaj yilel, laj jk'ababe sk'ob li jay-petz 7iyal ku7une." "Jay-petz" -- cha7-petz, ja7 ti jaragan.

"7A!" xi la 7un.

"Yech'o xal 7un 7a li, chibat lavi noxtok 7une, likan me 7un, pasbon chibuk kot," xi la.

"7Ey!" xi la. Lok' la tal, yalbe la noxtok li prove xulem, chot xi.

"Dyos chivi7naj xa chak xa kuch' ti 7uch'imo7 7une, toj 7ep i kabtel 7une, mu 7onox bu xk'ex ti kixim ya7el la x7elan 7une," xi la 7un.

"7A!" xi la. Yal la tal taj xulem 7une, tal la 7un.

"K'usi k'usi ti chaval 7une?"

7Iyal. "7Iyak' xa me tal lisensya li kajvaltik 7une, xu7 la me xajel 7un, vo7ot la chabat 7un, vo7on la chikom 7un."

"Pero mi mu van xa7i ti kajnil ti mu xa vo7nikon?"

"Mo7oj, mu xa7i, tzmantal kajvaltik, mu vo7nikon ta jmantal," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno," xi la 7un. Kom 7un, slok'es la ti sk'uk'umale, slilin la skotol ti sk'uk'umale, slok' svex,

man took off his pants, his shirt, his wool tunic, everything. The other one put them on.

You see, the other finished putting on his wool tunic. The clothes began to stick on. The buzzard's feathers and all stuck on. "See here," [said the buzzard], "Don't do anything wrong. You'll go. Go now! Go on! Go have fun. Come back in a week or two weeks. Let me tell you how we eat, how I find food, where we eat. We see [fumes] coming up when there is a dead horse, or sheep, or whatever. Its fumes rise," said [the buzzard].

"Okay," he said.

"I'll come, I'll come to talk to you, then."

"All right," he said.

After the "man" had cleared his land for three days [the "buzzard"] arrived. "How is it?" asked [the "man"].

"God, it's true that I'm no good for anything. Already you've done a good job clearing the land. Look how much of your land you've cleared already! But me I just cut two trees in a month or in a couple of months or so when I worked. Look how much more work you have done already! My wife prefers you. Did my wife tell you I was good for nothing when you arrived!" he asked.

"She didn't tell me anything [much]. *Why do you stink so? You reek!* she told me!" said the "man."

"Ah," he said. "What did you tell her?"

"*Oh yes, I certainly do stink. It's because I'm working. In the past I used to lie to you. I never used to work. I just slept all the time. But now go see for yourself, if you want, when I burn our land. Go look! Go and help me watch the fire.* I told your wife," he said.

"Ah!" said [the buzzard]. "Will you take her along?"

"I'll take her," said [the "man"].

[When the time for burning came, the "man" asked his wife to accompany him.] "All right," she said.

The wife went when the burning of the trees began. He took her along. "Sit here. First, I'll clear the fire lane. I'll make a fire lane around our land," he said.

"Okay," she said. The wife sat down. She lit a fire and prepared her husband's meal. Then they ate.

They ate. They finished. Maybe the awful stupid man [who had become a buzzard] thought it was his meal. He went. The smoke came up. The smoke from the burning trees was cu—rling up. He thought . . .

When they exchanged clothes, "See here, when its fumes rise a dog has died," [the buzzard had] said.

smokite ti vinike, ti sjerkae, k'utik 7un, slap i jun 7une.

Va7i 7un, laj slap ti sjerka li jun 7une, ja7 lik la nap'luk ti sk'u7e, ti k'utikuk ti sk'uk'umal ti xulem 7une, nap'luk 7un. 7A li, "K'el avil 7un," xi la, "Mu me xapas chopolal 7un, xabat, me xapas chopolal 7un, xabat, batan lavi a7a, batan, ba paxyajan, xatal ta vaxakib k'ak'al, mi ta vo7-lajuneb k'ak'al, chkal ava7i k'u x7elan chive7otik, k'u x7elan ta jsa7 li jve7eltike, li bu chive7otike, 7a li, 7a li k'u x7elan, buy ta xkiltik buy 7a li lok'em ya7el 7a li bu chamem ka7, mi chij, mi k'usi 7une, ta me xlok' sch'ailal 7un," xi la 7un.

"7Ey," xi la.

"Chital che7e, te chtal jk'oponot."

"Teyuk," xi la.

Va7i 7un, yoxibal k'ak'al 7ox svel yosil ti vinik 7une, 7ik'ot la 7un. "K'u x7elan 7un?" xi la.

"Dyos yu7n 7o ka vo7on mu xitun che7e, ti lek xa 7aveloj ti balamil vo7ot 7une, k'e xa yepal 7aveloj lavosil ya7el, 7a li vo7on 7une, k'ajom mi cha7-petz jte7 7ilok' 7o ya7el ti jun 7ue, mi chib 7ue k'u xi ti li7abtej 7une, k'el avil li vo7ot 7une, mas xa 7ep la7abtej 7un, mas chask'an kajnil li vo7ot 7une, 7a li vo7one, mu xa xitun yu7un ti kajnile, ti k'u xayut ti nak'ot 7une?" xi la.

"Mu k'u xiyut. *K'u yu7un ti toj tzijote toj yan 7avik'e!* xiyut 7un!" xi la ti vinik 7une.

"7A!" xi la 7un. "K'u xavut 7un?"

"7A tzijon 7un bi, ja7 li chi7abteje, a li vo7ne che7e, yu7un yech to 7ox chajnopbe k'op, muk' to 7ox bu chi7abtej, ta no xivay ta j-mek, yan lavie ba k'el avil, mi xak'an k'al ta jchik' i kosiltike, chba k'el avil, ta xba koltaon ta sk'eel 7a li k'ok'e, xkut 7un, li 7avajnil 7une," xi la 7un.

"7A!" xi la. "Mi chavik' tal 7un?"

"Ta xkik' tal," xi la.

"Bwéno," xi la.

Va7i 7un, bat la ti 7antz ti k'al 7i7och sk'ak'al li te7lal 7une, yik' la ech'el 7un, "Chotlan li7 toe ta jvel ba7yuk li kayajone, ta jpolbe skayajonal kosiltike," xi la.

"7Ey," xi la. 7Ichoti la ti 7antz 7une, stzoy la sk'ok', 7i 7ismeltzanbe li sve7el li smalale, te la ve7ik 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7ive7ik 7un, laj 7un, ja7 xak' nan ja7uk la ti sve7el ti mu sonso vinik 7une, bat la 7un, lok' xa ch'ail stz'otote---t xa sch'ailal ti te7lal chk'ak' 7une, xak' . . .

7Ásta k'alal li sjel li sk'u7ik 7une -- "K'el avil 7un, k'alal ta xlok' li xch'ailale k'alal xcham tz'i7," xi la,

“When a pig dies . . .,” he said. “If a horse dies, its fumes rise. You’ll see its fumes rising in the sky,” he said. “And if you are hungry, then go and see if the fumes are rising, that’s when you should go,” he said. When the smoke came up from the trees the man was burning, when the smoke rose, that’s when that [lazy] man whooshed off. He went to look there where the trees were burning. And then he was burnt up with the trees.

Don’t you see, the “buzzard” came whoo—shing down. The fool landed right in the fire. Then he burnt up. He died from it.

“Oh, is the awful buzzard so stupid, is the awful buzzard so horrible that he came like that, came and burnt himself up a bit?” said the wife. “Hey, see the way you’ll all die! The awful buzzard died. That’s what the disgusting thing deserved,” said the wife.

“That’s what he deserved, dying like that,” she said.

“The order said, that’s what the lazy buzzard deserved,” said the “husband.” “Yes, as for the buzzard, never mind! Our corn will be harvested now,” he said. “In a week we’ll come to plant it. You will plant the beans yourself,” he said.

“All right!” said the wife.

As for the wife . . . they returned. Afterwards they carried a load of firewood, one load of wood for the man and one load of wood for the woman.

They left. They went home. “See, here, I’m just covered with soot. *You stink horribly when I’m with you*, you tell me. Hand me some clothes. I’ll change. Wash the others tomorrow,” said the “husband.”

“Okay,” she said. Her husband changed. “See it’s just your clothes that stink. It’s your sweat,” said the wife.

“That’s right. It’s because I still sweat so. That’s why you say I stink,” he said. How would she know he was a buzzard? Do you know how it was discovered that her husband was a buzzard? It was when he planted and weeded. And now he had beans. He had corn. He had watermelon squash. He had summer squash, everything. He was lucky, now.

“Now that you have corn, you have beans, return to me all that your late husband used, all that he ate. Since you seem to have corn,” [a neighbor said].

“Isn’t he my husband, the one who has always been here? Do I have another husband? Have I two husbands, then?” asked the woman.

“Oh, why don’t you want to admit it? Your husband turned into a buzzard,” said the person who was asking to be repaid. They say he borrowed forty ears of fresh corn at one house, at another house a quarter-measure of beans, at another house thirty ears of dried corn, an almod of corn.

k’alal xcham chitom,” xi la. “K’alal xcham ka7 ta xlok’ 7este xch’ailal, ta xak’el ta vinajel ta xlok’ xch’ailal,” xi la. “7I k’alal ti mi chavi7naj 7une ja7 la xba k’el 7un ta xlok’ xch’ailal 7une, ja7 7o xabat 7un,” xi la. Ja7 7o la lok’ xch’ail la 7ixchik’ la ste7lal li vinik 7une, ja7 7o la lok’ xch’ailal 7un, 7i ja7 7o la xjumum xa ech’el taj vinik 7une, ja7 la ba sk’el yo7 chk’ak’ 7a li te7lal 7une, ja7 7o la te k’ak’ ta te7lal 7un.

Bu xavil, ti xuleme, che7e, batz’i xjumu---m xa tal 7un, tik’il 7ik’ot ta k’ok’ i sonso 7une, te k’ak’ 7un, te cham 7o.

Va7i 7un, “7Ay mi 7o toj sonso li mu xuleme, mi 7oy yan x7elan li mu xulem la x7elan tal xchik’ sba jutuke?” xi la ti 7ajnilal. “7Ey, k’el avil me x7elan chalajik, chlaj i mu xuleme porkiriya stu 7o!” xi, 7ajnilal 7un.

Va7i 7un, “Stu 7o lajuk chak le7e,” xi la 7un.

“Stu 7o jarakan xulem xi li mantale,” xi la ti malalil 7une. “Ja7 ti xulem 7une, yiyil, 7a lavie yu7un xa xlok’ kiximtik,” xi la 7un. “K’al vaxakib k’ak’al 7une, chtal kavtik 7un, chach’ol chenek’ vo7ot,” xi la.

“Bwéno,” xi la ti 7antz 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti 7antz 7une, sutik ech’el 7un, laj skuch la ech’el j-chep si7 7un, j-chep si7 vinik, j-chep si7 7antz.

Bwéno, batik 7un, bat tznaik 7un. “K’el avil 7un, batz’i nilaj ta sibak ta j-mek 7une. *Batz’i 7animal yan 7avik’ ta chi7nel*, xavuton 7une, becho tal yan jk’u7 ta jk’exta jba xachuk’ 7ok’ob li yan 7une,” xi la ti vinik 7une.

“7Ey!” xi la. 7Isk’exta la ti smalal 7une. “Vi me ja7 no me lak’u7 toj tzije, ja7 me lachik’e,” xi la ti 7ajnilal 7un.

“Ja7 a7a, k’u ti ja7 li tol chichik’inaj to, yech’o li tzijon chavale,” xi la 7un. Yu7 van tzna7 mi xulem, mi xana7 k’u to xi vinaj 7un, taj xulem ti smalal 7une, ja7 la ti bu k’alal li 7istz’un 7un taje, 7iyak’inta 7un, 7i 7oy xa xchenek’ 7oy xa yixim 7oy xa smail 7oy xa stz’ol k’utikuk 7oy, yora xa ya7el 7une.

“Lavie 7oy lavixim 7une, 7oy lachenek’ 7une, k’extabon ti k’utik yepal k’usi stunoj k’usi slajesoj ti 7anima 7amalal 7une, 7a li yo7 to 7oy ya7el lavixim 7une.”

“Mi mu ja7uk jmalal lavie li7 7onox che7e, mi yan 7o bu jmalal mi cha7-vo7 jmalal che7e?” xi la ti 7antz 7une.

“7An k’u cha7al 7a li vo7ote mu xak’an xaval, yu7un me pasem ta xulem lamalale,” xi la ti jk’an-k’exil 7une. 7Oy la jun na cha7-vinik la sk’ex 7ajan, 7o la jun na jun la kwarcha te7 chenek’, 7oy la jun na lajuneb xcha7-vinik la vojton, jun la 7almul 7ixim.

They went to recover his debts, "Come on! Get out! First I'll harvest my corn field then you can have it if you're telling the truth. I don't know [anything] about it," she said.

"Why wouldn't I be telling the truth? It's like this. Your husband was like this. When he arrived at work he didn't [really] work. He went to sleep on the job. He didn't care at all about his work. Just as soon as he finished eating, then the first [thing he did] was sleep. He told the buzzard, *Oh, holy buzzard, give me your suit. You fly so well, just gliding in the sky. But me, my hands hurt so. I can't stand it, it seems*, said your husband," the people asking for beans told her.

Ah, you see the way she returned the corn was to do it when they harvested it. They picked it. The corn was returned. The beans were returned. Now they had corn, now they had beans. No problems.

"I was right that you aren't my husband, that's why you know how to work, now. You see you used to be a buzzard," she told her husband. "I was right that you stunk so!"

"Oh what concern is that of ours? That was long ago. What people won't come and tell you so that we'll repay them, those [people] who asked you! Who knows if it's so," said the old man.

"Hah, how come it isn't true? I was right that it was a buzzard's stink, that your odor was like a buzzard's stink. I was right that you're a buzzard," she said to him.

"Who knows, then. I never felt that I was a buzzard. Just because I sweat, it seems I have a bad odor. That's why I asked you for my clothes, my neckerchief. I changed so you wouldn't tell me I was a buzzard," said the husband.

"Oh forget it, so long as you provide for me. In the past I thought you were telling me the truth that you were my husband."

"Where did you hear about it?"

"It was a gentleman who came to tell me. You see that's who had seen how he went to sleep at work," she said. They returned their debts. "Look how there's nobody saying things to me now that we have corn and beans. Never mind, there's no problem so long as my stomach's full." He had one bin of corn, the lazy man. But now it was the buzzard man. That's why the story was left that way.

Then when he worked, they had things. They ate now. [Her "husband"] wasn't a loafer any longer. The buzzard was more industrious, but the poor lazy man, that's how he died. The way he used to do it, it turned out well for him. But not really. He stole fresh corn. He stole beans. He stole watermelon squash. He [arrived] contentedly to eat them with corn on the cob, but it was just the poor guy's stolen

Bwéno, ti sk'extak ba sk'anbel 7une. "Lok' lajuk la7 jk'ajban i jchobe ja7 to te xavich' ti mi yech 7avale, mu jna7," xi la 7un.

"7O no mu yechuk xkal xi me smelole, xi me smelol lamalale, 7a ti k'al chk'ot 7abtejoke, mu me yu7unuk ch7abtej ta me xba vayuk ta yabtel, 7a li yabtele muk' me sk'oplal yu7un, naka no me mi laj ve7uke ja7 7o chvay ba7yi. Chalbe li xulem, 7Ay ch'ul-xulem 7ak'bon lak'u7e toj lek xavil vo7ot a7a, yech no 7ox xajayet ta vinajel, 7a li vo7one batz'i 7abot sba li jk'ob 7une, batz'i mu xu7 ya7el xi me lamalale," xi la ti jk'an-7ixim, jk'an-chenek' 7une.

7Aj va7i k'u cha7al 7isut ti 7ixim 7une, ja7 to la ti k'al 7ik'ajav 7une, 7ik'ajav 7une, 7isut ti 7ixime, 7isut ti chenek' 7une, 7oy xa yiximik 7un, 7oy xa xchenek'ik 7un, ch'abal k'op.

Va7i 7un, 7a li, "7Ey yu7un 7o ka mu jmalalikot yech'o ka li xana7 xa7abteje, va7i xulemot to 7oxe," xut la ti smalal. "Yech'o ka li toj tzijot!"

7An k'u xa jtu7untik taj a7a, vo7ne, k'u mu xtal yalbot ti krixchanoe, yo7 ti jsutesbetik 7o sk'ex taj buch'u chak'anbate, mu jna7tik mi yech," xi la ti mol vinik 7une.

"7A k'u cha7al mu yechuk, yech'o ka ti tzij xulem, 7a li yik' xulem ya7el ta 7avik' i vo7ote, yu7un 7o no ka yech ti xulemote," xut la sbaik.

Va7i 7un, "Jna7tik 7un che7e, muk' bu xka7i mi xulemon ja7 no 7ox yu7un ti 7a li chichik'inaj ya7ele, yan kik'tik por 7éso yech'o chajk'anbe 7a li jk'u7e, 7a li jpok' ta jk'exta jbae, yo7 ti mu xavalbon 7o 'i xulemone," xi la li vinik.

"7Aj yil xa nan yil yal ti chive7 7avu7une, 7a li vo7ne tale che7e, xkak' to me yechuk xaval ti yu7un 7a li vo7ot jmalalote."

"Buy ti 7ava7i x7elane?"

"Ja7 tal yalbon 7a li jtata7tike, va7i buch'u yiloj ti k'u x7elan chba vayuk ta yabtele," xi la 7un. 7Issutes taj k'ex 7une. "K'e mu xa buch'u k'u xiyalbe lavi 7oy xa kixim jchenek'tik 7une, yiyil mu xa k'usi k'op yal ti noj jch'ute." J-p'ej la ten yixim jaragan vinik 7un bi, pero xulem vinik xa 7un, por 7éso 7es ke komem ti k'op lavi 7un li x7elan 7une.

7Óra, ti k'alal li ch7abtej xa 7une, 7oy xa k'u 7oy yu7unik chve7ik xa mu xa jarakanuk 7un, ja7 mas baxbol 7ital i xulem 7une, yan ti prove jaragan vinik 7une ja7 taj x7elan bu laj 7une, ti k'alal tzpasulan to 7oxe che7e, lek to 7ox, chbat, chbat pero yu7un 7onox mo7oje, chelk'an tal 7ajan, chelk'an tal chenek', chelk'an tal mayil lek xa la chul slo7 ta 7ajan, pero naka yelek' ti prove, naka yelek', yan ti

goods, just stolen goods. Now the buzzard, he worked well. Those are the ancient words.

In her version of "The Buzzard Man," Tonik manages to make the distinctions between appearance and reality as ambiguous for the reader as they were for the wife. The "hard-working" man becomes a lazy "buzzard" and the "lazy" buzzard becomes a hard-working "man."

Just as Tonik was reaching the climax, her son could not resist stealing her show, breaking in and telling it himself. Unruffled,

xulem 7une, ja7 lek x7abtej 7un, ja7 ti 7antivo k'op
7un taje.

Tonik restated the climax and adds a coda of her own.

Romin Teratol was very critical of Tonik's manner of telling this tale. He commented that she told it as if she had seen the buzzard man with her own eyes, hardly ever inserting the particle, *la*, which indicates that the event under discussion is only hearsay. See also T42, T43, and their notes, and T48.

The Little Bird

T153

Long ago when the Little Bird was about, he was a leader of the Indian soldiers, it seems. They went to each town. They went. They went to Acala, Chiapilla, to San Lucas, to—what's its name?—Kakav Te7 [Kakav Tree]. To Rincó Chamula, as we call it. They went there. They went to Acala. They stole a [Christ] Child. They stole icons. They grabbed women. They grabbed little girls. As for the little girls, when they couldn't do it, they say, when they couldn't do anything to them, they simply grabbed them, cut them with a pocketknife. Then they assaulted them. As for the women, they would grab them. They would search for them until they had finished with the whole household where they entered. You used to get a fright long ago when just Chamulans went, it seems. They had guns, spears. They had . . . I don't know what the name of the metal is, this big, like a dagger, but it wasn't a dagger . . . a walking stick, a metal-[tipped] walking stick. It was round, as thick as your finger. They took them along. They would go to kill people with them. Machetes, knives, [a weapon] called a spear, because its point is long. It looked like a tiny machete, this long, like this. The point was narrow.

They would go, go startle the people. They would go into the houses, grab the women. They would grab the men, tie them up, truss their legs, make them kneel.

Then they would assault the women. After that was over, then they would steal—if there was money, if there was an icon, if there was a [Christ] Child. If you had anything there, they would steal it. They would enter each town, each town. They would enter Acala, enter Chiapilla. That's what they did in Rosario. They went to Totolapa. They went. They went to steal. There was a Zinacantec in Totolapa who became a follower of the Little Bird. He died long ago. He was impotent. He had no children. His name was [Palas]. That man . . . [What was his last name?] Francisco Rodriguez. Mariano Rodriguez was the adopted child he raised.

But it was hard to kill him. But he died. He stole a Saint Anthony, two Christ Childs, three icons. Who

knows how much money it was, because we didn't see. But what I saw, it seems, inside, I'll tell about. They went to Chiapilla. He got—that man got there—he got a telephone. He sold the telephone to a Chamulan, and a hot water container—a thermos. He had stolen two thermoses. He thought they were bottles, since the fool didn't know what they were. He thought they were bottles. He sold them. He offered them for twenty cents. They were bought from him. "I'll give you a peso. Give it to me!" he was told. He was glad to get a peso.

Then, he went to Acala. There he got that Holy Mother, Our Holy Father, St. Anthony, and a little Christ Child. They went to Rincón Chamula just to steal money, to steal domestic pigs, and so on. Because they went to Ixtapa to sell them. The pigs, they sold for a hundred and fifty. The chickens, they sold for fifteen pesos. For twenty-five pesos, the turkeys—the ones they didn't eat up. They got sheep. Just the same way, they went to sell them. Two heifers. They split the money among themselves. As for that Old Little Bird himself, he took them home. Two, two heifers arrived. A sheep. As for that sheep, they raised it. Four turkeys. Three watches. A jug of cane liquor. It wasn't cane liquor. It was peach cane liquor, they said, I think. Flavored cane liquor. They ju—st celebrated a party with it. They got drunk. They mixed the flavored cane liquor with chicha. They drank it. Yes!

Now, when they went to Simohovel or wherever they went, too, they got yarn, they got cloth, and so on, there. Then they returned to spli—t it up among themselves, too. They had a mule load of stolen goods that came back from there, too.

Then, when they were returning home, they tethered their mule. They tethered the mule on the way, three blocks from their country, but in the woods. They would come at nighttime to take [the things]. The Little Bird's men would stay, it seems, long ago. They would go to a house to report it. Then at nighttime they would go into the house. How would it be known that all their things were stolen goods? That's why he was a rich man, the Tall

Old Little Bird as he was called. Old Little Bird, as he was called, didn't die easily, long ago. It was hard to kill him. He couldn't be killed. Don't you see, the old guy was very tricky.

[He was a Chamulan?] Chamu—lan. Chamulan. Very tricky. I don't know, I don't know if he was the second [Little Bird]. I don't know if you knew Juan Perez Jolote, as they called him. Yes, he was the second or third probably. I don't know what. But he was a friend of his. Yes!

As for Old Little Bird, as he was called, he was the one who always went with spears, with . . . what's it called? . . . [metal-tipped walking sticks?] metal-tipped walking sticks, with shotguns, with knives—wherever he went from house to house to steal.

[How many years ago could it have been?] Ooh, God, if it wasn't sev . . . sixty or seventy-five years. If it was only that, because I don't know positively how long ago. Because, me, you see, I just figure it out from hearsay. Because when I was married, I was married at sixteen years.

Now I lived with my husband for twenty-eight years, it seems. After twenty-eight years we got divorced, since he was so jealous. I couldn't chat with anyone. I couldn't go anywhere. Since everybody, everybody was my lover, my man [said]. That's why I couldn't say anything anymore, I couldn't do anything anymore. I couldn't earn money. Because it always [caused] fights. We didn't eat. We couldn't live with him, that's why. "Ach, forget it, My Lord, I won't take pains to live with that man!" I said. It was surely seventy-four years ago! If that's all! Because it was long ago. I tell you I was little. I was little. I just saw what that old guy took, it seems. Because there was an old man next to my house, He was as far away as this house here. He lived that far away.

So we saw what came—what went in [when Little Bird returned home]. He was scared, too, because my mother nearly killed him. Yes, because he stole our land. I had some land—have you seen where Maryan Jolote's house is? Eh, all of it that reaches to the edge of the ranch used to be my own land. Stolen for nothing. He didn't pay a single cent. That was the tricky Little Bird [Palas]. That used to be his land.

The thing is, the old man died in the epidemic, because I was already big at the time of the epidemic. I was probably the same size as your little girl [eleven years]. I ground the corn, I patted the tortillas by myself. I came to San Cristóbal by myself.

In 1960 Tonik stated firmly that she was forty-six years old. By that reckoning she would have been fifty-seven years of age

The old man died. His old woman died. He had offspring, as we say. His offspring weren't his own children. They were the children of his younger sister's husband. Her daughter was Marta. That boy—Maryan was that boy's name. They baptised him. Supposedly he was Mariano Rodriguez, but he wasn't Mariano Rodriguez! We called him Maryan Seto.

[When Little Bird and his wife were still alive] someone arrived, a person arrived to borrow money. He went to borrow [Little Bird's] money. He went to set down for [Little Bird] two bottles of cane liquor.

They longed to enjoy the cane liquor. They drank it. [Little Bird] sent for that boy of his. They drank. They got drunk.

The poor old woman did an ugly thing. She started to pull up her skirt. "Would you be happy with this compadre?" or whatever it was she said to the person who went to borrow money. She pulled up her skirt. She slapped her legs.

So that son of hers lost his temper.

He probably lost no time. And quickly he cut off her head with an axe. God, cu—rled up tight like this, the poor old woman died. Like this, like this, her hands were like this. She was thoroughly cu—t here [on the neck]. Only the skin was attached here. As for her hair, Holy Mary! Since, like me, she hadn't much hair, it was simply stiff with blood. It was on—I don't know if it was four days later that she was buried. The house was closed, closed, closed, but how would we know she was dead? I had gone by the day after her death. I went to gather firewood. The house was shut up. I went the next day. The house was shut up. She had a comadre, wife of the late . . . he's alive, Rejino who lives in Sek'emtik. You know him! That's who it is! She saw her. The door was opened, the door was opened, then that comadre came to look. "Comadre, comadrita!" she said to her comadre, since the old woman was Spanish. Her name was Loxa—Loxa Seto. Rosa Buluch was her name.

But [her comadre] was completely dead. Her legs were simply cu—rled up like this. Dead, murdered.

You see how they died. That's what happened to the Little Bird's wife, indeed! That was the second Little Bird.

[There were two Little Birds?] Eh, three, four. The first Little Bird was the one with real Chamulan flesh. The second was that Juan Perez Jolote. The third was probably that Old Palas. The fourth was the other one [Maryan Seto]. Until they all died. But now they're gone. Go—ne! Died. Yes!

when she recounted her memories of The Little Bird. But she claims here that she witnessed these events, that occurred

“seventy-four years ago,” when she was “little.” As we know that Little Bird was looting the countryside not in 1897, but in 1911, Tonik’s age must fall between her two estimates, that is, around sixty-six years.

Tonik, like Xun Vaskis, describes The Little Bird as being “tall.” Perhaps by Indian standards he was taller than average.

Tonik’s reminiscences invest several characters with the title Little Bird, who are not mentioned by others when speaking of the Chamulan general. They are (1) Juan Perez Jolote, a Chamulan, living in those times, whose autobiography was recorded by Pozas (Pozas Arciniega, 1948); (2) Tonik’s neighbor, Francisco (or Palas) Rodriguez, a Zinacantec follower of Little Bird; and (3) his adopted son Mariano Rodriguez (or Maryan Seto).

Tonik’s neighbor perhaps was the only Zinacantec to have joined Little Bird. At least no Zinacantecs figure in the historical sources, and most Zinacantecs speak with genuine fear and horror of the followers of Little Bird. Consistently Zinacantecs

remained aloof from the native rebellions that occurred in Chamulan and Tzeltal towns.

Although I have never heard Maryan Seto called “Little Bird,” his name is famous in Zinacantán Center. The gruesome scene described by Tonik was only his introduction to a life of violence. His legendary exploits were chronicled by Romin Teratol, who reported that Maryan Seto, known as “Split-face Man,” was the husband of many wives and the perpetrator of sixty-four murders. Three times he was killed and twice he revived. His final demise was assured only after he had been chopped to pieces and his flesh covered with garlic, salt, and tobacco (Bricker, T42). Nor did the violence end with his death, for his two adopted sons were notorious mother-beaters and murderers in 1960; one with five murders to his name, including a poor deaf and dumb Chamulan. See also T22, T28, T66, T116, T154, and their notes.

The Sweeper of the Path

T79

Once the great star appeared, as we say. The sky grew bri—ght from end to end. “I am the sweeper of the path. I sweep his path. I sweep Our Lord’s path for him, so that when Our Lord passes by he finds [the path] already swept.” [The star] travels. Then the sun appears. The sun sweeps forth as we say.

But you know, first it’s the morning star. Venus is a Chamulan girl. She is from Chamula.

They didn’t believe the Chamulan girl when she talked about it.

“We’ll see what the ugly Chamulan girl is like! She says she is a star! Could she be a star? She’s an awful, ugly, black Chamulan. Isn’t the star beautiful? It has rays of light. The star is a beautiful bright re—d,” said the women. They ridiculed that girl for saying she was a star.

They didn’t think she was. “Do you think I don’t know what you’re saying? You are ridiculing me. It’s me. I am the one who fixes the path. I sweep off the path. When Our Lord disappears, the ocean dries up. The fish come out when Our Lord passes by there. That’s when Our Lord disappears. That’s why there is the monkey’s sun as we call it [a red sunset]. That’s when Our Lord passes over the ocean. That’s when night falls. That’s when the rays of light can be seen in the distance. I am the sweeper of the house. I swee—p off the path. I walk just when it grows light, at dawn again. I sweep here beneath the world. The next day when dawn comes, I appear and sweep again, because that is my work. That’s what I do. I haven’t any other work. That is what my work is. That’s why I am a star. *Ve—nus appears early in the dawn*, say the people, but it’s me. I sweep the house. [I sweep] his path, Our Lord’s path. It isn’t just anyone’s path,” she said.

7A la ti vo7ne 7a li muk’ta k’anal chlok’ tal xkaltike, sak-jama---n xa tal li vinajele. “Vo7one, jmes-beon, vo7one, jmes sbe, ta jmesbe ech’el sbe li kajvaltike.” Yu7un ja7 te k’alal x7ech’ i kajvaltike, mesbil xa ta sta, ja7 ti chanav ja7 to ta xlok’ tal k’ak’al tzmesuj tal li k’ak’ale, xichiotik.

Pero buy, ja7 la ba7yi li muk’ta k’anale, tzeb 7ulo7 la ti muk’ta k’anal 7une, te la likem ta Chamu7tik 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti, mu la xch’un ti tzlo7ilta ti tzeb kulo7tik 7une.

Va7i 7un, “Xkil to k’u x7elan li yijil tzeb jchamu7, ja7 k’anal chal, mi yu7un yech k’anal sna7oj mu yil 7ik’al 7ulo7 mi mu lekkekuk sba li k’anale, 7oy xxojobal, batz’i tzo---j slekil li k’anale,” xi la ti 7antzetik. Tzlabanik ti chal ti ja7 k’anal taj tzeb 7une.

Buy 7un, xak’ikuk la ma7uk 7un. “Mi xa 7ava7uk mu chka7i li k’u chaval chalabanikone, vo7on me, vo7on me ta jmeltzan tal li bee, ta jmes ech’el li bee, 7a li k’al chch’ay li kajvaltik te yo7e, yu7un me ja7 ta x7ul i nabe, ja7 7o me chlah lok’uk li choye, k’al ch7ech’ i kajvaltik te yo7e, yu7un me ja7 7o chch’ay li kajvaltike, yech’o me li 7o sk’ak’al max xichiotike, yu7un me ja7 li buy ta x7ech’ ta nab li kajvaltike, ja7 7o chmak 7une, ja7 7o xa nom xvina7 li xxojobale, li vo7one jmes-naon, ta jme---s ech’el i bee, vo7on ba7yi chixanav k’al tzsakub tal i 7osil ta jun 7ik’-luman noxtok 7une, yu7un vo7on ta jmes i li7 ta yolon balamil sakub tal 7osil ta yok’omal noxtok 7une, vo7on ta jmes talel noxtok 7un, yu7un ja7 kabetl, yu7un ja7 ta jpas, mu k’usi yan kabetl, yu7un ja7 kabetl vo7on chak taje, yech’o li vo7on 7a li k’analon yu7un sob 7ik’-lumane, chlok’ xa tal muk’ta k’ana---l xi ti krixchano pero vo7on vo7on ta jmes i nae, ja7 li be yu7un, sbe kajvaltik, mu7nuk 7o buch’u sbe,” xi la.

She sweeps. She sweeps it off constantly. When she disappears then she is travelling inside the earth again. So the star reappears the next day again. She sweeps it off again. She passes under us, beneath the world it seems. She goes and comes out the next day again. Just the same way she appears. That's why the star appears first, it seems. "It's me, I sweep Our Lord's path," she said. The path of the holy sun.

We didn't believe it ourselves, that it was a Chamulan girl, it seems. "If I ever see what it is that sweeps, it seems to be a star, but a Chamulan, I don't believe it!" we said to ourselves.

But she heard it when we were ridiculing her, when the poor girl was mocked. If it weren't so—she wouldn't have heard. But she did hear, so it's true.

It is believed by many that the salt water fish, sold in the market in San Cristóbal, are simply picked up off the ocean bed

Va7i 7un, tzmes, tzmes ech'el ta j-mek ti chch'ay 7une, ja7 ta yut balamil ta xxanav noxtok yo7 ti chba cha7-lok'uk 7o tal ta yok'omal noxtok i k'anal 7une, tzmes la ech'el noxtok 7un, ch7ech' la ta kolontik li yolon i balamil ya7el 7une, ba lok'uk tal ta yok'omal noxtok 7un, ja7 no 7ox yech, te chlok' tal 7un, yech'o ti ja7 ba7yi chlok' i 7a li k'anal ya7el 7une. "Ja7 vo7on ta jmes i sbe li kajvaltike," xi la. Sbe li ch'ul-k'ak'al 7une.

Va7i 7un, mu jch'untikótik li vo7otikótik 7une k'u ti yu7un tzeb 7ulo7 ya7el 7une. "Mi xkil to k'u tzmes, k'anal ya7el la x7elane pero ti 7ulo7e, mu jch'un!" xichiotikótik.

Buy, yech 7un, ya7i ti k'al yech ta jlaban, chlabanat ti prove tzeb 7une, mu, 7a ti yu7unuk ma7ukuk ya7uke che7e, mu xa7i, yan taje ya7i 7un, yu7un yech ti ja7e.

when the sun sets. See also T80 and notes.

Elder and Younger Sisters

T80

Once we spoke of the elder sister, it seems. The younger sister stayed behind. She sweeps the path underneath, it seems, because the younger brothers are below, it seems. It travels. The sun travels. The younger sister sweeps and sweeps off [the path]. The elder sister goes home to rest.

Now the younger sister sweeps. When the elder sister arrives, dawn comes. The great star appears, as we say to ourselves. That's when the elder sister arrives. The younger sister goes home to rest, the whole day, it seems. Then the elder sister is working. In the evening when it grows dark then she returns home again. The younger sister comes again. She resumes work again at nighttime. The sun is too hot down below. The dwarfs' hats are just made of mud, we used to say. Who knows if maybe they are dwarfs. Who knows if they are those dwarf people. I don't know the truth of the matter. That's all I've been told.

This afterthought, revising Tonik's previous account, is difficult to follow. Quite simply, the morning star sweeps the sun's path in the daytime, while her younger sister, the evening star,

7A ti vo7ne ja7 7ikaltikótik li vixil ya7el 7une, 7a li mukil 7une, ja7 chkom 7un, ja7 tzmes ti be ta 7olon ya7el 7une, yu7un 7itz'inaletik ya7el ta 7olon 7une, yu7un la chanav 7un, ja7 chanav li k'ak'al 7une, ja7 tzmes ech'el tzmes ech'el ti mukil, 7a ti vixil bat ta skux ta sna 7un.

7Óra, li 7a li mukil 7une, tzmes ech'el 7un, k'alal chk'ot ya7el li vixil ya7el ti tzakub ti 7osil xa ech'el la 7une, lok' xa tal muk'ta k'anal xichiotik 7une, yu7un la ja7 7o chk'ot ti vixil 7une, 7a li mukil 7une, chba skux ta sna 7un, sjunul li k'ak'al ya7el 7une, ja7 ta x7abtej ya7el li vixil 7une, smalel 7un mi 7ik'ub 7une, ja7 to tzut ta sna noxtok 7un, ja7 chtal i mukil noxtok 7une, tztambe yabtel noxtok ta 7ak'ubaltik 7un, ja7 la ti toj k'ux ti k'ak'al ta 7olon 7une, naka la 7ach'el ti yunen pixolik 7une, ja7 la ti konchaveetik xutik vo7ne 7une, ja7 mu jna7tik mi ja7 van ti 7enanoe, ja7 mu jna7tik mi ja7 taj konchave krixchano, yu7un mu jna7be smelol 7un, ja7 no 7ox yech lo7iltabilon chak taj 7une.

works the night shift. Presumably the younger brothers are the dwarfs. See also T7, T24, T79, T89, and their notes.

The Flood

T70

Long ago, they say, when the world was flooded, [a few] people were left. Our late grandmother told

7A ti vo7ne lae, 7a la ti k'alal 7inoj li balamile, 7oy 7ikom krixchano chislo7iltabe li 7anima jmuk'ta

me about it, it seems. She told my mother. My mother heard it and she told me.

The world was flooded. There were just two people now. They fled away. There was a large mountain. They escaped to the top of it.

They hid there until the water drie—d up. When the water dried up they sent off a buzzard. The buzzard arrived [in the valley].

You see, it didn't return. The "red beak" as we call it [the turkey vulture] came [down]. It came [down], too. It didn't return. The king vulture, as we call it, came [down]. It has white wings. It came [down], too. It didn't return. It got used to the food. There was plenty of food. It went, too. The raven came [down]. It got used to cracking corn. The . . . what animal was it? . . . came [down]—the grackle. It filled up on corn. The little cowbird came [down]. It was just the same. The rusty-crowned sparrow came [down]. It was just the same. It didn't return anymore. The towhee came [down]. It didn't return. The bobwhite came [down]. "There is corn. I'll eat it," it said. It didn't return either. The white-winged dove came [down]. It became used to it, too, since there were dead horses, dead sheep, dead dogs. Whatever there was they got used to it then. The towhee came [down], the sparrow, the little yellow bird, "twittwit" it's called [wilson's warbler]. It never returned.

"Why is it that not a single bird returns? Why don't they return to tell what it's like, if there are any people still left, if there are still . . . how the world is left," said the woman and the man who survived.

"Who knows, you'd better wait or you'll just go and kill yourself, there," said his wife.

You see, the man waited three or four days or so, they say. Nothing arrived. Nothing arrived. They had gotten used to their food. He sent one of his little dogs. It grew fond of eating horse [meat]. He sent a, who knows if it was a dove. I don't know what kind of bird was the last to come [down]. It came [down], too. "Why don't they ever return?"

"Eh, who knows?" she said. [The last bird] came [down]. It came [down]. "Eh, but it seems the water hasn't dried up yet. If there is still water there, forget it, I'm not going yet, I'll just die," said his wife.

He waited a week, it seems, for it to dry out, properly, for the earth to be quite dry.

The time was up for [the water] to dry out properly, for you to be able to walk on the ground, for you to walk if you came [down].

But you see, he got hurt. He came [down]. He came out of his house, it seems. He hurt his calf. Who knows if it was slashed with a machete. Who knows if it was with a knife. Because his leg had a long cut. He went back [up]. "Skip it. It's still

me7tikótik ya7el 7une 7islo7iltabe jme7, 7a ti jme7 7une, 7iya7i 7un, ja7 nislo7iltabe 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7inoj la ti balamile, cha7-vo7 xa la krixchano 7ijatav lok'el 7un, 7oy la j-p'ej muk'ta vitz, ta sjol xa la te kolik 7un.

Va7i 7un, te la snak'oj sbaik 7ásta ke 7u---l la ti vo7 7une, 7a ti k'al 7i7ul ti vo7 7une, 7istak la ech'el 7a li xuleme, k'ot li xulem 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li mu xa la bu sut, 7ital 7a li tzajal ni7 xkaltik 7une, 7a li tal la noxtok, mu xa bu sut, 7ital 7a li rey xulem xkaltik, sakik xxik' 7une, tal noxtok 7un, mu xa bu sut, 7inop te ta ve7elil 7oy ve7elil lek, bat noxtok, tal 7a li joje, nop ta k'ux-7ixim, tal li, k'usi chanul, 7a li bak mute, noj tal 7o 7ixim, tal li 7unen kaxlan bak mute ja7 nox yech, tal li chinchon, ja7 nox yech, muk' xa sut, tal li k'ovixe, muk' xa sut, tal li chintuli7. "7Oy 7ixim ta jve7," xi. Mu xa sut noxtok, tal kulajte7, te nop noxtok, k'u ti 7oy chamem ka7, chamem chij, chamem tz'i7, k'utikuk 7oy 7une, te laj nopuk, tal 7a li k'ovix chinchon 7a li 7unen k'anal mute 7a li ch'ikch'ik xutike, mu xa 7onox bu la sutuk.

"K'u van yu7un ti batz'i mu k'u mutal sut tale, mu xtal yal k'u x7elan mi 7oy to kom krixchano mi 7oy to k'u x7elan 7ikom ti balamile?" xi la ti jun 7antz jun vinik komem 7une.

"Jna7tik, malao kik naka me teyuk bat chaman," xi la ti yajnil 7une.

Va7i 7un, ti vinik 7une, smala la mi 7oxib mi chanib k'akal k'u xi 7un, te smala, muk' bu xk'ot, muk' bu xk'ot laj nopuk ta sve7elik 7istak la tal j-kot yunen tz'i7, nop ta ti7-ka7, 7istak la tal j-kot mu jna7 mi kulajte7, mu jna7 k'usi mutal ti tal slajeb xa 7une, tal noxtok 7un. "K'u van yu7un ti muk' bu xlaj sutuk tale?"

"7Ey, jna7tik," xi la. Tal la stuk 7un, 7ital la. "7Ey, pero ti mu to me bu 7ulem yilel li vo7 7une, 7o to me te li vo7e, yiluk yil muk' to chibat naka me tek chaman," xi la ti yajnil 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7ismala 7a li jun xemana ya7el, 7ech' ti 7ul lek takij lek ti balamile.

Va7i 7un, 7ista ti jayib k'ak'al trate ta x7ul lek 7une, stak' xa tek'el li balamile, stak' xa xxanav mi tale.

Bu xavil, 7iyayij la, 7ital, 7ilok' tal tzna ya7el 7une, 7iyayij la stzo7 yok 7un, tuch'em la ta mu jna7tik mi machita mu jna7tik mi kuchilu yu7un la nat ti tzakbat ti yok, sut ech'el 7un. "Yiluk yil batz'i mu to stak' tek'el li balamile k'el avil tijlebal no 7ox ba yayijuk li

impossible to walk on the ground. Look, my leg got hurt right at the start," said the man. He went back [up].

"Forget it, forget it! Didn't I tell you? Don't go yet! Didn't I say that?" she said.

He returned. "I'll wait now one or two days, otherwise I'd just be going off to kill myself," he said.

"That's better, what's there to lose? Then we'll go and see how it is," she said. He came [down] when the stated time was up. The man came [down]. He opened the first house. It was filled with water. It was flooded with water. He was soaked.

But the smell, it stu—nk terribly where people had died. He broke in with a club or a rock or something. That's how he opened the houses. Don't you see, the doors had swollen from the water.

"I shouldn't have come [down]. It wasn't worth it. The earth stinks horribly!" he said. He saw how the water ca—me out when he opened . . . I don't know if it was three or four houses that he opened. "Never mind, I'll wait for the rain[y season] to end. The trees here are [still] heavily foliated," he said. He was sitting there. He lit his little fire. He warmed up his tortillas. He ate, and after he finished eating, and finished his tortillas, he slept there. He didn't return, because the trail was very slippery. He couldn't go back to where he had been, it seems, since the mountain he had to climb was steep.

He slept there. [The next day he went back up the mountain.] "What did you go for? You shouldn't have gone, you should have waited until the earth had finished drying out properly, you hear! I was right, the houses are filled with water. What good did you do by going?" [his wife said the next day].

"Yes, you're certainly right. It's absolutely impossible to rest, because of the smell inside the awful house. It stinks horribly," said the man. He told [his] wife.

"Never mind, then, wait until the earth has finished drying out properly. [Wait until] you see that it's good and dry. It's useless for our livestock to leave—whatever animals are [still left]," she said. "The raven is still coming to take us," she said.

The raven went when the earth seemed dry enough, when it was dry, when you could walk easily. Don't you see, it looked to see if it no longer left footprints where it was good and dry now. The bird went to tell them. "It's fine now. It's dry now. You had told me to come take you. I've come to take you. Go see for yourself. The [mud] is well-cracked in the houses that were closed up," it said. "As for the others, just the tips of their roofs show. They're just buried in mud," it said.

"Ah," he said. "How many of the houses are still good?" he asked.

koke," xi la ti vinik 7une. Sut ech'el 7un.

"Yiyil yiyill mi mu lakalbe che7e? Mu to chabat! Mi mu xakut che7e?" xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7isut 7un. "Ta jmalaxa junuk chibuk k'ak'al naka me teyuk bat chamikon," xi la un.

"Ja7 lek mi7n 7u k'u laj 7o, ja7 to xba jk'eltik ti k'alal mi yu7un k'u x7elane," xi la un. Tal la ti k'alal 7itz'aki ti jayib k'ak'al yaloj 7une, 7ital li vinik 7une, sjam la ti primero j-p'ej nae, noj la ta vo7, noj ta vo7 7it'uxi to li stuke.

Va7i 7un, pero ti jun yik'e batz'i tuuu la ta j-mek 7un, bu ti te ti krixchano 7un to, svok' la ta te7 ta ton k'utik xi jam 7o ti na 7une, k'u ti mu xavil 7a li sit'em ta vo7 ti mak naetik 7une.

Va7i 7un, "7A ma to ma talikone, yiluk ma yile, batz'i 7animal yan yik' ta j-mek li balamile!" xi la 7un. 7iyil ja7 7o la ta---l vo7 ta x7elan 7isjam mu jna7 mi 7ox-p'ej mi chan-p'ej k'u cha7al taj na 7isjam 7une. "Yiyil ta jmalaxa ch7ech' li vo7 li7 toe, ja7 pim yanal li te7 li7e," xi la 7un. Te la tzunu---l te yo7 7une, stzoy li yunen k'ok', sk'ixna la ti yot 7une, 7ive7 la 7un, laj la ve7uk 7i laj ti yot 7une, te la vay 7un, muk' xa la sut 7un, yu7un la ja7 ti batz'i bilil ti bee, mu xa stak' sut ech'el yo7 ti buy ya7el 7une, ja7 ti pajal ti vitz bu chmuy ech'el.

Va7i 7un, 7i te la vay 7un. "K'u 7onox ba sa7 ma to batane, 7amalauk to 7a li takij lajuk lek balamile, va7i, noj ta j-mek ka7uk ta vo7 li naetike k'u 7onox 7atu7un labat?" xi la un.

"Ji7 7ava7uk a7a, batz'i 7animal mu stak' xikuxiotik ya7el yik' ti mu yut na 7animal ya---n yik'," xi la ti vinik 7une. Xut la ti yajnale.

"Yiyil che7e, malao, takij lajuk lek li balamile, mi yu7un lek xa takin chavile, yiyil batuk 7i k'utik jtz'unubtik, k'utik chanul 7oy a7a," xi la un. "Ta 7onox tal yik'otik i 7a li joje," xi la un.

Va7i 7un, ja7 la bat ti joj ti k'alal lek xa k'epel ya7el ti balamil 7une, takin xa 7une, lek xaxanavuk 7une, mu xavil ja7 la tzk'el ti mu xa xkom li yav yok yo7 ti lek xa 7o takin li mut 7une, ba la yal un. "Lek xa me 7un, takin xa me 7un, 7a lavalbon komel ti xtal kik'ot 7un, tal kik'ot 7un, ba k'el avil 7un, 7a li naetike lek xa xi kachajtik i yo7 buy makajtike," xi la 7un. "7A li yan 7une, k'ajom xa no 7ox i yunen jol xvinaje, mu xa buy naka matz'ajtik ta 7ach'el," xi la 7un.

"7A!" xi la. "Jay-p'ej to li na 7oy leki 7une?" xi la 7un.

“There are still maybe six or seven good ones,” it said. “Those that had strong walls,” it said.

“Ah,” he said. “Never mind, I’m going to look,” he said. He came [back down].

He looked at all the houses. In one house he found, I don’t know if it was seventy pesos, seventy solid pesos. The money of long ago. In another house [he found] twenty-two. In another house [he found] fifteen, in another ten.

He just found money. “But My Lord, I can’t live on this. But My Lord the amount I’ve found isn’t enough for me alone. What can I subsist on?” he said. “It’s true I still have corn. I still have wheat to eat. But if it runs out what can I live on?” he said. Since he had two girls and two boys and a baby. The baby grew. I don’t know if it had reached four years [of age] or what when its mother took sick. She got sick, because she ate banana roots or fern roots or wild yam roots or whatever it was she ate. She began to swell from it. The woman swelled up. Her face was this bi—g. Her belly was horribly big like this. The poor thing was horribly bloa—ted. She died.

She died. The man was left by himself. “God, what can my children eat now? What can I do about it? I haven’t any corn. My corn has run out. I have no seed corn. I haven’t found any. What do you think I can do, holy raven? What do you think I can plant? I haven’t any corn,” he said.

“You haven’t any corn?” asked the raven.

“None at all!” he said.

“Shush up! There are two bins of corn there at Hol Na Joj [Upper Raven House],” it said. “There’s yellow there,” it said. “There’s white there,” it said. “There’s black there,” it said. “There’s red there,” it said. “I’ll go steal one ear apiece from there for your seed corn,” it said. “That’s where I eat myself when I haven’t anything at all to eat. So I’ll go take them out from there,” it said.

“Please do then, because when this runs out I won’t have anything to live on. My children won’t have anything to live on,” he said.

“Okay,” it said. After it had taken out each ear, an ear of each kind of corn, it went to give them to him. “Here is your seed corn,” it said each time as it carried off each ear [one by one] in its beak and went to give them to that man. “See, here is your seed corn,” it said.

“All right. Thank you,” he said.

“I’m going to bring you the other kinds,” it said. Again it carried off [the corn in its beak] in just the same way. It came again to give [the corn] to him. It went to bring the next ear. It just went to give [the corn] to him again. When [the number] was completed, “See, here is your seed corn. See how you

“7Oy nan te vak-p’ej vuk-p’ejuk xa li lekike,” xi la un. “Ja7 li bu tzotzik spak’e,” xi la un.

“7A!” xi la un. “Yiyil che7e chba jk’el,” xi la 7un. Tal la.

Va7i 7un, laj la sk’elan ti na 7une, 7ista la jun nae, 7ista la 7a li mu jna7 mi 7a li seténta péso, péso fwérte ti vo7ne 7antivo tak’in 7une, seténta, jun na 7une, venti-dos la, jun na 7une, kínse la, jun na 7une, lajuneb la.

Va7i 7un, k’ajom la sta ech’el ti stak’in 7une. “Pero li7e, kajval, mu xive7 7o 7un, pero li7, kajval, mu7nuk yepaluk 7ijta ya7el ti jtuk likom 7une k’u ta xkipan 7un?” xi la un. “Melel li7 7oy to li kixime, 7oy to li jtrigoe, ta jve7, pero ti mi laj 7une k’u ta xkipan 7un?” xi la 7un. Ja7 la ti 7o cha7-vo7 stzebetik, cha7-vo skremotik, jun la nene7, 7ich’i la ti nene7 7une, mu jna7 mi sta chanib jabil k’u la xi 7un, ja7 la 7ipaj li sme7 7une, 7ipaj 7un, ja7 la ti k’utik 7a li jol lo7bolal 7islajes, 7a li mi yibel tzib mi jol p’uk, k’usi la ti 7islo7 7une, lik 7o la situbel 7un, 7isitub ti 7antz 7une, xi la smuk’u---l ti ssat, 7a ti xch’ute, xi la sil muk’ul xi la 7un, t’i---n la ta j-mek ti prove 7une, 7icham 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7icham 7un, ja7 la stuk 7ikom ti vinik 7une. “Yos, k’usi xa tzve7 li jch’amaltak 7une k’u ta jnop 7un li7i mu7yuk kixim laj kixim 7une mu7yuk stz’unbal li kixim 7une, muk’ bu jta, k’usi ta jnop xana7, ch’ul-joj, k’usi ta jtz’un xana 7un, ch’abal kixim,” xi la.

“Ch’abal 7avixim?” xi la ti joj 7une.

“Ch’abal a7a!” xi la.

“7An to me ch’an, ja7 me li le7 ta jol Na Joje ja7 me 7oy te 7a li cha7-p’ej ten 7ixim,” xi la 7un. “7Oy te k’on,” xi la. “7Oy te sak,” xi la. “7Oy te 7ik’,” xi la. “7Oy te tzoj,” xi la. “Chba kelk’an ju-ch’ixuk 7atz’unub te yo7 7une,” xi la. “Ja7 me te chive7 vo7on ti k’al ch’abal 7a li k’u ta jlajes a7a, ja7 me te chba jlok’es,” xi la.

“7Abolajan che7e, yu7un batz’i mu7yuk 7a ti mi laj li7e, mu xa k’u slajes i jch’amaltak 7une,” xi la.

“Yechuk,” xi la. Laj la slok’es tal ju-ch’ix, ju-tos taj 7ixim 7une, ba la yak’be. “7A li li7 latz’unub 7une,” xi la. Ju-koj la, ju-ch’ix la ta skatz’ ech’el ta sni7 7un, chba yak’be taj vinik 7une. “7Avil li7 me latz’unube,” xi la 7un.

“Yechuk kol aval,” xi la 7un.

“Ba xakich’ tal li j-tos 7une,” xi la. Ja7 no la yech tzkatz’oj ech’el noxtok 7un tal, yak’be noxtok, ba yich’ tal li 7otro j-ch’ixe, ja7 no 7ox chba yak’be noxtok. 7A ti k’alal 7itz’aki 7une -- “7Avil li7 me latz’unub 7une, k’elo xa k’u xi xave7 7un, porke mu xa xi7otesat yo7 li buy 7ijlok’es tale, K’u

can support yourself, because they won't let me in anymore at the place where I took [the corn] out. *What do you keep doing with the corn? How could you have finished eating up all that?* the owner of the cave asked me."

"Ah," he said. "Never mind, I understand about this. Now that I have hoed my little [plot of] land, I'll just plant it. I have nothing to worry about now. I'll be satisfied living on the little corn tassels," he said. So he began to eat the tassel. He began to eat the corn silk. It was at that time that, I don't know if it was the Spaniards or who, who came long ago. So then he joined them. He sought out a wife. The woman he married was Spanish. His time came. The man died. He died. Now his children were left. They were left with

[Others] were left then. They looked, long ago. Those who were left could see Our Lord—when they were left. Several escaped to the top of a mountain. They climbed to the mountaintop when it flooded. They escaped there during the flood long ago.

Now Our Lord himself went to look. When Our Lord arrived the men were angry. All those who were saved were angry. They were mad. "Where did you get saved?" they were asked.

"Oh, we climbed to the mountaintop," they said. "We stayed in the woods," they said.

"Ah!" he said. "Where, what woods!"

"Oh, wherever there were any," they said.

"And your houses?" he asked.

"Oh, who cares?" they said.

"What did you live on? Was it corn or what was it you lived on?"

"Oh, we didn't live on anything much. We lived on vine berries," they said. "We lived on nuts," they said.

"Oh, fine!" he said. "How is it? . . . Do you want to go on living?" they were asked. They talked back angrily now. "Well, look behind you then!" they were told. They loo—ked behind them like this.

Then when they did that they turned into monkeys.

Now when they turned into monkeys it was then that they went into the jungle. So even now they are the ones who turned into monkeys.

Their tails appeared. Their ears appeared. Their fur, too.

Now their faces look like humans' except that they have fur. So they didn't turn into proper people. The monkeys were people. Monkeys are still the people of long ago. Haven't you seen monkeys? When you see them they have fur and long tails because they didn't obey Our Lord's command. If you don't obey the command your fur will appear! Go eat the

xalabal-tu7un 7ixim, mi7n chlah 7ave7 li yepale? xiyut ti yajval li ch'ene," xi la.

"7A!" xi la 7un. "Yiyil ta xka7i li7e ja7 xa no 7ox te ta jtz'un 7un, lavi 7oy xa jvok'oj li kunen 7osil a7a mu xa k'usi xal ko7on ta jtz'un, bal xkipanbe yunen tz'utujal," xi la. Ja7 la lik sve7e ti tz'utuj 7une, lik slajes ti tz'utuj 7une, ja7 7o 7a li 7oy la tal mu jna7 mi 7espanyol k'usi la ti vo7ne 7une, ja7 xa te 7ixchi7in sba xchi7uk 7un, 7issa7 to yajnil 7un, ja7 7espanyol la ti 7antz 7iyik' ti vinik 7une, 7ista yora 7icham ti vinik 7une, 7icham 7un, ja7 xa kom taj xch'amaltak te kom xchi7uk . . .

Te kom 7un, 7a ti vo7ne 7une, 7isk'el, stak' ta k'el el li kajvaltik jay-vo7 komem 7une, 7ikom la 7un, 7éste k'al 7ikom la 7une, jay-vo7 7ikol ta jol vitz 7imuy ta jol vitz k'alal 7inoj ti 7éste nojel ti vo7ne 7une, te kolik 7un.

7Óra, bat la sk'el stuk i kajvaltik 7une k'alal 7ásta k'ot ti kajvaltik 7une, kapem la li viniketik jay-vo7 7ikol 7une, kapem la kapem la 7un. "Bu lakolik?" x7utat la.

"7Aj, limuy ta jol vitz," xi la. "Ta te7tik likom," xi la.

"7A!" xi la. "Buy buy te7tikal?"

"7A ja7 ti buye," xi la.

"Mi tana?" xi la.

"7Aj, muk' ta 7alel." xi la.

"K'usi 7avipanik, mi 7ixim, k'usi 7avipanik?"

"7Aj, mu k'usi kipan, 7ikipan ssat 7ak'," xi la. "7Ikipan ssat te7," xi la.

"7Aa, bwéno," xi la. "K'usi ma 7entónse k'u cha7al mi xak'an to xach'i?" x7utat la. Kapem xa la xtak'av. "Bwéno, k'elo lavalopate che7e!" x7utat la. Sk'e--l 7o ti svalopat xi to 7une.

7Entónse, k'alal la spas 7une, ja7 la pas ta max 7un.

7Óra, ja7 7o la k'al pas ta max 7une, ja7 7o la bat ta montanya 7un, ja7 xa lavi max pas 7o 7une.

7I7ayan sne 7i7ayan xchikin, 7a li stzatzal.

7Óra, li ssate che7e, 7a li krixchano yilel, k'usi xi no 7ox ja7 li 7o li stzatzale, ja7 mu spas 7o lek ta krixchano, 7a li maxe, krixchano, ja7 ti 7antivo krixchano ti max 7un to, mi mu chavil li max bu 7oy xavile che7e, 7oy stzatzal, nat sne, yu7un la ja7 la ti muk' xch'unbe smantal ti kajvaltik, lavi mu xach'un mantale 7ayanuk 7atzatzal ba lo7an ti ssat te7e, ba

berries of trees and the berries of vines, live on them for the rest of your life! That's why they have turned into monkeys.

Now those who didn't talk back, those who said nothing, those who had been children, they were left as progenitors, since they didn't talk ba—ck. The man's children didn't answer a single word. They didn't talk back. They didn't say a single word, but those who talked back angrily were turned into monkeys ever since.

Then [the children] were married. He had a wife. She had a husband. So the people multiplied.

Long ago you don't think there were many who were left, who escaped. They turned into monkeys. They went into the woods. They went to live in the woods. They turned into animals to this day. They are animals to this day. But those who didn't talk back to Our Lord, who didn't speak improperly and didn't make a sou—nd, bowing lo—w there, they weren't guilty. But those who answered back—"Go!" was the command. They went. They went to the woods. That's why it's been like that ever since. They turned into monkeys. Those who are humans now, it's because they didn't talk back, just like us.

Tonik's description of the Flood, despite its idiosyncratic details, shares a number of elements with other Middle American myths. The biblical theme of dispatching birds to report on the firmness of the ground was adapted widely in Middle America. It has been reported among the Cora, Nahuatl, Popoluca, Zapotec, Yucatec, and Tzotzil of Chenalhó (Lumholtz, 1902, 2:193-194; Madsen, 1960:125-126; Foster, 1945 a: 235-237; Parsons, 1936:350-352; M. Redfield, 1937:24; and Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:157).

Raven's theft of corn from the mountain for man's use is hinted at in the *Popol Vuh* (Edmonson, 1971:146). Though merely one of four animals in that account, Raven takes a central role in the discovery of corn in myths of the Pokomchi (Mayers, 1958:3-11), Cakchiquel, Ixil, Mam, and Tzutujil (Bú Moraga, 1959:1-7; Miles, 1960:433). In the Huichol afterworld, the famished spirits finally reach a raven happily gorging and burping. They plead for a morsel, but are rebuked, "You said I was a robber . . . I won't give you tortillas or anything else," exclaims the raven. And so they must continue hungrily on their way (Furst and Nahmad, 1972:60-61).

Although the transformation of men into monkeys is an almost universal element of Middle American creation myths, it seems only in Chiapas that this divine punishment was called down because of the rudeness of men's response to God's questions (Gossen, T166). Their complaint, "We lived on vine berries, we lived on nuts," strikes the same note as the Chilam Balam of Tizimin, when it bewails the plight of the Mayans after the Spaniards' arrival—"The people subsisted on trees, they sub-

lo7an li ssat 7ak'e, ja7 7ipanuk sbatel 7osil 7un, yech'o li pasem 7o ta max 7une.

7Óra, li 7a taj buch'u muk' xtak'av 7une, taj buch'u mu k'u yal taj 7unetik to 7ox ya7el 7une, ja7 7ikom ta tz'unubil 7un, k'u ti mu la xtak'a---v, mi j-p'el muk' la xtak'av 7un, xch'amaltak ti vinik 7une, muk' la xtak'av 7un, mi j-p'el mu la k'u yal, yan taj buch'u kapem 7itak'av 7une, ja7 la pasem ta max k'al tana.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to 7iyik' sbaik 7i7ayan yajnil 7i7ayan smalal ti p'ol 7o li balamil tana 7une, cha7-chop ti krixchano ya7el 7ich'i 7o ti krixchanoe 7ip'ol 7o ti krixchano.

7A ti vo7ne che7e yu7 van 7o bu 7ep 7ikom taj butik 7ikole, ja7 taj 7ipas ta max 7un, bat ta te7tik, ba ve7uk ta te7tik 7ipas ta chon k'al tana, chon 7o k'al tana, yan taj buch'u muk' stak'be li kajvaltik 7une, buch'u mu k'u yan 7iyal 7une, mu xba---k' te nijajti---k 7une, mu k'u smul, yan taj buch'u 7itak'ave, "Batan!" xi mantal. Bat 7un, 7ibat ta te7tik 7un, yech'o xal ti ja7 yech komem 7o k'al tana pasem ta max 7une, 7a li buch'u krixchano tana 7une, yu7un mu xtak'av, ja7 chak k'u cha7al vo7otikótik 7une.

sisted on stones" (Makemson, 1951:47). A Chamulan account of the Flood describes how the people, when asked how they had managed to survive, answered angrily that they lived on tubers. Immediately they were turned into raccoons. And raccoons eat corn now because once they were people (Gossen, T41).

The ancestral famine food—banana roots, fern roots, wild yam roots, corn silk, and corn tassels—is the very food that Xun Vaskis recalls being eaten during the famine that occurred in his youth (T118).

Tonik's son, 7Antun, interrupted his mother's account of the descendants of the survivors of the Flood to tell of an important incident she had forgotten—the creation of monkeys. Tonik amplified his remarks and integrated the monkey story with the destiny of the man's children.

Still another Zinacantec origin myth tells how three brothers, brave as roosters, came from Mexico City. The oldest settled in Zinacantán, the second continued on to Ocosingo, and the third settled in Palenque. They built palaces and hunted deer with bows and arrows. After they had killed five deer, they held a fiesta, celebrating with pulque and palm wine. The king of Mexico was invited to the feast. In gratitude he lent each of the brothers forty thousand pesos and ten soldiers (Bricker, T1). Tonik never hints at the Zinacantecs' Mexican origin. Apparently the Zinacantecs had been long-time residents of the highlands when the Spaniards arrived, and there is no evidence of their Mexican origin. Ximénez reported that they were settled in Zinacantán "before the sun existed" (Ximénez, 1929:360). See also T7, T55, T96, T161, and their notes.

The Flood and the First Settlers

T142

When it flooded, then, for the land flooded terribly, they say not a single person was left. Not a single person was left. The world was deserted. The houses flooded. Whatever there was, was flooded. They went to the mountaintops to see, but no one was left—dese—rted. Only water. I don't know if it took months or what for the water to dry up. It receded. It receded. All the houses were sti—nking. All the people had died, had drowned. The chickens, the sheep, the horses—all died.

Then, I don't know if it was [one of] our Tutelary Gods. I don't know who it was. He issued a command. They went to see how it was, whether the flood had dried up. He sent off, ah, the grackle. Grackle grew fond of cracking corn.

He sent off a buzzard. Just the same. Buzzard stayed behind looking for food there, eating horses, since there were lots of dead things.

It stayed there to eat. It never came back now. They went, too, they went, the little sparrow and the towhee, and so on. Just the same. They grew fond of eating worms, eating whatever little tidbits there were there.

As many days passed as it took for everything to dry out well. The hawk came. It never returned. It grew fond of eating its meals, too. The caracara, as we call it, came. The king vulture. Just the same. It grew u—sed to it there, too.

It went, what's it called? What is this animal called? My Lord!

[Was it a bird?] A bird, ah, it was the sharp-shinned hawk. It arrived. Ah, that one went. It went to report. "Ah, there isn't a single person. They all died. They're all dead. E—very house is stinking. It's terrible. You can't go in anywhere. Even if you go to see for yourself, go look for yourself, go satisfy your curiosity! Go take a trip and see, but you can't find a place [to put] your foot. The mud—it reaches your knees," it said, indeed.

[How many were there on the mountaintop?] On the mountaintop? They say there were two. A woman, a man, with their little girl, their little boy. So there were four. As for the little girl and the little boy, I don't know—w what happened to them—if they died of fear or what happened to the little girl and the little boy. They never grew up. As for the old woman and the old man—she wasn't very old. [In fact] both of them were around twenty-five years old, it seems. When they were both twenty-five, they had a child. Then they went to repopulate the world. They went to resettle it. Their children were born. Their children settled. They fixed up the world.

7A ti k'alal 7inoje che7e yu7n la noj ti balamil ta j-meke mu la junuk krixchano kom, mu la junuk krixchano kom xch'ij-yan la ta j-mek ti balamile, noj ti naetike noj ti k'u noje, bat la ta jol vitzetik ti sk'elele pero mu la buch'u xa 7oy 7ikom, xch'ij-ya---n solet k'ajom ti vo7e, mu jna7 mi ta 7u k'u to xi 7ul ya7el li vo7 7une, 7ul ech'el 7ul ech'el, naka xa xtue---t ti naetike, ti krixchanoe laj chamuk laj jik'avuk, ti kaxlane ti chije ti ka7e laj chamuk.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to ti, ja7 mu jna7 mi ja7 ti jme7tik jtottike ja7 mu jna7 buch'u junukal 7un, 7istak ech'el la mantal 7un, ba la sk'e---l k'u x7elan ti 7a li k'u x7elan takij ti nojel 7une, te la stak ech'el, 7aj, bak mut, bak mute nop ta k'ux-7ixim.

Va7i 7un, stak ech'el xulem ja7 nox yech noxtok, xulem kom ta sa7el sve7el tey, ti7-ka7 ja7 li 7oy k'utikuk chameme.

Va7i 7un, ja7 xa te kom ve7uk 7un, mu xa bu sut, bat noxtok, bat la mi 7unin chinchon mi k'ovix k'utikuk ta j-mek 7une ja7 nox yech te nop ta ti7-lukum ta ti7-k'utikuk j-set' juteb 7oy tey ta j-mek 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7ech' ti jayib k'ak'al ya7el ti takij lek k'utikuk 7une tal 7a li xik muk' bu sut xa nop ta ti7-ve7elil noxtok, tal 7a li vakos xkuttikótik 7a li rey xuleme, ja7 nox yech te no---p noxtok.

Va7i 7un, bat 7a li k'u sbi li, k'usi sbi li chon li7i, kajval?

Mut, 7a ja7 li jimich' xike, k'ot 7un, 7a 7éso si bat 7un ba yal. "7A mu junuk ti krixchanoe laj skotol naka chamemik, so---lel xtuet ju-jun na muk' smelol ta j-mek mu stak' bu xi7ochotik 7ak' 7o mi xabat avil ba k'el avil ba lok'es 7avo7on avil mi chba paxyajan avile pero mu jta yav koktik, 7a ti 7ach'ele yu7un ch7och k'alal sjoloval kakantik," xi la ech'el 7un bi 7a.

Ta jol vitze cha7-vo7 la, jun 7antz jun vinik xchi7uk la jun yunin tzeb jun yunin krem, va7i chan-vo7ik 7un, 7a ti 7unin tzeb 7unin krem 7une, ja7 mu jna---7 k'usi bat 7o mi cham ta xi7el mi k'u la xi ti 7unin tzeb 7unin krem 7une, mu la bu ch'i 7un, ti me7el mol 7une, muk' bu batz'i mas me7el, naka to la lek yilel ta ta 7a li benti-sinko jabil ju-jun 7une, 7alaj to 7un, ja7 to ba xcha7-p'oles ti balamil 7une ba cha7-naklikuk, 7ayan xch'amalik, naki ti xch'amalik 7une, smeltzanik ti balamil 7une chotiik 7un sk'elik 7un pero ta yoxibal to 7u ti takij ti nojel ya7el 7une, ja7 to ta k'unk'un ta k'unk'un 7och'7och' ech'el 7un ba sk'el ti balamil ti k'u x7elan 7une mi stak' xa xnaki,

They became established. They looked, but it seems it was after three months that the flood dried up. Then little by little, little by little they worked their way down. They went to see what the world was like—if they could settle now, if they could enter now, if there were any houses that were left, that were all right. There weren't any. It was three months since the flood passed. They built their house. They cut the wood for their house. After they had built their house, they plastered it. They looked at it. Their house was fine now. Then they entered it. They took their metate, their metate platform with them. They went to live there. There were ju—st two people—one woman, one man, established in the house. Then a woman and a man arrived. I don't know where they came from, whether from Chamula or where the woman and the man came from. They settled there.

The woman and the man returned home.

But you see, a Ladino and a Ladina appeared. As for the Ladino and the Ladina, "What is this place called?" the Ladina and the Ladino asked.

"Ah, it's Zinacantán," they said.

"Ah, Zinacantán," they said. "As for me, I'm going to live in Zinacantán," said the Ladino.

"You are going to live [here]?" they asked.

"I'm going to live [here]," he said.

"Ah, live here, then! There's lots of land. There are lots of houses," they said. [These] people long ago were Spaniards or something. Yes!

They settled. They lived. Their children born of woman, born of man, were born. They wore skirts and clothes like our clothes. That's how the [Indian] woman earned money, weaving skirts for the other family. The [Indian] woman earned money, too, by weaving clothes for the Ladina's husband, too. They became our brothers. The world multiplied there. It was fixed up. It was improved. Now it is established to this day. It is well-built now, it seems. It is fine now.

Now, when [the Ladino] began, when he began to break the ground, he couldn't learn how to hoe the ground. The poor Ladino's hands blistered. His hands grew sick. So he paid that man. "Come here, come here and hoe my land for me for a day, so I can plant my little bit of corn," he said. He planted his little bit of leeks. He planted his little bit of coriander for them to eat, to live on.

His coriander grew. His greens grew. They lived on them. Little by little, "Please work for me for a day or so. I want to plant my potatoes. I want to plant my beans," he said. They planted them. I don't know if it was the rainy season. I don't know. Eh, it was probably the rainy season since you know it

mi stak' xa x7och mi 7o bu lekkek kom ti na 7une, ch'abal la 7un, yoxibal 7u 7ox yech'el ti nojeltike, smeltzan snaik 7un, slok'esbe ste7el ti snaik 7une, laj smeltzan ti snaik 7une, spak' 7un sk'el 7un, lek xa ti snaik 7une, ja7 to 7ochik ech'el 7un, yich' ech'el xcho7 yek'en ba naklikuk, stu---k cha7-vo7 jun 7antz jun vinik chotolik te ta na 7un, ja7 to la 7a li 7ik'ot jun 7antz jun vinik, mu jna7 bu likem tal mi Chamu7tik buy likem tal ti jun 7antz jun vinik 7une, ja7 la te naki 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti 7antz ti vinik 7une 7isut ech'el ta sna 7un.

Bu xavil 7un, 7ital jun jkaxlan jun jxinulan, 7a ti jkaxlane 7a ti jxinulane, "K'usi sbi li7i?" xi la ti jxinulan 7une ti jkaxlane.

"7A, 7a li7e Tzinakanta," xi la 7un.

"7A, Tzinakanta," xi 7un. "7A li vo7one che7e chinaki ta Tzinakanta," xi la ti jkaxlan 7une.

"Chanaki?" xut la 7un.

"Chinaki," xi la 7un.

"7Aa, naklan che7e, 7oy 7ep 7osil 7oy 7ep na," xi la 7un. 7Espanyol mi k'u la me xi ti krixchano vo7ne 7une. Ji7!

7A li 7inaki la 7un, ch'i la 7un, te 7ayan yolik xnich'onik slapik la stzek sk'u7ik chak k'u cha7al jk'u7tikotik, ja7 la tzipas kanal ti 7antz 7une tzjalbe stzek ti j-chop 7une, tzipas kanal noxtok ti 7antz 7une ja7 nox tzjalbe sk'u7 ti smalal ti jxinulan ya7el noxtok 7une, 7ipas ta jchi7iltik 7un te 7ip'ol 7o ti bamil 7une, meltzaj 7un lekub 7un, lavi spaso7 xa 7o 7estavleser k'al tana 7une meltzajem ya7el lek 7une lek xa komem 7une.

7Óra, ti k'alal 7ilike che7e lik svok' ti yosil 7une, k'usi la ti mu xchan ti vok'-7osile ta la xvoch ti sk'obe ta la x7ipaj ti sk'ob ti prove jkaxlane, ja7 la tztoj taj vinik 7une. "La7, la7 vok'bon kosil junuk k'ak'al ta jtz'un kunin 7ixim," xi la 7un. Stz'un la yunin tuix stz'un la yunin kulantu tzlajesik chve7ik 7o.

Va7i 7un, ch'i ti skulantue ch'i ti yitajike chve7ik 7o 7une. K'unuk'un la 7un, "7Abolajan xa junuk k'ak'al kabtel ta jtz'un ka7i kis-ak' ta jtz'un ka7i jchenek'," xi la 7un. Stz'unik la 7un, ja7 mu jna7tik mi yora vo7tik, ja7 mu jna7tik, 7e, yu7 nan yora vo7tik 7un k'u ti vokol 7ul li vo7 chava7i to, vokol

took a long time for the water to dry up. It took a long time for the world to be set in order, whatever it was they did to the world. The greens grew, it seems. Every growing thing grew, since I'm sure it was the rainy season. It was probably during a particular month. I certainly don't remember very well.

When their things multiplied, ah, then the Ladino ate apart. Now he had companions. They learned there now. Their children born of woman, children born of man, were born. That [Indian] woman taught them weaving. As soon as [the Ladino's] daughter was nine years old she knew how to weave, she knew how to grind and pat [corn]. Now she patted their tortillas, now she made their tortillas. They ate the same now. When the first family ate chicken they would give some to our countrymen.

Now, when the Ladino came, he learned about what he was given. Just the same way, he gave away [his things]. He had a hard time learning our language. The first man taught him. "Learn it, learn our language, because my wife doesn't understand Spanish. Me, I know Spanish, but me, I go to work. You are left behind alone with my wife, it seems. Talk together! My wife doesn't know Spanish, since she doesn't understand what you tell her," he said.

Well, he learned. In three months the Ladino learned Spanish, [I mean] our language.

He learned our language now, it seems. Now they talked to each other easily. They chatted now. They lacked nothing. The poor Ladino probably thought we were brothers now. Happily, they ate and drank since they had always been together. There weren't any other people, it seems. They lived as brothers, growing their corn together. [The Indian] went to hoe [the Ladino's] ground for him, our countryman hoed it. Then the other went for a day to work [for our countryman]. They hoed each other's land, they planted for each other. They planted their greens. They planted their beans. They planted their watermelon squash.

Then they had corn. They had beans. They had watermelon squash. Their children were big now. They [themselves] grew old, they aged. They grew old together with that Ladino and with that woman, too. Now they sat at home. Just the children worked. Their children built other houses now. The children of the Ladino married our countryman's daughters. The children of the man, of the Ladino, it seems, married our countryman's girls.

They married each other. Their houses were built. Gradually, gradually the world multiplied. Gradually. And there came, I don't know, I don't know if it was from Chamula, I don't know where the family

7imeltzaj li balamil k'utik x7elan k'utik xi ti tzpas ya7el ti balamil 7une, chch'i ya7el ti 7itaje chch'i ya7el ti k'u chch'i 7une yu7n yora vo7tik jna7 te nan k'usi 7ual mu xa jna7 lek bi 7a.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti k'alal 7ip'ol yu7unik ti k'usuk yu7unik 7une, 7a slekoj xa chve7 ti jkaxlane 7o xa 7a li xchi7il ja7 xa te 7ixchan, 7ayan yol snich'onik 7un ja7 xchanubtas ta jolob taj 7antz 7une, 7a ti stzeb naka la ta baluneb jabile sna7 xa jolob sna7 xa xjuch'un xpak'-tanij te xa spak'an yotik te xa smeltzan yotik, 7a li te xa ko7ol chve7ik 7un, ja7 ti k'al la sti7 la yalak' i j-chope ta la xak'be ech'el taj jchi7iltikótik 7une.

7Óra, tal li jkaxlan chchan ti k'u x7elan chk'elanbat 7une ja7 nox yech ta sk'e---lan ech'el 7un, vokol la xchan jk'optik 7un, ja7 la chanubtasvan 7a ti ba7i vinik 7une. "Chano, chano li jk'optikotike yu7n ja7 li mu xa7i kastilya li kajnile, vo7one jna7 kastilya, pero li vo7one chbat chabajkon chba 7abtejkon, 7atuk chakom xchi7uk li kajnil ya7el tey chak'opon abaik 7une, va7i mu xa7i k'u chavalbe," xut la 7un.

Béno, xchan la 7un, 7oxib la 7u 7ixchan 7o ti kastilya ti, 7a li ti jk'optik ti jkaxlan 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7ixchan ti jk'optikótik ya7el xa 7une lek xa la sk'opon sbaik xlo7ilajik xa 7un mu xa k'u sna7ik 7un, jchi7il xa jbatikótik nan ti yaloj ti prove jkaxlan 7une, jun yo7on 7un chve7ik chuch'ik vo7, yu7n xa 7onox xchi7il sbaik mu xa yanuk krixchano yilel, sbankil yitz'in sbaik ko7ol xchabajik, ba svok'bel yosil ti 7a li ti jchi7iltikotike tzvok', ja7 7o chbat jun k'ak'al ta yabtel li june tzvok'be sba yosilik chavbe sbaik tztz'un yitajik stz'un xchenek'ik stz'un smailik.

7Óra, 7o xa yiximik, 7o xa xchenek'ik, 7o xa smailik, muk'tik xa ti xch'amalik 7une yijubik 7un molibik 7un ja7 xa ko7ol 7iyijub xchi7uk taj jkaxlan 7une xchi7uk taj 7antz noxtok 7une, ja7 xa tzunajtik 7un naka xa 7unetik ch7abtej 7un, smeltzaj xa yan snaik ti xch'amaltak 7une, xch'amaltak ti jkaxlane ja7 7iyik'be stzeb ti jchi7iltikotike, 7a ti xch'amal ti 7a ti vinik ya7el yu7un ti jkaxlane ja7 7iyik'be stzeb ti jchi7iltikotike.

Va7i 7un, te kó7olkó7ol te yik' sbaik 7un 7imeltzaj snaik 7un, k'un'k'un k'un'k'un 7ip'ol ti balamil 7une lek 7un, k'un'k'un 7ital la, mu jna7, ja7 mu jna7 mi Chamu7tik, ja7 mu jna7 bu tal j-chope jnaklomal 7un.

came from to settle. "My Zinacantec!" they said when they arrived, "Have you any work to be done? Because I never settle down, because I have no land. Won't you please give me, sell me however small [a piece of] your land?" said the [stranger].

"I'll sell some to you, but you are to work it. I'll join you at work, we'll work," [our countryman] told him.

"Of course, let's work, my Zinacantec, if you'll give me a little bit of your tiny land," said the old Chamulan. He was old.

"I'll give it to you, just so long as you work," said [our countryman]. The old man worked a week. He simply sle—pt on the job. "But I don't like the way you sleep. You're just stealing money. It's a mess. You're not worth a whoring damn just sleeping like that. Go on!" said [our countryman]. He left, the poor old Chamulan left. He went off crying now with his wife. He returned to his country. He went, because his home wasn't here, because they were being killed in his home [town].

He went off crying with his wife. He didn't go very far. He came back. The man came back to cry over it. "See here, my Zinacantec, please, be so kind, may God, our Holy Lady enter your heart! Sell me a little of your land! I'll do what you say. I won't sleep any more, because I really don't want to die, because the men of my town will kill me," he said.

"So, you bastard, can't you stand being killed? Won't you behave and work quickly? You sleep! There is always sleep. We sleep at night. Since when do we see sleeping by day? We sleep at night. We get up at six o'clock. We begin work at dawn. We go. We go get our sheep or our mules, or our dogs or whatever we have. That's what we do. We don't sleep the way you do," said the man.

"Ah, never mind, my Zinacantec, you can order me, you can tell me, because I don't want to die, it seems. Because they will kill me in my country," he said. He went. He was given a little land. Twelve meters, just so the house could be established. The poor Chamulan got his lumber. He built his house. The house was built now. His wife was there now. Our poor Chamulan settled down. He started to do his corn field. He prepared his little corn field. "I'll rent your land by the month, [I mean] by the year," he said.

"Rent it, then!" said [our countryman]. He rented it. He paid by working. The poor Chamulan worked [for him] three weeks a year. He was given three weeks [of work]. So [the Chamulan] worked. He got used to it. Our Chamulan got used to it little by little. When they were very o—ld, they returned to their country. They went to get their land. They went to

"Kulo7!" xi la k'otel. "Mi mu7yuk 7avabtel yu7un muk' bu xinaki, mu7yuk kosil, mi mu xa7abolaj xavak'bon, xachonbon k'uk smuk'ul 7avosil?" xi la 7un.

"Chajchonbe pero cha7abtej 7o li7 chajchi7in ta 7abtele yu7n chi7abtejtik," xut la 7un.

"7Abtej kotik a7a, kulo7, pero ti mu yu7un chavak'bon j-tz'ujuk tavunin balumile," xi la ti mol 7ulo 7une, mol xa la 7un.

"Ta xkak' ja7 nox kwenta mi xana7 xa7abteje," xi la 7un. 7Abtej la vaxakib k'ak'al ti mole, solel la labal vaye---l tzpas ta yabtel 7un. "Pero mu jk'an la x7elan chavaye yech chavelk'an tak'in, ja7 joriro mu k'u púta xatun 7o chak le7 labal vayel chapase, ba---tan!" xi la 7un. Bat 7un, bat ti prove mol 7ulo7e x7ok' xa la ech'el xchi7uk ti yajnil 7une bat la 7un, sut la ech'el tzlumsal 7un, bat la 7un yu7n la mu li7uk snae, yu7n la chlaj ta milel ti ta sna 7une.

Va7i 7un, x7ok' xa ech'el xchi7uk ti yajnile, muk' 7o no la nom xbat 7un, tal la, tal la yok'ita ti vinik 7une. "K'el avi, kulo7, 7abolajan 7avokoluk 7ochuk ti riox jch'ul-me7tik tavo7one chonbon j-tz'ujuk labalamile, ta xa jch'un lamantal 7une, muk' xa chivay 7un yu7n batz'i mu jk'an xicham ya7el yu7n chismil li jvinkilale," xi.

"Yech'o, kavron, mi mu xava7i ti milel ya7el 7une, mi mu nox xavaxan aba xasuj aba xa7abtej, xavay 7oy 7onox i vayelev xivayotik ta 7ak'ubaltik, mi ja7 to kilojtik vayel ta k'ak'altik, k'u yu7un chavay ta k'ak'altik, 7ak'ubaltik chivayotik, chilikotik ta vakib 7ora 7ik'-luman ta jtam kabteletik chibattik, ba jsa7 mi jchijtik mi jka7tik mi jtz'i7tik k'usi 7oy ku7untike yu7 nox ta jpastik mu yu7nuk chivayotik chak k'u cha7al chapase," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"7An, yiyil 7un, kulo7, te xatak'ion 7u---n xavalbon 7u---n yu7n mu jk'an xicham ya7el yu7n chismilik i ta jlumale," xi la 7un. Bat 7un, 7ak'bat j-tz'uj ti yosile lajcheb la metro, ja7 nox yo7 ti chnaki ti na 7une, slok'es ste7 ti prove 7ulo7 7une smeltzan sna 7un, meltzajem xa ti na 7une tey xa ti yajnil ya7el 7une 7itzuni ti prove kulo7tik 7une, 7ilik spas yunin chob smeltzan yunin chob. "Ta jlok' ta 7u li, ta 7a li jabil lavosile," xi la 7un.

"Lok'o che7e!" xi la 7un. Slok' la 7un, ta la stoj ta 7abtel 7un, 7a la ti, 7oxib la xemana ta jabil ch7abtej ti prove 7ulo7 7une, 7i7ak'bat ti 7oxib xemana yech 7une 7abtej 7un nop 7un, k'un'kun te nop taj kulo7tik 7une, ja7 to ti k'al me7e---l mol xa ta j-mek 7une sut ech'el tzlumsal 7un, ba sta ti yosil 7une ba naklikuk 7un pero mu xa k'u x7albat ti k'al 7ik'ot 7une ch'abal

live [there]. But nothing was done to him when he arrived [there]. There was no more trouble. He returned all right. The house was left standing, because he went to live in their house [in Chamula], since his house and land were left there. [Then] he decided to sell it. It was bought. He had sold his land. He was bringing money back home now [to Zinacantán Center], because he was coming back to buy land, since that [house in Chamula] had been bought.

But you see, they were held up on the way, there at the place we call Ya7am Ton [Ya7am Rock]. They were murdered there. The poor Chamulans were murdered. They died there. The woman died, then. The man died, then. The affair was over. That was all. The business was over. They didn't reach the town. No! Just that woman and that Ladino man who had arrived before were left. They had already multiplied. There were many of them now. They lacked nothing now. They were hot and warm now, they were [prosperous]. Little by little they increased. The place was fixed up. It was improved. That man had it fixed up. The streets were built. He sent for help from Chamula or from the governor. I don't know where he sent to for help, indeed! Fifteen men arrived. They built the streets. The mud was scraped [level]. The paths were fixed, it seems. It turned out well. Then it was a fine town.

This second account of the Flood, told to me by Tonik eleven years after the first, begins also on the mountaintop, but changes slightly the kinds of birds sent to report on the state of the world. The man's accident, Raven's gift of corn, his wife's death, all are forgotten as Tonik establishes the Zinacantecs' relationship to their Ladino and Chamulan neighbors.

In Tonik's myth, the Chamulans are presented as lazy and rather pathetic outcasts, hardly of the same calibre as Zinacantecs. Chamulan subservience is a generally accepted fact of life. According to a Chamulan origin myth, St. Lawrence and St. John both raised sheep and so decided to settle together in the highlands, but God wanted the sons of St. Lawrence to grow corn, while the sons of St. John were forced to look for jobs in the lowland coffee fincas (Gossen, T85).

The mutual exchange of labor and the intermarriage of Indian girls and Ladino boys is described in ideal terms, perhaps

xa k'op 7un, tuk' 7isut, p'ejel 7ikom ti nae, yu7n la ba naklikuk ti ta snaik 7une ja7 ti te komem ti sna yosil ya7el 7une ba la xchon 7ox ti chal 7une, 7imanbat, xchon xa 7ox ti 7osil 7une, tak'in xa yich'oj tal ti ta, ti ta sna 7une yu7n chtal sman 7o ti 7osil ti yo7 ti smanoj taj 7une.

Buy 7un, tal smakel ta be 7un, ja7 li yo7 Ya7am Ton sbi ku7untikótik 7une, ja7 te laj ta milél ti prove 7ulo7 7une te k'alal laj 7un, tey laj 7antz te laj vinik ch'abal kom k'op mu k'usi, mu7yuk kom k'op 7un mu7yuk xa xk'ot ta Jtek-lum 7un ch'abal xa k'ajom xa stuk 7ikom taj jun 7antz jun vinik jkaxlan 7onox k'otem 7une, ja7 nox ti p'olemik xa 7ox 7epik xa 7ox 7un mu xa k'u sna7ik 7un, te xa k'ok' k'ixinik 7un k'unk'un 7ip'ol 7un, meltzaj 7o li balamile lekub 7un, ja7 stak ta meltzanel taj vinik 7une, meltzaj i kayeetik 7une stak 7a li ta k'anel 7a li 7ayuda ta Chamu7 mi ta govyerno ja7 mu jna7 buy 7istak ta k'anel ti 7ayuda a7a, k'ot 7a li vo7-lajun vo7 vinik 7un smeltzan 7o ti kayeetik 7une, 7ijos ti 7ach'ele meltzaj ti soral ya7ele lek 7ikom 7un lek xa jtek-lum 7un.

reflecting Tonik's successful adaptation to the Ladino world. In fact, there is an almost egalitarian, harmonious relationship between native Zinacantecs and the Ladino families living in Zinacantán Center, quite unlike the situation in other Indian towns of the Chiapas highlands, where the Ladinos are notorious for their brutal, mercenary ways. Nevertheless, even in Zinacantán, as in Chenalhó, Ladinos are said to be the offspring of an Indian woman and a white male dog—sufficient explanation for their shameless character (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:157).

Not all Zinacantec origin myths speak of cultural or racial equality either. Another Zinacantec version of the Flood relates how Christ turns all the survivors but Adam into monkeys. Eve is made from Adam's rib. Their Indian descendants are given a book of knowledge, but unfortunately they entrust their book to the Ladinos, who have been on top ever since (Bricker, T10). See also T7, T55, T70, T96, T142, T161, and their notes.

Still Another Spook

T146

Long ago the children of the first Spook were human children, it seems. The Spook had stolen the woman, it seems. He would go and steal chickens. He would go and steal them, because he ate chickens. He would go to steal money. He would go from house to house. He would go to steal away people. He would go and see if he could find a woman to steal away.

7A ti vo7ne xch'amal ti ba7yi j7ik'ale, yu7n xch'amal xa krixchano ya7el, 7antz yelk'anoj ya7el ti j7ik'ale, ta la xba yelk'an kaxlan, ta la xba yelk'an yu7n la tzi7 ti kaxlane, ta la xba yelk'an 7a li tak'in ta la xba bat ta naetik ba yelk'an krixchano, ba ssa7 mi 7o bu sta junuk 7antz chelk'an ech'el.

Once he found that the people were clever where he went. "Nanita, won't you please do the favor of preparing my meal?" he asked, carrying a turkey with him.

"Give it to me, I guess! Come in! Sit down!" she said. She put her [pot of] water on top of the fire. The boiling water was bubbling now. She dipped the chicken [I mean turkey] in it. She put another pot on [the fire]. "Wouldn't you like to drink some posol while you wait a little while for your meal?" said the woman.

"I would!" he said.

"All right," she said. She ground [the corn] for his posol. She gave him his posol. While he was drinking his posol, she scalded him with boiling water. It didn't kill him. She scalded him with boiling water. He just rolled out. He rolled out the door. He left. He was rolling around the whole day at the door, since he was burnt by the boiling water. He was rolling around. In three days he was well again. He was walking around again. He was about to grab a little baby girl there at the door.

That's the way they were. They would grab people. They would look for girls. They would look for women, or whatever they could get. Because that's the way they were. There just weren't any good ones. They were wicked.

"Forget it, then," said the person in Zinacantán Center when she saw that it turned out badly, that the awful Spook couldn't be killed.

"But we shouldn't be scared. We should be brave now that there are several families here nearby," they said. "Now that he has seen our houses here there's no time left," they said. "All right," they said. He arrived again.

"Nanita," he said. "Nanita," he said. "You gonna make ze meal!" said the Spook, in his awful Spanish, when he arrived.

"But that's a countryman of ours. Don't you believe that's a Spook, because he's fooling us," said the wife.

"Give it to me! Where is it? Come on! We'll fix it! We'll do it! We'll cook it, if you're going to eat it. If you want to eat a meal, I haven't any tortillas. I will grind [the corn]. I will pat [the tortillas]," said the wife.

"Ah, grind it. I'll wait. I'll wait, Nanita!" said the Spook. He waited. She patted [the tortillas]. After she had patted them, she scalded [the chicken]. She fixed the chicken. He finished eating.

"If you want a little coffee, I'll make it," she said. She made his coffee for him.

He was in the midst of drinking that coffee of his. Then he was shot at. God, he didn't die from the bullets. They attacked him with a machete. He was

Va7i 7un, j-7ech'el la 7une bívo la sta ti krixchano yo7 buy 7i7ay 7une. 7I 7a li, "Nanáta, mi mu xa7abolaj xameltzan jve7el?" xi la slikoj la ech'el j-kot tuluk' 7un.

"7Is kik 7ocha---n tal chotla---n!" xi la 7un. Skajan la ta 7ol k'ok' ti ya7al 7une xba---lbon xa la ti k'ak'al vo7 7une smul la ti kaxlan 7une, skajan la 7otro j-p'inal. "Mi mu xana7 yuch'el 7uch'imo7 chamala 7o j-likeluk lave7ele," xi la ti 7antz 7une.

"Jna7!" xi la 7un.

"Béno," xi la 7un. Sjuch'be la ti yuch'imo7e yak'be la ti yuch'imo7e, yolel 7ox la chuch' yuch'imo7e stul la ta k'ak'al vo7, mu---k' la xcham 7o, stul la ta k'ak'al vo7 ja7 nox ti 7ibalalij la lok'el balalij la lok'el ta ti7 na lok' la ech'el 7un xbalet la ta sjunul k'ak'al te ta ti7 na ti 7ik'ak' ta k'ak'al vo7e te la xbalet, ta yoxibal la k'ak'al lek xa la, xva7et xa la noxtok, ta la stzak 7unen 7a li k'ox tzeb te ta ti7 na.

Va7i 7u---n, 7a li ja7 yech taj x7elan 7une tztzakvan ta ssa7 tzeb ta ssa7 7antz mi k'u sta 7une yu7n la ja7 yech 7un mu xa 7o no la ti bu lek 7un taje manyoso 7un.

Va7i 7un, "Yiyil 7un che7e," xi la ti krixchano tey ta Jtek-lum ti yil ti chopol 7ilok' ya7el ti mu j7ik'al muk' x7aj ta milel 7une.

Va7i 7un, "Pero mu7 nox xixi7otik jpastik tzatzal lavi jay-chopotik li7i nopolotike," xiik la 7un. "Yil xa li jnatik li7e mu xa yorauk," xi la 7un. "Béno," xi la 7un. K'ot la noxtok 7un.

"Nanáta," xi la. "Nanáta," xi la. "Vaser ti komíra!" xi la k'otel. Smu kastilya ti j7ik'al 7une.

"Pero taje jchi7iltik mu xach'un ti j7ik'al taj a7a yu7n chixcho7otik," xi la ti yajval na 7une.

Va7i 7un, "7Isik buy la7 jmelztantik jpastik jlakantik mi7n chati7 mi chave7 ch'abal me kot 7un ta to me jjuch' ta to me jpak'an," xi la ti yajval na 7une.

"7Aj, juch'o, ta jmala, ta jmala, Naníta!" xi la ti j7ik'al 7une. Smala la 7un pak'-tanij, laj pak'-tanijuk 7isbul 7ismeltzan la ti kaxlan 7une, laj la ve7uk.

Va7i 7un, "Mi chak'an j-tz'ujuk 7a li 7akajve ta jmelztan," xi la 7un. Smeltzanbe la skajve.

Yolel la chuch' taj skajvee ja7 7o la 7i7ak'bat bala, yo7s mu xcham ta bala, yak'beik la machita, le---k la Tuch'ilanbil laj ta machita mu la j-túch'uktúch'uk ti

cut up properly with a machete. They didn't cut his body into just two pieces when they cut him up. God, his face—he didn't get just a single blow! But it seems that his face was sewn up well. It was remade again. He just revived, since he just wouldn't die.

He probably didn't even feel it, either. He went again. He went the same way again. He returned, again. I don't know if it was a week or two weeks later that he returned again. He went, taking two hens along with him. "Nanita, fix ze meal. I eat!" said the Spook. He arrived.

"Ah, give it to me. Bring it to me! If you are hungry, eat! Come, we'll fix it. I'll rinse my corn. I haven't any tortillas," she told him.

"All right, I'll wait," he said. Oh, his horrible eyes, his horrible teeth. They'd give you a fright! His horrible wide eyes. His awful eyes were red, said the person who told about it.

"His awful eyes were red. You'd be scared of him, it seems. You certainly wouldn't eat with him, it seems," she said.

"Did you eat with him like that?" I asked, myself.

"I ate [with him]," she said.

"Ah!" I said. "As for me, I wouldn't eat with him," I said.

"Ah, ah, I certainly ate. I ate with him, and we ate the chicken. *Eat! I'll eat, too!* we told him, because we had already decided what he should get," she said.

The tip was sharpened. It seems he finished eating. They ate. She served his meal, the woman's meal and the woman's children's meal. They ate. They finished eating.

The gentleman burped. "Ahh!" he said. Then, "Bu—rr" he burped.

"Well, Nanita, thank you for the meal. Do you still have some food? Do your children still have something to eat?" he said.

"They do!" she told him.

"Fine!" he said. "Well, spend a good night, Nanita! Spend a good night, Nanita," said the Spook.

"All right," she said. The tip of a stake was well sharpened. It was at the door.

He came upon it at the door. It impaled him, went up his ass, came out his mouth.

Then they caught him. They looked at how it came out of his mouth. He was spitted on the stake like that. "There's no problem, then, having won out like this. Now, that's all. We'll roast him on the fire," she said. They roasted him on the fire. They roasted him on the fire, like when we roast a rabbit. He was spitted on a stake.

They roasted him on the fire. Wouldn't he die of that? To this day there aren't any more Spooks.

spat xxokon i xcha7lebeik ta jmek stuch'ilan, yo7s 7a li ssate yu7n mu j-mojmojuk 7iyich', pero yu7n la le---k stz'isulanoj yilel li ssate, cha7-meltzaj la noxtok, ja---7 no la yech kuxi muk' 7o no la xcham.

Va7i 7un, mu7 no nan xa7i 7o ta j-mek noxtok 7un bat la noxtok yech 7un cha7-k'ot la, mu jna---7 mi ta svaxakibal k'ak'al mi ta yo7-lajunebal k'ak'al cha7-k'o---t la noxtok 7un bat la 7un yich'oj la ech'el cha7-kot me7 kaxlan 7un. "Naníta, chapas ti komíra, ta spas komer!" xi la ti j7ik'al 7une. K'ot la 7un.

"7A, 7isik 7ich'o tal mi7n chave7e ve7an la7 jmlantzantik ta to jsap jpanin 7a li mu7yuk buy 7a li kot," xut la 7un.

"Béno, ta jmala," xi la 7un. 7A la la ti sijil sa---t sijil tanal 7e 7une xi7el la xavich', 7a ti sil levlev sate tzoji---k la ti smu sat 7une xi ti buch'u tzlo7ilta 7une.

"Tzozik ti smu sate xixi7otik yilel mu7 nox xave7 7achi7uk yilel," xi 7un.

"Mi7n nave7 7achi7uk yech 7un?" xkut i vo7on 7une.

"Nive7," xi.

"7A!" xkut. "7A li vo7one mu xive7 jchi7uk," xkut.

"7A, 7a live7 li vo7on a7a live7 jchi7uk 7i 7i 7a li 7ijiti7tikótik ti kaxlane. *Ve7an me 7un! Chive7 7uk 7un*, xkuttikótik 7un. Yu7 xa 7onox jnopojetikótik sk'oplal ti k'u xi chich' 7une," xi.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7anbil la sni7, 7ilaj la ve7uk ya7el 7un, 7ive7ik la 7un, spechan la sve7el, sve7el ti 7antz 7une, yalabtak ti 7antz 7une ve7ik la 7un, laj ve7ikuk 7un.

Va7i 7un, keban la ti mole. "7Ajj!" xi la 7un. Ja7 7o la "ke---7!" xi keban 7un.

Va7i 7un, "Béno, Naníta, kol aval live7, mi 7o to lave7el 7une mi 7o to k'u tztí7 lavoltake?" xi la 7un.

"7Oy!" xut la un.

"Bwéno!" xi la 7un. "Béno 7a li paso la nóche, Naníta, paso la nóche, Naníta," xi la ti j7ik'al 7une.

"Béno," xi la 7un. Lek la 7anbil sni7 ti jun te7 te ta ti7 na 7une.

Va7i 7un, te la sta li ti7 na 7une xi la xojol 7och la ta sbe stzo7, lok' k'al ye.

Va7i 7un, ja7 la 7istzakik 7un sk'elik taj x7elan 7o lok' ta ye 7une, te xojol ta te7 yech 7un. "Mu k'usi k'op 7un che7e lavi x7elan 7ijpastik kanal yeche, 7óra lavi 7une mu k'usi 7un ta jbakubtastik ta k'ok'," xi la 7un. Sbakubtasik la ta k'ok', sbakubtasik ta k'ok' 7un chak k'u cha7al bu jvotik t'ul, te xojol ta te7 7un.

Va7i 7un, sbakubtasik la ta k'ok' 7un, mu ja7uk to cham 7o 7un ja7 to lavi ch'abal xa j7ik'al 7oe,

They roasted him over the fire. He was well-done. They turned him over from side to side. They used up lots of logs for him. I don't know if it was six logs or eight logs or what that were used up so that he would be well-done. He was cooked. They set him afire. They put kerosene on him, so that he would die. Die for good. There aren't any now. Once you couldn't go anywhere. You couldn't go out, not for getting firewood nor for getting water. You could at this hour, but if it reached three o'clock, four o'clock, you couldn't go anywhere. At eight o'clock [in the morning] you couldn't go anywhere. At nine o'clock then you usually could. But just if it were nearby. If it were far away, you couldn't, since it was dark under the trees. They would just be squatting [there]. There were lots and lots of Spooks long ago.

You see how tricky the ones who were crossed with people turned out! Bad, bad, wicked. They stole so often. The things they did were so wicked. All they ate was chicken. Just chickens, just turkeys, they would go and steal from the houses. Long ago they would reach Chiapa. They would steal [things] and bring them in crates. Long ago it was different. The Chiapanecs would go selling bread in crates. I don't know if you have seen the crates. They stacked the bread in them. The whole crate. [The Spook] returned to the lady's house. He ate chicken. Yes! "I'll be back, I'm going to get food for you," he said—that lady was told.

"All right," she said.

He left. He went to get it—that crate. He returned. The poor thing didn't know he would die. "Let him get used to us. Come on, we'll get him used [to us]," they said. He got used to them. So he went to get bread. He brought a crate of that bread. Just good bread.

So they made his coffee for him. He drank his coffee. Then he stretched his legs and went out. He landed on a little sharpened stake. There he stayed! So the Spooks have disappeared to this day. Now there aren't any Spooks. You never hear of them now. There are very few left now, only where a road is being made or if something is being constructed somewhere. Then you hear tell of Spooks, highwaymen. But you don't see them much anymore like you did long ago. Long ago you couldn't even go outside. It was scary because we were killed by Spooks.

In this latter day version of how the progeny of a Spook and a Zinacantec woman were eradicated, Tonik provides many of the same details as in the opening and closing scenes of "The Spook and the Comadre" (T71), but the drama is greatly heightened. This is not a third or fourth hand story, but purportedly was a play-by-play, word-for-word description, told to Tonik by the

sbakubtasik ta k'ok' 7un ta7aj lek 7un, xjoyij ta j-jot xjoyij ta j-jot, lek 7iyak'beik sk'echobal, mu jna7 mi vak-p'ej k'echob mi vaxak-p'ej k'echob k'u la xi laj yo7 ti ta---7aj 7o lek 7une, ta7aj 7un stijanbeik sk'ak'al 7un yak'beik la kas 7un, yo7 ti cham 7oe, cham 7o ta j-moj 7un ch'abal xa lavi 7une, 7a ti vo7nee che7e mu stak' bu xibatti---k mu stak' xilok'otik mi si7bejuk mi ja7bejuk, stak' la x7elan 7ora li7e, pero mi sta 7oxib 7ora chanib 7ora mu xa stak' bu xibattik, ta vaxakib 7ora mu stak' bu xibattik, ta baluneb ja7 stak'tak'tik xa, pero ti mi nopol nox noxtok 7une, mi nome mu stak', mu stak' ja7 li 7ik'-kuja---n li yolon te7 7un, naka la ja7 xok'ajtik, batz'i 7animal la ti j7ik'al vo7nee.

Va7i x7elan manyoso xa lok' ti ti krusado xa ta krixchano 7une, chopol chopol manyoso tol x7elk'aj, tol tol manyoso k'usi xispas, naka ka---xlan la tzti7 ta j-mek 7un taje, naka la kaxlan naka la tuluk' chba yelk'an tal ta naetik, 7a la ti vo7nee chk'ot la k'al Soktom ta la xelk'an tal ta gárlo, 7a ti vo7nee che7e j-chop 7o, 7a li kaxlan vaj chba xchon i jsoktometike ta garlo, 7a li mu jna7 mi 7o xavil 7a li kolol te7e, ja7 te tzlatzik ech'el li kaxlan vaje, sjunul la, sjunul la kolol te7 7un te yul tzna taj jmeme7tik 7isti7 kaxlan 7une. "Te chital chba jsa7 tal 7ave7elik," yu7n la xi 7un. Taj 7a li x7utat taj jmeme7tik 7une.

"Teyuk," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, bat la 7un ba la ssa7 tal 7un ja7 taj j-p'ej la kolol te7 7iyul 7une mu sna7 mi te chcham i povre 7une. "Nopuk ku7untik la7 jnopestik," xiik la 7un. Nop yu7unik 7un ja7 taj 7a ssa7 tal kaxlan vaj, jun la kolol te7 taj kaxlan vaj yich'oj tale naka la lelik kaxlan vaj.

Va7i 7un, ja7 ta 7ismeltzanbe skajve, yuch' skajve, ja7 taj xach' sba lok'el 7un lek 7i7och ta 7unin 7unin 7anbil te7 7un, te kom 7o 7un, lavi yo7 li ch'ay 7o li j7ik'al k'al tana 7une, ch'abal xa j7ik'al 7un, mu xa bu xka7itik tana 7un, smelol xa bu mi 7o tzmeltzaj be mi 7o bu 7oy tzmeltzaj k'u tzmeltzaj ja7 xa 7o xvinaj x7ale li j7ik'ale, li jmak-bee, pero mu xa bu mas xkiltik chak k'u cha7al ti vo7nee, 7a taj vo7nee mi ja7uk la xalok' ta pana, xi7el sba yu7n chilajotik ta j7ik'al.

very woman who sat with the Spook, fed, and killed him!

The heroine remarks that she thinks her visitor is only a countryman pretending to be a Spook, presumably to allay his suspicions so that he will lower his guard. While the Spook is in the midst of his meal, the tension is increased by Tonik's brief allusion, "The tip was sharpened," for everyone knows what

that reference means. The suspense is sustained even beyond the tale's end with Tonik's admission that you still hear of Spooks existing in what we would call "hard hat zones," where, as her Zinacantec audience knows, they are reputed to be in league with the engineers, providing victims to fuel the machinery and to strengthen the cement foundations of bridges and power

plants.

A similar allusion is made to bridge supports in a Tenejapan tale of the Spook, when describing the dangers of women leaving their houses alone in the morning to defecate (Stross, 1973, T1). See also T23, T67, T71, T122, T145, and their notes.

The King and the Clever Thief

T143

The king long ago, then, had children. He had sons, it seems—I think—two people who guarded the door. The two people, his children, were called Prince or Princess, something like that, I think.

There was one princess. The princess bathed with her father and the wife of the Indian king, as we say. She didn't bathe once a day—three times! She bathed three times a day.

Now, once at, I don't know if it was at nine o'clock or what, once at one o'clock, once at seven in the evening. She bathed. She undressed.

The clothes that she took off, her servants put on. The servants wore them.

Now if there was somebody who committed a crime, if there was somebody who had gotten into trouble, if there was somebody who was bad—there just used to be kings, there weren't courthouses. There wasn't anything [else], it seems. It was just the king who settled [disputes].

Now the king meted out punishment. There was a well. There was a Lion Well, as I think it was called long ago. Lion Well. [The guilty person] would go to draw the water and bring it back. [The king] had him make three trips. If he could draw it three times, fine! But if he was killed there by lions, there he stayed. The poor thing died there.

There was a man who went. He was given three trips to go and draw it. He didn't return. He died there. Yes!

He had committed a crime, he had stolen, or something I think—that poor guy.

Just the same way another one was se—nt off. He went, indeed! This one was certainly clever! He went. He went to draw it. First, he went to loo—k very quietly, but his feet didn't make a sound when he stepped. He drew a gallon of water.

When it came up out from there, from the edge of the well, it seems . . . It was probably deep since he was pulling it up like this. He was setting it down at the edge of the well. He saw that that awful beast that was lying there when he pulled up [the can] was about to move. Then he too—k to his feet. Ooh, he came back quickly. He hurried back. He thought it would come [after him].

But you see, it never came.

7A ti rey vo7nee che7e, ja7 ti 7oy xch'amaltak 7oy skremotik ya7el chava7i 7une, cha7-vo7 7a li chchabi ti7 na, 7a li cha7-vo7 mi Prinsipe mi Prinses k'usi sbi chka7i li xch'amaltak 7une.

7O la jun prinsesa 7un, 7a ti prinsesa 7une ja7 la ch7atin 7un xchi7uk stot 7un, xchi7uk i yajnil ti 7intio rey chkaltik 7une, ja7 li mu7nuk j-7ech'eluk ch7atin ta k'ak'al, 7ox-lok'el, 7ox-lok'el ch7atin ta k'ak'al.

7Ora, j-7ech'el ta, ja7 mu jna7 mi ta baluneb 7ora k'usi xi, j-7ech'el ta jun 7ora, j-7ech'el ta syéte de la tarde, ja7 ta x7atin 7un tzlok' i sk'u7 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li sk'u7 ta slok' 7une ja7 tzlap ti smosotak 7une, ja7 tzlap ti mosoe.

7Ora, mi 7a li 7o buch'u sta smul mi 7o buch'u k'u palta, mi 7o buch'u k'u chopol tey 7une ja7 li naka to 7ox rey mu7yuk kavilto mu7yuk k'usi 7oy ya7el, ja7 nox i rey tzmeltzane.

7Ora, li rey 7une chak' kastiko 7un, 7oy 7a li jun vo7, 7ay 7Ágwa de Leon me sbi chka7i ti vo7ne 7une, 7Ágwa de Leon 7un, ja7 la chba spul talel 7un, 7oxib biaje ta xak'be, mi pul yu7un i 7oxib biajee lek, yan ti mi te laj ta leon 7une yu7n te kom 7un povre 7un te cham 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7o la jun vinik bat, 7ox-lok'el chak' ba spul tal, muk' xul te cham. Ji7!

7Ista 7o smul, jun chak yu7n 7i7elk'aj mi k'usi xi chka7i taj povre 7un taje.

Va7i 7un, ja7 nox yech 7ita---kat ech'el 7otro jun, 7a li bat 7un bi 7a, 7éso si ja7 bivo bi 7a, bat 7un ba spul talel, primero 7une ba la sk'e---l k'un ta j-mek pero mu la me xbak' ti ti yok ta stek' 7une, spul tal li jun galon vo7 7une.

7A la ti k'alal 7ilok' tal te yo7e, yo7 li sti7il li vo7 ya7el, yu7 nan nat 7un k'u ti xi tzlik 7un, xi ta la xchotan xi ta ti7 vo7 7une, 7iyil la ti ta xa 7ox xbak' taj mu chon taj te puch'ul k'alal 7islik 7une, ja7 7o la sta---mbe yokolal 7un, jiii, lok' tal ta 7anil sujem tal, xak'uk ta xtal 7un.

Bu 7un, mu la bu tal 7un.

That was the first trip. On the second it was just the same. He succeeded. He took it when [the lion was] asleep again. On the second trip. On the third trip he had a hard time now coming back. It wouldn't sleep at all. It would lift its head. It would lie down. Lift its head, lie down. Yes!

It wouldn't sleep. It wouldn't sleep. As for the man, "God, My Lord what can I do about this now? It's the last [time], now. The last [time]. Now am I to die, now am I to perish?" he said in the middle of the path. He knelt down in the middle of the path. He folded his hands. He prayed to Our Lord. He prayed to Our Lord in Heaven, it seems.

How is it,
My Lord,
Now will my skull be left here,
Will my bones be left here?
This cannot be,
This cannot happen, it seems,
Beneath Thy feet,
Beneath Thy hands, My Lord.
I do not wish to die,
I do not wish to perish, it seems.
Because I wish to step beneath Thy feet,
To step beneath Thy hands.
It seems I cannot die.
It seems I cannot perish.
I wish to survive,
I wish to live still on the earth.
It isn't as if I were old now.
If I were old now,
Never mind, I would surely die.
But as it is, I still long to enjoy
The place beneath Thy feet,
Beneath Thy hands.
I do not wish to die, it seems.
I like it, it seems,
The way I walk,
I journey.
I still long to enjoy my back.
I long to enjoy my side,
Wherever I walk,
Wherever I journey,
[Where] I go down,
[Where] I go up.
I still search for Thy cross,
I still search for Thy reflection,
For a way to eat,
For a way to drink.
May my skull not [remain] here,
May my bones not [remain] here,
With one of Thy beasts
One of Thy tigers.

Ooh, he spoke on and on, how it was where he was, kneeling there in the middle of the path, his hands folded. Yes!

He faced East, he faced West. He faced to the East, it seems, to the West, it seems, as we say. He prayed to Our Lord. He prayed to Our Lord, in all four directions, it seems.

Va7i 7un, primer biaje 7un bi, ta segundo 7un ja7 nox yech lek 7ispas kanal yich'be svayel noxtok, segundo biaje 7un, ta terser biaje 7un ja7 xa me vokol 7ilok' tal 7un mu la xvay ta j-mek, tztoy ti sjole, chpuch'i tztoy ti sjole, chpuch'i tztoy ti sjole, chpuch'i. Ji7!

Mu la xvay, mu la xvay, ja7 la li 7a li vinik 7une. "Yos kajval, k'usi ta jnop 7un li7i slajeb xa, slajeb xa 7un mi ja7 to chilaj 7un mi ja7 to chicham 7un?" xi la ta 7o7lol be 7un. Kej xi la ta 7o7lol be 7un, snup' la ti sk'ob 7une sk'opon la ti kajvaltik ta vinajel ya7el 7une.

K'u xi 7un,
Kajval,
Mi ja7 to li7 chkom ti jjole,
Mi li7 chkom ti jbakele?
Mu me xu7,
Mu me xkom ya7el,
Ti yolon 7avoqe,
Ti yolon 7ak'obe, kajval.
Mu me jk'an xicham,
Mu me jk'an xilaj ya7el 7un,
Yu7 me ta jk'an ta jtek' ti yolon 7avoqe,
Ta jtek' ti yolon 7ak'obe.
Mu xu7 ya7el ti chichame,
Mu xu7 ya7el ti chilaje,
Ta jk'an chikuxi,
Ta jk'an chich'i to ta balamil,
Mu7nuk molikon xa,
Molikon xae,
Pasensya chamikon bi 7a,
Yan li7i ta to jk'upin,
Ti yolon 7avoqe,
Ti yolon 7ak'obe,
Mu jk'an xicham ya7el 7un,
Ta jk'an ya7el,
Ti k'u x7elan ya7el chixanav,
Chibein,
Ta to jk'upin jpat,
Ta jk'upin jxokon,
Ti bu chixanave,
Ti bu chibeine,
Chiyal,
Chimuy,
Ta to jsa7 takrusile,
Ta to jsa7 tanak'obale,
K'usi xi xive7,
K'usi xi xkuch' vo7,
Mu li7uk ti jjole,
Mu li7uk ti jbakele,
Ti ta jun 7achon,
Ta jun 7abolom.

Jii, yal la ta j-mek ti k'utik x7elan ti buy, buy 7une kejel taj ta 7o7lol be 7une snup'oj la ti sk'ob 7une. Ji7!

Sk'el la lok'eb k'ak'al, sk'el la maleb k'ak'al, sk'el la xi xi ta 7oriente ya7el ponyente ya7el xkaltik 7une, 7a li sk'opon la ti kajvaltik 7une, ta krus ya7el 7isk'opon ti kajvaltik 7une.

Then, after he had prayed to Our Lord, he stood up. He prayed to one side and the other, however he did it.

Divine four holy fathers,
Divine four holy mothers,
Wilt Thou stand erect,
Wilt Thou stand firm?
Wilt Thou defend my back,
Wilt Thou defend my side?
Shall my clay [remain] here,
Shall my earth [remain] here?
Wilt Thou deliver me to the feet,
Wilt Thou deliver me into the hands,
Of Thy beast,
Of Thy tiger?
May it not be left behind,
It seems,
The place beneath Thy feet,
Beneath Thy hands,
Holy reverend St. Lawrence,
Holy reverend St. Dominic.
I still long to eat,
Beneath Thy feet,
I still long to eat,
Beneath Thy hands,

he told our Lord. He prayed to Our Lord, on and on, as best he was able, as best he could. The poor man prayed and prayed.

Who knows, it seems, it was when he had finished praying to Our Lord, it seems—the way he prayed to the West and East, in all four directions it seems, he prayed to Our Lord. Then [the lion] turned its head, it seems. It turned around. The beast turned around. It faced the West, it seems. That sleeping animal faced away. That man passed by its feet, it seems. It slept. It was lying down. The beast stretched out well and slept. He went to look. Ooh, then he went in [towards the well]. He waited, he waited for a quarter of an hour. He waited for it to sleep. After he had waited for it to sleep, then he went in. He went to draw the water quickly. He came out.

But you see, he went and knocked that awful tin can against the edge of the well. It went “Clunk!” The beast never stirred.

[The can] came out. He set it down nearby again.

God, My Lord,
Wilt Thou deliver me,
Into the hands,
The feet,
Of the beast,
The tiger,
My Lord?

he said there at the edge of the well, it seems. He was muttering along the whole way. He thought it would come and get him.

It was standing far off. That man had walked half a block. The eyes of the horrible great coyote [I mean lion] were like this-s-s, it was trying to look

7Óra, ti k'al laj sk'opon ti kajvaltik 7une ja7 7o va'
xi la 7un, sk'opon ta j-jot ta j-jot ti k'utik xi 7une.

Ch'ul-chanib ch'ul-totil,
Ch'ul-chanib ch'ul-me7il,
Mi xava7an aba,
Mi xatek'an aba,
Mi xapoj ti jpate,
Mi xapoj ti jxokone,
Mi li7 ti jlume,
Mi li7 ti kosile,
Mi chavak'on ta yok,
Mi chavak'on ta sk'ob,
Ti jun 7achone,
Ti jun 7abolome?
Mu me xkom,
Ya7el,
Li yolon 7avoke,
Li yolon 7ak'obe,
Ch'ul-págre San-torénso,
Ch'ul-págre Santo Rominko,
Chak to me ka7i ve7ikon,
Ta yolon 7avok,
Chak to me ka7i ve7ikon,
Ta yolon 7ak'ob,

xut la ti kajvaltik 7une. Sk'opon la ti kajvaltik ta j-mek ti k'u cha7al xu7 cha7i k'u cha7al stak' cha7i k'opoj ta j-mek ti prove vinik 7une.

Va7i na7tik la yilel 7un, ja7 no la yilel ti k'alal laj sk'opon ti kajvaltik taj x7elan 7isk'opon ta 7olon ta 7ak'ol ta krus ya7el 7isk'opon ti kajvaltik 7une, ja7 to la 7ijoy tal yilel ti ti sjol 7ijoyij 7un valk'uj la ti chon 7une, sk'e---l la tal xi maleb k'ak'al ya7el sk'el ech'el taj chon vayem 7une, xi ch7ech' ya7el ta yok taj vinike, vay 7un puch'i 7un lek la xa---ch' sba ti chon 7une vay 7un, ba la sk'el 7un, jii, ja7 7o la me 7och 7un, spas la 7ora kómo jun kwárto de 7ora 7ispas 7ora smala vay 7un, k'alal 7ismala vay 7une ja7 7o la 7och 7un, ba la spul tal ta 7anil li vo7 7une lok' la 7un.

K'u xavil, bat 7o la stij taj mu láta tak'in ta tí7iltí7il vo7e, ti “Pejuj!” xi la. Mu la bu bak' ti chon 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7ilok' 7un, 7isvuchan to la ti ta stz'el noxtoke.

Yo7s kajval,
Pero mi 7avak'on,
Ta sk'ob,
Ta yok,
Ti jun chone,
Ti jun bolome,
Kajval?

xi la te yo7 ti7il vo7 ya7el 7une. Te x7i7on la tal sjunul be 7un xak'uk la xtal stael.

No---m to la kotal 7ik'ot 7o7lol la kwadra xanavem 7ox taj vinik 7une, xiii xa la ti ssat ti mu yijil 7ok'il 7une, ya7uk la sk'el j-jot j-jot buy mi 7o ti

from side to side [to see] if there was anyone. None! He, himself, had already come back.

He arrived there [at the palace]. “Ah, what do you know, son? How is it? How is it that you won out? The other man died there, the other man perished there. He was eaten up there. I only found his bones, I didn’t find anything. I’d thought he wouldn’t be eaten, either,” said the king.

“But you see, I only found his bones, not even his face, nothing. I just went and gathered up the bones of the poor man. That’s why I thought the same would happen to you. You, what did you do? You, what did you do to it?” asked [the king].

“Well, I prayed to Our Lord, Our Lord in Heaven. I prayed. I got on my knees near the edge of the well, two blocks from the well’s edge. I prayed. I reached two blocks, one block, it seems [from the well]. At two blocks’ [distance], it seems, I knelt again. I prayed again. I prayed to Our Lord for as long as I prayed. [I prayed] well. Half a block away, another time. I didn’t pray very loud. I just prayed a little, so the animal wouldn’t hear. I prayed a set of three prayers. Then I won out,” he said, the man told the king when he arrived.

“Well, son, you are not guilty of anything, then. Now my children have water to bathe with,” he said. The man was freed. The man ta—lked about it wherever he chatted. The man told now, how it was, what it was like. He chatted, he talked, he to—ld what it was like. How it began, how it turned out, how it was.

Now as for the Indian king, “Take them, son, put on these clothes of mine, then, since you just drew my water. Do you want to go draw it another time?” he said.

“I’ll go draw it,” said [the man], too.

“Go then, please go draw it for me. I will be happy to have it for my daughter to bathe with early tomorrow,” said [the king]. [The man] went to draw it. It was fine. He went to draw the water. He came back with the water. Nothing happened to him. He returned all right. Nothing happened.

He was given a meal by the king. He was given half a chicken. He was given a stack of tortillas. He was given four potatoes. He ate a lot. He didn’t finish his chicken since he was given half a chicken. He couldn’t finish eating it. He wrapped it up in his tortillas. The man took it along with him for his wife. “Eh, the king is so kind! See here, he gave me a chicken. I ate a lot. With potatoes. I ate a lot. I drank a lot of broth there in the king’s house. There’s nobody like the king. We thought he was evil. Lies! Just so long as you’re brave, as long as you’re man enough to draw his water. Eh, he’s wonderful! It seems I’m going to be his servant. Look, he gave me

krixchanoe ch’abal la, tal xa 7ox i stuk 7une.

Va7i 7un, yul la taj ta... “7Ay, k’usi xavil, 7i7o, k’u cha7al, k’u cha7al ti vo7ote 7apas kanal 7a li jun vinike te laj, 7a li jun vinike te cham te ti7e, k’ajom xa sbakel 7ijtabe mu xa k’usi jtabe kak’ to nox 7a li mu xti7euk,” xi la ti rey 7une.

“Buy 7un, naka xa sbakel 7ijtabe, mi ja7uk ssat mu k’usi sbakel xa nox 7a jtzobbe tal ti prove vinike, yech’o xkak’uk ja7 yech chapas 7un, k’usi 7acha7le li vo7ote, k’usi 7apasbe li vo7ote?” xi.

“Pwes, 7ijk’opon kajvaltik, kajvaltik ta vinajel, 7ijk’opon likeji ta ta stz’el sti7il li vo7e, chib to 7ox kwadra sk’an jta li ti7 vo7 7une nik’opoj 7un, 7ijta li chib kwadra 7a li jun kwadra ya7el 7une, ta xchibal kwadra ya7el 7une nikeji noxtok 7un 7ijk’opon noxtok 7un, jk’opon ti kajvaltik ya7el ti k’u yepal nik’opoj 7une lek 7un, ta 7o7lol kwadra noxtok 7un ja7 muk’ xa mas tzotz xik’opoj 7un jutuk xa nox nik’opoj 7un ja7 ti xa7i li chon 7une, lik’opoj ta 7ox7ox-koj ya7el k’op 7un, ja7 to 7ijpas kanal,” xi la ti, xut la ti rey k’otel ti vinik 7une.

“Bwéno, 7ijító, mu k’u 7amul che7e, 7óra lavie 7oy ka7al ta x7atin 7o li jch’amaltake,” xi la 7un. Koltaat la ech’el ti vinik 7une, ja7 xa tzlo---7ilta ti vinik bu chlo7ilaje, chal xa ti vinik ti k’utik xi k’utik x7elan, 7ilo7ilaj 7ik’opoj 7iya---l ti k’utik x7elan ti bu k’u xi 7ox k’u xi lok’ k’usi x7elan 7une.

7Óra, ti intio rey 7une, “7Ilo, 7ijító, lapo li jk’u7 li7e che7e yu7n ja7 li naka to 7apul tal li ka7ale, mi xak’an xa xba pul tal j-7ech’eluk?” xi la 7un.

“Chba jpul tal,” xi la 7uk 7un.

“Batan che7e, 7abolajan ba pulbon tal bal xka7i yu7n ch7atin 7o jtzeb ti 7ok’ob sobe,” xi la 7un. 7A la spul tal 7un, lek la 7un 7a la spul tal ti vo7 7une yul to la yu7un ti vo7 noxtok 7une, mu la k’u spas 7un, lek la yul 7un mu la k’usi 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7ak’bat la sve7el yu7un ti rey 7une, 7ak’bat la j-jov yalak’, 7ak’bat la 7a li j-lotz yot, 7ak’bat la chan-p’ej yis-ak’ lek la ve7 7un, 7a ti yalak’ 7une muk’ la xlaj 7un k’u ti j-jov i kaxlan 7i7ak’bat 7une, muk’ la xlaj sti7 7un spux la ech’el ta yot 7un yich’be la ech’el yajnil ti vinik 7une. “Je, toj lek yo7on i reye k’el avi niyak’be kalak’ lek nive7 xchi7uk kis-ak’, lek nive7 ta j-mek, lek 7ikuch’ kalto te tzna li rey 7une, muk’ buch’u yech i reye, pukuj xichiotike 7altik, ja7 nox mi tzotzote mi vinikot ta spulbel li ya7ale, jee lek yo7on ta j-mek, xibat yilel tzmoso k’e liyak’be tal jk’u7 jpok’ mu k’u yatel ko7on ta jlaj jk’u7 tana li7 a7a, 7ach’ k’u7ul to ta j-mek li

my clothes. I have no worries. I'll wear these clothes now, of course. The clothes he gave me were brand new clothes," he said when he arrived. He returned to tell his wife about it.

Then, as for his wife, "Oh, but as for me, I'll go as a maid, if you're going there as a servant. I certainly won't stay behind! You eat well. You think it's fine eating chicken. You eat well, you eat potatoes. As for me, here, I just eat tortillas rubbed with salt."

"That's why I saved some and brought it, because I want you to eat some. Take a taste of the king's food! It's wonderfully seasoned," said the man. As for the woman, she opened up the tortilla bag all in a rush. She looked at the food. She ate it. She consumed it.

"God, My Lord, the poor king, thanks to him I'm tasting it, too, I'm eating, too. The king's food is delicious. How come you didn't do something so you could bring back a mouthful of the broth?" she asked. "I'd love to eat it. It's wonderful, the delicious chicken," she said. The woman ate a lot.

"Oh, don't worry, we'll go visit him sometime," he said.

It turned out that well for that poor man. He went. He got into trouble, but nothing happened. It turned out well. But the first one, he died there. Of the three, the first [was] a robber, the second, a rapist, the third, stole sheep. The fourth was supposed to have stolen money, the one whom they went to give his present. He was given a chicken. [They had said] he stole the money.

It turned out well. There was no trouble. There was no fuss. It turned out well, like that. It was fine, there wasn't any more trouble. It ended well for him.

But those others, —one went, he died there. Another went, he died there. Another went, he died there. And that one was the only one who succeeded.

Then the time came when that man got into trouble again. He was accused of stealing horses.

"I'll go tell the king if you don't stop stealing horses," he was told.

"Go on, go tell the king! What will the king do to me? The king is my friend, the king is! The king can't do anything to me, of course! We're on good terms. If he wants me to go and draw water for his daughter to bathe with, I'll go and draw it. I'm not afraid of that. It's my home if it's the king's home," said the man.

"Ah, you've turned bad, then, because you're on good terms with the king. I'll go dream up your crime," said [his neighbor]. He went and invented another crime for him. It was just the same.

"You will be punished. You will go to such and such a place," [the king] told him. He wasn't sent to

k'u7ul liyak'bee," xi la k'otel yul slo7iltabe ti yajnil 7une.

7Óra, ti yajnile, "7Ii, pero chibat ta kriara vo7on ti mi7n chabat ta moso te 7une, mu xikom vo7on a7a, lek chave7, lek chavil chati7 kaxlan chave7 lek chalo7 7is-ak', 7a li vo7on li7 to 7une 7unin jax-7atz'am chive7 7un."

"Yech'o me ti jnak'oj tal 7une, yu7 me ta jk'an chati7 7un pas ava7i proval sve7el ti reye batz'i lek poxtabil," xi la ti vinik 7une. 7A la ti 7antz 7une svov xa la sjam ti chu7il pak'al vaj 7une sk'el ti sve7el 7une, ve7 la 7un slajes la 7un.

"Yo7s kajva7l, povre rey kol iyal ta to jpas proval 7uk ta to xive7 7uk, lek mu sve7el ti reye, k'u nox cha7al ti mu k'u xacha7le xavum talel j-7umuk ti skaltoale?" xi la. "Chak jti7 ya7el ta j-mek batz'i lek ta j-mek i mu kaxlane," xi la 7un. Lek la ve7 ti 7antz 7une.

"7Oj, mu k'u xal 7avo7on xba jvula7antik k'u 7ora," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, yech yepal 7un lek 7ikom taj prove vinik 7une, bat 7ista smul pero mu k'usi palta lek 7ik'ot, yan ti primeroe ja7 taj te laje, yo ta yox-va7al, primero j7elek', segundo 7a li jtzak-7antz, 7a li tersero 7a li yu7n la yelk'an 7a li chij, 7a li kwarto 7une ja7 taj 7a li yelk'an tak'in ta 7alel 7un taj x7elan ba yak'bel 7a li smoton 7une, 7i7ak'bat yalak' 7une, ja7 yelk'an tak'in 7un.

Va7i 7un, lek 7ik'ot 7un mu k'u k'op 7un mu k'usi palta 7un, lek 7ik'ot yech 7un, lek mu k'usi xa mas ya7el palta 7une lek 7itzutz yu7un 7une.

Yan taj yane, xbat jun te chcham, xbat jun te chcham, xbat jun te chcham 7i stuk ta xkuch yu7un 7un taje.

Va7i 7un, 7a la ti k'alal 7ista yora taj vinik 7un taje sta la smul noxtok 7un, chpak'taat la ta 7elek'-ka7.

Va7i 7un, "Chba kalbe rey ti mi mu xavikta ta j-mek i 7elek'-ka7e," x7utat la 7un.

"Batan, ba 7albeik i reye, k'u chixcha7le li reye kamigo li rey a7a, mu k'usi xu7 xiyalbe li rey a7a lek xkil jba jchi7uk, mi sk'an xba jpulbe ya7al stzeb yu7un ch7atin 7oe chba jpulbe mu7 no xixi7 7o ja7 jna mi ja7 sna li reye," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"7A, xakom ta manya che7e, yu7n lek xavil rey, ta xba jnop 7amul," xi la. Ba la sno---pbel mul 7otro j-ten, ja7 no la yech.

"Ta xa7och ta kastiko chabat li7 toe," xut la 7un. Mu xa la teuk 7itakat ech'el 7un, ta 7a li ya7al xa la,

the same place now. It was to the well, the well of the beasts now. Snakes, beasts stretched out on the ground. Snakes.

Rattlesnakes, gopher snakes. I don't know what the other kind was called, if it was called a boa constrictor. I wasn't told.

They were going to bite him, they were going to do something to him.

"What, what did you do, son? Is it true you stole? Is it true you stole horses? Is it true you stole sheep? Where did you put them?" asked [the king].

"I never stole. What would I steal? No!" he said.

"But that's what he came to tell you—that you stole, that you stole a sheep, that you stole a horse. You stole that man's things," said [the king].

"I never stole. Even if you go look in my house. I thought I was coming to be your servant. I didn't think he would come to get me in trouble. Because I arrived [home] to give her the present you gave me when I went to draw the water for your daughter. I arrived to give it to my wife. *I'm go—ing to be a servant of His Majesty, the King. I'm going to be his servant. You go and be a maid, yourself,* we said to each other. We came."

"Ah, if you have come, come here, because you won out at the Lion's Well. Of those who went to draw [water] for my daughter to bathe with, not one succeeded. I have killed a lo—t of men here. It isn't just a single one I've killed. A great many have died there. I just keep going to pick up their bones. I go by myself to look," said the king. "Ah, now you'll go to this [other] place. If you can draw [water] and bring it, then you're a man! I won't inflict many punishments on you. You'll just go once to draw it, if you can draw it. Because there are so many snakes there. There are five snakes," he said. Five of those snakes—one was that gopher snake, one that boa constrictor, one that rattlesnake. I don't know what kinds the others were.

"There are five snakes there. You might just die there. I won't give you any more punishment, because I don't believe what he's come to tell me. I've seen that you know how to behave, you do!" he was told.

"I'm going, I'm going to draw it and bring it," he said. He left.

God, My Lord, it looked as if you couldn't go in there by the edge of the well. The awful well was hu—ge, wi—de. I don't know if that well was twelve meters across or what. There was one of those snakes at each corner. He, himself, was clever. He opened up a path in between. There was a snake to this side and a snake to that side. And he cleared [a

ya7al xa la chonetik 7un, chon, chon kiletel ta balamil, jkiletel chon.

Va7i 7un, 7aja-chon la, 7a li chij-chon la, ja7 mu jna7 k'usi sbi li j-tose mi bolera k'usi sbi taj muk' ch7ale 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 la te ta xti7van ja7 la tey k'u chcha7levan 7un.

Va7i 7un, "K'usi k'usi 7apas 7un, 7i7o, mi yech ti 7a li na7elk'aje, mi yech ti 7avelk'an ka7e mi yech ti 7avelk'an chije bu 7avak' 7un?" xi la 7un.

"Muk' bu xkelk'an k'u xkelk'an ch'abal," xi la 7un. Jii7!

"Pero yu7n ja7 yech tal yalbelon 7un ti na7elk'aj 7une, ti 7avelk'an la j-kot chije, ti 7avelk'an la j-kot ka7, 7avelk'an la 7a li k'usitik yu7un taj 7a li vinik 7une," xi.

"Muk' bu xkelk'an 7ak' 7o mi xba k'el li jnae, yu7n kaloj ti chital ta tamosoe mu7nuk chkal ta xtal sa7el jmul noxtok, yu7n k'ot kak'be, 7a ti jmoton 7avak'bon 7a ti k'alal 7a jpulbe tal ya7al 7atzebe k'ot kak'be li kajnile. *Chiba---t ta smoso 7a li jtottik reye, chibat ta smoso, chabat ta kriara vo7ot,* xkut jbatikótik chitalotikótik."

"7A mi chatale la7 porke vo7ot 7onox xkuch 7avu7un i yo7 Ya7al Leon ta ta 7a li x7atin 7o li jtzebe xba pul talele, muk' buch'u xkuch yu7un, 7e---p xa viniketik lajem ku7un li7 toe, mu xa jun junuk lajem ku7un 7ep ta j-mek cham xa tey, tey naka sbakel chba jtam tal batel chba jk'el jtuke," xi la ti rey 7une. "7A 7ora chabat ta 7a li li7 toe, ti mi pul tal 7avu7une yu7n vinikot muk' chajpas chakak'be kastiko 7ep, j-7ech'el nox chba pul tal, ti mi pul tal 7avu7une, yu7n toj 7ep i chon te yo7e, 7oy vo7-kot i chone," xi la 7un. Vo7-kot la taj chon 7une, ja7 taj j-kot la chij-chon, j-kot la taj bolerae, j-kot la taj 7a li 7aja-chone, ja7 mu jna7 k'usi j-tosukal taj yan 7une.

7A li va7i 7un, "Vo7-kot to chon te yo7 7une, naka teuk lajan, muk' bu chakak'be kastiko porke mu jch'un i k'utik chtal yalbelone kilo7 xa ti yu7n xach'un mantal li vo7ote," x7utat la 7un.

"Chibat chba jpul talel," xi la 7un. Bat la 7un.

Yo7s kajva7l, mu la me xi7ochotik yilel yo7 taj sti7il taj vo7 7une, 7animal mu---k' la ti mu vo7 ta j-mek 7une ja---mal la 7un, mu jna7 mi lajcheb metro sjamlej mi k'utik la xi taj vo7 7une, ju-kot la ju-jun 7eskina taj taj chon 7une, 7a li stuk 7une bivo 7o no la 7un, te la sjam yunin be ta 7o7lol ya7el 7un, xi li chone xi li chone, 7i ta 7o7lol la tzpol, 7o7lol la i

path] in between. In between the snakes, he squeezed in. He went to draw the water. He drew it. The water got to [the king's house]. "I wasn't killed by them," he said.

"You still have to go draw more," said [the king].

"I'll go!" he said.

"All right," he was told. He went. "Well, we'll be friends now, we won't be enemies. You already let me know that you want to come and be my servant. Now, you'll come for good. You'll stay here. I'll give you that house. You will live there with your wife. Settle down! I'll go draw my water when there isn't anyone else to draw it. But when there is somebody whom I'll punish, I'll punish him," he said. He was given a place [there] by the king.

Oh, the man became rich, of course. His money appeared, all his things appeared.

Don't you see, he received all the king's clothing. It was given to him. Since he was his servant. Servant, maid. It turned out well for them. They were well-loved there. But it had been said that he was a wicked thief and so on. When there was money or when they brought [the king] something, [the servant] saw it.

Don't you see, they would go and give [the servant] the fines from Zinacantán Center. They would go give him the money. [The king's] servant would receive it.

Now, his servant would go leave it all with [the king].

Now, "Take this, buy your corn with it!" he was told by the king. That's why the king was good. He never . . . , and the other one never did steal. That's why [the king] didn't believe he was a thief. It turned out well for him, to this day. And it turned out well for him. There was no trouble. He became [the king's] servant.

When I asked Tonik to tell me the story about the Indian king, I expected she would recite her version of "The King and the Ring"; instead she provided one more proof of the size of her repertoire.

There is little consistency in the identity of the fearful beasts that guard the well—they are referred to as lions (or mountain lions), tigers (or jaguars), and even as coyotes. Their title matters much less than their bite. The word *chon* is a general term, equivalent to our word "animal" or "beast," but it is also a euphemism for the two most fearful classes of animal—felines and reptiles. It is this second use that occurs in the prayers.

It is curious that the man's wife considers potatoes a luxury item, but "tortillas rubbed with salt" are traditionally poor man's fare.

Although envy and false accusation are subjects of endless concern and gossip in Zinacantán, though they dominate courthouse disputes, and though they are familiar themes throughout the oral literature, they take special prominence in Tonik's tales. Resentment over another's wealth, expressed in nearly the same

chon 7isk'al sba ochel ba spul li vo7 7une, spul tal 7un k'ot i vo7 7une. "Mu k'u lilal 7o," xi.

"Xak'an to sba pul," xi.

"Chibat," xi la 7un.

"Véno," x7utat la 7un. Bat la 7un. "Véno 7entónse, 7amigo chikomotik mu yu7nuk 7enemígo chikomotik, 7aval xa 7onox ka7i ti yu7n chak'an chatal ta jmoso, 7óra chatal ta j-moj 7un li7 chakome, chakak'be li j-p'ej na 7a le7e ja7 te chanaki xchi7uk lavajnile naklan, chba pul tal ka7al k'alal mu7yuk buch'u spule yan i k'al 7o buch'u chkak'be kastikoe chkak'be kastiko," xi la 7un. 7Ichotanat yu7un ti rey 7une.

7O, 7a ti vinik bi jk'u lej 7ibat, 7ayan stak'in 7ayan k'u 7ayan yu7un.

Mu xavil, skotol li sk'u7 li reye naka ja7 chich', ch7ak'bat, bu ti smoso chava7i 7un, moso kriara lek 7ikom 7un k'ambil xa tey 7un, pero yu7n 7albil ti yu7n manyoso j7elek' k'utik xi 7une, 7i chil 7un ti k'al mi 7oy la tak'in mi 7oy la k'usi xba yak'bel.

Mu xavil, yu7n la chba yak'bel yu7un, yu7un 7a li multaetik yu7un 7a li Jtek-lum ya7ele ta la xba yak'bel li tak'ine ja7 la chch'am komel taj smoso 7une.

7Óra, ti smosoe chba yak'be skotol 7un.

7Óra, "7Ilo li7i mano 7o 7avixim!" x7utat la yu7un ti rey 7une, mu la bu, 7i mu la bu 7elk'aj i stuk 7une, yech'o la ti mu xch'une ti j7elek' 7une, lek 7ikom 7un, 7ásta la fécha 7i lek 7ikom, mu k'usi pletu, smoso xa kom.

terms, is also a focal point in the plots of both versions of "The Poor Woodcutter" (T77, T144).

That the king would send the man off to the well again and again, even after protesting his faith in the man's innocence, may have been a simple narrative device to heighten the dramatic effect. Perhaps the king was motivated by his desire to adhere to the letter of the law, or perhaps it is just another example of the inscrutability of authority figures.

Although the elements of this story have a strong European cast, I have been unable to discover a prototype for it. Indeed, Tonik's own telling of it, nine years earlier, is dramatic proof of her inventiveness. In the first version, a man is ordered by the king to draw two gallons of water from Jaguar Well. A Ladino finds him weeping at the foot of a tree and offers him a magic sash that puts the jaguars to sleep while a genie draws his water. The clanking of the cans then frightens the jaguars away. When the man delivers the water to the palace, the king, in a rage, has the unfortunate man stripped and beaten. He is sent back for more water. Before delivering it to the palace, he hides his sash

in a chest and buries the key in a corner of his house. Again he is stripped and beaten. He protests his innocence, swearing that he has stolen nothing. The king laughs and orders him to squat in public for two hours in all his nakedness. "The king didn't care

because he was king. That's why he was happy." (Bricker, T76). But in the interim the poor man's nakedness has been covered with royal attire. From tragedy to comedy in nine years!

Fallen Flesh

T73

Once there was a woman who wouldn't eat anything. She was very hungry. She [just] endured it. She wouldn't eat anything at all. She had meals with her husband. "Please eat, wife!" said [her] husband.

"I'm eating, you please eat." She just ate a tiny bit. They slept. They ate. They had no problems. She would wait quietly for her husband to fall asleep. She waited until her husband slept, then she would leave. She went. She went behind the door. She took off her skirt. She took off her blouse. She took off whatever bound her waist.

She was kneeling there. After she undressed, "Come down meat! Come down, meat!" she told her flesh. As soon as she was just bones she would open the door and go out. She went to the graveyard. She went to eat the dead. She returned. She came with her stomach full from eating the dead bodies. Then she came, she came.

She returned home, opened the door, and went in. "Climb up, meat! Climb up, meat!" she told her flesh. The meat climbed up and stuck on. She was fine now. She went to join her husband for the night.

"Oh, why are you so cold?" asked the man.

"Oh, it's because my arm was uncovered. It was out, like this. Just now I put it in [under the covers]," said [his] wife. She told her husband.

"Oh please go to sleep. I'm sleeping," she said. [Her] husband hadn't seen [what she was doing].

Then, "But why is it that she doesn't eat at all?" he said [to himself]. Who knows how many months that his wife wouldn't eat, wouldn't eat, wouldn't eat at all. All she ate if they were eating chicken, all she ate was the little . . . oh, what's it called, oh, the chicken's little tail. That's all she'd eat, nothing else. She'd just eat fatty things.

"But how can it be that my wife won't eat. But it seems she isn't getting thin, except for her face that's [gotten] ugly," he said. Her face was just like this! Her face had shrunk like this!

He watched her. He spied on her. The wife left. He heard her get up. "Where could she be going?" he said. She went and went. She went a little faster. [His] wife came back. She returned from wherever she had gone. "Where could she have gone?" he said [to himself].

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la jun 7antz mu la xve---7 ta j-mek batz'i ta la xvi7naj, te la stz'ikoj 7un, mu la slajes k'u slajes ta la xve7 xchi7uk ti smalale. "Ve7an me, 7antz!" xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Chive7, ve7an me li vo7ote." J-set' juteb la ti k'u tzlajes 7une, chvayik la 7un, chve7ik la 7un, mu la k'usi k'op ch'abal la lek la tzmala chvay ti smalal 7une, mi smala vay li smalale, ja7 7o la chlok' ech'el 7un, chbat la 7un, ta la xbat ta pat mak na 7un, 7a li tzlok' la stzek, tzlok' la sk'u7, tzlok' la ti k'usi stitin la xch'ut.

Va7i 7un, te kejel 7un laj st'anan sba 7une. "Yalan bek'et, yalan bek'et!" xut la ti sbek'tal 7une. K'al mi naka xa bak 7une, ja7 7o la tzjam li ti7 na 7une, xlok' ech'el 7un, chbat ta mukenal 7un, ta la xba sti7 7anima 7un, sut la tal noj la tal xch'ut ta sti7el li 7anima 7une, ja7 7o la ta xtal 7un, xtal 7un.

Va7i 7un, chul ti ta sna 7une, tzjam o la sna 7un, ch7och 7un. "Muyan bek'et, muyan bek'et!" xut la ti sbek'tal 7une. Chmuy la ti bek'et 7une, nap'i la 7un, lek xa la 7un, chba xchi7in ta vayel ti smalal 7une.

"7An k'u yu7un toj sikote?" xi la ti vinik 7un.

"7Ay, yu7un t'anal to 7ox i jk'obe, lok'em to 7ox xi toe li7e, yu7un ja7 to kotes," xi la ti 7antz 7une. Xut la ti smalal 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li, "7A vayan me che7e, chivay," xi la. Mu to 7ox la bu chil ti vinik 7une.

Ja7 to la, "Pero k'u van yu7un?" xi la, "Ti batz'i mu xve7e?" xi la. Jna7tik sjayibal 7u ti mu xve7 mu xve7 ta j-mek i yajnil 7une, ja7 no la ti stuk no 7ox chve7 mi sti7ik la kaxlan k'ajom no la tztit7 li yunen, 7eee, k'usi li sbi, 7eee, li yunen ne li kaxlan 7une, k'ajom la tzlajes, mu la k'usi yan, k'ajom ti k'usi jup'eme, ja7 nox tztit7.

Va7i 7un, "Pero k'u van yu7un ti mu xve7 ti kajnile, pero ti muk' bu chbakub ya7el 7une, k'usi ja7 no 7ox ja7 no 7ox yan x7elan i ssate," xi la. Ja7 la li ssate solel la xi li ssat xi batem ta j-mek ya7el 7une.

Va7i 7un 7a li, 7isk'el la 7un, 7ispa7-muk'ta la 7un, lok' la ech'el ti 7antz, ya7i la ti lik 7une. "Bu van chbat?" xi la 7un. Bat la, bat la, mas la tzotz jutuk bat la 7un, 7isut la talel ti 7antz 7une, sut la tal ti buy 7ay 7une. "Bu van 7i7ay?" xi la.

Then that, "Climb up, meat! Climb up, meat!" she told her flesh again. Then she went to look at her child. Her child was soaked now from wetting itself. She went to change it.

"What are you doing sitting up?" asked [her] husband.

"I'm changing my baby," she said.

"Oh, come to bed, then, after you've changed it," said her husband.

"Okay!" she said. She changed her child, and lay her child down after she had returned from wherever she went to eat the things she ate, it seems.

The husband went to make confession. "I just don't know what to do, father. My wife arrives at the cemetery. She reaches the cemetery. She arrives to eat the dead. She isn't a good woman. I don't know why she leaves her flesh behind. She leaves her flesh behind the door.

"Then she returns. Only the bones fly off," he said. "When the bones have come back, it seems, then she has her flesh climb up."

"Oh never mind the poor thing. Don't complain to her. It's not the right thing to do. Endure it! She won't do anything. The demon will leave your house, since you've made your confession now," said the priest. The husband thought maybe it was true. He grabbed the woman. He thought maybe she would obey him.

But you see she went, she still went. Just the same. She did just the same [thing]. The man lost his temper. He spied on her. He saw that she was going to the cemetery, and he went to watch her. The man returned. The woman came flying. When the man saw what she was eating in the graveyard, then he came back.

The man returned home. He spied on her behind the door to see what she would do. "Climb up, meat! Climb up, meat!" she told her flesh.

Then he went. That man went out through another door. He went to bed. He pretended he was asleep. He went to bed. He slept. He said nothing. She realized her husband was there. No problem. He didn't say anything now. "Never mind, since I saw her. No trouble. And when she goes off again I'll put salt on her flesh," he said [to himself].

She went off again. She let her flesh down. Then the man decided to grind up well a quarter-measure of salt that was there. He kneaded the meat well. He finished kneading the meat properly, but he hadn't enough [salt] for the whole face. There is flesh on the face, but he hadn't any for the face. The flesh was just left dangling over her heart.

And he woke up the priest when she was already crying, "Oh My God, what's wrong with my flesh

Ja7 taj "Muyan bek'et, muyan bek'et!" xut la noxtok ti sbek'tal 7une. Ja7 la ba sk'el ti yol 7une, t'uxul xa la, k'abinem ti yol, ba sk'exta la 7un.

"K'u chapas ta chotlej?" xi la ti vinik.

"Ta jk'exta kunen," xi la.

"7Aj vayan me che7e, ti mi laj 7ak'exta," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"7Ey!" xi la 7un. 7Isk'exta la ti yol 7une, spuch'an la ti yol 7une, sut xa 7ox tal ti bu 7ay slajes k'u slajes ya7el.

7A spas la kompixon ti vinik 7une. "Mu no jna7 k'u ta jnop, 7aj senyor kúra, 7i chk'ot ti kajnile ta mukenal chk'ot k'ot sti7 7anima mu yu7unuk 7a li lekil 7antz 7un, mu jna7 k'u yu7un slok'es komel li sbek'tal 7une, 7a li sbek'tale ta skomes ta 7a li pat mak na."

Va7i 7un, 7a li, "Ja7 to k'al sut talel 7une, naka bak chvil ech'el 7un," xi la. "7A ti bak sut talel ya7el 7une, ja7 7o chtal smuyes sbek'tal 7une."

"7Aj, yiyil povre mu k'u xavalbe, mu xtun, tek tz'iko mu k'usi spas, ta xlok' i demonyo te ta 7ana yavil lapas xa kompixyone," xi la ti pale. Xa7uk nan yechuk ti vinik 7une, 7istzak la ti 7antz 7une, xak' nan xch'unuk yech 7un.

Buy chbat chbat to 7onox, ja7 no 7ox yech, ja7 no 7ox yech spas, kap la sjol ti vinik 7une, spa7-muk'ta la, yil la, ti bat ta mukenal 7une, 7i ba la sk'el 7un, sut la ti vinik 7une, ja7 vil tal ti 7antz 7une, yolel yil 7a ti k'u tzlajes ta mukenale, ja7 7o la sut tal ti vinik 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7iyul ta na ti vinik 7une, spa7-muk'taoj la ta pat mak na k'u tzpas 7un. "Muyan bek'et, muyan bek'et!" xut la ti sbek'tale.

Va7i 7un, ja7 7o la bat 7un, bat ta j-ch'oj sti7 sna 7och ech'el taj vinik 7une, vay 7un vayem xa xcha7le sba, k'ot vayuk 7un, vay 7un, mu k'u xal, 7a li 7iya7i ti te ti smalal ch'abal k'op muk' xa k'u yal 7un. "Te yiyil yal ti kile, mu k'usi k'op, 7i ti k'al mi bat noxtoke, ta xkak'be yatz'mel ti sbek'tale," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, bat la noxtok 7un, syales taj sbek'tal 7une, ja7 7o la 7iyal ti vinik 7une, sjuch' la lek, 7oy la 7a li jun kwarto 7atz'am 7une, svo---tz' la lek ti bek'et 7une, laj la svotz' lek ti bek'et 7une, k'usi ja7 la muk' stabe skotol i ssat 7une, ja7 ti 7oy sbek'tal li ssate, ja7 ch'abal sbek'tal, yech xa xvivon 7ikom ti bek'et tzi7 yo7on 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7i ja7 to la stij ti pale k'alal ch7ok' xa. "7Ay kajval k'u to la cha7al li jbek'tal 7une, ti mu xa

that it won't climb up? Why has it died? What's happened to my flesh?" she said.

She touched her hand now. It was just bone. She touched the other one, just bone. [Her flesh] wouldn't climb up either side of her hand. Just her face was human. If her face was just bone we'd be scared by it, it seems. The priest arrived. He put holy water on her. She was alive for three days. When the three days were up, she died. She said nothing. She did nothing, except cry, cry, and cry. She was heartbroken because the children couldn't nurse.

"Oh, never mind, let her die! She deserves it, going to eat corpses. There's no need for me to have a corpse-eater to sleep with," said the man. "Never mind, what business is it of ours?" he told his mother. He had gone to spend the night at his mother's house, it seems, so that he could spy on his wife.

He slept in the daytime so that he could spy on her, so that he wouldn't fall asleep. He would return to his mother's house. He had told his mother, "I'm going to spy on [my] wife. I'm going to watch [my] wife [to see] why she acts the way she does. She won't eat. She won't eat at all. I'm sick and tired of it. They'll just be saying that [my] wife is getting thin on account of me, because I haven't food for her, but I do have food for her," he said.

"Never mind, son, why do you have to [scold her]?" said the poor old woman, because she thought well of her daughter-in-law. [Her] daughter-in-law [seemed] to have no evil. She [seemed] to be a very good [person].

"Mother, won't you eat? Come in!" she'd say when her mother-in-law came to visit. [Her mother-in-law] would go in. They'd eat.

"That's all, stay here daughter, I guess I'll go. I'll chat with you sometime," [her mother-in-law] would say, because her mother-in-law lived far from her.

[The man] returned. That was the end of it. She died. The man bought a coffin. He buried her. Happily he buried her. That was the end of it. She died.

xmuy 7une, k'u yu7un ti cham 7une, k'usi spas ti jbek'tal 7une?" xi la.

Va7i 7un, 7a li spik xa la ti sk'obe, naka bak, tzpik la li j-jote, naka bak, mu la bu xmuy j-jotuk ti sk'ob 7une, k'ajom la ti ssat krixchano 7un, 7a ti nakauk la bak ti ssate, ta la xixi7otik 7o yilel, k'ot la ti pale 7une, 7iyak'be la tz'uiltasbil vo7 7un, 7a li 7oxib la k'ak'al kuxul 7un, tz'aki ti 7oxib k'ak'ale, 7icham la 7un, mu la k'usi 7iyal, mu la k'usi 7ispas, ja7 no la ti ch7ok' ch7ok' ta j-mek 7une, ja7 la k'ux ta yo7on ti 7unetik mu stak' xchu7un 7une.

Va7i 7un, "7Aj yiyil chamuk stu 7o 7ak'anuk ta xba sti7 7anima, mu k'u stu ku7un jti7-7anima ta jchi7in ta vayel," xi la ti vinik. "Yiyil k'u jkwentatik?" xut la ti sme7 7une. 7A la vayuk ti tzna ti sme7 ya7el yo7 ti 7ispa7-muk'ta 7o ti yajnil 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 la vayem ta k'ak'altik yo7 ti spa7-muk'tae, yo7 ti mu xtal 7o svayel 7une, sut tal i tzna sme7 7une. 7Iyalbe komel ti sme7 7une, "Ta me jpa7-muk'ta li 7antz 7une, ta me jk'el li 7antz 7une, k'u yu7un ti x7elan tzpas ti naka, mu xve7, ta j-meke, xtavan xa xka7i vo7on a7a, x7ale no 7ox ti chbakub ta jk'ob i 7antz, yu7un mu7yuk sve7el ku7une, pero ti 7oy sve7el ku7un 7une," xi la 7un.

"Yiyil krem, k'u 7atu7un?" xi la ti prove me7eletik 7une. Yu7un la lek xil ti yalib 7une, mu la sna7 pukuj ti 7alibal 7une, lek la ta j-mek.

"Me7, mi chave7, 7ochan me tal!" xi la mi k'ot vula7ajuk ti yalib me7el 7une. Ch7och la 7un, chve7ik la 7un.

"Mu k'usi, tean no 7ox 7un, tzeb, chibat kik, te xajk'opontik k'u 7ora," xi la 7un. Yu7un la nom xil ti yalib me7el 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li, sut la tal 7un, ch'abal k'op, cham 7un, 7isman la kajon ti vinike, 7ismuk la 7un, jun yo7on muk, ch'abal k'op, laj 7o.

For a Zinacantec there is something suspect about a person who has a small appetite. This would be particularly so of women, who always seem to be nibbling leftovers. Because it is the duty of the man of the house to see to it that his wife is provided for, a married woman who grows skinny is living proof of her husband's incompetence, his unmanliness.

After the husband's confession, Tonik adds, "He grabbed the woman." This literal translation does not seem to follow logically, but I have been unable to devise a plausible alternative.

The poor woman's death is scarcely mourned, but it is not characteristic of Zinacantec sentiment to squander sympathy on demons. Even so, Tonik, more than other storytellers, introduces evidence favorable to the culprits—Fallen Flesh seemed "to be a very good" person by day, when not indulging her ghoulish taste. The psychological complexity of Tonik's devils

endows them with a three-dimensional quality often lacking in the other storytellers' accounts.

Although witches who leave their skin behind and fly off are common figures in folk demonology, the particular attributes of Fallen Flesh seem to be peculiar to the Chiapas highlands, where it has been reported also in Chamula, Chenalhó, Huistan, Huitiupán, Larrainzar, Pantelhó, and Simojovel (Laughlin, 1969a:177, Paredes, 1970, T9). Also known as *kitz'il bak*, Squeaking Bones, it usually leaves its flesh at the foot of the cross, as in Tale 176. Fallen Flesh is the transformation of an evil person who wishes to cause illness by flying about with rattling, squeaking bones, dripping blood. Death is the sure result of contact with its blood.

My belief that Fallen Flesh does not venture out of the Chiapas mountains has just been shaken by the discovery of a

text from Yucatan that must be the first Mayan folktale to be published both in Mayan and English. Recorded by Berendt, it was passed on to Daniel Brinton, who included it in an essay published in 1890. It tells how a woman leaves her bed at night. She is followed by her husband, who watches her standing in the moonlight under a ceiba tree. She strips to the bone and flies off. But her husband, suspicious about her nocturnal trips, had asked her to give him two kilos of salt, which he applies to her flesh. And so, on her return, her flesh remains inert (Brinton, 1890:170-171).

A tale told by a Zinacantec to a Chamulan has Fallen Flesh remove her clothes in the cemetery, sprint around it three times, bury her breasts and fundamental parts, call down the rest of her flesh, and rattle off through the night air. But a man, who was spying upon her nefarious deeds, rubs salt on her flesh. When she returns, her flesh is numb to her frantic pleas (Gossen, T47).

Fallen Flesh is not a pale figure of the remote past, but can be seen and heard by travellers on ghostly nights. Even those who lie snugly at home under their woolen blankets may be visited by Fallen Flesh in their dreams (D98, D227). See also T176.

A Bellyful

T86

There was a woman long ago. Dogs used to talk. Dogs used to say whatever they said. Today they don't talk anymore.

It's because the [dog] told its master about her sin. Its master went alone to the lowlands. He went. He went to prepare his corn field, to work in his corn field. The poor man doesn't know [about his wife] when he goes.

But he went and he learned about it. "Let's go, my dog, let's go to the lowlands, let's go look for deer!" he told his dog. He went. He didn't get any deer. Even if he hunted one or two days, he saw them, he saw the deer, but they fled. He never was able to shoot them. He let fly one or two shots from his gun, but he never hit them. They fled. [One] tricked the man. It was moaning now because it landed on its back, it seems. The awful deer was lying on its back, thrashing. But no, when the poor man tried to get it, then the deer got up and ran off.

"Why is this happening to me?" he said each time, each time it kept happening to the poor [young] man.

But you see the boy said to his dog, "But why are you so utterly useless? You don't track them. You don't round up the deer. It's your fault, you bastard. I'll cut off your head!" he told his dog.

"No, don't scold me! It's not me who's at fault. If you want to, see for yourself! It's because my mistress is not good. My mistress is bad. There's something I'll tell you about. When you come here she eats chicken. She fixes a chicken. She eats with your substitute. As for you, you come to the lowlands. The other man stays to eat, stays to eat chicken with her. I wouldn't have told you if she had given me the bones to eat. She buries the bones in the ground. They dig a hole for them. She doesn't let me eat them," said the dog.

You see, as for the dog—"That's why I'm telling you," it said. "If she had given them to me to eat, if she had let me take the bones, I certainly wouldn't have told you!" it said. So today the dog is dumb. It

7Oy jun 7antz ti vo7ne, 7a li tz'i7e chk'opoj to 7ox
7a li tz'i7e xal to 7ox k'usi xal 7a lavie mu xa xk'opoj
7un.

Bu ti yu7un ja7 ti 7iyalbe smul ti yajval 7une, 7a ti
yajvale chbat stuk ta 7olon 7osil, chbat chbat
smeltzan xchob spas xchob, mu sna7 ti prove vinike
chbat.

Va7i 7un, k'usi xa li ba yil 7o. "Battik 7un, jtz'i7,
battik battik ta 7olon 7osil, ba jsa7tik te7tikil chij!"
xut ti stz'i7e. Chbat 7un, muk' bu tzta ti te7tikil chij
7une, 7ak' 7o mi xpaxyaj jun chib k'ak'al chil ti chil ti
te7tikil chije, pero chjatav, muk' bu ta sta ta tuk'ael,
slok'es junuk chibuk tiro 7a li stuk'e, pero muk' bu
tzta, chjatav, 7a ti tzlo7lo ti vinike, x7avet xa, yu7un
xa javal to k'ot yilel, x7echet xa ti mu te7tikil chije,
pero ch'abal, k'alal chba sta---m chal ti prove vinike,
ja7 7o tzta---mbe 7anil ti te7tikil chije.

Va7i 7un, "K'u no van yu7un ti x7elan ta jpase?"
xi. Ja7 nan ti jay-lok'el 7i jay-lok'el 7ispasulan yech ti
prove vinik 7une.

Bu xavil 7un, ja7 la ti krem 7une -- "Pero k'u no
7ox yu7un ti batz'i mu xatun ta j-meke, mu xanutz
mu xamakbe sni7 ti te7tikil chij i vo7ote, vo7ot
7amul, kavron, xak'el ta jsep' 7ajol!" xut la ti stz'i7e.

"7I7i, mu xavuton mu vo7nikon jmul, mi chak'an
chak'el avile, yu7un ja7 li kajval muk' leke, ja7
chopol li kajvale, yu7un 7oy li k'usi li chakalbe 7oe,
yu7un 7a li k'al chatale, ta sti7 kaxlan ta smeltzan
yalak' ta xve7 xchi7uk i jun 7o 7ak'exole, yu7un 7a li
vo7ote chatal ta 7olon 7osil, 7a li jun vinik 7une, ja7
chkom ve7uk chkom sti7 kaxlan xchi7uk, muk'
chakalbe ti yu7unuk chak yak'bon jti7 ti sbakele, 7a ti
sbakele ta smukik ta bamil tzjok'beik xch'enal, mu
xak' jti7," xi la ti tz'i7 7une.

K'u xavil 7a ti tz'i7 7une -- "Yech'o xal ti
chakalbe," xi la. "7A ti manchuk chak yak'bekon
jti7, chak yak'bekon jtambe li sbakele, mu xakalbe bi
7a!" xi la. Ja7 la lavi makal 7o ye li tz'i7e 7un le7e,

doesn't talk anymore. Because it told him about its mistress's sin.

"But are you telling the truth? Are you telling the truth that there is another man who goes to eat and drink with her, [who goes] to sleep with my wife? If you aren't telling the truth, hell, I'll cut off your head!" he told the dog.

"No, I'm telling the truth."

"Well, if you are telling the truth, then I'll sharpen up my knife carefully. I'll see what I'll plan for her, what I'll do," said the man.

He went. "We are going. We are going to the lowlands, for we're going, my little dog," he said to his dog. They went.

But you see, they went to the edge of the woods to wait for night to come. [They sat] under a tree. He looked for a very tall tree to hang up his tortillas, the bag with his tortillas. "But don't you bark, for if you bark, we'll surely get into trouble. Please don't bark, even if you see what I do, even if you see something suddenly land with a thud, something fall. It's none of your business. Don't bark! Keep your mouth shut!" the dog was told.

"Okay," said the dog. They went.

But you see, the woman was talking away with her other "husband". When the woman was talking with her other "husband", "Aren't you hungry now? I'll put chili in our meal," she said. They had chicken to eat.

"I'm hungry. Won't you eat, now? Haven't you finished fixing the tortillas?"

"Of course I'm finished!"

"Then put the chili in your meal. We'll eat together," the woman's other husband told her.

She lifted off the griddle and put their tortillas in the gourd. She dished out their meal. They ate together. She gave a drumstick to each of the children. She had two little children. She gave a drumstick to each of them.

But the little baby, it seems, it was asleep. Maybe because it had nursed, it seems. It was asleep. It was the two big ones who were given a drumstick apiece to eat. "There's nothing to worry about now. There's no way for us to be found out. When the dog is here it wants to chew the bones. Now there's no problem. Go and throw my chicken's bones in the gully!" said the woman.

They ate. They themselves ate the heart. After they finished, the chicken pot was turned face down. They ate a lot. "We've eaten plenty today. There's no problem. Do you want more broth?" asked the woman.

"I do," he said. They ate together. Each drank his broth. They ate together. They finished.

mu xa la xk'opoj 7un, yu7un la, yu7un ja7 ti yalbe smul ti yajval.

Va7i 7un, "Pero mi yech mi xaval 7un, mi yech mi xaval ti 7oy buch'u yan vinik chk'ot ve7uk yuch' vo7 xchi7uk, chvayuk ya7el li kajnil 7une, 7a ti mi yech chavale, kavron, pero ta jsep' 7ajol!" xut la ti tz'i7e.

"Mo7oj, yu7un yech kal."

"Bwéno, ti mi yech 7avale che7e, ta jjux lek junuk jkuchilu, 7o byen te ta jk'el k'usi ta jnopbe mi, k'u ta jcha7le," xi li vinike.

Va7i 7un, bat la 7un. "Chibattik chibattik ta 7olon 7osil yu7un chibattik, kunen tz'i7," xut la ti stz'i7 7une. Bat la 7un.

Bu xavil 7un, ba la smalaik i 7och 7ak'ubal ta ti7 te7tik 7un, yolon te7 la 7un, ssa7 la ti buy to---yol ta j-mek te7 une, ja7 la te sjipan komel ti yot 7une, skoxtalil yot 7une. "Pero mu me xati7vanon, yan ti mi7n 7ati7van niyalotik me ta k'ok' ti vo7otik 7un bi, 7a mi xak'ane mu xati7van, 7ak' 7o mi xavil k'u ta jpas, 7ak' 7o mi xavil k'usi xpújljij xk'ot, k'usi 7a li xp'aj mu 7akwentauk mu xati7van mako lavel!" x7utat li tz'i7.

"7Ey," xi la ti tz'i7 7une. Batik la 7un.

Bu xavil 7un, te la x7i7on xchi7uk ti jun 7o smalal ti 7antz 7une, 7a la ti 7antz k'al x7i7on xchi7uk ti jun 7o smalal 7une, yu7un 7a li -- "Mi mu chavi7naj xa, ta me xkak'be yichil li jve7ele," xi la. Kaxlan la tzi7ik 7un.

"Chivi7naj mi mu chave7e xa che7e, mi mu laj xa pak'-tanijan?"

"Laj xa 7a!"

"7Ak'bo yichil lave7ele che7e, ko7ol xive7otik," xut la ti jun 7o smalal ti 7antz 7une.

Va7i 7un, slik la ti semet 7une, spechan la ta jay ti yot 7une, sjotz' la ti sve7elik 7une, ko7ol la ve7ik 7un, ja7 la ju-jun yo7 7iyak'be ti 7unetik cha7-vo7 yunen 7oltak 7une, ju-jun la yo7 7iyak'.

Bu xavil 7un, 7a la ti jun nene7 ya7el 7une, ja7 la vayem 7un, ti xchu7untasoj nan ya7el 7une, vayem la 7un, 7a ti cha7-vo7 muk'tik 7une, ja7 taj ju-jun yo7 7iyak'be sti7 7une. 7A li "Yiyil lavi a7a, mu k'usi, mu k'u cha7al chisvinajesotik, 7a li k'al li7 li tz'i7e ja7 tzk'an tzk'uxbe sbakel, 7a li7i mu k'usi k'op ba jjip ta be-o7 i sbakel i kalak' a7a!" xi la ti 7antz 7une.

Va7i 7un, ve7e la 7un, sti7beik la yo7on ti stukike, laj la 7un, nuji la sp'inal ti yalak'ik, lek la ve7ik 7un. "Lavi lek live7otik 7une, mu k'usi, mi chak'an to yan lakalloe?" xi la ti 7antz 7une.

"Ta jk'an," xi la. Ko7ol la te chve7ik chuch'ik skalto ju-jun, ko7ol la chve7ik, laj la 7un.

"Ooh, we ate so much our tortillas are finished."

"I certainly haven't any tortillas [of my own], but I'm going early tomorrow, of course, or else somebody might see us," said the man.

"Oh, maybe you're right that you won't eat before you leave. If you don't eat here tomorrow then I won't save a little of our broth then. Let it be finished up! We'll drink all of it before we go to bed. I'll just turn the pot face down if you are leaving early," said the woman.

"Of course I'm leaving early, or else somebody might come, somebody might see us. The principal might just come by," said the man.

"Ah!" she said. They ate. They finished eating.

"I'm going to bed, mother," said her little children.

"Go to bed! We'll spread out your cloth," she said.

Then the little children finished going to bed next to the wall.

Then the woman's "husband" joined her in bed.

Then they slept. They shut the door. "Did you see them? Didn't I tell the truth? Do you think I was lying when I told you about them? See for yourself! I'm right, they're eating," said [the dog].

"What can we do? The man won't come out now," he said. The man, the real husband, told his dog.

"Oh, but what can we do? He may just get up. He might get up in the night. *I'm going to take a piss*, the man may tell my mistress. *No, don't go outside. There is a little opening in the wall where my husband pisses*, she says."

"Never mind, then, if that's what you have seen we'll win out later on," said the husband. He told his dog. "Later on you'll see for yourself. We'll crouch down and not move. You'll see," he said. It was no story. Two hours, three hours or so passed.

Then, "Woman, I'm going to piss."

"Don't go outside. Here is an opening in the wall where there is a little window where my husband always pisses," she said.

The man poked his prick out. Then when he poked out his prick then the other man gra—bbed it and cu—t it off with a knife.

Then that man fe—ll on the bed. "What happened to you? What did you do?" she asked. God, the poor man was too far gone. He died. His penis was cut off. Her blanket and her straw mat were covered with bloo—d. "Oh what can I do? What can I do about this? My children will wake up later on. They'll

"Jii, tol me lek live7otik 7un, laj me li kottik 7une."

"7A ti mu7yuk kot a7a, pero sob xa chibat ti 7ok'ob a7a, naka 7ok buch'u yilotik," xi la ti vinik.

"7A ja7 nan lek 7ava7uk, muk' xa chave7 ech'el, 7a ti mi yu7un muk' li7 xa chave7 ti 7ok'obe muk' xa me ta jnak' j-tz'ujuk li jkaltotike che7e, lajuk me, kuch'tik vayuk skotol, solet ta jnujanbe sp'inal 7a ti mi sob chabate," xi la ti 7antz 7un.

"Sob xa chibat bi 7a, naka 7ok buch'u taluk, 7ok buch'u yilotik, naka 7ech'uk krinsupal," xi la ti vinik.

"7A!" xi la. Ve7ik la 7un, laj la ve7ikuk 7un.

"Chivay, me7," xi la ti yunen ch'amaltak 7une.

"Vayan, jk'itik 7atas," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, ja7 7o la laj vayuk ta 7a li yibel na ti 7unen 7unetik 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 la xchi7in ta vayel ti smalal ti 7antz 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li te la chvayik 7un, smak la ti snaik 7une. Ja7 la "Mi 7avil mi mu yechuk xkal, yu7 van yech ta jnop i k'u chakalbe, k'el avil 7un chve7ik ka7uk 7un," xi la 7un.

"K'u ta jnoptik 7un, mu 7onox xlok' tana li vinike," xi la ti, xut la ti stz'i7 ti vinik ti malalil ya7el 7une.

"7An, pero k'usi ta jnoptik, ta 7o no me xlik 7un, ta me xlik ta 7ak'ubaltik, ta me Chibat ta k'abnel xut me li kajval 7a li vinik 7une. *Mo7oj, muk' bu chalok' ta pana 7oy li7 7unen vomolil na yo7 xk'abin li jmalale*," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li "Yiyil che7e, mi yu7un no 7ox yech 7aviloje, ja7 to te ta jpastik ta kanal tana," xi la ti 7a li malalil 7une, xut la ti stz'i7 7une. 7A li "Ja7 to 7onox tana 7a xak'el avi tzunlikotik mu xibak'otik avil," xi la 7un. Mu la lo7iluk 7un, bat la chibuk 7ora mi 7oxibuk 7ora k'u xi 7un.

Ja7 to la, "7Antz, ta me xibat ta k'abnel ya7el 7un."

"Muk' bu chalok' ta pana li7 no me li vomol na yo7 7onox 7unen ventana 7onox xk'abin i jmalale," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7isbech la lok'el ti yat ti vinik 7une, ja7 7o la k'alal 7isbech lok'el ti yat 7une, ja7 7o la stza---kbe ti jun vinik 7une, stu---ch'be la ta kuchilu 7un.

Va7i, ja7 7o la ja---ch' ta tem taj vinik 7une. "K'u 7apas, k'u 7apas?" xi la. Dyos 7a la ti prove vinike toj batel la, cham la, ja7 ti tuch'bat ti yat ya7el 7un to, ya7uk xa la k'u spas ti 7antz, stam la ti vinike, 7a la ti xchije, ti spope, balem ch'i---ch' la ta j-mek. "7An k'u ta jnop k'u ta jcha7le li7i, ta xjulav tana li

know later on." She just took the old straw mats [from] where the old straw mats weren't needed. She wrapped them around him where his blood was coming out. The man didn't talk anymore. He was just groaning there when his spirit departed.

She dragged him out like a dead dog. She went to bury him in the gully. She buried him in the gully. She buried him under the rocks. She caused a rock slide in the gully where she went to toss the man. She buried him under the rocks. She buried him under the earth. She knocked down [the earth] with a hoe. The children were asleep. She finished burying him in the night. She finished burying him. The next day, by daylight, she went to scrub her blanket. She went to scrub her straw mat. She swept her house carefully. She scraped the floor. She scraped it wherever the ground was stained with blood. She finished scraping it, finished looking where her pillows were. She scrubbed them. She washed them. She scrubbed the pillow cases.

She spread them out in the sun. They dried. As soon as she arrived [home] she stuck them inside right away. "If for some reason he returns, since he just went to look at his corn field it seems. . . . If for some reason he didn't do any hunting If he got a deer right off, then there's no time left at all. There will be no way of knowing how I was involved with what happened to the man," she said.

She finished scrubbing. She turned [the clothes] over. Her blanket dried out, since it was a good, hot sun.

[The dog said to] the man, when he finished cutting off what he had cut off, "Never mind, don't say anything. Let's go! You'll see later when we get a deer. Did you wrap it up carefully?"

"Of course I wrapped it up. I've put it in my shoulder bag," said the man. He told his dog.

"Let's go! You'll see, when I find the deer you won't say that it dodges the shots from your gun. You'll shoot the deer. We'll be lucky if we hit just one, if we don't hit two," said the dog.

Well, the dog ru—shed off then. The little dog went ahead. It played and played. They arrived at the corn field.

He hung up his tortillas.

"Which first? Shall we look in our corn field or shall we go looking for deer first?" [asked the man].

"Let's go hunting first. We'll eat a piece of the meat later on, at dawn, if we bring it in," it said.

"Let's go, then!" said the master. He slung his gun over his shoulder. He went this far into the grass there by his corn field. In a minute a deer started up. The man didn't lose any time. Quickly he aimed [his]

jch'amaltak 7une, ta xa7i tana." Solel la 7istam k'a7-popetik ti bu mu xtun k'a7-popetik 7une, 7isvol la ti yo7 bu chlok' ti xch'ich'el 7une, mu xa la bu k'opoj ti vinike, solel la yech xa te x7akaket 7ilok' la xch'ulel 7un.

Va7i, skil la ech'el chak k'u cha7al chame-tz'i7 7un, ba la stenu ta be-o7 7un, stenu la ta ton, sjemes la yalel ti be-o7 ti 7a sjip ti vinik 7une, 7istenu la ta ton, 7istenu la ta lum, sjemes la ta 7asaluna ti lum 7une, ja7 la vayem ti 7unetik 7ak'ubaltik laj la smuk 7un, laj la smuk 7un, ta yok'omal ta k'ak'altik 7une, ba la xchuk' xchij, ba la xchuk' spop, smes la lek sna, sjos la yut sna sjos la butikuk ti balamil yatinanoj ch'ich' 7une, ja7 la laj sjosan 7un, laj sk'elan 7un ti k'utik x7elan ti yut na 7un bu yatinanoj ch'ich' 7une, 7isk'el la ti bu xxon-joltake, 7ischuk' la 7ispok la, 7i ja7 la 7ischuk' ti 7a li spak'al 7a li xon-jolile.

Va7i 7un, sk'i la ta k'ak'al 7un, takij la 7un, batz'i k'otbaj xa stik'el ta 7ora 7un. "7A ti 7o k'u cha7al xule, k'u ti sk'elel no 7ox xchobtik batem ya7el 7une, mi 7u k'u cha7al muk' xpaxyaj 7une, mi sta 7onox ta 7ora ti te7tikil chije, pero mu no 7ox yorauk 7un bi, laj k'op k'u yu7un ti x7elan k'usi spas ti vinik ku7une," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, laj la xchuk' 7un, svalk'un la 7un, takij la ti xchij 7une, ja7 ti lek k'ux ti k'ak'al 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti vinik 7un, ti k'alal laj ssep' komel ti k'u ssep' 7une, "Yiyil 7un, mu me k'u xaval 7un, battik, xak'el avil tana 7un, ja7 to me ta jtatik li te7tikil chij 7une, 7a li mi lek mavoloj 7un?"

"Jvoloj a7a, 7ijtik' xa ta jmoral," xi la ti vinik 7une. Xut la ti stz'i7 7un.

"Battik avil 7un, ja7 to ta jta ti te7tikil chije, 7a lavie mu xaval ti yu7un ta stzelp'uj tiro yu7un latuk', chatuk'a te7tikil chije, lek 7ikiltik mi j-kot no 7ox 7ijtatike, mi mu jtatik cha7-kotuke," xi la ti tz'i7 7une.

Bwéno, xviloma---j xa la ech'el ti tz'i7e, xtájintájin xa la ech'el, ba7yi ech'el ti 7unen tz'i7 7une, k'ot ti te ta yav chobtik 7une.

Va7i 7un, sjipan la ti yote.

Va7i 7un, "K'usi ba7yi ta jk'eltik, ti yut jchobtike mi ba7yi ta xba jsa7tik i te7tikil chije?"

"Ba7yuk battik ta paxyal jti7tik ti j-tuch'uk tana ta 7a li 7ik'-lumantik ya7el 7a li bek'et mi jtatik tale," xi la.

"Battik che7e!" xi la ti 7ajvalile, sjelp'un la ech'el stuk' 7un, 7o xi la snatil 7i7och ta yut ti jobeltik ti yo7 bu ti xchobe, j-likel la te lik ti te7tikil chij yu7un la mu 7o no la bu xch'ay tyempo ti vinik 7une, j-likel

gun at it. The awful stag landed wa—y off and stretched out.

He thought he hadn't hit it. The awful deer landed way off on its ba—ck. He went to look.

But it was stone dead. The deer had taken five balls of shot. "See! Was I lying to you? Look, now we got one!" said [the dog]. [The man] took the deer's penis. He skinned it. He looked at it. He cut the deer's penis off carefully. He skewered it and roasted it. As for the penis of the woman's lover, it was roasted separately. It was well-browned. He skinned off the foreskin so that the woman wouldn't recognize it.

He roasted it. It was cooked. He brought it separately. The deer's penis came back separately and the penis of the woman's boyfriend came back separately.

He returned to give the deer penis to the children to eat. "Won't you eat [this], my baby?"

"This is too tough, father. I don't want to eat it. I'd like to eat a little liver." But he had brought the deer's liver, the lungs, the spleen and so forth all skewered. They themselves [the man and his dog] just ate them, fresh, cooked right away. They ate. They ate a lot.

[But I'm ahead of my story.] After he looked over his corn field—which was after he skinned his deer—after he looked over his corn field, then he left his deer hung up. He set the two legs crosswise, one after another, on top of the poles by his fire. "Eh, it's all right, what can come, what can take our meat? Let's go now, I guess. We'll see if we can get anything, if we can get an iguana, an armadillo or something up there," the man told his dog.

"Let's go then!" it said. They went as far as from here to the door, then they got an armadillo.

They went a little half a block, then they found another deer. Quickly he gave it to her. The deer had a little fawn.

The deer came back, doubled back to where its little fawn was. The little fawn was blea—ting now. Quickly he shot [the doe]. Two of their deer died and then there was the little fawn. He caught the fawn in his hands. He returned home, carrying it.

He tied it up. He got a little cord for the baby deer. The baby deer was tie—d up there, while he skinned its mother. After he skinned it and after the stag that they had gotten first, it seems, was dried and roasted, then he roasted just a little [more]. Two legs. He roasted one haunch and one foreleg of the last [deer] he got. Now the rest of it he carried back. He stuck it in a burlap bag.

There was a fellow corn farmer there. "Let me

la yak'be punto ta tuk' 7un, ta---j to la xach'al 7ik'ot ti mu machu te7tikil chij 7une.

Va7i 7un, xa7uk la muk' sta 7un, taj to la xleve---t ti k'ot ti mu te7tikil chij 7une, ba la sk'el 7un.

Bu, chamem la lek, 7a li vo7-p'ej la munisyon yich'oj ti chij 7une. "K'el avil 7un, mi yech chajnopbe 7un, k'e ja7 to jtatik 7un," xi la 7un. Stambe la yat ti te7tikil chije, xcho7 la, sk'el la, lek la slok'esbe ti yat ti te7tikil chije, 7ixxoj la, 7isvo la, 7a la ti yat ti yajmul ti 7antz 7une, slekoj la vobat 7un, ja7 la lek 7isbakubtas tal 7un, 7ixcho7be la lok'el snukulal yo7 ti mu x7ojtkin 7o ti 7antz 7une.

Va7i 7un, tzvo 7un, ta7aj 7un, slekoj 7iyak' tal xa ti sut tal ti yat te7tikil chije, 7i slekoj 7isut' tal ti yat ti svinik ti 7antz 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a la ti yat te7tikil chije, ja7 la yul yak'be sti7 ti 7unetik 7une. "Mi chati7, kunen?"

"Toj tzotz li7i, tot, mu jk'an jti7, j-tz'ujuk 7unen sekub ta jti7 ka7i." Pero yu7un la xxojoj tal skotol ti ssekube, ti 7a li ssot'ot'e, ti yach'ele, k'utikuk ti te7tikil chij 7une, 7a li stukik 7une, te 7o no la sti7ik ta panbil ta 7ora ta yox no 7ox 7un, ve7ik 7un, lek 7ive7ik 7un.

Va7i 7un, laj la sk'el ti xchob ti laj xcho7 ti ste7tikil chij 7une, laj la sk'el ti xchob 7une, ja7 7o la sjok'an la komel ti xchij 7une, 7a li sk'atank'atan la taj jun chib yo7, ta sba ste7tak yo7 taj sk'ok' 7une. "7Ey, yiyil, k'usi xu7 xtal 7un, k'usi xu7 xtamon li jbek'ettike, battik xa kik, jk'eltik mi 7u k'usi jtatik, mi jtatik j-kotuk 7inatab j-kotuk kapon, k'usi li xi ta 7ak'ole," xi la ti, xut la ti stz'i7 ti vinik 7une.

"Battik che7e!" xi la 7un. Xi la snamal 7ilok' ta ti7 nae, te la sta j-kot kapon.

Va7i 7un, bat la 7unen 7o7loluk kwadra, te la sta 7otro j-kot te7tikil chij, j-likel la yak'be, 7oy la yunen 7ol ti te7tikil chije.

Va7i 7un, te xa la xvalk'uj, sulp'ij ti te7tikil chij ti yo7 buy ti yunen 7ol 7une, xme7e---t xa la ti yunen 7ol ti te7tikil chije, j-likel la snitbe bala, laj cha7-kot ste7tikil chij xchi7uk j-kot yunen 7ol ti te7tikil chije, ja7 la stzak ta sk'ob ti yol te7tikil chije, ja7 la spetoj 7iyul ta na 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7ixchuk la 7un, 7issa7be li yunen 7ak'il ti 7unen te7tikil chij 7une, 7a ti 7unen te7tikil chij 7une, te la chuku---l yu7un 7un, ja7 la yolel ta cho7el ti sme7 7une, laj xcho7 7un, laj takijuk, laj bakubuk ti tot te7tikil chij ba7yi staoj ya7el 7une, ja7 7o la svo svo tal jutuk no 7ox, 7a li cha7-jek 7un, jun la yo7 jun la sk'ob ti svo tal taj tz'akal 7ista 7une, yan la ti yantik 7une, ja7 la skuch tal 7un, stik' tal ta koxtal 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7oy la te xchi7il ta chabajel 7un,

have, let me have your mule. I'll pay you for it, because I just got my little bit of food," he said.

"If you give me a haunch of your food for it, I'll give you my mule. My compadre is still coming down tomorrow, so give [my mule] to him to bring. Give me [the venison] I'll enjoy eating it with my tortillas," he said.

"Take it if you'll let me have your mule, because my food won't get there it seems. I got [the deer] and I also brought a lot of [toasted] tortillas because I thought my corn field had been knocked down by the wind. I was going to lift [up the plants], but, no, my corn field is fine. And then I got my little meal, because I'm taking my little fawn alive with me.

"You see, I'm carrying it in my arms. That's why I don't want to have a burden," said the man.

"Eh, have you seen for yourself that we would never have gotten it, since my mistress has evil thoughts?" [said the dog]. "She hasn't good thoughts, they're not good. I kept telling you she had a man, she had a lover. And it was you who didn't believe it. If you had believed it, if you had spied on her long ago, we would have begun eating venison long ago. But the way it was, it seems you didn't believe what I was telling you. You thought I was just lying to you about it. You see for yourself, I was right!"

"But where do you think she put him?"

"Oh, she must have gone and thrown him somewhere."

"Or will we arrive to find him lying there face up? So we'll go see. Don't you admit anything!" he told his dog.

"Forget it, what's it to me? Watch out what you say about it! Watch out what lies you tell about it! But as for me what offended me was that each time they ate their chickens when you came to the lowlands and left me behind, they didn't let me eat the bones. They didn't let me eat the gizzard. They didn't even let me eat the chicken's beak. They thought I was a terrible nuisance. They dug a deep hole for [the bones], thinking I would dig them up where they went to bury them. I couldn't dig them up. They covered them up well with stones. You see, that's why I wasn't able to eat them. That's why I opened my mouth, of course. That's why I'm guilty. Now I told you about it, of course, but who cares?" said the dog.

"Who cares, now you can gorge on the deer's guts. There is tripe, there is whatever you want to eat now. Eat up!" said the man to his dog.

"Oh, of course I'll eat today. It isn't as if I won't eat! But what good is it, because who knows, who knows what you're going to do to that mistress of

"7Ak'bon 7ak'bon ech'el laka7e, ta jtoj ech'el yu7un 7ijta no 7ox kunen ve7el," xi la 7un.

"Mi chavak'bon 7o j-jekuk lave7ele chakak'be li jka7e, ta 7onox xtal xyal tal jkumpare ti 7ok'obe, ja7 xavak'be tal, 7a li 7ak'bon bal jve7 7o kot," xi la.

"Ik'o ti mi chavak'bon laka7 yu7un mu xk'ot ya7el li jve7ele, yu7un 7ijta, yu7un xchi7uk k'usuk 7ep kich'oj tal kot yu7un xkak'uk yalemuk ta 7ik' i jchobe, ta jtam 7ox ti kaloje, pero mo7oj, lek i jchob 7une, 7i yo7 to nan 7ijta li kunen ve7el 7une, yu7un 7o kuxul kunen yol te7tikil chij ta xkik' ech'el 7un.

"Va7i 7un, ja7 ta jpet ech'el 7un, yech'o ti mu jk'an kikatze," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"7Ey, mi laj avil 7un, ti ja7 7onox mu jtatik 7o lavie muk' lek sjol li kajnile, 7a li kajvale, mu7yuk bu lek sjole, chopole, 7o svinike, 7oy yajmul xakut 7onox yu7un no 7ox vo7ot mu xach'un, 7a ti yu7unuk 7ach'unuk 7onox, vo7ne 7onox 7apa7-muk'tae, vo7ne lik jve7ikotik ta chij, yan chak li7e ja7 ti mu xach'un ya7el ti k'u chakalbe, xava7uk yech no 7ox chajnopbe, k'el avil ka7uk 7un!"

"Pero bu van 7iyak' xana7 7un le7e?"

"7Aj, te nan bu 7a sten."

"Mo mi te van javal chk'ot ta jtatik, ja7 chk'ot ta jk'eltik 7un, mu me xjam 7ave li vo7ot 7une!" xut la ti stz'i7 7une.

"Yiyil vo7on a7a, k'u jkwenta 7o, 7il avil k'u chavalbe li vo7ote, 7il avil k'u chanopbe li vo7ote, yan i vo7on a7a, k'usi li k'ux ta ko7one ju-ten sti7 yalak'ik ti k'al chatal ta 7olon 7osil chakomesone, mi sbakeluk mu xak' jti7, mi 7a li sbuch'uk mu xak' jti7, mi ja7uk i ye li kaxlane mu xak' jti7, batz'i 7ilba---j xiyil ta j-mek, tzjok'be nat xch'enal, ya7uk jjok' lok'el ti bu chba smuke, mu jta ta jok'el 7un, te lek tztenul komel ta ton, va7i k'u cha7al ti mu jta ta ti7el, yech'o xal ti 7ijjam ke a7a, yech'o xal ti ja7 7ijta 7o jmul, lavie nakalbe a7a, pero yiyil," xi la ti tz'i7 7une.

"Lavie, 7aj yiyil 7un, yech'o xal 7et'es 7avo7on lavi ta sbel xch'utak i te7tikil chije, te bikil te k'u sk'an 7avo7on xati7 lavi a7a, ti7an 7un!" xut la ti stz'i7 ti vinik 7une.

"7Aj, ta jti7 lavi a7a, mu7nuk mu ta jti7 pero k'u xa bal 7o 7un ti yu7un xa jna7tik jna7tik k'u chanopbe li kajval 7un le7e, jna7tik mi mu chamil li

mine? Who knows if you aren't going to kill that mistress of mine?" said the little dog.

"Oh why would I ki—ll her? I won't ki—ll her. We'll arrive to sustain her, when we arrive to give her the deer penis to eat. The children will eat it and the mistress will eat it, too.

"You see there's nothing more we can do. We can't kill her. We'll just look her in the eye. Our Lord will punish her when He wishes to. But me, I can't kill people. I can't beat people. I'm grateful for what he has done for me. He has treated me well. He gives me what I eat. He gives me what I need. There is venison when we return from corn farming. But the trouble was I couldn't get any [deer] because of what the poor woman was doing to me. Never mind now. Only Our Lord [knows]. As for us, we don't know. We only know that we eat," said the man.

The man came back. He brought his burden [on horseback]. He carried his little deer back.

He reached home, it seems. He returned home, on the second day, it seems. "Nothing happened, wife, are you there?" she was asked.

"I'm here," she said. Her house was carefully swept. Her house was tidied up well. Her pots were sitting face down in order. [The floor] was well-scraped.

"How come the house is suddenly swept up so?" asked the man.

"Who knows, maybe it's because I've suddenly become industrious, that's why you think it is well-swept," said the woman.

"Ah!" he said.

"Ohh, did you pay for your mule?"

"Of course I paid for it, because our compadre was there. I gave him his meal. So I paid him for his mule. That's why he let me have it. *If you give me a haunch of your food, compadre, take my mule*, he told me. I gave it to him since I got some it seems. Thanks to Our Lord, I got some," he told his wife when he returned.

"Oh did you get some?"

"Of course I got some. I want a tortilla. I'm hungry," he said.

"Eat!" said the woman. She gave him his meal.

"Aren't you hungry? Won't you eat your tortillas? I have brought some roasted deer penis. I've brought some roasted liver. What do you want to eat? Try eating the penis. It's wo—nderfully tender," said the man.

"I'll eat it," said the woman. She didn't know what she was given to eat. First he gave it to the children. He gave a piece to each of the children. It was the deer penis. What the woman was given to

kajval 7un le7e," xi la ti 7unen tz'i7 7une.

"7An k'u yu7un ta jmi---l, mu jmi---l, chk'ot jmak'lantik mi k'ot kak'betik sti7 ya7el 7a li yat te7tikil chije, tzi7 7unetik tzi7 li yajval 7uke.

"Va7i 7un, mu 7onox k'usi xu7 jpastik, mu 7onox xu7 jmiltik, jk'elbetik no ssat te chak' kastiko kajvaltik ti k'u 7ora sk'an yo7one, yan chak i vo7one mu xu7 ximilvan mu xu7 ximajvan kol iyal li x7elan chixcha7le, lek la x7elan chispasbe, chak' ti k'u jti7e, chak' ti k'u jtune, 7oy ti te7tikil chij li chiyulotik ta chabajele, pero k'usi mu jta ja7 la x7elan chispasbe ti prove 7antz, yil nan yil, sna7 stuk kajval, vo7otike mu jna7tik, k'ajom jna7tik xive7otik," xi la ti vinik.

Va7i 7un, tal la ti vinik 7une, skajtzan la tal ti yikatze, spet la tal ti yunen te7tikil chije.

Va7i 7un, sta la tal ya7el ti sna 7une, yul la ta sna 7un, ta xchibal k'ak'al ya7el 7une. "Mu k'usi, 7antz, mi li7ote?" x7utat la.

"Li7one," xi la. Lek xa la mesbil sna, lek xa la ch'ubabil sna, lek xa la nujul sp'in, lek xa la josbil.

"K'usi van cha7al ti batz'i yo7 to lek mesbil ti nae?" xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Jna7tik 7un a7a, yu7 nan yo7 to talem jbaxbolal, yech'o xal ti lek mesbil chavile," xi la ti 7antz.

"7Aj!" xi la.

"7Iij, mi7n 7atoj tal 7aka7?"

"7Ijtoj la 7a, yu7un ja7 te li jkumparetike, ja7 liyak'be 7a li ska7, ja7 te 7ijtojbe tal ska7 7un, yech'o xal ti ja7 niyak'be. *Mi chavak'bon j-jekuk lave7ele, kumpa, 7ik'o li jka7e*, xiyut 7un. Kak'be 7un, k'u ti 7ijta ya7el 7une, kol nan yal ti kajvaltik 7ijtae," xut la yulel ti yajnil 7une.

"7Aj, mi 7ata?" xi la.

"7Ijta 7a, ta jk'an junuk vaj, chivi7naj," xi la.

"Ve7an!" xi la ti 7antz 7une. 7Iyak'be la sve7el 7un.

"Muk' chave7, muk' chave7 7avot, 7o me jvooj tal 7a li 7a li yat te7tikil chij, 7o me jvooj tal ssekub, k'u xak'an xati7e, xati7 ava7i li yate, batz'i lek k'u---n ta j-mek," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Ta jti7," xi la ti 7antz 7une. Mu la sna7 k'usi ti ch7ak'bat sti7 7une, ba7yi la yak'be ti 7unetik, ju-tuch' ti 7unetik 7iyak'be sti7 7une, ja7 la yat te7tikil chij 7un, 7a la ti, 7a ti 7ak'bat sti7 ti 7antz

eat, what that woman was given to eat was her lover's prick. She ate a lot. She ate well.

What do you think? Maybe it was a good two or three hours after she ate, after they finished eating, "Don't you want some water, now that you've finished eating?" she asked her husband.

"Let's have a little!" said the man.

At that time the wife hadn't drunk any water yet, of course. "Oh, why do I feel as if I ate so mu—ch? I feel like [a drink of] water," said the woman. She drank a gourd of water. So she drank a gourdful. She had craving for more. Every few minutes another gourdful, another gourdful. The woman's belly, My Lord, her belly became so bloa—ted. A water jug. I—t was finished, too, the second water jug. God, the woman's belly was bursting now. "Oh, why is it, husband? What did you give me to eat? Why am I doing this so much? It seems as if my belly is bursting terribly now. I can't sit down anymore. It seems as if my skin will ri—p apart, the skin of my belly. I just don't know why I drank so much water."

"Oh, don't drink any more, for heaven's sakes! Why do you need to drink more? You feel so good drinking the water. You obstinately keep on drinking, too. But it seems as if it's your madness. You shouldn't drink [more] water. You should endure it a little. As for me, I want to drink that water over there badly. I'm hungry now. I'd eat if our food is cooked. If the chili is ground," said the man.

"Our meal certainly is about cooked, but the trouble is that that full [stomach] of mine can't be lifted on top of the metate, it seems. My belly feels as if it's about to rip open," she said.

"Never mind, then I'll mash them in a little. . . . Or if you grind them yourself," she told her husband.

"I'll grind them, I guess I'll see what it's like to grind on the metate. Why do you drink so much? You're awful. Hand them over! I guess I'll grind them. How many chilis shall I put in? How many chilis for our meal?"

"Put in four," she told her husband. The man ground the four chilis. He poured the chilis in. He put coriander in the meal. It was fine. It was cooked now.

"Won't you eat?" [he asked].

"God, it seems I'd certainly like to eat. I long so for it. The awful food is good," she said.

"Oh, eat the meat, I guess. You don't have to drink the broth, now, if your belly has no more room for it," he said. They ate. She dished out their meal. God, My Lord, then no sooner had she drunk a bowl of broth of their food when "Boo—m!" went her belly. That woman burst.

7une, ja7 la yat ti yajmul 7i7ak'bat sti7, taj 7antz 7une, lek la sti7 7un, lek la slajes 7un.

K'u la xavil 7un, 7a li lek xa nan chib mi 7oxibuk 7ora ve7em 7un, laj ve7ikuk 7un. "Mi muk' chak'an vo7 lavi laj ve7ane?" xut la ti smalal.

"Jk'antik j-tz'ujuk!" xi la ti vinik.

Va7i 7un, ja7 7o la mu to 7ox la bu yuch' vo7 li 7antz 7uk 7un bi. "7An k'u no van yu7un ti batz'i le--k live7 ta j-mek chka7ie, ta jk'an vo7 chka7i," xi la ti 7antz 7une. Yuch' la jun boch ja7 yuch' j-boche, yu7un sk'ank'an sba, j-7ók'oj7ók'oj la ti juju-boch juju-boch 7a ti xch'ut ti 7antz, kajval, t'i---n la ta j-mek ti xch'ut 7une, laj la, butk'ij la j-p'ej k'ib vo7, ba la skol tal j-p'ejuk k'ib, la---j la noxtok xcha7-p'ejel k'ib vo7, dyos, 7a ti xch'ut ti 7antz, yu7un xa la xt'om ta j-mek. "7An k'u no 7ox yu7un, vinik, k'usi 7o no me li 7avak' jti7e, k'usi me yu7un lavi xi7elan, ta j-meke, batz'i 7animal cht'om xa ti jch'ut ya7ele, mu xa stak' xichotie, ta xa xija---t ya7el i jnukulal, snukulal li jch'ute, mu7 no jna7 k'u yu7un ti toj tol 7ep 7ikuch' i vo7e, batz'i yu7un xa ..."

"7An mu xa xavuch' 7un, kere, k'u xatun chavuch' che7e, yu7un batz'i lek chava7i ti chavuch' chava7i li vo7e, stoyel chava7i chavuch'uk 7un, pero 7avovil ya7el, 7a ti yechuke mu xavuch' i vo7e, xatz'ik j-tz'ujuk 7un, li vo7one che7e, chak kuch' ta j-mek taj vo7 taj a7a, ja7 li chivi7naj xa nan live7 ya7ele, mi ta7aj me li jve7eltike, mi juch'bil yichil?" xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Ta7ajebal li jve7eltik a7a, pero k'usi mu xa xkajtzaj ta ba cho7 ya7el taj jnojel 7une, batz'i yu7un chjat ya7el ti jch'ut 7une," xi la.

Va7i 7un, 7a li "Yiyil che7e, ta 7a li ta jp'uy ta 7a li 7unen ... mo mi chajuch' vo7ot," xut la ti smalal.

"Ta jjuch' ta jk'el kik k'u xi ta jjuch' ta cho7, k'u no ma yu7un yan xa7elan chavuch'an vo7 7epe, 7istik, ta jjuch' kik, jay-kot chkak' i 7iche, jay-kot van yichil i jve7eltik le7e?"

"7Ak'bo chan-kotuk," xut la ti smalal 7une. Sjuch' la ti chan-kot 7ich ti vinik 7une, sk'ebbe la yichil, yak'be la skulantual ti ve7el 7une, lek la 7un, ta7aj xa 7un.

"Mi mu chave7?"

"Dyos, chak ve7ikon ya7el a7a, batz'i chpich' ko7on ta j-mek lek li mu ve7elile," xi.

"7An ti7an kik i sbek'tale, mi7n 7apersa xavuch'be xa ya7lel ti mi7n mu x7och 7o xa lach'ute," xi la. Ve7ik la 7un, sjotz' la sve7el, dyos kajval, ja7 xa no la me yilel yuch' jun pulatu taj skaltoal sve7elik 7une. Ja7 7o ti "Poji---j!" xi la ti xch'ut 7it'om taj 7antz 7une.

"Oh My Lord, Jesus Christ why did your belly burst, wife?" he said.

"Ah!" she said. "Ah!" she said now, since her belly burst. She was going to speak, of course, but the trouble was her belly had burst. It was just a minute or two before her soul departed. She died from her lover's pri—ck, it seems. So the dog is dumb now, since the poor dog told clearly why [his master] didn't hit the deer. It was his mistress's fault. She had a lover. And the man, how would he have known what the trouble was? Her lover was carefully buried it seems. The inside of her house was tidied up carefully. How would he know that she had buried her lover, that the woman had scrubbed up his mess? It seemed as if there was nothing dishonest. She seemed to be a good woman. As it turned out she was a deceitful woman. There isn't anyone who would speak well of her to you. The woman was bad.

That's how the story ended long ago. Today the dog is dumb. It doesn't talk anymore. It can't talk anymore. Long ago it is said that the dog was your companion. Wherever you went with it, you talked to your dog. You conversed with your dog, because it still was guiltless. But now the mouth of God's animal is closed, because it seems the dog told him about its mistress's sin. The man was delighted, but the woman was hurt by it. The end.

So, their neighbor passed by the place in the gully where the woman had buried her lover. It was the husband now who was going to be thrown in jail. "You just hold up [people] or kill people. Why would the bones be stuck inside the pants and the sash? You buried him. Who knows who you killed," they said.

"I never killed anyone. I wasn't at home. Me, I'm not an assassin. What were people looking for there? They searched. They dug. They looked. Who do you know is still missing? Who is lost if it was me who killed him? But me I never killed anyone," said the man at the courthouse. "If anyone was killed by me, there must be someone who watched me. But the way this is, I don't know. Only if there is someone who is resentful of me, who went and buried him there [to incriminate] me. Then maybe I can bear [the blame] for sure, since my house is nearby, it seems. As for me, I never killed anyone. Is there a witness who saw me?" asked the man.

As for the magistrate—"Never mind, since it isn't as if, it isn't as if anyone had come to tell me. It isn't as if there was anyone whom we know about who died, it seems. No one is known about, it seems, for we haven't heard any talk about it, except what is being said [now], but who knows maybe someone,

"7Ij kajval, Jesu-kristo k'u no 7ox yu7un ti xt'om lach'ut 7une, 7antz?" xi la.

"7Ajl!" xi la. "7Ajl!" xi xa la. Ja7 ti t'om ti xch'ut 7une, ta to la xk'opoj a7a, pero k'usi, t'omem xa ti xch'ut 7une, yu7un xa j-likel cha7-likel sk'an xlok' xch'ulel 7un, ja7 la cham 7o ti ya---t ti yajmul ya7el 7une, ja7 ti, k'usi li makem 7o ye li tz'i7 tana 7une, ja7 la ti p'ejel 7iyal ti prove tz'i7 7une, ti k'usi ti mu sta 7o ti chij 7une, ja7 la tzmul ti yajval 7oy yajmul 7une, ja7 yech ti vinikuk 7une yu7 van ta sna7 k'usi palta 7un, lek xa mukul ti yajmul ya7ele, lek xa ch'ubabil ti yut snae, yu7 van ta sna7 7o mi smuk ti yajmule, mi xchuk' ti yik'ubal ti 7antz, mu xa k'u manya yilel, solel lekil 7antz yilel, lajeltza 7un manyoso 7antz ma ti yu7un 7o buch'u lek xayalbe 7une, chopol ma sjol ti 7antz 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o ti k'op vo7ne, lavi makal 7o ye li tz'i7 tana 7une, mu xa xk'opoj, mu xa stak' k'oponel, 7a ti vo7ne ja7 no la 7achi7il li tz'i7 yaloje, bu xabat tachi7uke, chak'opoj xchi7uk 7atz'i7, chalo7ilaj xchi7uk 7atz'i7, k'u ti yu7un ja7 ti mu to 7ox k'usi ti mulile, yan 7un le7e mak ye li xchon riox 7une, ja7 ti yalbe smul ti tz'i7 ti yajval ya7ele, ti vinike, xmuyibaj, yan ti 7antz, ja7 chopol 7iya7i, laj.

Ja7 la ti slak'-na 7une, 7ech' la ti yo7 ti be-o7 smukoj yajmul ti 7antz 7une, ja7 xa la ti vinik 7une, ta 7ox la xtik'e ta chukel 7un. "Yu7un no 7ox chamak be mi yu7un chamil la 7a li krixchano, k'u tza7 7a li vexale li xinchaile te tik'ajtik bak ta yute, yu7un 7amukoj te, jna7tik buch'u 7amil," xi la 7un.

"Muk' bu ximilvan, muk' bu li7one, muk' bu nakalon, 7a li vo7one mu jna7 ximilvan, 7a li vo7one mu jna7 jmak-be, k'usi ta ssa7 krixchano te, sa7ik jok'ik k'elik buch'u xvinajoj 7onox ch'ayem, buch'u ch'ayem ti mi yu7un 7a li vo7on jmioloje, yan chak i vo7one, muk' bu ximilvan," xi la ech'el ta kavitlo li vinik. "Mi yu7un 7oy milvanemone 7oy xa 7onox buch'u xiyil, 7oy xa 7onox buch'u xisk'el, yan chak taje mu jna7, ja7 xa no 7ox mi 7o bu jk'ak'al-7o7on ba smukbon teye 7ikta nan 7un bi, 7a xu7 vo7on jkuch 7un, k'u ti ja7 ti nopol ya7el li jnae, vo7one muk' bu ximilvan, mi 7oy rextiko buch'u niyile?" xi la ti vinik 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti preserente 7un -- "Yech yiyil, yavi mu yu7unuk mu yu7unuk 7o buch'u tal yal, mu yu7unuk 7o buch'u vinajem, buch'u chamem ya7el, ch'abal bu vinajem ya7el 7une, k'u ti muk' bu xka7itik ya7el ti k'op 7une, yech no 7ox ya7el ti x7elan ch7ale, pero jna7tik te nan mi 7o buch'u 7o

someone disappeared from his house and was washed down by the water, fell in the flooded gully.

“You see, the gully flooded, maybe a person fell in the gully. We can’t make him take the blame. It seems the man didn’t have anyone, his father or his mother [who said], *My son has disappeared, my son was killed. Who knows where he died. He was killed by an assassin.* [There was no one] who said that, the man’s mother or wife or someone, it seems. That’s why I can’t jail our countryman here. Forget it, who knows who killed him. Who knows if he went off in the river, if the poor dead thing was swept down there. If someone comes to make an accusation, then we’ll seize our countryman, but we can’t seize him [for nothing]. Don’t you see, we never saw it. We didn’t hear about it, it seems. There wasn’t anyone who saw it. There wasn’t anyone who said, *You killed him!* There isn’t any proof, it seems, we can say. But if we had seen it, there wouldn’t be any difficulty. Forget it, son, go home, you aren’t guilty of anything. There is no one who came to make an accusation, it seems, that you were seen. Not until something is discovered will you be called, if you were seen, if you were discovered, if someone makes an accusation because it was seen that it was you who killed someone. Forget it, go on, forget it, son, but if there were somebody who saw you, if there were somebody who watched you kill him then you could certainly be punished. As it is, there isn’t anybody who saw you. It seems as if it’s just a bunch of lies. It’s just that the clothes, the sash, the hat and so on were seen where he was buried. We don’t know if he was washed along the gully. We don’t know if some person fell in the gully. We don’t know if some person fell in the gully, but maybe, maybe it isn’t our concern where we die, it seems. It makes no difference anymore how the people died long ago. Not unless someone goes and makes an accusation. Yes! As it is, it makes no difference if it was in a flooded gully that he died. No fuss. The man was lost. He disappeared. And maybe he had no wife or something, or he had no mother, or the man had no woman at all. There wasn’t anybody to complain. So he died. The man died. No fuss. None.” That’s the way it was left. The end.

buch’u ch’ayem ta na, te 7ital ta ves-vo7, mi bat ta nojel be-o7.

“Va7i 7un tal la nojel be-o7 te nan mi 7o bu batem ta be-o7 krixchano, mu xu7 xkak’betik skuch, mu yu7unuk 7o buch’u sme7 stot ti vinik ya7ele, *Ch’ayem jkrem, milbil jkrem, jna7tik bu laj, laj ta jmak-be*, mu7nuk 7o bu xi ya7el sme7 yajnil buch’u ti vinike ya7el 7une, yech’o mu xu7 jchuk i jchi7iltik li7i, yiyil, jna7tik buch’u milonuk, jna7tik mi yu7un batem ta 7uk’um, mi yu7un ja7 te vesel 7ik’ot ti buch’u proveal chameme, ti mi yu7un 7o buch’u tal sk’an parte, ja7 to te jtzaktik i jchi7iltike, pero mu no 7ox stak’ jtzaktik, mu xavil muk’ bu kilotik, mu7nuk ka7yotikuk ya7el, mu7nuk 7o buch’u yiloj. *Ja7 lamilvan!* Mu7nuk 7o buch’u xi, mu7nuk 7u k’usi, 7u k’usi preva ya7el, ta xkaltik yu7un ti kilojtik ya7el 7une, ch’abal k’op chak taje, yiyil, kere, batan ta 7ana, mu7nuk 7u k’usi 7amul, mu yu7unuk 7o buch’u tal sk’an parte ya7el ti 7ilbilot 7une, ja7 to ti mi ja7 to k’u xta xavich’ 7abel ti mi yu7un 7avich’ 7ilel mi yu7un 7avich’ tael mi 7o buch’u te sk’an parte yu7un 7ilbil ya7el ti vo7ot lamilvan, yiyil, batan 7un, yiyil, kere, yan ti mi7n 7o buch’u nayil, mi 7o buch’u nask’el ti milvanemot 7ikta nan xu7 xu7 xavich’ kastiko bi 7a, 7óra le7e, mu7nuk 7o buch’u yilojot, yech no 7ox ta j-mek k’op ya7el 7une, ja7 no 7ox yu7un ti 7ile ya7el ti k’u7ule ti xinchaile, ti picalale ti k’utikuk ya7el ti bu mukul 7une, mu jna7tik mi ves-be-o7 talem, mu jna7tik mi 7o bu batem ta be-o7 krixchano, pero ja7 nan ja7 nan muk’ i jk’oplaltik bu xilajotik ya7el 7une, mu7yuk to sk’oplal ti krixchano bu xcham ti vo7ne 7une, ja7 to ti mi yu7un 7o buch’u ba sk’an parte ja7, 7a 7un taje, muk’ la sk’oplal mi nojel be-o7 bu la laj 7un, ch’abal k’op, ch’ay ti vinike, 7ich’ay, 7i yu7 nan mu7yuk yajnil mi k’u xi, mi mu7yuk sme7, k’u xi x7elan ti 7antz ya7el ti vinikuk 7une, muk’ buch’u ssa7 k’op, yech’o cham, ti cham ti vinike, ch’abal k’op, ch’abal.” Kechel 7ikom chak taj 7une, 7i laj 7o 7un.

Tonik’s measurement of distance by blocks and half-blocks, even in the woods, emphasizes her “civilized” outlook!

Upon first encounter, this tale seems to be quite simply a story of (1) the consequences of infidelity and (2) the consequences of tattling. Despite the real worries of Zinacantec men, who must labor in their lowland corn fields for weeks at a time, while their wives are left to their own devices in their mountain homes, there is a surrealist quality to this drama—presenting an out-spoken dog, a peculiar hole in the wall, an extraordinary

abundance of game, a bizarre pièce de résistance, and a wildly thirsty wife. The major plot, revealed in excruciatingly fine detail, offers a series of dramatic contrasts. Lover is like husband. Lover is like dead dog. Wife seems honest and hardworking, but is unfaithful. Lover’s penis is like deer’s penis. Husband assumes wife’s role; he grinds the chilis and serves the meal. Husband gives wife a delicious repast, but with fatal effect. Lover’s penis produces bloated stomach, pregnant with death. Husband appears guilty, but is “proved” innocent.

This same plot, considerably abbreviated—substituting agouti meat for venison and lacking the elaborate cooking scene and final exoneration of the husband, was recorded in Chenalhó (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:261). A similar drama is described in Tenejapa (Stross, 1973, T8). But the story is not restricted to Chiapas. The Ixil recount the sad fate of a dog who tattles on his mistress and pays with his life, while his disillusioned master abandons his home (Shaw, 1972:118–119). In Panajachel is told the following: A merchant, advised by his friends of his wife's infidelity, spies on the two lovers. When the man feels nature's call, his mistress advises him to take advantage of a hole in the wall that her husband always uses. Her canny husband wields his blade and then has two sausages made; one of pork and the other, of course. The woman complains that she is too sick to cook, and so her husband prepares the meal. She tastes the delicacy and is driven by thirst, gulping the water till her belly bursts. Under their bed is found a body, but after a brief investigation, the husband is found quite innocent (Tax, 1950, T49). Two slightly varying Chortí tales stress the husband's lack of manliness. In the first, a henpecked salesman is counseled by his neighbors. He lies in wait by the door, while the couple feasts and makes love. Then he lops off the lover's protruding penis. As in Tonik's account, the wife drags her lover's body "like a dog" to a ravine, where she dumps it (Fought, 1972:235–240). In the second narrative the travelling man even makes the tortillas and sleeps on the floor, while his wife cavorts in bed with her lover. Following his neighbor's advice, he waits until they are asleep, slips in, does the deed, and slips out with the trophy. His wife buries the corpse under the hearth. Two weeks later her husband returns and offers her some salted "venison." After she has praised its flavor, her husband reveals his trick and puts her to shame (Fought, 249–254).

The subplot to Tonik's tale explains why today's dogs are dumb beasts. The Totonacs also believe that dogs once spoke (Ichon, 1969:57). In a tale from Chamula the dog was struck dumb for revealing to his master's father his master's illicit affair (Gossen, T2). Again, in Panajachel, it is said that dogs used to tattle on their mistresses, and so had their heads and tails changed around (Tax, 1950:2674). In the stories from Chenalhó

and Tenejapa, mentioned above, the dog's mouth is turned into an anus (Guiteras-Holmes, *loc. cit.*; Stross, *loc. cit.*).

But lurking behind the cheating wife and tattling dog is the mischievous deer that plays dead only to rush away at the hunter's approach. The man's failure as a hunter is mysteriously linked to his failure as a husband. Following the deer into the folk literature of Middle America, the pursuer soon becomes caught in a thicket of murderous themes. Recall the poor man who goes hunting in a desperate attempt to rid himself of his Charcoal Cruncher wife's head, stuck tight to his shoulder. When a deer passes by, her head leaps onto its back and is carried off to its eventual demise. From the Popoloca comes a tale of children killing their father and feeding his flesh to their mother, who thinks it is deer liver (Johnson and Johnson, 1939:221). And the Mixe tell of two children who murder their grandfather and feed his testicles to their grandmother, saying that they are deer liver. The children later become sun and moon (Miller, 1956; T3, T4). Mixtecs recount the adventures of two boys who, when told by their mother to take their father his food, shoot him down. Their father, in fact a deer, is skinned by them and his flesh is fed to their mother. They, too, become sun and moon (Dyk, 1959:10–12). Also suggestive is a Kekchí tale from Belize in which three boys are brought up by their grandmother, who secretly has a tapir for a lover. She gives all their food to her lover, dropping the bones beneath their hammocks—tricking them into believing that they have eaten the meat themselves. But a trogon tells them the truth, and so they trap and kill the tapir. They feed the tapir's penis to their grandmother. She suspects a plot and goes to get water. Eventually two of the boys turn their brother into a monkey and kill their grandmother. Later they become the sun and Venus (J. E. Thompson, 1930:120–121).

So what first seemed to be a story chronicling the infidelity of a humble corn farmer's wife and the tale-telling of his dog was, at least at one time, part of a cosmic epic that must have rivalled the tale of the three brothers and the honey tree! Unfortunately we cannot even guess the religious significance that this tale might have had. See also T26 and notes.

A Ring and a Drink

T87

There used to be a boy once. He was an orphan. He didn't know how to work. With [the help of] a little burden he grew up. With [the help of] a little burden he reached manhood. It was wherever he found someone who wanted their ba—sket carried, [who wanted] their co—rn gruel carried when they sold their corn gruel, or whatever is sold by the Ladinás. That was how he supported himself. That's how the little porter reached manhood. So he didn't know how to work. He didn't know how to hoe. He didn't know how to clear the land. He didn't know how to do the work, because he grew up as an orphan. Maybe ten years passed like that in the place where he was brought up, where he ate. [Ten years] had passed when the owner of the house where he grew up died. It was there where he a—te and drank and reached manhood.

7Oy to 7ox la jun krem ti vo7ne me7on la, mu la sna7 x7abtej, 7unen 7ikatzil la te xch'i 7o, 7unen 7ikatzil la sta 7o vinikal, ti bu la sta ti jun buch'u sk'an kuchbel ech'el smo---ch, kuchbel ech'el yu---l ti k'al chchon yule, k'u chchon ti jxinulanetike, ja7 la yech 7ive7 7o, ja7 la yech ti 7unen j7ikatznom ti k'utikuk sta vinikal, ja7 la ti mu sna7 ti x7abtej, mu sna7 ti svok' 7osil, mu sna7 sboj 7osil, mu sna7 k'u chcha7le ti yabtele, yu7un la me7on ch'i, lok' nan lajuneb jabil ti k'usi xi bu tz'itesat, ti k'usi xi bu ve7, lok' la ti cham la ti yajval na ti bu ch'i 7une, ja7 xa la ti bu xve---7 xuch' vo7 sta vinikal.

There was a pine tree where he went for a walk.
He went to take a rest. He went to sit down.

God, My Lord,
Jesus Christ,
If there were only some way,
If there were only somehow,
For me to eat,
And drink,
[For me] to discover Thy cross,
To discover Thy reflection, My Lord.
I am suffering, I have no money.
I am suffering, I have no pennies.
If they want to, I am given a tortilla or so.
If they don't want to, there is no one who will give
me [a tortilla] when I can't find burdens [to carry].
How am I to eat, My Lord?
How am I to drink, My Lord?
Don't you see, I have no money,
I have no pennies,

said the boy. He we—nt to take a rest there when he
couldn't get a—ny burdens. He arrived there and
sa—t down. He arrived and sle—pt. He arrived and
tossed about beneath the pine tree.

Maybe because the earth was alive or because Our
Lord took pity on him, a man came out. "What are
you doing, son? Why are you suffering so? Why are
you tossing about here? Every day, every day you
cry here! Why is it? Didn't you learn to work at your
mother's and father's?"

"I didn't learn, sir, because I was left when I was
little. I was left when I was just two years old. The
lady who raised me, died when I was ten years old.
There was no one who showed me how to work, no
one who showed me how to clear the land, how to
break the ground. I just ate and drank with the help
of the little burdens, by carrying the little baskets,"
said the poor boy.

"See here, son, your suffering, your wretchedness,
began long ago. It's true you don't know [how to
work]. If you wa—nt I'll do you a favor. If you want
to, do what I say. I'll give you a ring. So you ask it
for your food. So you ask it for what is needed to eat
and to drink. Take the ring, it seems, but only if you
don't get drunk. But if you ask for money for your
cane liquor it will surely vanish from your hand. I'm
not giving it to you so you can go drink cane liquor
with it. It will give you money. It will give you your
food. It will give you whatever you ask it for.
Everything you want, it will give, except for
[money] to go get drunk, except for something [like
that]. I am doing you a favor, because I don't want
you to suffer. Since you are an orphan, a pauper.
You have no mother, you have no father.

"Now say to this ring which I am giving you
. . . But wear it sleeping, wear it waking, where
you walk, where you travel. If you get hungry on
the road, ask it for posol or ask it for tortillas, or ask

Va7i 7un, 7oy la j-petz toj ti yo7 bu chk'ot ta
paxyal, ba xkux yo7on, ba chotluk.

Dyos kajval,
Jesu-kristo,
7Ok to nox k'u x7elan,
7Ok to nox k'u cha7al,
Ve7ikon,
Kuch' vo7,
Jta lakrusile,
Jta tanak'obale, kajval.
7Abol jba ch'abal jtak'in,
7Abol jba ch'abal jmerio.
Mi sk'an xi7ak'bat junuk vaj,
Mi mu sk'an muk' buch'u xiyak'betik ti k'al
mu jta ti 7ikatzil 7une,
K,u xi chive7 7un li7i, kajval,
K'u xi chkuch' vo7 7un li7i, kajval,
Mu xavil mu7yuk ti jtak'ine,
Mu7yuk ti jmerioe,

xi la ti krem. Te chk'o—t skux ti k'alal ch'aba—1 ti bu
tzta ti 7ikatzile, te la chk'ot chotlu—k k'ot vayu—k
k'ot baletuk vo7 ti yolon ti toj 7un.

Va7i 7un, yu7 nan kuxul ti balamile mo mi yu7 van
k'uxubaj ta yo7on ti kajvaltike, lok' la tal jun vinik.
"K'u chapas, kere, k'u yu7un toj 7abol abae, k'u
yu7un ti li7 xabalet, ju-jun k'ak'al ju-jun k'ak'al li7
cha7ok'e, k'u no 7ox yu7un, mi muk' xachan komel
7abtel yu7un tame7e tatote?"

"Muk' jchan, tottik, ja7 ti bik'it nikome, naka yech
mu yechuk kich'oj, jtamojbe chib jabil ti k'alal
nikome, 7a ti jmeme7tik buy nisz'itese, naka lajuneb
jabil kich'oj, 7icham 7un, muk' buch'u niyak'be kil ti
7abtele, muk' buch'u 7iyak' kil ti boj-7osile, ti
vok'-7osile, solel yech 7unen 7ikatzil, 7unen
lik-moch chive7 7o chkuch' 7o vo7," xi la ti prove
krem 7une.

"K'el avi, kere, vo7ne talikele, 7abol aba,
7utz'7utz' aba, mu xana7 7ava7uk, mi xak'a---n
xajk'uxubin, mi xak'an xach'un i jmantale, chakak'be
junuk 7avixtol, ja7 chak'anbe 7ave7el ja7 chak'anbe
k'u xi chive7, k'u xi chavuch' vo7, chach'am ya7el ti
7ixtalale, pero yu7un muk' chayakub, yan ti mi
yu7un chak'anbe stojol 7atragoe, yane ta me
sak-ch'ay tak'ob 7un bi 7a, yan ti yu7un chakak'be
yu7un chba 7avuch' 7o trago, chayak'be tak'in,
chayak'be 7ave7el chayak'be k'usi xak'anbe, skotol ti
k'u xak'ane chak', pero menos ke yu7un chba
yakuban, menos ke yu7un 7u k'usi, yu7un
chajk'uxubin yu7un mu jk'an ti 7abol aba, ja7 ti
me7onote mu7natote mu7yuk 7ame7 mu7yuk 7atot.

"7Óra chavalbe li 7ixtalal chakak'be ech'el li7e,
pero yu7un 7avich'oj chvay 7avich'oj 7a li sakub, bu
xaxanav bu xabein, mi7n 7avi7naj ta be, chak'anbe mi
7uch'imo7, chak'anbe mi vaj, chak'anbe mi k'usi,

it for anything. It will give it to you, but it's a favor to you. It isn't anyone else we are favoring. It is you yourself I am favoring. If you get drunk, if you drink, if you keep misbehaving, if you say to yourself, *I have money! I'm a man! I'm going to the cantinas to buy something to drink!* God, then you might as well forget it! Your money will disappear. Your pennies will disappear. But if you do as I say, ask it for your laborers. You will clear your land. You will plant more corn. You will have corn. You will have beans. You will be kind to an orphan, a pauper who comes to your house, *Sir, won't you treat me to a quarter measure of corn. We'll reimburse you. We'll pay you,* if you are told that, don't accept payment. You will give them a box or two boxes. You'll give them to whomever arrives at your house, because you will be kind to orphans, you will be kind to paupers, on the surface of the holy earth. No longer will you be wretched, no longer will you be miserable. You will get corn. You will get beans. Because of a favor, you, too, will get them. In the same way you, yourself, will do favors to orphans, to paupers," said the gentleman. The man did what he said. He reached manhood. He planted his corn. He planted his beans. His corn was harvested. His beans were harvested. The corn [filled] one side of the house. A bin of beans was harvested.

"Now I have corn. Now I have beans. I don't need anything else," he said.

The second year he asked [his ring] for laborers. Even more corn was harvested. A houseful of corn. His beans [filled] half the house. He felt confident now. "I can't sell either. Even if I sell it I'll just give it to my workers, if someone comes to my house looking for work," he said. Oh, his workers weren't paid with corn. He had the ring do the work. "Ring, I want lots of workers because the weeds are ruining my corn field," he told his ring.

The workers went. Eight workers went out. The laborers worked two weeks [doing] that. They went out to weed his corn field.

He bought oxen. He bought sheep. He bought mules. His mules were for transporting firewood, because his workers cut wood. The oxen were for plowing his land.

There was nothing wanting. He had sheep. He had mules. He went and looked after his sheep. The sheep manure was useful to him. He fertilized his soil, it seems. He had corn. He had beans. He had pumpkins and so on. As for his pumpkins, "Sir, won't you sell me one of your pumpkins because I long to eat some," said the people when they arrived, when they went to ask for pumpkins.

"Shucks, I won't sell them. Just eat them! That's not many pumpkins. Come back whenever you want

chayak'be, pero yu7un 7ak'uxubinel vo7ot mu yu7unuk 7o buch'u ta jk'uxubintik yu7un vo7ot chajk'uxubin, mi layakub mi 7avuch' mi k'u 7anopilan mi7n 7Oy jtak'i---n viniko---n, ba jman kuch' ta tyentaetik! mi xachie, dyox, mu xana7 xa ta yolon ta yak'ol 7un bi 7a, ta me xch'ay 7atak'in, ta me xch'ay 7amerio, yan ti mi yu7un 7ach'un i jmantale chak'anbe 7avajabtel chaboj 7avosil chajam 7achob, ch7ayan 7avixim, ch7ayan 7achenek' chak'uxubin jun me7on jun mu7nat xk'ot ta 7ana. *Tottik, kere mi mu xak'uxubinon junuk te7 7avixim, jk'extik, jmantik,* mi xa7utate, mu xach'ambe stojol, chavak' jun te7 mi chib te7, xavak'be ti buch'u xk'ot tanae, yu7un chak'uxubin me7on, yu7un chak'uxubin mu7nat, ta sba ch'ul-balamil, mu yu7unuk 7abol xa aba 7utz'7utz' xa aba chata tavixime chata tachenek'e, yu7un k'uxubinel chata 7uk ja7 no 7ox yech chak'uxubin me7on mu7nat ti vo7ote," xi la ti jun jtata7tik 7une. 7Ixch'un mantal ti vinik 7une, sta vinikal 7un, 7istz'un la ti yixime, 7istz'un la ti xchenek'e, lok' la yixim, lok' la xchenek', 7a la ti 7ixime, j-jot la na, 7a la ti xchenek'e, 7a li j-p'ej la ten 7ilok'.

Va7i 7un, "7Oy xa kixim, 7oy xa jchenek', mu xa k'u jna7," xi la.

Va7i 7un, ta la sk'anbe yaj7abtel ta xchibal jabil, mas xa la 7ep 7ilok' yixim, j-p'ej la na 7ixim, j-jot la na chenek', tzotz xa yo7on 7un. "Mu stak' jchon noxtok, 7ak' 7o xa jchon ja7 no 7ox chkak'be ti kaj7abtel ti mi7n 7oy buch'u xtal ssa7 7abtel ta jnae," xi la. 7Aa, mu7 no la x7ak'bat tztoj ta 7ixim ti yaj7abtel 7une, ja7 la chak' 7abtejuk 7abtel ti 7ixtalal 7une. "7ixtalal ta jk'an 7ep kaj7abtel yu7un ja7 li chljaj xa ta 7ak'in i jchobe," xut la ti yixtol 7une.

Va7i 7un, bat la ti j7abteletik 7une, lok' la vaxak-vo7 ti j7abtel 7une, chib la xemana 7abtey yech ti j7abteletik 7une, lok' la ta 7ak'in i xchob 7une.

Va7i 7un, sman la svakax, sman la xchij, sman la ska7, 7a ti ska7e yu7un la chean 7o si7, 7a li yu7un la ja7 tztuch' si7 ti yaj7abteltake, 7a ti vakaxe yu7un la 7a li ta svok' 7o yosil.

Va7i 7un, mu k'u ti palta, 7oy xchij, 7oy ska7, 7a ti xchij 7une, chba xchabi stuk 7un, ja7 la bal cha7ibe ti stzo7 ti xchij 7une, chak'be sk'a7al ya7el ti yosil 7une, 7ayan ti yixime ti xchenek'e ti xch'ume ti k'utikuk 7oy 7une. 7A la ti ch'ume, "Tottik mi mu xachonbon j-p'ejuk 7ach'um, yu7un batz'i chak jlo7," xi la k'otel ti krixchano chba sk'an mayil 7une.

"Muk' bu ta jchon, kere, lo7an no 7ox, mu yepaluk ch'um, k'u 7ora xak'an xalo7e xatalik, ja7 no 7ox

to eat some, just so long as you tell me," said the gentleman.

He started to talk with his companion while watching the sheep. He started to chat with her. "If only you wanted us to get married, if only you wanted us to be together. I'll build our house. We'll settle down. I have a house, but it's just the house for my corn, the lady's house where I grew up," said the boy.

"Ah, but I'd like you to go petition for me. I'd like you to go talk to my mother. I'd like you to go talk to my father. But if I accept all by myself, on my own, that's not the right way to do it. I have a father. I have a mother," said his friend while watching the sheep.

He told his workers. They had a meeting. "I know it. I long to ask for a wife. It seems I can't stand it being all alone. It's true, I have food. It's true, I have corn. It's true, I have beans. I don't fix my meals, of course. They come on their own. So my ring gives me my food. It gives me my clothing. It gives me my garments. It's just that . . . it's only that I want a woman to be with me, it seems, someone to talk to, it seems. My sheep I watch after myself. My mules I look after myself. My oxen I just let loose in the yard where they go to eat. They go to the woods.

"You see, they can eat contentedly. I have been given open land too, where my oxen can eat," said the man.

"Well, never mind, we'll go and ask for her. We'll go together. It's no problem. We'll go talk to them straightforwardly so that the girl is given to you. *I'll give you corn, I'll give you beans*, we'll tell the girl's parents. We'll give corn. We'll give beans. There won't be any drunkenness. There won't be any drinking of cane liquor. You will sell your corn, you will sell your beans so that she will become your very own. *I will marry your daughter*, we'll tell them. But if we get drunk . . . your little treasure doesn't like drunkenness, forget it!" said his workers.

Well, that's the way it was. He married her. He gave [the brideprice] to them. The woman received six fanegas of corn and two fanegas of beans. It was the girl's mother and father. So he sold the corn there. Their daughter was no concern of their's anymore. He married her. He took her. They held a fiesta. The man gave a banquet. The man showed respect for their godmother and their godfather, it seems. He gave a fine banquet. He offered chicken, beef, pork, whatever they ate when they got married. But cane liquor, the thing we like to drink, there wasn't even a shot glassful of cane liquor! "For it was said by that gentleman who gave me his ring, it seems, that he doesn't want [me to drink]." He did

kwenta mi nak'opojike," xi la ti jtata7tik.

Va7i 7un, 7a la ti xchi7il ta chabi-chij 7une lik la sk'opon 7un, lik la slo7ilta 7un. "7Ak'anuk no 7ox kik' jbatike, 7ak'anuk no 7ox jchi7in jbatike, jmeltzar jnatik, xinakiotik, 7a li jna 7oye, pero ja7 no 7ox li snail kixim, sna ti jmeme7tik ti yo7 ti nich'ie," xi la ti krem 7une.

"7Aa, pero yu7un chak ba jak'one chak ba k'opon jme7 chak ba k'opon jtot, yan chak li vo7on jtuk ta jch'un mantal ta jtuke mu yechuk smelol, 7oy jtot 7oy jme7," xi la ti xchi7il ta chabi-chij 7une.

Va7i 7un, yalbe la ti yaj7abteltak 7une, stzob la sba 7un. "Jna7, yu7un kiluk ko7on ta jk'an kajnil ti chkale mu xu7 ya7el i jtuk, meel 7oy jve7el, meel 7oy kixim, meel 7oy jchenek', mu xu7 ya7el i jtuk, meel 7oy jve7el, meel 7oy kixim, meel 7oy jchenek', mu7nuk ta jpas i jve7el a7a, sna7oj ta xtal stuk, ja7 chiyak'be jve7el, chiyak'be jk'u7 chiyak'be jpok' i kixtole, yu7un xa no 7ox ja7 no 7ox ti ta jk'an 7antz ya7el ta jchi7ine, 7oy buch'u ta jk'opon ya7ele, 7a li jchi7e ta jchabi jtuk, 7a li jka7e ta jk'el jtuk, 7a li jvakaxe naka ta jkolta ta yut moktik ta xba ve7uk, chbat ta te7tik.

"Va7i 7un, jun yo7on chve7, 7oy jamal 7osil noxtok, buy 7ak'bilon, buy yo7 chve7 7o li jvakaxe," xi la ti vinik.

"7An yiyil, ba jjak'tik jtzob jbatik ech'el mu k'usi, tuk' chba jk'opontik yu7 ma xa7ak'bat ti tzebe, *Chakak'be 7ixim, chakak'be chenek'*, kutbetik stot sme7 ti tzeb 7une. Xkak'tik 7ixim 7un, xkak'tik chenek' 7un, mu7nuk mu k'usi yakubel, mu k'usi 7uch'-pox, xachon lavixime, xachon lachenek'e yu7 ma 7och tak'obe, *Chkik' i Tatzebe*, xkuttik 7un, yan ti ta xiyakubotike ja7 li mu sk'an yakubel lavunen cha7omale, yiyil," xi la ti yaj7abteltak 7une.

Bwéno, ja7 la yech 7un, 7iyik' la, 7iyak' la vakib janika 7a li 7ixim, chib la janika chenek' 7iyich' la ti 7antz 7une, ja7 xa la ti sme7 stot ti tzeb 7une, ja7 xa la te xchon ti 7ixime, mu xa la k'u skwenta 7o li stzeb 7une, nupun 7un, 7iyik' 7un, spas k'in, yak' ve7el 7isp'is ta vinik ti xch'ul-me7 ti xch'ul-tot ya7el ti vinik 7une, 7a ti lek ve7el 7iyak', lek 7a li kaxlan bek'et chitom, k'u sti7ik ya7el ti k'al 7inupune, pero ti tragoe pero ti k'usi jk'an chkuch'tike, mu7yuk la j-p'isuk ti trago a7a! "K'u ti yu7un la mu sk'an taj 7albile yu7un ti jtata7tik ti buch'u 7ak'bon ya7el ti yixtol 7une." Ch'un la mantal 7un, 7ayan la k'usuk yu7un 7oy la yixim 7oy la xchenek' 7oy la xchij 7oy la ska7 7oy la svakax, 7ayan xch'amal 7un, spas k'in,

as he was told. He had everything. He had corn. He had beans. He had sheep. He had mules. He had oxen. His children were born. He held a fiesta, a dinner. His children were baptised. He gave a dinner, and so forth, for his compadres to eat. He asked for bread. He asked for corn gruel. He asked for beef or chicken, and so on when his children were baptised. He never . . . he obeyed what he was told, that he couldn't drink cane liquor. He obeyed it, during his whole life. His children were grown up. I don't know if he had three or four children or what. His oldest child was a boy. [The boy] was around fifteen years old when [his father] died. "See here, son, you never learned to work since I don't work. I have my laborers, we ask our ring for them. *Ring, ring, I need workers because the weeds are ruining my corn field*, tell it, and see if your harvest is good after the weeding. I think I'll see if my corn field, our corn field, turns out well for you after the weeding. If it does well for you by the weeding then I'll certainly be happy, I'll certainly be content. Happily we'll eat and drink. You will feed your brothers and sisters," said the father, because he had been sick when [his son] was given [the ring]. "Take it! It will stay on your hand. Just don't get drunk, son! Don't drink, son! Now I have sheep. I have mules. I have oxen. I have whatever there is of mine here. It isn't that I need anything else, that I eat anything else. I just eat [tortillas]. I live on God's sunbeams at dusk and at dawn. If I get drunk the thing I was given will vanish from my bag, will disappear from my purse. *Now you have something to ask for your meal, now you have something to ask for your workers, but if you get drunk remember [Thy] God!* the gentleman who gave [the ring] told me.

"So you see for this reason do as I say, son. You will bring up your brothers and sisters since you are pretty big now. You aren't a baby anymore. As for your brothers and sisters, the littlest one is six years old now, it seems.

"So you see they will grow up now in your care," he said.

That littlest child was just seven or eight years old when his father died, it seems.

For two years that boy lived honorably. He worked in his corn field. He prepared his corn field. His corn was harvested. His beans were harvested. Visitors arrived at his house. "Sir, won't you sell me a box of your corn?" they asked when they arrived.

"Take it, son! Take it!" he said. He scooped out an almod or a quarter measure or however much he had been asked for.

If he was told, "Here's the money, sir!"—"I was never told to do that, son. I was never told that. It's just that I am kind to orphans. I'm kind to paupers,

lek ve7el, 7iyich' vo7 li xch'amale, 7iyak' ve7el, k'utikuk ve7 skumpare, sk'an la kaxlan vaj, sk'an la 7ul, sk'an la bek'et mi kaxlan k'utikuk ti k'alal 7iyich' vo7 ti xch'amale, mu no 7ox bu 7ixch'un ti 7albat ti mu xu7 xuch' trago 7une, xch'un la 7un, ti jayib jabil kuxule, muk'tik la kom ti xch'amaltak, mu jna7 mi 7ox-vo7 mi chan-vo7 k'u xi ti xch'amaltak, 7a la ti sba ch'amale krem la, yu7un chak 7oy xa nan ti vo7-lajunebuk sjabilal mi k'u xi ti k'al 7icham 7une. "K'el avil 7un, kerem, muk' bu 7achanoj komel 7abtele ja7 li mu jna7 xi7abteje, 7oy kaj7abteltik 7un, ja7 ta jk'anbetik i kixtoltik 7une. 7Ixtalal 7ixtalal ta jk'an kaj7abtel yu7un ta xla7 ta 7ak'in i jchobe, 7ut avil, ta xlok' 7avu7un ta 7ak'in, ta jk'el kik mi xlok' 7avu7un ta 7ak'in i jchob 7une, jchobtike, lok' ma ta 7ak'in 7avu7un 7une, jun ko7on 7un bi 7a, lek ko7on 7un bi 7a, jun xa ko7on xive7otik xkuch'tik vo7, xve7 xa 7avu7un lachi7iltake," xi la ti totil. Yu7un xa la 7ip xa 7ox ti x7elan 7i7ak'bat. "Chavich' 7un, ch7och komel ta 7ak'ob 7un, ja7 no 7ox ti mu me xayakub 7un, kere, mu me xavuch' 7un, kere, 7a lavie 7ayan jchij 7ayan jka7 7ayan jvakax 7ayan k'usuk ku7un li7i, mu me yu7unuk, 7a li mu me yu7unuk 7o k'usi ta jtun, ta jlajes k'ajom no me chive7, xxojobal riox kipanoj xmal sakub, 7a ti yu7un chiyakub toe yu7un la me stzak-ch'ay ta 7a li jvorxa ta stzak-ch'ay ta jchu7iv li k'usi 7ak'bilone. *Na7bo me riox ti 7oy k'usi chak'anbe 7ave7el, 7oy k'usi chak'anbe 7avaj7abtel ti mi yu7un chayakube!* xiyut ti jtata7tik yak'ojbone."

Va7i 7un, "Yech'o xal ja7 yech xach'un 7un, kere, xatz'ites komel lachi7iltake yal ti muk'muk'ot xa li vo7ote, mu xa batz'i 7unenikot, 7a lachi7iltake, 7a li jun mas bik'ite, 7oy xa svakibal jabil ya7el 7un."

Va7i 7un, "Te xa xch'i 7avu7un," xi la.

Va7i 7un, naka stamoj vukub vaxakib jabil taj 7unen k'ox ti k'alal ya7el 7a li 7icham ti stot 7une.

Va7i 7un, chib la jabil lek 7itun taj krem 7une, 7ispas xchob 7ismeltzan xchob lok' yixim lok' xchenek' xk'ot ti jvula7al ta snae. "Tottik mi muk' bu xachonbon junuk te7 avixim?" xi la k'otel.

"7Ich'o, kere, 7ich'o!" xi la. Spul la jun 7almul mi jun kwarcha te7 k'u xi ti k'u yepal xk'anbate.

"7Avil li stojol 7une, tottik!" mi x7utate -- "Muk' bu kich'oj yech mantal, kere, muk' bu 7albilon yu7un no 7ox ta jk'uxubin me7on yu7un ta jk'uxubin

whoever comes and asks me. *Whether it's squash or beans or corn do them the favor, just as I am doing you a favor*, said the gentleman who gave it to me, who gave me what I needed to make a living. I wasn't told to sell the little bit I have of my own. So I am simply doing favors to people on the surface of the holy world.

"Now for as many days as I am alive, I will do favors to the young and the old, the orphans, and the paupers," said his father.

But you see, the boy . . . it was two or three years later, it seems. It was on the Fiesta of St. Lawrence, as we say. He felt good that the fiesta had arrived, knowing that he had corn, that he had beans. "Forget it, hell! I think I'll a—sk for money. I think I'll ask for corn. I'll ce—lebrate. I'll come and celebrate. If I die . . . I'll dri—nk. I'll get drunk, so what, if I die of the cane liquor," he said. He thought he wouldn't die of the cane liquor, the fool. He got drunk. He drank a lot. He called for songs. He got very drunk. He da—nced as much as his heart desired. But without realizing it, the thing that he asked everything from, left. "I'll ask for more cane liquor. I'll ask for more of whatever I want. I'll take out the thing I've brought with me," he said. He pu—lled out his purse.

But you see, there wasn't a thing there. He didn't have anything there. Nothing at all. "Where did my treasure go? Ring, where did you go? Ring, where did you go? You used to be here. I tied you to the cord of my sash," he said. He tried to search for it. Where would you find it now? "Hell, wait for me! I'm going to ask for a bottle of cane liquor on cre—dit for us to drink," he told his friends. He went to tell his mother. "Mother, my little treasure that I took with me, is lost. Now I have nothing left."

"Oh, but why are you drunk, son? Why are you drinking, son? Didn't your father leave it said, didn't your father do this—*Don't get drunk, son! Don't drink, son!* See here, we are left like orphans, like paupers. What's the use—if it's only you who dies of starvation, if your brothers and sisters die from hunger. Even I will suffer poverty because of you. I may have to sell my oxen. I may have to sell my mules. And whose fault is it? See for yourself. As for you, where will you go? Just so long as there's something for your brothers and sisters to grow up on," she said. His oxen had been given to him as a favor. His oxen brought in rent. He went to plow. He went to earn money with his oxen. His oxen grew exhausted. His oxen died when his ring vanished. Eh, he transported wood, with his mules he sold firewood. God, the mules grew skinny from constant wood-carrying, wood-selling. His mules died. When one wore out he caught another. The

mu7nat buch'u xtal sk'anbon. *Mi jun ch'um mi jun chenek' mi jun 7ixim xak'uxubin me chak k'u cha7al chajk'uxubine*, xi ti jtata7tik niyak'be, yu7un niyak'be ti k'u xi chive7e mu7nuk 7albilon ta jchon 7ixim, 7albilon ta jchon chenek', mu7nuk 7albilon ta jchon k'usi j-set' juteb 7oy ku7une, yu7un no 7ox ja7 ti chik'uxubinvan tzba ch'ul-balamil.

"7Óra jayib k'ak'al kuxulone ta jk'uxubin ti bik'it muk'e, ti me7on mu7nate," xi la ti stot 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a la ti krem 7une, k'u la xavil ti ta xchibal jabil yoxibal jabil ya7ele, ja7 la li k'in San-torénso xkaltik 7une, lek xa la ya7i ti k'al k'ine, sna7oj ti 7oy yixim 7oy xchenek'. "Yiyil, kavron, ta jk'a---n kik tak'in ta jk'an kik kixim jpa---s k'in, mi7n chtal xa jpas k'in mi nichame chku---ch' chiyakub, yech pasénsia, mi ja7 nicham 7o li trago," xi. Xak'uk no la yu7un mu chcham 7o ti trago li sonso 7une, yakub la yuch' la ta j-mek, sk'an la musika, 7iyakub la ta j-mek 7un, 7a---k'otaj la ti k'u cha7al sk'an yo7one, pero vá7alvá7al no la bat ti k'usi tzk'anbe k'usuk yu7une. "Ta jk'a---n xa yan trago ta jk'an yan 7a li k'u ta jk'an, ta jsa7 tal ti k'usi 7oy kich'oje," xi la. Sta---s la ti ta xchu7ive.

Bu la xavil, mu xa la k'usi 7oy, mu xa la k'usi 7oy te yu7un, ch'abal a7a. "Bu bat ti kich'omal 7une, 7ixtalal, bu labat, 7ixtalal, bu labat, li7ot to 7ox, jchukojot ta yak'il jxinchae," xi la. Ya7uk xa la ssa7, bu xa la xata? "Kere malaikon to, ba jja---tzin tal junuk 7a li limete trago kuch'tik," xut la ti xchi7il. Ba la yalbe ti sme7 7une, "Me7, ch'ay me ti kunen cha7omal kich'oj 7une, mu xa me yu7unuk 7oy ku7un 7un."

"7An, pero k'u yu7un xayakub 7un, krem, k'u yu7un chavuch' 7un, krem, mi mu yalujuk komel tatote, spaso7 komel tatote, *Mu me xayakub, kere, mu me xavuch'*, kere! 7II avil 7un, 7a li7i chikomotik ta me7on, ta mu7nat, yil nox yil ti 7atukuk chacham ta vi7nale, chcham ta vi7nal 7achi7iltake, k'al ta vo7on chka7i me7anal 7avu7un, repente jchon 7o jvakax, repente jchon 7o jchij, repente jchon 7o jka7, buch'u ta smul 7un 7il avil, bu xatam ech'el li vo7ote, ja7 no 7ox kwenta mi 7o k'u chch'i 7o lachi7iltake," xi la. Ja7 xa la sk'uxubinoj ti svakaxe, chak' la tojel ti svakaxe, chbat la ta vok'-7osil chba spas kanal xchi7uk ti svakaxe, lubtzaj la ti svakaxe, cham la ti svakaxe, ti k'al sak-ch'ay ti yixtole, 7e---j, chean la ssi7, xchon la ssi7 xchi7uk ti ska7e, yox, bakub la ti ka7 ta labal 7eanej-si7e chon-si7e, cham ti ska7e, lubtzaj j-kot, stzak 7otro j-kot, cha---m noxtok i j-kote, bat 7otro j-kot, yu7un la vaxak-kot ti ka7 7une, laj chamuk 7un, j-kot xa la ti tzk'uxubin ti

o—ther died. Another went. He had eight mules. They all died. One he gave as a favor to the younger brother. He gave it corn to eat. He paid his workers.

“Give me your mule for one trip. I’m going to carry firewood with it. I am [going to] work with it,” said his little younger brother.

“Take it!” he said.

“How much do I owe?”

“You don’t owe anything. I am satisfied having you look after my work here, because I can’t look after it myself,” he told his little kid brother. The younger brother was clever.

But the stupid drunk went out to get drunker. But you see, he went to the cantina, choked on cane liquor and died.

The thing is, Our Lord took pity on the little younger brother. He just lived off his mule, his sheep. His sheep multiplied. He worked in his corn field. That paid for [his needs], ever since. Just so, I sell . . . we shear the sheep. We sell [the wool]. We pay our workers with [the money]. As for the corn, too, the corn and beans go to the workers.

That’s how he lived and grew up and reached manhood. It’s been that way ever since. We pay our workers with corn and beans.

You see how it was. The boy’s mother died. The little boy was left by himself. He was satisfied that his little sheep were left. He had two little horses, it seems, because his little horse was a mare. His one horse gave birth to a colt. So that’s the way the little younger brother was left. If [the older brother] had done as he was told, if he had left to the younger brother what had been left to him to live on, of course it wouldn’t have disappeared. Unlike him, the little younger brother didn’t dri—nk. The little younger brother reached fifteen years of age. “God, if only my older brother had done this, done corn-farming, given his corn, given his beans to the workers, he certainly wouldn’t have had anything to worry about now. But look how he choked on cane liquor, the disgusting cane liquor drinker! God, what’s the difference, so long as Our Lord knows how I eat and how I drink, since I never get drunk myself,” he said. It turned out well for the poor creature. It’s been that way ever since. We pay those who who do our work, with wool, with corn, with beans. That’s how we farm the corn. It comes back, it returns. [It pays for itself.] There isn’t very much. So the little boy wasn’t rich. He reached manhood. He got a wife. That’s the way it’s been ever since.

[I forgot to tell you about when] the father grew old. And maybe because of the constant burdens and things he did long ago, his legs just twisted. He was pushed now. On a little do—lly he would go to lie

7itz’inal 7une, chak’be la sk’ux 7ixim tztoj la ti yaj7abtele.

“7Ak’bon j-7ech’eluk laka7e, ba jkuch 7o jsi7 chi7abtej 7o,” xi la ti 7unen 7itz’inal 7une.

Va7i 7un, “7Ik’o!” xi la 7un.

“7A li k’u yepal ta jtoj?”

“Muk’ bu chatoj, ja7 no 7ox bal chka7i li7 chak’elbon kabtele, ja7 li mu xk’el ku7une,” xut la ti 7unen k’ox 7itz’inal 7un. Ja7 la p’ij ti 7itz’inal 7une, yan la ti sonso jyakubele lok’ 7o la ta jyakubel.

Bu la xavil 7un, bat la ta kantina 7un, jik’av la ta trago 7un cham la 7un.

K’usi 7un, ja7 la k’uxubaj ta yo7on ti kajvaltik ti 7unen 7itz’inal 7une, ja7 la te, ja7 xa no 7ox chve7 7o ti 7a ti ska7 7une, ti xchij 7une, p’ol la ti xchij 7une, tzpas ti xchob 7une, ja7 xa la tztoj 7o, lavi komem 7o k’al tana 7une, ja7 ta jchon ti . . . jlok’betikótik stzatzal li chije, jchontikótik ya7el 7un, jtojtikótik 7o kaj7abtelikótik 7une, 7a li 7ixim noxtok 7une, j7abtel chbat ti 7ixime, ti chenek’e.

Va7i, k’u cha7al la ve7 7o ch’i 7o sta 7o vinikal, komem 7o k’al tana yech li 7ixim, chenek’, ta jtoj 7o kaj7abtelikótik 7une.

Va7i k’u cha7al 7un, cham ti sme7 ti krem 7une, stuk xa kom ti k’ox 7une, ja7 la bal 7iya7i ti kom ti yunen chij 7une, cha7-kot yunen ka7 xa ya7el 7une, yu7un la yevax ti yunen ka7 7une, 7ayan to la yol ti j-kot ska7 7une, ja7 xa la kom ti 7unen 7itz’inale, 7a ti ja7uk la xch’un mantal ja7uk yak’bel komel ti 7itz’inal ti k’usi 7ak’bil komel ta xve7 7oe che7e, muk’ la xch’ay bi 7a, yan la ti 7unen 7itz’inale, mu la sna7 xu---ch’, 7ista la vo7-lajuneb jabil ti 7unen 7itz’inale. “Dyos, ja7uk 7o no ma yech spas ti jbankil chak li7e, chchabaj chak’ yixim chak’ xchenek’ ta j7abtele mu k’u sna7 tana 7un bi 7a, yan le7e k’e, jik’av ta trago li j7uch’-trago porkeriya, dyox, yil nan yil k’usi xi sna7 kajvaltik k’u x7elan xive7 k’u x7elan xkuch’ vo7 yavil ti mi muk’ bu chiyakub i vo7on a7a,” xi la. Lek la bat yu7un ti 7olol 7une, ja7 lavi komem 7o k’al tana ta jtojbetikótik yajval i kabtelikótik ta tzotz ta 7ixim ta chenek’ k’usi xi chichabajotikótik chvalk’uj sutp’ij xa 7o, mu xa yepaluk 7un, ja7 la ti mu xa bu jk’ulej ti k’ox krem 7une, sta la vinikal 7un, 7ayan yajnil 7un, komem 7o yech k’al tana 7un.

7A la ti totile 7iyijub la, 7i ja7 nan i labal 7ikatzil k’utik tzpas ti vo7ne 7une, solel la tz’otp’ij yok, xujbil xa ta 7unen karo---s ta xba spuch’anel, xujbil xa la li ta 7unen karos, chba ve7uk, pechanbil xa sve7el,

down. Pushed now on a little dolly, he would go to eat. His meal already served out. He was lifted into his bed when he died. He was buried. His wife buried him, it seems. He died. The poor old man died. That boy, too, was left. After his father died, it seems, he buried his father, it seems. That boy choked on the never-ending cane liquor. He got drunk in the cantina. They went to get the boy and bring him back from the place where it seems he choked on the cane liquor. He was carried back on a board. He was carried by four people from the cantina where they had gone to pick him up. They came back to bury him.

What's the use, son,
 You got what you deserved!
 You wanted to get drunk.
 You wanted to drink.
 So you asked to die the way you did.
 So you asked to perish the way you did.
 If you had done as your father told you,
 If you had done as your late father told you,
 You wouldn't have had anything at all to worry
 about now.
 We would have had what we needed,
 But now, because of you, I am wretched,
 I am miserable, the way you died where you did.
 What's the use,
 We'll get your coffin.
 After I bury you,
 After I shroud you,
 It will all be over,

said his mother. The end.

This tale, very reminiscent of "The Poor Woodcutter" (T77, T144), similarly shows Tonik's failure to distinguish clearly between Our Lord and the Earth Lord, as man's benefactor. The phrase "the earth was alive" means that the man's resting place was a place where the Earth Lord's presence was manifest.

Much of the dialogue in this story slips in and out of couplet form, but is so irregular that I have placed the bulk of it in prose format, allowing the punctuation to convey the phrasing.

The moral to this story is a rather peculiar one for Zinacantán, where there is a high value placed on social drinking, a tolerance for drunkenness, and a strict idea of reciprocity in gift-giving. It is true, Zinacantec women scoff at men's tendency to assign a sacred quality to cane liquor, and men themselves are highly

petbil xa chmuy ta stem ti k'al 7icham 7une, muk 7un, mukvan ti yajnil ya7el 7une, laj 7un, cham ti prove mol 7une, ja7 xa taj krem noxtok 7une, 7a taj k'alal 7ikom laj chamuk ti stot ya7ele, muk ya7el ti stot 7une, 7a taj kreme, jik'av la ta labal trago 7un, yakub ta kantina, 7a ti kreme 7a la stzakel la tal ti yo7 buy ya7el ti buy ti jik'av ta trago 7une, ta 7a li temal te7 xa ya7el kuchbil tal 7un, chan-vo7 yajval 7ikuche tal ti yo7 buy 7a stamel tal ta kantina 7une, tal la smukel 7un.

Yiyil, krem,
 Sa7bil 7avu7un,
 7Ak'anuk xayakub,
 7Ak'anuk xavuch',
 Ja7 xa chak'an la x7elan lachame,
 Ja7 xa chak'an la x7elan lalaje,
 7A ti yu7unuk 7ach'unbe smantal tatote,
 7Ach'unbe smantal ti 7anima 7atote,
 Mu k'u xana7 tana 7un bi 7a,

 7Oy k'u 7oy ku7untik,
 Yan 7un li7e 7abol jba,
 7Utz'7utz' jba 7avu7un x7elan bu nachame,
 Yech te k'alal,
 Jsa7tik 7akajonal,
 Laj jmukot,
 Laj jpixot,
 Laj 7o k'op bi!

xi la ti sme7e. Laj 7o.

critical of habitual drinkers, but to petition the bride without a jug in hand and then celebrate a dry wedding is almost inconceivable. Another foreign element is the man's possession of sheep and his care for them in the meadow, elements always in the women's realm. Oxen, too, are not normal Zinacantec possessions.

I have translated *ch'um* as "pumpkin"; actually these are not pumpkins but cushaws, large dull orange squashes that take various shapes. Though this squash is not familiar to most Americans, it was once an important crop in Appalachia.

Although workers were paid with corn and beans in the past, this is no longer standard practice.

When Saint Christopher Came

T88

Once there was a hill. They came upon Our Holy Father there, St. Christopher is his name. He is living here now, it seems, here on the hill [in San Cristóbal].

He was carrying his little child up on his shoulder. He came holding his little walking stick. He came nearer and nearer. He passed by, walking closer and closer.

But you see the awful path he found just went

7A ti vo7ne 7oy 7a li j-p'ej vitz te la nupe ti jch'ul-tottike San-kixtoval sbi, lavi li7 xa nakal ya7el li7 ta vitze.

Va7i 7un, 7a li skajanoj la tal ta snekeb yunen ch'amal stamoj la tal yunen nam-te7, tal la, tal la, 7ech' la tal ta be, chanav la tal chanav la tal.

Bu xavil, 7a la ti mu bee naka la jobelaltik sta la tal

through [tall] grass, along the awful edge of the lake. He started to tread on the lake shore there inside Yox K'otik [Three Bridges] as we call it. That was the edge of the lake there. He came in nearer, holding his staff, carrying his little child on his shoulder. Our Holy Father came stepping in the water, nearer and nearer. The lake receded and receded. Our Holy Father came long ago with only the calves of his legs under water.

He reached the top of the hill. It was hard for Our Holy Father to climb it. He continued the whole way. He came to the place where St. Raymond is. But it was just fields of grass, fields of weeds. The lake dried up. It was shallow now.

Our Holy Father reached the hilltop, it seems, where he wanted to live. "Build me a house, make me a house here!" he said. Now he had come down. He had come down at the time of the soldiers long ago. His church was left there. He is still living there. Our Holy Father's church was built there, since he crossed the lake. He made the grass. Since it used to be fields of grass long ago, that's why San Cristóbal, here, is called Grass. [The town] was built. It became San Cristóbal. The Ladinas' houses were built. The town of Zinacantán, as we call it, it was there that the Spaniards arrived first. Then they multiplied. The Spaniards lived there. The people multiplied. San Cristóbal was built long ago.

The church of Our Holy Father was built there. Who knows if it was built by masons, because we don't know the truth about what the work was like there. I've just heard, I was told that Our Holy Father crossed the lake, dried up the lake.

Now that's why he wanted his church on the hilltop. And he wanted his house to be high up. The church there deteriorated. [So] Our Holy Father there, was taken to the cathedral. Pineda's, Obregón's, the awful Carranza's barracks and so forth used to be there [in the Church of St. Christopher] long ago. Their munitions depot was there. They used to have their barracks there long ago because it was high up, it seems. Now he went and recovered his house, since there is no longer a war there. That's why Our Holy Father, St. Christopher, just returned there. He has been living there ever since. They hold a good fiesta for him, since he is the patron saint of San Cristóbal.

A Chamulan variant of this legend describes how Saint Christopher carried a Ladino merchant across the water, but the Ladino, who had forgotten his crate of goods and left it on the other side, died soon after. St. Christopher baptised himself in the river. A church was built for him. This church was burnt down by the revolutionary forces of Carranza, but the saint had

ti mu ti7 nab 7une, lik la stek' ti7 nab taj la ta yo7 yut ti Yox K'otik sbi ku7untike, ja7 la te ti7 nab te yo7 7une, 7och talel 7un, stamoj tal ti snam-te7e skajanoj ta snekeb ti yunen ch'amale, ta la stek' ta stek' tal ti vo7 ti jch'ul-tottik 7une, ta la x7ul, ta la x7ul tal ti nab 7une, ja7 xa no la lek tzo7 yok ta stz'aj tal ti yok ti jch'ul-tottik ti vo7ne.

Va7i 7un, 7ista la tal li jol vitz 7une, vokol la kajtzaj tal te yo7 ti jch'ul-tottik 7une, 7ijelav tal sjunul tal yo7 li San-ramon ya7el 7une, pero naka jobelaltik, tz'i7lelaltik 7ul la ti nab 7une, joy xa la kom 7un.

Va7i 7un, te te 7ista ti jol vitz ya7el ti bu la sk'an ta xnaki ti jch'ul-tottik 7une. "Meltzanbekon jna, pasbekon jna li7 toe!" xi la 7un. 7A lavi yalem xa yalem to 7ox tale, ja7 ti k'al ta solteroetik vo7ne te 7ikom i yeklixa le7e, k'u ti yu7un 7onox te nakal, te 7imeltzaj li yeklixa li jch'ul-tottike, k'u ti ja7 ti 7istuch' li nabe, ja7 7ismeltzan i jobel yech'o Jobel sbi ya7el li Jobel li7i, ja7 ti jobelaltik to 7ox ti vo7ne, meltzaj 7un, pas ta Jobel 7un. K'u ti ja7 ti meltzaj sna ti jxinulanetik 7une, 7a li jtek-lum Tzinakánta sbi xichiotike, ja7 ba7yi k'ot ti 7espanyoletik te, ja7 to p'ol tal 7un, naki ti 7espanyoletik 7une, 7ip'ol ti krixchano 7une, 7imeltzaj 7o li Jobel ya7el ti vo7ne.

Va7i 7un, meltzaj i yeklixa li jch'ul-tottik le7e, ja7 mu jna7tik mi ja7 smeltzanoj ti jch'ul-tottik vaxak-mene, ja7 mu jna7tik mi ta 7alvanil meltzajem, porke mu jna7betik smelol k'u x7elan li 7abtel le7e, ja7 no 7ox ti ka7yoj ti lo7iltabilon ti yu7un la stuch' nab 7iyules nab 7un i jch'ul-tottik San-kixtoval 7un.

7Óra, yech'o ti ta jol vitz 7isk'an i yeklixa 7une, 7i ja7 la tzk'an ti toyol i snae, 7isok to 7ox i 7eklixa le7e, 7i7ik'e tal ta katedral li jch'ul-tottik le7e, ja7 ti te to 7ox sportin ti vo7ne, Pinera, 7Obregon, 7a li mu Karansa, k'utikuk ta j-mek te yak'ob k'ok' i ja7 li ja7 toyol ya7el ti 7o to 7ox sportinik ti vo7ne te, 7a lavie ba xcha7-ta i sna 7une, ja7 li mu xa bu mas i pletu lavie 7un le7e, yech'o xal ti solel xa xcha7-taoj sna li jch'ul-tottik San-kixtoval te nakal 7o k'al tana 7un, tzipasbat xa lek sk'in, k'u ti ja7 yajsanto li Jobele.

been hidden safely elsewhere in the town (Gossen, T11).

Because of the strategic position of this church on the hill overlooking the town, it has been destroyed and rebuilt many times. As early as 1837, when civil war erupted in San Cristóbal, the church was converted into a fort and demolished by gunfire.

Long Hairs

T131

Once there were peanut sellers [from Tenejapa] who [tried to] get to Simojovel, but they couldn't continue on if they reached that bend in those deep woods where those Long Hairs held up people long ago. Because they ate people. If they couldn't get anything else for themselves, they ate people. If they found beans, if they found wheat, if they found any little thing, it seems, they confiscated it. Sometimes they let [the people] come back and sometimes they killed them.

The people who passed by, who passed by there, were tired of it. They couldn't go anywhere. They just returned if they could return, if they fled. Otherwise they simply stayed there, those people who went to trade in Simojovel were left there, dead.

They just started from here in Zinacantán Center. They passed through San Cristóbal, here. They went, they went to Tenejapa, it seems. They went to trade. The people of Zinacantán Center went to sell their salt. "Oh, how can you buy your clothes, how can you buy your muslin, how can you buy your thread, now that you can't enter, you can't bring anything from San Cristóbal as it is now, it seems?" said the man from Zinacantán Center.

"Oh, there's nothing we can do, since they won't accept our money there in San Cristóbal. Who knows why the money situation has broken down," they said. Who knows if the money used to be Cabrerías. They used to accept that kind of money from Guatemala. But the Simojovel people would come to buy their clothes, their material, and their thread, whatever they needed.

The man who had come from Zinacantán Center [said], "But there is a remedy for that. Don't be afraid that you can't go and buy things there, it seems—that they don't let you enter there. There is a remedy for the highwaymen. Don't be afraid, but if there isn't any . . . Long ago my uncle was very strong. The gentleman was terribly strong. I don't know how there could have been [so many] awful highwaymen. He was strong, but he died. Do you think if it were us we wouldn't die? You have to say that that gentleman was the very last word in strength, the man, my uncle, long ago. There were a good number of people he was able to beat up regardless of how well-built, regardless of how tall they were. But he died. Even if it were us we couldn't win out," said the gentleman. "See here, if you want to pay twenty-five pesos for a gourdful, I'll get the remedy and bring it. You'll see, you will clear the road. You will be able to go trading. You

7A ti vo7ne 7oy la 7a li jchon-manya chenek'etike, chk'ot la ta Tzima7 Jobel pero mu la stak' x7ech', ti mi sta la sta la taj montanyae ta yo7 buy taj bwelta ta xmakvan taj jnatikil joletik ti vo7ne, yu7un la chti7van, ti mi mu la k'u stabe, ta la sti7ik i krixchano, 7an ti mi yu7un 7istabe la chenek' 7istabe la trigo, mi 7istabe la k'utikuk j-set' juteb ya7el spojbe komele, ta la 7o la skolta tal 7o la smil.

Va7i 7un, ja7 la tavan xa7i ti krixchano ch7ech' ch7ech' te yo7 7une, mu la buy, te no la sut tal ti mi yu7un 7isut tal mi 7ijatave, yan ti mi mo7oje solet te chkom, milbil chkom taj krixchano chbat ta manolajel ta Tzima7 Jobele.

Va7i 7un, ja7 no la yech i li7 xi chlik tal ta Jtek-lum ya7el 7une, ch7ech' la li7 ta Jobele chbat 7un chbat ta Tenejapa ya7el 7une, chbat chonolajuk chbat xchon yatz'am ti Jtek-lumal krixchano 7une. "7An, k'u xi chaman li 7ak'u7ike k'u xi chaman lamantaik, k'u xi chaman lanoik, lavi mu xu7 xa7ochik mu xu7 xavich'ik ta 7a li Jobel ya7el 7une, k'u cha7al ya7el 7un?" xi la ti Jtek-lumal vinik 7un.

"7An mu k'u jcha7letikótik un, k'u ti ja7 la li mu xch'am i jtak'intikótik te yo7 li yo7 7a li yo7 li Jobel 7une, jna7tik k'u yu7un ti tzsok xa sk'oplal li tak'ine," xi la 7un. Mu jna7 mi karera mi k'u xi to 7ox ti tak'in 7une, ja7 taj ta Watemala to 7ox ta xch'am la ti tak'in 7un taj x7elan 7une, pero ti jtzima7 jobele tzman tal ti 7a li sk'u7 spok'ik snoik k'u chtun yu7unik 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7a la ti vinik likem tal ta Jtek-lum 7une, "Pero 7o spoxil mu xaxi7ik la x7elan mu stak' chba 7amanik te yo7 le7 ya7ele, mu xa7ak'e 7ochik te yo7e, 7oy 7a li spoxil li 7a li jmak-bee, mu xaxi7ik 7o, pero ti mu7yuk bu batz'i tzotz i jjun tot ti vo7ne, 7a li mol batz'i tzotz ta j-mek mu no jna7 k'usi x7elan ya7el 7une, ti mu jmak-bee, tzotz pero laj xa 7un mi vo7otikótik xa mu xilajotikótik xana7 7un, ja7 to xavale 7a li molol batz'i yu7un tzpajeb ta j-mek tzotz ti vinik jjun tot vo7ne yu7un, jay-vo7uk ti krixchano xmaj yu7un k'uk slekil k'uk snatil, pero le7e 7icham xa 7un, mi ja7 xa vo7otikótik mu chkuch ku7untikótik 7un," xi la ti, xi la ti molol 7une. "K'el avil mi xak'an mi chatoj vo7ob xcha7-vinik pexu j-p'ej tzu, ta jsa7 talem li poxe, te xak'el avi yu7un chajamik i bee, chba chonolajanik, chasa7 7ak'u7ik, chasa7 7apok'ik, chaxanavik ti bu k'alal sk'an 7avo7onike, ta xa7ochik 7o ti ta Watemalae, mu xaval ti mu xa7ochik 7oe, cha7ochik ta xata

will be able to get your clothes. You will be able to get your material. You will be able to travel wherever your hearts desire. You will be able to enter Guatemala. Don't say you won't enter. You will be able to enter there. You will get your money. You will look for your pennies the way [I do when] I come to your country, it seems. Just so long as you pay the twenty-five pesos for a gourdful, the price of the remedy. That medicine that I will bring you is fine powder," he said.

"What is it, what kind of medicine could it be? What is it called?" they asked.

"It isn't called anything at all. I'll let you know what its name is when I have prepared it and brought it. We'll talk together then."

"Twenty-five is its price, but give it to me on credit, because I haven't that much money."

"Ah no, if it's bought it is twenty-five, but if it's on credit it's fifty," said the medicine-seller.

"Well, when are you coming?"

"I'm coming in a week," he said. "You'll take your medicine and go in this direction. Get your load ready! When I arrive [I expect] to find your load ready. You'll see. You'll try it out. You'll see if you don't win. I'll teach you what to do. I'll prepare twenty-five staves for you, too!" said the salt merchant. The salt merchant prepared them. He cut the twenty-five staves and brought them. He brought a gourdful of that medicine. "You do it like this! You fix it like this! You hold it in your fist like this! You wrap it up like this! You slip it in your waist like this!

Now when you see them approaching, *Let them come to kill me, [let them] do whatever their hearts desire!* you say to [the remedy], if the highwaymen have come out," he said to [one of] them.

"Fine!" said the [Tenejapan] gentleman. He took it. He wrapped it up. He slipped it in his waist. When he was about to have that machete whishing at him, then he tossed that remedy at him. "I'll give it to you, too!" [the Tenejapan] just told him, it seems.

But you see [at first] he didn't menace him with those staves. Then he scattered that medicine at him.

But you see the awful murderer was thrashing about now. He landed way off on his back. He picked himself up. He was rolling about, trying to get on his knees. He couldn't stand up. [Then] he simply got a terrific beating with the staves. That's what he was given.

That man traveled again. He traveled maybe half a league, or not as much as half a league. Then he met up with another who came out in a fury, rushing out, menacing him with his awful bow and arrow as he came out. He was about to shoot him quickly when that [Tenejapan] man grabbed away [the bow].

latak'inike, chasa7 lamerioik chak k'u cha7al lavi chital li7 talumalik ya7ele, ja7 nox skwenta mi xatoj ti vo7ob xcha7-vinik pexu j-p'ej tzue, stojol li pox 7une, 7unen p'up' taj pox chakich'be tale," xi la 7un.

"K'usi, k'usi mas poxil, k'usi mas sbi?" xi la 7un.

"Mu k'usi sbi a7a, chkaltik ava7i k'usi sbi ja7 to ti mi jmeltzan tale, te jk'opon jbatik."

"Vo7ob xcha7-vinik stojole, pero chavak' me ta pial 7un, yu7un ch'abal toj tak'in 7un."

"7Aa mo7oj, ti mi manele vo7ob xcha7-vinik, yan ti mi piale sinkwenta," xi la ti jchon-pox 7une.

"Bwéno, k'u 7ora chatal 7un?"

"K'al vaxakib k'ak'al chital," xi. "Chavich' lapoxe 7i xi chabate, chapo mavikatz 7un, chapal xa me xul jta lavikatz ti k'al chiyul 7une, xak'el avi, chapas 7o preva chak'el mi mu chkuch 7avu7un 7un, chajchanubtas ech'el k'usi chacha7le, jchap 7o tal taj 7a li vo7ob xcha7-vinik 7anam-te7 k'usuk 7un," xi la ti jchon-7atz'am 7une. 7A ti jchon-7atz'am 7une, xchapa la tal 7un, yan la tal 7a li vo7ob xcha7-vinik nam-te7al 7iyak' tal j-p'ej tzu taj pox 7un taje. "Xi chapas 7une, xi chameltzan 7une, xi chamich' 7une, xi chasut' ech'el 7une, xi chach'ik ech'el ta 7ach'ut 7une."

"7Óra ti k'alal mi yu7un lok' xa tal chavil 7une, 7Ak'o tal milon, paso ti k'u sk'an 7avo7one! xavut me ti mi yu7un mi yu7un 7ilok' tal ti jmak-be 7une," xut la sbaik.

"Bwéno!" xi la ti molol 7une, tztzak la 7un, ssut'la ech'el 7un, xch'ik la ta xch'ut 7un, ja7 7o la taj k'alal ta xa 7ox sjisbat taj machita 7une, ja7 7o la xi stenbe taj pox. "Ta me xakak'be 7uk 7un!" xut no la yilel 7un.

Bu, muk' la xyé7luj yu7un taj 7ak te7 7une, ja7 7o la stanibe taj pox.

Bu, te xa la xjavlajet li mu li mu 7a li jmilvaneje, taj to la javal 7ik'ote, stam la sba, te la xbalet ya7uk la kejluk, mu la xva7tzaj, solel ja7 7iyich' komel 7un, benos 7ak te7 la 7ak'bat komel.

Va7i 7un, xanav xa la, xanav xa la 7a li te nan mi 7o7loluk reva mi mu sta 7o7lol reva taj vinik noxtok 7une, te la sta 7otro jun, solel la batz'i kapem lok'el tal, batz'i xju7et xa la lok'el tal, sye7oj xa la lok'el tal smu p'ilom te7e, ta la xak'be ta 7anil ti k'alal 7a li 7iskil taj vinike.

But you see, the poor man wasn't hit in the leg. Then that man grabbed [the medicine], held it and tossed it at him, too. Ooh, he landed way off, on his knees. He couldn't do anything now. He had no strength left in his arm. He was helpless. One of his arrows landed way off. Another of his arrows landed way off. [The Long Hair] didn't move now. He intended to shoot his bow twice, of course, but he didn't win. Then that second [Long Hair] died, too. [The man] just attacked him with those staves. That awful Tenejapan arrived there in Simohovel from whatever was the name of that land where he went. "How did you do it, merchant? How did you enter? How were you able to clear the road by yourself? How did you get past all the highwaymen? How did you win? One of my customers, a gentleman like you, died. How come you were able to clear the road? What medicine [did you use]? What kind of medicine did you have to win, because there are so many highwaymen here on our roads?" asked the Simojovel man.

"It's not much. It's because we have some medicine. I paid a hundred and fifty for it, but just this much was given to me for a hundred and fifty. But see how many staves I was given, and so I win with my staves," said the gentleman. The Tenejapan sold it then. He gave the one wad of his medicine for a hundred and fifty. When he returned he had no more worries.

You see, then he asked the owner of the remedy—he asked him for another twenty-five staves. The man from Zinacantán Center who gave them, sold them for ten pesos. He asked ten pesos for them. The other [man] asked a higher price when he sold them. He cleared the road. He went, it seems. It was long ago that the highwaymen died. But the highwaymen weren't afraid, no they weren't because if someone came, they grabbed their hair and covered their faces with it. They covered their faces like this so they wouldn't be recognized. No one recognized who they were, or where the highwaymen came from.

The highwaymen, too . . . we had clever eyes, too. We were the first to scatter that "chief," as we call it, at them.

Now the "chief," they didn't know what it was. "What does the plant look like? What does the remedy look like? How does it grow? Does it have a trunk? Do you add anything to it?" [the Tenejapan] was asked by a Ladina.

"I don't know. I bought it, too. It was prepared for me, too. A salt merchant there in the town of Zinacantán sells it," he said.

"Ooh, but I'll buy some from him, too. I'll pay him whatever you say. Buy [me] some! I'll take any amount," said the Ladina.

Bu, ti prove vinik 7une, muk' la xtabat ta yok 7une, ja7 7o la stzak 7un stam la sjipbe la noxtok taj 7a li vinik 7une, 7oo, taj to la kejel 7ik'ote, yech xa la mu xa la 7ok yip ti sk'obe, yech xa la taj to metzel k'ot jun ste7e, taj to metzel k'ot jun ste7 mu xa la xbak' 7un, ja7 la yak' cha7-moj sp'ilom te7 ti ta k'op a7a, pero muk' la spas kanal 7un, te la laj taj jun noxtok 7une, ja7 taj ja7 no 7ox 7iyak' taj 7ak te7 7une, k'ot la taj ta Tzima7 Jobel k'usi sbi taj balamil yo7 taj bu bat taj mu molol 7une. "K'usi xi, marchante, k'usi xi na7och tal 7un, k'usi xi jam 7avu7unik i bee, k'usi xi na7ech' tal ti toj tol ti jmak-bee, k'u cha7al 7apas kanal, 7a ti jmarchante, jun molole, 7icham xa, k'u cha7al i vo7ot 7une, 7ijam tal 7avu7un i bee, k'usi pox k'usi x7elan tapox 7apas 7o kanale, yu7un ja7 yech toj tol jmak-be li7 ta jbetikotike," xi la ti xi la ti Tzima7 Jobelal vinike.

"Mu k'usi, yu7un 7o jpoxtikótik i syénto sinkwenta 7ijtoj pero xi yepal ta syénto sinkwenta ni7ak'bate, pero yu7un ja7 k'e yepal jnam-te7 7ak'bilon tal 7i ja7 7i ja7 ta jpas kanal xchi7uk i jnam-te7e," xi la ti molol 7une. 7A ti molol 7une, 7ixchon xa la 7un, syénto sinkwenta xa la yak' ti j-pich' spox 7une, 7a ti k'al sut tal 7une, mu xa la k'u yatel yo7on 7un.

K'usi, ja7 xa la sk'anbe ti yajval ti pox 7une sk'anbe xa la 7otro vo7ob xcha7-vinik snam-te7 7un, ja7 taj lajuneb xa la pexu 7ixchon 7o ti vinik ti buch'u yak', Jtek-lumal vinik ya7el 7une, 7a li lajuneb xa la pexu sk'an 7un, 7a li stuk 7une, mas 7ep 7ispas tal kanal stojol ti xchon 7o ech'el 7une, sjam 7o ti be, bat 7o ya7el ti vo7ne laj 7o laj 7o ti jmak-beetik, 7a ti jmak-be pero mu yu7unuk xi7em, mu yu7unuk ja7 taj tal ti mi stzak i sjole, tzmak 7o la ssat xi smakoj ti ssate yo7 ti mu x7ojtkinat 7oe, mi ja7uk la x7ojtkin k'usi bu likem tal ti jmak-be.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti jmak-be 7uk 7une, 7a ti jsattik 7uk 7une, p'ij 7uk 7un, ja7 la ba7yi xi stanibe taj 7a li bankilal xutik 7une.

7Óra ti bankilal 7une, mu tzna7ik k'usi 7un. "K'u la x7elan ti tz'i7lel 7une, k'u la x7elan ti pox 7une, bu la ta sta 7un, k'u la x7elan chch'i, mi 7o la ste7el mi 7o la k'usi la chak'be?" xi la ti jxinulan ti jak'bat 7une.

"Mu jna7, jmanoj 7uk meltzanbilon tal 7uk jun jsalero te ta Jtek-lum, xi ta Tzinakánta 7a li ta xchone," xi la 7un.

"Jii, pero ta jmanbe 7uk ta jtojbe ti k'u cha7al xal 7avo7one manbo tal k'uk yepal, ta xkich'," xi la ti jxinulan 7une.

You see, that's how the road was opened up. The people were able to enter now. But [before] we couldn't travel. Even if you went just this distance, you were sure to be wounded. Either you were just wounded or you died there.

Now one man came with an arrow sticking in his back or his ribs, I don't know where.

He came back that way, but the blood was pouring out of the poor guy now. That's why, when that remedy was found, there weren't any more problems. So the one who opened up the road won. The road has been open ever since. People come and go everywhere. Now nobody wins anymore.

If you know what to do—anyone, even Spooks, are afraid of that medicine. Maybe it was, maybe it was, eh, I don't know if it was twenty-five or twenty years ago. Eh, it was twenty-five or twenty-six, something like that, like 7Antun's age, since I heard my mother say that that remedy was very useful. If a person is sick, if we have a toothache, then my mother stuck it in [her mouth]. Me, I get sick to my stomach from it. I don't want to [take it]. I don't want to [take it]. I can't get used to it.

Of course my mother, when she had [a toothache], she stuck it in her mouth. She held it in her mouth. She just spat and spat, but it soothes it, they say. It calms the toothache. Me, I can't take it, it makes me sick to my stomach. It was my late mother who told me that it is medicine. "Chief" is what we call it.

Tonik's account of the Long Hairs posed formidable translation problems that have not been entirely resolved, but I believe that the direction of trade was from Zinacantán to Tenejapa by salt merchants, as it still is very occasionally, and from Tenejapa north to Simojovel and south to San Cristóbal. An unstable monetary situation in the Chiapas highlands persisted into the era of the Revolution when Guatemalan currency was still much in evidence. The Cabrera was a Guatemalan peso minted from 1850 to 1870.

Although the Long Hairs of this tale are highwaymen, they are identified as Lacandóns rather than as the devils, alternately known as *Jvalopat-Tok* or Turnabout Foot, who figure in other tales (T95, T104, T158).

I have translated *Bankilal*, the euphemistic name for tobacco, as "chief." *Bankilal* means "older brother" or "senior," as in a senior partner, but it can also mean "chief" as *bankilal j7ilol*, "chief shaman."

There seems to be no way to trace this legend to historical events. It is possible that it recalls conflicts with the Lacandóns whose raids during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries terrorized the people of Ocosingo and Comitán. Numerous campaigns were waged to subject the Indians of the lowland jungle area of Chiapas. The first expedition in 1559 was manned in part by Zinacantecs.

By order of the royal Audience six hundred Indians were summoned from Chiapa and two hundred from Cinacantlán, and Gonzalo Dovalle, nobleman of that city and one of the first and principal founders of Santiago de Guatemala [Guatemala City] was named captain of the Spanish forces. The Spaniards were a noble, splendid people such as that city was accustomed to. And a great number of Indians were necessary to carry the equipment, including a mountain of every kind of provision,

Va7i la, k'u cha7al 7ijam 7o ech'el ti be ta j-mek 7une, 7i ch7och xa 7o ti krixchano pero yu7un la mu stak' chixanavotik 7ak' 7o la mi xi snatil chabate yu7un ta pwera chayayij 7un, mi yayijel no 7ox, 7o mi yu7un la te chacham.

7Óra, taj june matz'al la tal taj p'ilom te7 mi ta spat mi ta xch'elop, ja7 mu jna7 buy.

Va7i 7un, yul tal la yech, pero ti ch'ich'e x7okin xa la yu7un ti prove 7une, yech'o xal 7un ti 7a taj k'alal 7isa7bat taj spoxil 7un taje muk' sk'oplal, ja7 7ispas kanal li buch'u sjam ech'el be 7une, 7ásta ke k'al tana jamem 7o lavi, xtal xbat skotol balamil krixchanoe, mu xa bu, mu xa buch'u spas kanal.

Va7i 7un, junuk la taj yu7un 7ava7yojbe lek smelole che7e, 7ásta j7ik'al xxi7 7o yu7un taj pox taje, ja7 to nan 7o to nan 7ee, mu jna7 mi vente-sinko mi vénte jabil, 7ee, vente-sinko mi vente-ses k'u xi ja7 chak k'u cha7al sjabilal li 7Antune, k'u ti ja7 yaloj ka7i ti jme7 7une, ti ja7 la xtun ta j-mek taj pox 7un taje, junuk mi 7ip, 7ip i jk'uxben chontike, ja7 7ixch'ikbe ti jme7e, 7a li vo7one yu7un chtal 7o xenel, mu jk'an, mu jk'an mu snop ko7on.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti jme7 a7a, ta xa7i stik' ta ye, te yumoj ja7 no 7ox chtuban chtuban pero xch'ab 7o la xalik xch'ab 7o la li k'uxben chone, 7a li vo7one mu xkuch ku7un 7un, chtal xenel, 7a li ja7 niyalbe ti 7anima jme7 7un, ti ja7 la li pox 7un le7e, bankilal sbi ku7untikótik 7un.

wheat, meat, jerked beef, corn and other vegetables. Chiapa and Cinacantlán named their captains and mustered their people. They fashioned elegant banners and drums and finely embellished trumpets. With their scarlet suits and headdresses they showed to good advantage indeed. They made weapons for all the soldiers; lances, bows and arrows, bucklers and padded armor, or coats of mail, and hoods, all at the expense of their people. And they comported themselves with such authority that they appeared in reviews like veteran soldiers from Italy. And shortly before Lent all those from Chiapa came by way of Cinacantlán—captains and soldiers and three Indian youths, sons of chiefs, with arquebuses. And every soldier was equipped with a big gourd for transporting water across uninhabited areas and through the woods. [The gourds served] as well for floats to help them swim across lakes and rivers. They passed muster in Cinacantlán before the monks, and together with the people from there they marched as an army to the city [San Cristóbal] where they provided a spectacular parade.

From there they all went to Comitán. Gonzalo Dovalle and the Spaniards, accompanied them until they reached that town where Judge Ramirez was waiting with the Spanish people from Guatemala. Never before had they seemed so elegant or splendid. One could not believe what they had spent for this expedition on suits, crests, pavilions and such things. It is sufficient to say that neither they nor their sons could afford it, since even now there are many houses taxed for their engagement in this expedition. There were so many Indian porters that the places where they passed suffered considerable damage. They also brought from Guatemala a thousand Indian warriors. They were sturdy, bold people, though not very showy or polished. The Spaniards who brought them were not a little discomfited to see those from Chiapa so polished and well dressed. And Captain Gonzalo Dovalle was greatly encouraged by the incomparability and gallantry of his soldiers.

Those from Cinacantlán arrived in perfect order at the camp of the

Spaniards, and as they came neatly and elegantly they made a good impression. The Judge came forth with all the Spaniards to receive them and all rejoiced to see them (Remesal, 1932:396-397).

The trappings for two barges were carried into the jungle and one barge was actually launched on the Laguna de Lacandón. After putting several towns to the torch, the expedition continued downstream from Pochutla. The Spaniards on rafts were guided by Indians on reed mats who shot their arrows as they maneuvered the rafts, diving underwater to defend themselves from enemy arrows. Some were said to have swum a whole league. A hundred and fifty captives were taken to Guatemala City, including the chief and high priest, but the chief escaped immediately, and he was followed soon after by all the rest!

In fact, the victorious Indians gained very little for their efforts:

There was an Indian who rather than enter the town empty-handed, which would have been a disgrace returning from war, stuffed a small basket, called *chicubite* [chiquihuite], with stones. The weight made him sweat profusely. And in this manner he entered as proudly as if he had triumphed in Rome. His enjoyment did not last long. His wife, being greedy for the riches which she thought her husband had brought from battle, opened the *chicubite*, and as she hurried after him she also hurled the stones at the man who had brought home such gems. The people of Cinacatlán remained rather complaining because they were given no rewards. A few years later they were joined by those of Chiapa because a judge confiscated the halberds saying that these were no weapons for

Indians, that they belonged to the King. Accordingly he sent them to Guatemala (Remesal, 399-400).

Zinacantecs accompanied the missionary expedition of Feliciano Bravo in 1573 from Tenosique into the Petén (Scholes and Roys, 1948:492). As late as 1695 a final expedition against the Lacandóns was led by the President of Guatemala himself.

The Lacandóns' skill with bow and arrow, their long hair, and their "wild" ways cast them into a demonic role in folk memory. Even in Panajachel, far from the Lacandón homeland, they live on as black, horned, cannibals of the underworld (Tax, 1950, T126, T150). Their cannibal nature is known in Santa Eulalia, where they are credited with the power of flight "like buzzards." (La Farge, 1931:65-68). The Uspantec, too, are familiar with Lacandón cannibals (Shaw, 1972:235). Chamulans speak of their long hair and their shapeless dress which completely conceals their identity as man or woman. But beneath those dresses, according to the Chamulans, the Lacandón men boast virile members of gargantuan proportions. Mountain lions are their dogs and jaguars their cats. According to one account, their name *Lakanton* [Boil Stone] is derived from their reputed custom of cooking stones as if they were eggs (Gossen, T168).

The use of tobacco as a protector on the roads was widespread in Chiapas and Guatemala. A tale from Panajachel tells of a priest who was released from the coils of a boa constrictor by the timely application of tobacco (Tax, 1950, T14). See also T127 and notes.

Another Charcoal Cruncher

T82

Once there was a man who was probably a relative of the one I finished talking about [in T81]. I said that there was a woman. That woman turned into a Charcoal Cruncher. She would get up every [night]. She would get up every [night]. "Oh why do you do that so much, wife? What do you get up to look for so often? Why do you do this?" he asked. Every time that man got up, her head stuck on again. "Where are you going?" Her awful head wouldn't answer. The man would just hear her *gna*—wing their charcoal at the fireside. She was crunching it or else you hear her bumping around now behind the house if there wasn't any charcoal at the fireside. At whatever house she went to crunch charcoal she would arrive bumping about, scaring people outside the house, next to the house, or wherever she arrived. She would look for houses where she was known. She went there to crunch [charcoal] because she thought maybe she wouldn't be killed there.

But you see the awful man was sick and tired of it.

"I don't know what to do. I'm terribly tired of it, it seems," the man told his mother. "I'm not pleased with the awful woman. I'm just sick and tired of her. I'm dying of fright, mother. I'm scared to death, mother. In the night you feel the awful woman, just her shorn off ugly butt, nothing to talk to. You think you'll rest her head on your arm. Where would you

7O la jun vinik ti vo7ne, ja7 no la xchi7il sbaik 7ilaj li chkal 7ijlo7ilta ti 7oy jun 7antz, 7a li taj 7antz 7une, va7i 7un, 7ipas ta jk'ux-7ak'al la 7un, ta la xlik batel chlik batel. "7An k'u no 7ox toj chapas, 7antz, 7an k'u no 7ox toj xlik 7asa7, k'u no 7ox yu7unot?" xi la 7un. 7Oy sjol xa la stabe ta tzakel ti k'alal chlik taj vinik 7une. "Bu chabat?" Mu la xtak'av taj smu jol 7une, k'ajom la cha7ibe ti vinik 7une, xjep'ep'e---t xa la ti yak'al ta ti7 k'ok' 7une, chk'ux la 7un, mi mo7oje, ja7 la xava7i ti xpujlajet xa ta pat na ti mi ch'abal 7ak'al tzt7 sk'ok'e, ja7 la ti bu nail chba sk'ux ti 7ak'ale, xpujlajet xa chk'ot sibtasvanuk ta spana, ta xxokon na, sna skumale mi bu la xk'ot, ja7 la tza7 ti bu nail bu x7ojtikine, ja7 la te chbat xk'ux porke ja7 nan yo7 ti mu xmile 7o ti chal 7une.

Bu xavil 7un, va7i 7un, tavan la xa7i ti mu vinik 7une.

Va7i 7un, "Mu jna7 k'u ta jnop batz'i chtavan ya7el," xut la sme7 ti vinik 7une. "7A li mu 7antz, muk' lek chkil batz'i ta xa xtavan xka7i, xi7el xa chicham 7o 7un, me7, xi7el xa chilaj 7o 7un, me7, xava7i ta 7ak'ubaltike, yech mokol sil chak ti mu 7antz, mu k'usi chak'opon chak'echbe sjol chavale, bu lata, ch'abal sjol ti 7antz, yil mok-chak 7antz,

find it? The woman has no head. She's a shorn-off ugly butt of a woman, so who knows where her head is sitting."

"But spy on her, son!" said his mother. The man spied on her [to see if] she went out to eat charcoal, if she was thudding around outside, or if she had gone to another house to scare people.

When she came back . . . she had a child. When she had a child she didn't go out often. When she didn't have a child, it seems, when her baby was big now and didn't nurse anymore, [when] it ate a lot, it seems, then the husband was left hugging his child. He didn't hear his wife leave when the awful woman went, went out to eat charcoal.

But you see then that man protected himself by magic. He put salt on her, since his mother had told him what to do, because the man was dying of fright. He was just sick and tired of it at dusk and at dawn, at dusk and at dawn. The woman was hardly good company, not even when he sat down to chat with her. She would just keep no—dding off. All she did was nod [her head]. You never saw good talk and laughter, she only no—dded [off]. Or if they went to bed she would leave [and go] from yard to yard, outside, next to her neighbors' houses, it seems. She entered the houses bumping around, bouncing up and in at the eaves, because it is open under the eaves of our houses, it seems. If there was a big space under the eaves her head would go in, arriving with a sudden thud at the fireside. Then the house owner would hear her. How could [the house owner] not hear her! Now she heard her gna—wing away, as she crunched the charcoal. "Oh, could it be a Charcoal Cruncher? Listen! It seems to be eating charcoal at the fireside. Husband, wake up!" her neighbor said to her husband.

"Eh, I don't know if that's what it is."

"Eh, it certainly sounds like it! Listen to the charcoal being crunched."

So, after they struck their matches, they looked. The ugly head was lying there.

But you see, the ugly woman's head was brushing about at the fireside.

"What are you doing there you disgusting thing? Who are you?" asked the man. He got up. He looked. Ooh, with a sudden thud it left. It bounced out under the eaves. When it was outside it regained its strength and left. They just went searching for it, but they never found it.

"But come on, let's spy on it for a night or so. Who could it be? Who could that be?" they asked. "Could there still be Charcoal Crunchers, since the Charcoal Cruncher was buried?" they said, the men said.

But you see, then she had her comedown at her neighbor's house, like this.

yech ti sjole jna7tik bu xp'ejet."

Va7i 7un, "7A li pero pa7-muk'tao, krem," xi la ti sme7e. Spa7-muk'ta la ti vinik 7une, ja7 la ta chlok' ta k'ux-7ak'al 7une, mi 7oy la ta pana sputz'lajet, 7o la te yan na bu chba tzihtasan krixchano.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to la ti k'al tzut tal 7une, 7a li 7oy la yol, 7a la ti k'al 7oy yole, ja7 la jutuk chlok', 7a ti k'al ch'abal yol ya7el 7une, k'alal muk' xa ti 7unene, mu xa xchu7un, lek xa xve7 ya7el 7une, ja7 la smeyoj xch'amal chkom ti vinik 7une, mu la xa7i chlok' ti yajnil 7un, 7a la ti k'al chbat ti mu 7antz 7une, chlok' la 7un, chba la k'ux 7ak'al 7un.

Bu la xavil, ti k'alal 7ismetz'ta la taj vinik 7une, ssa7 la yatz'am, 7isnibbe la 7atz'am ti sne 7a li snuk' taj 7antz 7une, 7iyak'be ti 7atz'am 7une, ja7 ti yalbe xa 7ox ti sme7 ti k'usi tznop 7une, yu7un xi7el xa chcham 7o ti vinik ti batz'i chtavan xa7i xmal sakub xmal sakub, mu no 7ox k'u slekil ti 7antz ta chi7nele, mi ja7uk la ti k'alal mi xchoti xlo7ilaj xchi7uke, labal nikoba--l la tzpasulan 7une, naka nikobal la tzpas, mu la bu xavil ti lek tze7ej lo7ile, k'ajom la ti nikoba--l tzpas yan la ti mi ba vayuk 7une, ja7 la ta xlok' ta yut yut moktik, ja7 la ti buy bu spana xxokon na, slak'-na ya7el 7une, ch7och la ta na 7un, xpujlajet xa la 7un, chp'it la ochel ta taj nuk' na, ja7 ti jamal ti snuk' jnatikótik ya7el 7une, muk'tik ti nuk' na x7och 7o li sjol 7une, xpújlilj xa la chk'ot ta ti7 k'ok' 7un, 7iya7i to taj yajval na 7une, mu ma ya7i 7un bi, ja7 xa la cha7i xjep'ep'e---t xa chk'ux ti 7ak'al 7une. "7An, mi 7oyuk jk'ux-7ak'al, 7a7y ava7i taj tzk'ux 7ak'al ya7el ta ti7 k'ok'e, vinik, julavan!" xut la sba xchi7uk ti smalal ti slak'-na.

"7Ey, mu jna7 mi ja7."

"7Ey, yu7un ja7 ya7el a7a, 7a7y ava7i chk'ux i 7ak'ale."

K'usi 7un, laj la xjoch'beik serio 7un, 7isk'elik la 7un, te la banal li mu jolol 7une.

K'u la xavil 7un, smese---t la sjol ti mu 7antz ta ti7 k'ok' 7une.

Va7i 7un, "K'usi chapas le7e, porkeríya, buch'uot me?" xi la ti vinik 7une. Lik la 7un, sk'el la 7un, 7iij, xpújlilj la lok' p'it la lok'el taj ta nuk' na 7une, k'alal to la pana ya7i sba 7un, bat la 7un, naka xa la ba ssa7ik 7un, mu xa la bu staik.

"Pero la7 jpa7-muk'tatik junuk 7ak'ubal buch'u van, buch'u van le7e?" xiik la. "Mi 7oy to jk'ux-7ak'al ti mukem xa ti jk'ux-7ak'al?" xiike. Xi la ti, 7a ti viniketike.

Bu yu7un, te yal la ta k'ok' ta sna la slak'-na 7un, taj x7elan 7un.

Don't you see, [her] husband had gone to bed. She was caught by surprise when he did his best to spy on her. He rubbed salt on her neck. He put salt on it. She was bumping around now, she was bouncing up now. That man thought he would lie down and watch her.

But you see, there was nothing the man could do because he had been asleep. When he got up from his sleeping place [her head] bou—nced up and landed perching on his neck. The man had two heads. Whenever he went it fo—lloed behind. "Why do you have that thing, son, are you so pleased to have two heads? Are you two-sexed with your long hair?" the poor man was asked wherever he went. He had a man's head and a woman's head. The poor man had two heads. The woman had long hair, but her hair was horribly snarled, as it had been a long time since she had left her body. Maybe it was a week or ten days. Maybe that's how many days it was that the awful woman's head was stuck there, it seems, on the man's shoulder, it seems. He left. The man was sick and tired of it.

"I think I'll go for a walk. I think I'll see if there's a place I can lure her to and leave her, if there is some kind of berry for her to eat in the woods, if I can find berries for her to eat, mother. I'm sick and tired of it. My shoulder's worn out. She won't pay any attention. *Get off, my shoulder's tired!* I try to tell her."

"I won't stay behind, it seems, husband. I won't stay behind. I'll be terribly unhappy if you leave me here," said the awful woman. She left. She went with him on his walk.

But you see, "Look how good they are! Won't you eat those fruits?" she was asked. "I think I'll climb up and pick some for sure. Eat some! They're wonderful. See how yellow the [pine rust] is!" he said. He climbed up. She ate them as fast as she could. The poor man hadn't walked very far. Quickly she bounced up into a pine tree, too. She landed, perching on his shoulder.

He came back with her again.

Then that poor man was taught by his mother and father what to do. "What's the use, but you can't survive such suffering. Who knows what we can do about her. The best thing is to trick her now, I think. I think you should leave," said the man[s father].

"It's best if I take my gun along, then. I think I'll see if I can get a deer. If I can find a deer or something I'll shoot, but then I'll win that way," said the man. The man left. There was an awful tea bush. "Won't you eat some? Won't you feast on some? See how thick that one is with fruit. See how heavy with fruit the tea bush is, [see] the fruit on the tea bush!"

She became absorbed with the fruit of the tea bush. She was eating it.

Mu xavil, 7a ti ti vinik 7une, vayem 7un, ch'ayem la yo7on ti k'alal 7i7ech' yo7on 7ispa7-muk'ta 7une, 7isnibbe la yatz'mel ta snuk' 7une, 7iyak'be 7atz'am 7une, te xa la xpujlajet, te xa la 7a li chp'it muyel, ya7uk xa la spuch'an sba tzk'el taj vinike.

Bu la xavil, vinik, mu la k'u stak' spas yu7un la ja7 ti vayem to 7ox, ja7 to la ti lik ta svayeb 7une p'i---t la 7un, luchul to la k'ot ta snuk' 7un, pas la ta cha7-p'ej sjol ti vinik 7une, te la xtije---t ta spat ti bu xbat. "7An k'u no 7ox yu7unot le7e, krem, tol no 7ox lek chava7i ti cha7-p'ej 7ajol 7une, 7a li mi yu7un tziklanot, k'u cha7al natik 7ajole?" x7utat la ti bu ta xxanav ti yo vinike, te la j-p'ej sjol vinik, j-p'ej sjol 7antz, cha7-p'ej sjol li prove vinik 7une, 7a la ti 7antz 7une, ja7 la natik sjol 7un, pero yech xa la tzunul ti sjol ti vo7ne xa ya7el ti skomel ti spat xxokon 7une, 7oy xa nan svaxakibal slajunebal k'ak'al nan sjayibal k'ak'al ti tey nap'al ta sjol ya7el ta snekeb ya7el ti vinik ti mu 7antz 7une, bat la 7un, chtavan la xa7i ti vinike.

"Chibat kik ta paxyal ba jk'el kik bu jlo7lo komel k'usi ssat te7al slo7 ta te7tik mi 7o k'u jtabe ssat te7al slo7e, me7, ta xtavan xka7i chlub i jun jnekebe batz'i yu7un mu xa7i 7albel. *Lok'an chlub jnekeb!* ya7uk kut."

"Batz'i xikom ya7el, vinik, mu xikom, batz'i chiti7olaje li7 chakomesone," xi la ti mu 7antz 7une. Bat la 7un, ba la xchi7in ta paxyal.

Bu la xavil 7un, "K'e slekil, mi muk' chalo7 li ssat te7 7a le7e?" x7utat la 7un. "Chimuy jtuch' kik 7un a7a, lo7an batz'i lek ta j-mek k'e sk'anal!" xi la 7un. Muy la, yech mu yechuk la slo7 7un, mu to 7ox la bu nat xanavem taj prove vinik 7une, j-likel la p'it tal ti ta toj noxtok 7une, luchul la k'ot ta snekeb.

Va7i, xchi7uk la tal noxtok.

Va7i 7un, ja7 to la ti chanubtasat ech'el yu7un sme7 stot taj prove vinik 7une. "Yiyil pero batz'i mu no 7ox kuch 7avu7un la x7elan 7abol aba, mu jna7tik k'usi jnopbetik, mas lek 7a li lo7loo xa kik, batan xa kik," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Mas lek chkich' ech'el jtuk' che7e, taj jk'el kik mi 7o bu jta j-kotuk 7a li te7tikil chij ti mi jta te7tikil chij ti mi k'usi 7une, ta xituk'avaj pero ja7 to te ta jpas kanal li7e," xi la ti vinik. Bat la ti vinik 7une, 7o la te j-p'ej ssat mu k'oxox te7. "Mi muk' me chalajes, mi muk' me chalo7, k'e spimil ssat i j-petze, k'e spimil ssat i 7a li k'oxox te7e, j-p'ej ssat 7a li tilil te7!"

Va7i 7un, 7a li ssat tilil te7 7une, ja7 la te ch'ay yo7on 7un, ja7 la slo7 7un.

But you see, then a deer came ru—shing towards them. Then it pa—ssed in a flash. [Her head] landed [on the deer]. “Why are you leaving me behind?” she said to him.

But you see, [her head] landed on the middle of [the deer’s] spine. It landed and perched on that deer. It left. The deer left. It went into a cave. It was stuck in the cave.

The deer went in.

[The deer] bounded into the cave. A squirrel arrived.

She thought it would take her away. The squirrel didn’t want to. It jumped. It was leaping from tree to tree now.

You see, the squirrel wouldn’t take her away. Then the husband arrived who had lured her up to the tea bush berries. “Climb up, climb on up. Eat some! Let’s see if you can do it. All of those ones are good. They’re little, like cherries,” he [had] said.

She had gone to eat the berries. Then she was distracted.

But you see, the man, her husband, it seems, had taken his gun, because he had said that he was going hunting. He went, it seems. Then it passed by. Then the deer passed by. It went off. His wife saw [what was happening]. “Husband, wait for me. Wait for me. Why are you leaving me behind?” she [had] said to him.

But you see it was the deer. She landed and sat on top of it. It left. The deer left. “What could that be on my back?” said the deer just before it arrived at the cave.

The deer saw the person[’s head]. “Stay behind! Get off! Get off my back or else I’ll bump your head! I’m going into this cave because that’s where I sleep,” it said. She stayed behind. “You can sit here. I’ll come and get you tomorrow. I’ll take you away. We’ll go together,” it told her.

But you see, the deer knew all along that a coyote was coming.

The coyote arrived at nighttime. It was around eleven or twelve o’clock, about that time of night, that it arrived. “Oo,” went the coyote. “Oo,” went the coyote.

“Oh, husband, come, get me! I’m going to be killed by a coyote now. You hear that coyote calling!”

“Wait, I’m coming now,” he said. Then that coyote arrived when it heard where she was talking. Quickly her head was dragged off, caught, eaten. That was the end of that poor woman. She was eaten. [The coyote] put a quick end to her. The man was perched in a tree waiting. The deer came out. Then the man was waiting there for it. He shot the deer. The man went off with his deer, one deer. It

Bu xavil 7un, ja7 7o la xvi---l xa la tal ti j-kot te7tikil chij 7une, ja7 7o la 7e---ch’ ta 7anil 7un, na---p’al la k’ot. “K’u yu7un ti chakomesone?” xut la 7un.

Buy la 7un, ta 7o7lol la xch’ix pat 7ik’ot, luchul 7ik’ot taj te7tikil chij 7une, bat la 7un, bat la ti te7tikil chij 7une, bat la ta ch’en 7un, kakal to la k’ot ta ch’en 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti te7tikil chij 7och 7un.

Va7i 7un, p’it la ta ch’en 7un, k’ot ti chuch 7une.

Va7i 7un, xa7uk la x7ik’onuk ech’el, mu la sk’an, p’it ti chuch 7une xch’ámtech’ámte xa la ta te7 7un.

K’u xavil i chuche, mu xa la bu 7ik’on ech’el ja7 to k’ot 7a li vinik 7islo7lo muyel ta ssat 7a li tilil.

“Muyan 7un, muyan lo7an kik, jk’eltik kik mi xu7 7avu7un ja7 no 7ox lek le7 a7a, 7a li bik’itik ko7ol xchi7uk chix-te7,” xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, ba la slo7 ti ssat tilil 7une, ja7 to la ch’ay yo7on 7un.

Bu xavil 7un, 7a li yich’oj la stuk’ ti vinik ti smalal ya7el 7une, yu7un ti yaloj ti yu7un ta xpaxyaj 7une, bat la ya7el, taj 7ech’ la 7o la 7ech’ te7tikil chij 7un, ja7 la lok’ ech’el 7un, yil la ti yajnil 7une. “Vinik, malaon malaon k’un ti chakomtzanone?” xut la.

Buy, te7tikil chij la 7un, ja7 la te nochol 7ik’ot ta sba 7un, bat la 7un, bat la ti te7tikil chije. “K’usi van taj ta jpate?” xi la ti te7tikil chij ti k’al po7ot xa 7ox xk’ot ta ch’en 7une.

Va7i 7un, yil 7a ti krixchano 7une. “Koman, lok’an lok’an i ta jpate, naka jtij 7ajol li7 chi7och ta ch’ene, yu7un ja7 li te chivaye,” xi la. 7Ikom la 7un. “Tek tzunlan li7 toe te ch7ech’ kik’ot 7ok’ob te chakik’ lok’el ko7ol xibattik,” xut la 7un.

Bu, yu7un yu7un la sna7oj 7onox ti te7tikil chij 7une, ta la xtal 7ok’il 7un.

Va7i 7un, k’ot la ti 7ok’il ta 7ak’ubaltik lek la mi buluchib mi 7ol 7ak’ubal k’u la x7elan, 7aj, 7a li 7ora 7ak’ubal 7une, k’ot la 7un. “7U---7,” xi la ti 7ok’ile. “7U---7,” xi la ti 7ok’ile.

“7An vini---k, la7 7ik’on, ta me xilaj ta 7ok’il tana 7un, va7i ch7ok’ taj 7ok’ile!”

“Malao te xa chital,” xi la 7un. Ja7 7o la k’ot taj 7ok’il ti ya7i ti bu k’opoj 7une, j-likel la kile taj sjol, tzake, ti7e, laj 7o sk’oplal prove 7antz, ti7e 7un, ch’ab xi 7un, lok’ xa tal li ti te7tikil chij 7une, ja7 xa la te smalaoj ti vinik 7une, stuk’a la ti te7tikil chij 7une, 7oy xa la ste7tikil chij ech’el ti vinik 7une, j-kot la te7tikil chij yijil machu la ti te7tikil chij, 7a li 7ismil 7une, ja7 la smil taj vinik, taj buch’u kuchbon ech’el

was an old stag he killed. That man killed the one that had carried off his wife. The poor woman was killed by the coyote. That's the way she ended. The man got his deer. He went to eat it with his children. He had nothing to worry about. He went to the woods to dispose of his wife, it seems.

That was the end of the trouble. So then they went to bury her body. Then she was buried, it seems. The venison was eaten at the burial. That's how the woman was buried. They didn't eat any chicken. She didn't have anything. They didn't buy a coffin for her when they dug her grave.

You see that's how the Charcoal Crunchers disappeared long ago. To this day there aren't any. We never hear of Charcoal Crunchers now. The end.

K'oxox te7 or tea bush (*Ternstroemia tepezapote*) has no definite associations in current Zinacantec life.

Except for the elaborate description of the Charcoal Cruncher's death and her unceremonious burial, this version of Tonik's follows the standard Zinacantec plot.

From the Kekchí of Belize comes a tale with elements suggestive of a more than casual resemblance. After making sure that her husband is asleep, a woman removes her head and turns into a mule. She joins the company of other mules with whom she cavorts before returning to bed. But her husband keeps watch and, after her head has left, rubs ashes on her neck. Unable to attach her head back on her human body, she reverts to her mule shape and, carrying her head, follows her husband everywhere. In desperation he goes deep into the jungle, where he loses the mule and his wife's head. They are transformed into owls (J. E. Thompson, 1930:158).

In the absence of any other tale from Mexico, Guatemala, or Belize that showed close similarities to the Charcoal Cruncher story, I had concluded that the Charcoal Cruncher's habitat must be restricted to highland Chiapas. But recently I discovered evidence to the contrary.

Exhibit A: A woman has a lover. Her head departs at night. Her husband, following a neighbor's advice, puts ashes on her neck. When her head returns and is unable to attach itself to her body, it sticks onto her husband's shoulder. In desperation, her husband climbs a sapote tree, leaving her head on the ground. He hurls sapotes at her head and startles a deer. His wife, thinking that it is he crashing through the bushes trying to escape, bounces after the sound and sticks on to the deer's back. The deer jumps off a cliff, and both the deer and the woman's head are killed. A priest tells the husband to bury his wife's head (Hartman, 1907:143-147).

Exhibit B: A woman leaves her flesh behind at night. Her husband is advised to rub salt and ashes on her body. When she returns and is unable to reattach her head, she sticks it on her

ti yajnil, laj ta 7ok'il ti prove 7antz 7une, te nel 7o yech 7un, 7ista ech'el ste7tikil chij ti vinik 7une, ba sti7 xchi7uk xch'amaltak 7un, mu k'u yatel yo7on, 7a la xch'ay ta te7tik ti yajnil ya7el 7une.

Va7i 7un, laj 7o k'op 7un, ja7 xa ba smukbeik ti spat xxokon 7une, ja7 xa muk 7o ya7el, muk 7o ya7el ti sbek'tal te7tikil chije, ja7 muk 7o ti 7antz, mu7nuk 7isti7ik kaxlan, mu7nuk 7u k'usi, mu7nuk 7ismanbe ti skajonale 7isjok'beik xch'enal 7un.

Va7i k'u cha7al ch'ay 7o ti jk'ux-7ak'aletik vo7ne 7une, k'al tana ch'abal 7o 7un, mu xa la bu xka7itikótik jk'ux-7ak'al lavie 7une, laj.

husband's shoulder, departing only at nighttime. In desperation, her husband climbs a mamey sapote tree and tosses mameys down, with the same result as cited above. Her head, pierced with spines as the deer rushes through the thickets, falls off and dies. Her husband asks a priest's advice. The priest instructs him to bury her head and to advise him what happens (Schultze-Jena, 1958, 2:22-28).

These two adventures occurred not in Mexico, not in Guatemala, nor in Belize, but among the Pipil or Aztecs of Salvador! In both instances, a calabash tree sprouts from the grave of the woman's head, and from the fruit appear many, many boys.

These boys bring to mind the four hundred sons who emerge in the second creation of the *Popol Vuh*. Their birth from the gourd recalls Blood Girl looking at the gourd tree on which hang fruits that were once the skulls of 1 Hunter and 7 Hunter. As Blood Girl inspects the gourds, a skull spits on her hand.

And immediately she conceived a child in her
womb just from the spittle,

And they were created

Hunter

And Jaguar Deer (Edmonson, 1971:77)

Hunter and Jaguar Deer are the two heroes referred to in the commentary on Tale 78. The combination of elements from the Aztecs of Salvador and the Quiché of Guatemala is not surprising, since, in the *Popol Vuh*, "Aztec ideas are given in Quiché words and Quiché ideas in Aztec words," reflecting the strong Aztec influence on Guatemala in the fifteenth century (Edmonson, xv). Despite the extremely low number of Aztec loan words in Zinacantec Tzotzil, Zinacantán was known to have been in frequent contact with the Aztecs shortly before the Spanish Conquest (Blom, 1959:27). Still, there is no way of telling whether the Charcoal Cruncher is an Aztec concept, a Mayan concept, or both. See also T12, T81, and their notes, T47, T60, and T175.

A Strange Affair in Totolapa

T128

Once, not terribly long ago—the man is maybe fifty or fifty-five years old—he went to Totolapa. In Totolapa the man, who was [almost] a boy then, was maybe thirty years old. He went to talk. He went to work in his corn field. He went to prepare his corn field there.

7A ti vo7ne mu batz'i vo7neuk ta j-mek, 7o nan te sinkwentauk mi sinkwentay-sinkouk sjabilal li vinike, 7a li 7i7ay ta Natijolom, 7a ti ta Natijolome, k'u ti krem to 7ox ya7el ti vinik 7une, yich'oj to 7ox nan trentauk sjabilal 7un, 7ay k'opojuk 7ay spas xchob 7ay smeltzan xchob te yo7e.

When he prepared his corn field he went to amuse himself in the town. He met a girl on the trail,

How are you, girl?
 I long to enjoy your company.
 I long to talk to you.
 I see you are beautiful.
 The girls in my home aren't like you.
 The women in my home aren't like you.
 Your back seems different.
 Your side seems different.
 I long to enjoy your company.
 What does your heart feel?
 Do you want us to get married?

that man told the girl.

What do you think? "Ah, you want to talk to me, but are you a real man? Are your pants well-fastened? Are you brave? Are you telling the truth that you will speak to me sincerely? Only with the understanding that you have thought it out well, that you have planned it very well, that you want to speak to me, that you want to marry me, go wait for me in the meadow where we talk to our fiancés. For that is the place where we talk together, those of us who have fiancés here," said that girl.

But you see, "If you are telling the truth, if you respond to my reasoning, to what I have been telling you, if it is for sure, I'll go and wait for you. I can go and wait for you," said that man.

The girl left. "Be sure to wait for me there, because I have to go in a hurry now, because I'm going home," she said.

"All right, then, I'll wait for you there."

"I'm going to wait for you where the meadow is. Haven't you seen it there by the little path leading out of town, here where our houses are?" she said.

"Okay, I'm going to wait for you there," he said. He left. He went, sat down, and waited, looking up and down. It reached ten o'clock in the morning, it seems. He was still sitting there.

He was sick and tired of waiting for her now.

He thought it would just be a person who would arrive. He thought it would be a girl, the girl, who would arrive.

But you see he didn't know that that girl would come [transformed into] a cow. Then he saw it. The black cow arrived, glistening beautifully. Its horns were terribly long. Because the girl had long hair, its horns were long.

What do you think? The cow was tossing its head from side to side and raising it again and again wonderfully. It was maybe a half block from that man, tossing its head again and again. Before that man knew it, he was lifted up into the sky. He landed way off with a thud. The awful man was very scared.

But you see, "I thought that the girl who was

Va7i 7un, ti k'al 7ismeltzan xchob 7une, ba la paxyajuk taj ta jtek-lum 7une, snup la ta be jun tzeb 7un.

K'u xi, tzeb,
 Batz'i kiluk ko7on jk'upinot,
 Batz'i kiluk ko7on jk'oponot,
 Ja7 ti lekkek aba chkile,
 Mu yechuk i tzebetik ta jnae,
 Mu yechuk ti 7antzetik ta jnae,
 Yan to ya7el 7apat,
 Yan to ja7el 7axokon,
 Kiluk ko7on jk'upinot 7un,
 K'u xi 7avo7on,
 Mi xak'an xkik' jbatik?

xut la ti jun tzeb taj vinik 7une.

Va7i 7un, k'u xavil 7un, "7Aa, chak'an chak'oponon pero mi vinikot 7un mi 7apech'oj me lek 7avex 7un, mi tzotzot me 7un, mi yech me xaval ti slok'el 7avo7on chak'oponone, ja7 no me kwenta mi lek 7anopoje, mi lek 7anopoj lek ta j-mek, ti chak'an chak'oponon, chak'an chavik'one, xba malaon yo7 stentejtik yo7 jk'opon 7o no jlekomtikótik yu7un ja7 skwenta yo7 jk'opon jbatikótik ti buch'u 7oy jlekomtikótik li7 toe," xi la taj tzeb.

Bu xavil 7un, "Mi yech 7avale, mi chatak'bon ti jrason ti k'u chakalbe ti mi yu7un j-moj ya7el, chba jmalaote, stak' xba jmalaot," xi la taj vinik 7une.

Va7i 7un, bat la ti tzeb 7une. "J-moj xamalaon te, yu7un 7a lavie sujem chibat yu7un chibat ta jna," xi la 7un.

"Yechuk che7e, te chajmala tey."

"7A li chba jmalaot ta yo7 stentej mi mu 7avilojuk te ta 7unen lok'el jtek-lum lavi li7 ya7el yo7 jnatikotike," xi la 7un.

"Teyuk che7e, te chba jmalaot," xi la. Bat la 7un, bat la chotluk, smala yalel muyel a ti ssate sta la lajuneb 7ora k'ak'al ya7el 7un, chotol 7un.

Va7i la, chtavan xa xa7i tzmalael 7un.

Va7i 7un, xak'uk no la krixchano chk'ot 7un, xa7uk to la tzeb ti k'ot ti tzeb 7une.

Buy 7un, mu la ta sna7 mi vakax chk'ot taj tzeb 7une, ja7 to la chil 7un, lek xa la stz'aytz'on xa slekil ti 7ik'al me7 baka k'ot 7une, 7a ti xxulube 7animal natik ta j-mek 7un, yu7un la natik sjol ti tzeb 7une, natik la ti xxulub 7un.

K'u xavil 7un, 7a ti vakaxe pero batz'i lek xa la stz'e7ulan stoyilan xa ti sjol ta j-mek ech'el 7une, lek to 7ox nan 7o7lol kwadra sk'an sta taj vinik 7une, stoyilan xa la ti sjol 7une, k'alal 7iya7i taj vinik 7une, toybil la muyel ta vinajel, taj to la xpúmlij 7ik'ote, xi7 la ta j-mek ti mu vinik 7une.

Bu xavil 7un, "Ma7n ka yu7nuk lekuk to ti tzeb ta

coming was a good [person], My Lord!" he said. He picked himself up. The cow went back. That man never was able to talk to her. It went back. It went home. So the man was disabled.

You see the man picked himself up. Now he was a woman. He wasn't a man any longer. The awful cow went back. It turned into a man. It left [transformed into] a man. "But how can it be?" said the man. He went to his corn field. He went. He ate. He felt sick at heart when he arrived to eat, it seems—in his corn field where he was working. "What can I do now, My Lord!" he said in his heart. "Why is it? I shouldn't have gone to talk to the awful woman, I shouldn't have gone to talk to the awful girl. I wouldn't be feeling so disgusting, My Lord. What can I do about it? I think I'd better tie up one or two almuds of corn. I think I'll get it ready and carry it [back]. I'll make a pretense [of taking my corn]. I'll go home and admit it. I don't know what to do. If only there were somebody I could ask about it. But I can't ask my friend at work about it, or he'll just go and rub it in. I'm ruined. I've turned into a woman forever," said the awful man.

But you see he came back home carrying two almuds of corn. He was spoken to by his wife. "Are you there?" he asked his wife.

"I'm here," she said.

"Ah!" he said.

"Have you come back? You weren't supposed to come back yet. You were supposed to return on Thursday," said [his] wife.

"I've come back, of course. I've come to leave two almuds of corn for you," he said. "I'm a bit hungry," he said.

"Eat!" he was told. He was given his meal. He finished eating.

"I'll be back. I'm going to talk to our compadre there on the other side," he said. He went to talk to his compadre. It wasn't just his compadres, because in the end he went to look for whomever he could converse with so that he could ask them, "Hasn't it ever happened to you? Haven't you ever talked to a woman. Haven't you ever gone crazy from it? Because I myself went crazy in Totolapa.

"What do you think? The awful girl arrived. I spoke to her. She arrived. It wasn't a human being who arrived, it was a great big cow that arrived. It came and lifted my ass up, but I landed way off," said the man.

"But that wasn't at all smart of you! Why did you do that? What business was it of yours to do such a stupid thing? The Totolapa people are very bad. It isn't as if they are good [people]. You can't talk to them. Figure it out! See where that girl's house is. That's all I can say. Who knows how it stands, it

xtale, kajval!" xi la 7un. Stam la sba 7un, 7a la ti vakaxe, sut la ech'el 7un, mu xa la yu7unuk 7o bu sta ta k'oponel taj vinik 7une, sut la ech'el 7un, bat la ta sna, ja7 no la ti sok ti vinik 7un.

K'u xavil, ti vinik 7une, stam la sba 7un, 7antz xa la 7un, mu xa la vinikuk 7un, 7a ti mu me7 baka 7une, ja7 la sut ech'el 7un, ja7 la pas ta vinik 7un, ja7 la vinik 7ibat 7un. "Pero k'u no van yu7un 7un?" xi la ti vinik 7une. Bat la ti ta yav xchob 7un, bat la 7un, ve7 la 7un, yan xa la sba ti yo7on ti k'ot ve7uk ya7el ti ta xchob yo7 ti xchabaj 7une. "K'usi ta jnop 7un li7e, kajval?" xi la ti ta yo7on 7une. "K'u no 7ox yu7un ma xa ma ba jk'opon i mu 7antz, ma xa ma ba jk'opon li mu tzebe, 7o ma yan x7elan, kajval, k'usi ta jnop li7e, mas lek ta jpech' kik junuk chibuk 7almul i kixim jk'un-kuch kik ech'el jpak'ta ech'el, ba kal jba ta jna, mu jna7 k'u ta jnop, li 7ok no 7ox buch'u jjak'be pero li jchi7il ta chabajele mu stak' jjak'be naka ba stik'be k'op, batz'i sok 7ikom pasikon 7o ta 7antz ta batz'i j-mek," xi la ti mu vinike.

Bu xavil 7un, 7a li tal la ta sna 7un, skuchoj la tal chib 7almul yixim 7un, 7i7albat la yu7un ti yajnil 7une. 7A li, "Mi li7ote?" xut la ti yajnil.

"Li7one," xi la.

"7Aa!" xi la 7un.

"Mi natal che7e, 7a li muk' bu trate chatale, trate to ta jweves chayule," xi la ti 7antz 7une.

"Nital a7a, tal kak' chib 7almul 7apanin," xi la 7un. "7A li chive7 j-tz'ujuk," xi la.

"Ve7an!" x7utat la 7un, 7ak'bat la ti sve7el 7une, laj la ve7uk 7un.

"Te chital, yu7un chba jk'opon 7a li jkumparetik le7 ta j-jeche," xi la. Ba la sk'opon ti skumpare 7une, lajeltza mu la ma skumpareuk 7un yu7un la ma ba ssa7 buch'u ba lo7ilajuk xchi7uk 7un yo7 ti sjak'be, "Mi muk' bu xapasik yech, kere, mi muk' bu xak'oponik 7antz, mi muk' bu xapasik yo7 vovil yu7un ba jpas vovil ta Natijolom i vo7one.

"K'u xavil 7un, k'ot ti mu tzeb 7ijk'opon 7une, k'ot 7un, mu krixchanouk 7ik'ot 7un, yijil me7 baka k'ot 7un, tal ti nistoybe muyel li jchake pero taj to lik'ote," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"Pero mu7nuk muk' 7o no me lekot 7un taje, kere, k'u no ma yu7un ti x7elan 7apase, k'u no 7ox 7atu7un chapas bolile, chopol me sjol li Natijolomal krixchano a7a, mu me yu7unuk lekuk, mu me stak' k'oponel, 7a taje sa7bo smelol k'elbo bu sna taj tzebe, ja7 no 7ox yech chkal vo7on 7une, mu jna7tik k'u

seems. Go on, I guess. Talk to her, I guess. [Say to her], *Why did you do this to me, child? If only you had told me that you didn't want to be spoken to in good form. I wouldn't have, I wouldn't have said anything to you at all. I feel awful the way you have changed me. Now I am a poor woman. How can I respond to a greeting since I'm supposed to have my poor pants on? But don't you see, I'll be tormented. I can't reply to anything that is said to me, but tell her that!*" they said to him.

"Hah! Do you think so?" he said.

"Yes, indeed. That's right. Go talk to her, I guess. Go see her, I guess," they said.

"Eh, make me a couple of toasted tortillas for the night, wife! I'm coming back tomorrow, because they say cattle have gotten into [my corn field] it seems," he told her. He left a lie for his wife.

"Oh, why are you so disgusting? Is there a [reason] for your never staying home anymore? You are so strange! Maybe it's because you have an awful mistress there," she said.

"Hell, don't come telling me things like that, that I have a mistress. I, too, want a master now. I'm a poor woman now," said the gentleman. His old woman was named Matal. She stayed behind.

"Oh, where did your man go?" she was asked by her neighbors.

"He went to the lowlands. I see he doesn't stay [here] at all anymore. I don't know why it is. I don't know if the disgusting thing has an awful mistress there. Maybe he's turned queer. Have you ever seen him come and spend a single night? Do you think you can join the awful man [in bed]? Can he do anything now? Just nothing!" said the woman, conversing about her husband, since she didn't know what the trouble was.

He never told his wife. He left [home]. He stayed only three days there in Totolapa again in the place where he raised corn—three days. The first day when he arrived, he went, he went to the town. He bought a head of cabbage. He went to visit that fiancée of his, it seems. He bought it for her. "How are you, my friend? How are you? I have come now to talk to you. How is it? Will my crime be forgotten? Will my crime cool off?" he said. "I just thought it was all right if I talked to you. I just thought it was all right if I spoke to you. Because I thought you would respond to plain speech. I thought you would answer me honestly," he told the girl.

"Ah, how does it feel? What's wrong with you? Would you feel badly if you wore a skirt? Wouldn't you be glad to wear a skirt? It would be better if you just had taken your old woman's skirt," said the awful girl.

"Eh, but I don't want to, it seems. It's known that I'm a man, they've seen that I'm a man. What would

x7elan ya7ele, batan kik k'opono kik. *K'u no van yu7un ti x7elan 7acha7leone, ch'amal, 7avaluk 7onox ti mi yu7un mu xak'an k'oponel ta lekil k'ope, mu k'usi, mu k'usi nakalbe bi 7a, ja7 chopol chka7i la x7elan 7ajeltaon 7une, vo7on xa yo 7antz on 7une yu7 van vo7on ta jtak' k'oponel ti 7oy yo jvex ya7el ta k'op 7une, pero mu xavil, jta 7ilbajinel 7un, mu jtak' k'usi 7albel ya7el li vo7on 7une, pero 7uto ech'el 7un!*" xut la sbaik.

"Je, mi yech xana7?" xi la 7un.

"Yech a7a, ja7 yech ba k'opono kik ba k'elo kik," xi la.

"7Ee, paso me chibuk kot vayuk, 7antz, chisut 7ok'ob yu7un yu7un la 7a li 7och ya7el vakax," xut la. Snopbe komel ti yajnil 7une.

"7Ana mi 7o toj yan xa7elan mi 7o batz'i mu xa xajok'tzaj i tanae, ma7n xa me yu7un chasok ta j-mek, yu7un nan 7oy 7amu 7antz tey," xi la.

"Kere, mu xtal 7aval yech chak taje, 7oy kantze, kajval, xa, ta jk'an 7uk li7i yo 7antz on 7uk li7e," xi la ti mol 7une. 7A ti sme7lal, Mal sbi ya7el 7une, ja7 la kom 7un.

"7Aa, bu bat 7avinikale?" x7utat la yu7un ti slak'-na.

"Bat me ta 7olon 7osil batz'i mu xa me xjok'tzaj chkil, mu me jna7 k'u yu7un, mu jna7 mi 7oy smu 7antz i porkeriya te yo7e, yu7un nan sokem mi 7oy xavil jun 7ak'ubal ti tal vayuke, pero mi yu7un chaval stak' xa chi7nel ti mu vinike, mi 7u k'usi sna7 xa, solel ch'abal," xi la ti 7antz. Slo7ilta ti smalale, k'u ti mu7nuk sna7 k'usi ti palta 7un.

Va7i 7un, mu la bu yalbe ti yajnil, bat la 7un, 7oxib no la k'ak'al 7ijok'tzaj taj ta taj ta 7a li Natijolom noxtok yo7 ti xchabaj 7une, yoxibal k'ak'al 7un, primero k'ak'al ti k'al 7ik'ote, bat la 7un, bat la ta jtek-lum 7isman la ech'el j-p'ej sjol yitaj, ba la svula7an taj slekom ya7el 7une, smanbe ech'el 7un. "7A li k'u xa7elan 7a li, kulo7, k'u xa7elan, li7 tal jk'oponote, k'u xi, mi xlaj ti jmule mi sikub li jmule?" xi la. "Xkak' no 7ox lekuk ti najk'opone, xkak' no 7ox lekuk ti najti7ine, yu7un xkak' to xatak'uk k'oponel, xkak' tuk'uk no 7ox chatak'bon," xut la ech'el ti tzeb 7une.

"7Aa, k'u cha7al ya7el 7un, k'usi ti palta chava7i ya7el 7une, mi chopol chava7i ti chalap 7atzeke, mi7n muk' lek chava7i ti chalap 7atzeke, pero ja7 me lek ti soleluk 7avich'be stzek lame7lale," xi la ti mu tzeb 7une.

"7Ey, pero mu jk'an ya7el 7un, vinajemon ya7el ti vinikon 7une, vinajemon ya7el ti 7a li vinikon ya7el

they say now if I put on a skirt, since I don't have [long] hair? It's just not possible! I would be embarrassed, it seems. I am a woman, it seems, yet my head is round like a man's, it seems. But it's awful. It's not a bit good if my crime isn't forgotten, if my crime doesn't cool. I say, sir, please talk to your poor daughter for me. Forgive me for this little bit!" he said. He poked a pint of cane liquor towards that gentleman. The head of cabbage was thrust at that fiancée of his, it seems.

"Eh, I don't know. Talk to my daughter yourself! I didn't see it. I wasn't watching when you talked to her. Perhaps it's because she was upset by what happened, if she was embarrassed, if she was mortified, when you spoke to her. That's why she did this to you. Maybe she is working off her anger. Speak to her, I suppose. [See] if she will forgive you. But me, of course I don't know. Thank you, may God repay you. If my daughter forgives you, we will drink," he said. "But if my daughter doesn't forgive you, then think it over, whatever it is, whatever it is, my daughter tells you, but me, I don't know," he said.

"Ohh, [said the girl] that was indeed why I did it to you. Don't come and do what you did to me. Don't come and play that on me. It's useless for you to talk to me as you did. It isn't as if I said to myself, *Where could the awful short-rumped men come from? Where could the horrible short-seated men come from? Our country is different.* You have your girls in your country the same way I have my boys here in my country. It's the first time we've seen someone the likes of you talking to [our] girls," said the girl.

"So I say, pardon me, girl, pardon me, woman! I just can't go on like this, walking as a poor woman, it seems. I have pants, it seems, but I am a woman. I am ashamed to walk. They used to address me as *Sir*, now maybe they ought to say *Ma'am!*" said the man.

"Eh, but who knows, Sir. Who knows if you will take it to heart, if you will stop doing what you did to me. If you won't do that to me anymore, then, of course, I will forgive you, but if you just keep doing it to me. . . . But it shows in your face that that's what you always do, bothering everyone, talking to everyone. I know that's what you're like at home. I know that's what you're like in your country. Because that's what I was told in my dream yesterday in the night. *You hear, he goes to get women in their beds. You hear, he goes to talk to them, to get women in their beds. You hear, even if the woman has a husband he goes to get her in her bed,* that's why I don't want [to forgive you]. *Thank you, may God repay you!* my heart should say. I will forgive you, but I'll roll you over and over with a terrific beating," said the girl.

"Never mind if you attack me, if you beat me, just so long as, just so long as you return [my virility] to

7une, k'u xa xi ta jlap jtzek 7un ti ch'abal stzatzal jjol ya7el 7une, mu7 no stak' 7un, chik'exav ya7el 7un, 7a li 7antz on ya7el 7un, volvol jjol chak vinik ya7el 7une, pero chopol ya7el, muk' 7onox lek ya7el, mi mu xljaj mi mu sikub ti jmule chkale, tottik, 7abolajan 7albon ka7tik li yo latzebe, 7ak'o pertonal j-tz'ujuk!" xi la. Jun la meria trago sbechbe taj jtata7tik 7une, ja7 la j-p'ej jol 7itaj yich'oj bechel taj taj 7a li slekom ya7el 7une.

"7Ee, mu jna7, k'opon aba xchi7uk i jtzebe, mu kilojuk mu jk'eljuk bu 7ak'opon, yu7un nan chopol 7iya7i la x7elane, mi k'exlal 7iya7i, mi namal 7iya7i, ti buy 7ak'opone, yech'o xal ti x7elan lascha7lee, slok'es 7o nan sk'ak'al, k'opono ka7tik ti mi xljaj yo7one, yan chak i vo7on a7a, mu jna7, kol aval sk'extabot riox ti mi yu7un 7ilaj yo7on i jtzebe chkuch'tik," xi la. "Yan ti mi mu laj yo7on i jtzebe, tek nop ava7i k'u x7elan k'u x7elan chayalbe i jtzebe, yan chak i vo7one mu jna7," xi la.

"7Ojj, 7a la x7elan lacha7leon a7a, mu xtal 7apasbon yech, mu xtal 7avabtelanbon yech ti x7elan xak'oponone, mu yu7unuk 7a li, *Bu van tal li mu mok-chak vinike, bu van tal i mu yil k'ok-chak vinike,* mu7nuk chichi ti slekoj ya7el jlumaltik 7un. 7Oy 7atzabal ta 7alumul yech 7oy 7a li, 7oy jkremal li7 ta jlumal, ti yechuk ju-jun tale, mu7nuk ja7 to kilojtik bu xba jk'opontik tzeb," xi la ti tzeb 7une.

"Ja7 chkale, 7ak'on tapertonal, tzeb, 7ak'on tapertonal, 7antz, batz'i yu7un mu xu7 ya7el la x7elan yo 7antz chixanav ya7el 7une, 7oy ya7el ti jvex 7une, pero ti 7antz on 7une, chik'exav chixanav 7un. *Tottik xi7utat 7un. Lajeltza, Me7tik,* xi nan ti lek 7une," xi la ti vinik 7une.

"7Ee, pero jna7tik, tottik, jna7tik mi xavich' 7o aba ta kwenta mi xavikta la x7elan lapasbone, mi mu xa xapasbon yeche, 7ikta nan 7un bi 7a, ta xljaj ko7on, yan ti mi ja7 no 7ox yech chapasulanbone pero yu7un tasat xvinaj, yu7un ja7 pasemot 7o ta j-mek yech, buch'uk 7avilbajin buch'uk 7ak'opon yu7un yechot jna7 li tanae, yu7un yechot jna7 li ta yu7un yechot jna7 ti te ta 7atek-lumale, k'u ti ja7 yech 7a yalbelon ta jch'ulel volje ta 7ak'ubaltike. *Va7i chbat ta svayeb 7antzetik, va7i chba k'opon ta svayeb 7antzetik, va7i 7ak' 7o mi 7ok smalal ti 7antz chba ta svayebe.* Yech'o xal ti mu jk'an 7un. *Kol aval sk'extabot ti rioxel!* yechuk ti ko7one. Ta xljaj ko7on pero chajbalalin lek ta benos majel," xi la ti tzeb.

"Yu7un yech ti mi chavak'e mi chamajone, ja7 no 7ox kwenta ti mi, ja7 no 7ox kwenta ti mi yu7un

me as I tell you. Never mind, patience, I can bear it if you beat me, if you reproach me. So what! I can survive. I'm up to it, just so long as you don't kill me. If it's just a beating you give me, if it's only a punishment you give me, I'll take it to heart. The next time I won't say anything to anyone here, since I've seen, it seems, I've witnessed, it seems, what the Totolapa people are like," he said.

"See here, sir," she said. "See here, if you are telling the truth that you don't know, that you have never seen, what it is like in our home here, go on!" she said. "Go wait for me. Sit down there just as you waited for me the first time. Wait for me the very same way, but only if you aren't afraid. But if you are afraid, pray to God! Ask him for a replacement for your thing or else you will stay unchanged forever," she said. "Only if you acquire his strength, paid for and bought," she said.

"Ah!" said that gentleman. "Ah, I guess I understand. I don't know. It's just that I'm nervous, daughter. I'm nervous. I'm so scared," he said.

He arrived. He went to wait for her in the meadow where he had waited for her before. That gentleman accepted his head of cabbage. He drank the present, it seems—a pint. "You see, that daughter of mine will forgive you. You heard what she told you. Thank you. May God repay you. Will you accept a little, son?" said the girl's father. They drank the pint of cane liquor. The one who went to give it drank one shot glassful. That girl accepted that cabbage head of his. He went to pay her with that cabbage head of his in the afternoon. It was exactly three o'clock in the afternoon when he arrived in the place where they went to wait for each other. But the awful cow arrived furiously now. She was snorting at the ground now. Ooh, from way off she terrified the awful man. He was quaking and quaking now. He was terribly scared when he saw the cow.

"I thought it would just be the same girl who was coming. My Lord, I see it's just the same cow coming again!" he said. "God, My Lord, watch over me, St. Dennis, watch over me! Look upon me! Don't let me return, a mere woman, to beneath the feet of St. Lawrence!" he said when the cow came thundering at him. He would have landed way off with a thud, but no, the lucky guy, he was able to grab one horn. The other one, with great difficulty, he grabbed now. If it weren't for that, he would have landed way off. He would have landed way off, rolling, just as had been done to him [before]. Now he succeeded in grabbing the other horn with his hand. So he turned back into a man. If it weren't for that, he would have been a woman ever since, if it weren't for that.

7asutesbon i k'u x7elan chakalbe, yu7un yech pasénsia stak', ti mi yu7un chamajone mi xavutone te k'alal, yu7un ta xkuch ku7un ta xu7 ku7un, ja7 no 7ox kwenta mi mu 7amilone, mi majel no 7ox chavak'bone, mi kastiko no 7ox chavak'bone, chkich' 7o ko7on yan k'ak'al mu xa buch'u k'u xkalbe li7 to 7une, yal ti mi yu7un 7ikil ya7el, 7ijk'el ya7el, ti k'u x7elan k'u xchilel ya7el li jnatijolomal krixchano ya7el 7une," xi la 7un.

"K'el avi, tottik," xi. "K'el avi, mi ti yu7un yech 7aval ti yu7un mu xana7, muk' bu xavil ya7el k'u x7elan ya7el li jnatikótik li7 toe, batan!" xi la. "Te xba malaon 7un, te xachoti chak k'u cha7al 7amalaon li ta primero, ja7 no 7ox yech chamalaon, pero ja7 no me kwenta mi mu naxi7 7une, yan ti mi naxi7e, na7bo me riox mi chak'anbe sk'exol k'usuk 7avu7un 7un bi 7a, yu7un me kom 7o ta j-moj," xi la 7un. "Ja7 to me ti mi 7atabe yipal tojbil manbil," xi la.

"7Aa!" xi la taj mol 7un. "7Aa, yu7un te ta xka7i ka7tik, yu7un mu jna7, yu7un ja7 no 7ox i yu7un no 7ox bik'it ko7on, yay, bik'it ko7on toj tol chixi7," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, k'ot la, ba la smala ti ta stentejtik bu 7o no smala 7une, 7isch'am la ti sjol yitaje yech taj jtata7tik 7une, yuch' la ti matanal ya7el 7une, jun meria 7une. "Va7i 7un laj yo7on taj jtzebe che7e, te 7ava7i ti k'u nayalbe, kol aval sk'extabot riox, mi chavich' j-tz'ujuk, kere?" xi la ti stot ti tzeb 7une. 7Iyuch'ik la ti jun meria trago, j-p'is la yuch' taj buch'u buch'u 7a yak' 7une, 7a taj tzeb 7une ja7 la xch'am taj sjol yitaj 7une, ba la stoj taj sjol yitaj ta smalel 7o 7une, lek la 7oxib 7ora k'ak'al 7ik'ot taj yo7 bu ba smala sbaik 7une, pero kapem xa la k'otel ti mu me7 bakae, svuch'ta xa la balamil, jii, nom no la yak' ti xxi7elal cha7i ti mu vinik 7une, batz'i xt'elelet xa la ta j-mek, 7ixi7 ta j-mek k'alal 7iyil ti vakaxe.

"Mu7nuk ka ja7 no 7ox yech tzeb ta xtal 7un, kajval, yu7un 7o ka ja7 no 7ox yech vakax ta xtal noxtok!" xi la. "Dyox kajval, k'elon me senyor Santo Nixyo, k'elon me 7un, 7ilon me 7un, mi ja7 no 7ox yech 7antz chisut ta yolon yok ti San-torensoe," xi la ti k'alal ti xjomom xa tal li me7 baka 7une, taj to la xpújlij 7ik'ote, mo7oj la li sil 7une, jun la xxulub taj 7istabe ta tzakel 7une, 7a taj jun 7une, vokol xa la stabe ta tzakel, 7a ti yechuke taj to la k'ot, xbalet to la k'ot chak k'u cha7al 7icha7leat 7une, jun xa la xxulub taj 7itojob ta sk'ob taj sta ta tzakel 7une, yech'o la ti pas to ta vinik, 7a ti yechuk 7une, 7antz la k'al tana ti yechuk 7une.

As Tonik finished this remarkable tale, she paused to catch her breath, then turned to me with a wicked gleam in her eye and asked, "Do you know who the man was?" Then triumphantly, "He is my next-door neighbor!" I shrink from contemplating the implications of a literal acceptance of Tonik's statement and will take refuge in folkloristic and ethnographic footnotes.

Totolapa is a Tzotzil-speaking town in the lowlands, famous for its witchcraft, but known to most Zinacantecs only by tales such as this one. San Dionisio or St. Dennis, to whom the poor Zinacantec addresses his fervent entreaties, is the patron saint of Totolapa.

These details, which would seem of minor significance to the reader unfamiliar with Chiapas Indian culture, have special import to a Zinacantec. They involve clothing, greeting, and gift-giving. When Tonik related this tale thirteen years ago, nearly all Zinacantec men were still wearing their gleaming white short shorts. These were such a distinctive piece of their clothing that the Totolapa girl appropriately stressed their foreignness by referring to Zinacantec males as "short-rumped men . . . short-seated men."

For anyone from a culture so casual about greetings as is ours, it is difficult to appreciate the anguish of a Zinacantec man who suddenly discovers that, if the truth were known, he should properly be addressed as "ma'am" not as "sir."

For a Zinacantec to present his girlfriend with so lowly a gift as a head of cabbage, particularly when the stakes are so high, is almost unthinkable. It provokes a retreat into symbolic analysis, but what could a head of cabbage symbolize? At Carnival time

in Chamula, cabbage heads are equated with fetuses (Bricker, 1973b:118). Perhaps he is requesting the restoration of his fertility in this way. In Zinacantán a man's head may be contrasted with a woman's by its roundness and its braidless sphericity. So with a cabbage head, the unfortunate man may also be reminding his lover of his lost identity.

A saga, involving a man from the Zinacantec hamlet of Vo7-bitz, who fell in love with a girl, not from Totolapa but from nearby San Bartolo (Venustiano Carranza), and who suffered identical results, was related by a shaman from Vo7-bitz (Wasserstrom, RFW 2). From Hueyapan, Morelos, and Panajachel come stories of the dangers of sharing the comforts of a foreign girl's pallet. In both cases the boy lost his masculinity, suffered extreme humiliation before his peers, and, only with the greatest difficulty, persuaded his paramour to restore him to manhood (Barrios, 1949:60-63; Tax, 1950, T44).

Witches, who assume the form of cows, are reported from Mitla (Parsons, 1936:364; Radin and Espinosa, 1917:107), and Chan Kom (Redfield and Villa, 1934, T11, T12). In neighboring Chenalhó, the soul of a male witch can charge through one's dreams in the shape of a bull—"A man's kerchief is its horns; his belt is the tail" (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:180). Tonik's own daughter was once the target of a dream cow, whose attacks were foiled after she scrambled onto the roof of her house and, with the expertise of a toreador, waved her mother's shawl at the enraged beast. After a short family deliberation at the breakfast hour, this animal was determined to be a neighbor as well (Laughlin, 1976, D174). See also T75 and notes.

Birth in Totolapa

T129

When babies are born in Totolapa, they go . . . they have caves. When they are born, as soon as they are bathed, [the midwives] cut their cords. When they have finished cutting them, the [babies] are changed. Their blouses are put on. Their skirts are put on. They are wrapped up carefully. They aren't given anything to eat. They aren't given anything to drink. [The people] just go to lay them down that way. Three days they lie in their caves. When the three days are up, if they are alive the morning after the third day, [the people] take them away. They go to nurse them. They give them the breast.

Two weeks after the baby's birth, it seems, they hold a fiesta. They baptise it, but that's because the baby survived all those days when they went to leave it.

Now when it has survived, it seems, it is baptised. They celebrate. They find a godmother and a godfather for it.

It's fine now. Happily, the baby is baptised. They know that the baby appears strong. It is fine. That's why that girl [from Totolapa I just told you about whom my neighbor] went to talk to, did what she did. In the same way she was strong enough to survive those three days and three nights where they went to leave her in the cave.

7A la li 7unen k'al ch7ayan ta Natijolome ta la xba, 7oy la xch'enik, 7a la ti k'al ch7ayane naka no la ch7atin, stuch' ti smixik'e, mi laj stuch'bel 7une, chk'extaat chlapat sk'u7 chlapat stzek chvole ech'el lek, mu7nuk 7o k'u chak'beik slajes, mu7nuk 7o k'u chak'beik yuch', yu7un yech chba spuch'anel yech 7un, 7oxib la k'ak'al ta spuch'i taj ta xch'enik 7une, mi tz'aki 7oxib k'ak'al mi kuxul 7isakub ta 7oxib k'ak'al ta xik'ik ech'el, chba xchu7untasik chak'beik xchu7.

Va7i 7un, ti mi sta vo7-lajuneb k'ak'al ya7el yayanel 7a li 7unene, tzpasik k'in, chak'beik yich'-vo7, 7a li pero yu7un 7ikuch la yu7un ti 7unen ti jayib k'ak'al bu 7a yak'ele.

7Óra, k'al kuchem xa yu7un ya7el 7une, chich' vo7 7une, tzpasik k'in 7un, tzsab7eik xch'ul-me7 xch'ul-tot.

Va7i 7un, lek xa 7un, jun xa yo7on chich' vo7 ti 7unen 7une, sna7ojik ti tzotz ya7el chlok' ti 7unen 7une, lek 7un, yech'o xal ti ja7 yech 7ispas taj tzeb 7a sk'oponel 7une, 7i yu7un ja7 yech tzotz 7ikuch yu7un taj 7oxib k'ak'al 7oxib 7ak'ubal 7a yak'el ta ch'en 7une.

When it doesn't survive, when it is dead on the morning after those three days, they simply take it out of there and go bury it. When they have finished burying it, they return home. They haven't a child, it seems. But when they survive, then they are baptised. They celebrate. They eat and drink with their godmother and their godfather.

A similar account of Totolapa birth practices was given me by Romin Teratol, who added that their witches were powerful

Va7i 7un, ti k'al bu mu skuch la yu7un 7une, ja7 taj chamem la sakub taj ta 7oxib k'ak'al 7une, solel xa tztamik lok'el te yo7 7une, chba smukik 7un, mi laj smukik 7une, sutik tznaik 7un, mu7yuk yolik ya7el, yan chak k'al xkuch yu7un 7une, ja7 li chich' vo7, tzpasik k'in, chve7ik, chuch'ik vo7 xchi7uk xch'ul-me7, xch'ul-tot.

enough to kill all the chili and banana thieves who raided their crops.

The Spook and the Saints

T130

Once there was a Spook who asked for permission from one, asked for permission from another. He went to the Church of the Holy Martyr [St. Sebastian]. "Marty, give me one or two of your children as presents, for I long to take them off to my house. They'll be company for me. I'll be happy [having someone] to talk to," said the man who arrived. But it wasn't a real man, it was a Spook.

"Ah, I don't know. I don't know what my younger brother Larry [St. Lawrence] would think. Go talk to Larry! Who knows what Larry will tell you. If Larry tells you, *Take them!* then what else could I say?" said Marty. [The Spook] went to talk to Larry.

"Larry, won't you please give me one or two of your children, because you have many now. It isn't as if you hadn't any children, it seems. You have many children, it seems," said the Spook. [That's what] he told Larry.

"Me, I'll never give away my children. I'll never give my children. I'm content with my children. They remember to bring me my flowers. They remember to bring me my candles, at dusk and at dawn. Even if it isn't every one of them, but when it occurs to them, when they remember to come, then I'm satisfied. I won't give my children. And you, what have you brought me? What is it? You, what will you give me? Step aside, nuisance! Please don't get me angry or I'll hit you," said St. Lawrence.

Oh, [the Spook] waited awhile. Then he went to talk to the Holy Martyr. "Marty, favor me with one or two of your children, your offspring, because I want them for company. I want to talk to them," he said.

"Oh, but you are certainly telling a lie! It isn't because you'll befriend them. It isn't because you'll talk to them. You'll go stick them somewhere in the mountains, in the caves. It isn't because you know how to talk. But me, I'm satisfied that they sweep my house, tidy my house, that they come to look after my house. They always come to give me my

7A la ti vo7ne 7oy la j7ik'al to 7ox, sk'anbe la lisensya jun sk'anbe la lisensya jun, chbat la ta ch'ul-martil, "Martil, k'elanbon junuk cha7-vo7uk 7a li 7ach'amaltake yu7un ta jk'upin ka7i, chkik' ech'el ta jna chba jchi7in, bal no 7ox ka7i jk'opon," xi la ti vinik chk'ote. Pero mu la lekil vinikuk 7un, j7ik'al la 7un.

Va7i 7un, "7A, mu jna7, mu jna7 k'u xi kitz'in Lol, ba k'opono Lol, jna7tik k'u xayut ti Lole, 7a li 7ik'o! mi xayut ti Lole, k'u xa xu7 chkal li vo7on 7un bi 7a?" xi la ti Martil 7une. Ba la sk'oponel ti Lole.

"Lol, mi ja7 no 7ox mu xa7abolaj xavak'bon junuk cha7-vo7uk 7ach'amal yu7un 7a li lavi 7ep 7avu7une, 7a li mu yu7unuk ch'abal 7ach'amaltak ya7el, 7ep 7ach'amaltak ya7el," xi la ti j7ik'ale. Xut la ech'el ti Lol 7une.

"7A li vo7on a7a, muk' bu ta jk'elan jch'amaltak, muk' bu ta xkak' jch'amaltak, bal xka7i li jch'amaltake, chisna7be tal jnichimal chisna7be tal jkantelail ta xmal ta sakub, 7ak' 7o mi mu skotoluk pero ti bu xyul ta sjol ti k'al chisna7 talele, bal xka7i vo7on a7a, mu xkak' jch'amal, 7a li vo7ote k'usi chavich'bon tal, 7a li k'usi 7a li vo7ote k'usi chavak'bon, k'ej aba sa7sonel, 7avokoluk, mu xasok jjol, naka me jmajot," xi la ti jch'ul-tottik San-torensoe.

Va7i 7un, 7ej, smala la 7ech' sk'ak'alil noxtok 7un, ba la yalbe li jch'ul-tottik Maltile. "Martil, k'uxubinon junuk cha7-vo7uk, li 7avalabe, lanich'nabe yu7un chak jchi7in ka7i chak jk'opon ka7i," xi la ech'el.

"7Aj, pero yech chaval vo7ot a7a, mu7nuk chachi7in mu7nuk chak'opon ja7 ti bu chba kakan ta vitz ta ch'ene, mu yu7unuk xana7 xak'opon, yan i vo7one bal xka7i tal smes jna, tal xch'uba jna, ta xtal sk'el jna, ta to xtal yak' jnichimal, ta to xtal yak' jkantelail, ta to xtal yak' jpamal, bal xka7i li jch'amaltake, melel mu skotoluk ta sna7 yech, mu

flowers. They always come to give me my candles. They always come to give me my incense. I'm happy with my children. It's true not all of them do that. Not all of them come to give me things like that. But whoever it is, they each take turns. One day, one. Another day, another. Or another day, none. But I'm satisfied with my children. You, what do you bring me? You, what do you offer me? You are just pestering and pestering [me] at dusk and at dawn. What do you come bringing me? *Oh, Marty, give me one of your children! Oh, Marty, give me one of your sons, give me one of your daughters! Even if it's a girl, that's good enough for me!* you say, you tell [me]. But, as for me, I won't give away my children. I've been sick of this right from the start. Go, go to Johnny's House [St. John's]. Maybe it won't take long if you want to talk to him."

"Oh, I don't remember where Johnny's house is."

"Well, go talk to my younger brother, Larry! See what he tells you. Try him out! But as for me I've said that I certainly won't give them away. I won't give them away, because I'm happy with them," he said. [The Spook] went. He just chattered away.

"Larry, give me one of your children, because I want one, I need one. I want company, I want [someone] to talk to. I'm happy [if I have someone] to talk to there where I live," said the horrible Spook at Larry's place.

You see, as for the awful Spook—"Oh, if you want one I'll give you one because I'm just sick and tired of this. You keep pestering me so. Go, look! One's coming over there. Go look at that one! Go meet that one on the trail there! He's coming there on the path," said [Larry].

But it was a great big mule he went to hug. It was a good kicking he got. He landed way off, face up.

I don't know if it was the back of his head that he struck. For a long time he felt the pain, [while he stayed] there in his house. The horrible Spook had returned home. He was sick. His head had been aching. I don't know if it was for one week or two, or how long it was until it got well. "You did that, Larry, you did that to me! Was it a human being? It wasn't a human being you gave me. It was a great big mule!"

"It's because you can't see well, you're blind. You know you don't know how to look. A person was coming and he had a good laugh when you landed over there on your back," said Larry.

But you know, "If only you weren't so mean-hearted. Come on, I guess I'll talk to Marty. [I'll see] if he gives me [one]. If Marty says to me, *Take him*, then I'll take him for sure!" he said. [The Spook] went. He arrived there at Marty's. "Marty, favor me with one of your children, because I want company.

skotoluk ta xtal yak'bon yech, pero buch'uk junukal te tzjel sba ju-jun tal, jun k'ak'al i june, mi jun k'ak'al i june, mi jun k'ak'al ch'abal pero bal chka7i li jch'amaltak, 7a li vo7ote k'usi chavak'bon, 7a li vo7ote k'usi chak'elanbon, k'ajom no 7ox te xasa7son te xasa7son ta xmal ta sakub, k'u chtal 7avak'bon chak taje. *7Ey, Maltil, 7ak'bon junuk 7ach'amal, 7ey, Maltil, 7ak'bon junuk 7akrem 7ak'bon junuk 7atzeb 7ak' 7o mi tzebuk bal xka7i*, xachi xak'opoj. Pero li vo7one mu xkak' jch'amaltak, vo7ne ta j-likel ta j-meke chtavan xa xka7i, batan, batan ta sna 7a li li Xune, ja7 nan mu to jaluk mi xak'an xba 7ak'opon."

"7Aj, mu jna7be bu sna li Xune."

"7An, ba k'opono 7a li kitz'in Lol che7e, k'u xayute, ti mi yu7un layak'be proval kik, yan li vo7one yu7un kal ti mu xkak' a7a, yu7un mu xkak', yu7un bal xka7i," xi la. Bat la 7un, 7aj, te no 7ox x7i7on.

"Lol, 7ak'bon junuk 7ach'amal yu7un ta jk'an ta xtun ku7un ta jk'an ta jchi7in, ta jk'opon, bal no 7ox xka7i jk'opon i te yo7 bu nakalone," xi la ech'el ti ta Lol ti mu j7ik'al 7une.

K'u la xavil ti mu j7ik'al 7une, 7a li "7Aj, chak'an junuk chakak'be, yu7un batz'i tavan xa xka7i te no 7ox xasa7son ta j-meke, batan 7avi taj xtal june, ba k'elo le7e nupo le7 ta bee le7 xtal le7 ta jun sorale," xi la.

Bu, j-kot la yil ka7 smeyoj 7ik'ot 7un, lek la like ta tek'el 7un, taj to la javajtik 7ik'ote.

Va7i 7un, mu jna7 mi spat sjol bu taj 7itijbat 7une, jal to la ba ya7ibe sk'uxul taj ta sna 7une, 7isut la ech'el tzna ti mu j7ik'al 7une, te la 7ip 7un, 7ip to 7ox la ti sjol 7une, mu jna7 mi vaxakib mi vo7-lajuneb k'ak'al k'u la xi bat 7un, ja7 to la ti lekub 7une.

"Xapas ka yech 7un, Lol, la x7elan 7acha7leon 7une, mi krixchano 7un, mu krixchanouk lavak'bon 7une, yijil ka7 7une."

"Yu7un mu xk'ot 7asat, yu7un ma7-satot, mu xavil mu xana7 sk'elel k'el avil te xtal ti krixchano, lek 7isk'el 7elav ni k'al taj to javal lak'ote," xi la ti Lole.

Bu xavil 7un, "7A, manchuk vo7ot no 7ox i toj pukuj 7avo7one, la7 jk'opon kik i Maltile mi ja7 xiyak'be *7Ik'ol* mi xiyut i Maltile pero chba kik' 7un bi!" xi la 7un. Bat 7un, k'ot taj ta Maltile. "Maltil, k'uxubinon junuk lach'amaltake, yu7un ta jk'an ta jchi7in, jk'an ta jk'opon bal no 7ox ka7i smeltzan

I want [someone] to talk to. I'm content if they fix my meal when I go someplace."

"Where in the world do *you* go?"

"Oh, I go to the churches, I go visiting at the houses. I go wherever I can find bread to eat. Because I only eat bread. I don't eat tortillas," he said.

"Where in the world is your bread? Where in the world do you get money to pay for the bread? It's just stolen by you. Stupid loafer, step aside!" said the Holy Martyr.

"That's why I'm asking you."

"Oh, go, go take one! I've been sick and tired of this from the start. Go take one! There's one coming on the Chamula trail," he said. [The Spook] quickly went to look. As it turned out, he went and hugged a horrible hawthorn tree, too.

"But Marty, I've hurt myself badly. Thorns stuck in my mouth, thorns stuck in my face. You just tricked me. It certainly was a horrible hawthorn I hugged."

"It's because you can't see! There he is walking away. It's because you can't see. Go look! There he is," [Marty] told him again.

"I guess I'll go look," he said. So then he landed in the river, submerged [in the river], pushed off the bridge by the kick of a mule that was crossing over. He landed in the river, submerged in the river. God, at that time the river was full. He was carried off by the river as far as Pum-lajan 7Uk'um [Roaring River] or wherever it was the Spook was able to get out.

You see, he got out. He was tossed out by the flooding river. Probably he didn't drown. Maybe nothing happened to him. So he came again to talk the same way. "You know, I fell in the river."

"Don't fall in the river! It's because you walk on the edge of the bridge. The mule pushed you off, but mules walk on one side, people on the upper side. You can't succeed the way you are. Don't keep coming and making me lose my temper! You haven't anything to say to me anymore. Go look for someone else to give you others. [See] if there is someone who will offer them to you, but me, I won't give away my children. My children please me. My children are sick and tired of being frightened. You scare them so often. One came to complain yesterday. You see, you nearly dragged her out of her house. You see, you scared her. You see, you caught her chickens. You see, you killed her chicks. You see, you drank a water gourd full of eggs.

"Now, they were useful to my children to pay for my candles, to pay for my flowers. What happened to the poor [people's] eggs? You broke all of them. You sucked all of them. Are you a weasel that you drank my children's things? That's why I won't give

jve7el la k'al bu chibate."

"Bu ma xana7 xak'ot?"

"7An, chik'ot ta 7eklixetik, yu7un chik'ot ta vula7al ta naetik, ja7 ti bu xba jsa7 yo7 kaxlan vaj jve7e, yu7un naka kaxlan vaj jna7 sve7el, mu jna7 sve7el vaj," xi la.

Va7i 7un, "Bu ma lakaxlan vaj bu ma chatabe stojol li kaxlan vaj, naka 7avelek' sonso jaragan k'ej aba!" xi la ti jch'ul-maltile.

"Yech'o me ti chajk'anbe 7une."

"7An, batan, ba 7ik'o, batz'i ta xa xtavan xka7i, vo7ne ta likele, ba 7ik'o, 7a le7 xtal jun ta belel Chamu7e," xi la. Ba la sk'el ta 7anil 7un, lajeltza yil ch'ix la smeyoj 7ik'ot noxtok 7un.

"Pero Maltil, batz'i lilaj ta j-mek, 7i7och ch'ix ta ke, 7i7och ch'ix ta jsat, batz'i yech 7alo7loon 7un, yil ch'ix jmeyoj 7ik'ot a7a,"

"Yu7un mu xk'ot tasat, 7a la le7 xva7von ech'ele che7e yu7un mu xk'ot tasat, batan avil 7a le7 xlok'e," xut la noxtok.

"Ba jk'el kik che7e," xi la 7un. Ja7 la taj tz'ajal la k'ot ta 7uk'um, puje ta tek'el yu7un mu ka7 ch7ech' ta ba k'o, tz'ajal la k'ot ta 7uk'um 7un, dyox, ja7 7o la noj ti 7uk'um 7une, bat ta 7uk'um 7un, ta 7a li ta Pum-lajan 7Uk'um mi bu to la k'ot ta lok'el ti ti j7ik'al 7une.

Va7i 7un, lok' la 7un, jipe lok'el ta nojel 7uk'um 7une, muk' nan xjik'av 7un, muk' nan k'u spase, ja7 la yech tal yal noxtok. "Buy 7un, lip'aj ta 7uk'um."

"Mu xap'aj ta 7uk'um yu7un ti7il ba k'o chaxanav yech'o xal ti chap'aj ta 7uk'ume, 7a ti manchuk ti7il ba k'o laxanave che7e, 7a li nastixp'un ni ka7e, pero yu7un ka7 ch7ech' i ta j-jote, xi li krixchano ta 7ak'ole, yu7un mu xatojob chak li7e, mu xa xtal 7asokilan jjol, mu xa k'u xtal 7avalbon, ba xak'el 7o buch'u xayak'be yan, mi 7o buch'u xask'elanbee, yan i vo7one mu jk'elan jch'amaltak bal xka7i jch'amaltak tavan xa7i li jch'amaltak ta sibtasele, toj tol no la chasibtas, li7 7a sk'an parte jun voljee, va7i jutuk mu 7akil lok'el ta snae, va7i 7asibtase va7i 7atzakbe yalak'e, va7i 7amilbe svivichtake, va7i 7avuch' j-p'ej pulum vo7 ton kaxlane."

"7Óra, bal cha7i li jch'amaltak 7une mi stojol jkantela mi stojol jnichim, k'usi ti ston yalak' proveetik 7une, 7avok'anbe skotol, 7avuch'anbe skotol, mi sabenot chavuch'anbe k'usuk yu7un i jch'amaltake, yech'o mu xa k'u xakak'be, k'ej aba

you anything. Step aside! Go on! Go to Johnny's country! Try it! He has lots. He has lots of children. But me, mine can be counted. I just have a few little children. Take a look [and see] if Johnny will give his to you," said [Marty].

[The Spook] arrived in his land, Johnny's land. "But what can I think up? What can I do? Would it be a good idea if I bought a candle? Would he be pleased with a candle? Or should I buy him cane liquor, maybe? If I tell him *Let's drink!* would he drink?" said the Spook. "Eh, but if he doesn't drink [my liquor]? It's better if I buy a candle," he said. He planted his candle at the church door so that the saint would hear him out, so that the saint would come out. Maybe he thought he would come out to talk. He rang the bell. "Bong!" went the bell at midnight. Oh, the poor Chamulans were scared. The Chamulans went. They went, went to look at their church.

"The robber has already entered the church. There's no time left. Our saints will die. Let's go look! Let's go take care of our church!" they said. The Chamulans blew their horns. They assembled. They swarmed out. The horrible Spook was scared. He fled, too, because the Chamulans gathered like that.

"But can't I find even one church that will be kind to me? Look, Johnny didn't give me even one of his children. His children gathered together. Their guns were cracking, just to kill me."

"You see, I fled. I was scared. That's why I came," he told his Spook friend. He went to tell him there at his cave.

"But go! It's you who have always gone out. Go do your best now that your face has been seen already, it seems. Go talk to him, but talk to Johnny alone! *Johnny, give me one of your children. You have too many. You can't be happy letting them eat fish, letting them eat June bug grubs, letting them eat maggots. That isn't what you should give them. Give me one! Me, I won't eat him, not me! I want him for company, you tell him!*" the other one said.

"The [first Spook] arrived there. He went to tell him that. "Give me one!"

"Go take her! That's it! I'm sick and tired of this now," said [Johnny].

But you know the woman given to him was a little old lady. But the little old lady wasn't good for anything! She couldn't even see. Quickly at vespers he went to catch the little old lady. The little old lady just fainted with fear when the horrible Spook carried her off. "Where are you taking me, son? Where are you taking me, son? Where are you going to leave me, son?" she cried when she was carried off.

batan batan ta slumal 7a li Xune, 7iktan ja7 ja7 7ep yu7un a7a, ja7 7ep xch'amaltak, yan li vo7one 7atbil no 7ox jay-vo7 ti kunen ch'amaltake, k'elo kik mi xayak'be li Xune," xi la.

Va7i 7un, k'ot ti ta slumal slumal i Xun 7une. "7A li pero k'usi van ta jnop 7un, k'usi van xi ta jpas 7un, mi ja7 van lek ti jman ech'el junuk jkantelae, mi ja7 van spich' yo7on kantelae, mi ta jmanbe van trago. *Kuch'tik!* xkute, mi skuch' van?" xi la ti j7ik'ale. "7Ee, 7a ti mi mu liyuch'be 7une, ja7 mas lek ta jman jkantela," xi la. Spaj la ti skantela la ti7 7eklixa 7une, yo7 la ti x7a7yibat 7o yu7un ti jch'ul-tottik, xlok' tal ti jch'ul-tottik, xa7uk nan chlok' tal k'opojuk 7une, stijbe la ti tak'ine ti "Kan" xi la ti kampana ta 7ol 7ak'ubal yu7une, jiii, xi7 7o la ti prove 7ulo7etike, bat la ti 7ulo7etik 7une bat la, ba la sk'elik ti yeklixa 7une.

"Ja7 xa 7och ti j7elek' ta 7eklixae, mu xa yorauk li7e, ta xa xlaj ti k'ajsantotike, ba jk'eltik kik ba jchabitik kik xa ti keklizatike!" xi la. Yok'esin la skachu ti 7ulo7etik 7une, 7istzob la sbaik 7un, xlinet la ech'el 7un, xi7 la ti mu j7ik'ale, jatav la noxtok 7un ti x7elan 7istzob sba ti 7ulo7 7une.

"Pero mu no 7ox bu jta k'uxubinel junuk 7eklixa 7un che7e, k'e li Xune, mu xiyak'be junuk xch'amaltak, k'ajom stzob sba i xch'amaltake, xpumlajet xa ti tuk' chismil 7oe."

"Va7i 7un, lijatav 7un lixi7 7un, yech'o lital 7un," xut la ti xchi7il ta 7ik'alil, k'ot yalbe ti yo7 bu ti xch'en 7une.

Va7i 7un, "Pero batan xa kik, vo7ot xa lok'emot 7onoxe, ba lajeso kik 7avo7on lavi 7ilbil xa 7asat ya7ele, ba xak'opon 7o kik pero xak'opon stuk 7a li Xune, *Xun 7ak'bon junuk lach'amaltake toj 7ep 7avu7un ma7uk no 7ox lek xava7i chavak'be sti7 choy chavak'be sti7 k'onom, chavak'be sti7 7a li, chavak'be sti7 7a li xuvit ma7uk no 7ox ja7 xavak'be 7un, 7ak'bon junuk i vo7one mu7nuk ta jti7 li vo7on a7a, yu7un ta jchi7in 7uto ech'el!*" xi la ti jun 7une.

Va7i 7un, k'ot la ti jun 7une, ba la yalbe yech 7un. "7Ak'bon junuk!"

"Ba 7ik'o, te no 7ox k'alal, chtavan xa xka7i," xi la.

Bu la xavil, 7a la ti 7antz ya7el 7i7ak'bat 7une, jun la 7unen me7el xa ta j-mek pero mu xa la k'u xtun 7o ti 7unen me7ele mi ja7uk xa la k'ot ssat, j-likel 7o la 7orisyon 7a stzak ti 7unen me7ele, 7a ti 7unen me7el 7une ja7 xa no la cham 7o ti xi7el ti k'al tzak 7ech'el yu7un ti mu j7ik'ale. "Bu chavik'on ech'el 7un, kerem, bu chavik'on ech'el 7un, kerem, bu xba 7avak'on 7un, kerem?" xi la ti k'al kuchbil ech'el.

"Wait, Nanita! Wait, Nanita! Wait, Nanita!" answered the horrible Spook.

"Where are you going to leave me, son? But I know my house has been left far behind already. I know my house is far away. Where are you leaving me?" That's what the little old lady was screaming. The little old lady's heart was worn out, because she was so terribly old. She fainted with fear. He just arrived and threw her in the cave when he arrived. She slept. The little old lady slept.

It was just "Darling, let's sleep together! Darling, eat!" the Spook was trying to say to her. God, the little old lady didn't move now. She was just speechless. At daybreak the next day the little old lady was dead.

That horrible Spook went to offer candles. "This is how you tricked me. The little old lady you gave me is dead already. The old woman you gave me. She isn't alive. I just arrived to lay her down in my house. She only said to me, *Where are you going to leave me?* I told her, *Wait, Nanita, I'm going to take you home!* Wait, Nanita, I'm going to take you home! I thought she was fine. The little old lady you gave me was already dead. I thought she was alive," said the horrible Spook. He went to tell Johnny. The little old lady he was given was very, very old. The little old lady hadn't the strength to speak anymore. She died of fright.

You see how it was, what it was that happened long ago. The way the Spooks asked and asked permission of the saints, it seems. It was just one little old lady that he was given to appease him. Not many were given. The last time he went to ask for one he was given a boy. But the boy was riding a horse. [The Spook] endured the horse's kicking. The boy fell. Then [the Spook] grabbed him and carried him off. The horse was left standing there. That was surely the first time he won. He just went and stuck the boy in a cave.

You know another time at the place where clay is dug [for making pottery] an old Chamulan lady was digging clay, it seems. She had a little girl. Her little girl was maybe twelve or fifteen years old or so. "Take your clay, daughter! Go take it home! Knead it a while after you arrive," she told the girl.

"All right," said the girl. She was kneading her little bit of clay by the door.

But you see, her grandmother hadn't arrived when [the Spook] came whooshing down. She thought it was a buzzard standing there. [The grandmother] arrived at her door. Then she saw that the poor girl had been taken off. [The Spook] went. He carried her off. "Just stay there, girl, just stay there! We've returned home now. See which chicken you'll eat. [Do you want] to eat the black hen or [do you want]

"Espérate, naníta, espérate, naníta, espérate, naníta!" xi la ti yil j7ik'al 7une.

"Bu chba 7avak'on 7un, kerem, pero 7a ti jna 7une, nat xa me kom chka7i 7un, nom xa me ti jna chka7i 7une, bu chakomeson 7un?" Ja7 la x7avet ti 7unen me7el, lubtzaj la yo7on ti 7unen me7ele, ja7 la ti batz'i me7el xa ta j-mek 7une, ja7 xa la ti xi7el 7icham 7o 7une, naka la k'ot sjip ti ta ch'en ti k'alal 7ik'ot 7une, vay la 7un, vay la ti 7unen me7ele.

Naka la, "7A li 7ijíta, vayikotik, 7ijíta, ve7an!" ya7uk la yut ti mu j7ik'al 7une. Dyox, mu xa la xbak' ti 7unen me7ele, solel la makal ye, ta yok'omal la chamem la sakub ti 7unen me7el 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 la ba yak' skantela taj mu j7ik'al. "Li x7elan 7alo7lo7one, 7unen me7el chamem xa ti me7el 7avak'bone, mu7nuk kuxuluk naka k'ot jpuch'an li ta jnae, k'ajom ti *Bu chba 7avak'on, kerem, bu chba 7avak'on, kerem?* xiyute. *Malao, naníta, ta xba kak'ot ta jnatik, malao, naníta, ta xba kak'ot ta jnatik!* xkut. Xak' to lekuk, chamem xa ma ti 7unen me7el 7avak'bon ech'ele, ma7n ka kuxuluk," xi la ti mu j7ik'al. 7A la yalbe ti Xun 7une, 7i7ak'bat jun 7unen batz'i me7el xa la ti 7unen me7el 7une, 7a ti 7unen me7el 7une mu xa yu7unuk statzub 7ik'opoj 7un, xi7el xa la cham 7o 7un.

Va7i k'u cha7al ti, 7a ti vo7ne ya7el x7elan ta sk'an naka ta sk'an permiso ta jch'ul-tottik ya7el li j7ik'aletik 7une, ja7 taj jun la 7unen me7el ti patbat yo7on 7une, mu la bu x7ak'bat 7ep, 7a ti ta slajeb xa ya7el 7a to sk'an 7une, 7a la sk'an 7un, ja7 la 7ak'bat jun krem pero kajal la ta ka7 ti krem 7une, kuch la yu7un ti puje ta tek'ele yu7un ti ka7e, 7ip'aj la ta ka7 ti krem 7une, ja7 to la stam, 7ispet ech'el 7un ja7 la kotal 7ikom ti ka7 7une, ja7 la me primero 7ispas kanal 7un bi, 7a ti kreme, naka la 7a yotes ta ch'en 7un.

Bu xavil noxtok 7un, ta jotz'ob lum la 7un, ta la sjotz' lum ti jun me7el 7antz kulo7tik ya7el 7une, 7o la sk'ox tzeb 7un, 7a ti sk'ox tzeb ya7el 7une, te nan mi lajcheb mi vo7-lajuneb jabil k'u xi yich'oj 7un. "Kucho ech'el lalume, tzeb, ba 7ak'o ta jnatik t'abuk juch'ilan 7o mi nak'ot 7une," xut la ti tzeb.

"7Ey," xi la ti tzeb 7une. Sjuch'ilan la ti yunen lum ta ti7 na 7une.

Bu xavil 7un, mu to 7ox la chk'ot ti smuk'ta me7 7une, k'alal i xjumum xa la tal, xa7uk la xulemuk 7un, kotal la, k'ot ta sti7 sna 7un, ja7 to la yil ti 7ik'e ech'el ti prove tzeb 7une, bat la 7un, 7a li 7iyik' la ech'el 7un. "Tean no me 7un, tzeb, tean no me 7un, lavi liyulotik xa li7 ta jnatike, k'elo bu j-kotukal lavalak' chati7e, mi ja7 xati7 7a li 7ik'al me7 kaxlane, mi ja7 xati7 ti li sararine, k'elo bu j-kotukal, milo 7un,

to eat the barred one? See which one! Kill it! Then put aside my share for me. I'll come back to eat. As for me, I'm going to bring food for us," said the horrible Spook.

"All right," answered the girl. But she was upset, stuck in a deep cave. She cooked her meal. She had pots, bowls, gourds, whatever [she needed] to prepare her meal. She prepared it. She ate.

But you know [the Spook] just ate meat, not tortillas, not the things we eat. He just had meat.

They ate. They ate the meat. The Spook arrived. He had carried off a crate of bread. "Here is the bread for your meal. Cook your meal! Eat! You have nothing to worry about. Please don't be sad!" he said.

But you see, on the third night after her arrival the girl had a child. A little baby Spook was born. As for the baby Spook, the woman took sick [because of him]. The woman told how her child was born, the little baby Spook, it seems. "Nanita! Nanita!" that's how the baby Spook talked. Who knows if it grew up in one night. Hm!

Who knows how the Spook grew up to talk that way. The girl was frightened by it. "Why does my child talk like this? Why does it say *Nanita*? My Lord, but can it be some kind of dirty business? Could his father be a devil?" she said. For the poor girl didn't know what it was that had carried her off.

You see when hunters passed by on the trail, "Hoo heigh, come take me out! Look at me, because I'm helpless. I'm sick now. I don't want to be here anymore. The cold is terrible. I'm suffering terribly from the cold where I am. I hadn't any [warm] clothes when I was brought here. Who are you?" she asked. "Is it you, uncle?"

"It's me, niece. What do you want, for I've come looking for you?" asked the gentleman. "What do you have to tell me, niece?"

"I came here. I'm sick. I have a child now. It's the child of the man I came with. Take me out, uncle!"

"Wait, I'll get my lasso, I'll get it. I'll get you out on condition, niece, that your husband isn't there. He'd kill us. [We'll get you out on condition] that he doesn't shoot us," said the [other] Chamulans.

"No uncle, he's gone to bring bread for us to eat. Don't be afraid, uncle! Don't be afraid! Please take me away, uncle, because I'm already beginning to swell here in the frightful cold, uncle. Please may the Holy Virgin enter thy beautiful heart, uncle. Take me away!"

"Grab the lasso, tie it around your waist! Grab the end of it!" he told her. He threw his lasso down [to

te xanak'bon jrasyon, te chul ve7ikon, 7a li vo7one chba jsa7 tal jve7eltik," xi la ti mu j7ik'ale.

"7Ey," xi la ti tzeb 7une. Pero yan la sba ti yo7on 7une, tik'il la ta natil ch'en 7un, span la ti sve7ele, 7o la ti sp'ine, 7o la ti spulatue, 7o la ti sboche, ti k'utikuk 7ismeltzan 7o ti sve7ele, 7ismeltzan la 7un, ve7 la 7un.

K'usi 7un, naka la bek'et ta sti7 7un, mu7yuk la ti vaje, mu7yuk la ti k'u chalajes ta j-mek yu7un 7une, ja7 no la ti bek'et 7oy 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7isti7ik la ti 7isti7ik la ti bek'et 7une, k'ot la taj j7ik'al 7une, jun la kolol te7 kaxlan vaj skuchoj ech'el 7un. "Li7 me tal skaxlan vaj i lave7el 7une, pano mave7el 7un, ve7an me 7un, mu me k'u xal 7avo7on, mu me xati7olaj!" xi la.

Bu xavil 7un, ta yoxibal la 7ak'ubal ti sk'otel 7une, 7oy xa la yol ti tzeb 7une, 7ayan la jun 7unen k'ox j7ik'al 7un, 7a la ti k'ox j7ik'al 7une, 7i7ipaj la ti 7antz 7une, 7a ti yaloj la ti 7antz 7un ti x7elan 7i7ayan ti yol, 7unen k'ox j7ik'al ya7el 7une. "Nanita, nanita!" xi xa la. Chk'opoj ti 7unen j7ik'al 7une, ja7 mu jna7tik mi ta jun 7ak'ubal i chch'i. Jmm!

Mu jna7tik k'usi xi ch'i ti j7ik'al ya7el taj k'al x7elan chal 7une, 7a ti tzeb 7une, xi7 7o la 7un. "K'u van yu7un ti x7elan ta xal ti kol ya7el 7une, k'u yu7un ti *Nanita* xi 7une, kajval, pero mi yu7 van yu7 van k'usi yabtel mi pukuj van i stote?" xi la. Yu7un mu sna7 k'usi ti 7ik'ojonuk ech'el ti prove tzeb 7une.

K'u xavil 7un, ja7 to la ti k'alal 7ech' la, 7ech' la jpxyaletik ta be 7un. "Ju je, la7 7ik'ikon, la! k'elikon, yu7un batz'i mu xa xu7, 7ipon xa mu xa jk'an li7one, 7animal ti sike, 7animal ti chicham ya7el ta sik li buyone, ch'abal jk'u7 ti 7ik'bilon tal, buch'uoxuk?" xi la. "Mi vo7ot, jun tot?"

"Vo7on, jun nich'on, k'usi chak'an yu7un me tal jsa7ot," xi la ti mol 7une. "K'usi chavalon, jun nich'on?"

"Yu7un li7 talemone, yu7un 7ipon 7un, 7oy xa jun kol, ja7 7oy jun xch'amal i vinik 7ijchi7in tale, 7a li 7ik'on lok'el, jun tot!"

"Malao ta jsa7 ti jriatae, ta jsa7 chajlok'es tal, kwentan me 7un, jun nich'on, mi muk' bu te tamalal 7une, xismilotik 7un, 7a ti mi mu pistola xak' 7o," xi la ti kulo7tik 7une.

"Mo7oj a7a, jun tot, batem ssa7 tal kaxlan vaj ve7ikutik, mu xaxi7, jun tot, mu xaxi7, 7abolajan lok'eson ech'el, jun tot, yu7un ta xa xlik jsitubel li7 ta sik ta j-meke, ta xa chicham, ta xa chicham ti ta mu sike, jun tot, 7abolajan, 7ochuk ti riox jch'ul-me7tik ta nichimal 7oronone, jun tot, 7ik'on ech'el!"

"Tzako tal li riata chuko tach'ut 7un, ja7 xavikbe i sbae!" xut la 7un. 7Isjip la yalel ti sriatae, 7ox-p'ej la

her]. Three lengths of rope went into the cave. Ooh, it was hard getting the woman out.

But you see, "Nanita! Nanita!" said the horrible Spook coming up hanging on to her skirt. Her child [was clinging] to the hem of her skirt.

Pull it off with your hand, niece! Throw it off! It's on the hem of your skirt. Don't you bring up the spawn of your companion in deviltry!" said her uncle.

"All right, uncle," she said. With one hand she held on to the rope, with the other hand she grabbed it and threw it down. That "Nani—ta!" could still be heard inside the cave from that horrible baby Spook.

Then the woman came out. So then they took her away. They went to leave her at her home. They looked for the girl's house. They went to leave her at her home.

The poor girl had already begun to swell up. It was a sign of her having been submerged in water. Who knows how many days—she was submerged for a long time in water. Because it seems that her dirt had washed off. Her face was completely white. That's what the face of that poor girl was like.

But she didn't last long. It was only three months and three weeks that she was alive. She died. She just reached home and died. For the girl's swelling had already begun. It was because the horrible Spook's prick was so long. His prick was six feet long. That's why she told her uncle, "Come, take me out!" Because she knew she was dying. The swelling had already begun. She just reached home and died.

This account of the Spook's attempts to win the cooperation of the venerable saint of Zinacantán, St. Sebastian, or alternatively of his younger brother, St. Lawrence, patron of Zinacantán, or failing that, of the patron saint of Chamula, St. John, so that they will provide him with company is perhaps Tonik's most masterful narrative. St. Sebastian's suggestion, that St. John might contribute some of his children because he has so many, is a true reflection of the much higher population of Chamulans. It is a widely held belief of Zinacantecs that their patron saint guards his children with far greater zeal than does St. John.

riata 7i7och ti ta yut ch'en 7une, jii, vokol la me lok' tal ti 7antz 7une.

Bu xavil, "Nanáta, naníta!" xi la ti mu j7ik'ale. Jipil tal ta stzek taj yol ta sti7 stzek taj yol 7une.

"Tzako lok'el tak'ob, jun nich'on, jipo lok'el li7 ta sti7il 7atzeke, mu xa 7avik' talel stz'unbal li 7achi7iltak ta pukujale!" xi la ti sjun tot 7une.

"Yechuk, jun tot," xi la. Jun xa la sk'ob stzako ti ch'ojone, jun la sk'ob xi tzak 7isten yalel 7une. Ja7 taj "Naní---ta!" xi to la xvinaj ta yut ti ch'en ti mu k'ox j7ik'al 7une.

Va7i 7un, ja7 xa la lok' tal ti 7antz 7une, ja7 7o la yik'ik ech'el 7un, ba la yak'ik sna 7un, ssa7beik la bu sna ti tzeb 7une, ba la yak'ik ti ta sna 7une.

Va7i, k'u cha7al 7a ti prove tzeb 7une, yech xa la likemik situbel, pasuk kwenta xa la yu7un yu7un 7a li ja7 la yilel ti buy tz'ajal ta vo7, jna7tik jayib k'ak'al 7anima buy tz'ajal ta vo7, yu7un xa lok'em ya7el ti yik'ubal, solet xa sak ta j-mek la ti ssat 7une, ja7 la yech ti ssat taj prove tzeb.

Bu yu7un, muk' xa la jal xbat 7un, yo 7oxib xa la 7u xchi7uk 7oxib xemana 7ikuxi 7un, 7icham la 7un, naka la k'ot chamuk ti ta sna 7une, ja7 la chlik 7o xa situbel ti tzeb 7une, ja7 la ti toj nat yat ti mu j7ik'al 7une, chib la metro ti yat 7une. Yech'o la xal ti jun tot, "La7, 7ik'on!" xut i sjun tot 7une. Yu7un la chcham xa cha7i 7un, likem xa la situbel 7un, naka xa la chk'ot chamuk tzna.

It is not clear to me whether the Chamulan girl was rescued by her uncle or whether the man was simply a fellow countryman, for among Chamulans men would normally be addressed by the term *jun tot*, "uncle."

Tonik gives her story an authentic ring by putting in the Chamulan girl's mouth words from the Chamulan dialect such as *7oronone* for "heart" rather than Zinacantec *7o7one*, and *ve7ikutik* for "eat" rather than *ve7ikotik*.

The opening acts of this epic are outlined in Tale 68, while the final act appeared in modified form in Tale 145.

Chep Xantis



FIGURE 9.—Chep Xantis and family, 1958.

When we first met, Chep Xantis was a puppeteer of the National Indian Institute. He was hired to spread “civilization” among the Indians of the highlands. Flamboyant yet solid and straightforward, he won the respect of Ladino and Indian alike. Chep’s father had died when the boy was only a year old. Two of his older brothers were drafted into the army and never returned. After learning Spanish and working for the Institute for many years, he was hand-picked to run for the magistracy of Zinacantán. Winning the election, he stepped out of his Ladino clothes and into traditional costume. His decisions were so consistently fair that he became the most popular magistrate to have served within recent memory. Since then he has returned to the Institute, zipping himself up in a simulated leather jacket. Assigned to posts far

from home, he bewails his fate, yet how else could he receive a secure income? I last heard his voice ringing out over the San Cristóbal radio advertising the soft drink Fanta—in Tzotzil!

Thirteen years ago Chep was the first Zinacantec whose voice I captured on tape. His mother used to gab about the past, but he confessed he never had paid much attention to her. In fact he could only remember one tale, and that he told with his throat so tense he nearly choked on it.

Two years earlier I had ignored the dire warnings of Ladinos not to venture in Indian towns alone, and had walked to Zinacantán Center to spend a night in Chep’s house (which later, after a bottle of vermouth, he rented to me for ten pesos a month). My notes of this visit sound an echo from the far past,

but they also set the stage for the dark doings of the Charcoal Cruncher:

With startling abruptness I broke out of the cornfield onto the tiny square of packed earth which serves as Chep's front porch. A quavering "Buenas tardes" brought Chep leaping out of his doorway (he later confessed he thought I must have been some Ladino come to kill him). His home is in traditional style—one room 13' × 15', walls of mud-daubed wattle, a peaked thatch roof topped by a cross. Inside, sitting on the ground around the fire, were Chep's mother, his wife, his five-year-old daughter, Maruch, and his eleven-month-old son, Maryan.

The women fired questions at Chep, Maruch pressed close to her mother, staring at me wide-eyed.

The parents were very indulgent. Each time that Maryan began to cry he was offered the breast—through a slit in the side of his mother's blouse. Maruch was kept happy with peanut brittle brought from San Cristóbal. Even when Maryan broke a pottery bowl the parents only laughed.

At about eight o'clock the mother climbed into bed with Maryan, and grandmother with Maruch. There is a genuine double bed for Chep, wife and baby on the outside edge, protected by an encircling arm. I listened to the sounds of the night; within the hut the falling of burnt embers, the

snores of the aged one, the rustling of Maryan on the bed, and the cat on the roof. The hut seemed wrapped in cricket song. Occasionally the steady sound would be punctuated by the soft laughter of neighbors, and every few moments the pulsing of a drum, lightened by the scarcely audible piping of a flute, would reach up from the church far below.

At 4:30 a.m. the wife sat up in bed, adjusted her blouse and skirt, stepped down to the floor, bent over and hoisted Maryan up on her back. [She] proceeded to fetch a pail of water to soak the corn and beans. A half hour later the grandmother arose, went out, came in, washed her quern, and reground the corn dough. The two women faced each other silently, their faces lit by the yellow lamp-flame, their backs in wavelike motion, two black eyes peeping out of a white shawl. I wonder if the lulling sound of the corn being dropped by handfuls into the water, swirled around and finally ground is as soothing to the sleep-filled husband as it was to sleep-filled me. It seemed to represent the security of the promise of another meal and the attentiveness of a faithful wife.

At 6:15 Chep was up and about. Chep was handed a cupful of water which was used for two mouthwashes, followed by much handwashing, then face-washing.

Breakfast over, we made out departure, slipping down the path, Chep's bright rose, blue, and yellow ribbons shining in the sun, resplendent amidst the bright green leaves of corn.

The Charcoal Cruncher

T47

Once, they say. . . . It was told to me at home. My mother told me about it long ago. There was a woman. She just cut off her head. It would go to every house to crunch charcoal. She swallowed the charcoal and that maybe is what she lived on, it seems. But the woman went to bed first and then when he was asleep. . . . She had a husband. She left her husband sleeping. Her flesh was left lying in a heap, just her head went. It went to each house to crunch charcoal. It frightened people. If it was seen it would flee right away. Rolling, it went up to the eaves.

You see, who knows if it's a witch or something else, who knows. It casts a spell when it arrives at each of the houses like that. The people say it causes sickness. They get sick from it. If they are frightened by it they die. That's why they say that, I think.

Now, today, they aren't seen anymore. I never hear about such things. But once there were a great many. That's the way the people used to be. They saw a lot of Charcoal Crunchers. Just their heads rolled about, crunching charcoal at the firesides.

One time it was spied on. Boiling water was thrown on it. It went out shouting. Then it was discovered who it was. When she woke up she was burnt. Then it was discovered. It was seen that it was her. She didn't let herself be seen of course. But her husband spoke. "How did that happen to you? Where did you burn yourself?" asked her husband. He scolded her.

Bwéno, 7a ti vo7ne ta xalik chilo7iltabat ta jna chislo7iltabe jme7 ti vo7ne, 7oy la jun 7antz, ja7 no la sjol ta stuch' lok'el ta xbat ta ju-jun na ta sk'ux 7ak'al, li 7ak'ale, ta sbik' ech'el 7i ja7 nan chipan ya7el, pero li 7antz, chvay ba7yi, 7i ja7 to k'alal vayem xa 7oxe, 7oy smalal te vayem chikta li smalale, ja7 te pumul xkom li sbek'tale ja7 no 7ox xbat ti sjole, ta xbat ta ju-jun na ta xk'ux 7ak'al, ta ssibtas krixchanoetik, ti mi 7ilate, ta xjatav la lok'el ta 7ora, xbalet xa la muyel ta nuk' na.

Va7i 7un, jna7tik mi j7ak'-chamel mi k'usi nan ya7el taje, jna7tik ta spay chamel 7i bu xk'ot ta ju-jun na chak taje, ti yu7un la chalik li krixchanoetike ta xak' chamel ta x7ipajik 7o, k'usi, ti mi xi7ik 7oe yu7un ta xchamik, por 7éso ja7 yech chalik chka7i vo7on chak taje.

7Óra lavie, ch'abal xa bu xvinaj, mu xa bu xka7i yech pero ti vo7ne 7ep to 7ox la ta j-mek, naka to 7ox la ja7 yech krixchanoetik ti vo7ne 7ep chilik ta j-mek jk'ux-7ak'al ta j-mek, ja7 no 7ox sjol xbalet, ta sk'ux 7ak'al ta ti7 k'ok', k'usi.

7Oy jun bweltae, 7ipa7iat la, 7ik'ebbat la ech'el k'ak'al vo7, x7avet xa la lok'el 7un, ja7 to la vinaj 7o ti buy 7a li yajval 7une, k'ak'em xa la 7isakub 7un, ja7 to vinaj 7o 7ilat 7o ti ja7 7une, mu xak' sba 7iluk a7a, pero 7iyal li smalale. "K'un x7elan 7apase, bu lak'ak'?" xi li smalale. 7I7ilin la.

“I don’t know where I burned myself,” she said. But he spied on her the night after. He learned what she was doing and he saw her cut off her flesh and leave it. And [he saw] that her head left. Then he saw that it was his wife who was doing it. That’s why he spied on her. He saw her. That was the only way that the husband saw it was her. He put salt on her neck and when her head arrived it no longer stuck on. It was just rolling about. Then it became known. She died. And when she died it became known. He went to bury her. You see, he went to bury her in the cemetery. It was discovered that she was the one. That was the end of her.

“Pwes mu jna7 buy lik’ak’,” xi. Pero 7ispa7i la ta jun 7ak’ubal noxtok li yajnil ti k’u tzpase, 7i 7iyil la ti stuch’ komel li sbek’tale, 7i ti 7ibat ti sjole ja7 to te 7iyil 7o ti ja7 yajnil li taj x7elan spas 7une, por 7éso yech’o 7ispa7i la 7un, 7iyil la 7un, ja7 solel 7iyil ti ja7e, li vinike, 7iyak’be la 7atz’am taj sjole, 7i k’alal 7ik’ot xa li sjol 7une, mu xa bu stzak sba yech xa la te xbalet un, ja7 to te vinaj 7o 7un, 7icham, 7i ti chame ja7 te xvinaj 7o 7ibat smukel, k’usi, bat smukel ta mukenal, 7ivinaj 7o ti ja7 7une, te laj 7o 7un.

See also T12, T81, T82, and their notes, T60, and T175.

Manvel K'obyox

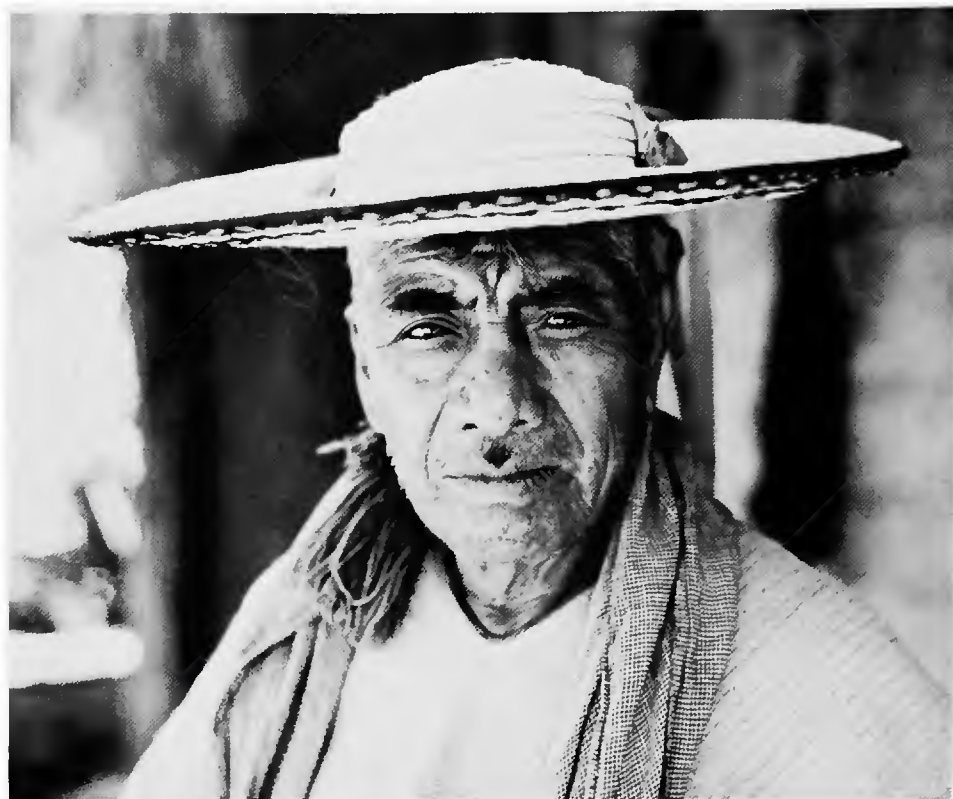


FIGURE 10.—Manvel K'obyox, 1961 (photo by Frank Cancian).

I'm sorry to say it was pretty well agreed long before he was laid to rest in a pine box that Manvel K'obyox had become an old fool. He had known better days in his youth, and that had assured him if not respect at least a bit of tolerance.

At the age of ten he had left Zinacantán Center to work in San Cristóbal to help pay off the debts that his father had accumulated during his term as an officer in the religious hierarchy. When he was fifteen Manvel (pronounced Monvé) came home and attended school for five years. His ability to speak and write Spanish won him the nomination for sacristan, a post he served faithfully for the unprecedented span of fifteen years, followed by three years as scribe. After such auspicious beginnings, it is surprising that he never rose above the first level in the hierarchy. When I knew him, at the age of sixty-three, he was eking out a precarious living as a salt merchant and a corn farmer, but as he complained querulously to me, "Even the dogs are eating my corn!"

On Christmas Eve we happened to meet in front of the church where the godparents of the two Christ Children were passing out drinks. Manvel asked me to buy him a drink for the occasion. When a Ladino suggested he take advantage of the godparents' generosity, he protested, his voice heavy with scorn, "Their liquor's not worth a nickel!" Then he lectured us on their outrageous stinginess. "But buy me a drink. It's my birthday!" We were joined by the tiresome Ladino who soon declared he was leaving, at which old Manvel turned to me and loudly confided, "Chickens and turkeys go to roost early, but we are *men!*"

I recall one rainy afternoon walking to San Cristóbal and seeing Manvel topple monumentally over the horizon into the mud. I watched him lying convulsed in drunken laughter while his wife, also laughing, tried to gather up his hat and his pack.

Once, when Romin Teratol and I were travelling together on the town truck, Romin gulled the old man with some tall tale. When he realized that he

had been the dupe, Manvel laughed good-naturedly. Romin later remarked to me that old Manvel was a fool, but sometimes he was clever. Romin repeated the town gossip—how when he would ask for his meal his wife would tell him to get it himself. As a shaman, Manvel's wife was well-supplied with gifts of liquor. Once, they say, in a drunken brawl, she broke his leg and a rib, too.

Then there was the day after the fiesta of St. Lawrence when the old reprobate peered at me sulkily through the jail bars, his lower lip drooling and shaking as he protested his innocence. The whole fiesta, where had he been?—languishing in jail! It seems a crazy gringo had come to town. Manvel had sized up the prospects and approached the man with a piece of paper in hand. He asked the man to contribute fifteen pesos to the patron saint. He shoved the paper at him and instructed him to sign his name on the top line, just below where it stated the holy purpose of the gift. When the gringo had obliged and asked Manvel to whom he should give the money, Manvel mumbled, "To me, of course!" The shrewd old bird pocketed the pesos and shuffled off, only to be arrested. He claimed he was going home to buy some rockets for St. Lawrence. He swore he hadn't given the gringo permission to enter the church, nor had he used the money to buy another swig. "But that magistrate, the bastard, was drunk and wouldn't listen to me!"

When I first met Manvel in his home, he told me his memories of the Revolution and then "The Rabbit in the Melon Patch." He asked me why I didn't live in his house and work with him, because "That Romin [Teratol] doesn't know *anything!*" When we finally agreed to set a date for a recording session, he demanded that I buy him a twenty cent candle to light before the saint on his house altar the night before he imparted his knowledge to me.

On our first day of work, Manvel examined the tape recorder, asked me where the words were

stored, and how they entered. With no self-consciousness he told me twenty-two tales during a four-hour stretch. After each tale he demanded a playback. He was astonished and pleased at the faithful reproduction, commenting that it was unlike the records in the cantina that always went too fast. When he heard his own laugh or an emotion-filled expression, he would chuckle with both embarrassment and delight. After each replay he nodded approvingly and commented, "That's good, too." When I would ask about a tale that was unfamiliar to him, Manvel would invariably reply with absolute finality, "There is none like that."

When the afternoon came, Manvel was so pleased with himself that he lowered his fee from eight pesos to five which he instructed me was the wage for a day of labor in the corn field. When we reached his home, for the first time since I met him, it was he who offered me a half pint.

Manvel's narratives are marked by endless statements of the obvious, which transform his most serious discourses into absurdities, absurdities fully recognized by all but himself.

Despite his tiresome, often silly repetitions, Manvel's tales were told with great emotion. As we tried to transcribe the tapes, whenever we reached a dramatic moment, Romin Teratol could not refrain from bursting out in a tone of sympathetic amusement, "Ah, the old man!"

Manvel's tales, though varied in content, reflect a surprising number of folk versions of Biblical stories that he stoutly maintained were related to him by his parents. No tale has been told more fondly, though, than old Manvel's gloating portrayal of the little rabbit who mercifully gulls the credulous coyote—Manvel's impassioned identification with the clever rabbit is almost heartbreaking, for despite an encyclopedic store of local history, his perpetual sheepish grin masked some tragic flaw that converted his life into a shambles.

Rabbit in the Melon Patch

T49

There was a rabbit. There was a rabbit. It went into the garden. There were melons. There were watermelons.

When the owner looked, there was just rabbit shit in the melons. The rabbit had left its droppings. "But why is this here?" said the owner. "The melons are bad. The watermelons are bad. Just pure rabbit shit," he said.

Bwéno, 7oy la jun t'ule, 7oy jun t'ul, 7i7och ta werta, 7oy melon, 7oy sandia.

Bwéno, k'alal 7iyil li yajvale, naka 7ochem stzo7 li ta melone, yak'oj stzo7 li t'ule. "Pero k'u yu7un li7e?" xi li yajval. "Chopol li melone, chopol li sandia, naka puro stzo7 t'ul," xi la.

Then, "We'll make an experiment," he said. "I guess I'll make a doll," he said. He told his wife.

"Do it!" she said.

"We'll see if that's what it is. We'll see what gets into the fruit, into the melons. We'll see what it is." But they hadn't seen that it was the rabbit. No, they didn't know.

You see, [the rabbit] arrived the next night. They had set the doll up there, a wax doll.

"What are you looking for here?" said Rabbit when it arrived. Since it was a doll it didn't answer. It didn't know how to talk.

"Get out, I'm coming in!" said [Rabbit]. "Move over, I'm coming in!" It was blocking the place where his path was, it seems. It was standing there so that he had no way to come in.

"Then if you won't move over, I'll hit you," said [Rabbit].

You see, it didn't answer. No. "Don't you believe me? Stand aside please because I'm coming in," said Rabbit. No one answered, since it couldn't answer.

"Then I'll hit you," he said.

Nothing. He waited again a bit.

"If you don't get out, I'll hit you," he said. He hit it. Then his hand stuck in the wax, in the doll.

"Why did you grab my hand? I'll give it to you again." He hit it again. His second hand stuck.

"Why do you grab my paw? I'll give a kick then." He kicked it with his other foot, too. The other foot stuck, too.

Then he gave it to him with his other foot, too. He wanted to stamp on it. He gave it a kick, it seems. Then all four stayed [tight]. His hands, his feet stuck there.

At dawn the melon owner went. The owner of the garden went, it seems. "Ah well, look! It's just what I thought it was. I knew him already. I thought it was a robber," said the owner. "I'd thought it was something worse. It's [only] the rabbit," he said. "It's there now," he said. He told his wife. "It's there now. It's stuck there to the wax. It's caught there now," he said. "What shall we do to it?" he said.

"We won't do anything much to him. Come on! We'll heat a piece of metal. Come on! We'll stick it up his ass," said his wife.

"That's good," he said.

"Then go and get firewood, go get firewood to heat the metal." [The rabbit] was left on the top. It was left on top of the roof, [you know] just like the roofs are here. It was left lying there.

The coyote came along. "What are you doing here, Uncle Rabbit?" he asked.

"7A li, bwéno, 7entónse ta jpastik proval," xi la. "Ta jmeltzan kik junuk munyeka," xi la. Xut ti yajñile.

"Meltzano!" xi.

"Ba jk'eltik mi ja7, ta jk'eltik k'usi li7 chk'ot ta yut lo7bole, ta yut melone, ta jk'eltik k'usi." Pero muk' bu vinajem, mi ja7 li t'ule, ma7uk, mu tzna7.

Va7i 7un, 7óra k'ot la ta jun 7o 7ak'ubal 7un, te sva7anik 7a li munyeka 7une, sera 7une, munyeka.

Bwéno, "K'u chasa7 li7 toe?" xi la k'alal 7ik'ot li t'ul 7une. Kómo munyeka mu xtak'av, mu sna7 xk'opoj.

Bwéno, "Lok'an chi7och!" xi la. "K'ej aba chi7och!" Smakoj 7i bu li sbee ya7ele, te va7al, yo7 mu k'u cha7al x7och 7o 7une.

Bwéno, "7Entónse ti mi yu7un mu xak'ej abae, chajmaj," xi la.

Va7i 7un, mu xtak'av, ch'abal. "Mi muk' chach'un, k'ej aba, 7abolajan yu7n chi7och," xi la 7a li t'ule. 7A li, mu buch'u xtak'av, kómo mu sna7 xtak'av.

Bwéno, "Ta me xajmaj che7e," xi la.

Bwéno, ch'abal, spas 7ora noxtok la jun j-likel.

Bwéno, "Mi muk' chalok', ta me xajmaj," xi la. 7Ismaj la un, te nap'al 7ikom li sk'ob ta sera 7une, li ta munyeka 7une.

Bwéno, "K'un chatzak jk'obe chakak'be 7otro junuk mojuk xa noxtok." 7Iyak'be 7otro j-moj 7itzak xchibal 7un, sk'ob 7une.

Bwéno, 7a li, "K'u yu7un chatzak jk'obe chakak'be patada che7e." Slik la tek'el noxtok 7otro jun yok, tzak li jun yok noxtoke.

Bwéno, 7iyak' xa li jun yok noxtoke, ta sk'an tztek'e, chak'be patada ya7el, te kom xchibal xchanibal sk'ob, yok te nap'al 7ikom 7o.

Bwéno, sakub 7osil bat li yajval li melone, bat yajval werta ya7el 7une. "A bwéno vi ka k'usi 7ikojtikin xa chkal vo7one xkak' j7elek'uk," xi li yajval 7un. "Xkak'uk k'usi mas pukujal, ja7 la li t'ule," xi. "Te xa 7oy," xi. 7Iyalbe li yajñile. "Te xa 7oy, te xa nap'al ta sera, te xa chukul," xi. "K'u ta jnopbetik?" xi.

"Mu k'usi ta jnopbetik, la7, jk'ak'ubtastik junuk tak'in la7, jpajbetik xchak!" xi li yajñil 7une.

Bwéno, 7a li, "Ja7 lek che7e," xi.

Bwéno, "7Entónse 7ak'ob ba sa7uk tal si7, ba sa7o tal si7 yo7 chk'ak'ub 7o li tak'ine." 7A li stuke te yo7 te kom ta jun ba, ta ba, 7a li na, ta ba na la 7ikom chak k'u cha7al bu 7oy ba na li7e, te puch'ul 7ikom.

Bwéno, 7ik'ot la 7a li 7ok'il 7une. "K'u chapas li7 toe, Tío Konéjo?" xi la.

"I'm not doing anything," he said. "What do you think I should do? Because I'm going to be given a girl, whom I'm supposed to marry," he said.

"Whose daughter?"

"The king's daughter," he said.

"Oh, really! Why don't you marry her? The king has lots of money," said Coyote.

"But I don't want to, because I'm too little," said Rabbit. "I'm too little, and what's more the girl doesn't love me, because I'm too little. But you, if you want to, take her yourself," said Rabbit.

"Eh, but could you be telling the truth?"

"I'm telling the truth. You stay in my place. I'll leave you tied up. I'll leave. When they come to untie you then you'll take the girl," [Coyote] was told.

"Oh well. Eh, who knows," he said. He thought hard. He thought it over. "Okay. I can stay then," said Coyote. "Okay. I can stay." The owner of the melons arrived.

"Well, what are you looking for? You have no business here," Coyote was told.

"But it's because I'm staying as his successor in the garden."

"Then it's you whose ass I'll burn," Coyote was told.

Now his ass was burnt. He was punished. His ass was burnt with metal, with a wire or something.

When that was over he escaped. Another time they met on the trail. "What's up, Uncle Rabbit?" he said.

"What's up, Uncle Burnt-ass Coyote?" he said. Rabbit said.

"Oh, then it's you whose playing these tricks!" he said.

"No, it's because I heard the gossip that your ass was burnt," said Rabbit. "Oh, it wasn't me, because lots of us went for a walk, who knows which one it was," said Rabbit. "If you are giving a scolding, don't scold! Let's go look for something to eat! There is a cheese in the water," he said. "We'll drink the water," he said. "And I'll take the cheese out."

But it was the reflection of the moon in the water when [the moon] was full.

Now they looked at the cheese in the water, a round cheese, it seemed. But not, it was the Virgin, the moon, it seems. It was in the water. So they looked at its reflection. It went from the sky into the water. The fool believed it. He believed it was cheese. They drank lots of water. "Drink!" said [Rabbit]. "Drink, try hard! I'm drinking and drinking." And he hadn't swallowed any at all, the bastard! He hadn't swallowed at all. Coyote tried hard. "Almost, there," said [Rabbit]. "Try harder!" he said. "We've almost reached it. We'll probably win out soon," he said.

"Mu k'u ta jpas," xi. "K'usi xana7 ta jnop, porke li vo7one, chi7ak'bat jun tzeb, pero yu7un chinupun jchi7uk," xi.

"Buch'u stzeb?"

"Stzeb rey," xi la.

"7A karájo, k'u yu7un mu xanupun li reye, 7oy 7ep stak'in," xi la li 7ok'ile.

"Pero mu jk'an ja7 li toj bik'itone," xi la 7un, li t'ul 7une. "Toj bik'iton, mu xisk'an k'usuk li tzebe, porke toj bik'iton, yan i vo7ote, mi xak'an vo7ote, 7ik'o vo7ot," xi la li t'ule.

"Je7 pero mi yech van xaval?"

"Yech kal yu7un chakom ta jk'exol chajchuk komel 7un, 7a li vo7one, chibat 7un, k'al xtal sjitunelote, yu7un xa chavik' li tzebe," x7utat la 7un.

"7A bwéno, 7ej mu jna7tik," xi. Vokol la snop 7un, 7isnop 7un. "Bwéno stak' xikom che7e," xi la li 7ok'il 7une. "Bwéno, stak' xikom." K'ot la li jajval li melon 7une.

"Bwéno k'u chasa7 li vo7ote, vo7ote mu 7akwentauk," x7utat la 7un.

"Pero yu7un vo7on likom tzk'exol ta werta."

"Vo7ot ta jchik' lachak 7une che7e," x7utat li 7ok'il 7une.

Bwéno 7óra, chik'bat ti xchak, yich' kastiko 7ichik'bat ti xchak ta tak'in, ta 7alampre, k'usi 7une.

Bwéno, laj 7o 7un bi, kol ech'el 7un, ta yan to bwelta la snup sbaik ta be 7un. "Iday, Tío Konéjo," xi la.

"7Iday, Tío Koyote Kúlo Kemádo," xut xa la 7un. Xut xa yal li t'ule.

"7Aj, 7entónse yu7un vo7ot li x7elan chapas manyae che7e!" xi.

"Mo7oj yu7un ka7i lo7il ti lachik'bat tachake," xi la li t'ule. "7Aj pero li vo7otikotike, mu vo7nikon porke 7e---p lok'emotikótik ta paxyal mu jna7tik buch'u junukal," xi li t'ule. "Ti mi7n cha7iline, mu xa7ilin, ba jsa7tik k'u jlajestik, 7oy jun j-sep kexu ta yut vo7," xi. "Ta xkuch'tik li vo7e," xi. "7I ta jlok'es li kexue."

Bu, ja7 la li sombra yu7un 7a li jch'ul-me7tik ta vinajel 7une, 7ochem ta yut vo7, k'alal lek sete---l xa.

7Óra, 7isk'elik 7un, kexu ta yut vo7 7une, jun rweda késo, ya7el 7une, pero mo7oj ja7 li 7a li jch'ul-me7tik 7une, li 7u ya7ele, ja7 te 7ochem ta yut vo7 7un, ja7 tzk'elik snak'obal 7ochem ta vo7 li ta vinajel 7une, 7ixch'un li sonso, 7ixch'un ti kexu 7une, 7iyuch'ik la li vo7 ta j-mek. "7Uch'an me!" xi. "7Uch'an me, 7ak'o me pwera 7un, 7a li vo7one batz'i chkuch'." 7I mu la bu tzbik' li kavron 7une, muk' bu tzbik' 7a li vet, 7aj, chak'be ta j-mek. "Po7ot xa," xi. "7Ak'o xa me pwera!" xi. "Po7ot xa, po7ot xa jtatikuk ta nan jpastik kanal tana," xi.

Then, "I'm drinking a lot, too," he said. "Me, I can't drink much, because my stomach is too small," said Rabbit. "You, your stomach is big. Drink a lot!" he said.

Before he realized it Coyote's belly was bursting with water. [You know] he drank a lot.

They never reached what they were after. Nothing. Then it burst. [Coyote's] belly burst.

The next time, too, another time they met. "Hey, what's new?" said [Rabbit].

"Nothing. Are you in good spirits?" said [Coyote].

"I'm in good spirits."

"But I feel just terrible," said Coyote. "Because of what you all did to me. My ass was burnt," he said.

"But it wasn't me, brother. It wasn't me. There are so many of us. Do you recognize me? Is it me? Really, we are all alike. But it wasn't me. I have other friends. But maybe it was one of them who bothered you," he said. "No, don't bawl me out. Let's go for a walk! Let's go look, let's go look for something to eat! Let's go look for fruit!" he said. There was a black sapote tree as we call it, a zapote negro. "Well, I'll climb up. I'll climb up and pick them. Open your mouth!" he said. "Get them!" he said. "I'll throw them down to [you]," said Rabbit.

Coyote opened his mouth. He was waiting for them to come down, since [Rabbit] was picking them off the tree. They landed between his jaws. They landed hard in his mouth. His teeth were knocked out.

You see he didn't die from it. He went on his way again. "All right," said [Rabbit].

Well, [Rabbit] spoke to him again. "Oh no, you bother me so much. I nearly died. All my teeth fell out," said [Coyote].

"Oh, but it wasn't me. [It was] somebody else," said [Rabbit] again. The rabbit is tricky. He's a great trickster. "Well, it's not much. If you want, I'm to be given a girl. But they say we have to become cowboys," said [Rabbit].

"Do you want to, because I can't run fast, I'm so small," said Rabbit. "You're bigger. You can run fast. Take the lasso," said Rabbit. "But tie the end of the lasso around your neck! If you pull with your paw it's no good. It might get loose from you. No, but if it's tied around your neck, your neck will do the work," the fool was told.

"Well, all right then." [Coyote] tied the lasso. He threw the rope at the cow. He lassoed it. Before he realized it he was dragged off. He went off, since it pulled tight around his neck. He died.

You see, that's how Rabbit won. That's how the story ends.

7Entónse, "7A li vo7one chkuch' ta j-mekuk 7uk," xi. "7A li vo7one mu xu7 xkuch' 7ep, yu7un toj bik'it jch'ut li vo7one," xi li t'ule. "7A li vo7ote muk' 7ach'ute, 7uch'an 7e---p ta j-mek!" xi.

Bwéno, k'alal ya7ie, che7e, yu7un xa cht'om xch'ut la li 7ok'il 7une, ta vo7 7une, toj 7ep 7iyuch' 7un.

Bwéno, muk' bu staik k'u staik, ch'abal, k'alal 7it'ome, 7it'om xch'ut.

Bwéno, ta yan to bwelta noxtok 7un, jun 7o xa bwelta 7isnup sbaik 7un. "7Ay k'u xi?" xi.

"Mu k'u xi, mi lek 7avo7on?" xi.

"Lek ko7on."

"Pero li vo7one toj chopol ko7on," xi la li 7ok'il 7une. "Porke k'u 7acha7leikon 7ik'ak' jchake," xi.

"Pero mu vo7nikon, 7ermáno, mu vo7nikon, toj 7epotikótik ta j-mek, mi7n chavojtikinon, mi vo7on 7un, melel, parejo, parejo li vo7tikótik 7a, pero mu vo7nikon, 7oy yan 7o jchi7iltak, pero te nan buch'u layilbajine," xi la 7un. "Mo7oj, mu xa7ili---n, battik ta paxyal, ba jsa7tik, ba jsa7tik k'u jlajestik, ba jsa7tik lo7bol!" xi la. 7Oy 7a li 7uch xkaltik 7un li sapote negroe 7une. "Bwéno chimuy vo7on ba jtuch' tal xajach' lavee!" xi. "Ch'amo!" xi. "Te ta jten yalel tal," xi 7a li t'ul 7une.

Bwéno, 7isjach' la ye li 7ok'il 7une tzmala chyal tal, kómo te stul tal ta te7 7un, skatz'oj la k'ot 7un, tzinil k'ot ta ye 7un, kolesbat stanal ye 7un.

Va7i 7un, muk' xcham 7o 7un, bat xa 7otro jun bwelta 7un. "Bwéno," xi la.

Bwéno 7a li, 7iyalbe noxtok. "7Aj pero mo7oj, toj 7ilbaj chavilon, j-set' mu lilaj, kol skotol li ke," xi la.

"7Aj pero mu vo7nikon, yan 7o," xi la noxtok 7un. Manya li t'ul 7une, manya ta j-mek 7un. "Bwéno mu k'usi che7e, mi xak'ane 7oy chi7ak'bat jun tzeb, pero yu7un chi7ochotik ta vakeroal la," xi.

Bwéno, "Mi xak'an li vo7ote porke vo7one mu xu7 xi7anilaj, 7i 7ich'o lariatae," xi la li t'ule. "Pero xachuk ta 7anuk' li sba li riatae, ti yu7un xanit ta 7ak'obe, mu xtun repente xkol 7avu7un, mo7oj ti7n yu7un chukul ta 7anuk'e, te chak' pwersa lanuk' 7une," x7utat 7a li sonso 7une.

"Bwéno yechuk che7e." 7Ixchuk li sriata 7une, 7isten li riata li vakax 7une, 7ixxo7be 7une, k'alal ya7i 7une, 7ikile ech'el 7un, bat 7un ja7 7ismit' ti snuk' 7une, 7icham 7un.

Va7i k'u cha7al spas 7o kanal li t'ul 7une, laj 7o sk'oplal yech 7un.

This tale of Br'er Rabbit was first told to me by Manvel after he had recounted his memories of the Revolution. When I remarked that General Pineda had been very clever, Manvel agreed, but added, "Now I will tell you about someone who was *really* clever!"

Throughout Mexico and Guatemala the stick-fast motif is followed by a series of tricks played on a gullible animal. Many of these episodes have also been recorded among the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest (Foster, 1945b:230). It appears that the rabbit-coyote cycle, so omnipresent in the New World, adopted many Old World elements. Foster has pinpointed the distribution of twelve frequently linked elements, eight of which occur in Zinacantán. Of these eight, only the sapote (or prickly pear) episode seems limited to the New World (Foster, 230-235).

In Middle American tales the Tar Baby is made of wax, though two examples from the Mazatec-Chinantec area of Oaxaca describe the doll as a wax Negro (Johnson, 1940:215). The

clear favorite for trickster is Rabbit, and for dupe, Coyote. The first scene is usually set in a melon patch, but Rabbit's fouling of the melons is peculiar to Guatemala (Recinos, 1918, T1; Teletor, 1955:147-151).

The bogus wedding and Rabbit's protestation that he is too small are standard elements, as is Coyote's red hot poker treatment. Even Rabbit's mocking name for poor, unfortunate Coyote is not original to Zinacantán (Boas, 1912:204-214; Radin, 1929, T11; Robe, 1971, T3).

The moon and sapote episodes are standard, too, though prickly pears are frequently substituted for sapotes in Oaxaca and to the north.

I am unaware of any other version linking the final cowboy episode to the rabbit-coyote cycle, but in Spain, Fox similarly tricks Wolf into being carried off by a cow. (A. M. Espinosa, 1967, 3:272-276). See also T20, T21, T50, T90, T166, and their notes.

Adam and Eve

T54

Our Lord, you see, he died on the cross. On the third day he revived. When he came to life he worked forty days here in Zinacantán Center, here on the earth. He made the trees. He planted the corn fields. He planted everything there is, animals and everything. He made birds, cows, sheep, horses, birds, chickens, whatever. He made everything.

Now he planted two apple trees. "Well what can we do? But who will come to look after the apples?" said Our Lord, "I guess I'll make a lump of mud. I'll make a person, I'll make one out of mud," he said.

He made one. He blew on it three times. He blew on it. The mud turned into a person.

"But I'm still going to do something else. I'll make a woman so there'll be two," he said. So he made the woman. He made a lump of mud. He molded it, too, into a person. He blew on it the same way. It turned into a woman.

Now he gave the man a name. He thought up the woman's name—Adam, and the woman—Eve. He named them a long time ago.

"You will watch this here. I am planting apples here. Then you will look after them," he said. "Care for them, don't steal them!" he said.

But you see, they stole the apples. Adam ate one. [The apple] didn't go down; it stayed [right] here in his throat. Apple it's called. It stayed there.

"As for you, you're no good. You steal too much," said Our Lord. When he said that, they

7A li kajvaltike, che7e, 7icham ta kruse, ta yoxibal k'ak'al 7ikuxe, 7a li, 7ikuxe, 7a li cha7-vinik la k'ak'al 7i7abtej li7 ta Jtek-lum li7 ta balamile, 7ismeltzan la 7a li te7e, 7istz'un chobtik, 7istz'un 7a li k'usuk no 7ox skotole, chonetik, k'utikuke, 7ismeltzan mut, li vakaxe, li chije, li ka7e, li mutetike, li kaxlan, k'utikuke, 7ismeltzan skotol 7un.

7Óra, 7istz'un la cha7-petz mansana 7un. "Bwéno k'usi ta jnoptik pero bu xtal buch'u chchabi li mansanae?" xi la li kajvaltik 7une. "Ta jmeltzan kik junuk 7ach'el, ta jmeltzan kik junuk 7a li jun krixchano, jlok'ta kik junuk ta 7ach'ele," xi la.

Bwéno, 7ismeltzan la, 7ixvuch'ta 7oxib bwelta, 7ixvuch'ta, pas ta krixchano li 7ach'el 7une.

Bwéno, "Pero le7e 7u k'usi syémpre ta jnop, ta jmeltzan junuk 7antz yo7 xkom cha7-vo7e," xi la 7un. Ja7 yech 7ismeltzan 7a li 7antz, 7ismeltzan jun 7ach'el, 7ispat noxtok, skwenta krixchano 7un, ja7 yech 7ixvuch'ta, pas ta 7antz 7un.

Bwéno, 7óra 7iyak'be la sbi 7a li vinik 7une, 7isnopbe sbi 7a li 7antz 7une, 7Adan 7i 7Éva li 7antz 7une, 7isbi7in li mas 7antivo 7une.

Bwéno, "7A li7e, te xak'elik li7 ta jtz'un komel te xachabiik 7a li mantzanae," xi la 7un. "Chabiik mu xavelk'anik!" xi la 7un.

Bu, 7iyelk'anik la li mansana 7une, 7islo7 la, muk' xa xjelav ja7 la li7e 7ikom ta snuk' 7une, mansana sbi 7un, kom 7un.

Bwéno, "Li vo7ote che7e mu xatun toyol cha7elk'aj," xi 7a li kajvaltik 7une. K'alal ti 7iyil ti

weren't given any more apples. They weren't given any to eat. They'd stolen Our Lord's apples. Because they had been given other apples [to eat]. These they were supposed to have guarded. These they were to guard as if they were the owner. [They were] to guard the fruit, not touch it. But they went and stole them. So they ate them. [The apple] stayed [right] here in his throat. It was left just like this as a sign.

The creation of man and woman from mud is common, of course, both to the *Popol Vuh* (Edmondson, 1971:19) and the Bible. It is also related by the Lacandóns (Cline, 1944:108, 110), Popolucas (Foster, 1945a:235-237), and the Nahuatl-speaking people of Tecospa (Madsen, 1960:125-126). I imagine that this belief forms a part of every Mesoamerican creation story, though its position within the sequence of events seems to vary widely. In Chenalhó man and woman were first made of mud, but they could not retain their form—just as in the *Popol Vuh*. Their second creation was from sturdier clay (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:157). Reminiscent of the *Popol Vuh* account of man's wooden creation is an alternate Zinacantec belief that an early creation of man lacked joints and so could not kneel and pray.

The origin of the Adam's apple is described in a number of creation stories (Gossen, T173; La Farge, 1947:60; La Farge and

yech 7une, solel mu xa la bu 7ak'bat ti mansana 7une, muk' xa buy ti 7ak'bat slo7 7un, 7iyelk'an li smansana li kajvaltik 7une, porke slekoj 7ak'bil li mansana, stuk xchabie, yan le7e yu7un chchabi k'u cha7al 7ajvalil, chchabi li lo7bole, muk' tzpik, yan li ba yelk'an 7une, yech'o ba slo7 7une, li7 kom tznuk' la 7une, ja7 no 7ox li senya kom no 7ox li x7elan li 7une.

Byers, 1931:113; Madsen, *ibid.*, Shaw, 1972:124-126; Stross, 1973; T5). In Santa Eulalia the serpent enticed Eve to eat an orange. She in turn convinced "Old Father" who swallowed it whole, and that is why only men have Adam's apples (La Farge, *ibid.*). In Chamula the Jews urged Eve to eat the apple, and she herself, alas, swallowed it whole, thus giving rise to the Adam's apple (Gossen, *ibid.*).

Chamulan concern with the evil of carnal knowledge does not seem to be shared by Zinacantecs. Romin Teratol added a sequel to Manvel's story to the effect that, after Our Lord taught Adam and Eve the facts of life, they enjoyed each other's company so much that they would sleep late, while marauding animals gobbled up the fruits of the garden. And so Our Lord decided he must invent a natural alarm clock. His invention has proved to this day to be most effective—the flea!

When the Soldiers Were Coming

T56

They used to be very strong men long ago. There were three men. They talked to each other.

"What can you do? Can you do anything?" one of the friends was asked.

"Nothing. I can't do anything." said [the first].

"And you, what can you do?"

"Me, I can be a little Thunderbolt," said [the next].

"Oh, you can do that?"

"I can."

"And you, what can you do?"

"Me, I can, I can only be a Butterfly," said [the third].

"And you, what can you do?" the three asked each other.

"Me, I can be a Whirlwind," said [the first]. "I can be a Hurricane," he said [finally].

Oh, then, they went to Tabasco. They took a trip, walking to Tabasco. [They were] merchants. They bought tobacco.

Now they spoke. "But if [what they say] is true we'd better watch out or we'll die. The soldiers are coming now to kill us. If there were something we could do. If there were something we could do to them," they said. "Go on, you go then!" Butterfly was told. He went to look. There was a cauldron of food cooking in Chiapa.

7Oy to 7ox la batz'i tzotz viniketik ti vo7ne, 7ox-vo7ik la li viniketike, 7isk'opon la sbaik.

Bwéno, 7a li, "K'usi xana7, mi 7u k'u xana7 li vo7ote?" xut la ti jun xchi7ile.

"Mu7yuk mu k'u jna7," xi la.

"Vo7ote, k'u xana7 li vo7ote?"

"Vo7one, jna7 j-tz'uj chavok," xi la.

"7Aa, xana?"

"Jna7."

"7A li vo7ot 7une, k'usi xana7?"

"7A li vo7one, jna7, pepen no 7ox li jna7 li vo7one," xi li june.

"7A li vo7ote, k'usi xana7?" 7Iyalbe la sbaik li 7ox-vo7ik 7une.

"7A li vo7one, jna7 sutum 7ik'," xi la 7un. "7Ik'al vo7 jna7," xi la.

7Aj 7entónse, 7ayik ta Tabasko ta xanbal ta Tabasko chpaxyajik, jkomersyanteetik, smanik moy.

7Óra, 7iyalik la 7un. "Pero mi yech te jk'eloy jba chilaj 7un, chtal xa li soltero milvanuk 7une, 7a ti 7u k'usi k'usi ta jnoptik 7un, mi mu xu7 ti xba kak'betike," xiik la 7un. "Batan 7ak'o batan vo7ot che7e!" x7utat 7a li pepen 7une. Ba la sk'el 7un, lakal la jun perol ve7elil 7un ta Soktom 7une.

You see, Butterfly was circling around. It laid [its eggs] in the food. They turned into worms. It stuck worms in the meal. Now the soldiers wouldn't eat. Now they wouldn't eat their food, because it had worms in it. They didn't eat their food.

[The soldiers] came on. They came up. They were coming now to kill people. They came up. They arrived at [a place] called Vok'em Setz' [Broken Bowls]. There were lots of bowls spread out there, dishes. They were very beautiful. They were scattered on the trail, so that [the soldiers] would want them and be distracted. They would have died on the way if they had been distracted, but they weren't diverted. They didn't look at them. They continued on.

They arrived near Burrero as well. There is [a place] there called 7Ik'al Vo7 [Hurricane]. It was because they fought there—[the Zinacantecs] fought using wi—nd and rain. The soldiers nearly died there, but they didn't die. But they continued on. They weren't scared off by the wind and rain that was hurled against them. They weren't frightened by it. That's why the place there is called Hurricane.

They arrive at Petz Toj [Pine Tree]. The pine tree, the pine tree danced.

They weren't distracted by it either. They didn't look at all. They didn't watch at all. They weren't distracted by it. They continued on again.

They arrived near Vo7-bitz [Five Pieces]. There was a woman there, too. She was weaving. She really was beautiful, the woman working there, weaving. But they weren't distracted by her. They never looked at her either. They came on again. They continued on. Here to the east of Salinas there was a cross. There was a market there. But what a market! There were loads of things. There was fruit. There was everything, food, and whatever else for sale. But they never ate any of it, because if they ate, then it meant that all of them would have been left behind. If they bought, bought fruit, bought something to eat at the market then all of them would be left behind. They weren't distracted by the things for sale. They never bought anything. They never looked at anything.

They came on again. Now they were higher up here. [The place] was called Tz'ajom Pik' [Submerged Clitoris]. A woman was bathing, bathing in a little pond that was there once. There was a pond. But the woman was bathing happily. She was washing her whole body in the water. They never looked at her either.

They came on. They came on. They were just about to enter Zinacantán Center.

Va7i 7un, li pepene, te la xjoyet 7istza7ta la komel 7a li ve7elil 7une, 7ipas ta xuvit 7un, te stik' komel xuvit ta ve7elil 7une, mu7yuk xa xve7ik solteroe, mu7yuk xa slajes li ve7elil 7une, kómo yu7un 7oy xa xuvit 7un, muk' slajes sve7elik la 7une.

Bwéno, 7italik la 7un, muy tal 7un, yu7un xa xtal milvanuk 7ox chmuy tal 7une, 7italik la 7un, ja7 ta, 7a li, oy, Vok'em Setz' sbi 7une, te la lamal 7ep ta j-mek li setz' 7une, pulatuetik 7une, lekik la sba ta j-mek, te lamal ta be 7une, yo7 ti mi tzk'anik ti mi xch'ay 7o yo7one, yu7un la ja7 te ta xlaj 7ox ta be yu7n ch'ayuk yo7one pero mu la bu ch'ay yo7on mu la bu sk'elik 7un, je---lavik la tal 7un.

Bwéno, 7iyulik tal ta jun tz'el 7a li Burero noxtok 7un, te 7une, 7o la te 7a li 7Ik'al Vo7 sbi 7un, pero yu7un la te tajinik te yo7 7une, 7iyak' la jun 7i---k' xchi7uk vo7, j-set' la mu teyuk 7icham solteroeitike, pero muk' bu xcham 7un, pero 7ijelavik la tal 7un, muk' la bu xi7ik 7o taj x7elan 7iyak' 7ik', 7Ik'al Vo7 7une, mu7yuk la 7ixi7ik 7o, yech'o li balamil te yo7 une 7Ik'al Vo7 sbi 7un.

Bwéno, 7iyul tal ta Petz Toj 7une, ja7 la li toj ta la x7ak'otaj i toj 7une.

Bwéno, muk' bu ch'ay yo7on noxtok 7un, muk' la bu sk'elik 7un, muk' la bu sk'elik 7un, muk' bu ch'ay 7o yo7on, je---lavik la tal noxtok 7un.

Bwéno, 7iyul tal ta li7 ta tz'el Vo7-bitz 7un, 7o la te jun 7antz noxtok 7un, yolel ta xjalav la 7un, melel slekil jun 7antze te ch7abtej 7un, chjalav la 7un, pero mu la bu ch'ay 7o yo7on, mu la bu sk'elik noxtok 7un, ta---l la noxtok jelav tal 7un, li7 ta yak'ol xa li 7Atz'am 7une, te li, 7o te jun krus 7un, 7o te la jun ch'ivit te yo7 7une, pe---ro jun ch'ivit, 7animal yepaluk, 7oy la lo7bol 7oy la k'utikuk ta j-mek, ve7elil, k'utik la chchone 7un, pe---ro mu la bu slajesik 7un, porke ti slajesike che7e, yu7un te chkom skotol 7ox ti sk'oplale, ti7n smanuk, smanuk lo7bol, smanuk k'u slajes ta ch'ivite, yu7un te kom skotol, muk' yu7un ja7 xch'ay 7o yo7on, k'usi 7oy ta schone, pero muk' 7onox bu sman, mu la bu sk'elik 7un.

Bwéno, ta---l xa noxtok 7un, 7oy te 7oy xa li7 ta 7ak'ol tal Tz'ajom Pik' sbi 7une, 7o la te jun 7antz ch7atin 7un, ch7atin ta, 7oy te 7unen nab ti vo7ne la 7une, 7oy te nab, pero jun la yo7on te ch7a---tin li antze, ta x7atin, sju---nlej ta yut vo7 7une, mu la bu sk'elik noxtok, mu la bu sk'elik.

Bwéno, tal la tal 7un, yu7un xa ch7och tal ta Jtek-lum 7une po7ot xa.

"The devils have come now. What can we do?" said the men. "Oh, but what? There's nothing left to do. They weren't even distracted. What can we do now?" they said.

"I don't know if it would be a good plan to flood the river," said [one].

"Oh, yes, indeed. We can do that," said the others.

"Let it flood, then!" said [one of the Zinacantecs]. Quickly he sent a torrential rain. In a minute he sent it. The river flooded. In a minute all the soldiers were carried away. They went. Then that was the end of them. That's how the trouble ended, because they were carried away by the water. Then the elders won, long ago. Not until then did they win. The river is called Pum-lajan 7Uk'um [Roaring River]. There is a place they call Xlok' Yo7on Ton [Rock Whose Heart Appears]. Because the rock used to have a heart, too. The rock was good-hearted, but they'd never looked at it either. They'd continued on, so that they were already entering Zinacantán Center. Then [the Zinacantecs—thought of that river. The river flooded. It swept them all away. They all went. They all went. Then that was the end of them.

Zinacantecs were renowned for their trading activities at the time of the Spanish Conquest. "The people of this town are [treated] like chiefs in every town in this whole region. And simply by being from Zinacantán they are honored as merchants." (Ximénez, 1929:360). It was reported in 1774 that "they are inclined to work in the other provinces and in Tabasco, especially with fruit and the clothing of the land" (Dahlgren de Jordan, 1966:212). In 1819 they were still trading extensively in Tabasco, where they fell prey to numerous tropical diseases (*Archivo General del Estado*, 5:86-89).

The inclusion of Whirlwind, Thunderbolt, and Butterfly here is curious, as they usually are associated with battles against Guatemala.

Bwéno, "Tal xa me li pukuj 7une k'usi ta jnoptik?" xi la li viniketik 7une. "7Ej pero k'usi mu xa k'u stak' jnoptik mi, kómo 7ech' xa tal skotol, li k'u x7elan 7ijch'aybetik yo7one, muk' bu sch'ay yo7onik, k'u ta jnoptik xa 7un?" xiik la 7un.

"Mu jna7 mi ja7 lek ta jnoptik, ta jnojestik li 7uk'ume," xi la 7un.

"7Aj ja7 bi xa ja7 xu7," xi la li yan 7une.

Bwéno, "Ak'o nojuk che7e!" xi. 7Iyak' la benos vo7 ta 7anil, j-likel 7iyak', no---j la li 7uk'um 7une, j-likel tame ech'el skotol li soltero la 7une, bat 7un, ja7 to te laj 7o sk'oplal 7un, laj 7o k'op yech 7un, porke tame ta 7uk'um 7un, ja7 to te kuch yu7unik 7a li moletik vo7ne la 7une, ja7 to kuch yu7un, 7a li 7uk'ume che7e, Pum-lajan 7Uk'um sbi, Xlok' Yo7on Ton xalbeik yu7un la 7oy to 7ox yo7on i tone, noxtok 7une, lek xa la yo7on li tone, pero muk' bu sk'elik noxtok, jelav tal ke yu7un xa ch7och xa tal ta Jtek-lum xa 7un, ja7 xa taj 7uk'um xa snopik 7une, noj i 7uk'um 7une, 7ech' sbek'el ech'el skotol, bat skotol, bat skotol 7un, ja7 to te laj 7o sk'oplal 7un.

My translation of 7Ik'al Vo7 as "Hurricane" perhaps should be changed to "Black Rain," an equally valid interpretation that occurs also in the *Popol Vuh*, shortly before the scene of the bathing girls:

A storm was just created;
A black rain was just created,
And mud was just created
Which they saw,
Which the tribes watched,
And their hearts just tired of hunting them,
And so they abandoned it (Edmonson, 1971:192).

See also T17, T25, and their notes.

The Flood

T96

The people used to be very evil long ago. They would eat their children. Wherever there were fat babies they would kill them and eat them.

Now, Our Lord punished them. It rained boiling water. They just covered themselves with rocks. On the back side of Sisil Vitz [Cecilia Mountain] they built boxes of stone there. But the water still passed through. They died there. They died there. The water flowed underground as it was very hot, boiling water. The world, then, the world was flooded. All those people, who used to be evil, died then.

Toj pukuj to 7ox krixchanoetik ti vo7ne, ta la sti7 sch'amalik, bu 7oy jup'em 7unene, ta la smil, sti7ik.

7Óra, 7a li kajvaltike, 7iyak' kastiko, k'ak'al vo7 la tal 7un, naka smak sbaik ta ton te, te ta pat Sisil Vitz la smeltzan skajonalik te yo7e, ta ton, pero 7ech' 7onox li vo7e, te la lajik 7un, te laj, te jelav i vo7 ta yut balamile, kómo k'ok', k'ak'al vo7, i balamile che7e, noj balamile, te la laj skotol ti krixchano k'u yepal pukujik to 7ox 7une.

The flood of boiling water appears to be restricted to the Chiapas highlands. In Larrainzar it is said to have followed the second creation of men, whose immortality aroused divine wrath (Holland, 1963:72). Chamulan myths refer to two causes for punishment—man's inability to speak (Gossen, T113) and his appetite for six-month-old babies (Gossen, T177).

Zinacantecs were not the only people who took refuge from the flood waters in stone boxes. The same vain attempt was reportedly made by the ancient Mixtecs (Dyk, 1959:3-4), Yucatecs (Redfield and Villa, 1934:330) and Kekchí of Belize (J. E. Thompson, 1930:166). See also T7, T55, T70, T142, T161, and their notes.

Why There Is Soul-Loss

T51

Our Lord spoke. "They are going to die." We were going to die. Our Lord wanted his children to die.

Thunderbolt heard. "If you destroy my house I'll smash your house, too," Our Lord was told. "You keep me from smashing your house you had better give me half your children," said the Earth Lord, the Thunderbolt.

"Okay, you can take them," he said.

That's when soul-loss began. It began because Our Lord permitted it. "You can take half [the people]," said Our Lord. Our Lord didn't used to give them. He didn't want to give them. That's why there didn't used to be soul-loss. Even if we fell, [our souls] didn't stay [in the earth]. But now if we fall, if we are frightened [our souls] stay [in the earth]. Don't you see, now the Earth Lord, Thunderbolt, takes half of us.

Soul-loss is an illness usually suffered by young children after they have taken a spill. The symptoms are upset stomach and intestinal disorders. During the curing ceremony, the shaman

7Iyal li kajvaltike. "Ta xljaj." Chilajotik 7oxe, ta sk'an 7ox la chljaj xch'amaltak li kajvaltike.

Bwéno, 7óra 7iya7i 7a li chavoque. "Ti mi7n chalajes li jnae pero ta jvok' lana 7uke," x7utat ti kajvaltike. "Mi yu7un muk' ta jvok' lanae, pero chavak'bon j-7o7loluk lach'amale," xi li yajval balamile, li chavoque.

"Bwéno xu7 xavik'," xi.

7Óra, yo7 ti 7i7ayan li komele, ja7 7i7ayan 7o porke 7iyak' li kajvaltike. "Xu7 xavik' j-7o7loluk," xi li kajvaltike. Vo7ne mu to 7ox xak' li kajvaltike, mu sk'an xak', yech'o mu7yuk to 7ox komel, 7ak' 7o mi xijach'otik mu xikomotik, yan le7e, yu7un mi xijach'otik, mi lixi7otike chikomotik, mu xavil, 7oy xa, chiyik'otik xa j-7o7lol li yajval balamile, li chavoque.

beats the ground with pine boughs and whistles in a small gourd to call back the soul.

For a poetic rendering of this tale see Merwin, 1972.

When Christ Was Born

T57

"Won't you give me a place for the night?" said [Joseph]. He walked and walked. The Christ Child was about to be born.

"No, there's no place to sleep. Go take a walk, beggar!" Our Lord was told—Saint Joseph [that is]. Because he was travelling with the Virgin. The Christ Child was yet to be born.

He went to still another town. "Won't you please give me a place for the night, because my wife is sick," said [Joseph].

"Oh, there's no place to sleep. If you want you can go to the stable," said [the owner].

"All right if you would be so kind, even if it's a stable, because my wife's baby will be born tonight," said the man, but he was a saint.

"All right then," said [the owner]. They went to the stable. The Christ Child was born. A very hea—vy frost fell. The Christ Child was dying of the cold.

7A li, "Mi mu xavak'bon junuk posara?" xi la. Chanav, chanav 7une, yu7un xa po7ot xa x7ayan xa 7a li Ninyo 7une.

"Mu7yuk, muk' bu posara, batan ta paxyal, limoxnero!" x7utat la 7un, ti kajvaltik 7une, San-jose 7une. Porke xchi7uk jch'ul-me7tik chanav to 7ox 7une, mu to 7ox ch7ayan li Ninyo 7une.

Bwéno, bat xa ta jun 7o jtek-lum noxtok 7un. 7A li, "Mi mu xa7abolaj xavak'bon jun posara, yu7un 7ip kajnil," xi la 7un.

"7Aj mu7yuk bu posara, mi xak'ane batan ta na ka7," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno ti mi xa7abolaje, 7ak' 7o me na ka7uk porke yu7un ta x7ayan tana yol li kajnil," xi la 7un, ti vinik 7une, pero kajvaltik 7un.

"Bwéno teuk che7e," xi la 7un. Bat la ta na ka7 7une, 7i7ayan la li Ninyoe, ja7 7o la 7iyak' be---nos taiv ta j-mek 7un, ta la xcham xa ta sik 7a li Ninyo 7une.

The cow was good-hearted. It breathed on [the baby]. The Christ Child was revived. It was dying of the cold. [The cow] warmed [the baby] with its breath. It blew and blew its breath on [the baby]. That's how the Christ Child was warmed. Our Lord [Christ] didn't die of the cold. When morning came he already had a halo around his head. It was revealed that he was Our Lord.

Then the priests went; the bishops went to look, everybody went. Then they had a fiesta. The band went; rockets went along, and everything when they saw that he was Our Lord. He wasn't a human being. He was a god now, because there was a sign, the halo around his head, like a crown. That's how they saw that he wasn't a human being. He wasn't. It turned out badly for the one who didn't offer his house. It turned out badly. He offered a stable. He lost. It was bad. He never lent his house. He lent something, but it was a stable he sent them off to. But it was because he didn't know that it was Our Lord.

Our Lord was born now.

So the next day, they saw [the man], who wouldn't lend his house, crying. "Oh, I thought it was a beggar who spent the night," he said the next morning.

They saw now that it was Our Lord. With priests and bishops they went to look, to watch them celebrate a wonderful fiesta on the principal day, Christmas. So it's called Christmas. [You see] when morning came they had a fiesta. The Christ Child was born already by morning time. When morning came the baby was already born. But he wasn't a human being. He was Our Lord.

Then when they saw him, they held a wonderful fie—sta, when morning came. There was music and everything. Yes, indeed! Now that was the principal day, Christmas. It's been just the same ever since, just like it is now.

Bwéno, ja7 7a li vakax 7une, ja7 la lek yo7on li vakax 7une, ja7 la 7ixvuch'ta 7ikux 7o li Ninyo, chcham xa 7ox ta sik 7une, 7isk'ixna la ta ssobal li ye 7une, ta ssobal k'alal 7ixvuch'ta 7ixvuch'ta la 7une, ja7 la 7ik'ixnaj 7o li Ninyo 7une, muk' xcham 7o ta sik 7une, kajvaltik 7une, k'alal 7isakub 7osil la 7une, 7oy xa 7a li xxojobal li sjol 7une, vinaj 7o ti kajvaltik xa 7une.

Bwéno, ja7 7o la bat paleetik, bat 7ovixpo, bat sk'el k'utikuk, bat skotol krixchano, ja7 to la spasik k'in, bat la musika, bat la kwete, k'utikuk, k'alal 7iyilik xa ti kajvaltik xa 7une, 7a le7e mu krixchanouk, kajvaltik xa, porke 7oy xa senya, li xxojobal li sjol, k'u cha7al li korona, k'u cha7al 7iyilik xa ti ma7uk krixchano 7une, ma7uk, chopol 7ibat 7a li buch'u mu xak' sna 7une chopol 7ibat yak' na ka7e, 7ich'aye, chopol, muk' bu 7iyak' ta ch'om li snae, 7iyak' ta ch'om pero na ka7 7istak ech'el, pero kómo mu tzna7 mi kajvaltik 7une.

Bwéno, yu7un ch7ayan i kajvaltik xa 7une.

7Óra, mu xak' ta ch'om ti sna 7une, k'alal 7iyilike, ja7 to x7ok' xa la ta yok'omale. "7Ay ka7uk me jk'an-limuxnauk, 7isch'amun jnae," xi la 7un, sakub 7osile.

Bwéno, 7iyilik xa ti kajvaltik 7une, ba sk'elik ta pale, ta 7ovixpo, sk'el slok'esik k'in lek ta j-mek, ti ta sba-k'el xa Paskwa 7une, yech'o Paskwa sbi yu7un, ja7 7oy 7iyu7 k'in k'alal 7isakub 7osil 7une, 7ayanem xa, sakub i Ninyo 7une, k'alal sakube 7ayanem xa li 7unen 7une, pero mu7nuk krixchanouk, ja7 li kajvaltike.

Bwéno, 7entónse, k'alal 7iyilik 7une, lok' lek k'i---n ta j-mek k'al 7isakub 7osil 7une, 7oy musika, k'utikuk ta j-mek la 7un, 7éso si, sba-k'el k'in xa Paskwa xa 7un, kómo yech k'alal tana k'u cha7al lavie 7une.

Bellyache

T62

There was a man whose belly hurt. He didn't want to work. But you see his brother had a wife, it seems, his sister-in-law. [A brother's wife] is called "smu7."

But you see he was just lying that his stomach was sick. It was a trick, for he was having an affair with his brother's wife. It was so [he could] stay behind. He didn't work. He never went to work. He stayed at home because his belly ached.

7Oy la jun vinik, batz'i k'ux la xch'ut mu la sk'an x7abtej, pero bu yu7un, yu7un la 7oy 7a li yajnil yermano ya7el, smu7 7un, smu7 sbi.

Va7i 7un, 7a li bu, yech no la tznop ti 7ip xch'ut 7une, yu7un la manya 7un, yu7un la tzk'oponbe yajnil li xchi7il 7une, yo7 kom 7o, chkom 7oe, muk' x7abtej 7une, muk' bu xbat ta 7abtel 7une, chkom ta na 7un porke k'ux xch'ut.

But you see when [his brother] saw that he was doing a bad thing he turned into a bird. He became a bird. "Sister-in-law, my belly aches," he said as he flew off. His belly ached. His stomach hurt. He just turned into a bird. It's the red-billed pigeon today.

Bu 7un, 7a li k'alal 7iyil ti chopol tzipas 7une, 7ipas la ta mut 7un, pas ta mut 7un. "K'us jtzukut mu---7," xi xa la k'alal 7ivil ech'el 7une, ja7 xa li k'ux stzukut, k'ux xch'ut 7une, solel pas ta mut la 7un, ja7 li k'us tzukutin lavi 7une.

See also T32 and notes.

The Charcoal Cruncher

T60

There was a man sleeping with his wife.
She was a Charcoal Cruncher.

The man touched his wife in the dark. She wasn't there, just the stump of her was there. She had no head.

He looked. He lit a match. "Where did my wife go?" he said. "How could it be? Where did her head go? Could someone have cut her head off?" said her husband. "Eh, who knows. There must be a reason. Maybe she's bad. Maybe she took a walk," said her husband. "No, I guess we'll see what happens to her, if she's a devil." He put salt on her. On the place where the cut was, he put salt.

When [her head] arrived it couldn't stick on anymore. Her head was just flopping about like a chicken. It just bounced and bounced now. "Why are you doing this to me? Why are you doing this?" the woman asked her husband when she arrived.

"But why do you go out wandering then? Are you a devil? You are a devil!" he told his wife. She cried—d now.

"Well, why is it? But where can I go now that my flesh doesn't fasten on anymore?" said the woman.

"Oh, I don't know. See for yourself! I don't want to be with you any longer. What you are doing is too awful," said her husband. "You're a devil. You're not good," said her husband.

[Her head] bounced. It landed and perched on his shoulder. It landed there. Now he had two heads. The man had two heads. "Eh, but this is no good at all," he said. He prayed to Our Lord. "My Lord, but why is this? This is terrible. If the other one sticks on I'll have two faces!" said the man. "One a woman's, the other a man's, it seems. That is too awful," he said. "What can I do about this? What?" he said. "If Our Lord would only do [me] a favor. If there were something, if there were something, if only there were someone who would take it away, make it go, have it thrown away," he said.

7O la jun vinik, vayem la xchi7uk yajnil 7un.

Va7i 7un, ja7 la li jk'ux-7ak'al 7une.

Bwéno, 7a li, 7ispik la yajnil li vinik ta 7ak'ubaltik 7une, ch'abal, k'ajom j-k'os xa no 7ox te, ch'abal xa sjol la 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7isk'el la, 7istzan la sk'ok' 7un. "Bu bat ti kajnile?" xi la 7un. "K'un x7elane bu bat ti sjole mi7n van 7o buch'u stuch'bonuk i sjole?" xi la li smalal 7une. "7Ej jna7tik, yu7un nan 7u k'usi, yu7un nan chopol sjol, yu7un nan chlok' ta paxyale," xi la li smalal 7une. "Mo7oj ta jk'eltik kik k'u x7elan chbat 7o le7e mi7n pukuj le7e." 7Iyak'be la 7atz'am 7un, yo7 bu stuch'oj 7une, yak'be la 7atz'am 7un.

7A li, bwéno, mu xa xu7 stzak sba k'alal 7ik'ot 7une, yech xa te xvololet li sjol chak k'u cha7al kaxlan 7une, solel la chp'it, chp'it xa 7un. "K'un ti x7elan xapasbon 7une, k'u yu7un ti chapas yech 7une?" xut la li smalal k'al 7ik'ot ti 7antz 7une.

"Pero k'un x7elan chalok' ta paxyal che7e, mi pukuj, yu7un pukujot!" xut la li yajnil 7une. X7o---k' xa la 7un.

"Bwéno, k'u yu7un 7un, pero bu chibat 7un li7e, mu xa stzak sba li jbek'tale," xi la li 7antz 7une.

"7Aj, 7a li, mu jna7 7il avil, yu7un mu xa jk'an xajchi7in, toj chopol li x7elan k'u chapase," xi la li smalale. "Yu7un pukujot le7e muk' lekot," xi li smalal 7une.

Va7i 7un, ta la xp'it 7une, li7 la nochol chk'ot tznekeb 7une, te la chk'ot, cha7-p'ej xa sjol 7un, cha7-p'ej sjol li vinik 7une. "7Ej pero muk' lek," xi la. 7Isk'opon la kajvaltik 7un. "Kajval pero k'u yu7un li x7elan chopol li x7elane, 7a ti mi stzak sba li jun 7une chib jsat 7un bi!" xi la li vinik 7une. "Jun 7antz, jun vinik ya7el 7un bi, chopol 7onox ta j-mek," xi la. "K'usi ta jnop li7e, k'usi?" xi. "K'usi mi mu no 7ox spas pavor ti kajvaltik, 7u k'usi, 7u k'usi 7ok buch'u tamonuk ech'ele 7ak'o batuk ak'o ba xch'ayeale," xi la 7un.

He tricked it. "All right, it's nothing much, come down a minute, stay on the ground! I'll climb the pine tree. I'm going to get pine seeds. So you'll eat them. So we'll eat them," he said. "So you'll chew them," he said.

"Go on then, climb up, then!" He climbed up the pine tree.

When he climbed the tree, the—n the woman's head bounced and bounced at the foot of the pine. It bounced, but it didn't get up. It tried to climb the tree. "God, My Lord, but what can I do about this? If there were something, if there were something that would come and take it away," said the man. "All right, please eat," he told her. He dropped the pine seeds down [to her].

A deer came along.

[Her head] landed and stuck on the deer's back. [The deer] was terribly sca—red. Ever since, deer have been very wild. It was scared. It ran very fast. Then the woman's head was lost. That's the way it ended.

When Romin Teratol heard Manvel's rendering of the Charcoal Cruncher, he was as amused as I. When the husband finds that he is lying in bed with a headless wife and muses, "How could it be?" "Where did her head go," Romin burst into gales

Bwéno, 7islo7lo la un. 7A li, "Bwéno, mu k'usi che7e, yalan to j-likeluk, te koman ta lumtik, chimuy ta toj, chba jsa7 tal 7a li ssat toj, mi chalo7, mi ta jlo7tike," xi la 7un. . . . "Mi chak'uxe," xut la ti yajnil 7une.

"Batan che7e, muyan che7e!" Muy la ta toj 7un.

Bwéno, k'alal 7imuy ta te7 7une, teee la ta xp'it, chp'it la ta yok toj 7a li sjol li 7antz 7une, chp'it pero mu skajtzaj xa 7un, muy xa 7ox ta te7. "Dyos kajval pero k'u ta jnop li7e mi mu no 7ox k'usi, 7u k'usi 7u k'u taluk 7ech'uk tamonuke," xi la 7a li vinik 7une. "Bwéno, ve7an me 7un," xut la. Sp'ajes la tal li ssat toj 7une.

Bwéno, tal la jun te7tikil chij 7un.

Bwéno, nap'al la k'ot ta spat li te7tikil chij 7une, ja7 la li batz'i xi---7 7o ta j-mek, k'al tana batz'i simaron li te7tikil chij 7une, 7ixi7, bat ta 7anil ta j-mek 7un, ja7 to te ch'ay 7o li sjol li 7antz 7une, laj 7o sk'oplal yech 7un.

of laughter and exclaimed, "If I were that man I'd have been scared to death!" See also T12, T81, T82, and their notes, T47 and T175.

When Our Lord Was Chased

T52

Our Lord spoke. He was passing by there. He was travelling. There was a man working. He was clearing trees.

"What are you doing?" asked Our Lord.

"I'm not doing anything. I'm chopping trees. I'm chopping stones," Our Lord was told.

"Oh well, if you are chopping stones then, fine," he was told. The next morning there were just cliffs. All the trees were standing. There weren't any logs. Just rocks. Now none of the [trees] that had been chopped down were cleared. They were standing, the next morning. They were standing now, because he didn't answer properly. He didn't reply properly to Our Lord when he was asked.

"Have you seen a man go by?" he was asked [by a devil].

You see, "[Our Lord] passed by. He just passed by," said [the farmer]. That's why none of his work turned out well.

[Our Lord] went to another [person]. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm planting. I'm planting stones. I'm planting trees," he said, but he was planting corn.

Bwéno, 7iyal 7a li kajvaltike, te la 7ech' chanav to 7oxe, 7a li te la jun vinik yolel ch7abtej, ta sboj 7osil.

Bwéno, "K'u chapas?" xi la li kajvaltike.

"Mu k'u ta jpas ta jboj te7, ta jboj ton," xut la li kajvaltike.

"7A bwéno, ti mi7n chaboj ton che7e, lek," x7utat la 7un. K'alal 7isakub 7osile, naka xa ch'entik, naka xa va7ajtik xa li te7e, mu xa bu tz'etbil 7un, naka xa tonetik 7un, 7a li k'u yepal bojbil to 7ox mu7yuk xa bu bojbil 7un, va7ajtik xa sakub 7osil 7un, va7ajtik xa 7un, porke yu7un mu7yuk muk' lek xtak'av lek muk' bu lek 7istak'be li kajvaltik 7une, k'alal 7ijak'bate che7e.

"Mi 7o 7ech' avil jun vinik?" x7utat la 7a.

Va7i 7un, "7I7ech' naka to 7i7ech' 7un." xi la 7un. Yech'o mu7yuk bu lek li yabtel 7une.

Bwéno, bat la 7otro jun noxtok 7un. 7A li, "K'u chapas?" xi la 7un.

"Ta jtz'un 7a li, ta jtz'un ton, ta jtz'un te7," xi la. Pero chobtik tztz'un un.

"Oh, fine, then," he was told. In place of his corn field there were just rocks the next morning. No more corn field. Just cliffs. Just rock fields, just woods. No more corn fields, because he didn't answer properly. [Our Lord] went to another person. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am planting Our Lord's sunbeams," said the man.

"Ah, good. That's all. If you are planting corn and if someone comes, someone comes looking [for me], if you are asked, *Didn't a man pass by?* if he says that, you tell him, *He passed by, but it was a very long time ago. I was planting the corn field, but look here, now there are ears of corn,*" said [Our Lord].

"Ah!" he said. Since [Our Lord] had just passed by. Since he answered properly, the corn field suddenly had ears of corn. In just one day it happened. When morning came the next day the corn field had ears of corn, because he answered properly. When [the pursuer] passed by [he was told], "Oh, who knows, maybe it was around three months ago when he passed, because I was in the midst of planting. Since now the corn field is in ear," he said. He told the devil. "Oh well, no one has passed by now, no one has passed by yet. He came by, but it was when I was planting the corn field, but my corn field already has ears. Maybe it was at least three months ago that he came by," said the man.

You see, it turned out well, since his corn grew well. Whoever didn't answer properly, not a single corn plant grew. None. It turned out badly. Their work was no good.

In this and the following tale, although the *pukuj*, "devil" or "enemy," is not identified by Manvel, it is assumed that we know that the tormenters of Christ were the Jews. It is they who in Zinacantec Catholicism are identified quite simply as the murderers of "Our Lord, Christ."

At first glance it would seem that the account of Christ and the farmer was a New World invention. If frequency of recording is any indication of a tale's popularity, this tale is clearly the favorite throughout southern Mexico and Guatemala. Whether the objects of pursuit are Joseph and Mary or Christ himself, the dialogue is nearly identical from one version to the next. The particular crops being planted do vary—chicken eggs hatch pullets in Chichicastenango (Tax, 1949:126)—but the dramatic development is consistent. The tale is distributed among the Tepecanos (Mason, 1914:7), Huastecs (Laughlin, 1969b:307), Totonacs (Ichon, 1969:82; Reid, Bishop, Button, and Longacre, 1968:148–156 and 167–169), Popolucas (Elson, 1947:193–214), Mazatecs (Laughlin, 1957), Zapotecs (Parsons, 1932a, T6),

"7A, lek che7e," x7utat la 7un. Naka la to---n 7isakub yav chobtik 7une, ch'abal xa yav chobtik, naka la ch'en, naka la tontik, te7etik xa, ch'abal xa yav chobtik porke yu7un muk' bu lek tak'av, 7ibat la jun xa noxtok 7un. "K'u chapas?" xi la 7un.

"7A li7 ta jtz'un xxojobal kajvaltike," xi la, 7a li jun vinik 7une.

"7A bwéno, mu k'usi che7e, ti mi7n chatz'un chobtike, 7a ti mi7n 7o tal 7o buch'u tal sa7vanuke, 7a mi lajak'bat *Mi muk' 7i7ech' junuk, jun vinik?* mi xie *7i7ech' pero batz'i vo7ne xa, xavalbe 7un. Ja7 to 7ox yolel ta jtz'un li chobtike pero k'e li7e lek xa 7ajan 7un,*" xi la 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li, "7Aa," xi, kómo naka to 7ox 7ech' 7un, kómo lek 7itak'ave, j-likel 7ipas ta 7ajan ti chobtik 7une, pas ta jun 7o no 7ox k'ak'al k'alal 7isakub 7osile, 7ajan xa sakub li chobtike, porke yu7n lek 7itak'av 7un. 7A li k'alal 7i7ech'e, "7Ijj, jna7tik xa 7oy xa nan yoxibaluk 7u ti 7ech'e, porke yolel to 7ox ta jtz'un porke 7ajan xa li chobtike," xi la. 7Iyalbe li pukuj 7une. "7A bwéno, muk' bu x7ech' lavi ja7 to muk' bu x7ech', 7i7ech' pero ti ja7 to 7ox yolel ta jtz'un li chobtik to 7oxe, pero pas xa ta 7ajan li jchob 7une, 7oy xa nan yoxibaluk 7u ti 7ech'e," xi la li vinik 7une.

Va7i 7un, lek 7ibat 7un, kómo lek 7ich'i li xchob 7une, 7a li buch'u muk' lek xtak'ave, muk' bu ch'i j-petzuk xchob 7un, ch'abal, chopol 7ibat, chopol yabtel.

Chenalhó Tzotzil (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:262), Kekch'i of Belize (J. E. Thompson, 1930:161), Kanjobal (La Farge, 1947:57–58, Siegel, 1943:120–126), Quiché (Tax, 1949:126), and Tzutujil (Rosales, 1945:872).

The Popoloca version lends strength to the conclusion that this is a native American legend, for the protagonist is not Christ, but Homshuk, the corn god, who is fleeing from his most unChristian mother. Comparable tale elements have not been reported from the large collections of Spanish tales from North America, Cuba, Puerto Rico, or Spain itself. If it were not for the exhaustive studies of the nineteenth-century German folklorist Oskar Dähnhardt, we could conclude quite comfortably that this is an American invention. Dähnhardt, alas, uncovered a thirteenth-century Latin manuscript of Christ and the farmer. After tracing further versions through the Balkan countries, he determined to his satisfaction that the legend had been brought from the Near East to Europe by the crusaders (Dähnhardt, 1912, 2:95–107). See also T53, T177, and their notes.

When Our Lord Was Chased Again

T53

[Our Lord] passed by another town. [The devil] was about to come now. It was just a minute before the devil would arrive on the trail. "Oh, what can I do now?" said Our Lord.

"But who knows if maybe I make some soap. Then the trail will be very slippery. Let's see if he's delayed a bit," said Our Lord.

He tossed a cake of black soap [on the trail]. Maybe that's what made [the trail] muddy. But the trail was terribly slippery. But [the devil] was delayed a bit by it. [Our Lord] wasn't overtaken. Our Lord wasn't reached on the trail.

A little later, [Our Lord] continued. He went some distance. He was just about to be overtaken again. "Well, what can we do? It would be better if we left some thread [on the trail]," he said. He tossed a ball of thread. It turned into fog. It grew dark. It closed in, the way clouds do. It grew dark. The [devil] was distracted a bit. The next day, our Lord continued for a long way. He had gone far. He wasn't overtaken. He wasn't caught.

The ruses in Christ's magic flight are similar to those employed in two other Zinacantec tales of undoubtedly European origin (T18, T163). A Tepehua version of St. Joseph's flight has Mary toss a cake of soap onto the path, with the same muddy

Yan xa i jtek-lum 7i7ech', 7a li, yu7un la po7ot xa xtal xa, batz'i j-likel xa ta sk'an xtal ta be 7a ti pukuje. "7A k'u ta jnop li7e?" xi li kajvaltik.

Bwéno, "Pero jna7tik mi ta jmeltzan kik junuk xavon, ja7 bilil ta j-mek i bee, 7aver mi xpaj 7o jutuke," xi 7a li kajvaltike.

Bwéno, 7isten la jun bola 7ik'al xavon 7une, ja7 nan 7ipas ta 7ach'el pero batz'i bilil ta j-mek li bee, pero 7ipaj 7o la jutuk 7un, muk' xtae 7o 7un, muk' xtae ta be li kajvaltik 7une.

Bwéno, k'alal 7otro jun j-likel 7o noxtok 7une, 7ibat, bat xa k'u snatil 7une, yu7un xa po7ot xa la xtae noxtok 7une. "Bwéno, k'u ta jnoptik mas lek 7a li ta xkak'tik 7a li junuk 7ilera," xi. 7Isten la jun volo 7ilerae, ja7 la pas ta lumal tok 7une, 7ik'ub li 7osile, 7ibut' k'u cha7al x7ik'ub li tok 7une, 7ik'ub 7un, ja7 to te ch'ay 7o yo7on j-tz'uj 7un, 7ibat nat ti kajvaltik k'alal 7isakube, bat xa 7ox nat 7un, mu7yuk xtae 7un, muk' xtae 7un.

effect. Then she tosses her comb to create a heavy forest, and a grain of salt to form a mountain (Williams García, 1972:70-74). See also T52 and notes.

Rabbit Seeks a Brideprice

T50

[Rabbit] went to a cave. He had his little guitar. "What's new, Uncle Tiger?" he said to the tiger.

"What's new, what's new, friend?" the rabbit was asked.

"Now today," said [Rabbit], "The king is having a party," he said. "But if you want, let's dance now," he said. "Because the party is on now, the king's party," he said.

"Well, is that so?" said Tiger.

"Yes. Well, I'll play my little guitar and you dance," he said.

"All right. Play then and I'll dance," said [Tiger]. When [Rabbit] played his guitar, in a minute, [Tiger] did turn after turn. He spun around. It was Tiger who danced. He was hit from behind, and he died from it. He died from it. [Rabbit] skinned him and went to give [the skin] to the king. He went to sell the skin. It was a lie he told, that he was to be given a girl. He just lied when he said that the king was having a fiesta.

Bwéno, 7a li, bat la ta jun ch'en, 7oy yunen gitara, "7Iday, Tío Tígre?" xut la ti tigre.

"7Iday, 7iday, amígo?" x7utat la ti konejo.

"7Óra, lavie," xi, 7a li, "Xlok' sk'in rey," xi. "Pero mi xak'ane chi7ak'otajotik lavie," xi. "Yu7un yolel k'in li7e, sk'in rey," xi.

"Bwéno, yech?" xi, 7a li tigre.

"Yech, bwéno ta jtij 7a li kunen kitara vo7one, vo7ot cha7ak'otaj," xi la.

"Bwéno tijo che7e, chi7ak'otaj," xi la. K'alal 7istij li skitara 7une, j-likel 7iyak' la sbwelta, bwelta xa, chak' bwelta, ja7 ch7ak'otaj li tigre 7une, ja7 li majbat li sne 7une, yu7un 7icham 7o 7un, 7icham 7o 7un, 7ixcho7be snukulale ba yak'be li rey 7une, ba xchon li nukul 7une, 7altik chal ti ch7ak'bat tzeb 7une, yech nox tznop porke 7iyale, che7e, ti chlok' sk'in rey.

"I'm to be given a wife. Do you want her?" Rabbit [had] asked. "I am to be given a girl," he'd said.

"Well, I can take her," Tiger [had] said. "I'll take her myself if you don't want her."

"I certainly don't want her, because I'm so little," said Rabbit. The bastard is tricky, tricky, so clever. Even now, when you see one, it can't be caught. When you see it, it runs off quickly. It goes. That's just how it is. Even now. Because it's so clever. Not just in olden times, for it's stayed that way ever since. You think a rabbit can be caught, it can't be caught! Even with bullets it's hard to kill.

"Ah, all right then," Tiger [had] said.

[Rabbit] arrived at the king's house. "Sir, I have come here."

"I want another one now," [the king] said. Now it was the coyote skin.

"I want one of a coyote," he said. Rabbit went to talk to [Coyote]. Coyote doesn't know how to dance at all. He doesn't know how. He just went in circles, so [Rabbit] stealthily hit him from behind. He killed him from behind. He hit his friend with a stick so that he would die from it. Since Rabbit had his little club.

So when [Rabbit] killed him, another skin went, too.

It was bought. [Rabbit] was paid for the skin that he went to give, it seems.

The king had a fiesta. [Rabbit] was given his pay. It was given to him. He was paid for the skin. Now he came with his money.

You see, when he took the money, he went to pay [the brideprice] for a girl. He paid it for the girl, but it wasn't even enough. It wasn't enough. It wasn't enough. "Skip it then, skip it! I don't want a girl very much anyway. I'm too little," he said. That's how the story ends.

It may be stretching the definition of *chi7il* a bit to call Rabbit, Coyote's "friend!" Perhaps "companion" is more appropriate.

Once more Rabbit plays the trickster, protesting his small size—just as in the standard rabbit-coyote cycle—but I am

7A li yu7un, "Chi7ak'bat jun kajnil mi xak'an vo7ote?" xi la li t'ule. "Chi7ak'bat jun tzeb," xi.

"Bwéno, stak' xkik' vo7on," xi la li tigre. "Chkik' vo7on li tzebe mi mu xak'an vo7ote."

"Mu jk'an vo7on a7a, yu7un ja7 li toj bik'itone," xi 7a li t'ule. Manya li kavron, manya, toj p'ij, k'alal tana xavile che7e, mi yu7un batz'i mu stak' tzakel, k'al xavile chbat ta 7anil, bat, k'alal, yu7un no 7ox ja7 yech, k'alal tana lavie, yu7un toj p'ij, ma7uk no 7ox ti 7antivo, yu7un komem yech chak k'u cha7al lavie, 7a li t'ule yu7 van stak' tzakel, mu stak' tzakel, mi ja7uk ta bala vokol ta xmile.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, "7Aj stak' che7e," xi.

Bwéno, 7ik'ot tzna rey, "Senyor, li7 litale."

"Ta jk'an 7otro junuk xa," xi. Ja7 xa li nukulal 7a li 7ok'il xa 7une.

Bwéno, "Ta jk'an junuk skwenta koyote," xi. Ba la sk'opon 7a li 7ok'ile mu la sna7 x7ak'otaj 7un a7a, mu sna7, yech no 7ox te yak' bwelta, yech che7e tzmukul-majbe li snee, ta sne chmilvan, ta smaj ta te7 yo7 xcham 7oe li xchi7ile, kómo li t'ule che7e, 7oy te yunen te7 la 7un.

Bwéno, k'alal 7ismil 7une, 7ibat to 7otro jun nukul noxtok 7un.

Bwéno, 7iman, 7itobjat nukul ya7el ba yak' 7une.

Bwéno, 7a ti 7ilok' sk'in rey 7une, 7a li 7ak'bat la stak'in, 7i7ak'bat 7itobjat ti nukule, 7oy xa stak'in tal 7un.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, k'alal 7iyich' li tak'in 7une, ba la stoj jun tzeb 7un, 7istoj jun tzeb, mi ja7uk xlok' 7o la 7un, mu xlok' 7o mu xlok' 7o. "Yiyil che7e, yiyil mu jk'an 7onox lek tzeb k'usuk toj bik'iton," xi la un, te laj 7o k'op yech 7un.

unaware of stories elsewhere in Middle America in which the hero holds a dance to gain pesos for the brideprice. See also T20, T21, T49, T90, T166, T169, and their notes.

The Flood

T55

Once the world was flooded by water. It was flooded with water, because the people were so awful, said [Our Lord]. Because they ate their children. They ate their children.

Our Lord, he gave forty days of rain. The world was flooded.

They were very bad. They ate their children. So they just disappeared. The people's seed was lost.

7A ti vo7ne, 7inoj ta vo7 7a li balamile, 7inoj ta vo7, yu7un la toj chopol li krixchanoetike, xi, ja7 taj ta sti7 xch'amalike, ta sti7ik ta sti7 ti xch'amalike.

Bwéno, li kajvaltik 7une, 7iyak' li cha7-vinik k'ak'al la li vo7 7une, 7inoj li balamil 7une.

Bwéno, toj chopol sjolik sti7 xch'amale, ja7 solel 7ich'ay laj 7o stz'unbalik ti krixchano 7une.

It seems that of whatever was left, just two were chosen to remain. Two apiece of each kind of bird. Two cows were left, two horses, so that the horses would be born and multiply. They were left, those who were obedient.

Now the monkeys, the monkeys climbed into the trees, but they used to be people. They just lived on berries. They turned into animals. They turned into monkeys as we say. The people turned into monkeys, because they climbed into the trees. They searched for their food when the world flooded, when the rain flooded. But there was a person who built a house and hid in it. It floated on the water. It rode on top of the water. When he heard that we were going to die he put a lot of corn and beans and everything inside. It was like an old railroad car. That's what it was like, it seems.

He built a house [that would float] on top of the water, until the water dried up. That's where the people's seed was left. The animals' seed was left there. The horse, the sheep, the birds, they were left there. They were reborn so that they are here until this day. After they were reborn then they multiplied. There were just two animals, two apiece. There were two horses. There were two cows. There were sheep, all the birds, two were left. Then they multiplied. People were made again. New people were born. They appeared now. Then the world was remade again. The animals appeared now, too, because a little of their seed had been left. When the water dried up, then they began to build Zinacantán Center.

It is curious that in Mitla, too, Noah's ark is described as being as big as a train (Parsons, 1936:350). See also T7, T50, T96, T142, T161, and their notes.

The War of Saint Rose

T65

Once there used to be a Saint Rose, long ago. But she was the mother of dissension, Saint Rose. There was strife. The Chamulans gathered together. Lots of wo—men joined in. They were going to make war. They were going to wage war.

There next to the Quinta [Ranch] there is a bridge. The bridge is named Saint Rose. The trouble reached there, because they were fighting there. They went. There used to be cannons here [in San Cristóbal]. The [soldiers of San Cristóbal] went. They went to fire cannons there. The [Chamulan] women—first the women came. They came with their skirts lifted high and wi—de so that the cannons would grow cold, so that they would not fire.

Bwéno, 7a li bu xa 7ikom ya7ele, t'ujbil xa no 7ox cha7-kot xa 7ikom, cha7cha7-kot k'usi mut, vakax, cha7-kot xa 7ikom, ka7, cha7-kot, yo7 7ip'ol 7o, 7a li cha7-7ayan 7o li ka7 7une, kom xa 7un, ja7 xa ti bu xch'un mantal xa 7une.

7Ora, li maxe, 7a li maxe yu7un la muy ta te7 pero krixchano to 7ox, naka la ssat te7 7iyipan, pas ta chon 7un, pas ta móno xkaltik 7une, pas ta max ti krixchano 7une, yu7un muy ta te7 la 7un, ssa7 sve7el k'alal 7inoj li balamil to 7ox k'alal 7inoj li vo7 7une, yan ti buy a li te nak'bile 7ismeltzan la jun sna li jun krixchanoe, kajal ta ba vo7, kajal ta ba vo7 k'alal 7iya7i xa ti yu7un xa chilajotike, 7iyotes la 7ep 7ixim, chenek', k'utik la ta j-mek, k'u cha7al mu mu ferokaril, k'u cha7al ya7el.

Bwéno, 7ismeltzan la jun na ta ba vo7 7une, te, 7ásta ke k'u cha7al 7i7ul li vo7e, ja7 te kom ta stz'unbal ti krixchanoe, kom stz'unbal 7a li chonetik 7une, ka7, chij, mut, te kom 7un, cha7-7ayan 7un, k'u cha7al lavi, 7oy k'alal tana 7une, laj cha7-7ayanuk 7un, ja7 xa 7ip'olesvan, chib xa no 7ox 7ikom taj chonetik 7une, cha7cha7-kot, ka7, cha7-kot 7ikom, vakax, cha7-kot 7ikom, chij, skotol mut, cha7-kot 7ikom, te xa 7ip'ol k'alal i smeltzanoi krixchano noxtok 7une, 7i7ayan 7ach' krixchanoe, 7i7ayan xa, te xa cha7-meltzaj li balamil noxtok 7une, 7i7ayan xa chonetik noxtok 7une, porke kom stz'unbal jutuk 7un, k'al 7i7ul li vo7 7une, lik meltzajuk Jtek-lum xa 7un.

7A ti vo7ne 7oy to 7ox la Santa-roxa, ti vo7ne, pero yu7un la ja7 7a li me7 pletu, 7a li Santa-roxa 7une, yu7un pletu 7istzob la sbaik li jchamu7etik 7une, kapal ta 7a---ntz ta j-mek, la chak'ik, chak' 7ox k'ok' 7une, chak' ... tzpasik i gera 7ox 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li taj ta tz'el Kinta 7une ja7 li te ba k'o 7une, ja7 Santa-rosa sbi li ba k'o te 7une, te yul li pletu te yo7 7une, yu7un te spasik pletu te yo7e, bat la, 7o to 7ox la kanyon li7 to 7une, bat la, ba yak'ik kanyon te yo7 7une, 7a li 7antzetik 7une, ja7 la ba7yi tal li 7antzetik 7une, sja---moj xa la tal stzekik 7un, yu7un la ja7 mi ta la sikub 7o li kanyon 7une, ti yo7 mu xt'om 7o 7une.

But the cannons did fire. All the women were left in heaps like chickens. They were all killed by the cannons.

The [Chamulan] men came on. They didn't enter [San Cristóbal]. They never entered. They were just finished off like the others.

Now, Saint Rose—the soldiers [of San Cristóbal] went to seize her and bring her in. Saint Rose arrived at the barracks. She was a Chamulan woman, a human being, not a saint. She just lied that she was transformed so that the people would say she was a saint, since her name was Saint Rose. Saint Rose, the Virgin, she was supposed to be.

But she herself knew how to eat. She ate. She drank posol. Would a saint eat? That's why it was lies. That's why they just went to seize her and bring her in. Nothing happened. Nothing happened to the town. She lied. She just deceived people. She tricked them. So they assembled in great numbers. There were many celebrations at her house. She was given alms, and everything, candles, money, and everything since she was the Virgin, it seemed. She was a saint, it seemed.

But she lied. She just deceived the people. They had gone to seize her and bring her in. She arrived at the barracks. That was the end of her. The trouble died down long ago.

The War of Saint Rose (1868–1871), provoked by the native usurpation of Catholic ritual, is only one of many such events in the history of southern Mexico. In 1712 the neighboring Tzeltal formed a native church that was suppressed only after great loss of life. The Caste War of Yucatan, which nearly achieved native control of the peninsula in 1847, was the logical successor of many earlier movements. One of these occurring in 1610 was deplored by the historian López de Cogolludo:

There were two Indians, one named Alonso Chablé and the other Francisco Canul. The former pretended to be the Pope and supreme pontiff and the latter, a bishop, and they announced themselves to be such among the Indians. Also they caused themselves to be venerated, deceiving the wretched Catholic Indians with their infernal doctrine. They said mass at night dressed in the sacred vestments of the church which no doubt the sacristans had given them. They profaned the holy chalices and consecrated oils, baptized boys, confessed adults and gave them communion, while they worshipped the idols which they placed on the altar. They ordained priests for service, anointing their hands with the oil and the holy chrism, and when they ordained them they put on a miter and took a crozier in their hands. They commanded the Indians to give them offerings and openly taught other deadly heresies (López de Cogolludo, 1955, 3:14).

Bu, t'om la kanyon 7une, te la busul 7ikom skotol li 7antzetik k'u cha7al kaxlan 7une, laj skotol ta kanyon 7une.

Bwéno, tal li viniketik 7une, muk' xa x7och la 7un, muk' la bu 7och tal 7un, te no 7ox 7inel 7o yech chak taj 7une.

7Óra, li Santa-roxa 7une, bat soltero ba stzachel la tal 7un, tal la ta kwartel 7a li Santa-roxa 7une, jchamu7, 7a---ntz, krixchano, mu7nuk santo, yech no 7ox ta snop tzjol ti yu7un tzk'atajes sba chal 7o li krixchano ti rioxe, k'u ti Santa-roxa sbi to, Santa-roxa jch'ul-me7tike ya7el ti yaloj 7une.

Bu, tzna7 li stuk sna7 la xve7 to, chve7, chuch' la 7uch'imo7 yu7 van chve7 7a li santo 7un, yech'o ti yech tznop, yech'o solet 7a stzachel tale, mu k'usi spas, k'usi tzpas i jtek-lume, yech tznop yech nox tzlo7lo krixchano, tzlo7lo, ja7 tzo---bol ta j-mek 7oy k'in tzna ta j-meke, ch7ak'bat slimuxna k'utik ta j-meke, che7e, yu7un kantela, tak'in, k'utikuk ta j-mek, kómo yu7un 7a li jch'ul-me7tik ya7el to, ko7ol xchi7uk santo ya7el 7un.

Bu, yech tznop 7un, yech tzlo7lo krixchano, ba stzachel tal, tal la ta kwartel 7un, ja7 to te laj 7o sk'oplal ch'ab li pletu vo7ne la 7une.

With remarkable perspective, the Chiapas historian Vicente Pineda, in 1888, laid down his judgment on the Indian participants in the War of St. Rose:

It is necessary to point out that in speaking of the savagery of the Indians we refer only to what developed in times of war, in 1712 as in our days of the Caste Revolution of 1869; but it should not be thought that because of these acts [the Indians] merit the same description in times of peace. Because, in spite of their intellectual, moral and material backwardness, in spite of their vices and defects, under no circumstances can they be compared to the Irish dynamiters, the Russian nihilists, the German anarchists, the Belgian socialists, the French communists, to the lowest levels of the people called Ladino, nor to all the modern savages who have appeared in the heart of the great cities and against whom civilization finds itself in perpetual struggle; the Indians compared to all this rabble are no less than a constellation of honest men (V. Pineda, 1888:65).

A Chamulan account of the War of Saint Rose adds a scene not found in the Zinacantec versions, but which is reminiscent of scenes in many other Zinacantec battle legends—the Ladino soldiers are surprised and massacred by the followers of St. Rose while they are in the midst of a meal (Gossen, T162). See also T117, T154, and their notes.

Lost Sheep

T61

There used to be a young boy who was watching sheep. But he let the sheep get lost. They got lost in the woods.

Now [the boy], who was watching the sheep, wasn't fed. He wasn't given his meals, because he let the sheep get lost.

You see, he prayed to Our Lord. "But where shall I go? I'm not given tortillas anymore. I'm not given my meals anymore. Where shall I go? Shall I just abandon the sheep?" he said. "But I couldn't find the sheep." He just searched in the woods. He never found the sheep.

He was in the woods when he prayed to Our Lord, [when] he thought of Our Lord. Then, "Baa, baa," said the sheep in the woods. They reappeared when he spoke to Our Lord. He prayed to Our Lord. The sheep appeared.

He was able to find the sheep.

When he found the sheep, then he was given plenty of food. He was given plenty of food to eat, because he wasn't guilty any longer. He had found them. The sheep that were lost had appeared. But they appeared. The sheep answered by themselves in the woods, because he prayed to Our Lord about where the sheep had gone. "Please My Lord won't you bring the sheep for me from where they went?" he said.

But you see he went to look in the woods. Then, "Baa, baa," said the sheep. They appeared. He found them there, but it was because he prayed to Our Lord so that the sheep would not be lost for good.

Bwéno, 7oy to 7ox la jun k'ox krem ta schabi li chije, 7a li, bu, 7a li chije, ch'ay la yu7un 7un, ch'ay la ta te7tik 7un.

7Óra, li buch'u li chchabi li chij 7une, mu la x7ak'bat sve7el 7un, mu xa 7ak'bat sve7el, porke yu7un ch'ay yu7un i chij 7une.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, 7a li, 7isk'opon la li kajvaltik 7une. "Pero bu chibat li7 7une mu xa xi7ak'bat kot, mu xa xi7ak'bat jve7el 7une, bu chibat 7un li7e mi solet chkikta li chije?" xi la un. "Pero muk' ta jta li chij." Naka la 7issa7 ta te7tik, mu la bu sta li chij 7une.

Bwéno, ja7 to la, ta te7tik k'alal 7isk'opon kajvaltik la 7une, yul tzjol ti kajvaltike. Ja7 to la "Be7, be7," xi la chij ta te7tik 7une. 7Isvinajes la sba ti k'alal 7isk'opon kajvaltik 7une, 7isna7 li kajvaltik, 7ivinaj li chij 7une.

Bwéno, 7ista ta sa7el li chij la 7une.

Bwéno, 7a li k'alal 7ista ta sa7el, li chij 7une, 7a li ja7 to la 7ak'bat lek sve7el 7un, 7ak'bat lek sve7el porke mu xa k'u smul 7un, 7ista xa, 7ivinaj xa li chije, ch'ayem to 7oxe, pero 7ivinaj, 7ita---k'av stuk i chij ta te7tike, porke yu7un sk'opon la li kajvaltike, ti bu bat ti chije. "Mi mu xa7abolaj, kajval, mi mu xasa7bon tal ti bu batem ti chije," xi la.

Bu, ba la ssa7 ta te7tik 7un. Te la "Be7, be7," xi la li chij 7une. Vinajoj te 7ista ta sa7el 7un, pero yu7un la 7isk'opon kajvaltike, yo7 muk' xch'ay 7o li chij 7une.

How the Weak Ones Won

T59

Deer was talking with Toad.

"Do you want to race?" said Deer.

"Oka---y!" said Toad.

"Let's try it out. Let's see who can run faster," said Deer.

"Oh, I think we probably run the same!" said Toad.

"All right if you're going to race, let's race! We'll see which one wins, then!" said Deer.

"Let's race!"

Bwéno, 7a li, 7isk'opon la sbaik schi7uk 7a li sapoe, 7a li te7tikil chije.

Bwéno, "Mi xak'an x7ianilajotik?" xi la 7a li te7tikil chije.

"Sta---k'," xi la 7a li sapoe.

"Jpastik preva jk'eltik buch'u x7anilaj mas," xi la.

"Ej ko7ol nan chi7anilajotik chkale!" xi la li sapoe.

Bwéno, "Bwéno ti mi7n cha7anilaj che7e, 7anilajkotik jk'eltik buch'u junukal mas spas kanal che7e!" xi li te7tikil chij 7une.

"7Anilajkotik!"

You see, lots of toads got together. They talked to each other. "If you want to, come on, we're making a bet. We're getting a lot of us together. Line up then! Line up as far as Deer races, and then answer! Answer so that he will think there is just one, just me there right behind," said the [first] toad.

"Okay!" they said.

"All right, come on, I'll do it. Come on! Let's line up then. We'll form a line as far as the deer runs. Then stop there," he said. They tested it out [to see] how far Deer would run. How far, if it was half a league or what that he would run. How long.

They raced.

"Uncle Deer!" he was told.

"Uncle Toad!" [Deer said].

"Uncle Deer!"

"Uncle Toad!" he said. They answered back and forth, back and forth. Each one answered. [The first toad] was left behind. Now it was the others that answered, since Deer thought [the toad] was right behind. He thought Toad was running even, since he answered back. He thought he was running just as fast, but Toad never ran. They were just sitting there. Just one [at a time] answered, answered back.

Now Deer spoke. He thought they were running even, that they matched each other. "Look here, look here I say, we run just the same," he said when they reached the place where they were no longer sitting, where the toads stopped, the distance that they had lined up.

Then, "Oh, you told the truth that you can run fast!" said Deer.

"I told the truth, see here, we arrived at the same time for the distance that we bet on," said Toad. That's how it ended.

See also T5 and notes, and T167.

Va7i 7un, 7istzob la sba 7ep li sapoe, 7isk'opon la sbaik 7un. "Mi xak'an la7 jpastik 7apostal jtzob jbatik chachol aba che7e, chachol aba k'u snatil ch7anilaj li te7tikil chije, i te chatak'av ech'el, te chatak'av ech'el, yo7 ti xal ti jun no 7ox, vo7on te nap'alon ech'ele," xi 7a li j-kot 7une, sapoe.

"Stak'!" xi.

"Bwéno, la7 jpas, la7 jchol jbatik che7e, jpastik formar 7a li k'u snatil ch7anilaj li te7tikil chije, ja7 to te chapaj 7un," 7iyal la. 7iyak' la preva k'u snatil ch7anilaj li te7tikil chije, k'u snatil, k'u mi sta 7o7lol reva mi k'u cha7al ch7anilaj, k'u yepal no 7ox 7une.

Bwéno, 7a li 7i7anilajik la 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li, "Tío Venádo!" x7utat.

"Tío Sápo!" x7utat.

"Tío Venádo!"

"Tío Sápo!" xut. Chtak'av ta ju-kot, ju-kot, ju-kotik xa, chtak'av 7un, 7a li j-kote kom xa, yu7un xa yan xa 7o buch'u chtak'av, kómo chal li te7tikil chije te nap'al te ko7ol chanavik ech'el ti yaloj 7une, li sápo 7une, kómo te chtak'av ech'ele, ko7ol ch7anilaj schi7uk ti7n pero muk' bu ch7anilaj-li sapoe, te tzunajtik no 7ox 7un, jun no 7ox chtak'av, chtak'av ech'ele.

7Óra, 7iyal 7a li te7tikil chije, 7a ti yaloje yu7un ko7ol ch7anilajik, ko7ol sprevaik. "K'el avi k'el avi me chkale ko7ol xi7anilajotik," xi la. K'alal bu paj li tzunajtik, 7a li sápo 7une, bu paj, li k'u snatil scholoj sbaik la 7une.

7Entónse, "7Aj, yech 7aval ti xana7 xa7anilaje!" xi la li te7tikil chije 7une.

"Yech kal k'el avil che7e, ko7ol liyulotik k'u snatil 7ijpastik 7apostale," xi la li sápo 7une, laj 7o yech 7un.

The Little Bird

T66

They used to know prayers. There used to be many Chamulans who knew prayers.

Now those who knew the prayers gathered together. They decided to wage war. They assembled. There was a leader, it seems. Little Bird was his name. He was the one who mustered the men. He was in agreement with those who were in office here [in Chamula].

He mustered his men. Whoever didn't join in they killed—all of them. They finished killing those who hid in caves. Those who fled, they finished killing. It was the ones who didn't want to gather together with the others. All those whom they mustered were

7Oy la 7a li sna7ik to 7ox resal 7a li 7ep to 7ox sna7ik resal li jchamu7etike.

7Óra, li buch'u sna7 resal le7e, 7istzob la sbaik, lik sjolik ta 7ak'-k'ok' 7une, 7istzob sbaik 7un, 7a li 7oy jefe ja7ele, Pajaríto sbi 7un, yu7un buch'u tztzob vinik 7une, ko7ol xa sjol xchi7uk 7a li buch'utik 7oy yabtel li7 to 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li 7istzob, 7istzob 7a li svinik 7une, 7a ti buch'u muk' stik' sbae, laj smilan la skotol 7un, laj la smilan buch'u snak' sba ta ch'en, buch'u jataveme, laj smilan, ja7 xa, ja7 li muk' sk'an stzob sba xchi7uk li yan 7une, ja7 xa ti k'u yepal stzobe, ja7 schi7iltak,

their friends. Those who didn't want to join in, fled. But they went and hid themselves in caves. [The others] went to kill all of them. They all died, murdered in caves where they had hidden. They hadn't wanted to join in. [Little Bird] went from house to house. He began to give orders, since he was just like their chief, it seems. A leader, a real leader, it seems. Little Bird was his name.

That ended. All those who had hidden died. They all died. They finished killing them all.

Now [the Chamulans] gathered together and entered here in San Cristóbal. They marched in here. They had clubs, spears, everything. They just had spears. They just fought with clubs. They didn't have guns. None at all. Just with clubs. They just had spears. That's all they had to kill with.

The [Chamulans] went as far as Chiapilla. They went there. All those [federal soldiers] who were called up were sent off. They went there [to Chiapilla from Acala]. They went to look at the war there. The soldiers came up to there. Then the Chamulans were attacked. They died. They were left in a heap. All of them. They all died in Chiapilla.

All those who died had gasoline thrown on them. They burnt them up. They all burned. They all burned, like firewood. They gathered them together. They made a pile. They added gasoline and set fire to them. The flesh just turned into charcoal, turned to dust. Just their bones glowed. They burned.

All those that they captured alive had their ears cut off. Their ears were removed. The few who let themselves be captured had no ears when they came back, when they returned. Who knows if they didn't die. Who knows how it turned out. That's how it ended. That's all there is to say.

Manvel's account of Little Bird agrees well with the preceding versions. The final detail of the federal soldiers' punishment of the Chamulan prisoners is also reported in historical sources. Although the Chamulans had been armed by the Ladinos of San Cristóbal, even they became alarmed at what seemed to be developing into a race war. There were many stories of Chamulans hacking pregnant Ladinas and babies to death. The guerrilla army of Little Bird was described with terror as a "wild horde." It was decided by the federal army that these barbarians must be taught to respect civilization by means of a punishment "in harmony with their rudimentary understanding." (L. Espinosa,

buch'utik muk' sk'an stik' sba 7une, ja7 7ijatav 7un, pero ba snak' sba ta yut ch'en te la ba smil skotol te laj ta milel skotol ta yut ch'en 7une, snak'oj sbaik 7une, muk' sk'an stik' sbaik 7ox 7un, lok' ta paxyal lik slok'es mantal 7a li kómo ko7ol k'u cha7al jefe ya7el, totil, totil ta j-mek ya7el Pajarito sbi 7une.

Bwéno, laj la 7un taje, laj skotol li k'u yepal snak'oj sbac, laj skotol, laj smilan skotol.

7Óra 7un, szob sbaik 7i7ochik tal ta li7 li7 ta Jobel 7un, li7 tal spasiq marchar li7 to 7une, 7oy ta te7, ta lansa, k'utikuk 7un, naka 7o slansaik, naka ta te7 chak'ik, mu7nuk 7o 7oy stuk'ik ch'abal, naka ta te7, naka 7oy slansaik, ja7 no 7ox chmilvanik 7o 7ox la 7un.

Bwéno, batik k'alal Chapiya 7un, bat te yo7e, takatik ech'el k'u yepal 7ik'bil 7ibat te yo7e, te bat, ba sk'elik li gera te yo7 xa 7une, muy tal li soltero la te yo7 7une, te 7ak'batik 7un, laj, busul 7ikom 7un, skotol, laj skotol li ta Chapiya 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li k'u xa yepal 7ilaje, 7i7ak'bat la gasolina xchik'ik la 7un, k'ak' skotol, k'ak' skotol, k'u cha7al si7, 7istzobik la 7un 7ispasik ta monton, 7och gasolina, 7och sk'ak'al 7un, solet pas ta 7ak'al li bek'et 7une, pas ta lum xa, solet 7i7an li sbakale 7itil.

Va7i 7un, 7a ti k'u xa yepal kuxul tzak 7une, ja7 la josbat li xchikin 7une, lok'emik xchikin jay-vo7, jay-vo7 7iyak' sba tzakuk 7une, pero muk' xa xchikin tal, sut tal 7un, mu jna7tik mi mu cham 7un, jna7tik k'u x7elan 7ibat 7o te nel 7o yech chak taj 7une, laj 7o sk'oplal chak taje.

1912:152). The particular means chosen was suggested by newspaper reports of the Tripolitan War then being waged by Italy on the tottering Ottoman Empire. The Italians had taken a number of Turks prisoner and had shown them that Christians would not shrink from lopping off the ears of captive infidels. And so in Chiapilla eight prisoners were selected to bear this message back to the highlands of Chiapas. It is only fair to say that the action caused great revulsion among the many Chiapas Ladinos who thought civilization could be better represented (L. Espinosa, *passim*). See also T22, T28, T116, T153, T154, and their notes.

The Buzzard Man

T48

There was a buzzard man as we say. He was lazy. He didn't want to work.

He spoke to the buzzard. The buzzard was named Don Juan. Don Juan was the buzzard's name. "What's up, Don Juan? How are you?" he said.

Bwéno, 7oy jun xulem vinik chkaltike, taj ch'aje, mu sk'an x7abteje.

Bwéno, 7isk'opon la li xuleme, 7a li xuleme Don Jwan sbi, Don Jwan sbi li xuleme. "7Iday, Don Jwan, k'u xa7elan?" xi.

"Won't you give me your suit?"

"I'll give it to you. Why not?" said the buzzard. "I'll give it to you."

"Okay, if you give it to me, then, let's go," [the buzzard] was told. He left. He was given [the buzzard's] clothes.

"Well, if you want to look, to look for your food, you'll see that if it's just a small meal there are only a few fumes," he said. "On the other hand if the meal is bigger than the fumes go very high," he said.

"Okay, Is that so?"

"Yes," he said. "If you see lots of fumes coming up, go, because its a very big meal," the man was told. "Just like when a horse dies then it is certainly a big meal, because a dog is smaller. Whatever animal is smaller [the fumes] are fewer. Now a horse, a cow, or whatever, when it dies [provides] a bigger meal, and they say it has more fumes."

The idiot believed it. "As soon as you see the fumes coming up, go, look!" he was told.

He went to look. "Ah, that's a meal there now!" he said. He left. He flew off.

Now when he looked, what was burning was cleared trees. That's what was burning. [That was] its smoke. When he went, he dove into the fire. That was the end of him.

A few nights after transcribing this tale of the buzzard man, Romin Teratol had the following dream:

The constables had arrived to arrest him and lead him off to jail. He refused, resisting desperately. Finally he sprouted wings and flew three circles over Zinacantán Center. The constables sent a boy up in pursuit. When Romin was approaching San Andrés Larrainzar, the boy nearly caught up with him, but he

Bwéno 7a li, "Mi mu xavak'bon lak'u7e?"
"Chakak'be, k'u cha7al mo7oj?" xi li xuleme.
"Chakak'be."

Bwéno 7a li, "Bwéno mi xavak'bon che7e, battik che7e!" x7utat. Lok' 7i7ak'bat li sk'u7e.

"Bwéno, 7a ti mi xak'an xak'el, xasa7 7ave7ele xak'el mi bik'it no 7ox li ve7elile, jutuk no 7ox ch'ail," xi la. "Yan ti mi mas muk'ta ve7elile, 7entónse mas toyol ta j-mek li ch'aile," xi la.

"Bwéno mi yech?"

"Yech," xi. "7A ti mi 7oy xavil xlok' 7ep ch'ailetike batan 7un porke lek muk' ve7elil," x7utat la. "Chak k'u cha7al bu xcham ka7 7éso si ja7 muk' ve7elil porke tz'i7 mas bik'it no 7ox, k'usi chon mas bik'ite, mas bik'it, 7óra li ka7e vakax k'usi bu xchame mas muk'ta ve7elil, 7i mas la 7ep xch'ail la 7un."

Bwéno, 7ixch'un li sonso 7une. "Bwéno 7a ti mi 7avil naka nox 7ilok' ch'aile, batan ba k'elo!" x7utat.

Bwéno, ba sk'el 7une. "Aj, ja7 xa ve7elil le7e!" xi. Bat, vil la ech'el un.

7Óra, k'alal 7iyile, ja7 chk'ak' 7a li bojbil 7osil, taj chk'ak' 7une, xch'ailale, k'al 7ibat 7une, stik' sba ta k'ok' 7un, te laj 7o sk'oplal 7un. T58

pulled off the boy's hat and sailed it down into a deep ravine. The boy flew down to retrieve his hat, and Romin returned home. Soon, however, the constables were back again, trying to sieze him as before, but this time Romin turned himself into a Thunderbolt and successfully defended himself against their assaults. See also T42, T43, T69, and their notes.

When the Church Rose and the Ashes Fell

T58

There [St. Sebastian] was with his little slit drum slung from his shoulder. He played and played it off and on, every day, every day. When morning came, there he was standing already in the field, where there used to be lots of hawthorns.

They started to talk to him. They didn't know he was Our Lord. He seemed to be a man, but he had his little drum. That was a sign of [his divinity].

You see, they spoke to him. "What are you looking for here?" they asked.

"I'm not looking for anything. I want to live here."

"But why don't you go over there? Go join Larry!"—St. Lawrence, that is.

Ja7 te la sjelp'unoy yunen t'ent'en vob 7une, te la stij, te la stij batel ju-jun k'ak'al, ju-jun k'ak'al, k'al sakub 7osil te xa va7al yo7 stentejtike, yo7 ch'ixtik no 7ox ta j-mek 7un le7e.

Bwéno, lik la k'opojuk 7un, mu tzna7ik mi kajvaltik 7un, vinik yilel, pero ja7 li 7oy yunen vobe, ja7 senya 7o 7un.

Bwéno va7i 7un, sk'oponik la. "K'u chasa7 li7 toe?" xutik la.

"Mu k'u ta jsa7, yu7un ta jk'an li7 chinakie."

"Pero k'u mu teuk xabat? Ba chi7ino li Lole!" xi. Ja7 li San-lorenso 7une.

"Oh, I don't want to be over there," he said. "I don't want to. [I want to be] here, because I'm going to have a good fiesta. But I want to live alone. Because I'm going to live here, here where I'm standing. Because my house will be built here if you want me," said Our Lord.

"Okay, then." [The people of] Zinacantán Center agreed to it. They built a church immediately. It was the Creator Gods who built it. It was they who built it. It wasn't humans who built it. The church was completely built in a moment. Our Lord settled in it. He settled there at once. It was built. So it is a very old church. It doesn't fall in earthquakes. But the big church [of St. Lawrence]—it was replaced. I saw it. The one that fell always faced this way [to the north]. The new one that was made faced this way [to the west] opposite Mother Nacha's house. It faced that way.

Now I had already become a scribe when the old church [of St. Lawrence] was torn down. Because the bell tower was about to fall, too. It was longer ago that it fell, that the bell dropped. The church collapsed in the earthquake. We nearly died when the ashes fell, as they say. Ashes fell. There was an earthquake and everything [when] the volcano erupted. But who knows if it was a century ago. Another [century]. I never saw it myself. I didn't see it. Maybe it was seventy or eighty years ago. [It was] around then since I think I'm sixty years old. So I never saw it. It was longer ago, maybe seventy [years] or so. Because I have an older brother who saw it. The ashes were like clouds. It grew bla—ck, like in a nor'easter. The ashes fell and fell. When they looked [again] the ashes had grown higher and higher and higher. When they looked [again] there was nowhere for the horses to eat. The horses died of starvation, since there were only ashes. There were no more plants when everything was covered. The animals had nothing to eat. They just died off. Those who had food, their seed was left, but all those that were loose in the fields died of starvation. They had no more food. The ashes were this deep. I don't know if they were a yard high. The ashes were the same [depth everywhere], since the volcano erupted here near where the earthquake was. A volcano erupted across from Tapachula or somewhere. A volcano erupted there.

Then the ash came. It fell everywhere. We were going to die. Then there was an earthquake. That's how the church [of St. Lawrence] collapsed. The bell fell long ago. It fell.

Then they turned [the church] around. It used to face the other way.

"7Aj mu jk'an te yo7e," xi la un. "Mu jk'an, batz'i . . . 7a li7e yu7un ta jpas lek k'in vo7one, pero ta jk'an slekoj chinaki jtuk yu7un li7 chinaki li7 toe yu7un bu va7alone, yu7un li7 tzmeltzaj jna ti mi xak'anikone," xi la 7un, li kajvaltik 7une.

Bwéno, yechuk che7e, 7isch'un la li Jtek-lum une, 7ismeltzan 7eklixa ta 7ora, ja7 la smeltzan li vaxak-men to 7ox 7une, ja7 7ismeltzan 7eklixa mu krixchanouk 7ismeltzan, ta 7ora la meltzaj ta j-mek 7a li 7eklixae, naki 7o li kajvaltike, ta 7ora la naki, meltzaj yech'o 7antivo ta j-mek, 7eklixa, mu sna7 xlom ta nikel, yu7un jun 7a li muk'ta 7eklixa porke kiloj 7ik'ex le7e, 7a ti yale ja7 7onox yech sk'eloy xi toe, 7a li 7ach' 7imeltzaje, xi to 7ox sk'eloy yelav sna 7a li me7el Nachae, xi to 7ox sk'eloy xi toe.

7Óra, 7ochemon xa 7ox ta xakristanil, k'alal 7itukij li jun poko7 7eklixa porke 7ox ta xa 7ox p'aj li kampanario noxtoke, yan ti vo7nee, yu7un la p'aj yalel, p'aj li kampana, lom li 7eklixa ta nikele, ja7 chilajotik 7ox li k'alal 7iyal tan, chalike, 7iyal tan, 7iyal nikel k'utikuk t'om volkan, pero ja7 mu jna7tik mi jun xa siglo 7un bi, jun xa 7o, muk' bu kil xa li vo7one, mu7yuk 7ikil, te nan 7oy ta setenta mi 7ochenta jabil nan 7un, yech che7e kómo 7ox-vinik jabil chkal i vo7on to, yech'o muk' bu kil 7une, mas vo7ne xa, te nan mi 7oy ta setenta mi k'u cha7al lavie porke 7oy jun jbankil ja7 7iyil, 7a li tane ko7ol la xchi7uk tok, k'u cha7al 7a li 7i7i---k'ub la li 7osile, ko7ol schi7uk k'inubal, chyal, chyal li tane, k'al 7iyilike toy toy toy spimil li tane, k'alal 7iyilike mu xa bu xve7 li ka7 la 7une, 7a li ka7e cham ta vi7nal, kómo naka xa tan, mu xa k'usi 7a li tz'i7lele k'al 7imak skotol mu xa k'usi slajesik li chonetik 7une, solel laj la chamuk 7un, ja7 xa ti bu xa 7oy sve7ele ja7 xa te kom stz'unbal 7un, yan li k'u yepal kolem ta stentejtike, cham ta vi7nal mu7yuk xa sve7el, ja7 tan xi spimil mu jna7 mi jun metro la stoylej, parejo kom i tane kómo t'om tal volkan li7 ta tz'el buy to to, nikele yak' nikel, 7it'om tal volkan li ta yelav mi Tapachula bu ech'ele, te la t'om volkan te yo7e.

7Óra, tal i tane, yal skotol balamil 7un, yu7un xa chilajotik 7ox 7un, ja7 7o la 7iyak'be nikel 7un, ja7 7ilom 7o li 7eklixae, 7ip'aj li kampana ti vo7ne 7ip'aj la.

7Óra, 7isjoyp'inik 7un, xi to 7ox 7isk'el xi to 7une.

Then they put it like this. I saw that indeed! I saw that of course. It was torn down. In 1910, the new church was built. It was built in 1910. Writing was left on the church so that it could be seen how many years old it was. It was long ago, because who knows how many years [the old church] had been used. Because it was torn down. They turned it around because Our Lord didn't want it as it was. He wanted it to face this way, [westwards] like this.

Writing in 1794, Ordoñez y Aguiar speaks of a temple in the coastal town of Soconusco that was built by puffs of air and contained jade figures of the calendric Gods (Ordoñez y Aguiar, 1907:14). The iconic association of the teponaxtle or slit drum with St. Sebastian is suggestive of an early assimilation of Mayan elements. The principal deity of Chiapas was Votan, Lord of the Hollow Trunk, who was also called Tepanaguaste (Ordoñez y Aguiar, *loc. cit.*). Votan is unknown in Chiapas today, but in Santa Eulalia, Watan is the name for the day that always begins a new year—the "year bearer" (La Farge, 1947:8–10).

7Óra, 7oy to yak' xa bwelta lavi xi xa, ja7 kil xa bi 7a, kiloj xa bi 7a, k'alal 7itukij 7otro j-p'eje mil nove-syentos dyes 7imeltzajoj li jun 7eklixa to 7oxe, mil nove-syentos dyes k'al 7imeltzaje, yak'beik sletra komel ta ya7el li 7eklixae yo7 ti vinaj jayib jabile, jii, vo7ne xa 7un porke mu jna7tik jayib jabil 7itu7un 7un, porke 7itukij noxtok 7un, 7isjoyp'inik porke mu sk'an yech ti kajvaltike, ja7 sk'an xi sk'eloj xi toe.

St. Sebastian's insistence upon living alone in his own house and not being forced to share a roof with St. Lawrence occurs in another Zinacantec version (Young, 1962:41, 64–66).

It is said that when the church of St. Lawrence faced San Juan Chamula there used to be better crops of potatoes and broad beans in Zinacantán because San Juan is their patron saint. See also T85, T120, T147, and their notes.

The Fiddle

T99

The fiddle, the fiddle was first. They learned to play the fiddle first. No one used to play the fiddle, the harp, the guitar very much. Since the fiddle was more . . . the fiddle was played, it was played by Our Lord, too. That's why the fiddle is called "angel." The angels play the fiddle. But the guitar, they don't. They play the harp and the fiddle. Our Lord plays them.

Now that's how it was left. That's why there are harps and fiddles today.

Manvel thought this scrap of ethnography worthy of recording.

7A li bioline mas 7a li primero bioline, ja7 mas 7a li primero schanik i bioline, 7a li mu to 7ox buch'u sna7 mas 7a li biolin, 7a li 7arpa, 7a li kitarae, kómo li bioline ja7 mas ... stijoj la stijoj la li kajvaltik li biolin 7uke yech'o 7a li 7anjel sbi li bioline, sna7ik la stijel 7anjel 7a li biolin la 7une, yan i kitarae mu sna7, 7arpa sna7 schi7uk 7a li biolin, ja7 snaik stijel kajvaltike.

7Óra, komem 7o yech 7un, yech'o li 7oy 7arpa 7oy biolin lavi 7une.

In Chamula Saint Michael Archangel is considered the patron of musical instruments (Gossen, T23).

The Flute

T100

Once there were no flutes. The drum was first. Long ago no one played flutes. They just had trumpets. They played them with the drums for a fiesta. When there was a fiesta there didn't used to be any flutes. Flutes appeared later, too. Flutes appeared later, because the trumpets disappeared. Then the flutes appeared.

Now, today, there aren't any trumpets. Before, there used to be trumpets. That's what they played with the drums.

Now, today, it's the flute, the flute now with the drum today. We don't see those trumpets anymore. Tun Kanto was the name of the person who played them. He died long ago. Just his name is left.

7A ti vo7nee ch'abal to 7ox la li 7amae, ja7 primero 7oy i tambore, 7a li muk' buch'u sna7 yok'esinel li 7ama vo7ne lae, ja7 nox 7o skornetaike, ja7 tztijik schi7uk i tambor lae, skwenta k'in, k'alal 7oy k'ine, ch'abal to 7ox li 7amae, tz'akal to 7i7ayan li 7ama noxtoke, mas tz'akal to 7i7ayan li 7amae, yu7un 7a li kornetae, ja7 7ich'ay 7un, ja7 7ayan li 7ama 7une.

7Óra, li kornetae, ch'abal xa lavie 7une, mas vo7ne ti 7oy to 7ox li kornetae, ja7 stijik to 7ox schi7uk li tambor 7une.

7Óra, lavie 7ama xa 7un, 7ama xa schi7uk tambor lavie, muk' xa bu xkiltik taj korneta 7une, Tun Kánto sbi li buch'u sna7 yok'esinel 7une, chamem vo7ne, ja7 nox sbi nox komeme.

Why the Bell Sank

T91

Once there was . . . they saw that there was a bell there. They noticed that it was like [the stump of] a pine tree.

They thought it was a pine tree, since they saw the redness. They tried to chop it down.

But you see it struck off sparks. They saw that it was metal, not wood. They looked at it. They had thought it was pine, because it was just like pine. The redness showed, it seems.

They looked at it. "This is a bell!" they said, since it's rim was above ground.

They went to make the announcement it seems. Men came to dig it up. They were going to dig it up.

The work began. The work began. They were going to dig up the bell. They had almost gotten it. Very little was needed for it to come out.

But you see, all the men went down to the stream. They went to drink water. When they finished drinking the water the bell had sunk more and more. It's hole was deeper and deeper, too, so that it couldn't come out.

They prayed. They just offered candles and prayed and so on. But it never, it never . . . it went in very deep because they had abandoned it. They abandoned it. They forgot it. They went to drink water. What they should have done, what they should have done, then, was to have sent an order for the water to be carried up the mountain. They should have drunk it there. But they went to the stream. All the workers went. They went to drink water. When they returned it had sunk down deeper in the bottom [of the pit].

Little by little it was left that way. They didn't get it. It disappeared. It went in there. They abandoned it. They couldn't dig it out anymore. That's the way it was left. But it was a very deep hole that they dug. But they never got it. It went in. It stayed there. They never . . . they abandoned it. They were worn out. They saw that it went on sinking, went on sinking. There was no way for them to dig it out. When they saw it before, the top of the bell was much more visible.

But you see, when they were distracted and went to drink water, maybe [the bell] didn't like that. They abandoned it. They abandoned it. Maybe its soul was taken by a robber. It was taken by a robber. It just disappeared, it seems. They couldn't dig it out.

Manvel lays the blame for the loss of the bell quite explicitly on the workers who abandoned it. Unlike other versions (T76, T114, T157), the bell does not fly off in the sky but merely sinks into the ground. But lest it be assumed that this is a

7A li vo7nee che7e, 7oy la, 7iyil la ti 7oy la te jun kampanae, te to 7ox pasuk kwenta k'u cha7al toj.

Bwéno, xak' la tojuk, kómo yil ti tzoje, 7isboj 7ox la 7un.

Pero buy, 7itil la 7un, 7iyil ti tak'in mu te7uk, 7isk'elik ti xak' la tojuk yu7un kómo ko7ol k'u cha7al toj tzoj yilel xvinaj la 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7iskelik 7une. "7A li7e kampanae!" xiik la. Kómo te la li schikin ta sba li lum 7une.

Bwéno, ba la yal ya7el mantal, ba la xtal viniketik sjok' 7un, tzjok'ik 7ox 7un.

Bwéno, 7och 7abtel 7un, 7och la 7abtel 7un, tzjok'ik i kampana 7ox 7une, jutuk xa la sk'an staik xa 7ox 7un jutuk xa sk'an xlok' 7ox ta j-mek.

Buy 7un, skotol la viniketik 7iyalik ta 7uk'um, ba la yuch'ik vo7 7un, k'al laj yuch' vo7e mas xa, mas xa, 7a li 7iyal li kampana noxtoke, mas xa, mas xa nat sch'enal noxtok 7un, yo7 ti muk' xlok' 7o 7une.

Bwéno, 7iyalik 7un, naka xa la 7iyak'beik kantela spasbeik sresal k'ustik 7un, pero mu xa bu, mu xa bu, 7i7och la ech'el ta j-mek porke yu7un 7iyiktaik 7un, 7iyiktaik, ch'aybat sjolik 7un, ba la yuch'ik vo7, yechuke, 7a ti yechuke che7e, 7istakik mantal 7imuy ech'el li vo7 ta vitze, te yuch'ik ti yechuke, yan le7e batik k'al 7uk'um, bat la skotol li j7abtejeletike, ba yuch'ik vo7 7un, k'al 7iyul tal 7une, ta schak 7une mas xa nat yalem noxtok 7un.

Va7i 7un, te k'un 7ikom 7o yech 7un, muk' staik, ch'ay 7un, te 7och ech'el te, yiktaik komel, mu xa stak' jok'el 7un, te kom 7o yech 7un, pero nat ch'en 7isjok'ik ta j-mek pero muk' 7ox bu staik, te 7och ech'el te la kom 7o 7un, muk' xa bu yiktaik 7o, te la lubik 7un, yil yak chyal yak chyale, mu xa k'u xut sjok' 7un, k'al 7iyilik to 7oxe, mas to 7ox te ta sba to 7ox, lek xvinaj to 7ox kampanae.

Pero bu la 7un, k'alal 7ich'ay yo7onik 7a yuch'ik vo7e, mu nan sk'an yech, 7iyiktaik 7iyiktaik, bat nan ta j7elek' sch'ulel 7un, bat ta j7elek' 7un, solel 7ich'ay ya7el 7un, muk' staik ta jok'el 7un.

"natural" event, Manvel reminds his listeners that perhaps the bell's "soul" was stolen. See also T76, T114, T157, and their notes.

The Spook and the Comadre

T67

Once there were many Spooks, long ago. Many, too many Spooks long ago. There weren't many people at all. There were few people—just women.

It was nighttime when the Spooks arrived. There were many of them. They came to eat. That's what they did. The Spooks came to eat.

One came. One arrived. There was a neighboring house nearby [near] where the Spook killed someone, killed that woman.

It seems she was asleep next to the fireside. The fire was already hi—ssing with her blood.

Now the other house was nearby. [The neighbor] lived nearby, like in a room next door. "Comadre, your corn boiled over," she said, for she thought that [her comadre] was making corn gruel, that she had boiled the corn.

But no, it was her friend's blood! "Your corn boiled over," she said. Because [her comadre] had boiled the corn, boiled it. That's what the other [woman] thought. Since she lived nearby, that's what she thought, that the corn pot had turned over and spilled.

But no, it was her friend's blood! The Spook answered. "The corn is ready, coma—dre," said the spook.

"It's spilled, it's spilled, comadre, your corn has spilled!" said her friend.

The Spook answered. "The corn is ready, coma—dre," said that Spook, you see.

He went away. She died. That woman died. That was the end of her.

He went, he went another night. All the women gathered together. They moved into one house. Now they weren't apart. Each house had been separate. There weren't many people at all. Just Spooks were abroad then.

They gathered together one night. "But the devil will come tonight," they said. For the women were strong-hearted. They cooked a meal for him. They cooked a chicken. The broth was good.

The Spook arrived. "Are you hungry? Eat!" they told him.

"Well, I could eat," said the Spook.

"Well, drink lots of broth, please drink the broth! We have broth," said the women. When they saw that he was drinking the broth, when his face was hidden a bit, then they thre—w the broth at him. It was very hot. They thre—w it at him. They killed the Spook. They killed him. The Spook died. He died. He died from the boiling water, but it was broth. They spilt broth, sprinkled it, spilt it. The

7A ti vo7ne, toj tol to 7ox la j7ik'al ti vo7ne, tol tol 7oy j7ik'al ta j-mek ti vo7ne, mu to 7ox bu 7ep krixchano, jutuk to 7ox krixchano, naka la 7antzetik 7un.

Bwéno, styempo la chk'ot ta 7ak'ubaltik ti j7ik'ale, te la ta j-mek, chk'ot ve7uk k'u la cha7ale, chk'ot ve7uk li j7ik'ale.

Bu, 7a li june, 7a li tal la, xk'ot la 7oy la te nopol jun 7o na, te nopol 7un, buy 7imilvan la taj j7ik'ale, smil la taj 7antz 7une.

Bwéno 7a li, te la nopol ta ti7 k'ok' ya7el vayem 7une, ja7 la xpulule---t xa la li k'ok' ta sch'ich'el 7une.

7Óra, li jun 7o na 7une, nopol na 7une, k'u cha7al jun kwarto ya7el te nopol nakal 7une. "Kumale, mal xa lajuxe," xi. Yu7un la 7a li tzmeltzan 7ul slakanoj sjux ti yaloj 7une.

Bu, xch'ich'el xa xchi7il. 7A li "7imal xa lajuxe," xi la. Yu7un la slakanoj jux 7un, slakanoj, yu7un xa7uk la ja7uk la 7a ti jun 7une, kómo nopol nakal ya7ele xa7uk la ja7uk 7imal 7ibutk'ij sp'inal li jux 7une.

Bu, xch'ich'el xa xchi7ile, 7a li tak'av la li j7ik'ale. "Jux tale kuma---le," xi la li j7ik'al 7une.

"Mal, mal, kumale, 7imal xa taj 7ajuxe yu7un!" xi la 7a li jun xchi7il 7une.

7Itak'av taj j7ik'al 7une. "Jux tale kumaleee," xi la 7un, taj j7ik'al 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li bat la un, laj taj 7une, laj taj 7antz, laj 7o sk'oplal 7un.

Bwéno, bat la bat xa ta jun 7o 7ak'ubale, 7istzob la sbaik skotol li 7antzetik 7une, 7ispas sbaik ta jun na 7un, muk' xa ch'akalik, slekoj to 7ox snaik ju-p'ej 7une, mu to 7ox bu 7ep li krixchanoe, naka la j7ik'al chanav to 7ox 7un.

Bwéno, 7istzob sbaik jun 7ak'ubal 7une. "Pero ta xtal ti pukuj tana," xiik la 7un. Yu7un 7onox tzotz yo7on li 7antzetike, 7islakanbeik la sve7el 7un, slakan jun kaxlan, lek la kalto.

Bwéno, k'ot la ti j7ik'al 7une. "Mi chave7, ve7an!" xutik la 7un.

"Bwéno stak' xive7," xi li j7ik'al.

"Bwéno, 7a li kaltoe, 7uch'an me ta j-mek 7un, 7uch'an me li kalto 7oy me li kalto," xi la li 7antzetik 7un. K'alal 7iyilik ta xuch' i kalto 7une, ja7 7o la k'al mak j-tz'uj 7i ssat 7une ja7 7o la sk'e---bbeik i kalto, k'ok' ta j-mek 7une, sk'e---bbeik 7ismilik la li j7ik'al 7une, 7ismilik, 7icham i j7ik'al 7une, laj, ta k'ak'al vo7 7ilaj pero kalto 7un, kalto smal ma7ltaik 7un smal, xak' 7istzob sbaik li 7antzetike, yak' yan 7o

women gathered together. They used boiling water on the others. They boiled it another time. They thre—w lots on them. [The Spooks] died from the boiling water. That was the end of the Spooks.

I recall Manvel's wife telling her version of this tale to her young grandsons as they sat rapt in attention. She repeated it when her daughter-in-law appeared, exclaiming over and over how the women in the old days used to be bad, but braver and stronger.

Now that the Spook is a thoroughly familiar character, I shall try to present his pedigree.

First is the report of Bishop Nuñez de la Vega:

In many towns of this bishopric seven Blacks, corresponding to the seven days of the week, are painted on the repertories or calendars for making divinations and predictions . . . and he whom they name Coxlahuntox (who is the devil, and according to the Indians has thirteen dominions) is painted on a throne, and he has horns on his head like a ram. The Indians are greatly afraid of Negroes because they preserve the memory of one of their original forefathers having the color of Ethiopia[ns], who was a great warrior and extremely cruel according to a very ancient historical notebook in our possession that is written in their language. Those of Oxchuc and other towns of the lowlands hold in deep veneration [a god] called Yalajau (which should be corrected to Ical-Ajau) which means Chief Black or, Lord of the Blacks (Ordoñez y Aguiar, 1907:13).

A representation of this deity was carved on a beam of the church in Oxchuc "in the form of a ferocious Negro, like a piece of sculpture or a painted bust, with human limbs" (Payne, 1932:63). It was destroyed by Bishop Nuñez de la Vega in 1687.

It is possible that Ical-Ajau is kin to Ek Chuah, the principal god of Yucatec merchants, who was always portrayed in black paint. This same god is also a warrior god. The intimate relation between Aztec merchants and conquest, already illustrated in the note of Tale 115, was probably not peculiar to the Aztecs.

Drawing upon a multitude of parallels in Mayan literature from Yucatan and Guatemala, Sarah Blaffer concludes that the Spook is the ancient bat demon associated with sexuality, blood, sacrifice, and death (Blaffer, 1972:57-67). The name Zinacantán means "bat net." The Zinacantecs "called themselves Zotcil Vinic which is the same as saying batman. . . . Their ancestors . . . discovered a stone bat and considered it God and worshipped it" (Ximénes, 1929:360). Surely the Dominican friars did not hesitate to call it the Devil!

In a sixteenth-century Tzotzil dictionary compiled in Zinacantán, "*hical*" is given as "negro de guinea" (*Diccionario en lengua sozil*, n.d.:234). The Spook's negroid features may derive from a memory of the African slaves. Although Negroes are no longer native to the region, as late as 1778 there were 723 living in San Cristóbal. They were treated more as confidants than as slaves, for they were permitted to wear daggers and to dress in

batz'i k'ak'al vo7 lakan noxtoke, 7isk'e---bbeik la ta j-mek 7un, laj ta k'ak'al vo7 7un, laj 7o sk'oplal li j7ik'al 7une.

European clothing. As such, they served the role of majordomos and foremen who most likely were entrusted with the task of inflicting physical punishment on their master's Indian serfs (Favre, 1971:81-82). It is not farfetched to assume that the Spaniards increased their authority by spreading stories of the Africans' former cannibalistic appetites. The Spook's cave-dwelling habits may possibly be traced to a memory of African slaves who escaped from the lowlands and sought temporary refuge in the wildest mountain areas. This is supported by the Spanish name for the Spook, "Negro Cimarrón," "Black Runaway Slave." So much for the Spook's mixed ancestry.

The cultural role of this boogeyman is described in convincing detail by Sarah Blaffer, but I will restrict myself to her conclusions:

In these tales about spooks from all over the Maya area, the spooks and their victims share an equivalent anomalous status . . . ; furthermore, in the Black-man tales, the treatment dealt to a spook or to the spook's victims often reflects the offense committed. . . . More tentatively, the nixtamal in these myths is a euphemism for menstrual blood When [j7ik'al] seizes a woman at a task involved with cooking corn, and then kills her with an overdose of sexuality, I suggest that she is being punished for an underdose of care in her female responsibilities. . . . In order to depict a woman careless of her sexuality, Zinacantecos may choose the metaphor of a woman negligent during the times she should be most careful—when she is cooking corn and when she is in an ambiguous condition, as during menstruation By his own example and by the retributions he enacts, [j7ik'al] clarifies normative roles for men and women in Zinacantán (Blaffer, 1972:120-121).

Several nights after helping me with the transcription of this tale of the scalding of the Spook, Romin Teratol, who had in recent days been assured by several people that he possessed the qualities of a shaman, had the following dream:

A townsman had arrived on Romin's doorstep and asked him to please come and cure his wife. Romin consented. According to local custom, the shaman should bathe his patient and also the patient's "substitute," a live hen, with warm "flower water"—water in which sweet-smelling herbs have been brewed. But instead, Romin poured boiling water over his patient, whereupon she turned into a scalded hen right in front of Romin's astounded stepmother and the rest of the patient's family. Immediately they all accused him of being a witch. Since that time Romin never has had the proper dreams which signal the possession of shamanic power. See also T23, T71, T122, T145, and their notes.

The Spook and the Saints

T68

Once the Spook prayed to Our Lord.

"Won't you give me permission. I want several of your children," he told St. Lawrence.

"I won't ever give away my children. Why don't you go talk to John, see if he'll give you his," said St. Lawrence.

7A ti vo7ne yu7un la 7isk'opon 7a li kajvaltik 7a li j7ik'ale.

Bwéno, "Mi mu xavak'bon permiso ta jk'an jay-vo7uk lach'amale," xut la li San-lorenso.

"Muk' bu chkak' jch'amal mi xak'ane, ba k'opono kik 7a li Xune, 7aver mi xayak'be," xi la 7un, 7a li San-lorenso 7une.

Well, as for John, "Okay," he said. "Look for them!" St. John gave permission. John is his name.

"John," he said. "Larry doesn't want to give them away, he doesn't want to give his children. Nothing doing. I went to talk to him already, but he won't give them away. Will you kindly give me your children, give me a few?" said the Spook.

"Look, look wherever you can find them, look, take them!" the Spook was told.

"Not Larry, he's too mean-hearted. He doesn't want to give his. He doesn't want to give his. He doesn't want to give even one. I had longed for his children, but he won't ever give away even one of them. It's because he's so mean-hearted," said the Spook.

"Ah no, as for me, I'll give you permission. See where you can get them!" It was because St. John is good-hearted. He gave away his children. It's been just the same ever since. That why they can die any time. Now we, not even one of us dies from assassins or whatever, from Spooks or whatever. We never die from that. The [people of] Zinacantán Center aren't killed by assassins, nor are they ever killed by Spooks. But the Chamulans are killed by assassins. They are killed by Spooks or whatever, because long ago Our Lord gave permission. That's why it's like it is till now. Whenever there are assassins, then it's the Chamulans who die. A few of them die when they are held up, or from whatever it is that they die, because their saint, St. John, said so. He promised that they could [be taken]. He gave permission for one or two of his children to die. They could [be taken]. "There are too many," he said. "You can take a bunch of them, there are still too many," said Our Lord. But St. Lawrence, he didn't give any away at all!

"I won't give them, I haven't many children," he said. "There aren't many. Go talk to John, maybe he'll give you his. He has more children," said St. Lawrence.

[The Spook] went to talk to [St. John]. "Well, okay, you can take a few," said St. John.

"Well, then, that's fine if you'll be so kind. But Larry is too mean. He wouldn't give me even one," said the Spook.

That's the way it was.

Manvel provides here the essence of "The Spook and the Saints," expressing the conviction universally held by Zinacantecs that St. Lawrence is a jealous saint who will not let his

Bwéno, 7a li Xun 7une -- "Stak'," xi la. "K'elo bu, te k'elo!" 7Iyak' la permiso 7un, li San-jwan 7une, Xun sbi 7une, Xun sbi 7une.

"Xun," xi la. "7A li Lole mu sk'an xak', mu sk'an xak' xch'amal, ch'abal, 7ay xa jk'opon pero mu xak', 7a ti mi vo7ot cha7abolaj chavak'bon lach'amale, 7ak'bon jay-vo7uk," xi la li j7ik'ale.

"Te xak'el xak'el bu chata xak'el 7ik'o!" x7utat la 7un, li j7ik'al 7une.

"Yan i Lole, toj pukuj yo7on mu sk'an xak', mu sk'an xak' junuk, yu7un ta jk'upin 7ox li xch'amale pero mu xak' junuk ta j-mek a7a, yu7un toj pukuj yo7on," xi la li j7ik'al 7une.

"7A mo7oj 7a li vo7one, chakak'be permiso te xak'el bu xata!" x7utat la 7un. Yu7un ja7 lek yo7on li San-jwan 7une, yak' i xch'amale yech'o k'alal tana, yech'o xu7 bu xlaj 7un, 7a li vo7otikotike mu bu xilajotikótik junuk ta jmak-be ta k'usie, ta j7ik'al k'utikuke, muk' bu xichamotikótik ta vo7otikotike, jktek-lume muk' bu xlaj ta jmak-be, mi ja7uk j7ik'al muk' bu xlaj, yan i jchamu7etike, xlaj ta jmak-be, xlaj ta j7ik'al k'utikuk, porke yu7un ta vo7ne yak'oj permiso ti kajvaltike, yech'o ti k'alal tana yech, k'alal 7oy jmak-be ja7 chljajik jchamu7e, ja7 chljaj, ja7 te chljajik jay-vo7uk bu chmakatik ta bee, k'u xlajik 7o porke yu7un ja7 yalaj yech 7a li yajsantoik te, San-jwan ya7ele ti yalaj sk'op ti xu7, xu7, xak' permiso mi 7o bu laj jun cha7-vo7uk i xch'amaltake, xu7. "Ja7 li toj 7ep lae," xi la. "Xu7 xa xavik' j-lomuk toj 7ep 7onox," xi la kajvaltike. Yan li San-lorenso mu la xak' a7a!

"Mu xkak', muk' bu 7ep jch'amaltak," xi la. "Muk' bu 7ep, ba k'opono li Xune, ja7 nan chayak'be, ja7 mas 7ep xch'amaltak," xi li San-lorenso une.

Ba la sk'opon, "Bwéno stak' te xavik' jay-vo7uk," xi la li San-jwan 7une.

"Bwéno, 7entónse ja7 lek che7e, mi xa7abolaje, yan li Lole toj pukuj muk' bu liyak'be junuk," xi la li j7ik'al 7une.

Bwéno, yech 7un.

children be spirited off by Spooks nor murdered on the road. See also T130 and notes.

Juan Diego and the Virgin

T103

Once there was a Chamulan boy [Juan Diego]. His father was sick. He was going to get medicine. And then he met what seemed to be a Ladina.

"What are you looking for?" the young boy was asked.

"I'm not looking for anything. I'm getting some medicine because my father is very sick," he said.

"No, go leave this paper, here! I'll look after your father. I'll go and give him some medicine. Go leave the piece of paper at the Bishop's house!" he was told.

"Well, I can go leave it, then," he said. It was not accepted. He left. He was given a good scolding.

"Get out, stupid Indian!" he was told.

He went a second time, too. He was scolded just the same way. It was not accepted. "Well, if you are telling the truth, then have that lady who [wished to] speak [to us] leave a . . . bring a sign. Have her bring a sign so that we will believe her," he was told.

"Well, they won't accept it," he said—he told that lady. She was told.

"No, then, it's better if you take them along, since they want a sign. Take them along! I'll give you some flowers [to take]." Juan clutched the flowers in his little tunic. He arrived there.

"Here is the sign," he told them at the Bishop's house. When they looked there was [the image of] Our Holy Lady left sticking to Juan's chest.

Then they believed it.

"Oh, then he is telling the truth, indeed! That is the Virgin, the Virgin of Guadalupe," said the Bishop.

Now they went to look. They didn't find her anymore. They found her, but it was just her picture. They never found her to talk to.

That's how it was left. Juan Diego exists to this day.

This abbreviated legend of Juan Diego and the apparition of the Virgin of Guadalupe differs little from official versions. It was not Juan Diego's father but his uncle, Juan Bernardino, who

7Oy la jun 7a li kerem chamu7 ti vo7ne lae, yu7un la 7ip stot ta la ssa7 pox, 7i te nupe jun 7a li jxinulan la yilel 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li "K'u chasa7?" x7utat la 7a li k'ox krem 7une.

"Mu k'usi ta jsa7 yu7un ta jsa7 pox yu7un batz'i xcham jtot," xi la 7un.

"Mo7oj, ba 7ak'o li vun li7e, te ta jk'el 7atote, te chba kak'be spoxil, ba 7ak'o j-likuk vun sna 7ovixpo!" x7utat la 7un.

"Bwéno, stak' chba kak' che7e," xi. Muk' la xch'am, bat 7un, lek la sta 7utel 7un.

"Lok'an, sonso 7indio!" x7utat la 7un.

Va7i 7un, bat la ta schibal bwelta noxtok 7une, ja7 no la yech 7i7utat, muk' la xch'ambat 7un. "Bwéno, ti mi yech 7avale che7e, 7ak'o yak' buch'u senyorail taj chk'opoje, 7ak'o yak' tal senya, 7ak'o yak' tal senya yo7 ta jch'untikotike," x7utat la 7un.

"Bwéno, mu sch'am," xi, xut la taj senyora 7une. 7I7albat la 7une.

"Mo7oj che7e, mas lek 7a li 7ich'o ech'el va7i tzk'an senyae, 7ich'o ech'el 7a li chakak'be ech'el nichim," x7utat la 7un. 7Ischup la ta yunen kolera ja7 7a li nichim, 7a li Jwan 7une, 7a li 7ik'ot 7un.

"Li7 tal senya 7une," xut la ta sna 7ovixpo 7une. K'alal i xil xa la 7une, ta xa la nap'al 7ikom jch'ul-me7tik ta sti7 yo7on 7a ti Jwan 7une.

Bwéno, ja7 to la sch'unik 7o 7un.

"7Ey, 7entónse yech ka xal 7un che7e, 7a le7e jch'ul-me7tik 7un, jch'ul-me7tik Vadalupa," xi xa 7a li 7ovixpo 7une.

7Óra la ba sk'elik 7un, mu xa la bu te staik 7un, 7istaik pero sretrato xa no la 7un, muk' xa bu, mu xa bu chk'opoj 7istaik 7un.

Va7i 7un, k'u cha7al 7ikom 7o yech 7un, k'al tana yech li 7oy Jwan Dyégo lavi 7une.

recovered with the Virgin's aid. The locale is, of course, more immediate; the characterization of Juan Diego as a "stupid Indian," sharper. For another folk version see Robe, 1971, T24.

Armadillo Races Weasel

T101

There was an armadillo once. It was talking with a weasel. "Let's try out and see if we walk the same way!" said Weasel.

"Eh, but me, I don't walk much. My legs are too short," said Armadillo.

7O la j-kot 7a li kaponchon ti vo7ne, 7isk'opon la sbaik schi7uk i sabene. "7A li jpastik proval mi ko7ol xixanavotik!" xi la ti sabene.

"7Ej, pero li vo7one mu xixanav mas toj komik li koke," xi la li kaponchon 7une.

"Ah, but me, I'll walk. Me, I'll run!" said Weasel. "I'll try it out for you to see," he said. Weasel ran two laps. Then, "You run, yourself!"

"But me, I can't run, but I'll hide my head," he said. Armadillo shielded his head. He raced, but it was by rolling, he didn't walk with his legs.

"Oh, but you, so you travel by rolling! That isn't the way I do it. Me, I run with my legs," said Weasel.

Then, "I'm so thirsty," said Weasel. "You, you don't get thirsty. Where do you go on foot? You, you just roll along," he told Armadillo.

"Oh that's the way I am!" he said. "But what else can I do? I haven't long legs," said Armadillo.

"Well, me, I'm going to drink some water. I feel so thirsty," said Weasel.

"Oh, well, drink it!" he said.

Now there was a little, a little spring. It was left. That's why it has that name. It's called "Weasel Well."

I have been unable to discover the location of *Ya7al Saben*, "Weasel Well." Best guesses place it in the direction of Ixtapa.

"7Aj, pero li vo7one chixanav chi7anilaj i vo7one!" xi la li saben 7une. "Ta jpas proval avil," xi. Chib la belta 7anilaj 7a li saben 7une. 7A li k'al "7A li vo7ote 7une, 7anilajan me!"

"Pero vo7one mu xu7 7a li chi7anilaj vo7one, pero ja7 ta jnak' li jjole," xi la 7un. 7Islutz' la li sjol i kapon chone, 7i7anilaj pero balalijel tzipas mu7nuk ta yok chanav 7un.

"7Aj, pero li vo7ote, ku chabalalij li chaxanave mu7nuk ja7uk yech chak k'u cha7al vo7one, 7a li vo7one ta kok chi7anilaj," xi la li saben 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7entónse, "7A li tol taki-ti7il," xi la li saben 7une. "Vo7ote muk' taki-ti7il chava7i yu7 van 7o bu chaxanav tavok, vo7ote yech no 7ox chabalalij," xut la li kapon.

"7Aj yech li vo7on a7a!" xi la. "Pero k'u ta jpas yu7un ch'abal natik kok," xi la li kapon chon.

"Bwéno, vo7one chkuch' li vo7e, tol taki-ti7il chka7i, li7anilaj ta j-mek nat ti vo7one," xi la li saben 7une.

"7Aj, bwéno, 7uch'an!" xi la 7un.

7Óra te li 7unen, te la li 7unen vo7 7une 7ikom 7o, yech sbi 7un. Ya7al Saben sbi 7un.

The King and the Ring

T64

Once there was a boy. He was very, very poor. He had no home. None. He was a beggar. Early in the morning he would arrive near Muxul Vitz [Muxul Hill]. He arrived there. Then he would stop whoever was going to San Cristóbal. He was given tortillas and so on. He asked for tortillas then. When the people here returned again in the afternoon, if they had fruit or something they were carrying back that they had bought, then he waited in the afternoon to be given fruit, to be given whatever had been bought, too. He was there until he went to bed. When there were no more travellers from San Cristóbal he went home to sleep. But his house was wretched. He didn't have a good house.

Who knows if it was Our Lord who wanted it to turn out as it did. [The boy] picked up a ring.

He put the ring on his finger. He returned home. On the second or third day afterwards, at daybreak, ooh, there was lots of money. Money was piled up now like corn. Loads of money was heaped up.

He went to borrow pots. He went to borrow pots wherever there were big pots, big pots. He went to borrow from house to house. "Please [let me] borrow one or two of your pots."

7Oy la jun krem ti vo7ne, batz'i povre ta j-mek la, mu7yuk sna, ch'abal, jk'an-limuxna, k'alal ta sobe, ta xtal yo7 stz'el Muxul Vitze, te la chtal te yo7e, te la tzmak li buch'u chtal ta Jobele, ch7ak'bat yot, k'utikuk, te tzk'an vaj, k'alal tzut noxtok ta xmal k'ak'ale, mi 7oy lo7bol, mi k'usi 7oy chkuch ech'el li tzmanik ech'el li krixchano li7 toe, te la tzmala 7ora li ta xmal k'ak'ale, ch7ak'bat slo7bol ch7ak'bat k'usi chmanbat ech'el noxtok, te ja7 to chba vayuk, mi laj xa li jjobelajele, chba vayuk tzna 7un, sna pero batz'i 7abol, mu7yuk muk' bu lek sna la.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, mu jna7tik mi kajvaltik xa sk'an yech, k'u cha7al 7un, 7istam la jun 7aniyo 7un.

Bwéno, li 7aniyo 7une, 7ixxoj tzk'ob la 7un, 7isut ech'el tzna 7une, mi ta xchibal k'ak'al yoxibal k'ak'al 7ox 7une, jija, 7ep xa tak'in la sakub, busajtik xa tak'in chak k'u cha7al 7ixim 7un, busajtik xa la 7ep i tak'in 7une.

Bwéno, 7a li bat la sch'amun p'in 7un, p'inetik ba sch'amun bu muk'tike p'in, muk'tik p'ine, ba la xch'amun ta butik 7oy naetik 7une. "7Abolajan ta jch'amun junuk cha7-p'ejuk k'u cha7al lap'in."



FIGURE 11.—View towards Muxul Vitz, 1961 (photo by Frank Cancian).

“What do you want them for?”

“To put my corn in,” he said.

“Where did you get your corn? Where would you get corn? You beg for money!” he was told.

“No, it isn’t corn, then. It’s money,” he said.

“Where did you get your money?”

“It appeared by itself. It’s heaped up now inside. There was a great deal by morning. I have nothing to put it in. I’ll fill a couple of pots,” he said.

He went. He went to the town hall. He went to report it. “Go look, go visit me!” the elders were told. “Go visit me, if you want to go visit me. Really I do have money,” he said.

“Eh, could it be true? He’s telling lies,” said the elders. “Where could his money come from? He begs. Where could he get money?” they said.

“Go see for yourself, go look, because I’m telling

“K’u stu 7avu7un 7un?”

“Chkak’ 7o kixim,” xi la un.

“Bu 7ata lavixim 7une, bu chata lavixim, chak’an limuxnae!” x7utat.

“Mo7oj mu 7iximuk che7e, tak’in,” xi la 7un.

“Bu 7ata latak’in 7une?”

“Te 7ayan stuk, te xa busul ta yut na, sakub batz’i 7ep, mu k’u bu xkak’ 7un, ta jnojjes chibuk p’in,” xi la 7un.

Bwéno, bat la, bat la ta kavilto, ba la yal un. “Ba k’el avilik ba vula7anikon!” x7utat la li moletik 7une. “Ba vula7anikon, mi xak’an xba vula7anikone, melet 7un, 7oy ti jtak’in 7une,” xi la 7un.

“7Eee mi yech van 7altik chale le7e,” xi la li moletik 7un. “Bu chtal stak’in, tzk’an limuxna, bu tzta tak’in?” xi.

“Batan avil ba k’el avil, yu7un yech kal, mu

the truth. Who knows if it's God's will, because there's lots of money," he said. "Two pots are filled already. The rest is still piled up there," he said.

"Let's go! Let's go, I guess," they said. The elders went. Since there used to be communal taxes in former times, he had an awful debt. He hadn't paid the communal tax.

"Look, I have a large debt outstanding. Take it!" he told them. He gave a cupful to each of the elders. It was scooped up with a cup, like corn. He gave it to them as a present.

It was publicized, it became known. Who knows if it was the President of Mexico that heard or who. [Who knows] if the government heard or what. He was summoned.

"There is a king there. Send him to me!" said [the President] in Mexico City. "Send him to me!"

"There is a king there. Send him to me!" he said.

As for the people of Zinacantán Center—"Maybe it's better to have him go or else soldiers will come to kill us, since there is a lot of money," they said. He went off. He went on down. God, Zinacantán was left penniless. All the money went off. He took it with him. He took it away. Before he arrived in Mexico City his ring was stolen from him. It was stolen. Oh, when the ring was lost, God, he didn't have a single penny of the money left either.

It happened that there was a man who went, went and swallowed it. He went and swallowed the ring so that it couldn't be discovered. "Who knows now where it went," said [the king]. "But who took it? It must be you who stole it," he said.

[And the king added], "Who knows what [the thief] did with it, maybe he swallowed it. Maybe he swallowed the ring. Come on, we'd better talk to the mouse about it, have him cut the seat of [the man's] pants. Have him gnaw a path for it. Let's see if when [the man] strai—ns, let's see if there's a way for it to come out," said [the king].

"Okay," [the mouse] told him. The mouse left then. He went to cut [a hole] as wide as the seat of the man's pants. He went and stuck his tail up [the man's] nose. [The man] cho—ked. He strai—ned. The ring came out.

It came out. Then when it came out, in a minute the money appea—red again. Ohh, it was piled up in the king's house. The money was there in heaps. Ooh, there was lots of it now, because he had recovered the ring again.

But you see, they dropped it in the Grijalva River, the people who had taken it before. They dropped it in the Grijalva. It was the little dog. There was a little dog. "Please go bring [me] a ring that is in the water," [the king] told him.

"Eh, but I don't know if I can get it. I guess I'll

jna7tik mi sk'an ti kajvaltike, yu7un 7oy tak'in ta j-mek," xi la 7un. "7Inoj xa chib p'in, te to busul li yane," xi la 7un.

"Battik, ba jk'eltik kik," xiik la un. Bat la li moletik 7une, kómo 7a li 7oy to 7ox la patan li vo7ne 7une, mu7yuk la bu, mu 7ep la komem yil, muk' la stojoj 7a li patan 7une.

Bwéno, "K'el avil 7ep kechel li kile, 7ilo!" xut la. Ju-jun la tasa, 7iyak'be li ju-jun li moletik 7une, pulbil ta tasa k'u cha7al 7ixim 7un, 7iyak'be la smoton 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li, 7ivinaj 7o 7un, 7i7a7yat, jna7tik mi ya7i li presirente ta Mejiko, k'u cha7al 7une, mi gobyerno, k'u cha7al 7iya7i 7un, 7itake la ta k'anel 7un.

Bwéno, va7i, "7O te jun reye, takbekon tal!" xi la ta Mejiko 7une. "Takbon tal!"

Va7i, "7Oy 7o te jun reye takbekon tal!" xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li jjtek-lum 7une -- "Mas nan lek 7ak'o batuk naka me taluk soltero smilotik 7o, ja7 li 7oy 7ep tak'ine," xiik la. Bat la un, yal la ech'el 7un, dyos, 7a li me7on 7ikom li Jtek-lume, bat skotol li tak'in 7une, 7iyich' la ech'el 7un, 7iyich' la ech'el 7un, k'ot ta Mejiko 7une, 7ielk'anbat la li 7aniyo 7une, 7ielk'anbat, 7aj, k'alal 7ich'ay 7aniyoe, yos, mu la junuk sentavo 7ikom li tak'in noxtok 7une.

Va7i 7un, k'u cha7al jun la vinik 7une, ba la sbik' 7un, ba sbik' i 7ixtalale, yo7 mu xvinaj 7o 7une. "Mu xa jna7tik bu bat," xi la 7un. "Pero buch'u stam, pero yu7un vo7ot 7avelk'anik," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, 7entónse, "Mu jna7tik k'u cha7al sna7 7un, 7a ti mi, 7a ti mi, yu7un nan te ta sbik', 7isbik' nan li 7aniyoe, mas lek la7 kalbetik 7a li ch'oe, 7ak'o sset'be li xchak svexe, 7ak'o sset'be junuk sbe, li, 7aver mi 7ak'o ya---k' pwersa 7un, 7aver mi 7u k'u cha7al xlok' tale," xi la.

Bwéno," xut. Bat xa li ch'o 7une, ba la stuch' k'u sjamlej li xchak svex li vinik 7une, ba la stik'be li sne ta sni7 7une, ba la ji---k'avuk 7un, ya---k' pwersa 7un, lok' la li 7aniyo 7une.

Bwéno, lok' la 7un, ja7 to, k'alal 7ilok' 7une, j-likel la 7i7a---yan li tak'in noxtok 7une, 7iij, te xa la busulik, ta bu sna 7a li rey 7une, te la busul li tak'in 7une, je, te xa 7oy xa ta j-mek 7un, porke yu7un 7ischa7-ta li 7aniyo noxtok 7une.

Bu, ja7 la li 7o la 7a li, 7ip'aj la yu7unik ta Nab 7a li noxtok li buch'u yich'oj to 7ox 7une, p'aj la yu7un ta Nab, ja7 la li 7unen tz'i7 7une, 7o la 7unen tz'i7 7un. 7A li, "7Abolajan ba sa7o tal jun 7aniyo ta yut vo7," xut la 7un.

"7Ej pero mu jna7 mi jta, ja7 ta jk'oapon ka7tik i

talk to the fish," said the dog. He talked to the fish. "Please bring it to me. There is a ring that fell in the water. Bring it to me! You, you're used to water. But me, I'm not used to being in the water," said the little dog.

"Well, okay," said the fish. He was able to reach it in the water. The fish found the ring in the water so he gave it to the little dog.

Now the little dog went to deliver it to its owner. Now he went off with the ring clutched in his teeth. But he went to give it to its owner.

When the owner received the ring, then the money appeared again in quantities. That's how it turned out. He remained rich because of it—as much as he had. He stayed rich. [But] for Zinacantán Center, that was all the soul [of the money] here in Zinacantán Center. So the town here was left penniless. The money left. The soul of the money left, it seems. But if it was here that it appeared [again], then the town would be rich.

Manvel's "The King and the Ring" joins the chorus of statements that explain to the Zinacantecs why they no longer

choye," xi la, li tz'i7 7une. 7Isk'upon la sba xchi7uk i choy 7une. "7Abolajan 7a li sa7o tal, 7o te p'aj jun 7aniyo ta yut vo7e, sa7o tal, 7a li vo7ote nop xava7i vo7 li vo7ote, 7a li vo7one mu nopemuk xka7i li yut vo7e," xi la li 7unen tz'i7 7une.

"Bwéno, 7a li yechuk," xi la li choy 7une. Kómo ta yut vo7 7istaaa la tal 7un, 7ista la tal li 7aniyo ta yut vo7 li choy 7une, ja7 7iyak'be li 7unen tz'i7 7une.

7Óra, li 7unen tz'i7 7une, ba yak'be 7entrok'al 7a li yajval 7une, skatz'oj xa ech'el ta ye li 7aniyoe, pero ba yak'be li yajval 7une.

Bwéno, k'alal 7iyich' 7entrok'al yajval li 7aniyo 7une, ja7 7o la 7i7a---yan ta j-mek i tak'in xa 7une, kom xa 7o yech 7un, kom, jk'ulej 7oy yech 7un, ja7 li k'u yepal, kom xa 7o jk'ulej 7un, li 7tek-lum 7une, ja7 li k'u yepal li to 7ox xch'ulel li7 ta 7tek-lum 7une, ja7 me7on 7ikom li 7tek-lum xa la li7 7une, bat li tak'in to, bat xch'ulel li tak'in ya7el 7une, yan ti li7uk 7ayanuke che7e, jk'ulej li 7tek-lume.

possess the power and wealth that once was their prerogative. See also T11, T31, T34, T113, T165, and their notes.

Salt Spring

T63

Ninab 7Atz'am [Salt Spring] once had good salt, long ago.

But you see it's brown-grained salt. The reason [the people of] Zinacantán Center don't work it is because the cave, the salt, wanted to take half the town for servants. Then they could work the salt. They didn't accept that. So it was left. Horses just drink there. When horses go there they eat it. There isn't anyone who works the salt.

They tried it out at the time when the epidemic passed, long ago. They tested it. They boiled it in a pot, in a little pot. It yielded one bowl of salt, but it was brown-grained salt. It was brown. It was Romin [Teratol's] grandfather who boiled it. It yielded a bowl of salt. But not much crystallized, the salt just disappeared. There was [practically] no salt. It was when there was so much sickness. Then they produced it that way. They saw what the salt was like. But there's no one who wants to mine it.

Don't you see, it's no one's work. It was just left like that. Just horses drink it there, that's all. The well is abandoned now. It's gone. It's just a mudhole now. You can't tell where it was.

7A li Ninab 7Atz'ame, lek to 7ox la 7atz'am ti vo7ne, ta mas 7antivoe.

Pero buy, 7a li tzajal tanal 7atz'am le7 7une, k'usi muk' x7abtejik 7o li 7tek-lume che7e, yu7un la tzk'an j-7o7lol j7tek-lum chik' smoso 7a li ch'en la 7une, li 7atz'am 7une ti mi yu7un la yich' j-7o7lol j7tek-lum 7une, ja7 to la xu7 x7abtejik i ta 7atz'am 7une, mu7yuk 7ixch'unik yech 7une, yech'o te kom 7o yech 7une, ja7 xa no 7ox te chuch' ti ka7 k'al chbat ka7 ja7 xa no 7ox te tzlajes 7un, mu xa buch'u x7abtej ta 7atz'am 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7ispasik la preva k'alal yora tyempo k'alal 7i7ech' chamel ti vo7ne 7une, spasiq prov'al slakanik ta p'in, jun 7unen p'in 7un, lok' la jun pulatu li 7atz'ame, pero ja7 la li tzajal tanal 7atz'am la 7une, tzoj la 7un, ja7 smuk'ta tot Romine 7islakan 7une, 7ilok' la jun pulatu li 7unen 7atz'ame, pero mu la x7ul 7ep 7un, ja7 no 7ox yu7un ch'ay i 7atz'ame, mu xa bu 7atz'am, ja7 li k'alal tol chamel 7une, ja7 7islok'ta yech 7un, 7isk'elik 7o k'u x7elan li 7atz'am 7une, pero mu xa buch'u sk'an buch'u slok'es 7un.

Mu xavil ma7uk yabtelik, te ch'ay 7o yech chak le7 7une, ja7 xa nox chuch' ka7, ja7 xa nox, ch'ayem xa li posoe, ch'abal xa, 7ach'eltik xa no 7ox, mu xa xvinaj buy.

See also T83 and notes.

Long Hair

T95

There used to be a long-haired person, long ago. But he would hold up [people] all the time there at the Crossroads as we call it. There is a cave there that the mules passed. That Long Hair stripped them of all the baggage. He had long hair. He stripped them there. He stripped them there of everything, absolutely everything. The cave was already filled with nothing but baggage, everything, muslin, clothing of all kinds, everything. Whatever there was, if salt or fish or anything else came up, it all filled that place there inside the cave.

Once there were three of our countrymen, elders. They went. They reached on their trips, they reached Tabasco, they reached Tonalá. They carried tobacco there. They went to sell it in the lowlands. They were stripped there. They were stripped by that devil. He stripped them.

They asked each other, "Can you do anything? Isn't there anything you can do? Why don't we see if our packs get confiscated," they said.

"Oh, you, can you do anything?" said [one].

"Me, I can be Thunderbolt."

"Me, Whirlwind and Rain," said [the other].

"Well, but let's fight. If we fight can't we attack him, then?" they said.

"Eh, but it's still not right if we attack him, because if it's by government order that he blocks the road like this . . . It's much better if we go and ask, if we ask, request, request permission to attack him," he said.

"Let's go!" they said. They went to ask. "Well, have you declared it, sir? Have you declared that the road be closed so that baggage can't pass through at all? Or what?"

"Well, there's nothing you can do about it. Soldiers have gone to look, but the soldiers didn't do any good," said the governor.

"But we, we'll see how to open the road if it's possible," they said.

"Oh, you can, why not? Fight, [see] if there's anything you can do. Take your present!" they were told. They were given money. They were given money already. "Do [us] the favor then. If you can open the road, open it! See what it's like, I guess, what you can do about it, if you are successful," said [the governor].

"We'll see if we can open it. Then the news [of it] will come," they said. "Well, let's fight!" they said. They attacked him with a machete. The machete didn't penetrate since his hair was so long.

Then the other one, the other one began. He started. He started to turn himself into a Whirlwind.

7O to 7ox 7a li natik sjol vo7ne krixchano 7une, 7a li pero ta la smak be ta j-mek 7un taj ta Tijera xkalbetik 7une, 7oy te jun ch'en te la x7ech ti mulaetik 7une, te la tzpoj skotol li 7ikatzil 7une, taj natik jol, natik sjole, te la tzpoj, te la tzpoj skotol 7un, skotol ta j-mek, noj xa la li ch'en ta labal 7ikatzil, k'utikuk ta j-mek, manta, k'usi k'u7iletik k'utik ta j-meke, k'utik k'usi 7oy te, mi xmuy tal 7atz'am choy k'utikuk ta j-meke, te noj la skotol yo7 taj yut ch'en 7une.

Bwéno, 7a li bat la, 7o la 7ox-vo7 jchi7iltak moletik vo7ne 7une, chk'otik ta xanbal, chk'otik ta Tabasko, chk'ot ta Tonalá, ta la skuch tal moy te yo7 7une, ba schonik xi ta 7olon 7une, te la pojbatik 7un, pojbatik 7un yu7un taj pukuj 7une, spoj la 7un.

Va7i 7un, sjak'be la sbaik 7un, "K'u xi xana7, mi mu k'u 7ana7, k'un ti mu, k'un mi jk'eloy jba chipojbat ti kikatztike?" xiik la.

"7Aj, 7a li vo7ote, mi mu k'u xana7?" xi.

"7A li vo7ne, jna7 chauk."

"7A li vo7one jna7 sutum 7ik' xchi7uk vo7," xi la.

"Bwéno, pero tajinkotik, ti mi chitajinotike che7e, mi mu chkak'betik?" xiik la 7un.

"7Ey, pero mu 7onox xtun ti chkak'betike, porke 7a ti mi tzmantal govyerno li x7elan smak i be mas lek batz'i ba jgak'tik jgak'tik ta jk'antik jk'antik permiso mi xu7 xkak'betike," xi la 7un.

"Battik!" xiik la 7un. Ba la sjak'ik 7un. "Bwéno, mi 7avak'oj 7orden, senyor, mavak'oj 7orden li x7elan makbil li bee, muk' bu xjelav 7ikatzil ta j-mek 7une, k'u cha7al?"

"Bwéno, mu k'u xavut 7un, 7ay xa soltero sk'el pero mu k'u bal 7o li soltero," xi la ti govyerno 7une.

"Pero li vo7otikotike ta jk'el k'u x7elan ta jjamtikótik i be ti mi yu7un, ti mi xu7e," xi la 7un.

"7Aj, xu7 k'u cha7al mo7oj, tajinanik ti mi 7u k'u xana7ike, 7a li 7il 7amotonik!" x7utat. 7I7ak'bat la tal tak'in 7un, 7i7ak'bat xa li tak'ine. "Paso pavor che7e, jamik ti mi xjam 7avu7un li bee, k'elik kik k'u x7elan k'u chacha7leik mi xatojobike," xi la 7un.

"Jk'eltikótik ti mi yu7un 7ijam ku7untikotike, 7entónse te chtal mantal," xi la 7un. "Bwéno, tajinkotik!" xiik la 7un. Yak'beik la 7a li machita 7un, mu la x7och ti machitae, kómo toj natik sjol la 7un.

Bwéno, ja7 la li june, stam la sba ti jun 7une, lik la, lik la sk'atajes sba ta sutum 7ik' 7un, ja7 la svalk'unbe

So he tossed his hair upwards. In the sky, they fought now in the sky. They blew him up into the sky so that they could fight. Then they won there. They cut him again and again with machetes. The machete penetrated when his hair moved aside now. The wind made his hair move to the side. [He was killed]. Then all the baggage came out.

When everyone, everyone whose packs had been confiscated, heard, they gathered together. Presents were given to all those who worked. They opened the road. They won. They won. There was a great deal of baggage.

Ohh, the owners of the packs went. Whoever had lost things went there to take out his things, since it was there that all the baggage was lost. It [all] came out, the muslin came out, the clothing, since it belonged to the big stores.

See also T10, T104, T158, and their notes.

muyel li sjol 7une, ta vinajel ta vinajel xa la chtajinik 7un, ta la svilesik muyel ta vinajel 7un, yo7 xtajinik 7o 7une, ja7 to la te 7a li 7ispasik 7o kanal 7un, 7istuch'ilanik la ta machita 7un, k'alal 7i7och la li machita 7isk'ej xa ti sjol 7une, ta 7ik' xa 7isk'ej sba li sjol 7une, ja7 to la te lok' skotol i 7ikatzil 7une.

Bwéno, ti k'al 7iya7i ti buch'utik buch'utik ti pojbil yikatz 7une, stzob la sbaik, 7i7ak'bat la smoton ti buch'u 7i7abtej, 7isjamik ti be 7un, 7ikuch yu7unik 7un, 7ikuch yu7unik 7un, 7ep la ti k'usi 7oy 7ikatzil ta j-mek 7une.

Jii, bat ti yajvaltak ti 7ikat zile, ba slok'esik tal i k'usuk yu7unik buch'utik ch'ayem k'usuk yu7une, kómo te ch'ayem skotol taj 7ikat zil 7une, lok' tal lok' tal manta k'u7iletik k'u ti yu7un skwenta muk'tik tyenta 7une.

One Leg

T93

They say the hummingbird is very big. So that's what some workers [saw] in the tropics. They were burning [empty] bean pods. The fire was visibly very high [in the sky]. The hummingbird came. It came flying [down] from the sky, then.

It saw the fire. It was blinded by the smoke. It came down and down and down so that they saw it was big. Don't think it's little, it's big! It's like a dove. It's wings are white. It's completely white. I was right that it's a lie they tell, saying that the hummingbird is little. See! The men said it was very big. That's when they recognized what it was like because none of us had ever seen it. We didn't know what it was like. It's the one that sings "tz'untz'un" at night, but we didn't know what size it was. [But] that one, they saw how big it was. They saw it. It was the same as, as big as, a hawk. It is in league with the Tutelary Gods. "One Leg" we call it.

This hummingbird serves as a messenger of the Tutelary Gods, advising people when they need to hold curing ceremonies. Its nocturnal call is slow and measured, unlike that of the witch hummingbird that Romín Tan-chak described rushing off to announce death at the wrong houses (T140).

It is perhaps only a curious coincidence that the Cakchiquel forefather, Gagavitz, had one ally who dared to aid him in putting out the fire of the volcano Santa María—his name was Zakitzunun, White Hummingbird (Recinos and Goetz, 1953:70).

More indicative of pan-Mayan associations is "One Leg." Leg

7A li tz'unune, lek la muk', ja7 yech'o la yech j7abteletik ta k'ixin 7osil, ta la schik'ik pat chenek' 7un, lek xa nat ti k'ok' ta j-mek xvinaj 7une, tal la li tz'unune, ja 7o la chlok' chvil tal ta vinajel 7une.

Bwéno, 7iyil la li k'ok' 7une, 7it'up ssat ta ch'ayil 7un, 7iyal la tal, 7iyal la tal, 7iyal la tal 7un, yo7 7isk'elik la ti muk' 7une, mu xach'un ti bik'ite, muk' la 7un, 7a li ja7 la yech chak paloma sak la xxik' 7un, sak skotlej, 7a li 7altik ka chalik toj ... 7a li tz'unun bik'it xiike, k'e, batz'i muk' xiik la ti viniketik 7une, ja7 to te yojtikinik k'u x7elan 7un, porke muk' bu xkiltik jkotoltik, mu jna7tik k'u x7elan, ja7 li "tz'un tz'un" xi la ta 7ak'ubaltike, pero mu jna7tik k'u smuk'ul, 7a taj 7une, 7iyilik ti k'u smuk'ule, 7isk'elik ko7ol schi7uk, ko7ol smuk'ul schi7uk xik 7un, skwenta la totil me7il, jun yok chkaltik 7une.

is a Yucatec day name. One Leg Lightning, often referred to simply as "One Leg," was one of the principal Quiché creator gods. One Leg Owl appears in the *Popol Vuh*, also as a Messenger of Hell (Edmonson, 1971:65-66).

This seemingly inconsequential tale provided the germ for an extraordinarily sophisticated historical and structural analysis by Eva Hunt, which unfortunately was not seen by me in time to include for discussion here. Hunt argues conclusively that One Leg is none other than the Aztec god Huitzilopochtli! (Hunt, in press).

It's Cold in the Crocodile's Belly!

T97

There was a man who went to draw water from the Grijalva River. He discovered a crocodile lying there. He came upon it lying there. It was warming itself in the sun.

He went to draw some water. In a minute it went and caught the man. In a minute it went and swallowed the man. He was swallowed whole. He wasn't, he wasn't eaten.

When the man regained his senses, it seems, he felt terribly cold, because [the crocodile] had been under water. The man was under water. Its belly was terribly cold.

He regained his senses, he regained his senses when its belly warmed up, because the animal, the crocodile came out to warm itself in the sun.

He said to [himself], "But, man, what can I do about this? That [crocodile] has come out," he said. He felt the warmth of its belly. He had his little knife. He ripped open its belly. He prayed to Our Lord. "How can I get out of here? But I can't get out of here now, My Lord!" he said. Inside the animal's stomach he prayed to Our Lord.

He remembered it. He took out his knife. He ripped open its belly. When its belly was ripped open then he came out, the man came out.

He arrived to tell his friends. "Where did you go? Why did you disappear?"

"Man, I had an accident. An animal swallowed me," he said. He arrived to tell his friends. "Now, thank God, I had my little knife. I ripped open its belly. I came out," he told his friends.

"Well, are you hungry?" they asked.

"Oh, I'm hungry. I'm famished, because this is the third day now since I've eaten, because I was stuck inside the animal's stomach," he said.

"Eat, then!" he was told. He continued on. He escaped. The animal was left there. He killed it and left it. He killed it and left it, but he himself got out.

The hero of this epic fared far better than his Chamulan counterpart, who, after a week's sojourn in the crocodile's belly, cut his way out and returned home. But having lost the flesh on the fingers of one hand and the flesh on one leg, he only returned home to die (Gossen, T37). An Oxchuquero, swallowed by a

7O la jun vinik ba slup vo7 ta Nab, te la puch'ul 7ista li lagarto 7une, puch'ul sta 7un, 7a li sk'atin la k'ak'al 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li ba la slup i vo7 7une, j-likel 7a tzake li vinik 7une, j-likel 7a sbik' 7un, bik'e la, 7oche sjunlej, mu7yuk, muk' xti7at.

Bwéno, k'alal 7iya7i ya7el 7a li vinike, chcham ta sik ta j-mek 7un, yu7un la tik'il ta yut vo7 7ox 7un, tik'il ta yut vo7 li vinike, sik la ta j-mek i sch'ut 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li k'alal 7iya7i xa, k'alal 7iya7i xa, k'alal chk'ixnaj sch'ut 7une, yu7un lok'em ta jwera la sk'atin k'ak'al 7a li chon 7a li lagarto 7une.

Bwéno, 7iyal, "Pero 7Ómbre k'u ta jnop li7e, 7a taje, lok'em ta jwera taje," xi. 7Iya7ibe ti sk'ixnal sch'ut 7une, 7o la yunen kuchilu 7un, 7isjatbe la li sch'ut 7une, 7isk'opon la kajvaltik 7une. "K'u xi chilok' li7e, pero muk' chilok' tana li7e, kajval!" xi la 7un. Ta yut sch'ut i chon 7une, sna7 li kajvaltik 7une.

Bwéno 7iyul tzjol 7une, ja7 7islok'es tal skuchilu, sjatbe taj sch'ut 7une, k'al 7ijat i sch'ute, ja7 7o 7ilok' 7ilok' li vinik 7une.

Va7i 7un, k'ot ta yalbe schi7iltak. "Bu la7ay, k'un ti lach'aye?"

"7Ómbre 7ijpas palta, lisbik' chon," xi la. K'ot la yalbe schi7iltak 7une. "7Óra sk'an ti rioxe, 7oy kunen kuchilu 7ijjatbe sch'ut 7un, lilok' 7o tale," xut la li schi7il 7une.

"Bwéno, mi chave7?" xi la 7un.

"7Ay, chive7, batz'i chivi7naje, porke yoxibal xa k'ak'al muk' bu ve7emon li7e, kómo te tik'ilon ta yut sch'ut i chone," xi la 7un.

"Ve7an che7e!" x7utat la 7un. Bat noxtok 7un, kol ech'el 7un, te kom la li chon 7une, 7ismil komel 7un, mil komel pero 7ilok' li stuk la 7une.

snake, remembered his knife and carved out an exit (Montes Sánchez, c. 1959:28). A man from Panajachel, Guatemala, who was swallowed by a "water dragon," spent two days in its belly before cutting his way out and escaping intact (Tax, 1950:2671).

The Birth of Cane Liquor

T98

The elders once. . . . There didn't used to be any cane liquor. There always has been chicha.

The elders decided long ago, "But chicha, for a

7A ti moletik vo7ne, 7a li ch'abal to 7ox 7a li poxe, yakil vo7e ja7 7oy 7onox 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li 7isnopik la 7une, moletik vo7ne 7une,

fiesta—but that’s not right!” they said. “It would be better if we could create a little something [new]. It would be better if something could be produced, if the white [stuff] could be produced, cane liquor for us to drink, but for the cold.

“Well, chicha is for the heat, for the hot sun. We won’t drink it when it is very cold,” they said. “Come on, let’s invent it!” they said. Cane liquor was produced.

“Come on, try it out and see, because Our Lord’s fiestas can’t be celebrated without cane liquor. The fiestas are celebrated when there is cane liquor. Chicha isn’t right for holding a fiesta,” said the elders. They made cane liquor. It was produced. They tried it out. “Come on, let’s drink, then! Let’s see how the fiesta goes!” They drank it. The elders got drunk. “Well, it’s good. Well, this time Our Lord’s fiesta is good. There is cane liquor,” they said. “When there wasn’t any cane liquor the fiestas weren’t fun,” they said. They drank it. They tried it out.

Now it has been left like that ever since. There is cane liquor.

Chicha is a rather thick sugarcane drink that may either be sweet or fermented. Although it is sold by Chamulan merchants at all major fiestas in Zinacantán and is especially important at Carnival, it is associated with informal drinking, much like beer in the United States. In fact, the high consumption of beer in Zinacantán has probably reduced the sale of the more traditional chicha. Distilled cane liquor is still the proper beverage for religious officials at a fiesta. Prodigious quantities are also drunk

“Pero li yakil vo7e, 7a li k’alal k’in 7une, pero mu xu7 yech,” xiik la 7un. “Mas lek ti 7u k’u chak jlok’tatik j-tz’ujuke, mas lek 7oy 7u k’u chak lok’uk chak lok’uk 7a li sakil, 7a li poxe chkuch’tike, pero ja7 skwenta sike.

“Bwéno, 7a li yakil vo7e skwenta k’ak’al, k’ux k’ak’ale, mu xkuch’tik k’al tol sike,” xiik la 7un. “La7 jlok’tatik!” xiik la. 7Ilok’ la li trago 7une.

Bwéno, 7a li “La7 paso ava7iik proval 7un, porke mu xu7 x7ech’ 7o sk’in kajvaltik ti mu7yuk i tragoe, ja7 to te x7ech’ k’in k’alal 7oy tragoe, 7a li yakil vo7e ma7uk yech xlok’ k’in,” xiik la li moletik 7une.

7Ismeltzanik la li tragoe, lok’ la 7un, 7ispasik la proval 7un. “La7 kuch’tik che7e, jk’eltik k’u x7elan xbat ti k’ine!” Yuch’ik la, yakubik la ti moletik 7une. “Bwéno, lek la 7un, bwéno 7ora si ja7 to lek sk’in i kajvaltik, 7oy trago 7une,” xi. “7A li k’alal mu7yuk tragoe, mu7yuk bu lek k’in,” xiik la 7un. 7Iyuch’ik la 7un, 7ispasik proval 7un.

7Óra, k’al tana kom 7o yech 7un, ti 7oy trago la 7une.

by men who are celebrating their good fortune to be alive to celebrate another fiesta.

A Chamulan version credits St. John with the invention of chicha, and Christ with the invention of cane liquor. But the primacy was awarded to cane liquor after St. John and Christ took a swig of it and burst into song. “That’s why they say that when there are fiestas there is cane liquor.” (Gossen, T24).

When the Bell Was Lifted

T102

Once there used to be a big bell in Zinacantán Center. It was very big. It was huge.

The bell was very much alive. When the sacristans were going to ring it, they discovered that it had descended. [Its moorings] hadn’t come untied.

They went to tell the priest. “Sir, we can’t ring the bell. It is down,” they said.

“No, go look!” they were told. When they went to ring it the next time they found that the bell was up again. But the sacristans found one or two pesos, their little charm, that the bell left them as a present.

But when it was learned that the bell was very lucky, the Chiapanecs came to steal it. They came to steal it with Whirlwinds. With Thunderbolt they came to steal it. The [Chiapanec] elders went to Zinacantán Center. [The Zinacantecs] weren’t able to take it back. They didn’t win. It was the Chiapanecs who won. They stole it away. So it arrived there in Chiapa where it has been ever since.

7Oy to 7ox la j-p’ej muk’ta kampana ti vo7ne, te ta Jtek-lum 7un, batz’i muk’, muk’ la ta j-mek.

Bwéno, kuxul la ta j-mek i kampanae, 7a li k’alal 7istij li xakrixtanetike yalem la tal, muk’ jitu jem ta sta li kampanae.

Bwéno, 7a la yalbe li pale 7une. “Senyor mu stak’ jtij i kampanae, yalem,” xi.

“Mo7oj, ba k’elo!” x7utat la 7un. K’alal 7ibat stij ta 7otro jun bwelta muyem xa la sta li kampana 7une, pero sta la mi pexu mi chib pexu yunen portuna tal k’elanbat komel yu7un i kampana li xakrixtan 7une.

Bu, ti k’alal 7i7ayat ti batz’i lek yox li kampana 7une, tal la yelk’an li jsoktometik 7une, tal la yelk’an ta sutum 7ik’ ta chavok tal yelk’anik 7un, naka xa bat li moletik li7 ta Jtek-lum 7une, muk’ xa bu poj tal yu7un 7un, mu xkuch yu7un, ja7 7ikuch yu7un i jsoktometik, 7iyelk’anik ech’el 7une, ja7 taj te k’ot k’al tana ta Soktom lavi 7une.

See also T74, T115, T151, T157, and their notes.

A Bride for a Liter

T92

There was a man whose wife died.

The man went to look for work in Simojovel. I don't know if he worked for maybe three weeks, if that's how long he worked. Then they came back from work.

He had three friends. He said to his friends They neared San Juan [el Bosque], San Juan Chamula, as we say. It used to be the town of Chamula, but it isn't anymore. It has changed. The women's clothes [skirts] are blue now like the women's here. Yes!

Well, since the man's wife had died he wanted to look for a replacement for his wife.

"Uncle," he said to his friends, "you go on while I pass by and visit in the town here," he said. They were on the road passing by the town of San Juan. They were coming from Simojovel, because they were returning home.

"What are you going to look for?" they asked.

"I think I'll go look and see if there are any cigars," he said, since [the people of] San Juan make cigars. The only work they do is with tobacco, tobacco for cigarettes, for cigars. "I'll pass by. I'll pass by and look for some, I'll go ask for some to smoke. I'll see if there are any cigars already made," he said.

He arrived. He found a man sitting there.

"Are you there?"

"I am here," he said.

"Have you any cigars made? I'll buy some," he said.

"No, there aren't, but if you want some I'll make them right away. Sit down a minute or so," he said.

The man knew. He knew. He knew the gossip that there were girls there. The people of the town are kind-hearted. He had brought a liter of cane liquor. "Well, won't you drink a little? Come on, let's drink!" he said. He was sitting there by the door.

"No, what's in it for you?" said the old man.

"Nothing in particular. We'll drink and chat. Let's drink a little."

After they drank up the liter then he started to tell him, "Ah, do you happen to know if there aren't, where there are, if there is any place where there is a woman who can be petitioned here, because my wife is dead," he said when he arrived.

"Eh, do you want to stay here?"

"I want to come here [and stay] for good."

"Ah, if you come here, women there are!" he said.

"There are women, but if you take her home with you we certainly won't give her away," he said.

"But if you come here, if you leave your country

7Oy la jun vinik 7a li 7icham yajnil.

Bwéno, li vinike bat la ta sa7-abtel ta Tzima7 Jobel, mu jna7 mi 7abtej nan 7oxibuk xemana k'u cha7al 7i7abtej la 7un, 7isutik tal ta 7abtel 7une.

Bwéno, 7oy 7oxibuk 7ox-vo7 schi7iltak la 7un, 7iyalbe li schi7iltake 7oy te, 7oy te, yu7un tzk'an 7oy te ta San-jwan 7une, San-jwan Chamúla xkaltik 7une, ja7 ti jtek-lum Chamu7 to 7ox pero ma7uk xa, k'exem, yox xa sk'u7 chak k'u cha7al li 7antzetik li7e. Ji7 la.

Bwéno, li kómo chamem yajnile che7e, tzk'an la tza7be sk'exol li yajnil 7une.

Bwéno, 7a li "Jun tot," xut la li schi7il 7une. "T'abuk to batan, te to chi7ech' ta vula7al li7 ta jtek-lume," xi la 7un. Ta jtek-lum San-jwan 7une te 7ech' ta be 7un, likik tal ta Tzima7 Jobel yu7n tzut tal tzna.

Bwéno, "K'u ch7ech' 7asa7?" xi.

"Ch7ech' jsa7 ka7tik mi 7oy puro," xi la. Kómo sna7ik smeltzan puro li San-jwan 7une, naka naka moy sna7 x7abtejik, moy skwenta sik'alal, skwenta puro. "Chi7ech' chi7ech' jsa7, ja7 ta jk'an taj chisik'alaj, ta jk'el mi 7o meltzanbil puro," xi la.

Bwéno, k'ot la, te la chotol jun mol te, te sta 7un.

Bwéno, "Mi li7ote?"

"Li7one," xi.

"Muk' 7ameltzanoi puro ta jman," xi la.

"Mu7yuk pero ti mi chak'an chak'ane ta jmeltzan ta 7ora, chotlan j-likeluk," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li vinike, sna7oj sna7oj i yu7un sna7ojbe la sk'oplal k'u la 7o la tzebetik te yo7 7une, lek yo7on ti jtek-lum 7une, ssa7oj la ech'el jun litro trago 7un. "Bwéno, muk' chavuch' j-tz'ujuk, la7 kuch'tik!" xut la. Te la chotol ta ti7 na 7un.

"Mo7oj, k'u stu 7avu7un?" xi la ti mol 7une.

"Yech no 7ox chkuch'tik xilo7ilajotik kuch'tik j-tz'ujuk."

Bwéno, laj la yuch'ik li jun litro 7une, ja7 to la lik yalbe 7un. "7A mi mu xana7, mi mu, bu 7oy, mi mu no 7ox bu 7oy 7a li 7antz stak' jak'el li7 toe porke chamem kajnil?" xi la yulel 7un.

"7E, mi7n chak'an li7 chakome?"

"Yu7un ta jk'an li7 chital ta j-moje."

"7A ti mi yu7un chatal li7 toe, 7a li 7antz 7oy!" xi la 7un. "7A li 7antz 7oy, pero ti mi7n chavik' ech'el ta 7anae mu xkak'tikótik ech'el 7un bi 7a," xi. "Yan ti mi chatal li7 toe chavikta komel 7alumale, mi chatal

behind, if you come to settle down here, [then] there are [women]," he said. "We'll see where we'll find one," he said.

They were sitting there with their mother, the three girls there. "If you want to come, I have daughters, myself, if you want one," said the old man, since he had already drunk the cane liquor.

"Oh fine, but if you would be so kind, then. But I want to stay here forever. But right now if you would be so kind, for I'll go bring your present," he said to him.

"But do you have the money?" asked [the old man].

"I do! I have my pay. I have the pay from my job. I have money," said the man.

"Hand over the money then, I guess! I guess I'll see how much there is. I'll add it up to see how much there is, how much we need," he said.

They added it up. There was [enough] money. They added up the cost of the jug of cane liquor, the bread, meat, and whatever [the girl's father] was going to get in the town. He went to get it in the town. He went as far as, as far as the town. As far as Simojovel he went to get what they needed.

He came back. "Go!" he said. "As for the leftover money . . . We've added up now how much it will cost you. There is still some left over," he said. "Go give it to her. Go see which of the girls you want," [the girl's father] told him.

[The man] looked at her right away. No, there were three. "I want that one," he told him. There was one who was prettier. He looked at her. She was the one.

"If you've seen already which one, then, go give her the leftover money. Go. go together! Go get what I need, what we need. We'll have a fiesta," he said. Right off, right away [the man's] wife was given to him right away! It wasn't a long time. They hadn't received their gifts yet. They just drank one liter. That was all they drank. In a minute that old man gave his word. "If you are going, then, go on, go together!

"So give her the leftover money now. Let her take it along. You can buy [things] with it. So you can buy your food, so you can buy something to eat in the town. So you can buy fruit to eat. Take it! Let your wife take it along."

"Fine!" he said.

He went to give it to her. "Maybe it's you I'll marry. Take this money!" he told her. The one who was given to him, was chosen by him. He chose which one now.

Her mother didn't say a word. She didn't say a word. She didn't criticize him. Not at all!

"Well, let's go now. Let's go get what's needed,"

naklan li7 toe, 7oy," xi la. "Ta jk'eltik bu 7oy ta jtatik," xi la.

Bwéno, te la chotolik schi7uk sme7 7a li 7ox-vo7ik ta la tzebetik te 7un. "7A ti mi yu7n chak'an chatal 7une, 7oy jtzeb vo7on ti mi chak'ane," xi la li mol 7une. Kómo yuch' xa 7ox li trago 7une.

"7A bwéno, pero ti mi cha7abolaje, che7e, pero ta jk'an li7 chikom ta j-moje, pero ta 7ora ti mi yu7un 7a li cha7abolaje, yu7un chba jsa7 tal 7amoton," xut la 7un.

"Pero mi 7oy 7atak'in?" xi la.

"7Oy, 7oy li jtojole, 7oy jtojol ta 7abtele, 7oy jtak'in," xi la li vinik 7un.

"7Ak'o kik tal i tak'ine che7e, ta jk'el kik k'u yepal 7oy, ta jnit kwenta k'u yepal k'u yepal ta xtun ku7untike," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li 7isnitik la 7un, 7oy tak'in 7une, 7isnitbe stojol 7a li jun garafon 7a li trago, pan, bek'et, k'usi ba ssa7ik tal te ta jtek-lum 7une, ba ssa7 tal ta jtek-lum, bat la k'alal, k'alal to jtek-lum, k'al to Tzima7 Jobel, ba ssa7 tal 7a li k'usi ta xtun yu7un 7une.

Bwéno, 7iyul la tael 7un. "Batan 7un!" xi. "7Óra li sovra li tak'ine, 7ijnittik xa li k'u yepal chapas kasto, 7oy to sovra," xi la 7un. "Ba 7ak'bo ba k'elo bu junukal chak'an 7a li tzeb 7une," xut la 7un.

7Isk'el la ta 7ora, mo7oj, 7o 7ox-vo7ik la 7un. "Ja7 ta jk'an le7e," xut la. 7O la te mas lek 7un, sk'el la 7un.

Ja7 la, "Ti mi7n 7avil xa buch'ue che7e, ja7 chba 7avak'be li sovra tak'ine, batanik 7un, ba chi7in abaik, ba sa7ik tal 7a li k'usi chtun ku7un, k'u xtun ku7untik, ta jpastik 7o k'ine," xi la 7un. Ta 7ora, 7ora 7ak'bat yajnil ta 7ora, mu7nukuk jal mu to bu 7ox yich'oj smoton, k'ajom no 7ox jun litro 7iyuch'ike k'ajom no 7ox 7iyuch'ik 7une, j-likel 7iyal sk'op taj mole. "7A ti mi7n chabatike che7e, batanik 7un, ba chi7in abaik!"

"Bwéno, 7a li, bwéno 7a li, ja7 xa 7a li 7ak'bo xa li sovra tak'ine 7ak'o yich' ech'el, tek xamanik 7o, mi chamanik 7ave7elik mi xaman 7o k'u 7alajesik te ta jtek-lume, mi chaman 7o lo7bol 7alo7ik 7ich'o 7ak'o xa yich' ech'el lavajnil."

"Bwéno!" xi.

Bwéno, ba la yak'be 7un. "Vo7ot nan chakik' 7ich'o li tak'in li7e!" xut la 7un. St'ujbil 7i7ak'bat, st'uj ti buch'u xa 7une.

Bwéno, li sme7 7une, mu la k'u xal, mu k'u xal, muk' bu x7ilin, ch'abal.

"Bwéno, battik xa ba jsa7tik tal k'usi ta xtune," xut

he told her. He left now. He left now with a wife. They went to look for it. They went to get it. The cane liquor arrived. Everything they needed arrived. It arrived. It came in. "Here it is," he said.

"Fine!" said [the old man]. He gathered together his relatives. They came in to drink the cane liquor. They got drunk.

The old man, that girl's father, went to fix their sleeping place for them. There was a little room. He covered the door with [a piece of] muslin. Yes!

He fixed it. He spread out their straw mat in case they got drunk. "Here are your sleeping quarters. You can go sleep there," said the old man. They got drunk. They got drunk.

At daybreak, "Well, did you rest?" he asked his son-in-law, it seems.

"I rested."

"Isn't there a little left over anywhere? Has the little bit of cane liquor been finished? I feel so sick," said the old man.

"There still is some," he said. "There still is this! Maybe there's still two or three liters here," he said.

"Get it then! I'll drink a little. Come on, let's drink, since it's almost light already. It will fix up [my stomach]. But I feel so sick," said [the girl's father]. They drank.

They went back to sleep for a little while longer, Dawn came. "Well, that's all, then." Since the old man had lots of fruit . . . He just had bananas. There were just bananas where he had planted them, it seems. "Well, go look at the fruit! Go, if you've finished eating. Go on, go together, the two of you. Go see, because they will be yours. When I die all the fruit will be yours, because now you will stay here if I die," said the old man. "It's you who will get the women together, then. Make them grow, work, grow the fruit properly, lots of fruit," he said. They just looked at all the bananas. Ohh, they ate lots of fruit. They carried back the fruit. There was fruit. They found ripe ones already.

All Souls' Day had almost arrived. "Well, will you let me take my wife along, since my father is dead?" he asked. "My father is dead. I'm going to wait for him. I'm going to wait for him on All Souls' Day. Then I'll come back when All Souls' Day has passed," he said.

"Go on! Take some along. Get some if you [want to] get some to take. Get some fruit to take. Carry your fruit with you. Carry along as much fruit as you want to take. It's to put on top of your late father's table, it seems," he was told.

"All right, then, if you give me permission. If you let me [take] my wife."

"Take her, then, go on!" he said. [The man] arrived home.

la. Bat xa, 7oy xa yajnil 7ibat, ba ssa7, ba ssa7 tal 7un, yul tal li tragoe, yul tal ti k'usi chtun yu7un 7une, yul la tal 7un, yul la. "Li7 me 7une," xi la.

"Bwéno!" xi. Stzob la schi7iltak, 7ochik ta yuch'el trago 7un, yakubik 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li mol 7une, 7a li stot taj tzeb 7une, ba la smeltzanbe svayeb 7un, 7oy la te jun 7unen 7unen 7unen kwarto 7un, smak la ta manta li ti7 na 7une. Ji7 la!

Smeltzan sk'ibe svayeb ti mi la yakubik 7une. "Li7 me lavayebik 7une te me xba vayanik," xi la ti mol 7une. Yakub la 7un, yakub 7un.

Va7i 7un, sakub 7osil, "Bwéno, mi 7akux?" xut la li sni7 ya7el 7un.

"7Ijkux."

"Mi mu xa buy yunen sovra mi lajem ti 7a ti 7unin poxe, taj toj 7ipon chka7i," xi la ti mol 7une.

"7Oy to," xi. "7Oy to li7e, 7oy to nan li7 chib 7oxibuk litro," xi la 7un.

"Sa7ik tal che7e, ta xkuch' j-tz'ujuk, la7 kuch'tik, ja7 li po7ot xa sakube te tzmeltzaj 7o lek, pero toj 7ipon chka7i," xi la 7un. 7Iyuch'ik la 7un.

Bwéno, cha7-vay la 7otro j-likel 7un, sakub la 7osil 7un. "Bwéno, mu k'usi 7un che7e." Kómo 7oy la 7ep slo7bol li mol 7une, 7oy naka puro platano labal 7oy slo7bol te ta bu stz'unoj ya7ele. "Bwéno ba k'elik li lo7bole, batanik mi laj ve7anike, batanik ba chi7in abaik 7acha7-va7alik, ba k'elik 7un, yu7un xa 7avu7unik, ti mi lichame, vo7ot 7avu7un skotol lo7bol xa, kómo yu7un xa yu7un xa li chakom li7 li7 toe ti mi lichame," xi la ti mol 7une. "Vo7ot chatzob li 7antzetike che7e, 7ak'bo smeltzan 7abtejan yu7un chameltzan lek li lo7bole, 7ep lo7bol ta j-mek," xi. Naka la platano li ta sk'elik 7une, jii, lek la slo7ik lo7bol, skuch tal lo7bol 7oy lo7bol taj 7oy xa tok'onik staik 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7a li va7i 7un, 7ista ta la 7ora po7ot xa 7a li k'in Santo 7un. "Bwéno, 7a li mi chavak'bon ech'el 7a li kajnile, kómo 7oy chamem jtot?" xi la 7un. "Chamem jtote, ba jmala, ba jmala li k'in Santo 7une, ja7 to chisut tal mi 7ech' i k'in Santoe," xi la.

"Batan 7ich'o ech'el me sa7o mi chasa7ik ech'el, sa7ik ech'el lo7bol kucho ech'el 7alo7bol kucho ech'el k'u yepal lo7bol chavich' ech'el 7une, ja7 li chavak'be chavak'be ta sba smexa ti 7anima ya7el latote," xut la.

"Teyuk che7e, mi chavak'bon ech'el permiso chavak'bon kajnil."

"7Ik'o che7e, batan!" xi. K'ot la ta na 7un.

"Oh, see what your wife is like!" he was told. That's when they became acquainted with his wife. "Ohh, your wife is wonderful!" he was told.

There was a boy there. "There wouldn't be still another there, too?" he asked.

"There is!" said [the man]. "My wife has sisters. Two of them are still free," he said.

"Ask them then, I guess, if they want me. Send me word if they want me," said [the boy]. [The woman] told them. She arrived to tell her sisters.

"Oh, wouldn't you like it . . . your uncle has a younger brother," she said. "He has a younger brother who wants to come here, too, if he is desired," she told the girls, her younger sisters.

"Oh why not, if he comes I'd be doing better! We'd walk together, all four. We'd go look at the fruit, I guess. Then there would be four of us, of course. Each [of us] would have his man," they said to each other.

"Well, all right then, I'll tell him, then, if you want me to, so he'll come," she said.

"Have him come, if he'll come," said the girl. "It's better if there is still another. It's good to have men to come along with us when I go [when] I go to look at the fruit," she said.

"All right, then," said [her sister]. "Well, I'll go ask him whenever I go. Then I'll go tell him to come if you want," she said, she said to the other.

"I want him. Why wouldn't I want a good one like your husband. If he is good, and doesn't beat you," she said.

"No, he doesn't hit people."

"But then that's what I want if that other one is just the same, too, but if he hits people a lot then, of course, I don't want him," she said.

They returned when All Souls' Day was over. "Have you returned?" asked the old man.

"We've returned," they said.

"Well, did you spend a good All Souls' Day?"

"It was fine!"

"But you, you weren't here for the fiesta here. Fix some corn gruel for us to drink! We'll drink corn gruel because we weren't gathered together to drink it here, since you passed the fiesta separately in another town.

"Now fix the corn gruel! We'll share it and drink it here," he said.

They shared it and finished it that way. The fiesta came to an end, it seems.

"7A vi x7elan tavajnil!" x7utat la. Ja7 to la 7ojtikinbat ti yajnil 7une. "Jii, toj lek lavajnil!" x7utat.

Bwéno, 7o la te jun krem. "Mi mu xa bu te xlok' junuk noxtok?" xi.

"7Oy!" xi. "7Oy xchi7iltak i kajnil cha7-vo7 to te xokolik," xi la.

"Jak'bo ka7tik che7e, ti mi ti mi chisk'ane te xatakbon mantal ti mi chisk'ane," xi la. 7Iyalbe ech'el, 7ik'ot la yalbe li schi7il 7une.

"7Ay, mi mu me xak'an 7a li 7oy jun yitz'in 7a li 7a la jun tote," xi la. "7Oy yitz'in yu7un la tzk'an xtal li7 noxtok 7un, mi ta la xk'ane," xut la ti jun smuk 7une, tzeb 7une.

"7A, k'u cha7al mo7oj, ti mi xtale mas lek chipas, ko7ol chixanavotik ta chan-vo7, ba jk'eltik kik ti lo7bole, chan-vo7otik xa 7un bi 7oy xa jvinikaltik ju-jun," xut la sbaik.

"Bwéno, teyuk che7e, te chkal 7un che7e, yu7un ti mi chak'ane, yu7un la me chtal 7un," xi.

"7Ak'o taluk ti mi xtale," xi la li tzeb. "Jun noxtoke mas lek, ja7 lek 7oy viniketike ta jchi7intik k'al chibat ba jk'eltik lo7bole," xi la 7un.

"Teyuk che7e," xi. "Bwéno, te chba jjak' k'u 7ora chibate, ja7 to te chkalbe ti 7ak'o taluk ti mi7n chak'ane," xi 7un, xut la sbaik.

"Ta jk'an k'u mu ta jk'an lek k'u x7elan lamalal vo7ote, mi lek muk' bu chasmaj," xi la.

"7I7i, mu sna7 xmajvan."

"Pero ja7 ta jk'an mi ja7 nox yech taj jun noxtok 7une, yan ti mi tol xmajvane mu jk'an bi 7a," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, sutik la ech'el k'al laj k'in Santo 7une. "Mi lasutik tal?" xi la li mol 7une.

"Lisutikótik tal," xi.

"Bwéno, mi lek k'in Santo 7ech'?"

"Lek!"

"7Entónse 7a li vo7oxuke, muk' xavilik li7 to li k'in li7 toe, meltzano 7ul chkuch'tik, ta xkuch'tik 7ul skwenta li muk' xkuch'tik tzobol li7 toe, kómo slekoj jun 7o jtek-lum 7ech' 7avu7un i k'ine."

"7Óra meltzano li 7ule, komon xa chkuch'tik li7e," xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, komon laj 7o yech 7un, laj 7o k'in ya7el 7un.

Because the hero of this tale addresses his companions as *jun tot*, "uncle," we know that they all must be Chamulans. For a bride to be won with a single liter of cane liquor and no arguments is a fantasy that would be dear to any Chiapas

Indian's heart. Since Chamulans are known to settle far from their own township, it is not beyond belief that the man would agree to remain in Simojovel.

Rey Komis

My introduction to Rey Komis on 10 November 1959 proved also to be my introduction to public life in Zinacantán. It was Rey's wedding day—a wedding in the grand style. He stood stiffly before the house cross in his new sandals with broad-brimmed black felt hat in hand, his head turbanned in a scarlet cloth, his neck wrapped also in scarlet, with just the pink pompoms of his neckerchief protruding at the back. A white lacy shawl was drawn over a double layer of long-sleeved white shirts. His short shorts were encased in long shorts, and these in turn by green velveteen breeches that reached below his knees. His waist was encircled by a woolen sash, a leather belt, and an embroidered cotton sash. A rosary and a scapulary hung from his neck.

His bride, too, was nearly hidden from sight beneath her woolen headdress, her shawl, her feather-embroidered huipil, her two white blouses, her red sash, and her two blue skirts. From her neck hung a rosary and a scapulary.

As a wedding guest I was told to don a ceremonial robe, and to flourish a gourd rattle and a bouquet of orange leaves while I danced more and more lurchingly, until I fled in the dusk down submarine trails where the trees waved to and fro like giant seaweed. At last I reached the safety of Romin Teratol's home with no memory of the fate of my companion, Manvel K'obyox's benighted son, left crumpled in a muddy ditch.

It wasn't until a few days later that I learned the gossip. For five years Rey had been engaged; the wedding preparations were proceeding in perfect order. But five years is a long time to wait, and Rey couldn't. His fiancée's family had left to cut firewood, and she was at home alone. Rey slipped in to pay a quick visit, but before his visit was over he heard footsteps outside the door. He scrambled up into the loft just before the family marched in. When night fell, Rey's fiancée's sister, sleeping below, was suddenly awakened by a shower of corn kernels. She sounded the alarm. Rey's fiancée assured them it was only a mouse, or maybe a rat, but his bed of planks was too hard for poor Rey to keep stock still. They lit a pine torch and poked it up toward the rafters. Pink pompoms were discovered in the flickering light. Someone ran to bring an uncle and the uncle's flashlight. The white beam fell upon Rey, clad only in his short shorts. But thinking quickly, Rey warned the man he was armed and had better not be pro-

voked to violence. After a hurried consultation, the family filed out, locking the door behind them. The next morning when they peeked in, Rey was found slumbering on the floor, wrapped in borrowed blankets. To court he went, accompanied by the men who were his bridal petitioners. When asked by the magistrate if he had touched his fiancée, Rey assured the magistrate he had. His fiancée admitted it, too. Rey added that he had met her three times before in the woods. Her younger sisters confessed that twice she had "dropped" premature babies at the market in San Cristóbal. The sentence: two weeks of hard labor to be followed, after emotions had cooled, by a wedding.

Some months later Rey tried to tell me "The Adventures of Peter." Romin Teratol had intimated that Rey only told tales when the cane liquor was running in his veins, but this time Rey was awash, and his words foundered in his throat. The next morning, Romin bought a half pint and took it to Rey. Romin called out, and from the black void, behind the heavy oaken bars, came a quavering reply. In front of the jail a constable was huddled before a fire, weaving a palm strip for a new hat. Romin asked him if his friend Rey could have a bit of cane liquor to chase away his hangover. "Well, not a liter!" Laughter. "No, only a half pint." The constable nodded. Romin called into the void, chains clanked, a chalk white hand stretched out of the black woolen blanket to receive the bottle. Three-quarters of the fiery liquid was gulped down in a long gurgle, while the rest was left to be shared by two constables, Romin, me, and an idle bystander. The constables recounted how Rey had ended his spree the night before by a visit to his mother's house, where he had grabbed her by the hair and pulled her about. When the constables arrived to make their arrest, Rey ripped off his shirt and resisted so fiercely that it took three constables to drag him screaming half-naked through the streets to jail.

Eleven years later I enlisted Romin's help in locating Rey to see if he would tell me a few tales. Though now in his late thirties, with no religious post to his name, nor any prospects of becoming an elder, he, like his father, is known for his racy wit. He had entertained Romin Teratol with many tales when they were working on the roads together. After searching high and low, we found Rey in a

small shop where he was seated majestically, his face wreathed in smiles. He was surrounded by a group of boisterous young men, a row of bottles at his feet. It seems that Rey was retiring from his post as President of the School Board. He and his colleagues were instructing the new board about their future duties. From the earnestness of his delivery one would never guess he was an illiterate! Generous as always, he invited us to join the celebration, and we helped him home after the bottles were empty and the discussion closed. Next to his hearth, he told us with great verve the story of "The Long Hair," while his father sat at his side, adding approving remarks and sharing still another bottle. Rey agreed

to work with me the next Sunday, and pulled from his wallet thirty pesos to half a debt he had owed me for many years.

True to his word, he met me in San Cristóbal at the market. We sat before the tape recorder, downing a couple of beers. I wish we had drunk a few more at the outset to brush away Rey's self-consciousness, because his first tales were not nearly so lively as they might have been. But soon his enthusiasm took hold, and with increasing confidence he told tale after tale in his characteristically virile, direct, almost boyish style. Hear the words of Rey, the "King," for in Zinacantán they are the words of Everyman!

John, Head of Gold

T163

There was a person, it seems, as we say, who met up with the Earth Lord, as we say. He had three children.

"Compadre," said [the Earth Lord] when he arrived.

"Compadre," said [the other].

"Won't you give me one of my godchildren? Let him go and guard my house for me," said [the Earth Lord].

"We can do it, compadre, why not?" said [the man]. Quickly that little boy mounted on horseback, as we say. He went to . . . He was taken to his house, as we say. To his godfather's house, as we say. But [his godfather] was the Earth Lord.

And he arrived. That boy was given keys, seven keys. "Well, don't touch anything! Stay here! Guard my things!" he told that godchild of his.

"Okay, fine!" said [the boy]. Afterwards he opened up all the rooms. It was probably that silver that dropped down, dropped down, that he dipped his fingers in. But he couldn't get them out. They stayed there for good. Oh, that godfather of his came [back]. Quickly [the boy] was killed. He was stuck [in the silver] there.

After he died [the Earth Lord] went to speak to that compadre of his again. "Compadre," he said, when he arrived.

"Compadre," said [the other].

"Give me another of my godchildren now! The first one feels at home now. They would be happy talking to each other. Lord, he's really content now!" he said. He asked for another of those godchildren of his, too.

"Okay, let him go!" [the father] said. [The boy]

7A li 7oy la 7ista sba xchi7uk yajval balamil ya7el xkaltik taj taj krixchano xkaltik taje 7ox-vo7 la xch'amal.

Va7 7un, 7a li "Kumpádre," xi la k'otel 7un.

"Kumpádre," xi la 7un.

"Mi mu xavak'bon junuk i jch'ul-ch'amale, 7ak'o ba sk'elbon jna," xi la 7un.

"Stak', kumpádre, k'u cha7al mo7oj?" xi la 7un. J-likel la 7ikaji ech'el ta chak ka7 taj 7a taj 7a taj k'ox krem xkaltik 7une, bat la ta, 7ik'at la ech'el tzna xkaltik 7un, tzna xch'ul-tot xkaltik 7un, pero yajval balamil la 7un.

Bwéno, 7i 7ik'ot la 7un 7ak'bat la yave, vukub yave taj krem 7une. "Bwéno, mu me k'u xapik 7un, 7a li koman li7 toe chak'el k'usuk ku7un!" xut la komel taj xch'ul-ch'amal 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'!" xi la 7un. Lajeltza laj la sjaman i kwartoetik 7une, 7o la chp'aj tal chp'aj tal taj plata nan 7une, stz'aj la sni7 sk'ob 7un, pero me ja7uk xa la xlok' 7un, tey 7ikom 7o ta j-moj 7un, 7aj, tal taj xch'ul-tot 7une, j-likel la 7imilat te la tz'ajal.

Bwéno, laj taj 7une, 7a li bat la sk'opon taj skumpare noxtok 7une. "Kumpádre," xi la k'otel 7un.

"Kumpare," xi la 7un.

"7Ak'bon xa li jun jch'ul-ch'amale, nop xa li june bal xa7i sk'opon sbaik, ke7re, batz'i kontento xa ta j-mek!" xi la 7un. 7Isk'an 7otro jun taj xch'ul-ch'amal noxtok 7une.

"Béno, batuk!" xi la 7un. Bat la 7i ja7 no la yech

went and just the same way he was given those keys, seven keys again. They were given to him just the same way. Lord, the joker o—pened them all up, too. He o—pened up all the rooms, too.

But then he saw the skeleton of that older brother of his sticking out there. But he dipped those fingers of his in, too. They wouldn't come out now either. He just went and reached that brother of his where he [lay] dead. He died there.

That one died. [The Earth Lord] went now to bring the other one, too. It would be the whole number, all three whom he would take back in [to his cave]. "Compadre," he said when he arrived.

"Compadre," said [the other].

"Sonofabitch, won't you give me now the other one of my godchildren? Hell, they really feel at home. Let him see! Then all three would be together," he said. "Let him go and guard my house!" he said.

"Sonofabitch, why not let him go!" said [the father].

"All three will come then," he said, since they were his godchildren, you see. Since he was his compadre, you see. Lord, [the boy] was given those seven keys, too. He o—pened all [the rooms]. He o—pened them all up.

But that joker . . . where that gold was . . . quickly he bent over. He washed his hair with it.

But there he stuck fast. The poor guy stayed there. they called him "Head of Gold." "But what the devil can I do?" he said. He saw them now. He saw now that his older brothers had died. [Their skeletons] were sticking out there. There was a magic wand. It was that Earth Lord's. "Magic wand!" he said. It belonged to that Earth Lord there. Oh, he pulled it out. Since that godfather of his, it seems, had gone wherever he had gone. "Magic wand, is it long before my godfather will come back?"

"Ah, he's coming near now. I guess you ought to go right away!" it said. He left with that magic wand, Ye—s!

There was a very ski—nny horse he took. He rode on it. Bu—t the horse bucked and bucked when it walked, too.

He left. He left with that little devil of his that talked, as we say. He left with it. Ooh, he went on and on. And first he tossed down a comb. As for that comb, that godfather of his couldn't pass by it. He just saw lo—ts of hawthorns.

[The boy] was almost caught up with again, since [the Earth Lord] went to catch him, you see. Since he had taken that [wand] that talks, you see, the power of that Earth Lord. He tossed down a mirror, too. That just turned into cli—ff after cliff, so that

7i7ak'bat komel taj yave vukub yave noxtok 7une, ja7 nox yech 7i7ak'bat komel 7un, ke7re, laj la sja---man noxtok li batz'i j7ayel 7une, laj la sja---man ni kwartoetik noxtok 7une.

Bu, te xa la te la chivil sbakel xa la yil taj sbankil xa 7une, pero 7istz'aj la taj sni7 sk'ob noxtok 7une, ja7 taj mu xa xlok' noxtok 7une, ja7 taj te nox ba sta taj xchi7il yo7 bu chamem 7une, te laj 7un.

Bwéno, 7ilaj taj 7une, 7ibat xa yik' tal 7otro jun noxtok 7un, tz'aki ta 7ox-vo7 xa yik' ochel talel. "Kumpa," xut k'otel 7un.

"Kumpare," xi la 7un.

"Júta, mi mu xavak'bon xa li jun jch'ul-ch'amale, kavron, batz'i nop xa 7ak'o sk'el tzobol xa chtal yox-va7al 7un," xi la 7un. "7Ak'o ba sk'el jna!" xi la 7un.

"Júta, an yu7 nan batuk!" xi la 7un.

"Te xtal yox-va7al," xi la 7un. Kómo xch'ul-ch'amal chava7i to yu7 van kómo skumpare chava7i to, ke, 7ak'bat la komel taj vukub yave noxtok 7une, laj la sja---man laj la sja---man 7un.

Bu, taj j7ayel 7une, taj buy taj 7oro 7une, j-likel la 7isnijan sba 7un, tzebin la 7un.

Bu, te la kom 7o, kom 7o li 7olole Kavesa de 7Óro sbiin 7un. "Yánche, pero k'u ta jpas?" xi. Yilbe xa yil xa la laj sbankil tey chivajtik 7une, 7oy la, 7oy la barita de birdiu7 7o la taj yu7un taj yajval balamil 7une. "Barita de birdiu7!" xi, te yo7 yu7un yajval taj yajval balamil 7une 7aj, 7ixchech la lok'el 7un, kómo batem taj xch'ul-tot ya7el ti bu bateme. 7A li, "Barita de birdiu7 mi sk'an to xtal jch'ul-tote?"

"7A, nopol xa xtal batan kik ta 7ora!" xi la 7un. Lok' la ech'el xchi7uk taj barita de birdiu7 7une. Jiji7!

Chi7uk la 7a li 7o la j-kot batz'i ba---k ka7 7istzak 7un, skajlebin la 7un pe---ro li ka7e yu7n ta p'itel ta p'itel ta j-mek chanav noxtok 7un.

Béno, lok' ech'el taj 7une, lok' ech'el xchi7uk taj 7a taj yunen pukuj xa xk'opoj xkaltik 7une, lok' ech'el xchi7uk 7un, jiii, ja7 la 7ibat la ta j-mekeee, 7i pimero 7isjip la komel jach'ubil, 7a taj jach'ubile ja7 mu xa xjelav 7o taj xch'ul-tote 7une, na---ka xa la ch'ixtik ta j-mek chi---1 7un.

Bwéno, po7ot xa la xtae noxtok 7un, kómo yu7n yu7n bat stzaket chava7i to, kómo ja7 li te xa yich'oj taj taj chk'opoj 7o chava7i 7une, spersa taj yajval malamil 7un, sjip la komel jun nen noxtok, ja7 taj na---ka la ch'ench'enaltik 7ipas noxtoke, ja7 la mu

that godfather of his couldn't pass by again. That [Earth Lord] then, we—nt on. He went on and on, dashing after him on horseback until he got to where [the boy was].

After [the boy] tossed that [mirror] down, too, he tossed down some ribbons or whatever I've heard them say. It just tu—rned into a swamp. It turned into [that], too. It just turned into a swamp, too. [The Earth Lord] couldn't get by it either. He was distracted there, until [the boy] came out on the earth's surface. "Well, magic wand," he said again. He asked it if his godfather was left behind or if he was right behind.

"He stayed behind," it said. He stayed behind. Lord, [the boy] went on. He arrived then in Zinacantán Center. That John, Head of Gold, as he's called, I think. John, Head of Gold, but because his head was of gold. He had wrapped [his head] in a neckerchief, but it was seen that it was gold now.

As for him, since he had his devil He took it. He took it with him. He had taken it. He wouldn't give away that magic wand, since it was his companion now, you see. Since it talked to him, you see.

He arrived there, it seems. He borrowed a house [for the night] as we say. He met a beautiful girl there. "Sonofabitch, wouldn't you like us to get married?" he said.

"Eh, I don't know," she said.

"Well, I don't have a wife, myself, so let's get married!" he said. Now it was that magic wand that spoke, that deceived her. It coaxed her, as we say—that devil.

"Lord, all right, then," she said. She probably let him sleep with her, but he never married her, either. He went to another town, too. Wherever he travelled and travelled he just tried the women out, as we say.

Then after that who knows where he went. He probably disappeared like that. That's what I've heard, indeed!

Versions of this tale, clearly of Spanish origin, have been recorded from the southwestern United States to Lake Atitlan, Guatemala. The example from the Southwest is the closest. The devil tells his godson not to feed a skinny horse or to open the last door in his palace. The boy disobeys, covers his hands and hair with gold, and rides off on the nag, employing the usual tricks of a magic flight (Rael, 1957, T232). A variant from Jalisco has a "golden child" escape from the devil by means of a magic flight (Wheeler, 1943, T84). In Yucatan a giant entrusts

xjelav xa 7o noxtok taj taj xch'ul-tot 7une, taje che7e yu7n ba---t xbat la ta j-mek yu7n tzjimbe ech'el xchi7uk ta ka7 7ásta ke yu7n ja7 to ti buy k'ot 7o ta lok'el a7a.

Bwéno, 7i laj sjip komel taj noxtok 7une, 7isjip la komel 7a li xela k'u li xiik 7ika7i 7un, ja7 ti 7ipa---s la naka la xa7ab ta j-mek 7ipas noxtok 7un, naka la xa7ab 7ipas noxtok 7un, mu xa xjelav noxtok, te ch'aybat 7o komel yo7on 7un, 7ásta ke 7ilok' la ta sba balamil 7un. "Bwéno, barita de birtiu7," xut la noxtok 7un, sjak'be la 7un, mi kom ti xch'ul-tote 7o mi tey tijil.

"7Ikom xa 7o," xi la 7un. 7Ikom xa 7o, kere, bat la 7un, k'ot la ta Jtek-lum xa taj 7une, 7a taj Jwan Kavésa de 7Óro sbi chka7i 7une, Jwan Kavésa de 7Óro pero yu7n 7oro sjol xa 7une, spech'oj ta pok' pero pero 7ilbil ti 7oro xa 7une.

Va7 7un, 7i taj 7une, kómo 7o xa spukujil 7une, yich' yich' ech'el, yich'oj xa taj 7une mu xa xak' taj, taj barita de birtiu7 7une, bu ti yu7n ja7 xa ja7 xa xchi7il chava7i 7un ja7 xa chk'opoj xa chava7i xchi7uk 7un.

Bwéno, 7o la tey k'ot ya7el 7un, tey xch'amun na xkaltik 7un, 7o la te leklek sba jun tzeb 7ista 7un. "Júta, mi mu xak'an xkik' jbatik?" xut la 7un.

"Je, mu jna7," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno pwes, ch'abal kajnil li vo7one pwes yu7n kik' jbatik!" xi la 7un. Ja7 xa tzk'opon taj ja7 xa te chlo7lobon sjol taj barita de birtiu7 7une, ja7 xa tey, te xa ja7 xa tzujvan xkaltik taj pukuj xa 7une.

"Kere, 7ana stak' che7e," xi la 7un. 7Iyak' xchi7in sbaik nan ta vayel nan 7un pero muk' 7onox xik' noxtok 7un, bat ta yan 7o jtek-lum taj noxtoke, ja7 ti buy xa chanav ech'el ta j-mek 7une, naka nox 7ispas proval xkaltik i 7antz taj 7une.

7Óra, 7ilaj taj 7une, na7tik bu bat 7un, te nan ch'ay 7o yech chak taj 7une, ja7 yech ka7yoj bi 7a!

the palace keys to a boy who does not heed his warning, opens the doors, and is covered with gold. He, too, must escape by a magic flight (M. Redfield, 1937:40-42). In San Pedro la Laguna it is the king's servant who disobeys the command, puts his head in a font of gold, and his hands in a font of silver. A beautiful girl falls in love with the servant, but the king has him thrown in jail (Rosales, 1945:876).

The presence of three godsons and of a magic wand are peculiar to Zinacantán. So also is the hero's rakish exist.

Fallen Flesh

T176

There is a Fallen Flesh, a devil, as we say, indeed! He was a person in fact, but he would hang himself up on the cross.

He would hang himself up on the cross. His flesh would come down there. That skeleton of his would take a trip, as we say. His skeleton would take a trip. His flesh would be left behind there in a heap by the cross.

When he came back again . . . “Go down, meat! Go down, meat!” he said when he let his flesh down.

Then when he came back, his flesh climbed up again.

He was seen there. It was seen probably two or three times that he kept on doing it over and over. They went to rub salt on him. They rubbed lots of salt on him.

That fucking Fallen Flesh came back. “Come up, meat! Come up, meat!” he said. But there was nothing you could do to have it stick on. It would fall down. He carried that flesh of his in his arms. He went to rinse it off in the river. But even that didn’t do any good. It didn’t do any good. [His flesh] wouldn’t climb up. That’s how that man was finished. Wherever it was that he fell dead, as we say, the Fallen Flesh.

See T73 and notes.

7Oy la yaleb bek’et pukuj xkaltik bi, krixchano a7a pero ti yu7n sjok’an sba ta krus.

Va7i 7un, te la sjok’an sba ta kruse te la chyal li sbek’tal 7une, ja7 la chbat ta paxyal taj sbakel xkaltik 7une sbakel chbat ta paxyal 7un, te losol chkom li sbek’tal ta ta krus 7une.

Bwéno, va7i, k’alal k’alal xul tal noxtok 7une, 7a li “vája kárne, vája kárne!” xi la li k’alal tzyales sbek’tal 7une.

7Óra li k’alal xul tale chmuy li sbek’tale. “Súve kárne, súve kárne!” xi la ti k’alal xmuy li sbek’tal noxtok 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7o la te 7ilat 7un kómo 7ilbil xa nan chib 7oxib bwelta ti yu7n spaso7 segir ta j-mek 7une, ba la sbonbel 7atz’am lek la sbonbeik i yatz’mel ta j-mek 7une.

Va7i 7un, tal la taj jkobel yaleb bek’et 7une. “Súve kárne, súve kárne!” xi. Pero mu la k’u xacha7le stzak xa sba 7un ta la xp’aj yalel 7un, 7isjop la ech’el taj sbek’tale ba la ssap ta 7uk’um pero mi ja7uk la sbalin mu la sbalin, mu xmuy te nel 7o yech 7ibat taj vinike ja7 ti bu pak’al laj xkaltike yaleb bek’et 7une.

How Rabbit Tricked Coyote

T166

The rabbit went to the bathroom in the awful cultivated papayas. He went to the bathroom. He left droppings on the insides [of the papayas].

Well, the owner arrived to look. He kept arriving to look. He never found [the rabbit].

The thing is, he molded some beeswax. He stood it up where that rabbit’s trail was. He came to catch that awful rabbit. “What are you doing standing here, you bastard? You’re blocking me. You’re blocking the way!” said [Rabbit]. It didn’t answer. That beeswax didn’t answer. Quickly he slapped it. His forefoot got stuck. He couldn’t get it off. “Then I’ll give you the other one, too, you bastard! Why don’t you let me go?” he said. He gave it the other one. The second one was caught, too. “Sonofabitch, but let me go properly. If you don’t let me go, I’ll kick you, if you don’t want to let me go!” he said. He kicked it. The other [leg] got stuck, too. “I’ll give

7A li t’ule yu7n yu7n 7a li yu7n tztza7ta 7a li mu mu tz’unbal papaya, ta stza7ta ta sta stza7tabe yut.

Bwéno, 7a li 7a li chk’ot la sk’el, chk’ot la sk’el batel li yajvale, mu la bu tzta.

K’usi 7un, 7ispat la jun chab 7un, te la sva7anbe yo7 sbe taj t’ul 7une, 7a 7ital la ta tzakel taj 7a taj mu t’ul 7une. “K’u chasa7 li7 ta va7leje, kavron, chamakon chamak chamak be?” xi la 7un. Mu la xtak’av 7un, mu la xtak’a---v taj chab 7une, likel la st’ax ta majel, te la tzakal 7ikom li sk’obe, mu xa xlok’. “Ta xa me xakak’be li 7otro jun noxtoke, kavron, k’un mu xakoltaon?” xi la 7un. Yak’be la 7otro jun, tzake xchibal noxtok. “Jíjo la chinga pero chakoltaon ta lekil k’op, mi muk’ chakoltaone chajlik ta tek’el ti mi mu xak’an xakoltaone,” xi la 7un. Slik la ta tek’el 7un, te la tzakal 7ikom 7o 7otro jun noxtok. “Ta xa me xakak’be 7otro jun noxtoke!” xi

you the other one, too!" he said. But it wouldn't answer since it was beeswax, you know. Lord, he gave it the other foot. All four. 'I'll bite you!" he said. He bit it. Lord, he was flattened there once and for all, then.

That owner arrived. "Oh Hell, so I was right, it was you bothering me, then!" he said. Quickly he caught [Rabbit]. [Rabbit] was grabbed by the ears. He was dragged off to the river.

After that, he was shut up, he was shut up in . . . I don't know what that dumb rabbit was shut up in. [The man] went to heat up a metal spit. A metal spit was going to be stuck up [Rabbit's] ass. It was just a punishment. He wasn't going to be killed. "Coyote!" That coyote passed by then. "Coyote!" said [Rabbit].

"What?" said [Coyote].

"Sonofabitch, if you want to, man, if you want you can take my place here, because I'm being offered a girl, but she's really beautiful. But me, I'm not a good match. Me, I'm smaller. As for you, you'd make a wonderful match. You are goo—d and tall," that Coyote was told.

"Eh, but are you telling the truth?" said that Coyote.

"I'm telling the truth, man!" he said. "Sonofabitch, but me, I'm no match for the sexy girl, but she's really beautiful," he said.

"All right, I can do it, then. I'll open [the cage] for you to get out, then. Me, I'll get in," said [Coyote]. It was the fucking coyote that was there now. That metal spit came. It was stuck up his ass. But it was the sonofabitching rabbit that tricked him. That's who tricked him.

"Uncle Burnt-ass Coyote," said [Rabbit]. He was watching in the distance. But [Coyote] was scared. He got that metal spit [up him].

"Oh, hell, well you won't go now!" said [the man]. "Oh hell, you're different! Hell, [you used to be a] rabbit. Hell, look what you are, then!" said that owner, that person who impaled [Coyote]. Since it was a bigger [animal] he found shut up there.

[Coyote] was freed. He went off.

He met up with the sonofabitch on the trail again. "Sonofabitch, don't get mad, Coyote!" he said. "If you want to, come on, let's get the cheese here," he said. It was in the water. It was Our Holy Lady [the moon]. "Come on, let's finish up the water here, drink it! We'll get the round cheese," he said.

"Well, are you telling the truth?" said [Coyote].

"I am," said [Rabbit].

It looked as if that Rabbit was swilling it, but his nose was just touching it. But Coyote, Lord, he was gulping it down, of course. Sonofabitch, it was coming out of his nose now. That water was spurting

la. Pero mu xtak'av kómo chab chava7i 7une, ke7re, yak'be 7otro jun yok tzak i xchanibal 7u---n. "Ta me xajti7!" xi la 7un. Sti7 la, ke7re, te la pak'al 7ikom ta j-moj xa.

Béno, k'ot la taj yajval 7une. "7Ay, kavron kon ke vo7ot ka ti x7elan chavilbajinone che7e!" xi la 7un. Tzak xi la, tzakbat la xchikin, kilbil chbat ta nab.

Bwéno, 7ilaj taj 7une, te la makat, te la makat ta mu jna7 k'usi makat 7o taj taj j7a7yel t'ul 7une, ba la xchik'be tal 7asarol tak'in 7un 7asarol tak'in 7ox chpajbat ta xchak 7un, tzitzel nox mu7nuk chmilat a7a. "Koyóte!" Ja7 7o la te 7ech' taj koyote 7un. "Koyóte," xi.

"K'usi?" xi 7un.

"Júta, mi xak'an, 7ómpre, xak'an xa7och li7 li7 ta jk'exole, yu7n chipak'alibat jun tzeb pero batz'i lekkek sba, pero vo7one mu jnupin 7un mas bik'iton i vo7one, vo7ote 7animal lek xanupin 7o batz'i le---k toyolot vo7ote," x7utat la taj koyote 7une.

"Je, pero mi yech xaval?" xi la taj koyote 7un.

"Yech xkal, 7ómpre!" xi la 7un. "Púta pero vo7one mu jnupin 7o li púta tzebe pero lekkek sba ta j-mek," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, stak' che7e chajjam lok'el che7e vo7on chi7och," xi la 7un. Jkobel koyote xa la te, tal taj 7asarol tak'ine pajbat la chchak, pero ja7 7icho7van li púta t'ul 7une, ja7 7icho7van 7un.

"Tío koyóte kúlo kemádo," xi la. Sk'eloj ta nom xa pero yu7n xa 7ixi7 7iyich' taj 7asarol tak'in xae.

"7Ay, kavron, bwéno, muk' bu xabat!" xi la 7un.

"7Ay, kavron, kon ke j-tosot xa 7o che7e, kavron, 7a ti t'ule che7e, kavron vi ka xa7elanik che7e!" xi la tal taj yajval taj taj buch'u ch'oj xa 7une, kómo mas xa muk' te makal 7ista to.

Bwéno, koltaat ech'el 7un, bat la 7un.

Va7 7un, sta la sbaik ta be li púta noxtok 7une. "Júta, mu xakap, koyóte!" xi la 7un. "Mi xak'an la7 jtatik i kexu li7i," xi la. Ja7 li ta yut vo7 la 7une, ja7 la li jch'ul-me7tik 7une. "La7 jlajestik li vo7 li7i chkuch'tik ta jtatik i kexu le7 sepele," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, mi yech xaval?" xi la 7un.

"Yech xkal," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, sjaxbe la yilel taj t'ule, pero yech la te tijil sni7, yan ti koyote 7une, ke7, slombe la ta j-mek 7un a7a, júta yu7n xa la lok' ta sni7, xbichet ta xchak taj vo7e yu7n xa la yu7n xa chcham, ke7re t'ule ja7 7o

out of his ass, because he was [nearly] dying now. Lord, then Rabbit dashed off. He left that Coyote in a heap again.

It was probably [not] until his belly subsided when they met again on the trail, as we say. "Oh, sonofabitch, now the time's come, Rabbit!" said that Coyote. "The time's come, you bastard. It's the second or third time you've tricked me, but now today we'll give it to each other!" he said.

Sonofabitch, Coyote, you're still mad, but if you want, I'll climb up and get the mamey here," he said. A ripe mamey, a mamey.

"All right, climb up, then," said that fucking Coyote. Their quarrel was already ended again, as we say. That fucking rabbit climbed up. He climbed up to look for mameys. He found a ripe one. He picked it. [Coyote] was given a ripe one. That Coyote gulped it down, too. Still another one. [Rabbit] loo—ked for another one that was good and hard, very green. Poor Coyote had his jaws wide open. Sonofabitch, it landed in [his jaws]. It was wedged in, too.

[Rabbit] saw that it was stuck there now. That [Coyote] had no way to get it out.

Then that fucking rabbit climbed down. He went on again. He went on agai—n. "Ow, sonofabitch!" said the gent [Coyote].

They met on the trail again. "Coyote!" said [Rabbit].

"What?" said [Coyote].

"Sonofabitch, do you want to hold up the rock here for a minute, because it's rolling down?" said [Rabbit]. It was a cliff, as we say, Ooh, Coyote rushed off. [Rabbit] was [left] lea—ning against [the cliff].

"Wait for me, hold it up still, because I'm going to get some rocks to prop it up well," said [Coyote].

"Okay!" said [Rabbit]. He was leaning against it. In the end that fucking Coyote climbed up on top of the cliff. Coyote rolled rocks down at [Rabbit].

After that, Lord, that fucker went on agai—n. He went on. He went on. [Rabbit] was hurt by that Coyote. But he never died, either. He we—nt on again. He met on the trail the fucking . . . after that Coyote, after that, he met Skunk on the trail. Now it was Skunk he met. "What's up, Skunk?" said that fucking rabbit.

"Nothing much," said [Skunk].

Sonofabitch, man do you want to play some music here, because I'm getting married," he said. "Sonofabitch, I'm marrying a girl, but she's beautiful!" said that fucking rabbit.

"Why not?" said [Skunk].

slichbe 7un, tey tey banal 7ikom yu7un taj taj koyote noxtok 7une.

Bwéno, ja7 to ti k'usi 7ora nan yal ti xch'ut 7une, sta la sbaik ta be noxtok 7un, snup sbaik ta be xkaltik noxtok 7un. "7Ay jíjo la chingáda 7ora lavie lek, 7ora 7a li 7a li lek 7ora, 7a li konéjo!" xi la taj koyote 7une. "Lek 7ora, kavron, xchibal yoxibal bwelta xa 7acho7one pero, 7ora lavi 7une ja7 to chkak'be jbatik 7un!" xi la.

"Púta, koyóte, mu xljaj lavo7one pero mi xak'an chmuy jta li ja7as li7e," xi la 7un. Ja7as la tok'on ja7as la 7un.

"Bwéno, muyan che7e!" xi la taj jkobel koyote 7une. Te xa 7ox laj k'op yu7unik xkaltik noxtok 7un, 7imuy la taj jkobel 7a li 7a li t'ul 7une, muy ssa7 ja7as 7un, 7ista la tal tok'on li tztul 7une, tok'on la 7i7ak'bat tal, júta xxambe xa la taj koyote 7uk 7une, 7otro j-p'ej noxtok 7une, ja7 sa---7bat tal bu lek tzotz tze ta j-mek 7une, sjach'oj la ye li povre koyote 7une, júta tik'il 7ik'ote te la kakal 7ikom noxtok.

7I bwéno, 7iyil ti te xa xkakkon mu xa k'u xcha7le slok'es.

7Ora, taj 7une, ja7 7o la yal taj jkobel 7a li t'ul 7une, 7ibat la noxtok, bat la noxtok---k. "7Ay, jíjo la chingáda!" xi la li mole.

Va7 7un, sta la sbaik ta be noxtok 7un. 7A li "Koyóte!" xi la 7un.

"K'usi?" xi la 7un.

"Júta, mi xak'an xavik to j-likeluk li ton li7i yu7n xa chjin," xi la 7un. Ja7 li ch'en xkaltik 7une, ji, bat la ta 7anil li koyotee yiko---j xa la 7un.

"Malaon 7un, 7iko to me 7un yu7n chbat chbat to jsa7 tal tonetik ta jxoni 7o lek," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno!" xi la 7un. Te la yikoj, lajeltza muy la ta ba ch'en, taj jkobel koyote sbalch'unbe la tal ton koyotee.

Va7 7un, 7a li 7ilaj taj 7une, kere, ba---t taj jkobel noxtok 7une, bat la 7un, bat la 7un, te xa 7ilaj ta stojol taj koyote 7une, pero muk' 7onox xcham noxtok 7un, ja7 taj ba---t noxtok 7une, 7isnup sbaik ta be xchi7uk 7a li kobel 7a li, laj taj koyote, 7ilaj, ja7 xa 7isnup sbaik ta be xchi7uk la soro, xchi7uk soro xa 7isnup sbaik ta be 7un. "K'u xi, sóro?" xi la 7un, taj jkobel t'ul 7une.

"Mu k'u xi," xi la 7un.

"Púta, 7ómpre me xak'an xatij vob li7 toe yu7n chinupun," xi la 7un. "Púta chinupun xchi7uk jun tzeb pero leklek sba!" xi la taj jkobel t'ul 7une.

"K'u cha7al mo7oj?" xi la 7un.

"When the rockets co—me, when the rockets co—me bursting, then you pla—y your instrument well," said that fucking Rabbit.

"Okay!" said that Skunk. He was buried in terribly thi—ck reeds. That fucking Skunk was buried there. He was stru—mming away at his little guitar.

That fucking Rabbit set fire to [the reeds] in a line all around [Skunk]. There that poor Skunk was done in. It was the fucking Rabbit who won again, as we say. He tricks us so badly. The fucking Rabbit just does tricks.

That's the way it ends.

Although Rey assigns no etiological function to Rabbit's fouling of the papayas, there is a striking similarity between rabbit droppings and papaya seeds.

All the episodes in this version of Rabbit's exploits are quite

Va7 7un, "Ti me ta---l li kwete ti mi xt'omlajet xta---l li kwete li7 7une, ja7 7o me xati---j lek lavob 7une," xi la 7un, taj kobel t'ul 7une.

"Bwéno!" xi la taj soroe. Te la somanat bu pi---mil 7ajtik ta j-meke, te la somanat taj taj jkobel soro 7une, te la xchercho---n yunen kitara 7un.

Va7 7un, taj kobel t'ul 7une, sjoyob la xcholbe sk'ak'al la 7un, te la pak'al laj taj povre soro 7une, ja7 kuch yu7un li jkobel t'ul xkaltik noxtok 7une, 7animal chcho7van naka cho7vanej tzipas jkobel t'ul 7une.

Va7 7un, nel 7o yech chak taj 7une.

standard except for Coyote's revenge. Usually Coyote is duped into supporting the cliff. See also T20, T21, T49, T50, T90, and their notes.

The Adventures of Johnny Fourteen

T170

Johnny Fourteen, because he had the strength of fourteen people, as we say. And he had fourteen meals served to him, too. Johnny Fourteen because he had the strength of fourteen, as we say.

He would look for jobs, wherever he [could get] jobs. But he was given rocks to carry, as we say. But the rocks were this big! I don't know, I think he amassed hundreds. But they were big! They certainly weren't this small! Johnny Fourteen it was.

But you see it was a trick, too. He was being tricked. Yes!

He didn't mind gathering them. Lord, he could accomplish in a minute whatever he was told. He could do it. They wanted him to be bumped off. He was supposed to die from it, but he wouldn't die. He wouldn't die. No!

After that test there was a snake, but it ate people. It ate lots of people. It wanted them for its meal.

[Johnny] went. He was given [the job] of spending the night in a cave, as we say.

Lord, but the joker—those devils arrived—he killed them. That Johnny Fourteen killed them. He killed them. Yes!

The next day he arrived again. "Well, I've come back. I've killed them," he said when he arrived. They went to look. A snake was lying there dead-still.

"Sonofabitch, but how could it die?" they said. But they had wanted that [Johnny] to die. He went to the graveyard, too. Three days and three nights. He went to the graveyard. The first night there was nothing. The second night there was nothing. The

Jwan Katórse pero yu7n la katórse spwersa ta krixchano xkaltik 7i katórse la li ve7elil ta xich' pachanbel noxtok 7une, Jwan Katórse yu7n katórse spwersa xkaltik 7un.

Va7i 7un, ta la ssa7 yabtel ti bu ssa7 yabtele, pero li x7ak'bat kuch-ton xkaltike pero li tone pero yu7n xi smuk'tikile, mu jna7 mi ta syenal tztzob chka7i, pero muk'tik ma7uk i xi yunin muk'tikil a7a, ti Jwan Katórse 7une.

Bwéno, pero cho7el xa chava7i noxtok 7une, cho7el chich'. Ji7!

Bweno, stzobe muk' la ta 7alel yu7un, kere, j-likel la lok' yu7un ti k'usitik ch7albate yu7n yu7n xu7, yu7n la tzk'an yech chnet'e 7o yu7n la ja7 yech chcham 7o te ta 7alele pero mu la xcham 7un, mu xcham 7un. Ji7!

Bwéno, 7ilaj taj preva chak taje, 7i 7o la 7oy la 7a li j-kot chon pero yu7n chti7van tol tztzi7 krixchano tzk'an sve7el.

Va7i 7un, 7ibat la ba 7ak'at 7ak'atuk vayuk taj ta ch'en xkaltik 7une.

Kere, bu, li j7a7yel 7une 7ik'ot taj pukujetike, 7ismil 7ismil taj Jwan Katórse 7une, 7ismil.

Bwéno, k'ot ta yok'omal noxtok 7un. "Bwéno, lital xa me 7un, laj ku7un," xi la k'otel 7un. 7ibat la sk'elbel 7un te la pumul taj chon 7une.

"Púta, pero k'u to xi laj?" xiik la 7un. Pero yu7n chk'ane chlaj taj taj 7une, 7ibat ta mukenal noxtok 7oxib k'ak'al 7oxib 7ak'ubal, ta mukenal 7ibat, ta primero 7ak'ubal ch'abal la, ta xchibal 7ak'ubal ch'abal la, ta yoxibal 7ak'ubal 7un 7ilok' tal skotol li

third night all the ghosts came out. He was dragged in [to the underworld]. When he woke up he was already underground.

"But what can I do?" he said. He poked out that earth there by the great door. He got out again. He wasn't left behind there either. He came back to where the king's house was, as we say, since there didn't used to be magistrates. It was at the king's house where orders were given long ago.

He got out again. "But what can we do to him?" they said. He wouldn't die. He was the one who dished it out. He was the one who really dished it out. And there was a serpent that kept asking for its meals, for people. It was fed every night. I don't know how many heads that serpent had. I forget what the serpent's name was. It was a snake that came out of the ocean. It always came out of the ocean. If you didn't give it its meal then a number of people in the town would die. Half the townspeople would be doled out. Over and over they would give it [people to eat]. But if you gave it a meal then its belly would be filled and it would go back [to the ocean], as we say.

That [Johnny] arrived. That king had a daughter, as we say. "Well, take my daughter! Go sleep with her in that house!" [Johnny] was told. It was the house where the serpent came.

"Okay, I can do it!" he said.

"Take your tool along with you!" he was told. He took that tool of his with him. It was a sickle he took along, a grass cutter, as we say. A sickle. Ye—s!

"Well, never mind if I die, what's the difference?" he said. Since the poor guy probably didn't know [what was in store for him].

"Well then, let's go to bed!" said that wife of his.

"I'm not going to bed. Me, I'm not going to bed. Not till I want to," he said. That woman heard when that serpent was approaching. She spoke, too.

"But now I'll die, then, too!" said that king's daughter. Since they used to arrive and hump her, arrive and hump her. The men would fall asleep. The woman would leave her husbands dead-still there, as we say. She would leave. She would go home.

Now that [Johnny] didn't sleep. "Yes, indeed, as for me, I won't go to bed!" he said. He had no heart for it. First, she asked [Johnny to come to bed], too. He had no heart for it at all. When she heard that sea breaking [as the serpent rose], that woman told her husband about it.

"Then both of us will die here," she said.

"Well, we'll see, then!" said [Johnny]. He stood behind the door, as we say. When that serpent stuck its head in, then he swung at it with that sickle. Then he swung at it. That serpent's head landed far away.

7anima 7une, 7ikilat la ochel 7un, k'al yul xch'ulele yut balamil la 7un, yut balamil xa 7un.

"Pero k'u ta jnop?" xi la 7un. 7Istij la lok'el taj stij la lok'el taj lum xi ta xi ta muk'ta ti7 nae, lok' la tal noxtok, muk' 7onox te xkom noxtok, tal taj yo7 sna rey xkaltike 7une kómo ch'abal to 7ox preserente k'u x7elan, sna rey buy tzipas mantal taj vo7ne taj 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7a li lok' tal noxtok 7un. "Pero k'usi ta jnopbetik?" xiik la 7un. Mu xcham yu7n ja7 chak', yu7n mu xcham yu7n ja7 chak' ta j-moj, 7i 7oy la j-kot chon, 7animal la tzk'an sve7el ta j-mek yu7n la li krixchanoe, yu7n la mak'linbil ju-jun 7ak'ubal, mu jna7 jay-p'ej sjol taj chon 7une, ch'ay xka7i k'u sbi li chone, kiletel chon chlok' tal ta mar, naka ta mar la chlok' tal, ti mi mu 7avak'be sve7ele yu7n la ta xlj jay-vo7 ta jtek-lum chch'ake ta 7o7lol li jtek-lum xkaltike, chak'be ta j-mek, yan ti mi 7avak'be sve7el 7une ja7 la te chnoj 7o xch'ut tzut 7o ech'el xkaltik 7un.

Va7i 7un, k'ot la taj 7une, 7a li 7o la jun stzeb taj rey xkaltik 7une. "Bwéno, 7ik'o li jtzebe ba vayan 7achi7uk le7 ta nae!" x7utat la 7un. Yo7 taj na yo7 taj bu chk'ot taj chon 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'!" xi la 7un.

"7Ich'o ech'el 7avabtejeb!" x7utat 7un. Yich' ech'el taj yabtejeb 7une, 7a li jos la yich' ech'el 7a li lok'ob lok'ob jobel xkaltik 7une, jos. Jii7!

"Bwéno pwes, te k'alal mi lichame muk' sk'oplal," xi la 7un. Kómo mu sna7 nan i prove 7une.

"Bwéno pwes, vayikotik 7un!" xi la taj yajnil 7une.

"Mu xivay, vo7one mu xivay ja7 ti k'u 7ora sk'an ko7one," xi la. 7Iya7i la taj k'alal chlok' tal taj chon taj 7antz 7une, 7iyal 7uk la 7un.

"Pero lavie che7e yu7n xa chilaj 7uk che7e!" xi la taj tzeb reye 7une. Kómo yu7n ja7 to 7ox yech chk'ot yak'ulan chk'ot yak'ulan, chvay ta 7ora li vinike te tzipuman komel li smalal li 7antz xkaltike chlok' chbat ta sna.

7Óra, muk' xvay taj 7une. "7Éso si vo7one mu xivay!" xi la 7un. Ma7uk ma7uk ta yo7on primero tzk'an taj 7uk a7a ma7uk ta yo7on a7a, ti ya7i bak' tal taj mar 7une yalbe xa la ya7i smalal taj 7antz 7une.

"Yu7n xa chilajotik cha7-vo7 li7e," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno pwes, te jk'eltik che7e!" xi la 7un.

7Isva7an la sba ta mak ti7 na xkaltik, taj k'alal stik' ochel sjol taj chone ja7 7o la skilbe taj taj jos 7une, ja7 7o la skilbe 7un, nom to la p'ejel 7ik'ot sjol taj chon 7une.

He killed it. And he was happy now. He and that woman calmed down now, as we say. He killed it, as we say. Yes! But [before then] the serpent couldn't be killed by soldiers, by bullets. "Ah, my daughter has died," said the king. They went to look. The next morning they went to look at that king's daughter, as we say.

But that great serpent lay there dead-still. They wouldn't go in. Then that awful Johnny Fourteen came out himself. Then he came out himself. He went to speak to his father-in-law, as we say. Eh, they held a fiesta. They had marimbas. And [Johnny] became the king now, as we say. His father-in-law stepped out now, as we say. His father-in-law stepped out.

Now [Johnny] stayed, since he won, you see. He won. He succeeded.

Since he killed that serpent, as we say. He took his father-in-law's place, as we say. Now it was that Johnny Fourteen who became king. Lord, he got a pile of money! He got a pile of that money. That's all. That's how the story ended.

Rey's plot of "Johnny Fourteen" is quite similar to Romin Teratol's (T109), but there the snakes attack Johnny by a banana palm, not in a cave. The scenes of Johnny delivering a message

Bwéno, cham yu7un 7une 7i jun xa yo7on 7un 7ivaxi xchi7uk taj 7antz xa xkaltik 7icham xa yu7un xkaltik taj 7une, pero mi ja7uk ta soltero ta bala mu la xla7 ti chon 7une. "7A, yu7n xa la7 ti jtzebe!" xi la ti rey 7une, bat la sk'elik taj, tzakubel 7osil bat la sk'elik taj stzeb taj rey xkaltik 7une.

Buy, te la pumu7 taj mol chon 7une, ji, mu la x7ochik ja7 to la lok' stuk taj mu Jwan Katorsee, ja7 to la lok' stuke, ba sk'opon taj sni7-mol xkaltik 7une, je, jun k'in la lok', jun marimpa la lok' 7i ja7 la kom ta rey xa xkaltik 7un, ja7 7ilok' i sni7-mol xa xkaltik 7une, ja7 7ilok' i sni7-mol 7une, ja7 xa kom 7un.

Bu ti spas kanal xa ja7 kuch yu7un 7un.

Bu ti smil taj chon xkaltik 7une, ja7 xa kom ta xk'exol sni7-mol xkaltik 7un, ja7 xa rey 7ikom taj Jwan Katorse 7une, ke, tak'ine to7 7ech' no la yich', to7 7ech' no la yich' taj tak'ine, ja7 yech la7 7o yech kwento chak taj 7une.

to the Earth Lord and dodging soldiers' bullets are absent here. Rey gives the credit to Johnny Fourteen for the major exploit of John Skin. See T107, T109, and their notes.

The Charcoal Cruncher

T175

There was a man. And he had a wife, as we say. Yes!

She was no problem. There was no trouble. He didn't know his wife was a Charcoal Cruncher.

The way it became known, it seems, was that he wanted—there was something he wanted now in the dark, as we say. He touched her head. It was gone. Sonofabitch, he lit his lantern. That man was scared.

He didn't do anything to her.

That Charcoal Cruncher scrambled swiftly under the eaves. She arrived at the fireside. Then she grabbed those coals. She crunched away on them, but the ones that were burning—not the extinguished ones—the hot ones, as we say.

"Okay," said the man. He didn't say anything to her. No. The next night [it happened] again. "Well, sonofabitch, but I'll rub salt on her," said that man. He rubbed salt all over the severed part. He rubbed it with salt. She tried to stick on. She couldn't stick on now.

"Sonofabitch, why did you do this to me?" said that woman.

"Well, but you deserved it!" said the man.

7Oy la 7o la jun vinik 7i 7oy yajnil xkaltik. Ji7!

Bwéno, ti vinike muk' ta 7alel muk' sk'oplal yu7un mu to 7ox sna7 mi jk'ux-7ak'al yajnil.

Va7i 7un, k'u cha7al 7ivinaj ya7el 7une yu7n la, yu7 nan tzk'an te k'u x7elan tzk'an xa ta 7ak'ubaltik xkaltik 7un, spikbe la li sjole ch'abal, púta, stzan la sk'ok' xi7 la taj vinike.

Bwéno pwes, mu k'u to 7ox k'u yalbe la 7un.

Va7i 7un, taj jk'ux-7ak'al 7une xk'un-joch'laj xa la ochel ta nuk' na 7un, k'ot ta sti7 sk'ok' 7une ja7 taj stzak la taj 7ak'ale xjap'jon xa la xcha7le 7un pero ja7 li 7oy sk'ak'al 7une, ma7uk i tup'eme yu7n yu7n k'ok' xkaltik.

"Bwéno," xi li vinike. Mu k'usi yalbe ch'abal, ta 7otro jun 7o 7ak'ubal noxtok. "Bwéno, jíjo la chingáda pero ta jbonbe 7atz'am," xi la taj vinik 7une. 7Isbonbe la 7atz'am taj snuk' k'u yepal lokem 7une sbonbe la 7atz'am 7un ya7uk xa la 7istzakan sba mu xa la stzak sba 7un.

"Púta, k'un x7elan chacha7leone?" xi la taj 7antz 7une.

"Bwéno, pero sa7bil 7avu7un!" xi la li vinik 7une.

Lord, that horrible woman[’s head] came—came and settled here on that man’s shoulder. That man had two heads. “Sonofabitch!” said that man. But what did it do now? It hardly came off! It wouldn’t come off now. It stuck on there now for good, as we say. “Well, if you want to, wife, let’s go get some fruit,” he told her.

“Let’s go!” said that woman, since she was stuck on there now, you see. But as for that bottom part of her, then, it probably was left lying there. They probably buried it, of course!

They went. They looked for fruit. It was from the pine trees, as we say, that have yellow pine cones, as we say. Or their disease [pine rust], as we call it. That was it. “Well, see here, wife, stay here a minute. I’ll go get some fruit for us to eat,” he said. He told her.

“All right,” she said. That woman[’s head] came off. And that head of hers sat on the ground.

He climbed. That man climbed up. He climbed way up. He climbed to the top of the pine. “Well, you bitch of a woman, hell, do you think I’m coming down? Hell, see for yourself where you’ll die!” he told that wife of his. Ooh, she tried to bounce up. She tried to bounce up, but she couldn’t reach him. She had the strength to reach halfway up the pine tree. But then she came crashing down. Then she came crashing down. She was lying there. The fucker probably got worn out. She was lying there for a minute.

But then a deer appeared. Now that deer came walking along.

It passed by next to where she was lying. Lord, it approached. She bounced up on it. She landed sitting on its shoulder, too. Stuck on to it, she went off, indeed! Ooh, as for the deer, hell, it simply sprinted off since it had a burden now, you see. The deer threw itself off a cliff somewhere. That’s how [the deer and the woman] were finished. That’s how they died. That’s how that story went, indeed! Just a few words.

See also T12, T81, T82, and their notes, T47 and T60.

Kere, bu, taj pentejo 7antz 7une tal la ti tal xchotan sba li7 ta snekeb taj vinik 7une, pas ta cha7-p’ej sjol taj vinik 7une. “Jíjo la chingáda!” xi la taj vinik 7une. Pero k’u xa tzpas yu7 van chtuch’ lok’el yu7n xa mu xtuch’ lok’el te xa nap’i 7o xkaltik. “Bwéno pwes, mi xak’an, 7antz, ba jsa7tik lo7bol,” xut la 7un.

“Battik!” xi la taj taj 7antz kómo te xa nap’al chava7i 7une yan taj xchake che7e, kere, te banal nan kom smukbeik nan bi 7a!

Bwéno, batik la 7un ssa7ik la lo7bol 7un, ja7 li toj xkaltik 7a li 7oy k’onik stuluk’al xkaltik mi xchamel k’usi xkalbetike, ja7 la 7un. “Bwéno, k’el avil, 7antz, koman to j-likel 7uk 7un chba jsa7 tal li lo7bol jlo7tik 7une,” xi. Xut la 7un.

“Stak’,” xi la 7un. 7Istuch’ la sba lok’el taj 7antz 7une 7i p’ejel kom ta balamil taj sjol 7une.

Bwéno, muy muy ech’el taj vinike muy la ech’el ta j-mek muy k’al ni7 toj. “Bwéno, púta 7antz, kavron, mi chaval chiyal tal 7une 7il avil bu pak’al xalaj 7un, kavron!” xut la taj yajnil 7une. Ji, ya7uk la p’ituk muyel ya7uk la p’ituk muyel pero mu la sta, ta la stabe yipal 7o7lol toj la 7un pero te la st’uslajet chyal 7un, te la pumul, lub nan i jkobeles te la pumul j-likel 7un.

Buy, ja7 7o la tal j-kot te7tikil chij 7un xkotkon xa la tal taj te7tikil chij 7une.

Va7i 7un, te la 7ech’ ta stz’el taj bu pumule, ke, tal la ti sp’itue te la chotol 7ik’ot ta snekeb noxtok, nap’al la bat 7o 7un bi, ji, ti te7tikil chije, kavron, solel slev xa la ech’el kómo 7o xa yikatz chava7i ech’el to, ja7 ti bu sjip sba ta ch’en ti te7tikil chij 7une te nel 7o yech 7un, te laj 7o yech 7un, ja7 yech kwento yech chak taj a7a, jay-p’el nox.

How Toenails Won a Bride

T174

He had a mother. “Mother!” he said to her.

“What?” she asked.

“I really long to marry that princess.” [The king] already had a wife. That princess was the king’s wife. The king’s wife. “I really long to marry her,” he said.

7O la sme7. “Me7!” xut la.

“K’usi?” xi la.

“Batz’i chak kik’ ta j-mek i prinsesa le7e.” Kómo 7o xa la yajnil taj 7une, yajnil rey la taj prinsesa 7une yajnil rey. “Batz’i chak kik’ ta j-mek,” xi la 7un.

"Oh, God, son, poor child, *you* marry *her*? It's even the king seated there, you know. She would be hard to ask for," he was told. "What makes you think a princess would want you?" he was told. That old woman told her child.

"Eh, but I'm mad about her. I'm simply going.

"Well, you stay, mother! We'll see if I get to speak to her. If I don't get to speak to her, well, never mind. I've fallen completely in love," he said.

"Well, go on, then!" said the old woman. That man left his house.

"He went on. Then he found a dead cow. The buzzards were there. Everything. The blowflies, the flies. They were eating that mule [sic]—the coyotes and so on. They were all there. "Brother, where are you going?" asked those animals.

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm going wherever I want to go. It makes no difference at all," he said.

"Man, won't you do [us] the favor of dividing up our food for us, here? Because we are simply quarrelling with each other and hitting each other. We aren't getting our food," they said.

"Well, all right," he said. Lord, quickly that man pulled out his knife.

"Well, we want to ask a favor. If the animals are big we want them to have bigger meals," they said. "But give those tiny little animals a smaller [amount]," said those animals, those awful buzzards and so on.

"Well, all right," he said. After he had cut up each little bit for them equally, he portioned them out.

After he passed it out—"Well, take care of yourselves! Don't quarrel with each other. I've finished passing out your food," he told those animals.

"Well, then, thank you," they said. "It's not much, but we are giving you a little bit of our toenails. They will be a real help to you. Travel with them, too," that man was told.

"Well, all right," he said. Those little flies, the animals, finished cutting off their nails. The animals finished giving him a little of their toenails.

That man clutched them in his hand. "But why does it seem I need these? But what can they help me with, being like this?" said that man. "Well, hell, I guess I'll try them," he said. "Adios, Fly!" said that man. He was clutching those flies' nails, as we say. Lord, now he was soaring away. "Ah, they really work, then!" he said. He put those animals' nails away carefully. "Ah, but these work, then."

"So I must get to speak to the princess, then!" he said. Who knows how many stories high that princess was sitting with that husband of hers.

"7Ay di7os, 7ijo 7olol, vo7ot ch7ik' 7avu7un 7ásta ke rey li te chotol chava7ie vokol to k'anat," x7utat la 7un. "Bu chask'an 7ana7oj prinsesa li vo7ote?" x7utat la 7un. Xut xch'amal taj me7el 7une.

"Je, pero mu k'u yech ti jjole batz'i solet chibat."

"Bwéno, tek koman, me7, tey bámos 7aver mi jta ta k'oponel pwes te k'alal yu7n ja7 tuch'em ta ko7on ta j-mek," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, batan che7el!" xi la ti me7el 7une. Lok' la tzna taj vinik 7une.

Bwéno, bat la 7un, te la chamem j-kot vakax sta 7un, te li xuleme li skotol la li yaxal vo, li voetike yu7n te la tzi7 taj ka7 7une, 7a li 7ok'il k'usitik lae yu7n la te skotol ta j-mek. "7Ermáno, bu chabat?" xi la taj chonetik 7une.

"Muk' bu chibat, chibat ti bu sk'an ko7on xibate batz'i muk' sk'oplal," xi la 7un.

"7Ómpre, mi mu xak'an xapas pavor xach'akbotikótik li jve7eltikótik li7e yu7n solet ta xkut jbatikótik ta jmaj jbatikótik mu jtatikótik i jve7eltikotike," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi la 7un. Kere, j-likel la slok'es skuchilu taj vinike.

Buy, "Bwéno, ta jk'an pavor 7un ti buy muk'otikótik i chonotikótik 7une mas muk' jve7eltikótik ta jk'antikótik," xi la. "Yan ti buy 7unin bik'tal chonetik 7une mas bik'it xavak'be 7un," xi la taj 7animaletike, taj mu xuleme k'usitak ta j-mek 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi la 7un. Laj la xtuch'anbe ju-set' ta komon 7ixch'akbe la 7un.

Bwéno pwes, laj xch'akbe taj 7une -- "Pwes k'el abaik komel 7un mu me xavut abaik 7un laj xa jch'ak komel lave7ele," xut la komel taj chonetik 7une.

"Bwéno pwes, kol aval 7un," xi la 7un. "Pero mu k'usi 7un chakak'betikótik ju-set'uk sni7 kich'aktikótik batz'i bal xava7i xanavan 7o 7uk 7un," x7utat la taj vinik 7une.

"Bwéno stak'," xi la 7un. 7Ila7 la stuch'an yich'ak taj 7unin voetike li chonetike laj la yak'an ju-set' sni7 yich'aktak li chonetik 7une.

Bwéno, te la smich'oj ta sk'ob taj vinik 7une. "Pero k'u stu ku7un ya7el li7e pero k'usi k'usi chiskolta 7o ya7el li x7elan li7i?" xi la taj vinik 7une. "Bwéno, kavron, ta jpas kik preva," xi la 7un taj. "7Adyos, mósokol!" xi la taj vinik 7une. Te xmich'oj taj yich'ak voetik xkaltik 7une, kere xjayay xa la me ech'el 7un. "7A, xtojob ka 7un che7el!" xi la 7un. Snak' la lek taj taj yich'aktak taj chonetik 7une. "7A, pero li7e che7e xtojob che7e."

"7Entónse, ta jta ta k'oponel ta pwersa li prinsesae che7e," xi la 7un. Na7tik jayib piso chotol taj prinsesa 7une xchi7uk taj smalal 7une.

And, "Adios, Eagle!" he said. "Eagle," because he went now as a hawk, as we say. He was soaring along. "Well, but this is fine, then," he said. He went on. And, "Adios, Fly!" he said. He saw that that Princess was sitting alone. He was soaring along now. "Well, adios, Ant!" he said. Now he turned into an ant. Now the ant was crawling up that princess' face, as we say. That princess flicked him off. "Well, princess, it's me!" he said. He spoke to her. He turned into a human being when he was flicked off. "Well, me, I'm mad about you. I'll marry you, but even if it seems impossible," said that man.

"Eh, who knows, but you can't kill my husband. But he has a lot of souls," she said. "Seven souls," she said. That king had seven souls, as we say. He had seven souls.

"But where? he said.

"Here, here, by the wall. Here. If you leave, a deer will come out," she said. After the deer comes out, doves will come out," she said. "After they have come out, sparrows will come out," she said. "After that, you cut open their stomachs. Their eggs are there. That's the last one, of course," he was told. "If you can win out! Who knows if you can win out!" he was told.

"Eh, okay, I guess it doesn't matter," he said.

He spoke to her. He was happy since he had gotten to speak to that princess, you see.

He approached where that wall was. "Adios, Lion!" he said. [The wall] only moved a little, like this. "Adios, Tiger!" he said. It moved quite a bit now. Ah, I don't know what the other kind was now, either. And, "Adios, Lion!" he said again. That wall landed over on its side, as we say. Ooh, a deer came out. It bounded out now. "Adios, Eagle!" he said. Ooh, now he was a hawk following right behind. He went to see where that deer went. "Adios, Tiger!" he said. Then he went to cut open that. . . . He was able to jump on that deer, as we say. Then that Tiger went to work, as we say.

He killed that deer. Then three doves came out. Three doves came out. Ooh, now the doves were soaring off. "Adios, Eagle!" he said. So that hawk went to kill them, too. He killed them. He cut open the doves' breasts, as we say. Three sparrows came out, too.

Then when those three sparrows came out, they [went] into the ocean. Now he couldn't do anything at all. He couldn't go into the ocean. He was crying there. He was crying and crying.

Some fishes appeared. "Well, what are you crying about?" asked those fishes when they arrived.

"Well, it's nothing much. The little sparrows went in [to the ocean] here.

Bwéno, 7i "7Adyos, 7ágila!" xi la 7un. 7Agilae yu7n xik xa bat xkaltik xa 7un xjayet xa ech'el 7un. "Bwéno, pero li7e che7e lek xa che7e," xi la 7un. Bat la 7un. 7I "7Adyos, móska!" xi la 7un. Yil ti stuk la taj prinsesa bu chotol 7une xjayay xa la ech'el. "Bwéno, 7adyos, 7ormíga!" xi la 7un. Pas la ta xinich xa 7un, te la xnochnon xa muyel tzat taj prinsesa chkaltik i xinich xa 7une, 7isvel la ta majel yalel taj prinsesa 7une. "Bwéno, prinsésa, vo7on!" xi la 7un. 7Isk'opon la 7un 7ipas la ta krixchano xkaltik taj 7ivelat yalel 7une. "Bwéno, vo7on mu k'u yech ti ko7one yu7n chakik' pero 7ésa si mu jay-lok'el ya7el 7un," xi la taj vinik 7une.

"Je, na7tik pero li jmalale mu xmil 7avu7un, pero 7ep xch'uleltak," xi la 7un. "Vukub xch'ulel," xi la 7un. Vukub la xch'ulel taj rey xkaltik 7une, vukub la xch'ulel.

"Pero buytak?" xi la 7un.

"Li7 li7 ta muroe li7 ti mi7n chalok'e chlok' j-kot te7tikil chij," xi la. "Mi laj lok'uk te7tikil chije chlok' paloma," xi la 7un. "Mi laj lok'uk 7une chlok' gurionsíyo," xi la 7un. "Mi laj 7une chajavbe li xch'ut 7une ja7 te li ston 7une ja7 xa ja7 xa slajeb 7un bi," x7utat la 7un. "Ti mi xkuch 7avu7une na7tik mi xkuch 7avu7un!" x7utat la 7un.

"Je, bwéno muk' ta 7alel ka7tik," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, 7isk'opon la konténo xa yo7on 7un kómo 7ista xa ta k'oponel chava7i taj prinsesa 7une.

Bwéno, 7ital la taj yo7 bu taj muro 7une. "7Adyos, leon!" xi la 7un. K'ajom la bak' j-set' xi 7une. "7Adyos, tígre!" xi la 7un, bak' la tzotztotztik xa 7un a7a, mu jna7 k'usi xa li 7otro j-tos noxtok 7une. 7I "7Adyos, leon!" xi noxtok 7une. Taj to la butul 7ik'ot taj muro xkaltik 7une, ji, lok' la j-kot te7tikil chij 7un xp'it xa la lok'el 7un. "7Adyos, 7ágila!" xi la 7un, jii, ja7 la li xik nap'al ech'el 7une, ba sk'el bu bat tai te7tikil chij 7une. "7Adyos, tígre!" xi la 7un. Ja7 la ba sjavbe xa taj, 7ista ta net'el taj te7tikil chij xkaltik 7une ja7 xa 7i7abtej taj bolom xa xkaltik 7une.

Bwéno, 7ismil taj te7tikil chij 7une, ja7 taj 7ilok' la 7ox-kot paloma 7une, 7ilok' 7ox-kot palomae, jii, xjayay la ech'el noxtok ti paloma 7une. "7Adyós, 7ágila!" xi la 7une. Ja7 la ba smil taj xik noxtok 7une, 7ismil la taje 7isjavbe la li yo7on 7une taj taj 7a li paloma chkaltik 7une lok' la 7ox-kot buryon noxtok 7un.

7Óra, taj 7ilok' taj 7ox-kot buryone k'alal nab xa 7un, 7a mu xa k'u xu7 spas 7un a7a mu xa x7och ta nab 7un, te la ch7ok' te la 7ok' ta j-mek 7un.

Bwéno, tal la choyetik 7un. "Bwéno, k'u chavok'íta?" xi la k'otel taj choyetik 7une.

"Bwéno, mu k'usi li7 7och 7a li gurionsitoe."

"The trouble is, now I can't get them out," he said.

"Well, don't worry! Wait a minute, we'll get them," said [the fishes].

Then it was those fishes, they were the ones who brought those little sparrows out.

Then they came out. After he got them, he cut open their breasts. He cut open their breasts. Now there was an egg there.

Then he brought it to that princess. But that king was just thrashing about, since his powers were exhausted, you see. His powers were exhausted, you see. He was just thrashing about.

"Well, adios, Eagle!" said that man again.

Then he arrived at the window—there where that princess was still sitting. "Well, here is its egg," he said when he arrived.

"Well, all right," she said. She took her egg, as we say. It was as big as a chicken egg, as we say.

When that king came staggering in, she knocked him on the head with that egg of hers. Then he died. Then he died right away.

That king had some soldiers, as we say.

That woman begged permission to come down, as we say—that princess. She begged permission from [the king's] soldiers. "Well, see here, princess, well, when you have asked for permission, I will pass by quickly and scoop you up. I will turn myself into a hawk," said that man.

"Well, all right," she said.

That princess begged permission and came down, it seems, to the ground. Lord, that hawk appeared. It passed by to scoop her up. He scooped her up the way they catch their food, chicks, as we say. He went on. They tried to shoot him, but he wasn't hit by the bullets now. He wasn't hit by the bullets now. That king died there and the princess, then, left. It was that other man now, it seems, who took her away, as we say. She went with another husband now. He killed her husband, as we say.

He went to another town now since he had a wife now—the one whom he was mad about, you see. That's all I've heard. That's how it ends.

Rey's transformation of the dead cow into a dead mule is either an inadvertence or a correction.

This tale is widely known in Europe and Latin America (Aarne-Thompson 302, A. M. Espinosa, 1967, T141; Hansen, 1957:302). Typically, the hero is aided by grateful animals, who enable him to secure the ogre's heart in the egg, dispatch the ogre, and win the princess. In the New World the helpful animals most commonly are ants, eagles or hawks, lions, and tigers (Boas, 1920:17-24; A. M. Espinosa, 1911, T1; Espinosa, 1914b:212-213; Parsons, 1932a:310-313; Paredes, 1970, T29; Radin, 1943:194-207; Reid, 1935:112-119; Robe, 1970, T35, T36; Robe, 1971, T5; and Wheeler, 1943, T80, T112, T113, T115).

"K'usi, mu xa jta lok'el 7un," xi.

"Bwéno, mu k'u xal 7avo7on malao j-likeluk ta jsa7tikótik tal," xi la 7un.

7Óra, li ja7 xa la taj choyetik 7une ja7 xa la yik' lok'el tal taj gurionsíto 7une.

7Óra, lok' la tal 7un 7isjavbe la yo7on ti stak 7une sjavbeik la li yo7on 7une ton xa la tey 7un.

Bwéno, ja7 la yich'oj xa tal taj prinsesa 7une pero taj rey 7une yech xa la vuk'ul chevel 7un kómo laj xa li spersatak chava7i to laj xa li spwersatak chava7i 7une yech xa la vuk'ul chevel 7un.

"Bwéno, 7adyos, 7ágila!" xi la ech'el taj taj vinik noxtok 7une.

Bu, te la k'ot taj ta ventana taj ta buy taj prinsesa chotol to 7une. "Bwéno, li7 me tal ston 7une," xi la k'otel 7un.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi la 7un. Yich' la taj ston xkaltik j-p'ej la ta ton kaxlan xkaltik 7une.

Va7i 7un, k'al xvuk'laj k'otel taj taj rey xkaltik 7une 7ixchek'be la tzjol taj taj ston 7une, te xa la me cham 7un te xa cham ta 7ora 7un.

Bwéno, porke 7oy yajsolterotak xkaltik taj rey 7une.

Bwéno pwes, sk'an la permiso yalel taj 7antz ya7el xkaltik taj prinsesa 7une sk'anbe permiso yajsolterotak 7une. "Bwéno, k'el avil 7un, prinsesa, bwéno, ti mi 7ak'an permiso 7une ta me x7ech' jipot ta 7anil 7un xik me ta jpas jba 7un," xi la taj 7a taj vinik 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, 7isk'an permiso 7iyal ya7el taj ta bamil taj prinsesa 7une, ke, tal la taj xike 7ech' la sjop sjop ech'el k'u cha7al stzak sve7el vivich xkaltik, bat la, te la ya7uk xa la 7ak'bat bala pero mu xa xtae ta bala 7un, mu xa xtae ta bala 7un, te la te nel taj rey 7une 7i li prinsesae che7e bat ja7 yik' ech'el taj yan 7o vinik xa ya7el xkaltik 7un yan xa 7o smalal bat xchi7uk 7un ja7 smil komel li smalal xkaltik 7une.

Bwéno, bat ta yan 7o jtek-lum xa 7un kómo 7oy xa yajnil ech'el ti vinik ti bu yaloj yo7on ta j-mek chava7i 7une, ja7 nox yech i ka7yoj chak taj 7une ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o yech chak taj 7une.

The animals bestow on the hero a toenail, leg, hair or feathers. So equipped, when he calls out "Dios y hormiga" or "Dios y un buen leon," etc., he is transformed into that animal. The conquest of the ogre in three Mexican versions begins with the killing of a porcupine, from which springs a rabbit. When the rabbit is killed, a dove flies out, and when the dove is killed, its egg is removed. The egg, applied to the ogre's forehead, causes his death and frees the princess (Reid, *loc. cit.*; Wheeler, T113, T115).

In Zinacantán, where equal distribution of food is considered so important, it is fitting that the hero's fairness be rewarded, but even this detail is basic to the European tale type.

How Rabbit Lost His Hat and Sandals, How the Weak Ones Won

T167

“My elder brother!” said Deer. Since Rabbit used to have antlers, as we say. “Let me borrow your shoes and your hat, because . . . but me, they fit a little. You, you’re small, they don’t fit you,” said Deer.

“Eh, I don’t know if I’ll give them to you,” said [Rabbit].

“Just for a minute,” said [Deer]. “I’ll borrow them for just a minute,” said that awful Deer.

“Okay, take them, then! But give them back to me! Please don’t run off with them!” [Deer] was told. [Rabbit] gave him those shoes of his. [Rabbit] gave him that hat of his. It was his antlers, as we say. Lord, that deer took them. Lord, now he didn’t give them back. [Rabbit] tried to ask him for them. [Deer] never gave them back to him. They were good, the deer’s hoofs were good, as we say. And his hat was good now, as we say. But as for Rabbit, he was simply left without his sandals. He just was walking along barefoot. So dumb Rabbit got tricked.

That Deer, I think he got into a contest. He got into a contest with Toad.

Now he and Toad talked to each other when they met at the spring. “Shall we race and see who is man enough—who wins, who races faster?” said that Deer. He asked Toad.

“Okay, I can do it,” said that Toad. “I can do it,” he said. “When shall we have the contest?” he said. They set aside a day for it, either tomorrow or whenever, it seems, as we say. “Okay, I can do it,” he said.

The toads talked to each other. They lined up, far apart. Far apart they lined up, each one.

“Okay, now, Toad!” [Deer] said.

“I’m ahead,” said that Toad. Deer thought that Toad was left behind. He had dashed ahead, you see.

“Now, Toad!” said that deer.

“I’m ahead. I’m ahead.” They had lined up, you see.

That Deer grew tired. And, “I’m ahead,” said the toads who were lined up.

“Oh, hell, you were right that you can jump terribly well, then!” said that Deer.

Another day, too, it was Mosquito.

Those mosquitoes were walking about, swarming. “Hell, I’d like to squash you underfoot, to squash you underfoot,” said that Deer.

“Jbankil!” xi la li li te7tikil chije, kómo ja7 7o to 7ox 7a li xxulub xkaltik i t’ule. 7A li “Jch’amuntik j-likeluk li 7asapatoe xchi7uk lapixole, yu7n pero vo7one ja7 jnupin 7o jutuk, vo7ote bik’itote mu xanupin 7o,” xi la li te7tikil chij 7une.

“Je, mu jna7 mi xakak’be,” xi la 7un.

“J-likel nox jch’amuntik 7un,” xi la taj taj mu te7tikil chij 7une.

“Bwéno, 7ich’o che7e pero xavak’bon me 7un mu me xajataw 7o 7un!” xut la 7un. Yak’be la taj ssapatoe 7iyak’be la taj spixole, ja7 li xxulub xkaltik 7une, ke7re, yich’ taj te7tikil chije, ke7re mu xa bu 7iyak’be 7o 7un, ja7 li lek lek svoy xkaltik i te7tikil chij 7une, 7i 7i lek xa xpixol xkaltik 7un, yan i t’ul 7une, solel yech te ch’abal xa xxonob, yech xa xchunchon yok chanav 7une, yech’o ja7 7ista cho7el li j7a7yel t’ul 7une.

Va7i taj te7tikil chij 7une, 7a li 7ispasik preva chka7i 7un, 7ispasik preva xchi7uk sapo.

7A li 7óra, li sápo 7une, 7isk’opon sbaik 7ista ta vo7. “Mi xak’an xi7anilajotik jk’eltik buch’u vinik, buch’u xkuch yu7un, buch’u mas x7anilaj?” xi la xi la taj te7tikil chij 7une. Xut ti sapo 7une.

“Bwéno, stak’,” xi la taj sápo 7une. “Stak’,” xi la 7un. “K’usi 7ora ta jpastik preva?” xi la 7un. Xch’akbe sk’ak’alil mi 7ok’ob k’u xi ya7el xkaltik 7une. “Bweno, stak’,” xi la 7un.

Bwéno, sk’opon la sbaik ti sapoetik 7une, 7ixchol la sbaik ta nomtik ta nomtik, 7ixcho---l la sbaik ech’el ta j-mek, ju-kotik 7un.

Bwéno, 7a li “7Óra, sápo!” xi la 7un.

“7Adelánte stoy!” xi la taj xi la taj sápo 7une. Xa7uk xa la komuk taj sápo li te7tikil chij 7une, sli---chojbe chava7i 7un.

“7Óra, sápo!” xi la taj te7tikil chij 7une.

“7Adelánte stoy, 7adelánte stoy!” Xcholoj sbaik chava7i 7un, cho7el 7iyich’ 7un.

Bwéno, 7ilub taj te7tikil chij 7une. 7I “7Adelánte stoy!” xi li sápo 7une. Te cholol ech’el 7un.

“7Ay kavron, yech ka xaval ti xana7 xap’it ta j-meke leke che7e!” xi la taj te7tikil chij 7une.

Bwéno, ta 7otro jun 7o k’ak’al noxtok 7un, xenen la 7un.

Bwéno, te la xkotlajet xlamet taj xenen 7une. “Kavron, sk’an ko7one xajju7 ta tek’el xajju7 ta tek’el,” xi la taj te7tikil chij 7une.

"Hell, I'd like to have a contest. You'd see!" Me, I have wings. I'll race, hell, until I leave you behind," said that Mosquito.

"Oh, God, how could you do it?" said [Deer].

"Let's try it out then!" said [Mosquito]. Let's try it. You'll see!" Sonofabitch, those mosquitoes swarmed on his ear.

"Now, Mosquito!" said that Deer. [Mosquito] was whining there. He was whining there on [Deer's] ear. Whining on his ear, sitting on his ear. He never flew. He was bu—zzing there. "Now, Mosquito!" said that fucking Deer.

"Eeee!" they went, sitting on his ear.

So that Mosquito won, too. But he was sitting on [Deer's] ear. He scarcely flew! After that, then I think Rabbit came. I think they raced. He and Rabbit. Let's have a contest!" said that Rabbit.

"Eh, who knows," said [Deer].

"But, okay, but forget it since I haven't any shoes anymore, myself," said [Rabbit].

"Well, let's try it out, then," said [Deer].

But it was that Deer who succeeded. Deer did better, because his legs were longer. It was that poor Rabbit who was left behind. So he was left behind. Rabbit didn't ever win again. It was Deer now who won. That's all I've heard.

"Karájo, sk'an ko7on jpastik preva avile, vo7one 7o jxik' chi7anilaj ka7rájo 7ásta ke chakom ta be ku7un," xi la taj xenen 7une.

"7Aj, di7o7s, bu lata le7e?" xi la 7un.

"Jpastik preva che7e!" xi la. "Jpastik preva avil!" xi la. Púta, te la svotzan sbaik taj xenen chchikin 7une.

7A li "7Óra, sankúdo!" xi la taj te7tikil chij 7une. Te la x7i7et, te la x7i7i7et ta xchikin, x7i7et ta xchikin nochol ta xchikin muk' bu ta xvil, te la x7i7i7e---t 7un. "7Óra, sankúdo!" xi la taj jkobel te7tikil chij 7une.

Te xa "7I---7!" xi la. Te xa nochajtik ta xchikin.

Va7i, ja7 la 7ispas kanal taj xenen noxtok 7une, pero te nochol ta xchikin 7un yu7 van chvil 7un, 7ilaj taj 7une ja7 xa chka7i tal li t'ul chka7i 7anilajik chka7i 7un chi7uk i t'ul 7une. 7A li "Jpastik preva!" xi taj t'ul 7une.

"Je, na7tik," xi la 7un.

"Pero bwéno pero te k'alal 7un, kómo ch'abal jsapato xa li vo7one," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, jpastik preva che7e!" xi la 7un.

Bu, ja7 la 7itotjob taj te7tikil chij 7une, ja7 ja7 mas 7ikuch yu7un li te7tikil chij 7une, porke mas natik yok, ja7 7ikom la taj povre t'ul 7une, ja7 xa 7ikom 7o yech 7un, mu xa buy 7ispas kanal yech li li t'ul 7une, ja7 xa 7ispas i te7tikil chij, ja7 xa nox yech ka7yoj chak taj 7une.

When Zinacantecs Rode Home on Horseback

T160

There is [a war story] like that about the elders of long ago.

They would go as soldiers. They kept going to war, but it was always like that. We . . . the elders, it seems, just carried burdens, carried bullets. [The Mexican soldiers] never asked [what you wanted to do]. It was always just burdens—as if [you were] a mule, an animal, as we say.

The [Mexicans'] soldiers were killed, it seems, where that war was. They were killed.

Then [the Zinacantecs] spoke to that chief, the leader of the soldiers, as we say. They spoke to him. "Well, I guess we'll get into it," they said. "We'll see if we're killed. Who cares?" said those elders of long ago. Since they had chosen from among themselves. There was Thunderbolt. There was Fog. There was Whirlwind. They chose the few elders who always worked, it seems.

"Well, if you can do something, then, do [us] the favor," said the leader of the [Mexican] soldiers, as we say. The war [chief], as we say.

7A taj 7ak'-k'ok' 7une 7a li, 7o la yech taj vo7ne moletik 7une.

Va7 7un, ta la xbatik ta soltero 7un bat ta 7ak'-k'ok' ta j-mek pero yu7 la k'ex yech yu7n vo7tikótik moletik ya7ele naka la kuch-7ikatzil kuch-bala ma7uk tzjak'ulan ja7 nox ti yu7n naka 7ikatzil k'u cha7al j-kot ka7 j-kot 7animal xkaltik.

Va7 7un, 7a li laj la taj yajsolterotak ya7el taj, 7a taj buy taj 7ak'-k'ok' 7une, laj la 7un.

7Óra, yalbe la taj 7ajvalil yech 7ajvalil yu7un soltero xkaltik 7une, yalbeik la li vo7otikótik 7une. "Béno, chi7ochotikótik kik," xi la 7un. "7Aver mi lilajotikotike te k'alal," xi la taj vo7ne moletik 7une. Kómo st'ujoj sbaik 7oy chauk, 7oy 7oy lumal tok, 7oy sutum 7ik' 7une, st'ujoj sbaik ti jay-vo7 moletik 7onox ch7abtejik 7onox ya7el 7une.

"Bwéno mi 7o k'u xana7ik che7e, pasik pavor," xi la ti totil yu7un soltero xkaltik 7une, skwenta 7ak'-k'ok' xkaltik 7une.

"Well, I guess we'll join in," they went to see how their enemies could be killed. "Well, I guess you should go, Hawk."—There was a Hawk—"I guess you should go, Hawk," they said. Hawk went. Lord, he was flying off hi—gh up.

"They're eating," [Hawk] said when he arrived [home].

"Well, if they're just about to eat, then, go on, then, Blowfly!" they said . . . that blowfly was told. Blowfly went. He arrived there, buzzing. Sonofabitch, in a minute, in a minute a—all their food was just [filled with] maggots. They never ate. He laid [the eggs], but the maggots grew right away. You can't say they didn't grow right away! Sonofabitch, those [enemy] soldiers never ate.

"Hell, some trouble's up, then!" they said. They never ate it. They threw it out for good.

"Go on, Butterfly," [the elders] said. Butterfly went, too.

But they were already getting prepared there. They were getting ready. "Get ready!" [Butterfly] said when he arrived [back where the elders were].

"All right," they said. "Let's go, then! Let's go, then!" said that Thunderbolt and Whirlwind and Fog. Lord, they went to attack them. [The enemy] were all finished. They were finished for good. The trouble ended once and for all.

They had horses, it seems, those [Mexican] soldier chiefs, as we say. They had horses, it seems. Lord, it was the elders of long ago—they were the ones who came back mounted. Those chiefs, as we say, came back now on foot. They came now on foot, since [the elders] were able to win, you see. That's why the soldier chiefs could now come on foot, you see. They didn't win with their own men, you see. It was only the bearers, they were the only ones who won, it seems. Then the trouble ended, indeed. Who knows how much money was given to them. Lord, they got so much money! Since they were the ones to win, you see. Ye—s!

They even arrived home sauntering in on horseback. Since they wouldn't make the effort on foot—since they won, you see. That's how the story ends.

The cast of this version of "When the Zinacantecs Rode Home on Horseback" differs from Romin Teratol's only in the substitution of Fog for Tornado. The problem of attacking the

"Béno, chi7ochotikótik kik," xi la 7un. 7A li bat la sk'elik pimero pimero 7un, ba la sk'elik 7un ti k'u xi laj skrontaik 7une. "Bwéno, batan kik, 7a li xik!" 7O la xik 7un. "Batan kik, xik!" xi la 7un. 7Ibat la li xik 7une, ke7, to---yol la xvilet ech'el 7un.

"7A, ta xa xve7ik," xi la k'otel 7un.

"Bwéno, mi po7ot xve7ike che7e batan che7e yaxal vo!" xi la, x7utat taj yaxal vo 7une. Bat la yaxal vo, te xa la x7i7et k'otel, púta j-likel j-likel 7o la na---ka xa la xuvit taj sve7ele, mu xa la bu ve7ik 7un, 7istza7ta la komel 7un pero yu7n ta 7ora xa 7ich'i li xuvite mu7nuk xaval ti mu xch'i ta 7orae, púta mu xa bu 7ive7ik taj 7a taj solteroetik 7une.

"Kavron, te k'usi palta che7e!" xi la. Mu xa bu sve7ik sjipik ta j-moj la 7un.

Va7 7un, 7a li, "Batan, pepen!" xi la 7un. Bat la li pepen 7uke.

Buy, te xa ta xa xchap sbaik 7un, ta xa xchap sbaik 7un. "Chap abaik 7un!" xi la k'otel 7un.

"Bwéno," xi 7un. "Battik che7e!" 7A li "Battik che7e!" xi la taj chauk 7une, xchi7uk sutum 7ik' 7i xchi7uk 7a li lumal tok la 7un. Ke, bat la yak'beik 7un, nel la ta j-moj skotol, nel 7o ta j-moj yu7n ch'ab xi k'op ta j-moj, ch'ab xi k'op ta j-moj.

Va7 7un, 7o la ska7 ska7 ya7el taj totiletik soltero xkaltik 7une, ke, li vo7ne moletik 7une, ja7 xa la 7ikajiik tal 7un, ta yok xa la tal taj taj 7ajvaliletik xkaltik 7une, ta yok xa la 7ital 7un, ja7 kómo ja7 7ikuch yu7un chava7i 7une, yech'o ja7 xa xu7 xa xtal ta yok i 7ajvalil soltero xa chava7i 7une, bu ti muk' spas kanal xchi7uk svinik chava7i 7une, k'ajom xa li j7ikatznome k'ajom spasik kanal ya7el 7un, ja7 te laj 7o k'op 7un bi chana7 k'u yepal la 7ak'batik tak'in ta j-mek 7un, ke7re, tak'ine yu7n toj mas 7iyich'ik ta j-mek, kómo ja7 7ispas kanal chava7i 7une. Jii7!

7Ásta ke 7iyul ta sna kajal xa stzak'et yulel ta ka7, kómo mu xa xak' svokol ta yok 7un ti spas kanal chava7i 7un, ja7 yech laj 7o jun kwento yech chak taje.

enemy when it is submerged in the ocean, however, is absent from Rey's plot. See also T110 and notes.

The Adventures of Peter

T171

That Peter went looking for a servant's job, as we say. He went to be a servant. He went to get a baby-

7A taje 7ibat la sa7-mosoil xkaltik taj Pégro taje, bat skwenta moso, bat mi ch'ipomil mi k'usi stae, bat

sitting [job] or whatever he could. He went looking, it seems, to the master's house, as we say. One who was rich, as we say.

"Don't you have any jobs?" he asked when he arrived.

"I have work, but who knows if you can stand baby-sitting?" that Peter was told.

"As for me, it doesn't make any difference, just so long as I get a job to live on," said that Peter.

"Well, all right, then," he said. [Peter] baby-sat. He baby-sat there for a few days. But the baby cried and cried. The sonofabitch lost his temper. He picked up a needle. Quickly he stabbed it into its breathing spot. It died. That kid died.

He went and laid it down in its bed. "I'm, hungry. As long as the baby is asleep I'll eat, mistress. Or else it will wake up, because it cries so much. It doesn't let me eat," said that Peter.

"All right," she said. He ate. Yes!

After he had eaten, Lord, then he dashed off. "Where did Peter go?" said that mistress. "Could my child have slept this long?" she said. She went to look at her child. It was stiff. It was dead. "Oh hell!" she said now. But where would she find him now? He had already gone to another town, too. He dashed far away, too.

He reached another town, too. "Master, haven't you any jobs?" he asked when he arrived.

"I do, but who knows if you'll work," he said.

"What kind of work do you have?" asked [Peter].

"There is pigherding," said that master.

"Ah, pigherding, yes, indeed, of course I like that!" he said.

"Okay," he was told. He looked after those pigs. He looked after them. He cared for those pigs a long time.

Somebody came by. "Sell me your pigs!" [Peter] was told.

"Ah, I won't sell them," he said. "The pigs I won't sell. I'll sell them. I'll decide whether to sell them. But I'll sell them all, don't think I'll sell [just] one!" he said.

"Well, think it over carefully, then. If you'll sell them all, then, sell them to me!" that Peter was told.

"Well, all right, but don't think I'll sell them completely. A little will have to stay behind. Their ears will stay. Their tails will stay. They'll stay with me, of course! I'll cut them off," said [Peter].

"Well, that doesn't make any difference," said that pig buyer. Several days passed, too.

Since they had agreed when he would come and take those pigs—he came to take those pigs. As for that fucking Peter, he cut off their ears and their tails. He cut them off. Those pigs went off. They

ssa7 ya7el ta sna 7ajvalil xkaltik bu jk'ulej xkaltike.

Va7i 7un, "Mi muk' 7avabtel?" xi k'otel 7un.

"7Oy kabtel pero na7tik mi xkuch 7avu7un ch'ipomal," xi la taj, x7utat la taj Pégro 7une.

"7A, 7a li vo7one muk' sk'oplal ja7 nox kwenta mi yu7un 7ijta li kabtel live7 7o yeche," xi la taj Pégro 7une.

"Bwéno, stak' che7e," xi la 7un. Ch'ipomaj la te jayib k'ak'al ch'ipomaj la 7un, pero 7animal la x7ok' ti 7unen ta j-meke, kap la sjol li púta 7une, stam la jun 7akuxa 7un j-likel la stz'apbe ta ya7al 7un, 7icham taj, 7icham taj k'ox 7une.

Va7i 7un, ba la xpuch'an ta svayeb 7un. "7A li ta xive7, Patróna, ta xive7 yo7 to vayem li 7unene, 7a ti mi yu7n 7ijulave che7e yu7n tol x7ok' yu7n mu xak' ve7ikon," xi la taj Pégro 7une.

"Bwéno," xi la. Ve7 la 7un. Ji7!

Laj ve7uke, kere, ja7 7o la xlichbe 7un. "Bu bat ti Pégro 7une?" xi la taj 7ajvalil 7une. "Mi yo7 to jal 7ivay li kole?" xi la. Ba la sk'el taj yol 7une, taki-te7an la chamem la 7un, chamem la 7un. "7Ay kavron!" xi xa la 7un. Pero bu xa tzta yu7n xa bat ta yan 7o jtek-lum noxtok, slichbe ech'el nom noxtok 7un.

7Ava7i 7un, k'ot ta jun 7o jtek-lum noxtok 7un.

"Patron, mi muk' 7avabtel?" xi la k'otel 7un.

"7Oy pero na7tik mi xa7abtej," xi la 7un.

"K'usi 7abtelal chavak' 7un?" xi la 7un.

"7Oy xchabiel jchitom," xi la taj 7ajvalil 7une.

"7Aj, chabiej-chitome 7éso si lek xka7i bi 7a!" xi la 7un.

"Bwéno," x7utat la 7un. Xchabi taj chitom 7une xchabi la 7un, jal la xchabi taj chitom 7une.

Va7i 7un, 7ech' la 7a li jun krixchano 7un.

"Chonbon lachitome!" x7utat la 7un.

"7A, mu jchon," xi la 7un. "Chitome mu jchon, ta jchon ta jnop ta jchon pero ta skotol ta jchon mu7nuk xaval ta jchon ta j-kote," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, nopo lek che7e, 7a li ti mi7n chachon skotole che7e chonbon!" x7utat la taj Pégro 7une.

"Bwéno, stak' pero mu7nuk xaval ta jchon ta j-mek batz'i ta to xkom jutuk li, ta xkom xchikin ta xkom sne, ta xkom ku7un 7un bi, ta jjosbe komel," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, muk' sk'oplal," xi la taj jman-chitom 7une, bat jayib k'ak'al noxtok 7un.

Bwéno, kómo trate xa k'usi 7ora chtal yik' taj chitom 7une, tal la yik' taj chitom 7une, 7a taj jkobel Pégro 7une sjosbe la taj xchikintake xchi7uk i sne 7une sjosbe la 7un, ja7 bat taj chitom 7une, kontrato

went on contract. Who knows how many thousands. Yes!

Then [Peter] went to tell that master of his. He went to stick them all in . . . there was a mudhole. . . . That's where he went to stick all their ears and tails. They were probably a sign for where they went in the mudhole, as we say. "The pigs went in. All the pigs died. They went into the mudhole," he told that master when he arrived. That master came.

"Oh, sonofabitch!"

"Don't you go in, master!" said [Peter]. "I guess I'll go in. Me, I can die," said that fucking Peter. "Me, I can die. I guess I'll go in myself," he said. That Peter went in. That master stayed there, standing, as we say. [Peter] went in to pull at their ears, but he was shaking now [tugging at them].

He was supposed to be pulling those pigs out by their ears, but he had just stuck [the ears] in. He had just stuck them in. "Hell, see here, I say, master!" he said. "Its ear pulled off! The meat went further down in," he said.

"Go on, then, go get a shovel right away! It's leaning behind the door," he was told. That Peter went. "Bring me my food," said [the master].

"Well, I'm to take the master's food. And this is what the story is—you're to give me a turn behind the door," he said. Now it wasn't that shovel anymore. Now it was what he was asking from her.

"But what is it?" asked that old mistress.

"I don't know. Well, you're to give me a turn behind the door, my master told me," he said.

"Eh, then what you want is this, then!" she said. Quickly that old mistress got on all fours. Lord, that fucker gave it to her well.

"I'll take along his meal. I want a big meal for him," said [Peter]. He took it with him. She fixed his meal for him. Lord, he went to another town. Hell, that master was squatting there. He was squatting there, waiting for that shovel. A shovel, it was supposed to be a shovel. It was hardly what [Peter] asked for behind the door. It was supposed to be a shovel.

"Sonofabitch, I'll go in and look, then. I won't ever die from it," said that master. He went in to look at those pigs of his. Those pigs' [ears and tails] had just been stuck in the mudhole one after another. Ah, he was furious. He thought he would still find that sonofabitch Peter there. That master went [home].

But [Peter] had already gone to another town. Who knows where that fucking Peter took off to. "Hell, he tricked me!" said [the master]. He told his wife, as we say, when he arrived.

"Wasn't it what you agreed on, what you told

bat na7tik jay-mil. Ji7!

7Óra, bat la yalbe taj yajval 7une, bat la smatz'ananbe 7o la xa7abtik 7un, ja7 te la smatz'ananbe li xchikintake li sne 7une sk'eel nan k'u x7elan ya7el ti bu 7och 7o xkaltik ta ta xa7abtik xkaltik 7une. "7Och li chitome, laj me skotol li chitome, 7i7och ta xa7ab," xut la k'otel taj patron 7une. Tal la taj patron 7une.

"7Ay jíjo la chinga!"

"Mu me xa7och, patron!" xi la. "Chi7och kik vo7on, vo7one xu7 xilaj," xi la taj jkobel Pégro 7une. "Vo7one xu7 xilaj chi7och kik vo7on," xi la 7un. 7I7och la taj Pégro 7une va7al la kom to taj 7ajvalil xkaltik 7une, 7och la tzbubel li xchikine pero xt'elelet xa la.

Buy, bul la lok'el xchikin taj chitom ta 7alele pero naka nox smatz'anoj 7un, naka smatz'anoj 7un.

"Kavron, k'el avil chkaltike, patron!" xi la. "7Ibul xa li xchikine!" xi la. "Te xa 7och yalel li sbek'tale," xi la.

"Batan che7e, ba sa7o tal pala ta 7ora te ta te kikil ta mak ti7 na," x7utat la 7un. Bat la taj Pégro 7une. "7Ich'o tal jve7el 7un!" xi la taj.

"Bwéno, ta la xkich'be sve7el li patrone 7i ja7 la yech smelol 7un ta la xavak'bon j-tenuk ta pat mak ti7 na," xi la 7un. Ma7uk xa taj pala xa 7une ja7 la taj 7u k'u tzk'anbe xa 7un.

"Pero k'usi?" xi la taj me7el 7ajvalile.

"Mu jna7 pwes yu7n ta la xavak'bon j-tenuk ta pat mak ti7 na ja7 xi tal li jpatrone," xi la 7un.

"Je, yu7n xa ja7 chak'an li7e che7el!" xi la. J-likel la skotan sba taj me7el 7ajvalil 7une, kere, yak'be lek taj jkobel taje.

"Chkich'be ch'el li sve7ele lek lek la sve7el ta j-k'an," xi. Yich'be ch'el smeltzanbe taj sve7ele, kere, bat 7o ta yan 7o jtek-lum, kavron, te la xxok'et taj 7ajvalil 7une, te la xxok'et tzmala taj pala 7une, pala, pala sk'oplal yu7 van ja7 taj tzk'an ta pat mak ti7 na 7un a7a, pala sk'oplal 7un.

"Jíjo la chingáda, ch7och jk'el che7e mu jay-lok'el mi te lilaj," xi la taj 7ajvalil 7une. 7Och la sk'el taj xchitome, ja7 la taj naka tz'ápantz'ápanbil ta xa7ab taj chitome, 7a yich' la sk'ak'al yo7on, xa7uk la teuk to sta taj púta Pégro 7une, bat la taj 7ajvalile.

Buy, bat xa 7ox ta yan 7o jtek-lum na7tik xa 7ox buy xlichbe ech'el taj jkobel Pégro 7une. "Kavron, lixcho7!" xi la 7un, xut k'otel li yajnil. Yajnil xkaltik xa taj 7une.

"Mí mu trateuk 7a taj x7elan 7avalojbe tale che7e,

him, then? Wasn't it what he was supposed to do, asking me for a turn behind the door, then?" she said.

"There's a shovel leaning behind the door, I told him," said that master.

"Ah, hell!" said that old mistress. "This is what he asked me for," she said.

"Oh, sonofabitch!" Where would he find [Peter]? He'd already gone.

After that he went to another town, too. A person came along, came riding along on horseback. He came riding along on horseback. "Sonofabitch, what can I do? Sonofabitch!" said that fucking Peter. Quickly he squatted down and took a shit. Quickly he took off his hat. Quickly he covered it. Then he was pressing down [on the hat].

"What's there?" asked that Ladino coming along.

"Sonofabitch, there is a dove here, but it's beautiful. Sonofabitch, but it scratches terribly," he said. He had a pocketknife. He had scratched and scratched that hand of his with the pocket knife. "But there's nothing you can do. It scratches. Look at the way my hand is!" he said. He showed [the Ladino] that hand of his. Yes!

"Oh, hell, if you want to, go and bring my birdcage! We'll put it in it," said that master.

"Eh, but will you give me your horse?" said [Peter].

"If you'll give me your horse, I'll go and bring it for you," he said.

"Well, ride it!" he said. The fucker had a whip [no, a needle]. When that fucking Peter mounted [the horse], then he stabbed that needle in that horse. Sonofabitch, it bucked and bucked!

"Your horse isn't used to me. If you want to, give me your clothes so that your horse gets used to me," he said. Yes!

[The Ladino] gave them to him. That poor Ladino took off his clothes. He was left squatting there in only his underpants. He was pressing down that hat there. Lord, [Peter] took the horse and dashed off. He went to another town, too.

"But hell, what's the damn bird look like?" said that Ladino. "Hell, but I guess I'll see if it pecks me," he said. Quickly he stuck that hand of his in [under the hat]. Sonofabitch, horrible shit squished in his fingers. "Oh, sonofabitch!" he said. Hell, it made him furious.

After that was over, too, that damned Peter went on.

Since now the fucker had some money, he thought it over. He got some pesos and fifty centavo pieces and so on. He looked for some [coins]. They were like flowers, as we say. They bloomed, it seems, as we say. He stuck them on [a stem] one after the other. They bloomed, as we say. The money was just sprouting there now, as we say.

mu7nuk ja7 yech smelol li lisk'anbe j-ten ta pat mak ti7 nae che7e?" xi la.

"Pala li te kikil ta pat mak ti7 na, xkut 7un," xi la taj 7ajvalil 7une.

"7A kavron!" xi la taj me7el 7ajvalile. "Ja7 yech lisk'anbe chak li7e," xi la.

"7Ay jíjo la chingáda!" Bu ka tzta yu7n xa bat.

Bwéno, laj taj 7une, bat ta yan 7o jtek-lum noxtok 7un, 7a li tal la jun 7a li krixchano kajal tal ta ka7 7un. "Púta, k'usi ta jnop jíjo la chingáda!" xi la taj jkobel Pégro taj 7une. J-likel la xxok'i tza7an j-likel la slok' xpixol j-likel la smak, te xa snet'oj yu7 van.

"K'usi tey?" xi la taj taj jkaxlan tal 7une.

"Púta 7o li7 j-kot palomae pero leklek sba, púta pero ta xjat'van ta j-mek," xi la. 7O la snavaxax laj la xch'ianch'ian ta navaxax taj sk'ob 7une. "Pero yu7n mu k'u 7acha7le chjot'van k'el avil x7elan i jk'obe!" xi la. Yak' la 7iluk taj sk'ob 7une. Ji7!

"7Ay kavrónes, mi xak'an ba tamo tal jkakax te7 ta jti7tik ech'el," xi la taj 7ajvalil 7une.

"Je, pero mi chavak'bon ech'el laka7e?" xi la 7un. "Mi chavak'bon ech'el laka7e chbat jtambot tal," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, kajlebino ech'el!" xi la 7un. 7Oy la yarsyal li jkobele 7a li k'alal chkaji xa taj taj jkobel Pégro 7une ja7 7o la tzpajbe taj 7akuxa taj ka7 une, púta chp'it la chp'it la!

"Mu xisnop laka7e mi xak'an 7ak'bon ech'el lak'u7e yo7 ti xisnop 7o laka7e," xi la 7un. Ji7!

7Iyak'be la 7islok' la sk'u7 taj prove jkaxlane, slok' la sk'u7 k'ajom xa kalsonsiyo te xok'ol kom te la snet'oj xa taj pixalale, kere, stzak ech'el li ka7e slichbe ech'el bat ta yan 7o jtek-lum noxtok.

"Pero k'u x7elan li púta mute, kavron?" xi la taj jkaxlane. "Kavron, pero jk'eltik kik mi xisti7," xi la. J-likel la stik' ochel ta 7anil taj sk'obe, púta, yil tzo7 la lo7ol 7ik'ot ta sni7 sk'ob. "7Ay jíjo la chingáda!" xi la. Púta, yak' sk'ak'al yo7on ta j-mek.

Bwéno, laj taj noxtok 7une bat taj púta Pégro 7une.

Va7i 7un, kómo 7oy xa tak'in yu7un i jkobele snop la tzjol 7un 7issa7 li ta pexutik ta rostontik k'utik x7elane ssa7 la k'u cha7al nichim xkaltik chnichin xkaltik ya7ele ja7 la spák'ompok'an 7un, yu7n xa chnichin xkaltik xkaltik i tak'in xae te xa nox chlok' xkaltik 7un.

A Ladino came along. "Will you sell that?" [Peter] was asked.

"Ah, I won't sell this, because I get . . . Every day, every day it gives . . . its flowers open, but just money, just money comes out," he said.

"Sell it to me!" said [the Ladino].

"I won't sell it. This is my treasure," said [Peter].

"I'll give you several thousand," [Peter] was told.

"Well, if you get as many thousand as I say, never mind, I'll sell it," said [Peter]. Sonofabitch, the dumb Ladino bought it. Lord, who knows how many thousands the deal was. [Peter] received the money for that one little flowering plant, as we say. When it fruited it was just pesos, just fifty centavo pieces, as we say. That Ladino bought it. "Go and plant it!" he was told. "That won't die. Water it and it will take root!" he was told by that Peter.

That Ladino watered it. He watched over it. Finally when the sun set, Lord, it was lying dried up. "Hell, he tricked me!" said [the Ladino]. "Sonofabitch!" he said. But where, where would he find [Peter] now? He had left. He'd gone to another town already.

He reached another town, too. He made a deal with a giant. A giant, as we say. Probably a devil, as we say. "Peter!" he said.

"What?" said [Peter].

"Do you want to make a bet to see who can make a hole in the tree with his fist?" Just with their fists they were going to try out on the tree.

"Okay, but not today, tomorrow," said [Peter].

"Let's test you!" said [the giant]. I don't know how many thousand pesos they were going to give each other, too. It was probably at least three or four thousand, as we say. They were just going to hit the tree, but that giant's hands would go way in, as we say.

But that fucking Peter, the sonofabitch was probably clever. He went to hollow it out. He went to hollow out that tree, first, as we say. First he went to hollow out the inside, as we say. Then he stuck the bark back on, so that it wouldn't look hollowed out.

Then that giant gave the first blow. He smashed the bark of that tree.

Then that Peter came along. [The tree] was supposedly solid, but it was already hollowed out. It was just thin there where the bark was. His hand went way in. So he won again. That Peter won again. [The giant] lost.

After that they went on again. The fuckers went along together again.

But now it was known that that joker, Peter, kept telling lie after lie. Then he met up with the muleteers. "Now, Peter, the time has come!" said those muleteers. They were sleeping on the riverbank.

Va7i 7un, tal la jun jkaxlan 7un. "Mi chachon le7e?" x7utat la.

"7A li7e mu jchon porke taj ta, 7a li7e sil k'ak'al sil k'ak'al ta xak' ta xtuk i xniche pero naka tak'in naka tak'in chlok'," xi la 7un.

"Chonbon!" xi la 7un.

"Mu jchon jportuna li7e," xi la 7un.

"Chakak'be jay-miluk," x7utat la 7un.

"Pwes, mi xata ti jay-mil chkale pasénsya ta jchon komel," xi la 7un. Púta, sman la ti púta jkaxlane, kere, na7tik jay-mil 7ispas trate yich'be stojol taj j-petz 7unin nichim xkaltik taj, naka ta pexutik naka ta rostontik ta xak' i ssat xkaltik 7une, 7isman taj jkaxlan taj 7une. "Ba tz'uno 7un!" x7utat la. "Le7e mu xcham 7ak'bo ya7lel ta stzak lum," x7utat la yu7un taj Pégro 7une.

Bwéno, 7iyak'be la ya7lel 7isk'el taj jkaxlane lajeltza chmal k'ak'al, kere, taki-bitzan la. "Kavron, lixcho7!" xi la 7un. "Jíjo la chingáda!" xi la. Pero bu bu xa tzta yu7n xa bat, bat noxtok ta yan 7o jtek-lum xa.

Va7i 7un, k'ot ta yan 7o jtek-lum noxtok la 7un, 7ispas la trate xchi7uk jigánte la 7un, jigánte xkaltik pukuj nan xkaltik 7un. 7A li "Pégro!" xi la 7un.

"K'usi?" xi la 7un.

"Mi xak'an jpastik 7apostar 7aver buch'u xch'oj yu7un i te7 ta k'obole?" Ta k'obol nox tzpasik preva ta te7 7un.

"Bwéno, pero lavie mo7oj 7ok'ob to 7un," xi la 7un.

"Jpastik preva avil!" xi la. Mu jna7 jay-mil li tak'in ta xak'be sbaik noxtok 7une, ta 7ox-mil chan-mil 7onox nan xkaltik 7un, pero naka nox 7ay sbajik i te7 7une pero yu7n toj 7ochel li sk'obik xchi7uk taj jigánte xkaltik 7une.

Buy, taj jkobel Pégro 7une 7i vívo 7o no nan i púta noxtok 7une, bat la xch'oj primero 7ay xch'oj taj te7 xkaltik 7une, pimero 7a xch'ojbe li yut xkaltik 7une, 7ispak'be komel li spat xa 7une yo7 ti muk' bu ch'ojbil 7o yilel 7une.

7Óra, taj jigánte 7une ba7i la yak'be j-moj 7un toj la totzel spat taj te7 7une.

7Óra, tal taj Pégro 7une spak'oj ta 7alel 7une pero ch'ojbil xa joy xa nox tey ta pat te7 une7 toj la 7ochel li sk'ob ta 7alel 7une, ja7 la spas kanal noxtok 7un, taj Pégro 7une ja7 spas kanal noxtok 7un ja7 7ich'ay.

Bwéno, laj taj 7une 7ibatik la noxtok 7un, bat i jkobeletik te nox xchi7uk sbaik ech'el noxtok 7un.

Bu, kómo 7a7yibil xa ti labal nop-k'op xa tzpas taj j7a7yel Pégro 7une te la snup 7a li 7ariero 7un.

"7Óra, Pégro, lek 7ora lavie!" xi la taj 7arieroetik 7une ti7 nab la vayemik 7un.

"Well, it makes no difference to me," said that fucking Peter.

And, well, they tied that fucker up. Those muleteers caught him. They tied him up. They stuck him in a sack, as we say. They sewed up the mouth of the sack. It was dumped [on the ground].

They waited for it to grow dark, till late at night, as we say. Then, they were going to toss him in the river. They weren't going to kill him. They were just going to toss him in the river.

The fucking Peter was clever at least, the sonofabitching Peter, it seems. He had his little knife. He had his little pocketknife, as we say. Slowly he pulled it out. He cut the mouth of that sack with it, as we say. He cut it.

Now the fucking muleteers fell asleep. They had fallen asleep. They didn't hear the sonofabitch get out. He got out. Then he gathered up their food and their lassos. He stuck them in, in his place. He sewed [the sack] up well.

Then the fucking Peter crossed the river. That Peter was on the other side now.

Then those sonofabitching muleteers woke up. It was already light when those sonofabitching muleteers woke up. Ah, quickly they carried [the sack] between four of them. Quickly they tossed it in the river. "Now Peter's gone!" said those muleteers.

"Now the eggs are gone, the lassos are gone, the food has gone!" said that fucking Peter, but he was already on the other side of the river.

"Oh, sonofabitch!" they said. Those muleteers were scratching their heads now, too. What could they do, because their food had already gone!

That's how it ended. That's how I've heard it.

Rey's version of "The Adventures of Peter" is very similar to Romin Teratol's (T6), though the vocabulary is much racier and the dialogue lengthier. The episodes of the flowers and the bird

"Bwéno pwes, muk' ta 7alel," xi la taj taj jkobel jkobel Pégro 7une.

7I bwéno 7ixchukik la taj jkobel stzakik la taj 7ariero 7une 7ixchukik la 7istik'ik la ta yut lona xkaltik 7istz'isbeik sti7il li lonae te la banal yu7unik 7un.

Bwéno, tzmala ch7ik'ub chnaxub 7ak'ubal xkaltik 7un ja7 7o ja7 7o la tzjipik ta nab 7un mu7nuk tzmilik naka nox tzjipik ta nab ech'el xa 7un.

Bwéno, li jkobel Pégro 7une vívo 7onox ya7el li púta Pégro 7une, 7o la yunin kuchilu 7o la yunin navaxax xkaltik 7un, 7isk'un-lok'es la 7un 7isjat 7o ta sti7il taj taj lona xkaltik 7une, 7isjatbe 7un.

7Óra, li jkobel 7arieroetike tzake ta vayel tzakbikil ta vayel muk' xa7i lok' i púta 7une, lok' 7une ja7 la stzobbe li sve7eltake li riatae ja7 la stik' komel chk'exol 7un stz'is la komel lek 7un.

7Óra, li jkobel Pegroe stuch' la jelavel nab 7un, j-jech nab xa taj Pégro 7une.

7Óra, yul la xch'ulel taj puta 7arieroe sak xa la yul xch'ulel taj púta 7arieroetik 7une, 7aj, j-likel la sk'echik ta chan-vo7 j-likel la sjipik ta nab. "7Óra se fwe el Pégro!" xi la taj 7arieroetik 7une.

"7Óra se fwe el wévo se fwe el riáta se fwe el bastimyénto!" xi la taj jkobel Pegroe. Pero j-jech xa 7ox la nab 7un.

"7Ay, jíjo la chingáda!" xi. Sjut' xa la sjolik noxtok taj 7arieroe. K'u tzpas yu7 xa bat i sve7elike.

Bwéno, yu7n ja7 yech 7ilaj 7o yech 7ika7i yech chak taj 7une.

are reversed here, and the stone-rolling contest is not included; otherwise, the plot is identical. See T6 and notes.

When Our Lord Was Chased

T177

Our Lord was being chased by the Judases, as we say.

Our Lord . . . one of our countrymen was planting there. He was planting. "What are you planting? What are you doing here?" asked Our Lord.

"Me, I'm planting trees, I'm planting stones!" he said. That person answered.

"Ah!" said Our Lord. "Well, if people come looking for me, then, if people come looking for me, tell them that you are just planting trees and stones," he told that man.

Li kajvaltike ta snutzat yu7un xutaxetik xkaltik.

Bwéno taj kajvaltik 7une, 7o la te ch7avolaj 7a li jun jchi7iltik 7un ch7avolaj. "K'usi chavav 7un, k'usi chapas li7 to 7une?" xi la taj kajvaltike.

"Vo7one ta jtz'un te7 ta jtz'un ton!" xi la tak'av taj krixchano 7une.

"7A!" xi la taj kajvaltik 7une. "Bwéno, ti mi7n tal jsa7ele che7e mi 7oy tal bu, mi 7oy tal ya7el jsa7ele, xavalbe ya7i ti ja7 nox chatz'un te7e tone," xut la komel taj vinik 7une.

“All right,” he said. “I’ll tell them,” he said. That awful man was evil, as we say. He didn’t know it was Our Lord. He didn’t know who was passing by there.

Those devils came along. “Haven’t you seen him pass by?” they asked—they asked when they arrived.

“Ah, he passed by, but it was when I was planting trees and stones,” he said. But it was just trees, just stones. It wasn’t corn that appeared where he planted. It wasn’t [corn]. It was just trees. It was just stones. “Sonofabitch, but why did that happen?” said that man.

Our Lord went on again. He met another planter, “What are you doing?” he asked that man when he arrived.

“I’m not doing anything. I’m planting a corn plant. Who knows if it will grow,” he said. He spoke properly, indeed!

“Ah!” said Our Lord. “Well, if people pass by looking for me, or something—*He passed by, but I was planting my corn field. I was planting my corn field here, please say to those following me,*” that countryman of ours was told.

“Well, all right,” said that countryman of ours who was planting.

When those pursuers passed by . . . right away, right away the corn had ripened. Some of it was already dry corn, since it seems he answered correctly, as we say. “Haven’t you seen a man pass by?” asked those devils, the Judases.

“He passed by, but I was planting my corn field here,” he said. “And he passed by a long time ago, indeed! Now they’re ripe,” said that countryman of ours.

“Oh, hell!” they said. “Well, then, I guess we’ll see if we can find him,” said those Judases.

“Oh, he passed by long ago, of course!” he said. But I don’t know if it was recently, two or three days before, that he had passed by. Then the corn grew and grew right away.

[Our Lord] went on again. He went on. He was never caught up with by those Judases at all. It’s true when he was about to be reached by those Judases an angel appeared. He had a sword. He appeared and stood on the path. Then those Judases went back. Then those Judases went back. Our Lord wasn’t seen by them. He was defended, as we say. So in that way, in that way the days passed. He grew up, as we say. Our Lord became an adult. He didn’t die young, as we say. Our Lord was old when he died. He was captured when he was really old. But he turned himself in, as we say. He didn’t care if he was punished, as we say. He was captured. He carried his cross. He was made to carry his cross, but his cross was terribly big, terribly heavy.

“Teyuk,” xi. “Te chkalbe ya7i,” xi la. Yu7n pukuj xkaltik taj mu vinik 7une mu sna7 mi kajvaltik mu sna7 k’usi taj te ch7ech’ 7une.

Bwéno, 7ital la taj pukujetik 7une. “Mi muk’ bu 7avil jelav?” xi la. Xi la k’otel 7un.

“7A, 7ijelav pero ja7 to 7ox ti k’al ta jtz’un te7 tone,” xi la 7un. Pero naka la te7 naka la ton 7un ma7uk xa ti 7ixim 7ital ti k’u stz’unoj 7une, ma7uk xa la 7un, naka xa la te7 naka xa la ton 7un. “Júta, pero k’u yu7un ya7el ti x7elan 7ispase?” xi xa la taj vinik 7une.

Bwéno, bat la taj kajvaltik noxtok 7une, 7o la te sta j7ovol noxtok 7un. “K’usi chapas?” xut la k’otel taj vinike.

“Mu k’u ta jpas ta jtz’un j-petruk jchob mu jna7 mi xch’i,” xi la. Lek la yal a7a!

“7A!” xi la taj kajvaltik 7une. “Bwéno, ti mi yu7un 7o 7ijelav jsa7el k’u x7elane, 7a li 7ijelav pero ja7 to 7ox ta jtz’un li jchob, ja7 to 7ox 7ijtz’un li jchob li7i! xavut me ti mi tal jsa7ele,” x7utat la taj jchi7iltik 7une.

“Bwéno, stak’,” xi la taj jchi7iltik ch7avolaj to 7ox 7une.

Bwéno, k’al 7ijelav taj ssa7ele, ta 7ora la ta 7ora la yu7n la k’anub xa 7ox i 7ixime yu7n la taki-7ixim xa j-lom 7un k’u ti lek 7iyal ya7el xkaltik 7une. 7A li “Mi muk’ bu avil 7ijelav jun vinik?” xi la taj pukujetik xutaxetik 7une.

“7ijelav pero ja7 to 7ox 7ijtz’un i jchob li7i,” xi la 7un. “7I vo7ne sjelavel 7un bi lavie che7e k’onik xa,” xi la taj jchi7iltik 7une.

“7A, kavron!” xi la 7un. “Bwéno pwes, te jk’el kik mi jta che7e,” xi la taj xutaxetik 7une.

“7I, vo7ne xa sjelavel 7un bi!” xi la 7un. Pero mu jna7 mi 7ach’ to 7ox, chabje 7oxje to 7ox la jelav 7un 7ora ch’i ta j-mek ta 7ora li chobtik 7une.

Bwéno, va7i 7un, bat la noxtok 7un, bat la 7un muk’ bu mu 7onox bu taat taj yu7un taj xutaxetik a7a, melez k’alal chtaata xa la yu7un taj xutaxetike ja7 7o la chtal 7a li jun 7anjel 7o la yespara ta la xtal va7luk ta be 7un ja7 la te tzut 7o taj xutaxetike, ja7 la te tzut 7o taj xutaxetike mu x7ilat i kajvaltik 7une 7o spojel xkaltik 7un, ja7 la yech ja7 la yech 7ibat 7o k’ak’al 7ich’i 7o xkaltik 7ipas 7o ta mol li kajvaltik 7une, muk’ xcham ta bik’it xkaltik 7un mol xa 7icham li kajvaltik 7une 7itzakat to ta batz’i smolile pero yu7n xa yak’ sba 7entrokak xkaltik yu7n xa yu7n xa te xa nox k’alal ti kastiko chich’ xkaltik 7une, ja7 taj tzakate ja7 taj 7ixkuch la skrusal 7i7ak’bat skuch skrusal pero skrusale pero 7animal la muk’ 7animal la 7ol ta j-mek.

But Our Lord was carrying the cross. They were poking Our Lord in the ass with a stick. The fucking Judases were giving him the stick.

Our Lord was captured. He was captured. He hadn't any strength left, because he was captured, as we say. Our Lord felt he'd reached the limit, too. He felt that that was all the tricking [he could do], too.

Our Lord was captured long ago. Our Lord was hung on the cross. It was Judas who hung him. [Our Lord] was buried. They took him down and buried him.

They got some stone slabs. They buried him under stone slabs long ago. Our Lord was under lots of stone slabs, as we say.

The Judases were squatting there, keeping watch for three nights. For three nights they kept watch.

But the fuckers—those sonofabitching Judases—grew sleepy. The sonofabitches grew sleepy and nodded off. Lord, as for Our Lord, then Our Lord came out. He went into the sky.

Our Lord came out. He tossed a stone up. It turned into the sky. He made it turn into the sky as we say. He made it turn into the sky.

Our Lord rose up when heaven was created. Our Lord rose up. He went up. He went up by himself.

Then the sonofabitching Judases saw that Our Lord had left. They tried to look for him, but they couldn't find him anywhere.

I don't know if several left, supposedly to look for him. But ever since they have been walking until the time when the world ends. They walk every day, every day. They travel, but they don't die. Those Judases don't die either. As for the other group—a terrific rain came. But, yes, indeed, it was something! It was because there were still devils, long ago, as we say.

They tried to hang on to cliffs. They tried to perch in trees, and so on, as we say. Lord, Thunderbolt came. A rainstorm came, but yes, sir, it was heavy. Some of those Judases were killed by Thunderbolt. Some died. Some of those Judases died from lightning, others died from the water.

Then the others who were supposed to be looking for Our Lord, but where would they find him crouching? He was in heaven.

Now the Judases walk again to wherever they think they can find him. But they don't reach him. To this day those Judases are walking. To this day they are walking.

Our Holy Father, then, was already sitting in heaven.

Now those Judases wander forever and they don't even die. They wander. That's what I heard long ago.

Bwéno, pero li kajvaltík 7une xkuchoj krus 7une te la xxijxon te7 ta xchak li kajvaltík 7une ja7 chak' te7 li jkobel xutax 7une.

Va7i 7un, te la 7itzakat i kajvaltíke 7itzakat mu xa buy ch'abal xa pwersa yu7un 7i yu7n xa tzakat xkaltíke yu7n xa te xa nox k'alal cha7i li kajvaltík 7uk 7une te xa nox k'alal li cho7el ta j-mek cha7i 7uk 7une.

Va7i 7un, taj kajvaltík vo7ne 7une 7itzakat 7ijok'anat ta krus li kajvaltík 7une, ja7 7ijok'anvan li xutax 7une 7imukat 7un.

Va7i 7un, 7ismukik yalele ssa7ik la laja-ton, laja-ton la stenuik 7o lek ta laja-ton xkaltík taj kajvaltík vo7ne 7une.

Bwéno, li xutax 7une te la xok'ajtík 7un xchabiik la 7oxib 7ak'ubal 7un 7oxib la 7ak'ubal xchabiik 7un.

Bu, li jkobel 7une tal la vayel yu7un taj púta xutax 7une tal vayel nikav i púta 7une, ke, kajvaltík 7une ja7 7o la me lok' i kajvaltík 7une bat la ta vinajel 7un.

Bwéno, 7ilok' taj kajvaltík 7une ja7 taj 7isjip la muyel j-p'ej ton 7une, ja7 taj 7ipas la ta vinajel 7ipas la ta vinajel yu7un xkaltík 7une, pas ta vinajel yu7un.

Va7i 7un, li kajvaltík 7une 7imuy ech'el ti pas ta vinajel 7une, muy ech'el li kajvaltík 7une, muy muy xa stuk 7un.

7Óra, li púta xutax 7une 7iyil ti lok' xa li kajvaltík 7une ya7uk xa ssa7 pero mi ja7uk 7o bu sta.

Bwéno, mu jna7 mi jay-vo7 to la li lok'em ech'el tza7 sa7vanuk ta 7alele pero k'al la tana chanav taj taj xutax, k'al tana yu7n chanav yu7n k'u cha7al xljaj 7o li balamile yu7n chanav sil k'ak'al sil k'ak'al yu7n chanav, pero mi ja7uk xcham mu xcham taj xutax 7uk 7une, pero yu7n chanav, 7a taj j-lom 7une, 7ital la jun benosal vo7 pero 7éso si toj 7ech' la ti 7oy to 7ox i pukujetik vo7ne xkaltík 7une.

Va7i 7un, ya7uk xa la sjok'an sbaik ta ch'en ya7uk xa la buy ta te7 k'u x7elan luchulik xkaltík 7une, ke, tal li chauk 7une tal li jun vo7 pero 7éso si yu7n tzotz chauke laj la chamuk 7o taj j-lom taj xutax 7une cham j-lom 7un cham j-lom ta chauk ta vo7 7icham j-lom taj xutax 7une.

7Óra, li j-lom 7une ja7 tza7 li kajvaltík ta 7alel 7une pero bu kujul tza7 li kajvaltíke te ta vinajel.

7Óra, li xutax 7une cha7-chanav ta j-mek ti buy sta ti yaloj 7une pero mu sta la 7un k'al la tana chanav taj xutax lavi 7une k'al la tana chanav 7un.

7A li jch'ul-tottíke che7e te xa chotol ta vinajel.

7Óra taj xutaxe yu7n chanav yu7n sbatel 7osil 7i mi ja7uk xcham yu7n chanav ti ka7yoj vo7ne yech 7une.

It is not surprising, in a culture where age and experience are so highly valued, that Christ is imagined as an old man at the time of his crucifixion, even though the images of Christ in the church represent, of course, a young man.

As in Romin Teratol's account (T8), the creation of the sky is associated with the crucifixion, but the wandering Jew episode is a new emphasis.

The use of Judas as a name and an image to describe the Jews who persecuted and strove to murder Our Lord is renewed every year in the Easter celebration, when an effigy of Judas, crowned with a sombrero, clothed in baggy blue pants, carrying an armadillo-shell shoulder bag, and sporting in his mouth a long cigar, hangs above the entrance to the Church of St. Lawrence until, on Saturday night, it is lowered precipitously to an ignominious end in the waiting bonfire.

Though many of the scenes are familiar biblical events, Christ's character in these Mesoamerican tales is startling—only

by a slight shift of emphasis Christ has become a hero remembered more for his cunning than for his love of mankind. It would not be difficult to imagine this Christ in the guise of Hunahpu or Xbalanque of the *Popol Vuh*.

Christ's utter humiliation before and during his crucifixion contrasts sharply with two other versions, one from Zinacantán and another from Chichicastenango. In the first, Christ is left bound to a tree, but does not die. The Jews try to cut down a tree to make his cross, but tree after tree splinters. They ask Christ to cut the tree himself. He does. The Jews try in vain to hew it. Christ does. They try in vain to carry it. Christ does (Bricker, T10). Similarly, in the Guatemalan version, the Jews are unable to cut down the tree for Christ's cross. The chips turn into snakes and frogs, until Christ volunteers his services. Then the chips turn into fish and edible animals (Tax, 1947:457-460). See also T8, T52, and their notes.

The Three Suns

T162

It seems they grew up. There were three brothers. One child, the smallest one, couldn't climb the tree. Those two older brothers got that honey. They would chew [the honeycomb].

It was the chewings they tossed down to that little younger brother of theirs who didn't climb the tree.

As for that one—"Give me a little, older brother!" he kept saying.

"Okay, it's coming!" they said. It was the chewings that came down.

That poor younger brother ga—thered up his little bit of wax from that honey. Quickly he stuck it under the tree roots. Sonofabitch, it turned right away into a gopher! It turned right away into a gopher. When the time came, Lord, that tree came toppling down. But first, first he went. He went to fix his little oval tortillas. "Mother, I want two oval tortillas," he said. "With three holes in them," he said.

"Well, let's make them!" that little child was told by that mother of his. He took them because that gopher had stayed behind to work. He took those oval tortillas. Lord, when that tree toppled over, then that little younger brother quickly stuck those oval tortillas on [his older brothers'] faces. They turned into pigs. One went to the woods. It was the peccary. But the other one, he led home—that's the domestic pig. That's the way it was long ago. But it was [the younger brother] who has been Our Lord in Heaven ever since, they say. But it is the sun, as we say. That's who it was. He was the youngest brother. The older brothers didn't succeed, because they were so mean, as we say. They wouldn't give their younger brother anything to eat, as we say. They were so mean, that's why it turned out like that. It

7A li 7ich'iik ya7el 7ox-vo7 xchi7il sbaik xkaltik.

Bwéno li li jun k'oxe 7a li mas bik'it mu xmuy ta te7, 7a taj pom 7une, 7a li ta la staik taj cha7-vo7 bankilal 7une, ta la smatz'ik 7un.

Va7 7un, smatz' 7une, ja7 la sjipbe yalel taj yunen k'ox 7itz'in mu xmuy ta te7 7une.

Va7i, taj 7une, "7Ak'bon j-set'uk 7un, jbanki---!" xi la batel 7un.

"Bwéno, te xa me chtal 7un!" xi la. Smatz'ben la chyal tal 7un.

Va7i 7un, stzo---b la taj 7unen yunen chabil taj, 7a taj pom taj prove 7itz'inal 7une, j-likel la 7ixch'ik ta yisim te7 7un, púta, pas la ta ba ta 7ora 7un, pas la ta ba ta 7ora 7un, k'al la 7ista 7orae, kere, xbutut xa la yalel taj 7a taj te7 7une, pero ba7i la ba7i la ma ti bat 7a li ba smeltzan tal yunen memela. "Me7, ta jk'an chibuk jmemela," xi la 7un. "Ta 7ox-ch'oj ssat," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, jmeltzantik!" x7utat yu7un taj sme7 taj 7unen k'ox 7une. Yich' kómo te xa kom 7abtejuk taj ba 7une, yich' ech'el taj memela 7une, kere7, k'alal 7ibutk'ij yalel taj 7a taj te7 7une, ja7 7o la j-likel la 7ispak'anbe tzni7 taj memela taj k'ox 7itz'inal 7une, chitom la pas 7o 7un, li j-kote bat la ta te7tik, ja7 li te7tikil chitom 7une, yan li j-kot 7une, 7isnit la tal tzna 7un, ja7 li tz'unbalal chitom la 7une, ja7 ja7 yech taj taj vo7ne 7une, pero ja7 la ja7 la li kajvaltik li k'al tana ta vinajele xiik 7un, pero li k'ak'al xkaltik 7une, ja7 la 7un, ja7 slajeb 7itz'inal le7 7une, ti bankilal 7une, muk' xtojob yu7un tol pukuj xkaltik 7un, mu xak'be k'u slajes i yitz'in xkaltik 7une, toj pukuj 7un yech'o, yech'o x7elan 7ibat la 7une, ja7 la taj, taj 7itz'inale che7e ja7 li kajvaltik ta vinajel xkaltik xa 7une, li k'ak'al xkaltik 7une, 7a taj

was that younger brother, then, who is Our Lord in Heaven, as we say. The sun, as we say. As for those elder brothers of his, they became food. They became food. That's how I've heard that.

This tightly expressed tale illustrates the central tenet of Zinacantec moral philosophy that food must be shared equally.

sbankiltak 7une, ja7 taj ve7lil xa 7ikom 7une, ve7lil xa la 7ikom 7un, ja7 yech ka7yoj chak taj a7a.

Because of their stinginess, the older brothers become food for their younger brother. See also T13 and notes; T155.

Journey to Irdivolveres

T172

They arrived to bathe. They arrived to bathe in the stream—those three doves.

[A man] stole from one of them. They had taken their clothes off, as we say. It was their feathers, as we say. That man stole the clothes. He went and hid them.

Now the two [other doves] didn't have their clothes stolen. They left.

Then the first one was left behind. The man spoke to her. The bird turned into a person, as we say. "But if you are looking for your clothes, here are your clothes!" said that man. They talked to each other. That girl was the mistress of the river, as we say. "I really would love to marry you. I have lost my heart to you," said that man.

"All right, that's fine," said that woman. "But [only] at nighttime. I don't want us to see each other's faces." It was just a question of their sleeping together, it seems, as we say. He wasn't to see her face. No!

She went. That woman was taken to his house, as we say. She slept there. But he didn't see her face. They were together just in the dark. Who knows if she was beautiful. Who knows what the woman's face was like. "But, hell, but why does it seem I can't look?" said that man. He bought a candle, a match.

Now it was probably when she had fallen asleep. "But what is her face like? I guess I'll look!" said that man. He looked at her face. He lit his candle. He looked at her face. Sonofabitch, the child's face was really beautiful, as we say. Oh, that wife of his felt the candle wax drip on her. Ah, she got mad. Lord, they didn't even get married. There was nothing you could do. That woman changed houses, it seems. She went to her father's and mother's.

"Well now, look here! Take care of yourself! There's absolutely nothing we can do after what you did to me. But what we had agreed, then, was that we would never look at each other's faces, we would just be together in the dark," said that girl.

"Now, after that, look after yourself!" she said. He was thrown over. Ooh, the man cried and cried over

Te la chk'ot 7atinuk chk'ot 7atinuk ta 7uk'um taj 7ox-kot paloma 7une.

Bwéno, li jun 7une 7iyelk'anbe slok'oj sk'u7 xkaltik 7une, 7iyelk'anbe taj sk'u7 ba snak'be taj jun vinik 7une.

7Óra, li cha7-kot 7une muk' x7elk'anbat sk'u7 7une, bat la 7un.

7Óra, li jun 7une 7ikom 7un 7isk'opon li vinik 7une 7ipas ta krixchano xkaltik li mut 7une. "Pero ti mi yu7n ja7 chasa7 lak'u7e li7 lak'u7e!" xi la taj vinik 7une. 7Isk'opon to sbaik 7un, yajval nab xa xkaltik taj tzeb 7une. "Batz'i yu7n slok'el ko7on chakik' mu k'u yech ti ko7one," xi la taj vinik 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi taj 7antz 7une. "Pero ta 7ak'ubaltik 7une mu me jk'an jk'elbe jba jsattik 7un." Yu7n me ja7 nox ti chchi7in ta vayel ya7el xkaltike mu7yuk tzk'elbe ssat ch'abal.

Bwéno, bat la 7ik'at ech'el ta sna taj 7antz chkaltik 7une te chvay la 7un, pero mu7nuk tzk'elbe li ssate yu7un ja7 nox chchi7in sbaik ta 7ak'ubaltike, mu jna7tik mi leklek sba mu jna7tik k'u x7elan ti ssat ti 7antz 7une. "Pero, kavron, pero k'u yu7un ti batz'i mu jk'el ya7el 7une?" xi la taj, xi la taj, xi la taj 7a li vinik 7une. Sman la jun skantela jun serio.

7Óra, k'al 7itzake la ta vayel nan 7une, "Pero k'u x7elan ti ssate ta jk'el kik!" xi la taj vinik 7une. 7Isk'elbe la ti ssat 7une stzan la skantela sk'elbe la li ssat 7une, púta leklek la sba ta j-mek ti jun li ninya xkaltik 7une, 7aj, ya7i la taje p'aj la xxuch'al kantela ta yo7 taj yajnil 7une, 7a sok 7o la sjol 7un ke mi ja7uk xik' sbaik yu7n xa mu k'u 7acha7le ba la xk'exta sna ya7el ba la sta stot sme7 taj 7antz 7une ba sta stot sme7 7un, mu jna7 k'usi, 7Irdivolvéres sbi taj sna taj stot chkaltik 7une.

"Bwéno, tek 7il avil k'el aba komel 7un batz'i mu k'u jpastik li x7elan 7acha7leone yan ti kaltike che7e yu7n mu muk' bu ta jk'elbe jba jsattik ja7 nox li ta jchi7in jbatik ta 7ak'ubaltike," xi la taj tzeb 7une.

"7Óra, le7 7une k'el aba komel 7un!" xi la 7un. Jipat la komel 7un, jii, ch7ok' la ta j-mek ti vinik ti

being abandoned, as we say. The man cried and cried. But the man had been told, you see, what her father's and mother's house was called. It's name was Irdivolveres, it seems, as we say. "Well, if you go looking for me, go there!" she said—said that woman now when she left. "If you will still marry me with your whole heart, go look for me!" she said.

"Well, I guess I'll go, then!" he said. He spoke to the Wind. He spoke to her. She was a wild-haired old woman. It was Mother Wind, as we say. "Well, won't you tell me if Irdivolveres is still very far away?" he said.

"Wait, my son is coming!" she said. "My son is coming in the afternoon. Pay him!" she said. It was Whirlwind, as we say, strolling along.

"Where do you think Irdivolveres is? Where do you think it is?" he asked that old woman's child.

"It exists, but my grandfather knows [where]," he was told. "Well, if you want to go, I'll take you along," he was told. "But you really stink!" said [Whirlwind]. That countryman of ours was told. "Well, never mind!" He was flown off by Whirlwind. That man went to [Whirlwind's] grandfather's house, as we say. Yes!

He arrived. "I'm not looking for anything. It's just that my wife left, but she told me where [she went]—to her father's and mother's house, Irdivolveres. It's there. That's where she is living," he said. He told them at Mother Wind's, as we say, again.

"Well, but I don't think I go there very often, but I've heard stories about it, of course. But if you are going, I can take you along," he said. "But shut your eyes!" Ooh, he shut his eyes. He was carried along.

"How big is the world now?" he asked.

"As big as a peso," said [Whirlwind's grandfather]. They went on and on.

"How big is the world here now?" he asked.

"As big as a fifty centavo piece," said [Whirlwind's grandfather]. They went on and on. Gradually [the world] grew smaller. They had almost arrived.

"Well, how big is the world here now?" he asked.

"Eh, as big as a twenty centavo piece," said [Whirlwind's grandfather] now. They had almost arrived. The world had grown small, as we say. They went on.

"How big is the world?" he asked.

"As big as a five centavo piece," said [Whirlwind's grandfather]. Ah, they had just about arrived.

They arrived there at her house, as we say. He arrived on the Wind to ask—"Is this the house of Irdivolver [sic]?" he asked.

"Ah, yes. She just left. Their daughter just left. Their daughter is coming out over there," said [Whirlwind's grandfather]. Sonofabitch, that fucking countryman of ours was overjoyed!

komtzanat xkaltik 7une, ch7ok' la ta j-mek ti vinik 7une, pero kómo 7albil chava7i k'u sbi ti sna ya7el sna stot sme7 ti vinik 7une 7Irdivolveres taj sbi ya7el xkaltik 7une. "Bwéno pwes, ti mi yu7un chba sa7one te xak'ot!" xi la, xi la komel taj 7antz xa 7une. "Ti mi7n sjunul 7avo7on chavik'on toe ba sa7on!" xi la.

"Bwéno, chibat kik che7e!" xi la 7un. Ja7 la sk'opon li 7ik' la 7un 7isk'opon 7un 7o la te jun me7el ch'e7-jol me7el la, ja7 li me7 7ik' xkaltik la 7une.

"Bwéno, pwes mi mu xavalbon rason mi nom to ta j-mek ti 7Irdivolverese?" xi la 7un.

"Mala to ta xtal jkrem!" xi la 7un. "Chtal jkrem chmal k'ak'ale ja7 xk'ot 7atoj," xi la 7un. Ja7 li sutum 7ik' xkaltik xva7et 7une.

"Bu 7o xava7i 7Irdivolveres bu la 7o xava7i?" xut la xch'amal taj me7el 7une.

"7Oy pero ja7 sna7oj li jmuk'ta tote," x7utat la 7un. "Bwéno, mi chak'an chabat chakik' ech'el," x7utat la 7un. "Pero toj batz'i yan 7avik'!" xi la 7un. X7utat taj jchi7iltik 7une. "Bwéno, muk' ta 7alel!" Volat ech'el taj ta sutum 7ik'e, bat la ta sna taj smuk'ta tot xkaltik taje taj vinik 7une. Ji7!

Bwéno, k'ot la 7un. "Mu k'u ta jsa7 yu7 nox 7ibat kajnil pero liyalbe ti buy buy sna stot sme7 7un 7Irdivolveres ja7 la tey 7un tey la nakal 7un," xi. Xut la ta me7 7ik' xkaltik noxtok 7une.

"Bwéno pero, je, muk' bu mas xik'ot chka7i te yo7e pero 7o xka7i lo7il taj a7a pero, pero mi chabate stak' xakik' ech'el," xi la. "Pero chamutz' lasate!" Jii, smutz' la ssat 7un kuche la ech'el 7un.

"7A li7i k'u smuk'ul li balamil li7i?" xi la tak'av.

"J-p'ej ta pexu," xi la 7un. Bat la ta j-mek 7un.

"Bwéno, k'u smuk'ul xa li balamil li7e?" xi la.

"J-p'ej ta roston," xi la. Bat la ta j-mek 7un, k'unk'un xa bik'taj ech'el po7ot po7ot xa xk'ot 7une.

"Bwéno, k'u smuk'ul xa li balamil li7e?" xi la.

"Je, jun ta j-tob sentavo," xi xa la 7un. Po7ot xa xk'otik xa 7un bik'taj xa li balamil yu7unik xkaltik 7une, bat la 7un.

"K'u smuk'ul li balamile?" xi la.

"Jun ta sinko," xi la 7un. 7A yu7un xa po7ot xa xk'ot ta j-mek la 7un.

Bwéno, k'ot la ta yo7 buy yo7 buy sna xkaltik, 7a li k'ot la sjak' ta 7ik' 7une. "Mi ja7 sna 7Irdivolver?" xi la 7un.

"7A ja7 naka to bat naka to ba i stzebe le7 to xlok' i stzebe," xi la 7un. Púta, xmuyibaj xa la taj jkobel jchi7iltik 7une.

He arrived. He arrived to speak to his father-in-law, as we say. "Oh, but, well, it's all right if you are up to the work. But if you aren't up to it, then you certainly won't have a wife!" said that father-in-law of his.

"Well, even so!" he said.

"Well, you're going to clear roads, then!" he was told. [His father-in-law] took him out.

That wife of his, his wife, it seems, as we say, whom he had taken, spoke to him. "Well, you are to take the worst tool. But if you pick up the good ones you can't work with them. [Pick] one that is terribly dull," he was told.

"Okay!" said that man, since she had been his wife, you see. He was informed by her, as we say. So he grabbed up the worst tool. Lord, he was assigned a job, but there was lots [to do]. Lots! He was to hoe a mountain. Eh, he cried over it. How could it be finished? He hadn't even pecked at a little bit yet.

"Is it finished?" asked that woman when she arrived. She went to give him his tortillas, as we say.

"Sonofabitch, I can't finish it!" he said. How would it be finished? He wasn't a tractor!

"Rest, then!" he was told, since he was her husband, as we say. So that woman worked. Immediately she cleared the trail. Immediately. Who knows how.

Now the work was finished right away. He returned.

"Well, have you finished?" he was asked by that father-in-law of his.

"It's finished. Go see for yourself!" he said. He hadn't worked at all. It was that woman who worked.

[His father-in-law] went to look at his work. He had finished it, but it was his wife's work, as we say. "Well, that's all then. Go clear the underbrush tomorrow!" But it was heavy forest. But it was left flat. It was to be burned. She went to give him his tortillas again. Lord, that gentleman hadn't felled even one tree. Not one.

That woman arrived, but who knows how she worked. It wasn't with her hands. The trees just fell by themselves for her.

She finished burning them. It was left all ready, by that woman. He returned. "Well, I've finished it, I've burned it," [he told] that father-in-law of his.

"Well, are you telling the truth?" he was asked.

"Go look for yourself!" he told [his father-in-law]. That father-in-law of his went to look.

"Well, that's all, then. The planting is tomorrow," he was told. The planting is tomorrow and the day after you harvest," he was told. "But it's to be all ready!" he was told.

Bwéno, 7ik'ot la 7un, k'ot sk'opon i sni7-mol xkaltik 7une. "7O pero, bwéno stak' pero mi yu7un xkuch 7avu7un 7abtele yan ti me mu xkuch 7avu7une 7entónses ch'abal lavajnil bi 7a!" xi la taj sni7-mol 7une.

"Bwéno, mu jay-lok'el!" xi la.

"Bwéno, chba pol be che7e!" x7utat la 7un. Stzak la lok'el.

Bwéno, yal xa taj yajnil yajnil ya7el xkaltik yik'oj to 7ox 7une. "Bwéno ja7 me xavich' lok'el li batz'i chopol ta j-mek 7abtejebale yan ti mi lek 7atame mu me xa7abtej 7achi7uk 7un bi 7a, ja7 ti bu batz'i ch'abal ta j-mek yee," x7utat la 7un.

"Bwéno!" xi la taj vinike. Kómo yajnil xa 7onox chava7ie 7albat xa ya7i xkaltik 7un, ja7 la stzak lok'el ti batz'i chopol ta j-mek 7abtejebal 7une, kere, tzinanbat la tarya pero yu7n 7ep yu7 van 7ep yu7n j-p'ej vitz chvok', je, yok'ita la sba 7un, bu chba lajuk mi ja7uk to j-set' xch'otoj.

"Mi laj 7un?" xi la k'otel taj 7antz 7une. Ba yak'bel yot xkaltik 7un.

"Púta, mu xlaj!" xi la 7un. K'u xi chlaj yu7 van makina 7un!

"Kuxo che7e!" x7utat la 7un. Kómo smalal xkaltike ja7 la 7abtej taj 7antz, ta 7ora la 7ispol li be ta 7orae yu7n na7tik k'u xil.

7Óra, laj ta 7ora li 7abtele sut ech'el 7un. "Bwéno, mi laj 7avu7un 7un?" x7utat la yu7un taj sni7-mol 7une.

"7Ilaj, ba k'el avil!" xi la 7un. Mi ja7uk 7o bu 7abtej ja7 7abtej taj 7antz 7une.

Bwéno, ba sk'elbel taj yabtel 7une laj la yu7un 7un, pero ja7 yabtel yajnil xkaltik 7un yu7 van.

"Bwéno, mu k'usi che7e ba velo 7osil 7ok'ob!" Pero montanyatik la pero yu7n ta 7ora k'iil chkom yu7n la chchik' komel yu7 van, bat la yak'bel yot noxtok 7un, kere, mi ja7uk la lomem j-petzuk te7 yu7un taj mole ch'abal la.

Bwéno, k'ot la taj 7antz pero na7tik xa k'u x7elan ch7abtej ma7uk xa 7onox ti ta sk'obe yech xa nox chlom yu7un stuk i te7etik yu7une.

Va7i 7un, laj la xchik' komel listo la kom yu7un taj 7antz 7une, sut la 7un. "Bwéno, laj komel ku7un jchik' xa komel." Taj sni7-mol tal 7une.

"Bwéno pwes, mi yech 7aval?" x7utat.

"Ba k'el avi!" xut la. Bat la sk'el taj sni7-mol 7une.

"Bwéno, mu k'usi che7e 7ovol 7ok'ob," x7utat la. "7Ovol 7ok'ob 7i cha7ej chak'aj!" x7utat la 7un. "Pero yu7n listo!" x7utat la 7un.

"Okay," he said. The sonofabitch wasn't very scared anymore because he had seen that his wife worked.

She planted. Lord, it was ready. It was that woman who went to plant, too.

Now she harvested it. It was ready immediately again.

Well, he succeeded. "Well, never mind, then, since you've succeeded. Well, get married!" said that father-in-law of his.

They took each other. They were married. He became the chief, as we say. The chief, the chief, the king, as we say, of the world now, as we say. That's all. That's how the story ends.

The word *balamil* can mean both "world" and "place," so it is not clear whether the hero becomes the king of Irdivolveres or of the whole world, but the distinction seems unimportant.

Rey's tale of the journey to Irdivolveres combines a number of European elements that are not always associated together. These same elements are joined in other New World stories with the "grateful animals," (Radin, 1943:194-207; J. E. Thompson, 1930:175-178) found in T174 and the ear-biting incident (J. E. Thompson, *ibid.*) occurring in T164.

Three princesses disguised as doves appear in Spain (A. M. Espinosa, 1967, T122), Zimatlán, Oaxaca (Radin and Espinosa, 1917, T15), and Jalisco (Wheeler, 1943, T109). In the Oaxacan version the doves are daughters of Thunderbolt and Wind. As in Rey's story, the hero in the Jalisco tale steals the princesses' clothes.

The injunction against looking upon the princesses' face and her subsequent flight occur in Spain (de Soto, 1886, T20), the West Indies (Hansen, 1953, 302 II), and Belize (J. E. Thompson,

"Bwéno," xi. Mu xa masuk xxi7 li púta 7une kómo yiloy ti ja7 ch7abtej i yajnil 7une.

Bwéno, yav lae, kere, lísto la, ja7 ba 7avolajuk taj 7antz noxtok 7une yu7 van.

7Óra, 7isk'aj la yu7n lísto ta 7ora noxtok.

Bwéno pwes, tojob 7une. "Pwes, te k'alal che7e yu7n xatojobe, pwes, 7ik' abaik!" xi la taj sni7-mol 7une.

Bwéno, yik' sbaik 7un, nupunik la taj 7une, kom ta totil xkaltik 7un, totil totil yu7un rey xa xkaltik skwenta balamil xa xkaltik 7un, ja7tik yech laj 7o yech kwento chak taj 7une.

ibid.). In the Spanish tale the protagonist also wakes the princes with a drop of wax.

The journey to Irdivolveres is, of course, to the Castillo d'Iras y no Volveras, the "Castle of Going and no Returning." At first glance, the characters are drawn from the native cosmology—Mother Wind and Whirlwind. In Chamula, as in Zinacantán, Mother Wind is conceived as having long twiggy hair. Chamula's Mother Wind also has an ugly square face and neck, and is quite deaf when in flight (Gossen, T58). But why does Whirlwind's grandfather comment on our hero's body odor? The answer is found in Belize, where the cannibal wind giants detect the fragrance of ripe chicozapotes (J. E. Thompson, *ibid.*). This, of course, is an Indian variety of "Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum."

The dialogue in mid-air, equating the size of the world with pesos and centavos, is unique so far as I know.

The assignment of impossible tasks, that are only accomplished with the princesses' aid, is a frequent prelude to the happy ending (A. M. Espinosa, *ibid.*; Radin, *ibid.*; Thompson, *ibid.*; and Wheeler, *ibid.*).

Long Hair

T158

Well, I guess I'll tell a story, then. Long ago there were elders. There was the Long Hair, here at Juteb Chauk [Bit of Thunderbolt], here on the trail to Chiapa, as we say.

They would die there. The travellers couldn't pass by, as we say. They would die there. They would stay there. They would stay there. That Long Hair would eat them.

The elders of long ago went, since they were powerful, it seems. Those elders of long ago were Thunderbolts. They went to see if it was true that those people couldn't get by.

But they met up with him there. They met up with that Long Hair there. They tried to see if they could [win]. They drew a line, like this. That Long Hair rose up into the sky. He had a sword. He would thrust that sword down. If you didn't jump aside you would be pierced in the head by that sword. That's why you would stay there.

Béno, chkal ka7tik j-kojuk che7e, 7oy la, ti vo7ne moletike, 7oy la 7a li, jnatikil jol, li7 ta Juteb Chauk, li7 ta belel Soktom xkaltike.

Va7i 7un, te la chlaj 7un buch'u mu x7ech' li pasajero xkaltike, te la chlaj, te chkom, te chkom ja7 chti7van taj jnatikil jol 7une.

Va7 7un, bat ti vo7ne moletik 7une, kómo 7oy tzotz ya7el spersaik ya7el, chauk la taj vo7ne moletik 7une, bat la sk'elik mi yech taj mu xjelav taj krixchano 7une.

Bu, te la 7ista 7un, te la 7ista taj jnatikil jol 7une, spasik la preva 7un, 7ispasik la raya xi to 7une, taj jnatikil jole che7e chmuy la ta vinajel, 7o la jun yespara 7un, ja7 la tzpajan yalel taj yespara 7une, ti mi muk' xap'it lok'el 7une, ja7 vo7otik xa chisvombotik ta jjoltik xa taj 7espara 7une, tey yech'o te chikomotik la 7une.

Those elders of long ago, they made an agreement [with the Long Hair] about having a line [drawn], as we say.

When he rose up and when he came down, those elders of long ago had already jumped aside, as we say. They had staves, since there weren't any machetes. There wasn't anything long ago. [Just] staves. Have you seen the one the Old Spook carries? The staff is a round, black stick. That's what they would kill [him] with. But when he came down they simply struck him over and over. But he kept bouncing back from death. He wouldn't die either. They had a hard time killing him—that Long Hair. Yes!

Those elders of long ago went as far as Chiapa. They went to Chiapa. "Well, how did you get by?" asked those people in Chiapa.

"We killed him," they said.

"Eh, I don't believe it," they said. It wasn't believed that they killed him. They aroused their countrymen. And they came to look there [to see] if it was true that he died. Lord, he was lying face up. He was dead. And they were *gi*—ven lots of money. The money they were given [came] simply in mule-loads.

All the muleteers' things were there, the packs. A cave was jammed full, too. They went to get them out. They found money.

After that the trail was open, as we say. [The trouble with] the devil ended, ended right away, it seems, as we say. He died, it seems. *Ye—s!*

The devil died, it seems. They opened the trail. That's how that little story ends.

Rey describes the staff used to kill the Long Hair as being like the one carried by *mol j7ik'al*, "Old Spook." By "Old Spook" he is referring to a Carnival character, usually called *tot j7ik'al* or "Sir Spook." This role is often assigned to Rey's father in recognition of his ability to trade outrageously obscene jokes

Va7i, taj vo7ne moletik 7une, taj spasik trate la taj x7elan taj 7oy raya xkaltik 7une.

Va7i, k'alal xmuy 7une, k'alal xyal tal ja7 la p'it xa 7ox la lok'el taj vo7ne moletik xkaltik 7une, 7o la yak te7 7un, kómo ch'abal machita ch'abal k'usi 7oy ti vo7ne 7une, ju-jun 7ak te7 ja7 li mi 7o xavil li 7a li stom mol j7ik'ale, 7a li 7ak te7 7ik'-balan te7e, ja7 la chmilvan 7o 7un, pero k'alal xyal la tale solet la tzt'usbe ta j-mek, pero yech la stzuktzon ta milel mu la xcham noxtok, mu xcham noxtok, 7icham la yu7un ta vokol 7un, taj jnatikil jol 7une. Ji7!

Va7 7un, bat la k'alal Sokter taj taj vo7ne moletik 7une, bat k'al Sokter 7un. "Béno, k'u xi lajelav tal?" xi la taj taj krixchanoetik ta Sokter 7une.

"Laj ku7un," xi la 7un.

"7E, mu jch'un," xi la 7un. Mu la xch'unbat ti 7ilaj yu7un 7une, stij la xchi7iltak 7un, 7i tal la sk'elet taj ti buy mi yech ti 7ilaj taj 7une, kere, te la javal 7un, lajem la 7un, 7i jun tak'in la 7ak'ba---t solet ta ta mulaetik no la ti tak'in 7i7ak'bat la 7une.

Va7 7un, teee la skotol k'usuk yu7un taj 7aryeroetike ti 7ikatzile teee la tzinil jun ch'en noxtok 7un, 7a la tzlok'esik 7un, 7o la tak'in k'u staik 7un.

Va7 7un, laj laj taj 7une, 7ijam ti be xkaltik 7une, ch'ab ch'ab xi li pukuj ya7el xkaltik 7une, cham ya7el. Jii7!

7Icham ya7el li pukuj 7une, 7ijam i be yu7un 7une, 7ilaj 7o yech taj j-koj 7unen kwento taj 7une.

with the Carnival goers. His staff, the same kind carried by Tenejapanecs, also figures in Tales 71, 145, and 131.

This is the only version of the Long Hair tales that explicitly identifies Long Hairs as cannibals. See also T10, T95, T104, and their notes.

Rabbit Wins and Rabbit Loses

T169

There was a man and his wife, as we say.

The man went to the woods, as we say. He left that wife of his standing on the trail where she was waiting for him. I don't know if . . . what's that called? That deer hunt, hunting for whatever could be found on the earth.

He left.

But you see, the Earth Lord came along. Quickly that Earth Lord took that woman inside a cave, inside his house, it seems.

7O la jun vinik xchi7uk jun yajnil xkaltik.

Bwéno, li vinike bat ta te7tik xkaltik, yajnile sva7an komel ta be ti bu chmalaate taj yajnil 7une, mu jna7 mi k'usi sbi taje, taj taj sa7-te7tikil chij, ssa7 ja7 ti k'usi sta ta balamile.

Bwéno, 7ibat la 7un.

K'u xavil, tal la yajval bamil, j-likel la 7iyik' ochel taj 7antz ta ta yut ch'en ta sna ya7el taj yajval bamil.

The poor man was simply crying and crying. He was simply crying and cry—ing. He was heart-broken, because his wife was gone now, you see. First, it was probably a bull that came along. “What happened to you, friend?” asked [Bull]. “Why are you crying?” he asked.

“Well, man, it’s because, it’s because I don’t know where my wife went, if she was stolen. I don’t know where she’s gone,” he said.

“Ah, but I’ve seen, of course!” said that Bull. Ye—s!

“Where?” asked [the man].

“Ah, that wife of yours is just nearby, of course!” said [Bull]. “If you want, I’ll go get her out,” said [Bull].

“Please, then!” said the man. Bull went to get her out. He arrived and knocked on the door.

He went “bang, bang, bang!” on that door.

“Who is it?” asked [the Earth Lord].

“I’m the good Bull,” he said. The door was opened.

“What do you want?” he was asked.

“I don’t want anything. It’s because there’s a poor man here who’s crying and crying. I’m taking his wife out for him,” said [Bull]. Hah, a stick was grabbed. [Bull] was poked in the horns with that stick. [Bull] couldn’t get her out.

A donkey came along, too. “What’s the matter with you that you’re crying?” asked [Donkey], too, when he arrived.

“Nothing’s the matter with me, man. It’s because I don’t know if my wife was stolen. Because she had come here,” he said. “But she can’t come out now,” he said.

“Ah, me, I’ll go get her out. You’ll see!” said that Donkey. Ye—s!

He arrived and knocked on the door, too. “Well, what do you want?” he was asked.

“I don’t wa—nt anything. It’s because I’ve come to get the woman here out, because the poor man is crying and crying,” he said.

“Ah, now it’s you! Where did you come from?” [Donkey] was asked. He was poked with a stick, too. That poor Donkey went hobbling off now.

Coyote arrived, too. “What’s the matter with you that you’re crying?” he asked.

“Ah, it’s because my wife was stolen, but how could you get her out? You’re smaller. The bigger animals have already done their best,” he said. “They weren’t any help,” he said.

“Well, I guess I’ll go,” said [Coyote]. He arrived and knocked on the door.

That, “What do you want?” he was asked. “Who is it?” he was asked.

“I’m Uncle Coyote,” he said. The door was opened. Lord!

Va7 7un, ti prove vinike solel la ch7ok’ ta j-mek, solel la ch7o---k’ ta j-mek mu k’u yech ti yo7one porke ch’abal yajnil xa chava7i 7un, tal la j-kot 7a li, j-kot 7a li vakax nan, pimeroe. “K’u chapas, amigo?” xi la. “K’un cha7ok’e?” xi la 7un.

“Pwes, 7ómpre, yu7n yu7n mu jna7 bu bat kajnil mi bat ta 7elek’ mu jna7 bu 7ibat,” xi la 7un.

“7A, pero kiloj bi 7a!” xi la taj vakax 7une. Jii7!

“Buy?” xi la.

“7A, li7 nox nopol taj 7avajnil a7a!” xi la 7un. Mi xak’an chba jlok’es tal,” xi la 7un.

“7Abulajan che7e!” xi la ti vinik 7une. Ba la slok’es tal 7un, k’ot stij la ti7 na 7un.

“Kun kun kun kun!” xi la taj ti7 na xcha7le 7une.

“Kyen?” xi la 7un.

“Yo soy ben vakax,” xi la 7un. Jambat la na 7un.

“K’usi chak’an 7un?” x7utat la 7un.

“Mu k’usi ta jk’an yu7n batz’i-ch7ok’ ta j-mek i jun povre vinik li7i chkik’be lok’el yajnil,” xi la 7un. Ja7 tzakbat te7e, tijbat la taj te7 ta xxulube, muk’ xlok’ yu7un.

Va7 7un, tal la j-kot buro noxtok. 7A li “K’u chaval cha7ok’e?” xut la k’otel noxtok.

“Mu k’u chkal, 7ómpre, yu7n yu7n mu jna7 mi bat ta 7elek’ kajnil, yu7n li7 xa taleme,” xi la 7un. “Pero mu xa xlok’ 7un,” xi la 7un.

“7Aj, li vo7one chba jlok’es tal avil,” xi la taj buro 7une. Jii7!

K’ot la stij ti7 na noxtok 7un. “Bwéno pwes, k’u chak’an?” x7utat la 7un.

“Mu k’u ta jk’a---n, yu7n ja7 tal jlok’es i jun 7antz li7i yu7n ch7ok’ ta j-mek povre vinike,” xi la 7un.

“7A vo7ot xa bu latal?” x7utat. Tijbat la te7 noxtok xluklon xa la ech’el taj povre buro.

Bwéno, k’ot la koyote noxtok. “K’u chaval cha7ok’e?” xi la 7un.

“7A, yu7n bat ta 7elek’ kajnil, pero pero bwéno pero yu7 van chlok’ 7avu7un vo7ote, mas bik’itot 7i 7ech’ xa yo7on mas muk’tik chonetike,” xi la 7un.

“Mu sbalin yech,” xi la 7un.

“Bwéno, chibat kik,” xi la 7un. K’ot la stij ti7 na 7un.

Ja7 taj “K’u chak’an?” x7utat la 7un. “Kyen?” x7utat la 7un.

“Yo soy tío koyóte,” xi la 7un. Jambat na 7un, ke7re!

And, "What do you want?" he was asked.

"I'm taking out a woman, because the man is crying," he said. He was driven out with a stick, too. He got the stick.

Rabbit arrived. "What's up, friend?" he said when he arrived. "Why do I see you crying so much?" asked [Rabbit].

"Ah, God, now it's you I'm asking! Could you get her out? The big animals have already done their best. My wife can't get out. Because it was my wife, my wife who came here, but she can't get out now," he said.

"Hell, I'll get her out! How come I can't get her out? If you let me sleep with her for one night, I'll get her out," he said.

He arrived and knocked on the door. "I'm Rabbit," he said.

"What do you want?" he was asked.

"I don't want anything. I want to take this man's wife out," he said.

"Ah, where have you come from? Could you get the woman out? Even big animals have come."

[Rabbit] wasn't allowed to take that woman. "Well, if that's all there is to it, then, there'll be war tomorrow," said that Rabbit.

"Okay, I can manage," said [the Earth Lord].

"You muster your men and I'll muster my men, too!" said that Rabbit. Because he was angry that that woman couldn't get out.

"Okay, I can manage," said [the Earth Lord]. [Rabbit] went to report it to that man.

"Well, that's all there is to it. Get two gourds. Collect all the wasps, whatever in the world has a stinger. There should be two or three gourds filled [with them]. Yes, indeed, then of course your wife will get out!" said that Rabbit. "But only if you let me sleep with her, but if you don't let me join her, then of course I won't get her out!" said that Rabbit.

"Well, join her, it doesn't matter!" said that man.

He got those wasps, whatever insects in the world had stingers. Yes!

"Well, there'll be a war tomorrow," said that rabbit.

"Okay, I can manage," said [the Earth Lord], too. That Earth Lord mustered his friends, too, so that little Rabbit would be killed, you see.

That Rabbit arrived the next day. He arrived and knocked on the door. "Well, will there be a war today? Are you all ready now?" he asked when he arrived.

"Okay, all right," said [the Earth Lord]. "Come on in!" he said. He was already holding a stick. That Rabbit was going to get it. Yes!

That Rabbit had dragged in two or three gourds, those gourds. He arrived and shattered those gourds

"7I k'u chak'an?" x7utat.

"Ja7 ta jlok'es i jun 7antze yu7n ja7 ch7ok' ti vinike," xi la 7un. Tijbat la lok'el te7 noxtok, yich' lok'el te7.

Bwéno, k'ot la t'ul 7un. "K'u xi, 7amígo?" xi la k'otel 7un. "K'un batz'i cha7ok' ta j-mek chkile?" xi la 7un.

"7Aj, di7os vo7ot xa chakalbe, vo7ot xa chlok' 7avu7un 7ech' xa yo7on mol chonetike yu7n mu xlok' i kajnile yu7 kajnil kajnil tal li7 talem li7 toe pero mu xa xlok' 7u---n," xi la 7un.

"Ka7rájo, ta jlok'es k'u cha7al mu ta jlok'es ti mi chavak'bon jchi7in ta vayel junuk 7ak'ubale ta jlok'es," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, k'ot la stij ti7 na 7un. "Yo soy 7éste konéjo," xi la 7un.

"K'u chak'an?" x7utat la 7un.

"Mu k'usi ta jk'an, ta jk'an ta jlok'esbe yajnil li vinik li7i," xi la 7un.

"7A, bu latal mi vo7ot xa chlok' 7avu7un 7antz, 7ásta ke 7ay xa muk'tik chonetik."

Bwéno, mu x7ak'bat lok'el taj 7antz 7une.

"Bwéno, mu k'usi che7e chu7 junuk géra 7ok'ob," xi la taj t'ul 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi la 7un.

"Chatzob 7avinik vo7ote ta jtzob jvinik 7uk!" xi la taj t'ul 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi la 7un. Bat la yalbel taj vinik 7une.

"Bwéno, mu k'usi sa7o cha7-p'ejuk tzu, tzobo skotol li 7akov li k'usitik 7o yat ta balamile, yu7n noj cha7-p'ej 7ox-p'ej tzu, 7éso si chlok' tal lavajnil bi 7a!" xi la taj t'ul 7une. "Pero ti mi chavak' jchi7in ta vayel 7une yan ti mi muk' chavak'bon jchi7ine mu jlok'es bi 7a!" xi la taj t'ul 7une.

"Bwéno, chi7no muk' ta 7alell!" xi la taj vinik 7une.

Bwéno, ssa7 la taj chanul 7akove k'usitak 7onox chanul 7oy yat ta balamil 7une. Ji7!

"Bwéno pwes, 7ok'ob chu7 géra," xi la taj taj t'ul 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi la taj yajval balamil 7uk 7une. Stzob xchi7il taj yajval balamil 7uke yu7n ja7 chmile taj 7unin t'ul chava7i 7une.

Bwéno, k'ot k'ot ta yok'omal taj taj t'ul 7une, k'ot stij ti7 na 7un. "Bwéno, mi chu7 géra lavie mi chapaloxuk xa?" xi la k'otel 7un.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi la. "7Ochan tal!" xi la. Tombil xa 7ox te7 chich' taj t'ul 7une. Ji7!

Va7i 7un, skiloj ochel cha7-p'ej 7ox-p'ej tzu taj taj t'ul taj tzuetik 7une, k'ot la slilin ta vok'el ta yut sna

inside the Earth Lord's house. Those wasps suddenly came buzzing out. They went and enveloped that Earth Lord.

[The Earth Lord] was distracted by the wasps. Then that Rabbit quickly went and dragged out that woman.

He got that woman out. That Rabbit won out, as we say. That Rabbit won, as we say. "Well, I got her out. I won. I got your wife out."

"Now I'll sleep with her later on!" said that Rabbit.

"Okay, that's all right," said [the man]. "Sleep with her! he said.

That woman went to bed with her husband, as we say. That Rabbit cuddled up behind [her]. That Rabbit cuddled up.

But that old lady [felt] a fart coming. Suddenly her fart burst. "Ooh, I've been shot!" said Rabbit. He ran off. Yes, indeed, that's how the tale ended.

This tale is essentially the same as the second part of Tale 5, though the cast varies slightly; Tiger and Ant have been re-

yajval balamil taj taj tzuetik 7une, xjúmlij la lok' taj chanul 7akove, ja7 la sbal taj taj yajval balamil 7une.

Va7i 7un, ch'ay yo7on taj ta chanul 7akov 7une ja7 7o la ba skil lok'el ta 7ora taj 7antz 7une taj t'ul 7une.

Bwéno, lok' tal yu7un taj 7antz 7une ja7 spas kanal taj t'ul xkaltik 7une, spas kanal taj t'ul xkaltik 7une. "Bwéno pwes, lok' ku7un jpas kanal 7un lok' ku7un lavajnil 7une."

"7Óra, ta jchi7in ta vayel tana 7un!" xi la taj t'ul 7une.

"Bwéno, stak'," xi la 7un. "Chi7no ta vayel!" xi la 7un.

Va7i 7un, vay la xchi7uk smalal taj 7antz xkaltik 7une, te la smochan sba taj t'ul ta patil 7une, smochan la sba taj t'ul 7une.

Bu, tal la stzis taj me7el 7une xp'ú7lij xa la stzis 7un. "Jii, lilaj ta bala!" xi la li t'ul 7une. 7Ibat la ta 7anil 7un 7éso si ch'ab xi 7o yech kwento chak taj 7une.

placed by Coyote. Rey does not attribute to the final scene the origin of rabbits' timidity. See also T5 and notes.

A Visit to the Underworld

T173

He cried and cried. That man's "wife" died. But he cried and cried. He cried and cried.

He went. He spoke to that "wife" of his. That man went to the graveyard, as we say. He went.

He had never married the woman. She had another husband. That woman had another husband, as we say. That man went to sleep [with her], but the man went far off to sleep [with her] since she already had a husband, you see. The woman already had a husband. "Damn, but what can I do?" said the man. Sonofabitch, he lit his lantern. He looked at his wife in the dark, as we say. Just her bones were piled there. They hadn't any flesh anymore.

The next morning she [seemed like] a whole person again. "Well then, go back [to the upperworld] since you've seen what I'm like. I have a husband already. I can't be 'married' to you anymore," she said. She told her "husband," as we say. She had a second husband, too.

"Eh, but I'm not leaving," he said. "But I'm not going," he said. "It makes no difference at all," he said.

"Well, stay a day, then. Go and bring me my firewood!" she said.

Bwéno, batz'i ch7ok' cham la yajnil taj vinike pero batz'i ch7ok' la ta j-mek, batz'i ch7ok' la ta j-mek 7un.

Bwéno, bat la 7isk'opon la taj yajnil 7une, 7ibat ta mukenal xkaltik la taj vinik 7une, bat la 7un.

Bwéno pwes, ti 7antz 7une, kómo mu la bu nupunemik 7une 7o la smalal ta yan 7o yan xa 7o smalal xkaltik taj 7antz 7une, 7a taj vinik 7une te ba vayuk pero nom ba vayuk 7un kómo 7o xa smalal li 7antz 7une. "Yánche, pero k'u ta jnop?" xi la ti vinik 7une. Puta, 7istzanbe la sk'ak'al 7un 7isk'el la ti yajnil ta 7ak'ubaltik xkaltik 7une, naka la bak te chapal 7un ch'abal xa sbek'tal 7un.

Bwéno, sakub 7osil 7une lek la krixchano noxtok 7un. "Bwéno pwes, sutan ech'el batz'i yavil ti 7avilon k'u xi7elane 7o xa jmalal mu xa xu7 xakik'," xi la 7un. Xut i smalal xkaltik 7une, 7o xa smalal ta yan 7o noxtok 7un.

"Je, pero mu xilok'," xi la. "Pero mu xibat," xi la. "Batz'i yu7n te k'alal," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, pajan junuk k'ak'al che7e ba kuchbon tal jsi7!" xi la 7un.

"But where am I to go carry the firewood?" he said.

"Go and bring it from there, there along the edge of the gully!" she said. He went to bring the firewood.

"But where is the firewood? There isn't any," he said. The firewood was just bones. That firewood was just bones. There wasn't any. There wasn't any firewood. There were bones. He never carried the firewood. "There isn't any firewood," he said.

"Isn't the firewood heaped there?" he was asked.

"There are [piles], but they're bones," he said.

"Ah, but that's the firewood, of course!" Then he went to carry back those bones. So he went to carry back those bones. He brought them. It was those bones the [spirits] wanted. "Well, you've seen now. Well, go on!" he was told.

"Well, all right, then," he said. That man came back [from the underworld]. Yes!

But he wasn't alive for long. He was alive for three days after he came out. He was alive three days. He went back again right away. He was probably scared, you see. I've just heard a word or two of that tale. That's all.

See also T9, T19, and their notes.

"Pero bu chba jkuch i si7e?" xi la 7un.

"Ba kucho tal le7 ta, le7 ta ti7ti7 be-o7e!" xi la 7un. Bat la xkuch tal si7 7un.

"Pero bu li si7e ch'abal," xi la. Naka la bak ti si7 7une, naka la bak taj si7 7une, ch'abal ch'abal si7, 7oy bak, mu la bu skuch ech'el si7. "Ch'abal si7," xi la 7un.

"Mi mu teuk busul li si7e?" x7utat la 7un.

"7Oy pero bak," xi la 7un.

"7An pero ja7 si7 7un bi!" x7utat la 7un. Ja7 to la ba xkuch tal taj bak 7une, ja7 ba xkuch tal taj bak 7une, k'ot yu7un 7un ja7 la ja7 la tzk'anik taj bak 7une. "Bwéno pwes, 7avil xa 7une, pwes batan 7un!" x7utat la 7un.

"Bwéno, stak' che7e," xi la 7un. 7Ilok' la tal taj vinik 7une.

Buy, muk' xa la jal kuchul 7un, 7oxib la k'ak'al kuxul xa, ti lok' tale 7oxib xa la k'ak'al kuxul cha7-bat ta 7ora 7un, xxi7 nan chava7i 7une, ja7 yech ka7yoj 7unin j-p'el cha7-p'el skwentoal chak taj a7a, k'ajom nox.

What's Man Like?

T168

It was Mule and Donkey. Tiger came along. "What are you doing, friend?" he asked that mule, as we say.

"I'm not do—ing anything, because I'm worn out from the pack. I just arrived," said [Mule].

"Who, who gives you your pack?" asked [Tiger].

"It's Man," said [Mule].

"What's Man like?" asked [Tiger].

"Two, two hands, two feet. Man. He walks," said [Mule]. "But don't do anything to him! He whips you," said [Mule].

"Ah, but me, if I see him, I'll eat him up!" said that Tiger.

"Eh, you can't eat him up, Ti—ger!" said [Mule]. "Man will attack [you]!" he said. "He has a gun. He has a machete. Yes, indeed, he'll attack [you], of course!" he said. "He has a wife," he said.

He went on, that Tiger went on. "Well, we'll talk together, then," he said [when he left]. That Tiger went on. Then he met the wife of that Man. She was washing clothes. "Are you Woman?" asked that Tiger when he arrived.

"It's me," she said. "It's me, Tiger," she said.

"I'll eat you up!" he said.

Ja7 la li ka7e, chi7uk buroe, 7ital bolome. "K'u chapas, 7amigo?" xut la tal taj ka7 xkaltik 7une.

"Mu k'u ta jpa---s yu7n lubemon ta 7ikatzil ja7 to liyul," xi la 7un.

"Much'u much'u chayak'be 7avikatz?" xi la 7un.

"Ja7 li vinike," xi la 7un.

"K'u x7elan li vinike?" xi la 7un.

"Chib chib sk'ob chib yok vinike chanav," xi la 7un. "Pero mu k'u 7avalbe le7e chak' 7arsial," xi la 7un.

"7A, pero li vo7on chak kile ta jti7!" xi la taj bolom 7une.

"Je, mu xti7 7avu7un bolo---m!" xi la 7un. "Li vinike chak!" xi la 7un. "7Oy 7oy stuk' 7oy smachita yu7n 7éso si yu7n chak' a7al" xi la. "7Oy 7o yajnil," xi la 7un.

Béno, bat la 7un, bat la taj bolome. "Bwéno, te jk'opon jbatik che7e," xi la komel 7un. 7Ibat la taj bolom 7une, te la stabe yajnil taj vinik, ch7uk'umaj la 7un. "Mi vo7ot ti 7antzote?" xi la k'otel taj bolom 7une.

"Vo7on," xi la 7un. "Vo7on, bolom," xi la 7un.

"Chajti7!" xi la 7un.

"Why would you eat me up? You know—w I'm really dying anyway all by myse—lf. I'm terribly wounded here by Man," she said.

"What's it like? Where is your wound?" he asked.

"See here, Tiger!" she said. She uncovered it for him to see. "See here, because it's already maggoty. It stinks horribly now," she said. That Tiger sniffed it.

"Ah, that already has maggots, it seems. Well, take care!" he told that Woman [when he left]. She wasn't ever eaten up.

He came upon that Man. He came upon him, too. That Man was splitting his firewood. "Are you Man?" he asked when he arrived.

"It's me," he said.

"Ah!" said [Tiger]. "Well, now I'll eat you up!" he said. "Why do you torment poor Woman? Poor Woman, she has maggots because of you," he said.

"Well, but see here, Tiger," said [Man]. "Don't eat [me]! If you [want to] eat me, eat me up, but help me split my firewood," he told [Tiger].

"Okay, I can help you," said [Tiger]. "When we've finished splitting the wood, then I'll eat you," said that Tiger.

"Eat me up, of course! Eat me up, of course!" said that Man. That man split it. He gave that wood a blow of the axe, as we say. [The axe] landed in the crack, it seems, as we say. In the crack, as we say. "Well, stick your forepaw in, Tiger, stick your forepaw in! Split the wood!" he told that Tiger. Quickly that Tiger stuck his forepaw in. Ah, since the axe was thick, [Man] pulled that axe of his out. [Tiger's] paw was stuck.

"Ow, let me go! I won't eat you up!" said [Tiger]. Lord, that Man picked up a stick and struck him with it once and for all. That Tiger was finished for good. That's what I've heard of the Tiger story, those few words, like that, indeed!

This version of "What's Man Like" corresponds closely to Romin Teratol's (T3), except that Coyote and Ox are missing, and Donkey is added to the cast. Also, the episode with Woman

"K'un chati7on 7ana7o---j batz'i chicham xa 7onox jtu---k batz'i li7i batz'i 7ep xa yayijemon yu7un ni vinike," xi la 7un.

"K'u x7elan bu layayijemale?" xi la 7un.

"K'el avi, bolom!" xi la. 7Isjolbe la yil 7un. "K'el avil yu7n xa batz'i yu7n xa ch7ayan xxuvital batz'i yan xa yik'," xi la 7un. Yutz'i la taj bolom 7un.

"7A taje 7o xa xxuvital ya7el, bwéno te k'el aba komel!" xut la komel taj taj 7antz 7une. Muk' bu 7iti7at 7un.

Va7 7un, sta la taj vinik 7une, sta la noxtok 7un, te la tzjav ssi7 taj vinik 7une. "Mi vo7ot i vinikote?" xi la k'otel.

"Vo7on," xi la 7un.

"7Aa!" xi la 7un. "Bwéno lavie chajti7!" xi la 7un. "K'un ti 7ilbaj xavil li prove 7antzé yu7n xa 7och xxuvital 7avu7un li prove 7antzé," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, pero k'el avil, bolom," xi la 7un. "Mu xati7, mi chati7one ti7on pero koltaon tzjavel li jsi7e," xut la 7un.

"Bwéno, stak' chajkolta," xi la 7un. "Ti mi laj jjavtik i si7 7une ja7 7o chajti7 7un," xi la taj, xi taj bolom 7une.

"Ti7on a7a, ti7on a7a!" xi la taj vinik 7une. 7Isjavbe taj, 7isjav la taj vinik yak'be j-moj 7ek'el taj si7 xkaltike, 7a li kachal 7ik'ot ya7el xkaltik, li skachbenal xkaltike. "Bwéno, tik'o lak'ob 7une, bolom, tik'o lak'obe, javo li si7 7une!" xut la taj bolom 7une. J-likel la stik' sk'ob taj bolome, 7aj kómo pim i 7ek'ele, sbotz' lok'el taj yek'ele, te la matz'al 7ikom i sk'ob 7une.

"7Ay, koltaon 7un, muk' bu chajti7!" xi la 7un. Ke, stam tal te7 taj vinike st'usbe la ta j-moj, te nel ta j-moj taj bolom 7une, ja7 yech ka7yoj skwentoal bolom 7une, jay-p'el chak taj a7a!

must precede Tiger's encounter with Man, because Man does not merely wound Tiger with his rifle, but kills him with a stick. See also T3 and notes.

The King and the Ring

T165

Long ago there was a very poor, a terribly wretched [person]. He hadn't anything to live on. He simply had nothing at all.

He kept ro—lling about by the courthouse door. He would beg from the elders. He would beg from them. He would be given a tortilla or so, it seems, by the civil officials, as we say. He was terribly poor.

7A li 7oy ti vo7nee 7oy la, batz'i prove la 7abol la sba ta j-mek, ch'abal ch'abal k'u xve7 7o yu7n solel ch'abal ta j-moj.

Va7 7un, te la xbale---t ta ti7 kavitlo batel 7un, ta la sk'anbe li moletike, ja7 la tzk'anbe sk'elanbat junuk yot k'u x7elan ya7el yajval kavitlo xkaltik 7une, ja7 la taj me7on la ta j-mek, batz'i solel me7on, batz'i mu

He was really poor. He couldn't earn a thing in the world.

Here at the foot of Muxul Vitz . . . he would co—me there time and again. He would spend the day there, over and over. He rolled about there. He played there. But he was probably grown up already. They say he had a wife. He was already old. Just that he probably didn't know how to earn a living, either.

He was rolling around there. He was rolling around there. He would keep to—ssing the sand up. He would keep tossing the sand up into the sky, as we say. He would keep throwing it up.

But suddenly a golden ring came flashing down. He grabbed it. He put it on his finger.

He went. He went home now.

Lord, that money appeared! The little pots and things were filled. Or baskets or whatever, they were filled with money. "Sir, see here, do you want to go and visit at my house? Our Lord has given me a little [something]," he started saying.

"Lord, where would you get anything, you loafer?" he was told. "When would you get anything, you loafer?" he was told. He wasn't believed.

"Well, go see for yourselves! Really, it isn't a story, because I was given it by Our Lord at least," he said. Hm!

Lord, [the civil official] went. He went to see if [the pauper] was telling the truth. Quickly [the pauper] scooped up a little gourdful. He gave a gourdful to [the civil official], it seems. It was scooped up with a gourd now. It wasn't counted out, of course. It was scooped up with a gourd, now.

"Lord, you were telling the truth after all, then!" [the official] started saying.

Little by little it became known that there was a king now, it seems, as we say. It became known. It was heard in Mexico City that now there was some money. Ah, they came. Those soldiers came. Three girls came. But he was to choose whichever one he wanted for a wife, because they were beautiful. "Well, but never mind, but I'll go. But what can we do now, since you have heard about me," said that king.

"Sonofabitch, but there's nothing else we can do, then!" they said. [His money] wasn't confiscated now since he was coming on orders from the government in Mexico City, as we say. A very strong order came, it seems, that he was to go.

And, oh, the money—it simply was carried on mules, since there weren't any trucks long ago, then. It just went on muleback.

He arrived in Chiapa. That wife of his, as we say, had taken the ring.

k'u sta ta balamil.

Va7 7un, li7 la ta yok Muxul Vitz 7une, te la chta---l batel te chmal yu7un k'ak'al batel tey, tey xbalet tey chtajin la, pero yu7 nan mol xa 7un 7o la yajnil xiik to, yu7n mol xa 7un, ja7 nox ti yu7n yu7n mu sna7 k'u tza7 7o sve7el nan 7uk 7une.

Va7 7un, te la xbalet, te la xbalet 7un, ta la sji---pulan muyel yi7, ta la sjipulan muyel yi7 ta ta vinajel xkaltik tztenulan muyel 7un.

Bu, te la stz'áyluj 7iyal tal jun 7aniyo de 7oro 7un, 7istzak la 7un, xxoj la ta sk'ob 7un.

Va7 7un, bat la bat la tzna xa 7un.

Va7i, taj tak'in 7une, kere, tal la me taj tak'in 7une, noj la ti 7unen p'inetike ti k'usi mi moch k'usie yu7n la noj ta tak'in 7un. "Tottik, k'el avil 7un, mi xak'a---n xba vula7ajanik ta jna 7i 7o xa liyak'be j-set i kajvaltik 7une," xi la likel 7un.

"Kere, bu chata le7e, jaragan?" x7utat la. "Bu chata le7e, jaragan?" x7utat la. Mu la xch'unbat 7un.

"Bwéno, ba k'el avi ka7uktik mu lo7iluk yu7un li7ak'bat xa yu7un kajvaltik sil 7une," xi la 7un. Jujul

Kere, 7ibat la, ba sk'elel 7o mi yech xal 7un, likel la 7ispul 7unen j-boch, 7isk'elanbe ya7el j-boch ya7el pulbil ta boch xa mu7nuk mu7nuk 7atbil to a7a, pulbil ta boch xa 7un.

"Kere, 7ana yech ka xaval che7e!" xi la likel 7un.

Va7 7un, k'un'k'un la vinaj 7un ti yu7n 7oy rey xa ya7el xkaltik 7une, 7ivinaj la 7un, 7i7a7yat ta Mejiko la ti yu7n ti yu7n 7o xa tak'in 7une, 7aj, tal la me 7u---n, tal la tal la taj solteroetik 7une, tal la 7ox-vo7 tzebetik pero la 7ak'o la st'uj bu junukal tzk'an ti yajnil yu7n, yu7n leklek sba. "Bwéno pero ni módo pero yu7n chibat 7un, pero k'u xa ta jpastik 7un, ja7 li x7elan 7avinajesikone," xi la taj taj rey 7une.

"Júta, pero mu k'u jpastik 7un che7e!" xi la 7un. Mu xa mu xa xpojat 7un bu ti yu7n ta 7orten xa ti yu7n tal, yu7n yu7n jyu7el xa xkaltik ta Mejiko tal xa lek tzotz 7orten ya7el ti yu7n 7ak'o batuk 7une.

Va7 7un, 7i, ji, ti tak'ine solel kuchbil 7ibat ta j-mek ta mulaetik kómo ch'abal karo ti vo7nee che7e naka ta mulaetik la 7ibat 7un.

Va7 7un, k'ot la ta Soktom 7un, tey ja7 xa yich'oj taj 7aniyo taj yajnil xkaltik 7une.

A Ladino appeared. "Let's see your ring!" he said. That woman showed it to him. Lord, qui—ckly that thief da—shed off with it. That ring was stolen from her. Ooh, that money, Lord! It simply stopped [coming], it ended. [The king] was about to get it there. That king [when he was] there in Chiapa was about to get it. To be killed.

But a dog and a cat spoke. They spoke. "Well, don't worry. I'll go look for it," said the dog. That thief continued on. He crossed the Grijalva River. He swallowed that ring. He swallowed it. He swallowed it. [It reached] his stomach. Sonofabitch, since the dog probably knew it already, it seems, as we say, [and] the cat, as we say. The dog carried the cat across the Grijalva River. Since the cat probably didn't know how to paddle in the water. So the cat was carried across, it seems, as we say.

They found that thief lying down in the deep forest. He probably felt very tired. He had gone to sleep.

That cat looked for a mouse. The seat of [the thief's] pants had a hole gna—wed in them, where that ring was to come out.

That dog, too, looked for a little lizard. [The lizard] kept wiggling his tail in [the thief's] nose. He poked it in—"Hatchoo! Phht! Hatchoo! Phht!" [The lizard] was there a lo—ng time. [The thief] was probably rolling around from that.

But the ring came out. That cat grabbed it in his teeth. "Well, I'll take it myself," said that dog.

"Eh, I won't give it to you," said that cat. "I'll take it myself," said [the cat].

"But don't lose it!" said [the dog].

"No, I won't lose it," said that cat. He brought it back. He was carried across the Grijalva River.

But that dumb cat dropped it in the middle of the Grijalva, too.

That awful dog was just bringing him over, getting that cat back, as we say. He went. That dog went into the Grijalva to look for it himself. He spoke to those fishes, too. They searched for it for him, it seems, as we say. They found it for him. Now he brought it out. It was that dog that brought it back now.

"Well, here it is!" he told that king. Ooh, [the king] was overjoyed now since [he had known] he was going to be killed. He was delighted now.

He got that ring. He went on to Mexico City, too. It was probably there in Mexico City that he died. I certainly think it was there. They say he was going to be transformed. He was going to be transformed. He was shut up. I don't know if it was a water jug or what that he was closed up in, as we say.

Va7 7un, tal la jun jkaxlan 7un. "Jk'eltik lavaniyoe!" xi la. Yak' la 7iluk taj 7antz 7une, ke, j-li---kel la me sli---chbe ech'el taj 7a taj j7elek' 7une, 7elk'anbat taj 7aniyo 7une, ji, taj tak'inetike, ke7re, solel la ch'ab xi ch'ab xi ech'el, te 7ox la chich' taj, te 7ox la chich' taj rey taj ta Soktome, te xa 7ox chmilat 7un.

Buy, 7i 7isk'opon la j-kot tz'i7 chi7uk la j-kot katu7 7isk'opon 7un. "Bweno, mu k'u xal 7avo7on chba jsa7," xi la li tz'i7 7une. 7Ijelav la 7ech' la stuch' Nab taj j7elek'e 7isbik' la taj 7aniyoe, 7isbik' 7isbik' ta xch'ut, júta, kómo sna7oj xa nan ti tz'i7etik ya7el xkaltik li katu7 xkaltik 7une, 7a li katu7e ja7 la kuchvan jelavel li tz'i7 ta ta Nabe kómo mu nan sna7 smajel li katu7 li vo7 7une, ja7 7i kuchbil 7ijelav ya7el xkaltik i katu7 7une.

Va7 7un, te xa la pumul 7istaik ta montanya taj j7elek' 7une, tol xa nan lubel cha7i 7un 7ochem svayel xa la 7un.

Va7 7un, 7issa7 la j-kot ch'o taj 7a taj katu7 7une, ja7 la 7ise---tbon lek i xchak svex xkaltik, taj bu chlok' taj, taj 7aniyo xa 7une.

Va7 7un, 7a taj 7a taj tz'i7 noxtok 7une, 7issa7 la j-kot 7unen 7okotz 7un, ja7 la sne 7une, ja7 la sbitzulanbe ta sni7 7un, xxojbe ochel ti "Ja7t'is!" ti "P'i7!" xi la. Ti "Ja7t'is!" Ti "P'i7!" xi la 7un. Ja---l la te 7un, tey xbalet nan xchi7uk xkaltik xkaltik taj taj x7elan 7une.

Bu, lok' la taj 7a taj 7anio 7une, ja7 la skatz'oj 7ik'ot taj katu7 7une. 7A li "Béno, chkich' ech'el vo7on," xi la taj tz'i7 7une.

"Je, mu xakak'be," xi la taj katu7 7une. "Chkich' ech'el vo7on," xi la.

"Pero mu me xach'ay 7un!" xi la.

"7I7i, mu jch'ay," xi la taj 7a taj katu7 7une. Yich' la tal 7un, skuchoj la jelav ta Nab 7un.

Buy, taj j7a7yel katu7e 7isp'ajes la ta 7o7lol Nab noxtok---k.

7Óra, ja7 nox yak' jelavel tal taj 7a taj mu tz'i7 7une, slok'es tal taj katu7 xkaltik 7une, bat 7och la ssa7 stuk taj tz'i7 ta yut Nab xa 7une, 7isk'opon la taj choyetik noxtok 7une, 7isa7bat ya7el xkaltik 7une, te 7itabat la tal 7un, ja7 xa yich' lok'el tal, ja7 xa yich' tal taj tz'i7 7une.

"Bwéno, li7 me tal 7une!" xut la taj taj rey 7une. Xmuyubaj xa la bu ti chich' la milél 7une, xmuyubaj xa la 7un.

Va7 7un, 7i 7ista taj 7anio 7une, bat k'al Mejiko noxtok 7un, ja7 nan te xa nan cham ta Mejiko nan 7une, te xa jna7 7un bi, ta 7ox la xk'ocholaj xiik, ta 7ox la xk'ocholaj, ta 7ibaj la ta mu jna7 mi j-p'ej k'ib k'usi 7imakat 7o xkaltik.

But before they covered it—"Don't open it for me for three days!" he said.

But they opened it before the three days were up. They looked.

He was just being transformed. Then he died once and for all. That's how he ended. He ended like that. That's how I've heard it.

Rey's version of "The King and the Ring" elaborates more fully on the ring's recovery and corroborates Xun 7Akov's

Buy, 7i naka to 7ox la 7ismak mi, "Mu to me xajamikon 7oxibuk k'ak'al 7un!" xi la.

Bu, mu la sta 7oxib k'ak'al 7isjamik 7un, 7isk'elik la 7un.

Bu, naka to 7ox la chk'ocholaj 7u---n, te la cham xa ta j-moj xa 7un, te nel xa 7o yech 7un, nel 7o yech 7un, ja7 yech ka7yoj chak taj 7une.

account of the king's unsuccessful attempt at rejuvenation (T34). See also T11, T31, T34, T64, T113, and their notes.

The Flood

T161

I've heard a few words about the Flood. The people of long ago, it seems, as we, ourselves, call them. . . . There was a flood. But there were some who shut themselves up with wood, it seems, as we say. They shut themselves up [in a boat], as we say. The water didn't get in. [The boat] floated, it would float on the river, as we say, on top of the water, as we say. Some didn't die. They were [to become] the monkeys. It was when there was a flood, as we say. Some shut themselves up.

Our Lord came when the water dried up, as we say. Our Lord in Heaven came. "What did you eat?" asked Our Lord when he arrived. "What did you eat [so that] you survived?" he asked. Those awful [people who soon would turn into] monkeys were mad, as we say. They were angry.

"We ate nuts. We ate vine berries," they said. They said it angrily.

"Ah!" they were told. "Well, go eat them, then!" they were told. So they turned into monkeys. Then they ate vine berries and nuts. They didn't eat corn anymore. That's what happened to them. And the magpie jay. He was an ensign-bearer. He was in office. That's why he has a crest, as we say. And the awful roadrunner, he was a person, too.

But the trouble was, he turned into a bird, because he didn't tell properly how he had survived. Since he said that, "I ate nuts, I ate rock berries," that's why he eats berries forever. That's how it turned out. He became a bird, and so forth, it seems. That's how it was. Yes!

[What was the roadrunner?] He was a musician, indeed! The roadrunner. As for the ensign-bearer bird, as we say, he was an ensign-bearer. He was in office. That's why his clothing is blue, you see. That's all. That's the way it was. That's all. That's all, it seems.

I have translated *nab* as "river," but it can mean any large expanse of water. The story of Noah's Ark is combined with the clearly pre-Columbian account of the Sun's encounter with the survivors.

Yan skwenta nojele 7oy ka7yoj 7unen j-p'el, 7a li ti vo7ne krixchanoetik ya7el xkaltik vo7otike, tal nojel pero 7o xa 7oy la j-lom li 7isbaj sbaik ta te7 ya7el xkaltik 7un, smak sbaik xkaltik 7un, muk' x7och i vo7 7une 7ikajuj ta xkajuj ta ba nab xkaltik 7un, ta ba vo7 xkaltik 7un, muk' xchamik j-lom 7un, 7a li ja7 la li max 7une, ja7 ti k'al tal nojel xkaltik 7une, 7isbaj sbaik j-lom 7une.

Va7 7un, tal la taj kajvaltik k'alal 7i7ul xkaltik i vo7 7une, tal taj kajvaltik ta vinajel 7une. "K'usi 7alajesik lakole?" xi la 7un. Kapem la taj mu mu max xkaltik xa 7une, kapem la 7un.

"7Ijlajes 7a li ssat te7 7ijlajes 7a li ssat 7ak'," xi la 7un. Kapem la 7iyal 7un.

"7A!" x7utat la 7un. "Bwéno, ba lajeso che7el" x7utat 7un. Ja7 7o la 7ipas ta max 7un, 7i ja7 7o la tzlajes ti ssat 7ak' li ssat te7etik xa 7une, mu xa buy tzlajes xa 7ixim 7un, ja7 la yech 7ibat 7o 7un, xchi7uk 7i 7a li mut 7alperese, le7e 7a li 7alperes 7o la yabtel, yech'o li 7o sk'uk'umal sjol xkaltik 7une, xchi7uk li mu 7an k'ux jole, krixchano la noxtok le7e.

Pero k'usi pas ta mut 7un, ja7 li ja7 li muk' xal ya7el lek ti k'u x7elan 7ikuch yu7un 7une. Ja7 taj, "7Ijlajes ssat te7 7ijlajes ssat ton," xi 7une. Yech'o ssat te7 tzlajes ta j-moj xa 7un, lok' 7o yech 7ipas ta mut k'utik x7elan xa ya7el 7un, ja7 la yech 7un. Jii7!

Jvabajom la a7a li k'ux jol 7une, 7a li 7alperes mut chkaltike 7alperes yu7n la tik'il ta yabtel, yech'o ti 7oy yox sk'u7 chava7i, laj 7une, ja7 yech bi 7a, laj 7o, laj 7o ya7el taj 7une.

The magpie-jay, an extremely noisy bird, is given a different origin by Romin Teratol, who reports its transformation after its betrayal of Christ to the Jews (T8). Its blue plumage is likened to the blue cloak worn by the ensign-bearers, officials of the third

rank of the religious hierarchy. Its crest derives from the black felt hats topped with a peacock feather and worn by those officials.

The roadrunner, also a vociferous bird, has so mournful a call that it is named *k'uxjol*, "headache." See also T7, T55, T70, T96, T142, and their notes.

The Bear's Son

T164

There was a woman. That woman went to leave some tortillas for her husband, as we say.

But then a fucking bear appeared. That woman was carried off to his cave. She was naked there, since she hadn't any clothes anymore. Just berries were what the poor woman ate.

His child was born. That child of his had legs like that bear's, his face was a human's. He was a boy. It was a boy that was born.

Since, you see, his mother was naked. . . . That bear grew. "Mother, how come we don't leave?"

"Can you open the door?" Since the door was a rock, you see. "Can you open it?"

"I guess I'll try," he said. He tried. He moved that door a ti—ny bit. "Well, I guess I'll grow for three days, then. We'll see, we'll see if I've grown strong," he said.

[When] the three days were up, for him to grow, as we say, he moved it more. He could move it more.

Another three days passed, too. It was nearly opened. It [nearly] came out for good, indeed. Another three days passed, too. It came out. It came out. "Let's go right away, then, mother!" he said. Ooh, they left. But the fucking bear came. Hell, he stopped at the edge of the town. He was about to drag off that wife of his.

But she had already entered the town. But she was simply naked. She simply hadn't any clothes. That awful boy was the same, too. He was naked, you see. He hadn't any clothes either, you see.

Her [bear] husband went. He still went to get her. But somebody had already taken his place. Already [she had] another [husband], too.

She was probably treated kindly, as we say. She was given a skirt, as we say. She told, it seems, how she had been abducted long ago, as we say.

"It doesn't matter," said [her new husband].

That boy of hers grew. He grew. She put him in school.

But the guy learned ri—ght away.

Now his other friends didn't learn. Those other friends of his were beaten by the teachers. That bear's child was well-liked [by the teachers]. He kept being called "Pig's Foot" [by the boys]. He kept being called "Pig's Foot." That bear child lost his

7Oy la jun 7antz 7a li ba la yak'be yot smalal taj taj antz xkaltik 7une.

Bu, ja7 7o la tal jkobel 7oso xkuchoj la bat taj 7antz ta xch'en 7une, te la 7it'anp'uj kómo ch'abal xa sk'u7 7une, naka xa puru ssat te7 nan ti k'usi tzlajes ti prove 7antz 7une.

Va7 7un 7i7ayan la jun xch'amal 7un, ja7 taj 7oso la li yok 7une, ja7 la krixchano li ssat 7une, taj xch'amal 7une, krem la 7un, krem la 7ayan 7un.

7A li bwéno kómo t'anal chava7i li sme7 7une, 7ich'i la taj 7oso 7une. "Me7, k'u cha7al mu xilok'otike?" xi la.

"Mi chjam 7avu7un i nae?" Kómo ton li smak ya7el chava7i 7une. "Mi chjam 7avu7un?"

"Ta jpas kik preva," xi la 7un. 7Ispas la preva 7un j-se---t' la 7ibak' ta j-mek taj mak na yu7un 7une. "Bwéno, chich'i xa ka7tik 7oxibuk k'ak'al che7e, 7aver jk'eltik mi, jk'eltik mi tal xa 7ox jpersa," xi la 7un.

Bwéno, laj taj 7oxib k'ak'al 7ich'i xkaltik 7une, 7ibak' xa mas xa mas xa tzotz 7ibak' yu7un 7un.

Va7 7un, bat xa 7otro 7oxib k'ak'al noxtok 7un, jutuk xa la muk' xjam muk' xlok' ta j-moj xa 7un bi 7a, 7otro 7oxib k'ak'al bat la noxtok 7un, lok' la 7un, lok' la 7un. "Battik ta 7ora che7e, me7!" xi la. Jii, bat la 7u---n, pero tal ti jkobel 7osove, kavron, ta ti7 jtek-lum xa la paj, ba 7ox skil la taj yajnale.

Buy, 7och xa 7ox ta jtek-lum 7un pero solet t'anal la yu7n la solet ch'abal sk'u7, ja7 yech taj taj mu krem 7uk 7une, t'anal chava7i ch'abal sk'u7 chava7i 7uk 7un.

Béno, bat la bat 7o la ta sta ti smalal 7une, pero 7o xa 7ox la xk'exol 7un, 7o xa 7ox 7otro jun noxtok 7un.

Bwéno, k'uxubinat nan xkaltik, 7ak'bat stzek xkaltik 7un, 7iyal ya7el ti k'u x7elan ti tzakbil 7ibat ti vo7ne xkaltik 7une.

Bwéno pwes, "Muk' ta 7alel," xi la 7un.

Va7 7un, ch'i la taj skrem 7une, 7ich'i la 7un, 7istik' la ta chanob vun 7un.

Bu, li me j7ayeles ta 7o---ra la 7ixchan ti vune.

7Óra, li yan xchi7iltak 7une ja7 la mu xchan vun 7un, ja7 la chmajat yu7un maxtroetik xkaltik taj yan xchi7iltak 7une, ja7 xa k'anbil taj taj ch'amal 7osov 7une. "Pye de koch," x7utat la batel 7un. "Pye de koch," x7utat la batel 7un. Chkap 7o la sjol taj

temper. He slugged them, but their souls departed for good. They died. Because he was strong, as we say.

And they got tired of the way he hit those students so much, too. He was thrown out. "Get out once and for all!" he was told.

"All right, okay!" he said. "But plea—se get a walking stick for me. I'll go," he said. They got a walking stick for him. It was some walking stick! But you couldn't even lift it. We couldn't lift it. First they got a [real] walking stick for him, then. It probably wasn't very thick. "Lord, what good is this to me?" he said. "I want a bigger one," he said. He was given a bi—gger one. Who knows if it took two men or what to carry that stick. He took it. He went. He went. He journeyed a long ways.

He met up with one of our countrymen on the way. "Where are you going, friend?" they asked each other. "As for me, I'm going to wherever I fall dead. It makes no difference, because I've left like this," he said.

"Sonofabitch, it's just the same with me, too!" said the other one. The two met up with each other, as we say. They we—nt on again. They me—t another of our countrymen, too, on the way, as we say. There were three now.

But they got te—rribly thi—rsty. Those others, those companions of his, simply longed to drink some water—his two friends.

"But there's probably some water here," said that bear child. There was a pit there. "If you want to, let me down. I'll climb down," he said. They tied vines together. They tied them and lowered them. They tied them and lowered them. [The bear child] climbed down to the bottom where the water was.

But there he met the Earth Lord. He met two girls there. He took one out. He took one of those girls out. "Well, pull me out! I'm coming out now," he said. He was taking the girl out.

Then that other girl came out.

That bear stayed behind, as we say. And, "Well, now I'm coming out myself. Pull me [up]!" he said, too. It was supposedly him.

But it was a big rock that weighed just the same, as we say. Then he tied that rock [so it could be] lifted. Lord it just reached halfway up the pit. Then it was tossed down. They thought it was the bear. They thought it was him [they were dropping].

But it was that rock. Oh, the black gentleman arrived. Lord, he was the lord of that place, it seems, as we say. The black gentleman arrived. They hit each other. Quickly [the bear child] grabbed his knife. He cut off one of [the Earth Lord's] ears. He cut off one of his ears.

Since he couldn't get out, you see, there was no

ch'amal 7osov 7une, ta la st'anbe majele pero yu7n la chlok' xch'ulel ta j-moj, yu7n la xcham ta j-moj, yu7n la 7o spwersa yu7un xkaltik.

Va7 7un, 7i tavan la xa7iik taj x7elan tol tzmaj taj jchan-vunetik noxtok 7une, 7a li lok'esat la. "Batan ta j-moj!" x7utat la 7un.

"Bwéno stak'!" xi la 7un. "Pero 7abulaja---nik 7un, sa7bekon junuk jnam-te7 7un, chibat," xi la 7un. 7Isa7bat la jun snam-te7 7un, jun snam-te7 pero yu7n, yu7n me ja7uk stotz la 7avu7un, mu la xlik ku7untik, sa7bat la pimero jun snam-te7e che7e te nan k'u yunen yijil. "Ke7re k'usi bal 7o chka7i li7e?" xi la 7un. "Jk'an mas muk'," xi la 7un. 7I 7i7ak'bat la ma---s xa muk' na7tik mi cha7-vo7 yajval k'u la cha7al taj 7ispet taj te7 7une, stzak la ech'el bat la 7un, bat la 7un, stam yok ta j-moj 7un.

Béno, 7isnup ta be i jun jchi7iltik 7un. 7A li, "Bu chabat, amígo?" xut la sbaik 7un. "Vo7one chibat ja7 ti buy pak'al xilaje muk' sk'oplal yu7un lok'emon chak li7e," xi la 7un.

"Púta, ja7 yechon 7uk!" xi la taj jun 7une. I sta la sbaik cha7-vo7 xkaltik 7un, ba---tik xa la noxtok 7un, snu---p ta be 7otro jun noxtok jchi7iltik xkaltik 7un, pas ta 7ox-vo7 7un.

Buy, ta xta---kij la sti7 ta j-me---k, solet la chak yuch' vo7 taj taj yan xchi7iltak 7une, cha7-vo7 xchi7il 7une.

Va7 7un, "Pero 7o nan vo7 li7 toe," xi la taj ch'amal 7osov 7une. 7O la te jun ch'en 7un. "Mi xak'an xa 7a li niton yalel ta xiyal," xi la 7un. 7Istz'akulanik 7a li 7ak'etik 7istz'akulan la yalel 7un, 7iyal taj ta chak vo7 7une.

Bwéno, buy, te la sta 7a li yajval balamil 7un, te la sta cha7-vo7 tzeb te yo7 7une, 7islok'es la jun 7un, 7islok'es jun taj tzeb 7une. "Bwéno, niton me lok'el 7un, ta xa me xilok' tal," xi la. Tzeb la tzlok'es 7un.

7Óra, lok' taj jun tzeb 7une.

Bwéno, te kom taj taj 7osov xkaltik 7une. 7I "Bwéno, ta xa me xilok' tal vo7on 7une nitikon me 7un!" xut la noxtok 7un. Ja7 xa ta 7alel 7une.

Bu, j-p'ej la mol ton ja7 nox k'u cha7al yalal xkaltik 7une, ja7 7o ja7 la 7ixchuk muyel taj ton 7une, kere, ja7 no la ti 7ista 7o7lol ch'en ja7 la sjipat yalel tal 7un xak' ja7uk li li 7osov 7une, xak' ja7uk 7un.

Buy, ja7 taj ton la 7une, 7aj, k'ot la 7ik'al mol 7un, ke, yajval ya7el taj balamil xkaltik 7une, k'ot la 7ik'al mol 7un, smaj la sba xchi7uk 7un, j-likel la 7istzak skuchilu sjosbe la jun xchikin, 7isjosbe la jun xchikin.

Bwéno, kómo mu xa xlok' chava7i 7une, mu xa k'u

way, there was no longer a way to get out—"Well, will you carry me out? If you don't carry me I'll bite your ear," he said. He bit his ear, but he was already holding his ear. But it hurt [the Earth Lord].

"Ow, don't bite my ear! I'll take you out, then," said [the Earth Lord]. [The boy] was carried out.

Halfway up the pit, he was about to be tossed down again. He bit [the Earth Lord's] ear again. "I guess I'll bite the black gentleman's ear," he said. He bit his ear again.

"Ow, don't bite my ear!" said [the Earth Lord]. But his ear was being held [in the bear child's hand]. It probably hurt him still, it seems, as we say. [The bear child] was taken out.

He reached another town. He had taken along the ear of that black gentleman, as we say.

He found two rocks, but they were beau—tiful rocks. Bu—t he met a girl there. "Well, I guess I'll bite the black gentleman's ear. We'll see if he brings me some money for marrying this girl," he said. He bit that black gentleman's ear. But who knows where he was, it seems. Who knows where that owner [of the ear] was.

"Ow, don't bite my ear!" said [the Earth Lord] again, but he was far away.

"Okay, if you give me some money. This much, like this," he said.

"Well, take it!" said [the Earth Lord]. "Just don't bite my ear for me!" he said. [The bear child] was given the money. And he placed that rock there. He placed one by his head to sleep on. That rock.

That girl came along. "What's that?" she asked.

"Ah, this is my charm," said that awful bear child. "This is a charm, of course!" he said.

"Do you want to give it to me?" she said.

"Ahh, I'll give it to you, but [only] if we get married," he said.

"Eh, I don't know about that," she said.

"Well, it will be yours, if we get married," he said. She thought it over. "Well, shall I come sleep [with you], then?" he said.

"Come on, come on, sleep! Come on, sleep, then!" said that woman. She had probably made her decision.

"Well, can I put my arm over [you]?" he said. He embraced her.

"Yes, you can!" she said.

"Can I touch you a little bit lower?" he said.

"You can!" she said. He touched her a little bit lower.

"Can I climb on slowly?" he said.

"You can!" she said.

"Can I poke it in slowly, I guess?" he said, too.

xi mu xa k'u xi xlok' ch'abal xa 7un. "Bwéno, mi chakuchon lok'ele, ti mi muk' chakuchone ta jti7 lachikine," xi la 7un. 7Isti7be xchikin, pero stomojbe xa li xchikin 7une, pero k'ux la cha7i 7un.

"7Ay, mu xati7 i jchikine chajlok'es che7e," xi la 7un. 7Ikuchat la lok'el tal 7un.

Va7 7un, ta 7o7lol ch'en 7un ta xa 7ox la xjpat yalel noxtok 7un, sti7be la xchikin noxtok 7un.

"Jti7be ka7tik xchikin 7ik'al mol," xi la. 7Isti7be la li xchikin noxtok 7une.

"Jay, mu xati7 i jchikine!" xi la 7un. Pero tombil li xchikin 7une, k'ux nan cha7i to ya7el xkaltik 7un, 7a li lok'esat la tal 7un.

Bwéno, k'ot la ta jun 7o jtek-lum 7un, te yich'ojbe xchikin taj 7ik'al mol xkaltik 7une.

Va7 7un, 7a li 7ista la cha7-p'ej ton pero le---k la ton ta j-mek 7un, pe---ro 7o la te jun tzeb 7ista 7un. "Bwéno, ta jti7be ka7tik xchikin i 7ik'al mole, 7aver mi xislok'esbe tal jayibuk tak'in, ta xkik' 7o li tzeb li7e," xi la 7un. Sti7be la xchikin taj 7ik'al mol 7une, pero bu na7tik xa buy buy ya7el, na7tik buy komem taj yajval xa 7une, yu7 van.

"Jay, mu xati7 i jchikine!" xi la noxtok pero nom xa 7un.

"Bwéno, mi chavak'bon jayibuk tak'in ja7 yech yepal chak li7e?" xi la 7un.

"Bwéno, 7ich'o!" xi la 7un. "Ja7 nox mu xati7bon li jchikine," xi la 7un. 7I7ak'bat la tak'in 7un, 7i te la sp'ejan taj ton taj sp'ejan la j-p'ej tzjol vayuk taj ton taj 7une.

Va7 7un, tal la taj tzeb 7une. "K'usi le7e?" xi la 7un.

"7A li7i jportuna," xi la 7un, taj mu ch'amal 7osov 7une. "Portuna li7 7a!" xi la 7un.

"Mi xak'an 7ak'bon!" xi la 7un.

"7Aaa, chakak'be pero ti mi chkik' jbatike," xi la 7un.

"Je, mu jna7 chka7i," xi la 7un.

"Bwéno pwes vo7ot 7avu7un ti me yu7n chkik' jbatike," xi la 7un. Snop la 7un. "Béno, mi chtal vayikon che7e?" xi la 7un.

"La7 la7 vayan la7 vayan che7e!" xi la taj 7antz 7une. Snop xa nan tzjol 7un.

"Bwéno, mi xu7 jkajan jk'obe?" xi la 7un. 7Ismey la 7un.

"Xu7!" xi la 7un.

"Mi xu7 jpik i mas 7olon7olontike?" xi 7un.

"Xu!" xi la 7un. Spik la mas 7olon7olontik 7une.

"Mi xu7 xik'un-muy?" xi la 7un.

"Xu7!" xi la 7un.

"Mi xu7 jk'un-tijanbe ka7tik 7un?" xi la noxtok 7un.

"Poke it in!" he was told. Lord, he poked it in! Sonofabitch, but yes, indeed, the blood certainly flowed! Who knows what horrible length his tool was! She was screaming now. She was screaming now since it was probably long, you see. Who knows what his tool was like, you see. He was an evil animal, you see. Lord, it was discovered. He was going to be arrested and jailed.

But he wasn't arrested or jailed. He fled again. He went to another town, too. And he just did the same. He just kept deceiving people like that. That's what happened. That's how the tale ends, like that.

The "Bear's Son," sharing many motifs with Beowulf, is widespread in Europe, especially in Scandinavia. It occurs in India and North Africa and among North American Indian groups (Barakat, 1965:330-331). It has been reported frequently among Mexicans living in the United States (Colgrave, 1951:409-413; A. M. Espinosa, 1911, T12: Goodwyn, 1953:143-154; Paredes, 1970, T29; Rael, 1957, T232). In Mexico there are versions from Chihuahua (Barakat, *ibid.*), Jalisco (Mason, 1914:176-179; Wheeler, 1943, T93-T96), Guadalajara (Robe, 1970, T34), Mitla (Radin and Espinosa, 1917, T108; Radin, 1943:22-30), and Tehuantepec (Boas, 1912:241-245) in Oaxaca, and in Chiapas—Chamula (Gossen, T75).

Rey's story, like other Mexican versions, conforms quite closely to the Aarne-Thompson tale type 301 and to Spanish tales (A. M. Espinosa, T133-T135). Emphasizing the similarities with Rey's story, I will try to make a composite of the other Mexican tales:

(1) A woman, abducted by a bear, gives birth to a son, half bear and half boy.

(2) Bear's Son escapes by pushing a heavy rock from the cave's entrance. (His magical growth and his mother's return to town are not featured.)

(3) He kills his tormentors in school, and is forced to drop out. (His learning abilities are not mentioned.)

"Tijanbol!" x7utat la 7un. Ke, stijanbe la, púta pero 7éso si lok' la ch'ich' ka7uktik 7un a7a, na7tik k'u sil natil yabtejeb 7un a7a, x7avet xa la 7un, x7avet xa la 7un kómo nat nan chava7i na7tik k'u x7elan yabtejeb chava7i ti pukuj chon chava7i to, kere, 7ana 7i 7ivinaj la 7un, ta 7ox la stzakat ta chukel taj 7une.

Buy, muk' stzak ta chukel 7ijatav la noxtok bat ta yan 7o jtek-lum noxtok 7un, bat ta yan 7o jtek-lum noxtoke, 7i ja7 no la yech tzipas naka la puro cho7vanej tzipas chak taj 7une, k'u x7elan bat 7o yech 7un, ja7 yech 7ich'ay 7o yech kwento chak taj 7une.

(4) He requests a heavy staff.

(5) He meets up with three friends (not two). They usually are giants with special abilities and names like Mountain Mover, River Gulper.

(6) They grow very thirsty. With the aid of a long rope, Bear's Son descends into a deep well.

(7) He discovers three (not two) beautiful girls. He may have to rescue them by first killing serpents or devils.

(8) He lifts the girls out. When he, himself, tries to get out, he is either abandoned or suspects his companions' good will and ties a rock to the rope.

(9) He battles a Negro, sometimes identified as Lucifer, cuts off his ear, and escapes from the well by biting the Negro's ear and so compelling his assistance.

From here on Rey's tale takes an unusual turn. Customarily, Bear's Son, with the aid of the Negro's ear, tracks down his former companions, denounces them, and wins one or all three of the princesses for himself. Rey's Rabelaisian conclusion adds a fresh dimension to this ancient epic.

The very existence of an early Spanish loanword, *Tosov*, for "bear" in Chiapas, far from bears' native habitat and where it is not likely that travelling circuses would have ventured, is mysterious. Perhaps this tale holds the key.

When the Guatemalans Were Blown Sky-High

T159

There is another one, too, a tale, as we call it, too. In Guatemala, of course! It seems the people used to arrive [there] long ago. They died there. They were given cane liquor to drink. When they got drunk, then [the Guatemalans] sharpened up a knife blade well. Their balls would be cut off.

They were fattened. There in Guatemala. They were fattened like pigs. Yes!

They were fattened. Ooh, it seems that lots of the elders of long ago were lost, as we say. Many were lost—those it seems, who couldn't be Thunderbolt or anything. [Just] some of them [were strong]. They didn't all have the same power long ago.

The elders chose several from among each other.

7O la j-tos xtok skwenta kwento xkaltik noxtok 7un, 7a li ta Watemala la bi 7a, ta xk'ot ta xk'ot ti krixchanoetik ya7el ti vo7ne 7une, te chljaj ta la x7ak'bat yuch'ik trago, 7i mi yakubik la 7une, ja7 7o la chjux lek ye kuchilu 7un, ta la xlok'bat sbek' yat 7un.

Va7i 7un, te la chjup'esat 7un taj ta Vatemala 7une, chjup'esat k'u cha7al k'u cha7al chitom. Jii7!

Chjup'esat la 7un, ji, 7ep xa la ta j-mek 7ich'ay, ch'ay ya7el ya7el ti vo7ne moletik xkaltik 7ep i ch'aye ti bu mu sna7ik ya7el mu sna7ik ya7el chauk k'usi ya7el j-lom 7une, mu parejouk sna7ik ti vo7ne 7une.

Va7 7un, 7ist'uj la sba ech'el ti moletik ti ti jay-vo7

There was a Thunderbolt, a Fog, a Whirlwind, a Butterfly, a Blowfly.

They went. They were given cane liquor, just the same way [as the ones before]. They were given jug after jug of cane liquor.

It looked as if they drank the cane liquor, but who knows what they did. Those elders of long ago didn't get drunk.

It looked as if they got drunk. They toppled over. They collapsed to the ground, it seems. Quickly [the Guatemalans] grabbed a knife. The knife blade was well-sha—rpened. Ye—s!

Their balls were going to be cut off, then. They were going to be cut off, then. Now Fog appeared. Thunderbolt crashed. Half the town . . . those people were finished off by Thunderbolt.

Of those others who had been fattened, it seems, some came back still. The others stayed there for good, because they were too fat to walk. That's how the matter ended, too. It was that Thunderbolt who [went to] work. Thunderbolt worked. That's what the elders of long ago were like. Since they could be Thunderbolt and they could be Whirlwind, and so on, it seems—the elders of long ago.

They succeeded. The world was set aright by them, too. That's how it ends. A tale like that.

I chose Rey's account of the war with Guatemala to end the series, because it was he who taught Romin Teratol the epic that was recorded by me as Tale 1. Had this been the last rather than

7une, 7oy la jun chauh, jun la lumal tok, jun la sutum 7ik', jun la pepen, jun la yaxal vo.

Va7 7un, batik la 7un, ke, ja7 no la yech 7ak'batik la trago ta garafon ta j-mek 7i7ak'batik trago 7une.

Béno, ta xuch'ik la yilel li tragoe pero na7tik k'u chcha7le 7un, mu la xyakubik taj vo7ne moletik 7une.

Va7 7un, 7iyakubik la yilel 7ibutk'ijik la lomik ta lum yilel 7un, ke tzak xi la kuchilu, ju---xbat la lek ye li kuchilu 7une. Jii!

Yu7 xa la lok'esbat taj sbek' yatik 7une, yu7n xa la chlok'esat 7un, ke ja7 7o tal lumal tok 7un, yak' la chauh 7un, ke7re, 7ásta ke 7o7lol la jtek-lume, ja7 laj la komel yu7un ta chauh taj krixchanoetik 7une.

Va7 7un, taj te to 7ox yan ya7el ti jup'emik xa taj 7un, tal to la j-lom li j-lome te xa kom 7o kómo mu xa xanavik yu7un sjup'enal, tey 7inel 7o yech ti k'op noxtok 7une, ja7 taj chauh 7i7abtej 7une, chauh 7i7abtej, ja7 yech ti vo7ne moletik 7une, kómo sna7ik chauh 7i sna7ik sutum 7ik' k'usitak ya7el ti mas vo7ne moletik 7une.

Va7 7un, ja7 tojob yu7un taj 7une 7imeltzaj yu7un li balamil noxtok 7une, ja7 laj 7o yech chak taje, jun kwento chak taje.

the second tale that I asked Rey to tell me and had he been enlivened by more bottles of beer, I believe it would have been more eloquent. See also T1, T115, T150, and their notes.

Postscript

“Talk of many things, . . . of cabbages and kings”—no scholar’s array of evidence to prove a favorite theory, no logical design, no academic pyramid, just a few samples of the talk of the town to whet the appetite of those who dare to wonder “why the ocean boils and whether pigs have wings.”

Imagine an archeologist attempting to reveal a buried civilization with only the potsherds he finds littering the surface of the ground—so has been my frustration in trying to gain an understanding of life in Zinacantán from this random collection of tales.

The comparative material displayed in the commentaries is no less random. Scattered far and wide in fieldnotes, mimeographs of federal Indian development programs, in missionary publications, in journals of linguistics, ethnopoetry, and folklore, tucked into anthropology monographs, this material defies easy discovery. Even after examining every scrap that reached my attention, it became clear that there is only the spottiest knowledge of the stories that the Indians of Middle America tell each other at home and at work. Indeed, outside Chiapas no study has focused on the role of folk literature in a single community.

Of Cabbages and Kings is a first endeavor to present a common tradition through the personal styles and interpretations of a variety of townspeople who made no claim to special knowledge, but who told with relish what came to their minds during a few insignificant mornings and afternoons of their lives.

They never would dream of the care that has been lavished on their ordinary words—the hours, the years spent by countless persons laboring with reels and pens, typewriters and word-processors, computers and Linotrons to reproduce their voices, then to reduce their words to writing for the amusement and edification of mere strangers.

For those of us who assume without question the value of literacy, may this volume have intimated the exuberance of living speech!

Paraded here in black stripes, these letters have reached their limit, but in Zinacantán the real words rush heedlessly into tomorrow, recreating and repeating, forever and forever.

Appendix 1

CAST OF NATIVE DEMONS AND DEITIES

Chauk	Thunderbolt
J7ik'al	Spook (literally "black")
Jk'ux 7Ak'al	Charcoal Cruncher
Jnatikil Jol	Long Hair
Jvala-pat-7ok	Turnabout Foot (literally "backward foot")
Konchave	Dwarf (etymology unknown)
Xulem Vinik	Buzzard Man
Xulub Chon	Horned Serpent
Totil Me7il	Tutelary God (literally "father mother")
Vaxak-men	Creator Gods (literally "eight supports")
Yajval Balamil	Earth Lord (literally "lord" or "owner of the earth" or "of the world")
Yalem Bek'et	Fallen Flesh

Appendix 2

GAZETTEER

Acala	lowland town on the Rio Grijalva
7Ach' Jtek-lum	Chiapilla
7Ak'ol Mukenal	eastern cemetery in Zinacantán Center
7Anob	on trail to Bik'it Nich
7Avan Ch'en	cave in Paste7
Ba Stentej	on trail to Ixtapa
Be Chij	trail from Zinacantán Center to Chamula
Bik'it Nich	ranch east of San Lucas
Bik'it Vo7	spring in Paste7
Burrero	colony on the trail to Ixtapa
Cañita	ranch near Ixtapa
Carranza	lowland Tzotzil town (Venustiano Carranza, formerly called San Bartolo)
Chaklajon	in Chamulan hamlet of Milpoleta
Chamula	Tzotzil town near Zinacantán Center
Chiapa	Chiapa de Corzo, town on the Rio Grijalva
Chiapilla	lowland town
Chix-te7tik	colony of Mitontic
Chobtik	Zinacantec hamlets west of Naben Chauk
Choko7	at western entrance to Zinacantán Center, on trail to Vo7-bitz
Comitán	Comitán de Dominguez, town on the Pan American highway
7Ichin	7O1on Mukenal
7Ik'al Vo7	on trail to Ixtapa
7Isbontik	on Pan American highway north of San Felipe
7Isbontikal Vo7	spring in Zinacantán Center
Ixtapa	town on the trans-Chiapas highway (with Tzotzil minority)
Jok' Ch'enom	(La Granadilla) Zinacantec hamlet
Jok' Ch'enomal Vo7	spring in Jok' Ch'enom
Jol Na 7Ichin	7Olon Mukenal
Jol Na Joj	mountain shrine north of Zinacantán Center
Jolob Na	on trail to Ixtapa
Jolom Na	Jolob Na
Joyijel	(Joijel) Zinacantec hamlet
Juteb Chauk	cave near fork of trans-Chiapas highway and Pan American highway
Kakate7	hamlet of Ixtapa
Kakav Te7	Kakate7
Koral Buro	spring in Paste7
Lach-chikin	cave on trail to Ixtapa
Laguna Grande	ranch in foothills east of San Lucas
Magdalenas	highland Tzotzil community in Larrainzar
Muk'ta Jok'	hamlet of Ixtapa, west of Jok' Ch'enom
Muxul Vitz	mountain in Zinacantán Center

Na Chij	(Nachig) Zinacantec hamlet
Na Joj	Jol Na Joj
Naben Chauk	(Navenchauc) Zinacantec hamlet
Ni-nab	spring in Zinacantán Center
Ni-o7 7Atz'am	spring in Zinacantán Center
Nibak	Ixtapa
7Olon Mukenal	western cemetery in Zinacantán Center
7Olon Ravol	ranch in Zinacantán Center
Pajal Chix-te7	spring in Paste7
Pale Ton	cliff in Paste7
Paste7	(Paste) Zinacantec hamlet
Petz Toj	settlement in Vo7-bitz
Pulatural Vo7	cave on Pan American highway north of Chiapa de Corzo
Pum-lajan 7Uk'um	stream in Zinacantán Center
Quinta	ranch in the barrio of San Ramón in San Cristóbal
Ravol	7Olon Ravol
Rincón Chamula	Tzotzil town on the trans-Chiapas highway
Rinkon	Rincón Chamula
Rinkontik	Rincón Chamula
Rosario	lowland ranch
Salinas	Vo7-bitz, Zinacantec hamlet on the trail to Ixtapa
San Andrés	San Andrés Larráinzar, highland Tzotzil town
San Cristóbal	San Cristóbal de las Casas
San Felipe	agencia of San Cristóbal (with Tzotzil minority)
San Francisco	church and barrio of San Cristóbal
San Gabriel	ranch on trans-Chiapas highway
San Juan Chamula	(El Bosque) Tzotzil town on road to Simojovel
San-kixtoval	mountain in Zinacantán Center
San Lucas	El Zapotal, lowland town (with Tzotzil minority)
Santa Lucia	church and barrio of San Cristóbal
Sek'emtik	(Sequentic) Zinacantec hamlet
Simojovel	temperate Tzotzil town
Sisil Vitz	mountain in Zinacantán Center
Soyaló	town on the trans-Chiapas highway
Stzellej Minax	on trail to Na Chij
Tapachula	city on the Pacific coast
Tenejapa	highland Tzeltal town
Tierra Blanca	settlement in Salinas
Toch'	stream between Paste7 and Na Chij
Tonalá	town on the Pacific coast
Totolapa	lowland Tzotzil town
Tuxtla	Tuxtla Gutiérrez, capital of Chiapas
Tzajal Ch'en	cave south of Chiapa de Corzo
Tzajal Yemel	hamlet of Chamula, near Mitontic
Tz'ajom Pik'	on trail to Vo7-bitz
Tz'akav 7Uk'um	on trail to Ixtapa
Tz'oj Lum	on trail to Ixtapa
Tz'uiltasbil Vo7	spring in Zinacantán Center
Ventana	mountain pass at eastern entrance to Zinacantán Center
Vo7-bitz	(Salinas) Zinacantec hamlet
Vo7-ch'oj Vo7	(Bochoboh) Zinacantec hamlet
Vo7 ta Paste7	spring in Paste7
Vok'em Setz'	Pulatural Vo7
Vom Ch'en	cave in Paste7
Vunal	lowland ranch

Xlok' Yo7on Ton	rock on trail to Vo7-bitz
Xul Vo7	spring in Paste7
Ya7ajvil	Ventana
Ya7am Ton	mountain shrine north of Zinacantán Center
Yaleb Taiv	(Yalemtay) Zinacantec hamlet
Yav Ch'ivit	on trail to Ixtapa
Yerbabuena	ranch on the Pan American highway south of San Cristóbal
Yox K'otik	stream in Chamulan hamlet of Ichin Ton next to road to San Cristóbal
Zinacantán Center	Jtek-lum

Appendix 3

TALE SCHEDULE

<i>Tale</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Tale</i>	<i>Date</i>
1-3	30 Mar 1960	69-80	5 Sep 1960
4	31 Mar 1960	81-84	6 Sep 1960
5	18 Apr 1960	85-89	7 Sep 1960
6	20 Apr 1960	90	2 Oct 1960
7, 8	21 Apr 1960	91-103	6 Oct 1960
9	22 Apr 1960	104-111	10 Oct 1960
10, 11	23 Apr 1960	112-124	27 Oct 1960
12, 13	26 Apr 1960	125, 126	4 Nov 1960
14	27 Apr 1960	127-129	10 Nov 1960
15-17	28 Apr 1960	130, 131	19 Nov 1960
18	3 May 1960	132-137	11 Mar 1963
19	6 May 1960	138	27 Mar 1963
20, 21	7 May 1960	139	4 Jul 1963
22-42	15 Jun 1960	140	23 Jul 1963
43	16 Jun 1960	141	10 Oct 1968
44-46	26 Jun 1960	142-153	8 Sep 1971
47	26 Aug 1960	154-157	15 Sep 1971
49, 51-54	30 Aug 1960	158-177	30 Sep 1971
48, 50, 55-68	31 Aug 1960		

Appendix 4

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2. Romin Teratol	47	46. Xun 7Akov	157
3. Romin Teratol	52	47. Chep Xantis	320
4. Romin Teratol	73	48. Manvel K'obyox	342
5. Romin Teratol	44	49. Manvel K'obyox	323
6. Romin Teratol	86	50. Manvel K'obyox	336
7. Romin Teratol	76	51. Manvel K'obyox	331
8. Romin Teratol	23	52. Manvel K'obyox	334
9. Romin Teratol	28	53. Manvel K'obyox	336
10. Romin Teratol	30	54. Manvel K'obyox	327
11. Romin Teratol	77	55. Manvel K'obyox	337
12. Romin Teratol	66	56. Manvel K'obyox	328
13. Romin Teratol	40	57. Manvel K'obyox	331
14. Romin Teratol	58	58. Manvel K'obyox	343
15. Romin Teratol	57	59. Manvel K'obyox	340
16. Romin Teratol	54	60. Manvel K'obyox	333
17. Romin Teratol	78	61. Manvel K'obyox	340
18. Romin Teratol	80	62. Manvel K'obyox	332
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23. Xun 7Akov	145	67. Manvel K'obyox	347
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27. [Tale omitted]		71. Tonik Nibak.....	188
28. Xun 7Akov	153	72. Tonik Nibak.....	165
29. Xun 7Akov	156	73. Tonik Nibak.....	275
30. Xun 7Akov	147	74. Tonik Nibak.....	212
31. Xun 7Akov	142	75. Tonik Nibak.....	227
32. Xun 7Akov	157	76. Tonik Nibak.....	187
33. Xun 7Akov	149	77. Tonik Nibak.....	216
34. Xun 7Akov	154	78. Tonik Nibak.....	238
35. Xun 7Akov	143	79. Tonik Nibak.....	253
36. Xun 7Akov	144	80. Tonik Nibak.....	254
37. Xun 7Akov	148	81. Tonik Nibak.....	179
38. Xun 7Akov	155	82. Tonik Nibak.....	301
39. Xun 7Akov	145	83. Tonik Nibak.....	196
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90. Lol Sarate	159	135. Romin Teratol	65
91. Manvel K'obyox	346	136. Romin Teratol	39
92. Manvel K'obyox	359	137. Romin Teratol	49
93. Manvel K'obyox	356	138. Romin Teratol	54
94. [Tale omitted]		139. Romin Teratol	84
95. Manvel K'obyox	355	140. Romin Tan-chak.....	90
96. Manvel K'obyox	330	141. Romin Teratol	76
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105. Romin Teratol	41	150. Romin Teratol	21
106. Romin Teratol	42	151. Tonik Nibak.....	214
107. Romin Teratol	32	152. Tonik Nibak.....	201
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109. Romin Teratol	81	154. Xun Vaskis.....	113
110. Romin Teratol	60	155. Xun Vaskis.....	105
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113. Xun Vaskis.....	105	158. Rey Komis	391
114. Xun Vaskis.....	95	159. Rey Komis	404
115. Xun Vaskis.....	132	160. Rey Komis	378
116. Xun Vaskis.....	107	161. Rey Komis	400
117. Xun Vaskis.....	102	162. Rey Komis	387
118. Xun Vaskis.....	137	163. Rey Komis	364
119. Xun Vaskis.....	126	164. Rey Komis	401
120. Xun Vaskis.....	94	165. Rey Komis	397
121. Xun Vaskis.....	129	166. Rey Komis	367
122. Xun Vaskis.....	101	167. Rey Komis	377
123. Xun Vaskis.....	124	168. Rey Komis	396
124. Xun Vaskis.....	135	169. Rey Komis	392
125. Romin Teratol	63	170. Rey Komis	370
126. Romin Teratol	68	171. Rey Komis	379
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128. Tonik Nibak.....	305	173. Rey Komis	395
129. Tonik Nibak.....	311	174. Rey Komis	373
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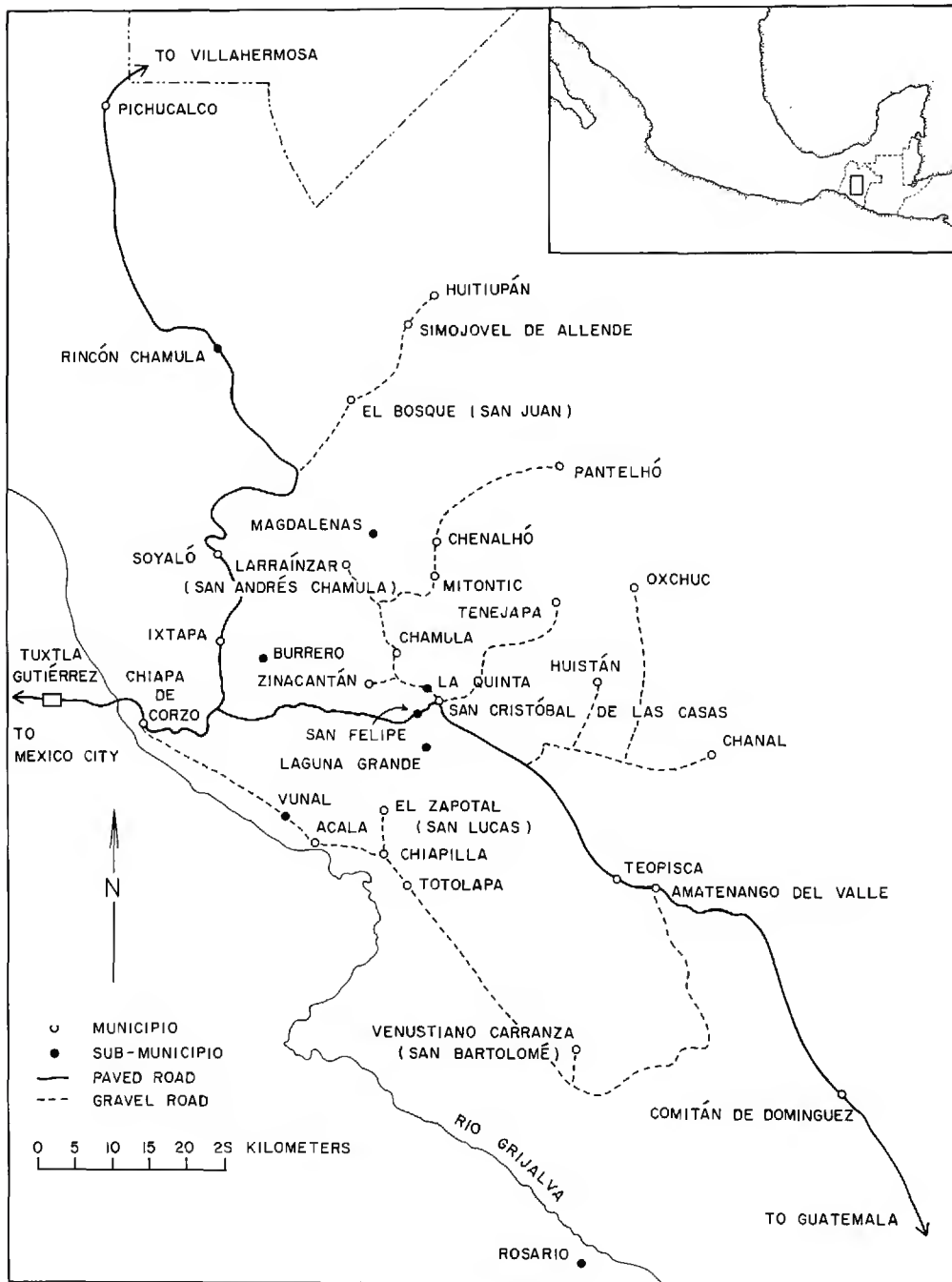
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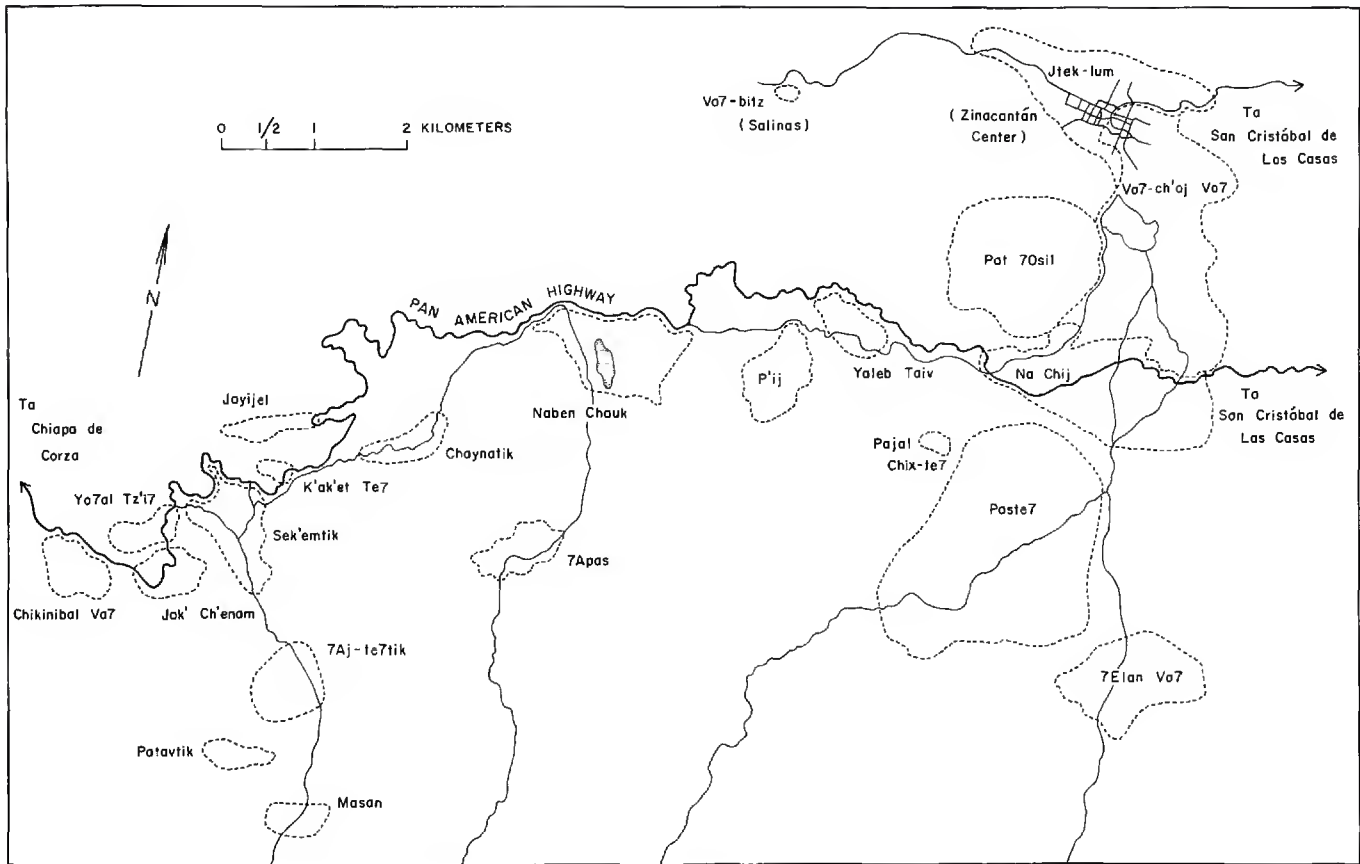
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Maps

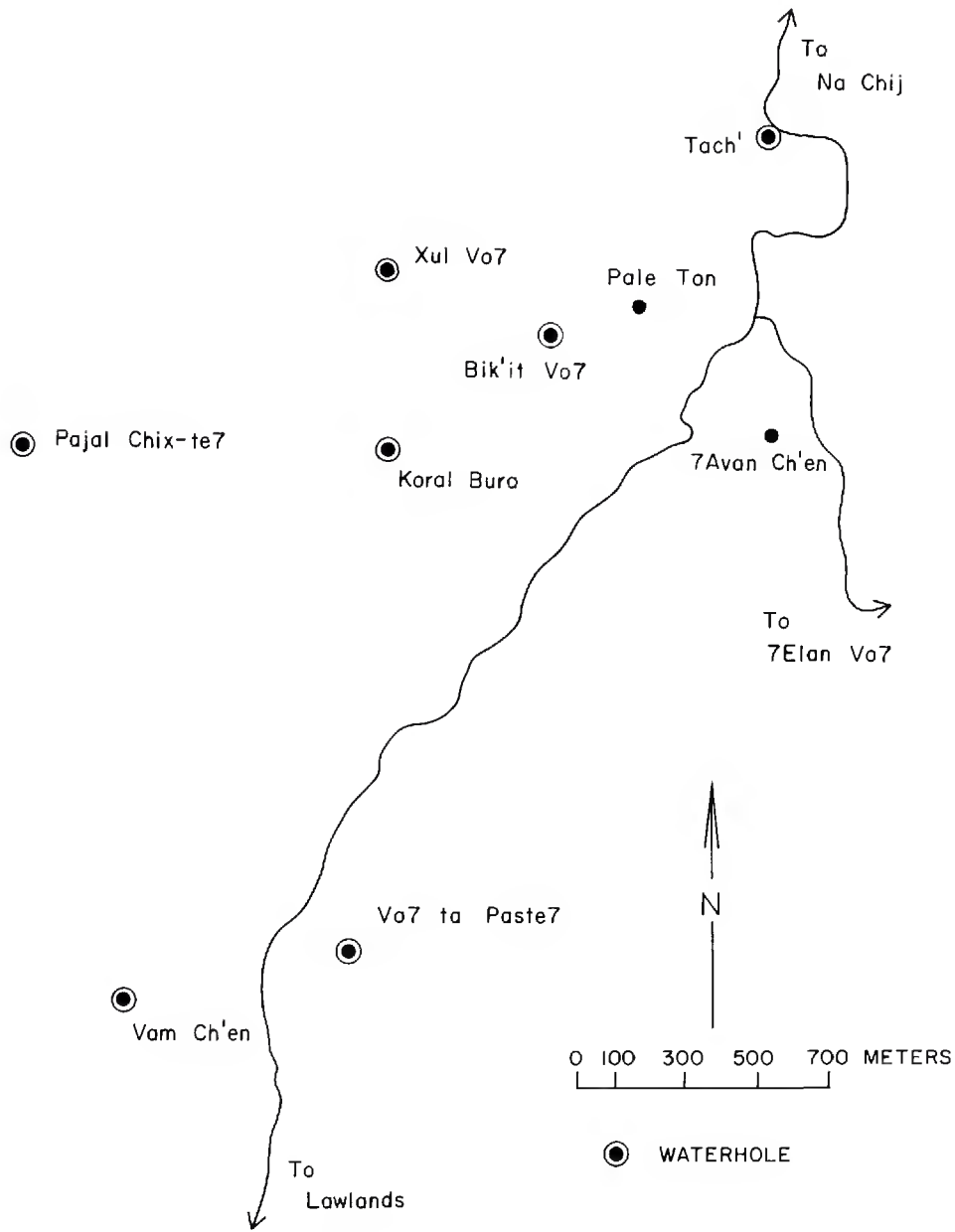
Nearly all the local place names occurring in the tales may be found on maps 1-7. Place names and languages mentioned in the notes are located on maps 1, and 8-10. The language area boundaries should be considered as tentative approximations.



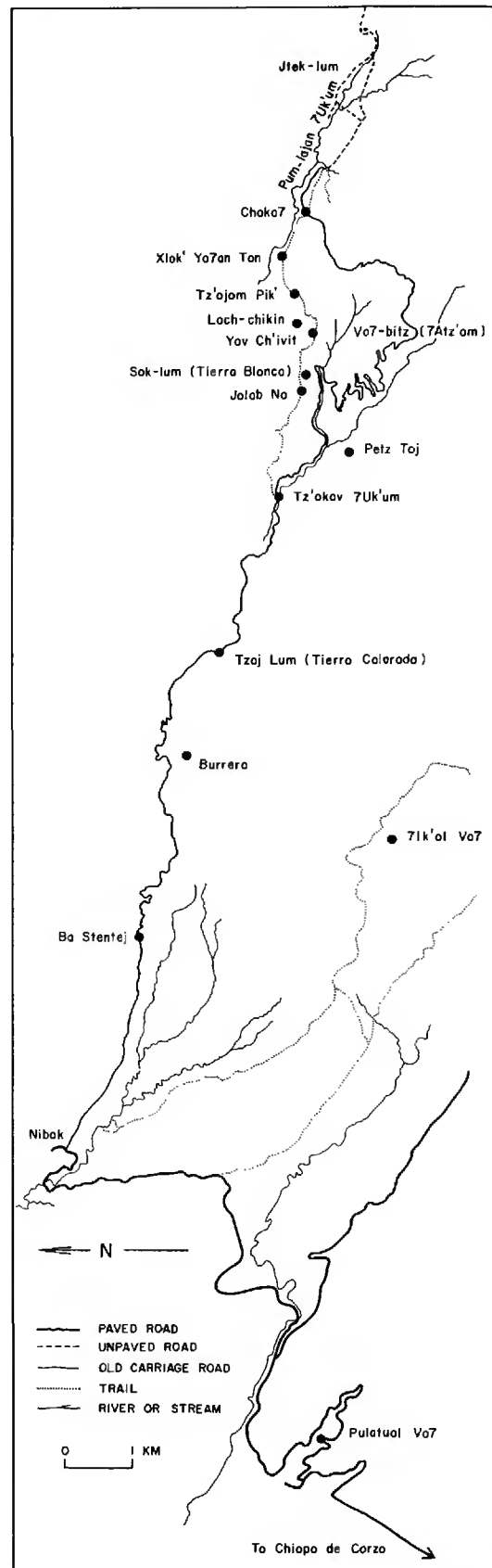
MAP 1.—Central Chiapas.



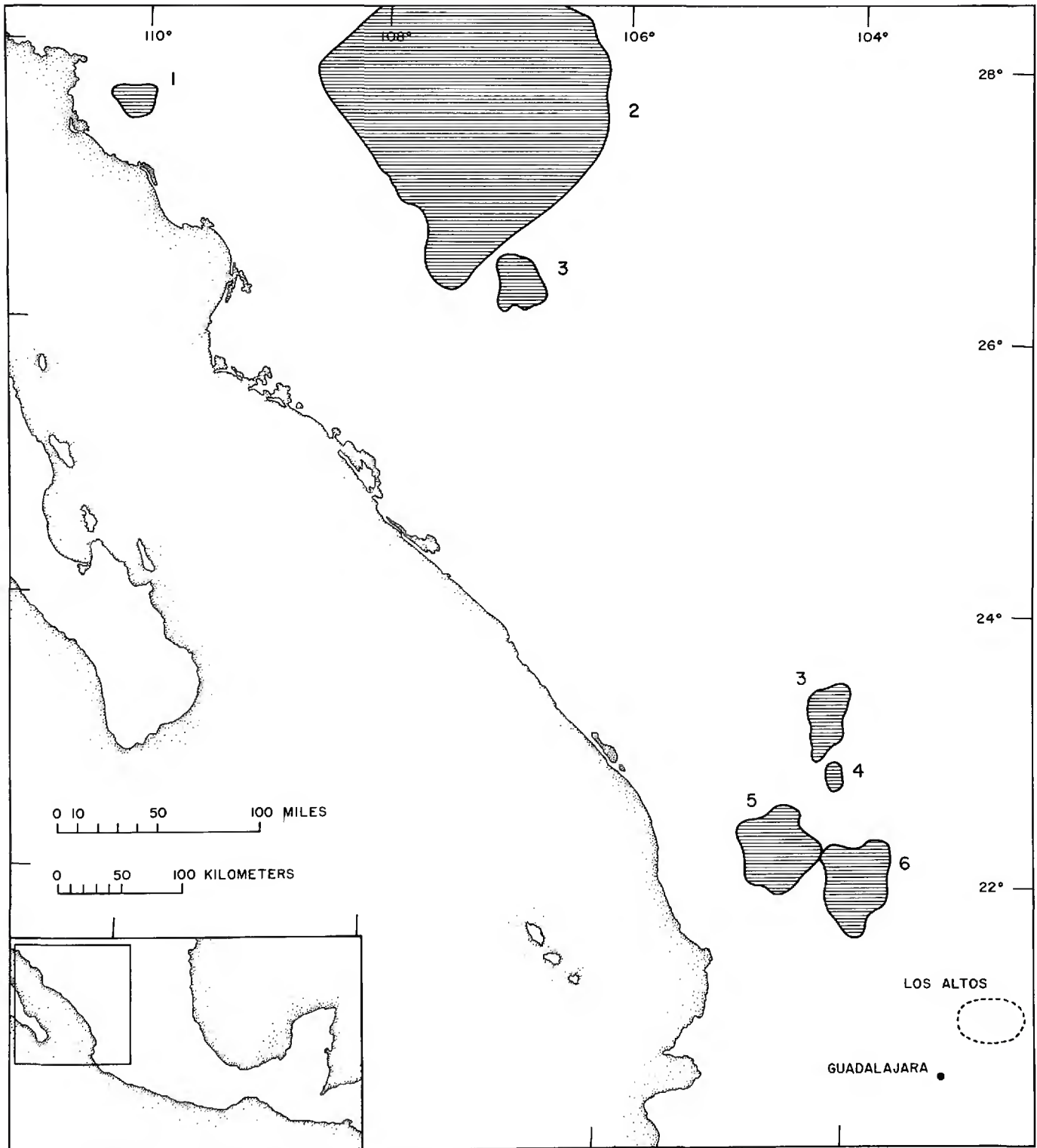
MAP 2.—Zinacantán township (adapted from E. Z. Vogt).



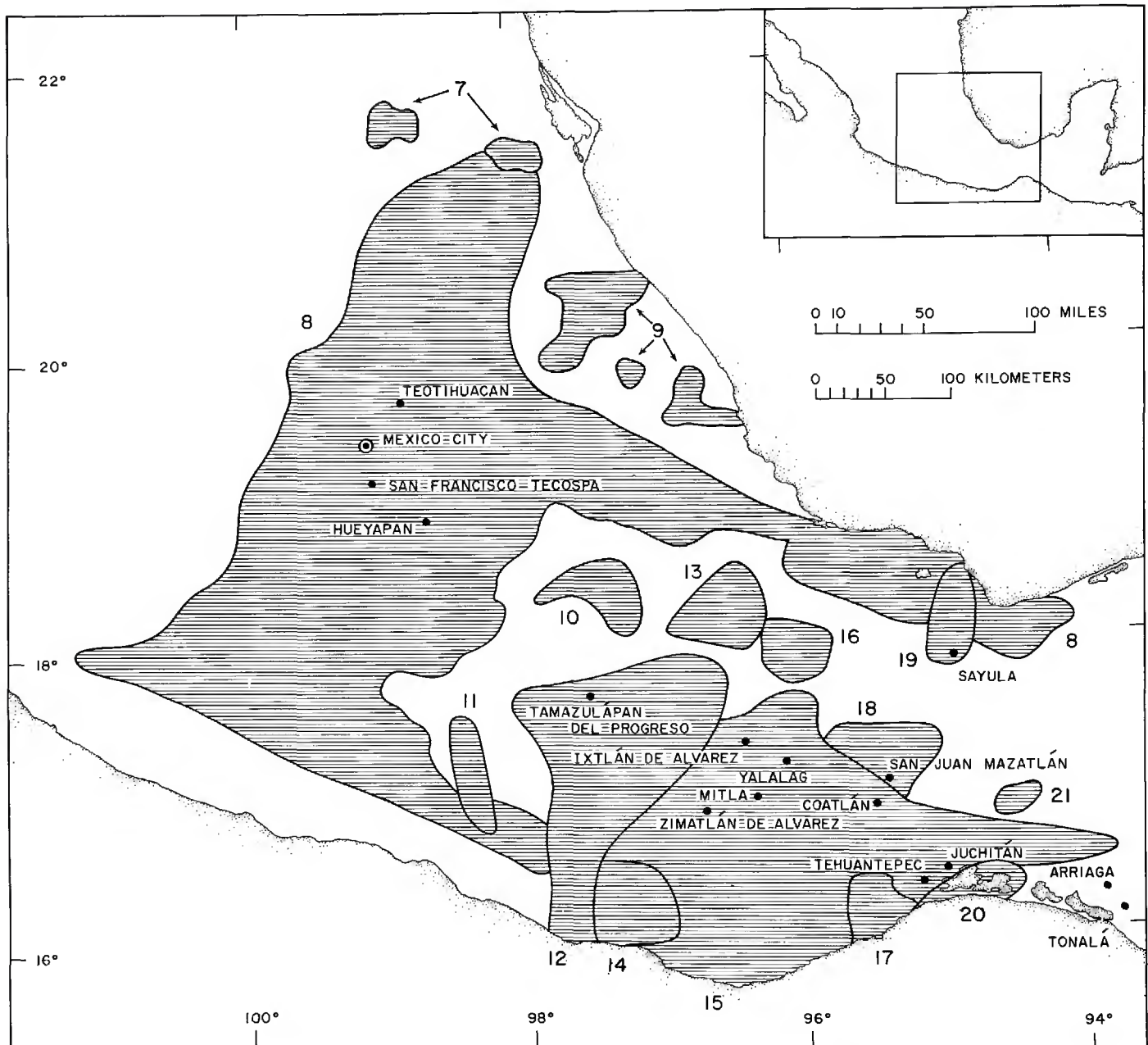
MAP 4.—Paste7 (adapted from E. Z. Vogt).



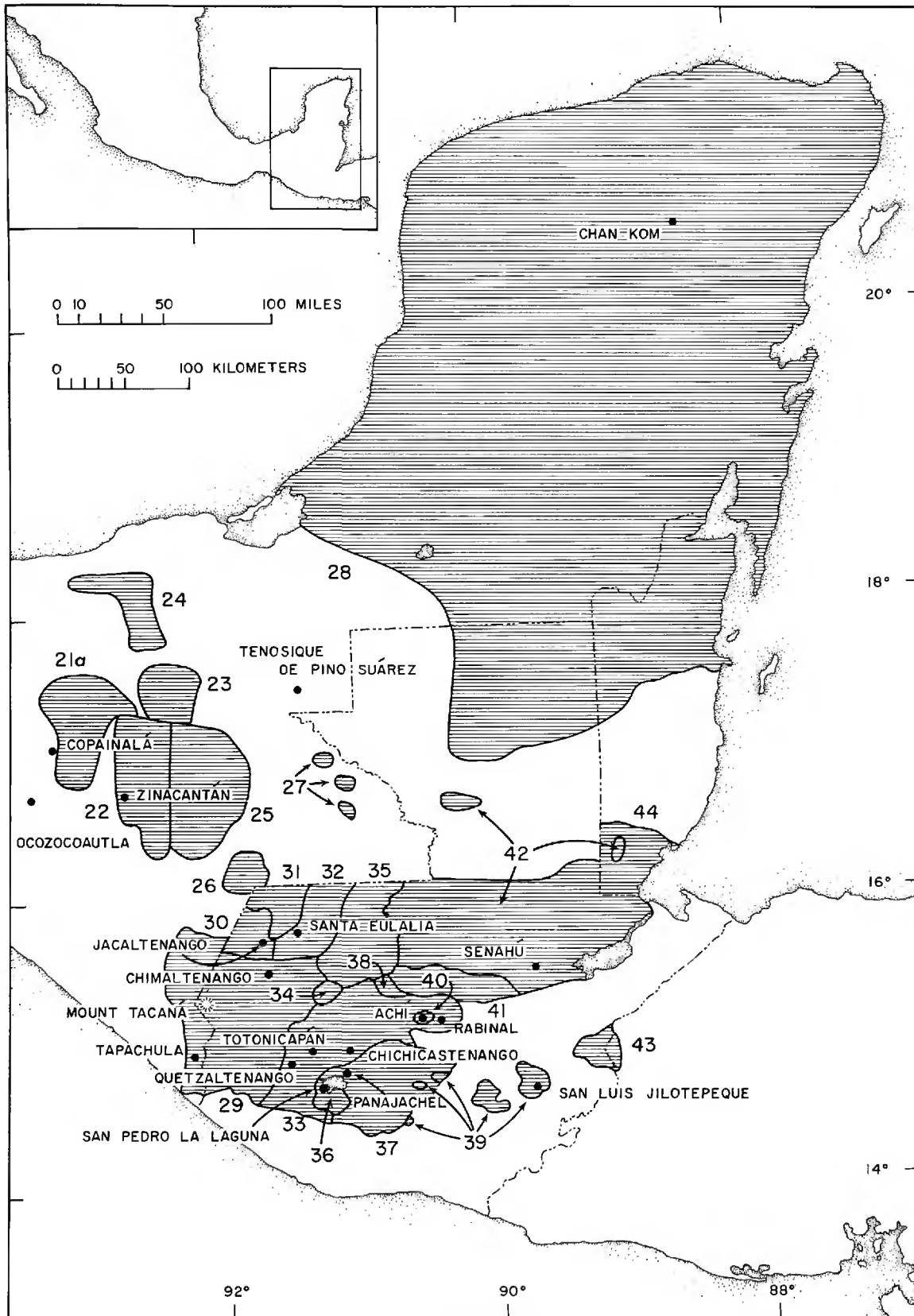
MAP 5.—Western approach to Zinacantán Center.



MAP 6.—Northwestern Mexico (Language area: 1 = Yaqui, 2 = Tarahumara, 3 = Tepehuan, 4 = Tepecano, 5 = Cora, 6 = Huichol).



MAP 7.—South Central Mexico (*Language area: 7 = Huastec, 8 = Nahuatl, 9 = Totonac, 10 = Popoloca, 11 = Tlapanec, 12 = Mixtec, 13 = Mazatec, 14 = Chatino, 15 = Zapotec, 16 = Chinantec, 17 = Chontal, 18 = Mixe, 19 = Popoluca, 20 = Huave, 21 = Zoque*).



MAP 8.—Southern Mexico and Guatemala (Language area: 21a = Zoque, 22 = Tzotzil, 23 = Chol, 24 = Chontal, 25 = Tzeltal, 26 = Tojolabal, 27 = Lacandón, 28 = Yucatec, 29 = Mam, 30 = Jacalteco, 31 = Chuj, 32 = Kanjobal, 33 = Quiché, 34 = Aguacatec, 35 = Ixil, 36 = Tzutujil, 37 = Cakchiquel, 38 = Uspantec, 39 = Pocomam, 40 = Achí, 41 = Pocomchi, 42 = Kekchí, 43 = Chortí, 44 = Mopan).

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