

came over for a final set of long bows, and some bottles to swig. Then everyone got up and sat down for another meal, at tables in the middle. It was some sort of meat, again. We even had two rounds of pex with the meal, though everyone poured them off. Talk was mostly about me and my tape recorder. People also told about all the other Harvard Project people they had known. It turned out that at least one of the moletik was a muk'ta alkalte, and that another, Pedro Burro, was one of the best musicians on my list.

At about 9:30 it was all over, and we abandoned the place. I crawled into bed with an awful headache, and feeling more than a little drunk.

Sunday, June 26

I got up early, feeling very sick from a combination of bad cold, bad eggs, and too much bad pex. I told Cep that I would come back before eight ~~xxxx~~ if I were going with him to Hot Country. I seemed to have missed the bus, so I started walking up the trail, feeling worse and worse. Finally I saw the truck which left at 6:30 (they told me it had already gone down in Hteklun), which I flagged down, rode back to San Cristobal, and collapsed into bed.

from conversation with Cep Zarate, June 25, Hteklum

a.

Ray koh li song 'ay? (There are three classes. They will be enumerated below)

K'u 7era ta htihlik li sonetike ——— (depending on sort)

1. Sonetik martomoreyetik/moletik/martomostik 5 diff, in set of 6
When played?

a) sketol li Romianke ta ekipula (the Hermita) (martomoreyetik)

b) te ve/Flahuneb k'ak'al ta (?) k'extetik nicimo,
moletik, martomostik, martomoreyetik

c) ta k'ine

K'in Santoreno Aug 8-11

k'in santo romianke Aug 3-4

k'in rosario Oct. 31

(some flower change in November at muk'ta eklexa)

These last were originally said to take place at the muk'ta eklexia; but later, Cep said they happened in Nacih!

Cep also said that the only differences between the songs as performed at these different times is that the words vary in the songs. I found this not to be true in the case of the moletik, which uses the normal set of six, but also has six different ones of its own.

2. sonetik alperesetike - about 13 different ones

-Only use guitar (large) and violin

- Played by two special musicians (though other know how)

Mariano Hvabahom (#6 on list?) -violin

Martil Kenteres (#1) - guitar

K'u ora? ta k'ine

Santo Romianke

ta muk'ta k'in (for four days and nights)

ta k'in Rosario 31 Oct.

ta rey (?) 6 Enero

ta k'in Kankebastian 20 Enero (special church)

ta Carnaval

Ta ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ k'exel (ac' habil)..New Year

ta san pare Martil 25 April.

ta k'in Trinat (?)

Bu ta htihlik? ta muk'ta eklexia.

3. sonetik manletik

-use guitar and violin, too.

-two special musicians: xun kenteres (not on list) -violin
xun konyex (Comlos) (#11) - guitar

- 5 or 6 dances of the manletik

3 dances of the anheletik (little kids, about 10 yrs.)

1' toraal - for a bull like thing

1 corree - for a thing dressed up as widinga horse,
a huge penis (?)

k'u ora?

paskua — ta pasko chayan li niyoo (?)

ta k'exel

ta k'in rey, enero 6

b.

A person came to ask Cep to play. What happened?

Shak' ni cibab tana ta ana, ni htih li vobe. Yak'en kwarto
pex hvabahom. (no more.)

e. How often do musicians play? Answer: 8 or 9 times per month at this time of year (June, July). E.g., where did Cep play this week?

June 21: ta sna martomo c'ul me7tik (flower change)

June 24: ta sna martomo santo rominke (ta k'in San Juan)

June 25: ta sna moletik (flower change)

d. K'u 7ora ta cacan catih vobe? (When he was ten.)

Buc'u lascanubtas? (No one. He learned by watching.)

k'u 7ora li ta me7 ce'al latih li vobe? (The first time?)
(When he was 12, in the big church, for a martomorey.)

e. Referring to the list of musicians:

Cep has played with all of them. Those who don't play much or who don't play all the songs aren't considered as good (by Cep.) (Different standards for musicians and non-musicians?)

f. Hay vo7 hvabahometik 7oy? (first answer: 12, 13), letters after names indicate instruments played; * indicates 'good'; ‡ indicates 'bad'.

- | | | |
|---|-------|-----------------|
| 1. Jose Hernandez Zarate/ cep zarate | VHG | |
| 2. Jose Hernandez Muchik/ cep mucik' | VHG * | |
| 3. Francisco Hernandez Muchik/ palas mucik' | VHG * | |
| 4. Gup Jose Muchik/ cep mucik' | HS | |
| 5. Jose Hernandez Jil/ cep hilyat | VHG | |
| 6. Mariano Gonzales/ marian kentores | VHG * | |
| 7. Jose Gonzales/ cep kentores | VHG ‡ | |
| 8. Pedro Gomez Burro/ petul bure | VHG * | |
| 9. Pedro Comlies/ pedre konliex | HS | ‡ |
| 10. Francisco Perez Tzetzil/palas tzetzil | VHG | |
| 11. Juan Comlies/ xun konliex | VHG | |
| 12. Juan Mia/ xun mia | V G | ‡ |
| 13. Antonio Gonzales/ antun kanteres | HS | ‡ |
| 14. Martin Perez Tzetzil/ martil sesil | VHG | ‡ |
| 15. Manuel Vasquez/ manvel vaskis | VHG | |
| 16. Jose Paresian/ cep paresyan | VHG | |
| 17. Juan Lopez/ xun lepis | HS | |
| 18. Jose Hernandez Zarate/ cep zarate | HS | (not informant) |
| 19. Marian Conejo/ marian t'ul | VHG | |
| 20. Jose Cruz / cep krus | G | |
| 21. Juan Gonzales/ xun kentores (?) | V | (?) |

only asked
for Hteklun

Transcripts of words from Sang tape (Furn out to be words for the k'in Santoremo) Obtained from Cep, at ranch, June 27

1. Tak 14 son

Ha7 no mo ta soboletik/ Ha7 no mo ta lotoletik
 Haktamwaxda Itabetik mo 14 smk'ta k'in/ Itabetik mo 14 smk'ta paska
 Santoremo mo e'ul kahvaltik/ Santoremo mo e'ul yagatot
 Meimal xa mo e'ul kahvaltik/ Meimal xa mo e'ul yagatot
 Sae7et xa mo bantlial/ Sae7et xa mo 1s'inai
 Sae7et xa mo to yolon yok/ Sae7et xa mo to yolon sk'ob
 Santoremo mo e'ul kahvaltik/ Santoremo mo e'ul yagatot
 Meimal xa mo e'ul kahvaltik/ Meimal xa mo e'ul yagatot

2. Ia kohol son

Ha7 na7ex ta soboletik/ Ha7 na7ex ta lotoletik
 Itabetik smk'ta k'in/ Itabetik smk'ta paska
 Meimal kahvaltik/ Meimal yagatot

(False) BIK'itk Maria/ BIK'itk Rosario
 Maria, Rosario/ Maria, Miriam
 Vinhal anochi/ Vinhal ximlan

Saxx o ye7on bantlial/ Saxx o ye7on 1s'inai
 Itabetik smk'ta k'in/ Itabetik smk'ta paska
 Sae7ot o bantlial/ Sae7ot o 1s'inai
 C'ee'o smk'ta k'in/ C'ee'o 14 smk'ta paska
 Meimal kahvaltik/ Meimal yagatot

3. Tex kahol son

Saxx Zohol o hteetik/ Zohol o hne7tik // Zohol o smoo / Zohol o sikolon
 Sae7oto hteetik/ Sae7oto hne7tik // Sae7oto hantlial / Sae7oto h1s'in

4. Tak'ob son

Tak'ob son mo ta Vinhal/ Tak'ob son mo ta balandl
 Tak'ob son mo ta yolon yok/ Tak'ob son mo ta yolon sk'ob
 Santoremo mo e'ul kahvaltik/ Santoremo mo e'ul yagatot
 Meimal xa mo e'ul kahvaltik/ Meimal xa mo e'ul yagatot
 Saxx o mo ye7on 14 hteetik bi/ Saxx o mo ye7on 14 hne7tik bi
 Saxx o mo ye7on 14 bantlial/ Saxx o mo ye7on 14 1s'inai
 C'ee'o mo mo'a 14 smk'ta k'in/ C'ee'o mo mo'a 14 smk'ta paska
 Meimal xa mo e'ul kahvaltik/ Meimal xa mo e'ul yagatot

5. BIK'it Maria

Ha7 no mo ta soboletik/ Ha7 no mo ta lotoletik
 Htabetik o mo 14 smk'ta k'in/ Htabetik o mo 14 smk'ta paska
 Santoremo mo e'ul kahvaltik/ Santoremo mo e'ul yagatot
 Meimal xa mo e'ul kahvaltik/ Meimal xa mo e'ul yagatot

BIK'itk xa Maria/ BIK'itk xa Rosario } Maria xa Rosario/ Maria xa ximlan
 Vinhalot 14 anochi/ Vinhalot 14 ximlan } Vinhalot 14 anochi/ Vinhalot
 14 ximlan.

(Last verse repeated in False)

Dialogue showing Cep going to ask his Compadre Pedro Gomez Barro to help him by playing music for him during hks cargo. (Elicited June 27)

- Mi liote, kumale?
 -Liene, kumparee.
 -Mi li hkumparee?
 -Li7e, k'usi cavalbe?
 -Yu7un ta hk'open. Ma hna7 mi xu7hk'open.
 -Xu7. K'opone, kumparee.
 -Breno, Mi liote, kumparee?
 -Liene, kumparee, k'usi caval?
 -Ma k'usi. Cital, kumparee. Ma hna7 mi xu7xi7ee hvula7anot hlikeluk.
 -Xu, kumparee. Ocan ta!
 -Breno. Hvula7antiket ee7e, kumparee.
 -Lek bi, kumparee. Cotlan be.
 -Yecuk, kumparee. Kolaval. Mi nakalot, kumparee.
 -Nakalen te, kumparee.
 -Yu ne lital hk'openote ee7e, kumparee. Ak'oe pertonal bas'i hset kunena7al, kumparee
 -K'usi caval, kumparee? K'usi skwenta la peze?
 -Ma k'usi. Cakalbe, kumparee. Yu7un lital hk'openote, yu7un cakalbe vokol.
 Caha'aman be ak'oe, yu7un hvob.
 -K'usi 7era, kumparee?
 -Ma k'usi 7era, kumparee. Yu7un ha7 xa oi7e' lavi7 ta ac' habile. Inophtal shabilal li kabtele.
 -Hna7tik mi xa, kumparee. Muk' xokolen yu7un ha7 li ta htih be svob li martosorey lapal lavi habile. Was lek sa7e yan me'u mas kumant krewik7ee yan li vo7one cimolib xa. Ma xa k'us' ku'un vayel.
 -Me7eh, kumparee, ma xapas 7ee'. Abulahan, muk' yan ikotik kum kri7cano. Hkumparee hbatik.
 -Breno, teyuk ee7e kumparee. Caha'un be. Ha7 no7ex yu7un ti hkumparee hbatike. A ti yamak e me'u itale yu7un hnopoh xa, ti ma xa ho'une.
 -Breno, abulahan ee7e, kumparee. C'amben li'kie'chtal hset peze.
 -Breno, kolaval ee7e, kumparee.
 -Ak'oe pertonal hset tahmek ee7e, kumparee.
 -Kolaval botik ee7e, kumparee.
 -Ak'ik pertonal hset tahmek ee7e, kumale.
 -Kolaval botik ee7e, kumparee.
 -Ak'ik pertonal hset tahmek, kumale. Abulahanuk li hkumparee. Ckalbe vokol eistih be hvob skwenta yolen yok kahvaltike.
 -Teyuk, kumparee. Tey xbat lakumparee.
 -Breno, kelavi ee7e, kumparee. Lali7 avak'bon hset hmotene kae'tikun ma xu hnak' komal akulahuk.
 -Yes mi yec va7un, kumparee.
 -Yec, kumparee, yu no7en stalal ti cine'tike.
 -Breno kolaval mi capik amotene ee7e, kumparee.
 -Ha7 lek akulahuk, ta kemon li hmotene, kumparee. Kolavalukan, ti avak' bon hsetei
 -Breno, kolavaluk ee7e, kumparee. (Drink two or three rounds, then Cep speaks)
 -Ma ha7 un, kumparee, me'u zak'an xaci7in, me8a xa eibat k hk'open.
 -Ma hna7 mi ma anxo'un li Marian Martinise, ti ha7 xba avalbe.
 -Breno, ti yu7un ha7 cak'an caci7ine, kumparee. Cibakalbe, pero tahk'an xka7i li otro humane.
 -Ali otro hune ba7albe bak'opono li Marian Lukartee.
 -Breno, teyuk ee7e, kumparee. Ciba hk'open va7i ha7 cak8an caci7ine.
 -Ba k'opono, kumparee, ba k'open. Ha7 tahk'an ta k'in.

(That's the end, folks.)

Wednesday, June 29

I got up about 5:00 AM and collected my various tools, waiting for George and Cep to come to take me to Hteklum. I was armed with my questions of yesterday, a whole set of interesting ideas about the local musical concepts (suggested by Merriam's book), and my tape recorder. I must admit, though, that a profitable session with an informant needs considerably more preparation than a little forethought. This remark will come clearer in a moment.

We stepped on the way to Hteklum to buy a litre of pox. The market seemed a little high today, at \$4 per kixin litre. The place we bought it was an evidently illicit but well known Chamula roadside stand, which George told me had its still hidden somewhere out back. Cep addressed the G. woman as ~~Xatak~~ Tulo, which turns out to be a word of address between Z's and C's. (I think, Colby notwithstanding, that the word is without derogatory connotation; we used it freely later in the day with some Chamulas in Hteklum -- they took no apparent offense. Of course, they may be used to it, and may reciprocate in their own hometown.)

In Hteklum we went first to the house of Petul Buro (Pedro Gomez), Cep's compadre, a regidor, and one of the moletik I had met Saturday night at the flower-change. His house was relatively large, with a huge fire, and showed signs of wealth, importance, and general mol-ness. There were from time to time three young women present (daughters? daughters-in-law?), the man's wife who was somewhat older, Petul himself, his son or son-in-law (whom I had also met at the flower change --- he was one of the various helpers, and quite a friendly person.) And there was a hired worker, for it turned out that mol Petul was making a trip today to Hot Country for a week or so (depending on how long the work took.) All were preparing to eat breakfast, and what I saw looked (gasp!) like creamed chicken. Cep explained what we wanted, and we agreed that I should come back in a week or so to learn from Petul Buro, with the same financial arrangements as I'd had with Cep Zarate. We drank on the deal (2 quick rounds) as soon as the drink-pourer ~~XXXX~~ managed to push the cork into the bottle all the way, so he could pour. After we left, we returned momentarily to buy yet another bottle of pox to present to our next target, Marian Konteres, the violin-making-spitter-on-people (according to Bob Laughlin). I left my coat behind, which everyone interpreted as a sign of drunkenness.

We climbed a steep, muddy hill to the other musician's house. He was there (in fact, he had returned from Tolon Tosal on Monday), although he was in bed, without his pants. He invited us in, and immediately accepted our proposition and the pox. The whole family seemed extraordinarily good natured, and Marian ~~was~~ turned out to be one of the most talkative men I've ever met. He launched into a drawn-out half-Tzeltal half-Spanish discussion of the proposal to feed the circuit padre, while I performed my normal examination of house and contents. (I haven't learned the name of the two youngest girls or the wife; the boy, about 10, is

ta hzintik wob- ~~is~~ I squeeze/tighten (i.e., tune) the instrument

bas'i na- may babroca

After we had recorded as much as possible with the instruments we had we went to borrow a harp from Marian's brother, another musician (his yis'in) also named Marian Konteres. He was in Telon 'as'am (?), but his wife accepted what I am told is the customary kwarto of pay, and we walked off with another harp, a smaller one than mine. On this trip Marian started on what proved to be a major theme of my discussions with him; that some musicians are very important people in the what I might call the ritual heirarchy. They have to help, e.g., new martomoetik who don't know when things should happen, or what they should be doing. I asked if they were like totilmasiletik. Yes, they are except that they have to be around for the whole of a fiesta, eating drinking and singing, whereas other advisors have their jobs apart from the actual proceedings. (I don't know if this is true.)

We returned and recorded some more with the harp. The neighbor tried out one of the violins and we all played the whole set of songs. It was raining ferociously. About 2:30 the wife came in with a load of wood, and at about the same time the boy came back from school. We sat down to eat (beans with chile) and after lunch, since everything was dry and sunny we went outside and Marian worked on the 'hol' (or neck assembly, literally 'head') of a new violin. (Details found at end.) He was very pleased with himself, and he had completed the whole neck piece within an hour. Afterwards we recorded still more (the pieces with just violin and guitar, and one or two flute pieces. Marian also plays flute and drum!) We decided to come back to San Cristobal the next day to record some more and try more interviewing.

As it began to get dark, one of the children reported that some large animal (I don't know what) was on the prowl outside, so the kids scattered to gather the pigs from the front yard and secure them in the pen out back. The woman went for kerosene, and Marian got down a truly ancient gun, which he began to clean and reload. Meanwhile, one of the girls found a huge bug which she played with, tried to frighten me with, then cooked.

zeh shol - (e.g., Arden)

We had a long dimertime conversation about how some people don't help Indians, how some (Indians and Ladinos) aren't open to strangers, about where Germany, France and Japan are. (Marian had a song in German which I translated; he had thought that it was a song from Washington, D.C. (?))

Thursday, June 30.

Returned at 5:00 by truck, and spoke some English with aman on the truck. Marian and I went to the Banos, where recorded to wuite a large local audience. Then we talked more at the Ranch --- I have more than a little trouble trying to communicate abstractions (trying to elicit standards, for example), but I guess the fault is mine.

ou vakax (?) - milk ; cih - sheep ; tuluk - turkey (?)

Answers to first set of questions (see June 28, p.31)

1. **Ng Vuk tes.**
 Martomereyetik = (iskipula) = played every Sunday
 Melotik = (Mama Martil) = evry second Sat., San Sebast.
 Martomeetik = every festival, evry k'in
 Mamaletik = k'in rey, k'exel, (paskua?)
 Alperesetik = skotel k'in
 Sen ik'al li paxonetik (?) = k'in tahamoltik (?)
 sen bolem = kankobastian

2. k'in paskua	25 Dec	mamaletik
k'in xxx k'exel	1 Jan	mamaletik
k'in rey	6 Jan	mamaletik
kankobastian	20 Jan	bolem, melotik
tahamoltik	28/29 Feb.	ik'al
canib viernex	7/8 Apr.	alp/mart. no7ox
san pedre martil	28/29 Mar.	"
k'in Trin(Y)ag	28-30 May	" (ko7ol)
k'in Sacramento	8/13 June	"
k'in Kerason	17 June	"
k'in San Juan	24 June	"
k'in Santa rominke	4 Aug.	"
k'in Santerense	8-11 Aug	"
k'in rosario-un	8 Oct	"
Natividad	28 Sept	"
Santa Rexa	11 Aug	"
k'in sante	1 Nov	"

3. (by 7ep)

(star indicates 'good', * 'bad' of 'plays little', number in parenthesis indicates number on previous list (p.1-2))

1. Marian Konteres (6)	VHG	
2. Marian Martines ()	VHG	
3. Marian KonteresII (brother of 1) ()	VHG	
4. Pedro Comliex (9)	VHG	disagrees
5. Cep Zarate (1)	VHG	
6. (Mol) Xun Lopis (17)	HG	
7. (Mol) Marvel Vaskis (15)	VHG	
8. Palas Zosil (10)	VHG	
9. Pallas Mucik* (3)	VHG	
10. Cep Mucik* (4)	VHG	disagrees
11. (Mol) Martil Konteres ()	V	for alferoces
12. (Mol) Marian Konteres Leksin ()	VG	(g. for alf.) (?)
13. Xun Komliex (11)	VHG	
14. Petul Komis ()	V G	
15. Petul Xalunte ()	VHG	
16. Cep Hilyat (5)	VHG	
17. (Mol) Petul Bure (8)	VHG	
18. Marvel ZOXIL ()	VHG	
19. Cep Parisval (16)	VHG	
20. Xun Min (12)	VHG	disagrees
21. Marian T'ul (19)	VHG	
22. Cep Cruz (20)	VHG	
23. Martil Zosil (14)	VHG	

(one or two of the entries were suggested, starting with about number 18. The first two musicians named after the informant it turns out are usually a playing team, though neither (1) nor (2) is on the other list.)

Names: be, lelen, su?, tama xaval, sen vakax, sen ka?, anhel
 6 songs for ik'al (k'in bahamoltik), 3 for thepasioneres,
 and 3 for the ik'al.

b) Who are the flute and drum musicians?

1. Marian Konteres
2. Cep Sosil
3. Nol Martil Zarate
4. Xun Lepis Meke
5. Antun Kirivia
6. Marian Lantu
7. Romin Montes
8. Xun Vaskis

(of these, only #1 plays both kinds of music.)

c) FD music is never played together with VHS. (Though I suppose this does not exclude the possibility that they are occasionally played concurrently.)

4. Siempre helhel tes stihik li vobe? (Have they always played the same kinds of music?)

R: No, at one time only Camulans played, but when the 3's learned music, they expanded it. But presentday musicians around ninety years old (there are some?) don't play the same way as younger musicians, though they do play the same tunes. (I don't know how the playing is different— check.)

5. Kbu yu?an 7ey vob?

sebel sbak; ta zak'otahik ; spaxik e li k'ine
 (to unite selves) (unite) (to have fiestas)

6. (again) What must a good musician do?

ii) Hay que mover los dedos, tener los cambios (i.e., between chords)

iii) Must know all the words to the songs.

iii) hay que dirigir la gente (i.e., the mayordomos, who according to Marian, often ask questions about duties of the musicians.) This has to be known by heart: skem ta holtik hutak.

7. In a flower change ceremony, how does the musician know when to play what, when to stop. By the number of drinks.

ex p'is poz ak'exel nicime

etre ex p'is ta zak'otake i.e., 1 cup after bas'i sen
 1 after tek'ob sen
 1 after evrything

8. Note: tuning a string lower is /mas yacel/ = mas flojo, loose; higher = mas cinil, tighter.

9. Musicians are never paid, except in cenida y trago. They are usually given two litres when they are 'hired'. They get very tired when they play but that is; la vida de todos, los costumbres.

10. Why can the VHS people enter the church while FD cannot? The last have no right to metre because they are too loud. VHS a sound may be characterized as musica con silencio.

6. Arpa, kitara, violin... buy li mas xtune?
 R: ha7 li violina, ha7 ta slek'es sonetik. (it gets(?) the songs)
 Q: Bu li mas oca xtune? R: Ha7 li arpa, ha7 mas 7ep liyakil,
 7oy lek li sne
7. R: Ama, ha7 ta slek'el sonetik.
8. Mi 7oy li smeloltak hukun li hvabahometik? (Is one most important?.. more true?)
 R: 7Oy smelol = mus~~ic~~ stih violine hankilal
 mac'u stih arpa segundo bankilal
 mac'u stih kitara is'inal
9. K'usi ctun yoxibal li vobe? (What do each of the three do?)
 R: violin--lek sleke (?) li sone k'alal s'akal yoxibal li vobe
 arpa = staked (?) li sonetik
 kitara = staked smelol tak li sonetike
10. (I wanted to find out what makes a good instrument in Z. Here, I think my informant's profession of violin-maker influenced his answers.) What makes a violin good?
 R: Teh lek melzanbil; lek sna7 smelzanol, mac'u y smelzan.
 (Well-made; the man who made it knows how to make violins.) (t)
11. Is a new instrument better than an old one?
 R: Teh mas lek k'alal ac'e k'u yu7un to smeli ma xa ctun;
 syempre to sek hutuk. (An old one's always broken a little.)
12. Is a clean instrument better than a dirty? If so, why?
 R: Ha7 mas lek a la lek kuxbil (clean?) li vobe; k'alal
 teh ik'e (black?) muk' xelek li vobe, teh me~~a~~ xa. (Yes,
 because an old dirty one isn't good, it's old.) Ha7 mas
 lek sak, y k'alal mu7yuk kuxbil, teh ik'. (It is this way
 with everything, says my informant; if something is dirty,
 it's old, but to make it new, it only needs to be cleaned
 again.)
13. K8u ca7al scanik k'evuhine li ac' hvabahome?
 R: Scan ba7yo ta ana, k'alal xbat ta vabahole toy xa stak be
 li mol hvabahometik. Ali ac' hvabahome scan stih stuk.
 (Even the words are completely learned by imitation, and
 private practicing; when other musicians call for a new one
 to come perform, he already knows them.)
15. Mi xu7 hpastik li k'ine k'alal c'abal li vobe? (Can you have a festa without music?)
 R: Xa7nan, pere cepel tahnak. Bas'i hme7on li krixcanotike.
 (hme7on = pebre, huérfan). Mu7yuk vob, pube le7il ta spasiq.
 Tehhme7onotik xec'e k'in. (Pure trabe, no7ex.)
 (First hint that music is just to make the party go.)
16. And what about the singing?
 R: K'alal 7oy sonetik, teh lek ke7ontik. C'abal li k'evuh,
 teh hme7onotik. (Also: when one is sad, he can't sing; he can
 play but not sing. E.g., in funerals (didn't get the word),
 musicians play the usual set of five songs, but without singing.)
17. Musicians are generall supposed to be happy when playing.
 Things are ~~always~~
18. K'alal stihik ta pama hvabahome? (When do they play outdoors?
 Ta xalbeik li krixcan ti 7oy k'ine. (To announce the fest.)

- (a) for Martomerey -- ta baltee (every 2 weeks at the house)
skotal rominke ta Iakipula
(same song for all)
- (b) for martomo sacramentu bankilal, martomo xanxevastian,
and martomo e'ulne?tik
- (c) guitar for alperesetik (three years, until 862 ---
stopped because of 2 'compromises')
- (d) for moletik, every 2 weeks for flower change (on
Saturday), and at the festival of San Sebast.

10. ~~skantelaik~~ What is the order of songs etc. at, e.g.,
a moletik baltee?

R: Xk'ex ta nicim = tuk li son

(during the flower change: esib vuelta p'is vo?)

Putting old flowers on mat = tuk li son

Someone comes to give each musician a kwarte of pox, which
is passed around.

C'ak' skantelaik (lit. candles are offered) = tuk li son

(three more rounds of pox)

Lah xa ... ak'otahanik, kux ave?onik = all six pieces (??,
sh'uld be more for moletik.)

(Three more rounds of pox: why? xkuxtik!)

11. Hay tes li vobe 7oy?

R: 7oy bik'it, muk' --- bik'itike xtun ta Hteklum, muk' ta Camu;
muk'ta kitara ctun hunayu?un alp/ ~~xxtax~~ mamal/ ik'al/ bolem.

12: Is whistling music or 'vob'?

R: No. It's: xuxubaetik no?ox (even when whistling one of the
sonetik--- it's possible to whistle a piece wrong or right,
but it still ain't music.)

(Note: s'us'upaotik = a long loud strong whistle with
tongue curled back.)

13. Buc'u xu? scan stih vob?

R: Ha? ti muc'u sk'an scan, xu?. (But, if you do become a
musician you have to drink a lot and play a lot and you can't
work on your milpa... for many musicians, c'abal scobon.

14. Mi 7oy muc'u sk'an scan stih, pere mi xul? K8u yu?un?

R: 7oy. Ha? sonse li shole ... mi xu? scan. (Because they
are stupid in the head --- they can't tune.)

15. Children often learn to play if their fathers do play,
but (not necessarily) connection other than mere exposure.
(I.e., inheritance of musical ability?)

16. Women don't want to play music because they have other
'compromises'.... in fact, mi xu? scan (out of custom?)

17. Do different musicians ~~xxxx~~ play differently?

R: Yes. (But the differences shown were all in the right
hand...i.e., in bowing and time. Despite very real melodic
differences, Cep imitated other people's styles ignoring them.)

But, all the ways of playing are equally good.

Mu k876luk † a htih?tik li vobe, pere slex p ta htih?tik.

Old musicians play differently, but not well. Mu ctun,
k'upin hun ae' hvabahan.

People have different styles because they all learn by
watching alone. They never have instruction in a right way
to play.

13. When a musician is drunk: ta soay shol (loses his head?)

14. K'usi tey yut ta shol k'alal catih, k'usi xanop?

R: K'usi sonal ta htih, ta htih lek son. (t)

15. (I tried to test at the relationship of playing music and other kinds of success in the community.)

a) Muc'u stih vob ma xu7 k'uleh? Hu7yuk.

b) Mes vokol spas ebtel li muc'a stih vob 7op.

c) But there are lots of cargo-holding musicians, men who stoy sbaik.

d) Musicians are: yaniko sci7uk li hysabteletik
(Especially: Pelas Zozil, Pelas Mucik, Cep Zarate.)

16. What music do you play for enjoyment:?

R: mamal, bolom, ik'al.

Interview at ranch with Pedro Gomez Bure, July 12

(To find out about the variety of songs played I went through a list of the heirarchy in Z and the fiestas (from Cancian) asking
Mi 7oj sonetik skwenta ~~sss~~ _____ ? Then asking when, where
and by whom the music was played.)

A. Muk'ta alkaltee/ bik'itik alkaltee/ rehroletik = son
moletik. (about bik'itik Martil/ Piarol)

Played ~~every~~ Saturday, everytwo weeks at flower change, and
at K8in Manxevastian.

The mol alkaltee hires the first two musicians, the bik'it takes
the guitar player.

The Regidores have flute and drum music at Santoreno, Rosario,
Corazon, Canib Vismex, and Iskipula. The Regidor primero (Buse)
xc'amun, xsa7 li hvabahome.

The music for the moletik is 'mas yocol, mas k'un' than that
for the mayordomos (which is faster, higher.)

B. Alperesetik

One set of eight pieces for all (without words). Violin and
guitar. (Actually, at Trinidad, when alp. San Antonien plays the
bolom, they sing "Hu.. hu.. hu..")

The music is played at ten festivals out of the year, at the
muk'ta eklexia and at the various alp's houses.

There are two special musicians for this job, supposedly hired
for life (though such people as Cep Zarate gave up the job because
it was too much work). When one dies, the Alp. Santo Rominko
chooses another — he tries to get a young man who does the job
better. (mas ctun).

C. Martomoetik

Vo7 koh sonetik, so7ex, pare hucap skwenta parte (?) (presumably
one set of words for each martome). 3 musicians for the pair of
martomos (bank'ilal and iz'inal). They play every two weeks for
flower change and at selected fiestas. In the houses.

D. Martomoretetik

The same pieces. Two sets of musicians, one for each guy. (E.g.,
presently playing for martomorey bank'ilal are

Jose Hernandez Mucik

Martin Perez Zozil

Jose Perez Gomez.

Interview with Pedro Gomez Buro at Banos & Ranch, July 11

A set of repeat questions from previous interviews produced no new information, and I will record only highlights.

1. The question 'Hay tos li sone by?' produced the five songs of the normal set, e.g., martomey.

2. New information for musician list:

Three Chamula musicians who play in Hteklum

a) Bito Gomez (plays for martome sacramentu)

b) Lukax Gomez (plays for martome Sant Antonio)

c) Mikulax Gomez (plays guitar only, for martome sansebastian.)

Better names:

Pedro PEREZ Konyox

Mariano Hernandez K'aten = the violinist for alperesetik.

3. Which are the most respected musicians:

Juan Lopez

Francisco Mucik

Francisco Zozil

Cop Zarate (the younger)

(all these: lek stoy sbaik = they've raised themselves up well)

4. The word /cop/ seems to be a numerical classifier for groups of songs. (Colby translates: family.) That is, in response to the question "K'usi tik kenal stihetik ta _____"

I get the answer

Cop no7ex = li sonetike martomeetik.

5. A possible (but, in this case, unproductive) question:

KSu tik 7ora sk'ot hvabahmetik ta ana?

The rest of the interview:

1. (I tried to get at the difference between /vob/ and /musika/.)

a) What is heard on the radio is neither vob nor musika.

b) banda, tokadisike both: ma7uk vob.

c) all singing (even ladino singing (?)) is vob.

d) but Z singing is better than ladino singing: mas lek.

e) it's hard for a Z to learn ladino songs (and vice versa):

ma klok' lek yu7un ma xhoy li k'evuh. Xu7, pere vokel.

(He doesn't get it out (?) well, because he doesn't master (lit. encircle) the song. He can, but it's hard.)

2. What's wrong with Chamula made violins?

R: Mu sna7 smelzal. Puro pina, puro k'uk toh. (I.e., the wood is what makes the difference.)

3. Who can learn to play?

R: Buc'u sk'an yo7one xu7 scan; lome ma xk'an. (Some others) (In other words, anyone who wants to can. Why might people not want to?)

R: Some don't want to spend the time for ma xa x7abteh k'alal scan.

(Women don't want to because they are doing other things.)

Could women learn to play? ladinas?

R: Mu7yuk. (Not Z women) (But ladinas could.)

4. Some people can't learn to play? Why?

R: Lome ma sna7 scapel. (Some don't know how to tune.) Yu7un sonso. (Because they're stupid.)

Thursday, June 30 - Interviewed Marian Kenser all day.

Friday, July 1 - Monday, July 4

Typed notes and worked on song texts. I have currently worked out a system which allows me to record the songs with what seems to be minimum effort, still retaining all the necessary information. I can now drop the study for a while, until I think I know the songs well enough as performed to reduce the effort presently necessary for transcription. We also had our Fourth of July celebration which proved the versatility of 2 instruments; they were used (with others) for square-dance tunes and to accompany our late night fireworks.

Tuesday, July 5

I first record some instrument parts I learned from Rich and Sally's informant Petal.

Flute

mouth-end of flute

sti7 ama (its end)

holes (three at bottom, two
on top, one below)

ssat (eyes or holes)

bottom end of flute

scak = (ass)

Drum

head

snukul (hide)

tightening straps

szinobil (tighteners)

side (drum)

sta7el = wood

I wandered around the town early in the morning, trying to get out to Htekum. Finally found I could take an 11:00 Chamula bus. While I was waiting, a 2 I had just met, after asking the prices of all my possessions (and telling me that he was a friend of Domingo's) asked for a five peso loan. I flat out told him no, without any explanation and he didn't seem to mind. He also asked if there was work at the Ranch (I said no) or in my country (I said yes, but that hñamal non non xa.) The truck, when it finally left, was more or less empty, so the driver made two trips around San Cristobal first trying to pick up some more. I met another random 2 on the bus who walked me down to Htekum, at a considerably faster pace than my previous guides had.

I arrived at Cep Zarate's house at 12:30. His wife told me that he was off working somewhere and went off to fetch him. It took them about an hour and a half to get back, during which time I played a little with one of the boys. I didn't feel that I could just leave to visit someone else, because I thought they might come at any time. He came and immediately after he entered the house it started to pour. We went around rescuing instruments which had been outside drying. He had evidently been reconditioning the various good instruments he had... a couple of guitars were hanging from poles outside. (2's don't seem to have mastered the concept of clothesline... drying clothes were also stuck on top of posts.) I examined Cep's new harp. He told me it cost him 60 pesos in Chamula, and that there hadn't been very many instruments for sale. A couple of guitars were lying around which played rather well, but had chips or broken pieces at various places. (He said that it was c'ok, or bashed).

ta k'ek'tik = by car (truck)

for awhile and then took off, saying

ca7e to = (hoping to mean hasta pasado manana).

I was very pleased with myself with my great command of greetings on the path. I got little or no special attention from people I met except from a group of three water-carrying girls of about 17, who thought I was funny looking.

When I returned, I tried to help chop up wood for kindling, without much success. Cep Zarate seemed very interested in my dealings with Marian Koseres. He asked me what I had told him, and what I had eaten, learned and slept like when I was staying there. I tried to be as flatteringly as possible to my present hosts by not saying anything good about Marian (though nothing bad either) and blaming my disloyalty on Don Jorge.

mas ak'ol = mas arriba

ca mok = two times (this word not listed in Colby.)

For supper, perhaps because of the finery of lunch, we had only tortillas with chile. I ate lots of chile to make myself get the tortillas down, and ended up out 7ic8-ing everybody. (Cep: Puta, mas zex que li ve7onot)

They sent me off to bed where I got out my flea powder, and rolled off to sleep.

tem = bed

o'ak = flea

(A little later a drunk came tumbling by outside, with a dog accompaniment. He tried barking, too, and had the house awake and giggling.)

Wednesday, July 6

We got up early as before, and rushed down to the truck stop. (At the early morning fire I learned that 7atinant can mean 'rinse' your hands over the fire (without water)... i.e., to warm them.) We came into town and had a pretty worthless interview. I discovered that Marian Koseres has not played any music (so far as Cep knows) since the first of January. The various cargo holders don't want him. The only reason given is that he is mas pukuh (bad), that

mu yec sholol a yu7un (? = he has no head?)

To keep spirits up I eventually suggested that we play, and I recorded, probably for the first time in histroy, a 3 song (actually a dance for the moletik) with banjo accompaniment.

Song Texts (coded)

- | | | | | |
|----------------|--------|---------|--------|--------|
| 1. Santorensse | b3/cc1 | 2. 1b | cl/ee1 | j1/cc1 |
| 1. 1)a | b4/uu | a1/aa | h1/ee2 | a1/aa |
| a2/aa | N/bb2 | i/bb1 | 2a | b1/cc1 |
| N/bb2 | i/bb4 | | | d1/aa |
| il/bb4 | | | | |
| 3. e1/ll1 | 4. 3a | j2/ll2 | 5. 1a | e2/ee1 |
| e1/ss1 | 3b | j2/ee10 | a4/aa | 2e |
| b1/ll1 | N/bb2 | d2/aa | N/bb2 | h2/ee2 |
| b1/ss1 | il/bb4 | il/bb4 | il/bb4 | 2c |
-
2. Sonetik Martomoreyistik (N= Iskipula) (N= Mayre Mayel) (R= Martomorey)
- | | | | | |
|--------|--------|-------|-------|--------|
| 1. 1c | N/cc2 | 2. 1b | 1b | cl/ee1 |
| a3/ff | N/uu2 | a5/ff | b1/gg | h1/ee2 |
| N/bb25 | N/bb6 | N/bb1 | a5/ff | 2a |
| 4a | N/ss2 | | i/bb6 | |
| | h3/ee2 | | | |
| | h2/ee1 | | | |
-
- | | | | | |
|-----------|--------|--------|-----------|--------|
| 3. e1/ll1 | j1/ll1 | j1/ll1 | xx b2/ll1 | 4. 3a |
| e1/ss1 | j1/aa | j1/aa | b2/ee1 | 3b |
| f1/ll1 | k1/ll1 | j1/ll1 | k2/ll1 | N/bb6 |
| f1/ss1 | k1/aa | j1/ss1 | k3/ll1 | il/bb4 |
| | | k1/ll1 | k3/ss1 | 4b |
| | | k1/ss1 | | h3/ee2 |
| | | f1/ll1 | | |
| | | f1/ss1 | | |
-
- | | | | | |
|---------|--------|-----------|--|--|
| N R/cc3 | N/cc2 | 5. e2/ee1 | | |
| R/uu3 | N/uu2 | 2b | | |
| N/bb6 | N/bb6 | h1/ee2 | | |
| 4c | 4c | 2b | | |
| h3/ee2 | h3/ee2 | | | |
-
3. Sonetik Moletik N= Martil
- | | | | | |
|----------|--------|-------|-------|-----------|
| 1. w1/ff | j1/ll1 | cl/ii | 2. 1b | f1/ll1 |
| c2/ii | j1/jj | N/bb4 | a5/ff | f1/aa2 JJ |
| N/bb4 | j1/ss2 | | cl/ii | f1/ss2 |
| | c2/ii | | N/bb2 | cl/ii |
| | N/bb5 | | | xx/bb3 |
-
- | | | | | |
|----------|--------|-------|--------|-----------------|
| 3. e/ll1 | j1/ll1 | 4. 3a | f1/jj2 | 5. (none given) |
| e/ss1 | j1/ss1 | 3b | f2/ss2 | |
| f1/ll1 | k1/ll1 | c5/ii | c5/ii | |
| f1/ss1 | k1/ss1 | N/bb4 | N/bb4 | |
-
- | | | | | |
|--------|--------|----------|--|--|
| 6. 5a | k1'/kk | 7. g/ee3 | | |
| 5b | 5c | g? | | |
| f1'/kk | b1'/kk | | | |
| k1'/kk | | | | |
| 5c | | | | |
-
4. Bas'i son for Martomo Sacramento (N= Sacramento; N= Santorensse)
- | | | | | |
|----------|--------|--|--|--|
| 1. N/cc1 | 7a | | | |
| N/ss2 | il/vv | | | |
| N/bb2 | N/bb2 | | | |
| il/bb4 | il/bb4 | | | |

Thursday, July 7 - Trudie's birthday party, which needs no further comment.

Friday, July 8

I took a ~~MAN~~ truck for Hteklum that left at 2 PM. (I was very pleased when an unsolicited ~~Z~~ came up to me in the market, addressed me by name and told me about the ~~MAN~~ trucks that were leaving in the afternoon. This truck also took a roundabout route out of San Cristobal --- I think it was vaguely connected with INI, for some INI men stopped it and talked with the people. We arrived about 3:30. I was feeling very tired and had to shake myself to get up to Marian Konseres's house. He wasn't home, but his wife said that he should arrive any time, as he hadn't come back for lunch. She invited me to wait, so I sat down with my copy of the Arabian Nights and listened to the marimba music farther below in the valley. After about an hour, the boy went off to find his father... he came back about 5:00 with the news that he wasn't there and that another man had seen him going somewhere. (?) So I left to look for a bed. Petul Buro was in San Cristobal, and Cep Zarate was nowhere to be found. It was just starting to rain ~~and~~ when I realized that I would have to sleep in the mud or return to San Cristobal. So I hiked up the hill (gack!) and half way down the big road to San Cristobal, where I hailed a rock truck and got a ride. Generally, it was a wasted day.

Saturday, July 9

I waited all morning to go out to Hteklum again to meet with my new man, Mel Petul Buro, a rebel, and Cep's compadre. (Inwas reading Kafka.) I learned (not from Kafka) the following words:

- xan = palma, i.e., the reed from which sombreros are made
- set = rattles (like the ones used by alp.)
- sk'an te7ex canib 7ara = before 4 o'clock
- to xebak (?) = (wanted word for 'noise')
- bik'it } muk = high or low voice (including falsetto range)
- muk'ta }
- tahimol = game (also vb. -tahn)

Finally I went out by Jeep (which we borrowed from George.) We arrived about 3:15. Cep came, too, to ask about his rumored cargo. (He will figure prominently in the tale to follow.) I went off alone to the house of Petul Buro, scattering groups of little ~~Z~~ girls as I went. By the crosses at the path crossing in front of Petul's house stood another regider, who recognized me as I came up, and talked with me for awhile. He was already dressed up in his black chamarre, and had the red headdress and cane. (I have not learned his name, nor the names of the other regidores I've met. I think someone told me that (part of) the name of the muk'ta alkaltee is Manvel 7Uc'). His questions followed the normal pattern when someone sees me coming into Hteklum with my sleeping bag showing: where are you going? are you going to sleep there? when are you leaving? Then he shooed me into Petul Buro's, saying that we had to go off to the balte.

Old Petul looked a little bewildered when I came up, as if he didn't expect me or understand why I should appear just

Buro proceeded to tune and play a little. There was no pre-game meal, as there had been at other such things.

At about 5:00, in came Cep Zarate with a guitar, followed by the bik'it alkaltee and his sons, who was hauling several morales full of flowers. They walked around greeting people, and Cep Z sat down and played for a bit with Pedro Buro.

Suddenly in out of the rain came the man who evidently was in charge of reading and updating the cargo-lists. (He was a young man in his middle twenties I think, who shook hands with, e.g., Cep Z.) The muk'ta alkaltee had the list book wrapped in a bag which he brought out after the normal courtesies. Then the cargo-holders (with the exception of Pedro Buro who was somewhat enrapt red by his own music (and his boy)) gathered around and everyone went through the book. I only followed part of the conversation; they located Cep's name for 1976, and then they seemed to find the opening in the Alferes San Antonio that had been anticipated. (I went outside to change into my sweater at the crucial moment so I'm still not sure exactly what happened.) Cep seemed pleased when I came back (in fact, everyone seemed pleased), and he brought around his bottle of liquor and some cigarettes. (After the bottle was finished everyone examined it with various remarks about store-bought trash. One person mentioned that Bacardi was available at 23 pesos per bottle.) At this same time various other bottles were sent around and Cep left. A musician came in, named Marian Martinez, who was to be the replacement for the absent harpist. (Palas Zasil, the violinist did not arrive until the flower change was about half over.)

At some sign (though I don't know what) the cargo-holders all rose and began a trip around the room with long bows. When it was finished two of the regidores took off their black chamarrarres and red thingies and made ready to begin the flower change. (The helpers had already taken the old flowers in pots out and put in fresh ones, though they were not yet placed on the altar.) Before things got underway, however, Cep came back with a bottle of beer for all the men in the house. (Most of the people opened the bottles with their teeth.) We drank these down and the two musicians began to play: harp and guitar. One of the regidores came over and suggested that I play the guitar and that the other two musicians each move up a seat, so that we'd have all three instruments going. This seemed like a good idea, and so I made my official debut as a 3 musician. I wasn't quite sure of the words at first but the pattern became clear. Everyone seems to help everyone else with the words... that is, some musician will start a verse which everyone else picks up. (My study of song texts made it quite easy to take ~~mark~~ a cue from just the first word of each line.) (The people mentioned most often in the moletik songs are Martil and Piarel, whoever they may be.) While I played, the new flowers were entirely put on the altar (I didn't watch very closely) and three rounds of pex were served. After the third, everything was finished and the moletik made a trip around (actually, just the two working regidores came around, after which they carried out the flowers. They also had small kwartas which they passed around, with numerous cigarettes.) While they

Cep had told me that he was going to stay with Marian Martinez but old Petul Buro invited him to come with us. After some talk, Buro, Cep, Palas Sazil (the fat violinist), the regidor who had walked down with us and I all started for home. On the way there was considerable singing and laughing. Everyone except me seemed to be deliciously drunk; (I seem inexplicably to have survived the ceremony proper remarkably well.) Everyone was invited into to Buro's house and --- to my horror --- old Petul had his wife get out a kwarte of pax mas kixia (strong) He also sent out a helper to get a guitar, and he and Palas began to play the sonetik martensoreetik, I think for Cep's benefit (to remind him of his old cargo.) Buro was getting very drunk; he went through a series of long bows before presenting his kwarte and he cried as he offered it to people... e.g. when they wanted to pour off.

After a bit the other regidor left. We then had a meal of small beans (quite good) and my nemesis, scrambled eggs, with undercooked tortillas. This would have been fine had we gone to bed. But everyone else seemed to want to prolong the party... Cep told me he wanted to because ye had gotten his cargo. So they continued to buy kwartes from Petul's wife and have them drunk around. After about four of these I began to feel both unsteady and sick. So I went outside and made myself throw up a couple of times --- this was a very effective strategy, for it made my stomach feel better and sobered me up. (The dogs gobbled it up, so no food was wasted.) I also had a good excuse not to drink anymore, although I did down a few more glasses. They kept saying: just have this last bottle, then we'll all go to bed. There was no sign of the party's breaking up, however, as everyone was singing away and even Cep began to dance. Finally I began to shiver from general debility, and they spread out a pop for me and I got into my sleeping bag. I went to sleep to the sound of Petul Buro's drunken violin playing and I singing. I felt awful, and generally cursed the idea that there was some useful purpose to this self-torture in the company of a bunch of drunken, tone-deaf Indians.

Sunday, July 10.

I woke up at 7:00 to see Cep sitting, quite sober by the fire, Palas Sazil was rolled up into a considerable lump on the floor nearby, and Mal Petul was in bed hidden from view. I talked with Cep for awhile. I had gone to sleep at 2:00 AM, but he didn't really know when they had quit. When old Petul got up he was quite drunk still, and went weaving out of the house, then staggered back and sat down where there luckily happened to be a chair. Considerable predding also got Palas (whom Cep called Mol Pancho --- perhaps he meant Pancho, which kept coming into my mind). We ate a rather large breakfast of beans and mapax, with Buro crying and whimpering. Then Cep --- the rat --- offered another kwarte of pax. He had to do some elaborate arguing to get people to drink it --- holding it out, appearing hurt when someone only drank a little. After it was finished, Petul and Palas played some of the songs of the alfereses. I wonder if they were escorting Cep into his new job. Then Cep bought another bottle and had people drink. It was very hard for people to get it down, needless to say considering the hour.

Monday, July 11 - Tuesday, July 12

I interviewed Petal Buro at the ranch. (PI's #5, #6). He turned out to be a fairly productive informant, and without a doubt the best musician I have encountered. His harp playing is 'sensitive' and inventive. He has also come to be quite friendly and helpful. Some vocabulary I didn't put in the interview notes follows here.

-kote numerical classifier for animals.
 xmal = in the afternoon
 -toy = raise up (can be intransitive: to raise oneself)
 -ul ta hol = remember
 -vaycin = (intrans.) to dream, vaycil = dream

Musical vocabulary

sbik'tal li k'obe	finger (harp playing fingers)
sme7 k'obtik	thumb
sce7et	noise (of violin being played too hard)
k'extatik	changes between songs when playing
k'un	(lit. suave) slow (rhythm); soft (volume); easy (difficulty)
sinil	high-pitched (for singing, too.)
sbik'ta k'obtik/ baz'i	
k'obtik	
bik'it snuk	xixk left/ right hand
snuk' snuk	(he has) a high voice (also: falsetto)
	low voice
c'axstaki	cymbals (a hand instrument)

Wednesday, July 13

I had planned to meet Pedro Buro at the market at 3:00 to go out to his house with him. However, there was no truck then, and it later turned out that he had gone in at noon. It took people a long time to admit that there was no truck... mostly they kept saying that one would come in a little. One ladine talked with me for awhile, hoping that I had a Kennedy half-dollar to give him. I assured him I had not and we talked about the relative merits of different coins. Then a Z from Havenchank (quite drunk) came up and without much ado asked for loan of ten pesos. I tried George's ploy: Why don't you offer pork? Aren't you a man? He tried to get me to accept beer. No. Finally he invited me to his house in Havenchank --- I told him I had things to do in Hteklun and went away. (Why does everyone ask me for loans, and not Ron?)

Thursday, July 14

Spent the morning finishing For Whom the Bell Tolls and generally listening to complaints. Then I donned my Z costume (including my new ten peso shirt) and went to the market for the two o'clock truck. (It's always something of a hazard to walk around in Z dress, because with height and features, one looks funnier than ever to these friendly San Cristobalites.) The truck fellow (I think his name is Marian) recognized me. It started to rain, so I got on. However, he told me that we weren't leaving yet and immediately set off to some faroff part of BC. It turned out that one of the men was buying roof tiles. When we arrived (there were two men, the driver and the

Marian fellow, in addition to myself) there were piles and piles of these tiles. After much discussion of where to put the spare tire, we began to load the bricks. (I helped, even though I found I was getting red dust all over myself.) There were several jokes about my height, as everyone else was using a crate as a step to carry the bricks up. There was considerable breakage, as the bricks were "baz'i k'un" (another use for the word). The tiles took up about half the floor space of the truck and were arranged so that people could sit on them. We strapped the whole thing and braced them with the tire. Then we went back to the market and crammed everyone in.

Finally, at about 4:20 we arrived in Hteklum. I went directly to the house of Petul Buro, who came to the door to invite me in. He seemed a bit more cordial than the last time I arrived without warning, and I explained to him about the missing truck the day before. Everything seemed rather slow, and I didn't quite know what to do. A huge cloud rolled into the valley, and we sat around for about half an hour feeling cold and more or less useless. It turns out that Petul has three unmarried and especially ugly daughters who were scurrying about weaving and tending chickens. We talked a little about hlumal. (Do you have a President there?) (Yes, but no cargos.) Petul also admired my blue jeans, and remarked about their being zez, strong, durable.

At last the sun reappeared and Petul asked if I wanted to go with him up the hill. It turned out that we were going to one of his patches of milpa to do a little cleaning. The way was quite muddy and steep, crossed a little stream, and ended with a short climb up a sheer cliff.

-hac = fall (mu xahac (?) = don't fall)

bak'o = (Colby has bak'e) bridge

-muy = climb

Buro advised me to kick off my sandals (so as to keep them new) and we set about hoeing two rows of corn. The place was in pretty good order, and he had several varieties of thing planted in between. I kept having to ask whether to cut this or that plant; he put up with my questions and began to volunteer the names of various dealies. After about two hours it began to get dark, and we were both a little tired, so we went further up the hill to another of his fields and dug out some potatoes. (hhek iaka isak = I'm digging out potatoes). We went back by a roundabout route on the path, stopping by the stream to wash off our hands and feet. (It seems that the verb -atin means to warm oneself, too. One is often invited to 'Atinan' before the fire, where no water is offered.)

nax = today (in meaning of/in the morning?)

xak teh = pine needles

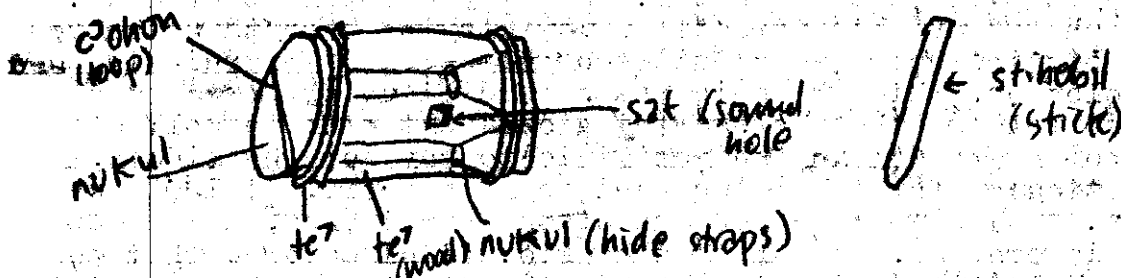
When we came back, Buro's son-in-law, Miguel, had brought his family (a little girl named Maruc -- in fact, a babay and his wife) to visit for awhile. The babay, strangely enough, was quite unwrapped and, in fact, was passed around to grandfather etc. to coo over. (I was very gratified by being able to follow the conversation almost entirely.) Evidently Buro shares his milpa in Tierra Caliente with Miguel, and they were discussing another trip down for limpia. Buro had things to do so they decided that Miguel should go alone on Tuesday.

-tak = to send

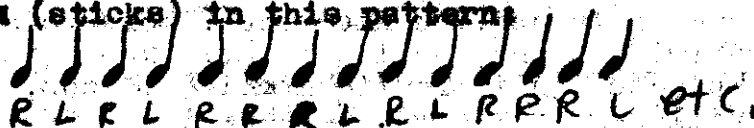
to clean the field; he'd lost the potatoes and now had a tasty but less profitable field of napux. We shook down some peaches (~~some~~ turasna) (which none of us peeled) and later ate some raspberries (xotecak). It was a very pleasant rest stop except that my hands sprouted blisters. Buro took me to see his old house, which bordered on this field. It is now inhabited by goats. He kept telling me the names of every plant he saw — I wish I had had Bob Laughlin along. Clearly, I wasn't able to write everything down.

We went back to the milpa. (Buro asked if I wanted to tomorrow. When I nodded he told me I should say: ta hnep — Colby translates as "I'll think..." but it seemed here to mean that I could go on.) We did about another half row, when my blisters burst, and we stopped by mutual agreement. I was glad I hadn't gone to Hot Country — or at least with bear hands. I asked how long it took him to do the work in Hot Country — ans: about a week, but I worked very slowly. (Later in the day we passed another of his local cornfields. He seems more than a little rich. He tells me that he has 'medio litro' in Hteklum, and about the same in Hot Country.(?)) It was about noon when we returned to the house, after four and a half hours out.

I discovered that Buro too played flute and drum. He showed me his drum, which is pictured below. The rhythms we played



largely mirrored the songs. The pieces for alfweces used two hands in (sticks) in this pattern:



For the mamaletik, only one stick was used, very simply. The flutes were constantly going out of whack and had to be adjusted. (Buro gave me one as a gift to practice on.) We played several pieces, and I took some information.

There are evidently just six flute songs for the three occasions: 6 for mamal, 6 for ik'al, 6 for alfweces. (Doesn't agree with Konseres.) There are three regular FD musicians who, evidently, play for everyone:

- Mariano de la Torre drummers
- Cep Zozil
- Martil Zarate flute

I asked why one needed two kinds of music, namely FD and VHG. He answered: ta c'ec'o li k'ine. But why can't one do for both? "Ha7 to ta cibe" — there are just two. Well, for example, could FD music serve at a flower change. "Mu xtun, Ma7uk yes melol." (It won't serve, it just truly won't.)

(Also determined that the decoration around a guitar's hole is called nical — flower. And: the belemchen is played by band.)

Arrived in San Cristobal only slightly crushed, and went to work on field notes at the Banos. I also supervised the washing of my shirt so that it didn't shrink --- then I went to order two more. (I saw two Z's from Navenchusk taking showers at the Banos.) The flute player came by and I agreed to go out to Htekium with him to try to get a harp. I also talked with Petul Buro to arrange going around with him when he collects the 'cobar' for his priest. And I decided to go out to 7apas to stay with Cep's brother-in-law Xun, to learn how to learn, if that makes sense. So the next few days will be hectic.

We set out about 4:00 for Htekium. I planned to visit my friend Cep Zarate and elicit his help in locating another used harp to buy. Following George's advice I planned to leave the rest of the gringos (including my buyer) to wander around alone, not associated with me. In fact, when we arrived, Lois came with me --- since, after all, she was my first wife for the Z's. We went to see Cep. I first asked to buy some pax, but he had none. He directed me to the home of the bik'it alkaltee, who was not at home. I tried Petul Buro (dragging Lois over the stream in the middle of the trail between the two houses) who was off visiting the Scribe again. We sat for awhile talking with Buro's wife and his three daughters. They were fascinated with Lois, her hair, and her attempts to say Tzotzil words.

cuk'ul hol = the 'horn' of hair, when the women are going unicorn style

bol = brother-in-law (only younger?)

el-halay = I am weaving

ts h'us h'ol = I'm combing my hair

burne = funnel

Finally I said that we would buy pax and leave, returning later to see li mel Petula. I bought a medio for two pesos, and a kwarte (in a borrowed bottle) for another one. We set out again (after Lois had taken their picture --- with clean clothes and much giggling) to search for a harp. I went back to Cep Zarate. He accepted the kwarte (which we drank handily) but told me that there were no old instruments for sale. Everyone was using them, he said, and only at fiesta time would there be any new ones. Too bad. We agreed to go together to the market in Chamula to buy a new one later on.

Thwarted we returned the kwarte bottle and then retrieved the others and came back to SC. George chided me for involvement with other gringos, but I think the trip was instructive nonetheless. I will buy a harp for the flute, who will return in August.

July 17, Picnic.

Monday, July 18

Went to the Ranch to wait for Doctor, George and company to go out to Navenchawk. My plan was to find Petul Buro and his eskirvane, go around with them through 7Apas, there to meet with Xun, Cep's brother-in-law. When we arrived in Navenchawk (at about 10:00), a man directed us to a black-hatted man standing up the hill. He turned out to be Petul Vaskis Kulhol, the Regidor Segundo. (Evidently the regidores are working in pairs for the collection of money. Buro was also in Navenchawk, though in the other half.) It eventually appeared that the ideal team for cobrar is: a krinsupal who knows the paraje, a scribe to keep track of deadbeats, and a regidor go ask for and hold the money. Kulhol was without a scribe; his krinsupal knew how to write (though he was a little slow), and he himself, being from Navenchawk, knew everyone pretty well and knew the route.

We arranged for me to go around collecting with Kulhol until we met up again with Buro. We set off, first walking up the trail, then working our way down collecting. Whenever someone was not home, or had no money (*basfi c'abal*) the krinsupal would write the names, in Spanish, in a book. I did the same, just to feel useful--- they marvelled at the speed with which I was able to finish any given name. (They also thought it strange that I used different letters; I told them they were letters for Tzeltal that only anthropologists knew!)

Though there was some variation in the pattern of asking for the money (60 centavos per person, i.e., per man or youth (down to a certain, for me unspecified, cut-off age.)) generally, something like this happened:

(Everyone walks up to the house)

Krins: Mi liote, me7tik?

Me7: Liote. (or Liotey.)

Krins: Mi liote li _____? (Or, simply: li7e li tetik, i.e., the Regidor).

Reg: Yal? Mi liote yal? (Or: Me7tik, etc. --- /kal/ means, roughly, 'underling' (?))

Ec'el stohel mi kasidak skwenta muk'ta k'in (skwenta kahvaltik Santorenses, etc.). (? -sibak ?)

Me7: Hi? K'usi skwenta?

Reg: Skwenta makal ta maistree, ta koeta, skwenta poke, etc..

Me7: Hi. Io'e. (Or: Hale, ta Ek'el mi 7oy, etc.)

Reg: Yecuk.

Me7: (Scrabbling for the money) K'usi yepal?

Reg: Oxvinik centa ve. (Or: Oxvinik cent ta vo7 (?)).

Me7: Oxvinik? Ve7 (Or: Yey..) (giving money)

Reg: Ewano. Li7e li woltas. Lahona. Baha.

Me7: Laho?

Reg: Hi. Kolaval skwenta kahvaltik. Ek'upen kbatik ta k'in.

Me7: Tayuk.

Krins: Cibat me7tik.

Reg: Cibat ce7e, yal.

Naviland: Cibat ce7e, me7tik.

Me7: etc.

We were all more than a little tired. So we had another meal of ul, beef in broth, etc. (All the meals I ate with this crew were rather formal affairs: washing of hands and mouth before and after the meal, tables, extensive thanking before and after the meal.) Then everyone passed around the bottles of poured-off pax from the rounds, and we went to bed. (The host had to go nextdoor to borrow an extra pop for my long sleeping bag. The others slept completely dressed, not even removing their chamarras.)

Tuesday, July 19

I woke up and looked at my watch which (I thought) must have had a misprint. It said 2:30 (AM), and that's what I reported to Kulhel who was up and around. I tried to go back to sleep but about fifteen minutes later I noticed that everyone was getting up so I did too (shudder). I staggered to the fire and was treated to (gasp) a small bottle of pax in two rounds. It was designed to start us on our journey to Sekantik. We had some pan, coffee, and a few beans (for those that wanted). Then we lit up a gas lantern, took some flashlights, bundled up and set out for Sekantik (at about 3:15). The night was starry and not too cold, and the path was almost straight down, along the mountain ridge which 7apas Jaess. Buro was in the rear, with the flashlight. He is a very slow walker. Every little while we would stop and the other Regidor would sing out "0000000000000000 Tot soh ! " (??) and Buro would answer in a faraway voice "Heeesss..." and we'd laugh and sit down to wait. There was considerable slipping and sliding, though I was the only one who fell down.

We arrived at a place where the path crossed the muk'ta be (just below Hoyhel) at about 5:30, when it was just threatening to get light. There we split into two parties. Buro and his scribe went on down towards Sekantik. Kulhel and I went up to Hoyhel to wait for the krintsupal, who came at about 6:15. While we waited I watched the sunrise and the lights gradually disappear in Tuxtla far below. Kulhel and I talked a little about what I was doing; he told me that he is one of Frank Cancian's compadres.

The new krintsupal impressed me as highly unreliable, drunk, and dishonest. He got very drunk during breakfast, smoked us through about three packs of cigarettes during the first hour we were on the road, offered pax for no apparent reason every time he got a little dry on the path, and tried to cheat the taxes. He took us to his house (which was unusually dirty), fed us some chicken, and did his best to get us drunk. (Another older man came in just before breakfast -- I don't know who he was, except that he was of equal age as Petul Kulhel. He was the only I've ever heard with a stutter -- it made his Tzotzil easy to understand.) He immediately gave us pax, and then sent around two cups of spiked coffee. Kulhel frowned but drank it down. The coffee was made with dirt. I put up considerable fuss, telling them that I would get sick if I drank it; finally, prompted by a look from the Regidor, I finished it. (I was glad, because it later gave me an excuse to base my pretense of sickness.) Eventually the drinking really got heavy and we too tax-men started pouring off + I had the grace of the cargo-holder. (Kulhel is actually a very talented

Wednesday, July 20- Thursday July 21
 Typed notes all day.

Friday, July 22

I went up to Loony's to find out what was what and lo and behold I encountered George who wanted to go to Chamula and Hteklum for various errands. Thus, I hopped in and we tore off to Chamula. As we came down towards Chamula center we took part in an experiment to prove the strength of the average Chamula youth. A man in a pick-up truck had conveniently driven into a ditch, quite blocking the road. There were about eight Chamulas standing around laughing. George and I got out and lent our not inconsiderable intellects to the problem (and our rather laughable shoulders) and everyone lifted the truck out of the ditch! (Evidently a full-grown Chamula can carry a 300 pound bag of corn over the mountains on his back with no trouble.) (We later found the same truck on the way down with wet spark-plugs, in a torrential rain, stuck. We didn't help.)

We went into Chamula center. George suggested that we say hello to the president, but he paid us no attention as we stood there, so we went across the muddy center area and found the man we were looking for, Judy's curer guy, whitewashing the fence around the church. (Chamula center seems quite small, compare with Zinacantan -- George says it has almost no permanent residents.) We talked with him for awhile to convince him that Judy really did need to come back to live with him. (We told him she was a bit stupid and only learned very slowly.) We helped him paint a little, and George offered him pex. He said he didn't know how to drink pex, so George bought him some beer -- the strategy was to make him feel that he really did want Judy back with him. Then we stood around for another fifteen minutes just complementing him, trading nice things to say back and forth.

Mission accomplished we went into Zinacantan (which in Chamula can also be called 7olon ~~7uloxi~~ 7ulo7), delaying our entry just a little so that it wouldn't coincide with that of a VW bus full of gringos. I went off to find Petul Kulhol, who was at home. We sat in his yard and I copied out the lists that I had forgotten to give him earlier. It turns out that the whole affair in Hoyhel was forgotten for Kulhol instructed me to consider the ~~accounts~~ accounts as closed for that paraje. I ~~was~~ cleared the way for my not showing up at the flower change the next day, and came back to San Cristobal with George.

Saturday, July 23

We were just about to leave for the Ranch and our famous meeting, when who should stomp into the study at the Banos but three regidores and the muk'ta alkaltee, in fancy dress and carrying their sticks. They had thought that if, perhaps, I was coming out to the balte, that they could get a ride back. They were in town on some kind of business arranging for the big fiesta. I invited them to come to the Ranch to ask George, and Buro and the fourth Regidor (don't know his name) did. George turned them down, and they did not seem offended.

This is the transcription of the tape, so much as I could follow it, that I made at the flower change on August 6.
 (Note that the tape begins at the pause between the flower change and the candle lighting)

A set of long bows. (Unintelligible.)

Conversation: Tune your instruments.

Music: Tuk li sen, with the sound of the moletik praying in front of the altar before lighting candles in the background.

The following verses:

1. Ha7 no me ta zobelotik/ letelotik
 Sk'an o nan ..?? htetik bi/ hme7tik bi
 " smosebi/skelen bi
 Bikitik c'ul Martile/ Piarol
 Martil ka me c'ulkahvaitik/ yayatet.

only
 harp and
 guitar
 playing here

2. Ha7 no na yec ta zobelotik/ letelotik
 Mk sk'exins ho me li enicim ba/ syanalte
 B//M

3. Sze7ete me li enicim ba/ enicim set
 B/
 Wicim xa me li htabeluk/ hlikeluk
 B//M

As the music plays the praying ceases, and the candles are light. Then, in the background, several sets of long bows between the cargo holders are heard. Then it all quits as the moletik stand up and approach the musicians for long bows.

Long bows: (Starts "Cibat ce7e, kere.)

Musicians invited to light candles, which they do.

Small bottles are passed around.

The other moletik descend on Petul Buro and ask him to play violin for a little while. He tried to avoid, complaining of age.

Buts sits and musicians tune.

Long bows: ?

Another round of small bottles passed out to musicians.

Music: Moletik tuk li sen, for dance.

(End of every chant everyone emits a wail.)

1. Ha7 no me ta zobelotik/ letelotik
 Sk'exins xa me li enicim bi/ syanalte
 B//M

2. ?? hlikeluk/ htabeluk (Zobikotik?)
 Kuxbetik o hlikeluk/ htabeluk
 B//M (Bikitik ka me c'ul Martil)...

3. ? scotleba/ vuz'lebe
 B//M

-an

4. Kuxo avo7onhtetexuk/ hme7exuk
 Kuxan avo7on e smose bi/ skelen bi
 B//M

5. Pertonal xca hestuk ka/ hutebuk xca
 K'usi no7ox yepal li xiebil/sk'exebil
 B//M

2. Ha 7 no nan yec ta zoboletik/ letoletik
Kk'exina ho me li enicim ba/ syanalte
B//M

3. Xak'otah xa me li htetik e/ hme7tik// amoso/ skelem bi
B//M

4. Pertonal xa me li hsetuk e/ hutebuk bu
K'usi no7ox yepal li xiobil/ sk'ex(n)obil drink sound start
B//M

5. Kuxo nan yo7on li htetik e/ hme7tik e // amoso bi/ skelem bi
B//M

Round of drinks steps the proceedings. Followed by a round of small bottles. (Time now 4:30) Cigarettes. Unintelligible conversation. Conversation continues when musicians start to play, and all the moletik jump up to start dancing.

Music: 5th song -- Bikitik Maria

1. Bikiyik xa Maria/ Rosario
Vinahel ali anxebi/ a la ximulan
Maria xa Rosario/ ximulan
Vinhale a li anxebi/ a la ximulan

2. Ha7 no me ta zoboletik/ letoletik
Sk'exina ho me li enicim e/ syanalte
Bikitik xa Martilo/ Piarol
Martila xa me c'ul kahvaltik/ yayatot

3. Skuxo nan yo7on htetik e/ hme7tik e// amoso bi/ skelem bi
Bikitik xa Martilo/ Piarol
Martil xa me c'ul kahvaltik/ yayatot

6th song - anzon anzon

1. Anzon me anzon, anzon bi/ zebon i zebon, zebon bi
Sme7eto anzon anzon bi/ zebon zebon bi

2. Xak'ota, xak'otah anzetik/ zebetik// amoso bi/ skelem bi
Bikitik xa me c'ul Martil/ Piarol
Martil, Martil kahvaltik/ yayatot

7th song - Ohala Maria

1. Ohala Maria/ Lucita // Lucita/ Maria/
2. (Other two verses unintelligible)

Four dances without words, occasionally punctuated by screams.

The music is stopped by the harpist. No pep, only tuning.

Music: Moletik tuk li sen, again, for dancing.

1. Ha7 no nana yec zoboletik/ letoletik
Ha7 no nan yec smuk'ta k'in/ smuk'ta paskua
B//M

2. Ihtabetik me ta savare/ arosinke
K'usi no7ox yepal li enicim/ syanalte
B//M

3. Kuxo na ye7on ktotoxuk/ me7oxuk// hlikeluk/ htabeluk
K'usi no7ox yepal li xiobil/ skexobil
B//M

Music ends.

More small bottles are brought, this time from the two alcaldes.
The musicians pull out their bottles (were these gifts) and the
hp'is vo7 takes them around.

A final set of long bows. (Theme? Kolaval??)

The mol alkalte descend on Palas Zozil, I think on some kind of
request mission, either for money or for services. All the
men eventually crowd around.

Passing of small bottles.

Ritual meal.

July 25 - August 5, Wrote first draft and vacationed.

August 6, Saturday

After some delay I finally determined to go out to the moletik flower change and record it. Cep Zarate had told me that it would be early in the day today, since the moletik had various things to do. But I missed an early bus and was prepared to go out to the martomorey bankilal's house with Renato and Shelley. Luckily, Petul Buro dropped by the Banos in the morning, told me that there would be a balte in the afternoon; we arranged to meet at the truck stop at 1:00. (Renato and Shelley were also going on that truck; they were going to stay over to see the whole Counting of the Rosary ceremony.)

I got to the stop on time, but no one else was there, so I talked with Marian, one of the truck men from Zinacantan for awhile. He told me his troubles and asked me for a loan of \$100. He promised to pay me back on the 15th of August, but he offered no pox. I tried to squirm out but my insufficient Tzotzil kept trapping me. Finally I agree to meet him on Monday on the way to the fiestas to talk more about it. Luckily, before I could be pinned down a truck came along, with Petul Buro on it and I hopped aboard. (It had no roof, and the side I leaned against felt as if it would fall off momentarily.) As we left town we passed Renato and Shelley who also got on. (As Shelley climbed in amongst the other women she was the subject of several jokes, the main gist of which was: Look how small she is now, but boy, she'll be a muk'ta me7. (Big mother!))

We arrived at Hteklum at 3:00, and I arranged to meet Renato the next morning at the Hermita when my man arrived there. On the way to Buro's house we met one of the little kids from the muk'ta alkaltee's, who told us that the flower change was already in progress. (Rats! I had hoped to record the entire ceremony.) So off we rushed. I put down my things in the corner, Buro put on his fancy clothes, and we hurried to the mol alkaltees house. People were all sitting around, but the flowers were all changed and some young boys were busily freshening the ~~xxxx~~ boughs on the outdoor crosses. We came in and crossed hurriedly, greeted the people and sat down. (In fact, everything at the ceremony was done rather hurriedly--- perhaps the moletik wanted their sleep, anticipating the hard fiesta days to come.) At first there were only two musicians: Kun Lapis on the harp, and a young fellow named Antun (from Navenchawk) on guitar. Later, Buro was pressed into service as violinist; finally Palas Tzotzil arrived. I recorded nearly everything from the time I came in; a semi-transcription of events will appear separately. The most noteworthy thing about the ceremony was that people rushed through everything; it was not fully dark when we left.

At Buro's house we ate a little more, and I went to bed after the customary English lesson with Buro's daughters. The women again stayed up all night making tortillas, for they left the next day for Chamula. Buro himself got up at 1:00 AM and had a couple over to visit. (!) I tried to sleep through it all. There were rockets every hour throughout the night, however, and considerable music and drumming coming from the direction of

performers as long as I did. When I entered the four performers were dancing, to baz'i son, and the moletik were just sitting. (Or, at least, they sat as they came in at the table in the middle of the chapel.) I noticed very little of what was happening at first while Renato explained to me what was supposed to be going on, what had passed etc. One thing I did notice was that the martomorey segundo was, as had been predicted, an *mwvul* drunk, quite obnoxious and generally useless to the rest of the ceremony. After a bit I moved over to sit next to the musicians. I hadn't met two of them before so I waited for a break in the proceedings and went over to offer them cigarettes. The violinist seemed to fit quite well with all the others, despite the fact that he was a Chamula. (I forgot to ask if he lives on the ranch near Hteklum.)

Soon Renato told me that the Mayol Mayor had arrived iwth the *sab*. He was dressed the same as the martomoreetik and the mexonetik, except that the trimmings on his chamarro were purple. I missed the ceremony as he entered, but only saw him greet the musicians. Then all began to dance, lined up as follows

Mex₂ Mex₁ Mayol MR
piano

seated → Renato me Guit. Harp. Viol.

(The martomorey segundo was now drunk and had been sent home to rest his heart.) The musicians sang a verse greeting the mayol mayor among the normal ones which I already have for martomorey. During all the dancing there was considerable passing of cigarettes and small bottles of *pox*. (The newly arrived mayol had *pox* at least as strong as anyone else's.) We were also visited several times by helpers pouring into shot glasses from large bottles. I was trapped into drinking one round and I drank the first shot on my own out of politeness, but the rest I poured off. (By the end of the day I had entirely filled my bottle. I lent Renato another bottle for his later pouring off, as he, too, filled his.) People started calling out to the mayol *#Beli Bol.* --- which evidently means 'Stupid!' Later they started calling this out to Renato and me (when we were dancing); we didn't know what it meant, and began answering back "Tot martomorey etc. etc."...

After all had danced for a full round of songs, the cargo-holders went to split up and distribute the salt to various people present. The dividing was done to the left of the altar in front. Salt was measured and carried around in black boxes, first to the moletik and (I guess) later to the other officials. As the salt was divided, the musicians played a special verse for the salt (which I could not understand), and the cargo-holders danced. They danced, however, near the salt rather than facing the musicians. (Before we left the house in the morning, Petul Buro got twenty centavos out of his money bags which he said was for the salt.) After the salt passing was over, all came back to the musicians (who had rested awhile) and the dancing continued. I asked the martomorey primero if I could record the music with my tape recorder. He seemed willing enough, but told me to wait until he

Then we got ready for a meal. All the musicians remained where they had been sitting, on a bench to the right of the altar, against the wall. They were joined (at the head of the table) by an old man Renato took to me a totime711. I sat just below the guitar player. The cargo-holders sat in order (from the head down) on the other side of the table, facing the musicians, followed by some unidentified helper. Renato sat at the foot of the table. We were given ~~the same as before~~ beef in a chile broth, and two things each of p'isil vah. (Blech.) The meal went fairly fast (to the accompaniment of my tape recorder) and for dessert we were given sweet rolls, and a steaming hot cup of delicious 7ul, which Renato and I couldn't drink very fast.

After the meal I decided to excuse myself so, telling the men that I couldn't go with them to walk the mayol back to the cross, I left, in the rain, to search for a truck. I walked up to the Presidencia where all the moletik were. There I talked for a bit with little Román. I was accosted by a ladino who turned out to be a tourist. He offered me a free cab ride back to SC which I accepted. (During the ride he told me all about Mayan, the language spoken where he comes from in Yucatan.) As we left Hteklum we passed the procession of martomorey etc., with Renato looking cold and wet behind.

I learned the following words in the course of events:

~~Monday, August 6~~

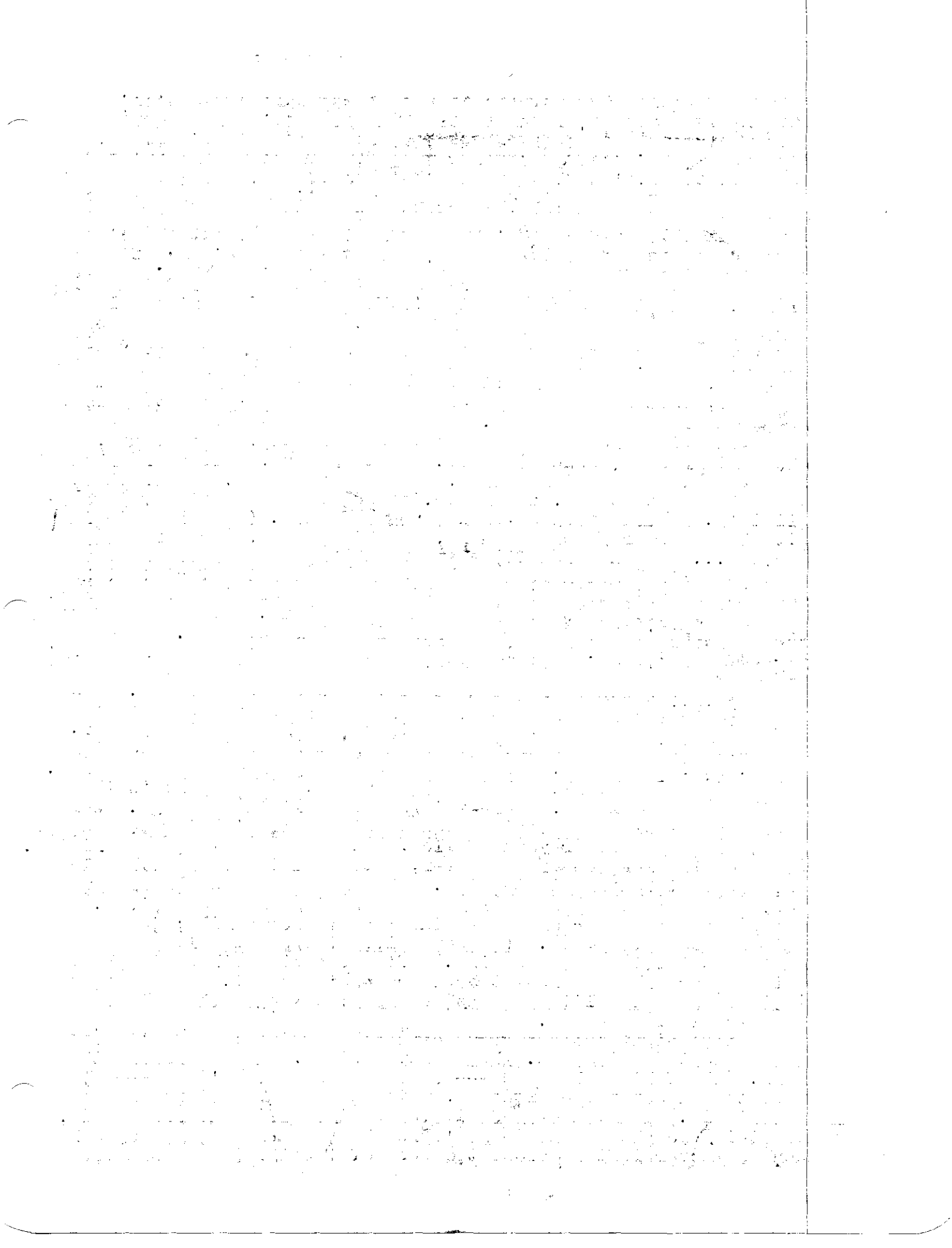
hp'is heatik = to cross self (is this 'to measure' or to 'wrap, cherish etc.' the eyes?)

-tak, to send. Here cahtakbe tal li foto, (I promised to make and send a picture to a friend.)

Monday, August 6

This is the first day of the fiesta of San Lorenzo in Zinacantan. The day before preparations were much in evidence with stalls being set up along the road. Ron, Haven, and Ron's friend Eugene were planning to go out with me. George was full (i.e., his car) so we took a truck from the market which left at about 10:00 AM. (I managed to avoid giving a loan to Marian, the truck man by taking another truck. I told him I wanted to write out a note and it would be easier at the fiesta. Actually, I put him off again when I saw him at the fiesta. I gave him a piece of alan.) The roof was off the truck, and the ride into Hteklum was sunny and ~~an~~ spectacular --- especially as we rounded the bend at Maxulviz, and saw all the people crowded around the market. It was quite packed.

As we came in we saw Mary and Judy strolling around one end of the market, looking like any gringos. Ron, who was planning to stay at Domingo's house with Mary, waited with them while Haven and I trudged up to find Cep Zarate and drop off our packs. (We had arranged for floor space in his house among his compadres.) The house was closed by I saw Cep sitting in his father's house. He invited us in. He was sitting with two other musicians at the left of the altar in that house, which was rather sloppily decorated with paper dealers and candles. (It was especially sloppy because there were bottles strewn all over the floor.) Cep seemed to be the youngest musician but he was leading anyway. They started in on bezi sen which they play for several minutes



pooured off any drinks.) We were given a double round of drinks (i.e., two shots at a time) (which I drank out of courtesy) and things began. Everything was quite simple: musicians played (only) baz'i son, and the cargo holders spread a pop in front of the altar. (Old women were sitting at its feet.) They brought out a bag containing rosaries, which (I guess) they counted. They wafted it through the incense. A round of pox (poured off by everyone except the guy next to me). Then everyone in turn went up to kiss the bag (including me). Then the musicians played as the rosaries were taken out of the bag and put on the altar. Two rounds of pox. Everyone relaxed and we were given more rolls and a cup of delicious 7ul.

Everyone packed up at this point. The musicians picked up their instruments and started out, bowing to the women who were the only old people left behind in the house. The procession had the musicians, the two martomeetik, and then random helpers straggling along. We went to the very large house of the martome Sacramento, where there was a huge crowd of people. After my men entered there were four or five sets of musicians inside and all their associated cargo-holders. I stuck my head in just for a peek and immediately I was given coffee and another roll. Marvel, Cep's brother-in-law was there, as part of C'ul Me7tik's entourage. I talked for a bit with him and determined that this party would move to the church and go on until 8 or 9 in the morning. So I went in and told Cep I was going home, which I did. Went to sleep again about 3:00 AM.

Tuesday, August 9

I got up at 6:00, after hearing Loxa up and grinding for an hour or so. We had more potatoes for breakfast. Haven was very nervous about trying to learn tortilla-making Indian style because she couldn't speak. But everyone was entertained by her Z outfit. We went into the market at about 7:30 and looked around a little. (Haven changed back into gringo clothes for the morning.) We met Domingo in the market and he told us Ron was still at home; so we went to find Ron. Evidently people had gotten up early for the Mass and left him behind for he was just about eating. I played Domingo's violin a little, they ate, and off we went to see what we could see.

The road from Domingo's to the market passes by the house of one of the alfereses. As we walked by a whole crowd of screaming dancing alfereses with rattles came pouring out and walked down towards the market. From our vantage point in the churchyard (where we took pictures of the horses all lined up to the left of the cabildo, from where they would later race) we watched the alf's all come up into the church, and out in front where they seemed to be dancing for a while. (There was lots of hu-hu-ing.) The horse race did not materialize so we walked about the market some more. I found Cep Zarate's stand where he was selling trego, and sat for a little while watching. We saw the Laughline arrive and I eavesdropped on Bob's conversation in a nearby bar, trying to learn his inflectional tricks. Also we caught sight of Gene, Mark and Lois who all came out in gringo clothes to look things over. We decided to take them in the direction of the cantina.

(I forgot that earlier we had gone to the cantina in search of Cep. We found him all right and he started loading us with beer again. He promised us that he was not going to drink pox that day ...

to Zarate's house where I put on some long pants, and Ron used our clean milpa. We went back, as it began to get dark, and searched out the others. Then we fiddled around trying to decide whether there was still enough floor space at Zarate's, how people were going back to San Cristobal etc. etc. (Several other groups of people arrived: Renato and Shelley, Dan and Elana etc.. Evidently, too, Cep's wife and the sick children had been shipped off to San Cristobal because the little girl had been coughing blood. Cep was not to be found, stone drunk somewhere.)

We talked for a little while with Manuel, the brother-in-law, who in fact said that Marue had died. He said it with a sort of grin, however, so we didn't take him too seriously. Finally, at about 8:00 the fireworks started. (Called mitin maitin.) There were the normal skyrockets, more toritos, some shooting things on strings, and castillos which shot flames in all directions. After three of them I got cold and very tired so we went home. We had to pick our way through the 'guests' who were spread all over the floor. I went to sleep very quickly though I was awakened at about 1 or 2 by the hosts returning. They didn't seem too surprised by all the people.

Wednesday, August 10

Got up about 6:30 or 7. Loxa told us to wait while she prepared our breakfast (beef again.) The kids were running around smoking and playing cars. Cep was already at his stand. We packed up. (As we ate, all the people, who had been got when we got up, returned with their own food which they demolished.) We went down to the market, paid Cep for our food, and hopped on a truck back to San Cristobal. I had been warned that this would have been an especially drunken day.

Thursday, August 11

Woke up especially late and worked on field notes. Renato came by and in the course of the conversation it appeared that he was going out to Zinacantan in the afternoon. I decided to go, too, hoping that I could rustle up some informants for later in the week. At about 3:00 PM Renato, Barbara (Brent secretary Berkely girl), and I went out by Jeep. It was raining when we arrived. (Note: it's better to tighten the straps on the hat-cover before putting the cover on the hat.) Barbara went exploring and Renato and I were going to search out Marian Konseres (iz'inal) who Renato thought was ~~the~~ musician for last year's martomorey. As we started to look for him, the tail end of a procession heading towards the muk'ta krus, where Petul Buro was walking. I didn't get a chance to ask him ~~for~~ to work for me. He invited us to come down to the alferes's house to drink 7ul. Instead we went to talk with Cep Zarate who was still in his stand. He told us that we really wanted Mariano Martinez, who lives in the same sitio as the mol alkalte. Off we went. Manuel, the brother-in-law, was just coming in to ask Martinez to play for C'ul Me'tik at the evening ceremonies in the church. He presented pox, and we talked, got rained on, and went away.

I decided to go search out Buro down towards the muk'ta krus. We walked down, and just as we got there we saw the procession