

# Transcription between Languages

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Any alphabetic text that records language is a transcription of voices, whether or not actual sound is involved. A writer might follow an inner voice or an external voice. A transcription might be a copy of a previous alphabetic text, or an alphabetic rendition of a text in a non-alphabetic script. The previous text might be internal, something seen in a dream or a daydream, or external, whether present to the transcriber or remembered.

A written translation is a kind of transcription, whether the discourse in the original language was heard or read by the writer. One of the inner voices of the transcriber will repeat passages from the source, but the transcription will follow a second voice that speaks the language of the translation. If the original was heard from an external source, and if the transcription takes account of dimensions of the sound of language that are excluded by the alphabet, then the second voice will move toward an attunement with the first.

The problem is that our hearing is impaired by alphabetic literacy, which focuses our attention on sequences of phonemes at the expense of other sounds. Phonemes, morphemes, and larger syntactical units belong to a unified hierarchical structure whose layers are neatly stacked (or so we have been taught). That is why words, phrases, and sentences can be reconstructed even in an alphabetic text that has no spaces between words and no punctuation. But voices manifest features of language that do not stack with the hierarchical structure. I claim the name *language* for these features because the old dichotomy between “speech” and “language” is rooted in a metaphysics that relegates “speech” to a lowly and imperfect material realm, while elevating “language” to the lofty and abstract realm of correctness.

The sounds of spoken language include changes in pitch. Intonational contours often have the effect of reinforcing syntactic units, but speakers constantly put them to other uses, making a single word sound like a complete sentence, for example, or making a complete sentence sound as though something more is waiting to be said. Meanwhile, changes in amplitude can make some passages sound like public announcements and others sound like private confidences, or they can place emphasis on some words and make others fade away. Changes in tone of voice give myriad nuances to what is said, and they may change the meaning given by a hierarchical structure, even to the point of reversing it.

But the hardest thing for alphabetic transcribers to hear with any clarity is the silence that intervenes between sounds. Silences commonly take up a third of the elapsed time in extended spoken discourse and are therefore something far more extensive than punctuation marks or paragraph breaks would indicate. In prose transcriptions, it appears that silence has been exiled to the

margins. Instructions for the preparation of typescripts for publication commonly call for margins that leave about a third of the surface area blank.

Silences can be made to coincide with syntactic units, but speakers who are not reading from a prose text constantly put them to other uses. They may deliberately create suspense by holding up the progress of syntax, for example, or introduce a proper name by deliberately suspending it between two pauses. I say “deliberately” because linguists have commonly interpreted pauses that surprise them as dysfluencies.

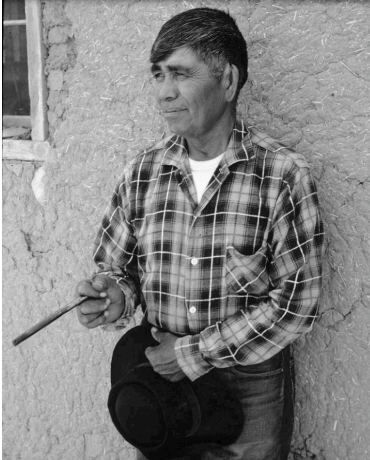
In the case of metrical verse, line breaks corresponding to pauses may occur at moments when the syntax is patently incomplete. But at this point another kind of structural stacking takes over, namely the count of stresses or syllables in the lines, perhaps with the addition of patterned caesuras or rhymes. Strophe breaks may call for longer pauses than line breaks, but again they come at predictable places.

All of this changes in verse that is blank and free, which is now “verse” only in the sense that when a line ends somewhere on the ragged right (which was already ragged in the earliest known verse texts in Greek), the reader returns to somewhere on the left, though it may no longer be a flush left. These changes opened the way for “projective” verse, which involves composing lines with increased independence from syntactic units, while at the same time arranging these lines on the page in such a way as to indicate how their composer or another speaker might recite them.

In the transcription methods used here, I have taken some steps beyond projective verse. My notation has a more predictable relationship to the flow of sounds and silences, and it takes more dimensions of the voice into account. At the same time, I have started from a language other than English. Most of the non-alphabetic features of the original sounds need no translation, in the sense that they have the same or similar effects in the English as in the original, and indeed these features probably occur in every language. Again, I insist on the term *language* for non-alphabetic sounds, in preference to relegating them to the category labeled “paralinguistic” or “suprasegmental” by linguists. There do exist a few verbal phenomena that lack such features, such as monotone chants, one of whose purposes is to silence inner voices, and synthetic voices whose computer programming is limited to a stacked structure.

### **The Story of the Boy and the Deer**

The original voice of the story presented here is that of Andrew Peynetsa (pictured on the next page), a native of the Pueblo of Zuni in west-central New Mexico. He told the story in *Shiwi'ma* or Zuni, an indigenous American language, on the evening of January 20, 1965. His audience consisted of Walter Sanchez, who was his clan brother and farming partner, and myself, in the role of an ethnographer. The sound file that accompanies the translation is a copy of the tape recording I made on that occasion. In the first step toward the translation, I transcribed the Zuni text and added interlinear English glosses with the help of Joseph Peynetsa, one of Andrew's nephews. I then returned again and



again to the recording as I worked through successive versions of the translation. The version presented here has been revised on the basis of yet another listening, at midsummer in 2008. There is always something more to hear.

In my experience, even people who know nothing of the Zuni language can follow the lines of a translation like this one while they listen to the performance. Along the way they may pick up Zuni words that are used repeatedly, such as *tsawak'i*, "boy"; *na'le* or *na'we*, "deer" in the singular or plural; and *tsitta*, "mother." I hope that the present rendition will prompt some listener-readers to try reading it aloud—not sounding

something like a Ciceronian orator, as a Classicist friend of mine once did, but like a good storyteller, sitting by a hearth in the evening.

I first published transcriptions and translations in a format similar to the present one in 1970, and by 1972 I had published an entire book of Zuni stories told by Andrew Peyneta and Walter Sanchez. That book was generally well received, but at the time it was better understood by poets than by ethnographers and linguists. An ethnographer thought I must be dealing with something particular to the way Zunis tell stories. A linguist who reviewed the book failed to recognize that the line breaks corresponded to audible phenomena, assuming that I had invented them. There was some support among linguistic anthropologists for the idea that spoken narratives might be appropriately rendered on the page as poetry, but they wanted the lines to coincide with verse structures that could be derived by scanning conventionally transcribed texts, which is to say lines that took their place in a hierarchical structure.

What my critics most disliked, I think, was the extreme raggedness of the right-hand margins. Proper verse is politely ragged, looking different from prose while at the same time holding the promise of a regularity that is not based on the completion of a rectangle. Of course pauses can be notated in such a way as permit the filling out of space clear across the page, but for me that would be a concession in the direction of prose.

### Guide to the Notation

Lines beginning at the left margin are separated by pauses that average half a second; indented lines are continuations of lines that run too long for the page format. Dots separating lines indicate pauses of around two seconds. There are no pauses within lines, not even at the end of a sentence.

Intonation generally follows the punctuation marks, with small drops in pitch for commas and larger ones for periods. Where lines end without punctuation, the flow of intonation is suspended and then resumed after the pause.

Gray type indicates a softer voice **and boldface indicates a louder voice**. Words in CAPITALS are spoken just loudly enough to get the attention of everyone in a room.

Vowels followed by dashes are held as lo————ng as two seconds.

Lines set on two or <sup>three</sup> levels are chanted (somewhere between speaking and singing).

Tones of voice, gestures, and audience responses are indicated by (*italics in parentheses*).

In Zuni words, vowels are approximately like those of Spanish. Double vowels are held a bit longer than single ones, like the long vowels in Classical Greek. Consonants are like those of English, except that p and t are unaspirated, lh is like ll in Welsh “Lloyd,” and double consonants are held longer than single ones, as in Italian. The glottal stop is indicated by '. Stress is usually on the first syllable.

NOW WE TAKE IT UP.

•

NOW THE ROAD BEGINS LO————NG AGO.

•

There were vil<sup>l</sup>agers at He' shokta

and

up on the Prairie-Dog Hills

the deer

had their home.

•

The daughter of a rain priest

was sit<sup>ting</sup> in a room on the fourth story down weaving basket  
plaques.

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

the girl would sit working

at the place where he came in.

It seems the Sun made her pregnant.

When he made her pregnant

though she sat in there without knowing any man

her bel<sup>ly</sup> grew large.

She went o————n for a time

doing her work

weaving basket plaques, and

her belly grew large, very very large.

When her time was near

she had a pain in her belly.

Gathering all her clothes

she went out and

went down to Water's End.

•

On she went until

she came to the bank

went on down to the river, and washed her clothes.

•

Then

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

•

She came out of the river. Coming out, she sat down  
by a juniper tree and strained her muscles:

the little baby came out.  
She dug a hole, put juniper leaves in it  
then laid the baby there.  
She went back into the water  
gathered all her clothes  
and carefully washed the blood off herself.  
She bundled  
her clothes  
put them on her back  
and returned to her home at He'shokta.

•

And the **deer**  
who lived on the Prairie-Dog Hills  
were going down to **drink**, going down to drink at dusk.  
The Sun had almost set when they went down to drink and the little  
baby was crying.

"Where is the little baby crying?" they said.  
It was two fawns on their way down  
with their mother  
who heard him.  
The crying was coming from the direction of a tree.  
They were going into the water

•

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

•

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

•

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

•

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

•

was nursed, the little boy was nursed by the deer  
o———n until he was full.  
Their mother lay down cuddling him the way deer sleep  
with her two fawns  
together  
lying beside her  
and they **slept with their fur around him**.  
They would nurse him, and so they lived on, lived on.  
As he grew  
he was without clothing, **naked**.  
His elder brother and sister had fur:  
they had fur, but he was **naked** and this was not good.

•

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

•

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

•

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

•

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

"Happily, our child, so you've come, sit down," they said.

"Wait, stop your dancing, our child has come and must have something to say," then the kachinas stopped.

The deer sat down, the old lady deer sat down.

A kachina priest spoke to her:

"Now speak.

You must've come because you have something to say." "Yes, in truth I have come because I have something to say.

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

We found him

we have been raising him.

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

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

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

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

Kyaklo

laid out his shirt.

Long Horn put in his kilt and put in his moccasins.

•

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

•

And Pawtiwa laid out his macaw headdress.

•

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

•

Also they laid out

•

strands of turquoise beads

moccasins.

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

When they had gathered it his mother put it on her back: "Well, I must go

but when he has grown larger I will return to ask for clothing again."

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

Now the deer went her way.



When she got back to her children they were all sleeping.  
 When she got there they were sleeping and she  
 lay down beside them.

The little boy, waking up  
 began to nurse, his deer mother nursed him  
 and he went back to sleep. So they spent the night and then  
*(with pleasure)* the little boy was clothed by his mother.  
 His mother clothed him.

•  
 When he was clothed he was no longer cold.  
 He went around playing with his elder brother and sister, they would  
     run after each other, playing.  
 They lived on this way until he was grown.  
 And **then**  
 they went back up to their old home on the Prairie-Dog Hills. After  
     going up  
 they remained there and would come down only to drink, in the  
     evening.  
 There they lived o————n for a long time

•  
 until  
 from the village  
 his uncle  
 went out hunting. Going out hunting  
 he came along  
 down around  
 Worm Spring, and from there he went on towards

•  
 the Prairie-Dog Hills and came up near the edge of a valley there.  
 When he came to the woods on the Prairie-Dog Hills he looked down  
     and

**there in the valley** was the herd of deer. In the herd of deer  
 there was a little boy going around among them  
 dressed in white.

He had bells on his legs and he wore a macaw headdress.  
 He wore a macaw headdress, he was handsome, surely it was a boy  
 a male  
 a person among them.

While he was looking the deer mothers spotted him.  
 When they spotted the young man they ran off.  
 There the little boy outdistanced the others.

•

"Haa—who could that be?"

So his uncle said. "Who

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

So his **uncle** thought and he didn't do **anything** to the deer.

He returned to his house in the evening.

•

It was evening

dinner was ready, and when they sat down to eat

the young man spoke:

"Today, while I was out hunting

when I reached the top

of the Prairie-Dog Hills, where the woods are, when I reached the top,

**there in the valley** was a **herd of deer**.

There was a herd of deer

•

and with them was a **little boy**.

Whose child could it be?

When the deer spotted me they ran off and he outdistanced them.

He wore bells on his legs, he wore a macaw headdress, he was dressed  
in white."

So the young man was saying

as he told his father.

It was one of the boy's **own elders**

*(turns to look at a listener)* his **own uncle** had found him.

*(listener signals that he understands)*

His uncle had found him.

•

Then

he said, "If

the herd is to be chased, then tell your Bow Priest."

So the young man said. "Whose child could this be?

**Perhaps we'll catch him.**"

So he was saying.

A girl then

a daughter of the rain priest said, "Well, I'll go ask the Bow Priest."

She got up and went to the Bow Priest's house.

Arriving at the Bow Priest's house

she entered:

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

"Happily, our child  
so you've come, sit down," they said. "Yes.

Well, I'm

asking you to come.

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

Bow Priest.

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

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

He came to their house  
while they were still eating.

•

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

He sat down and ate with them.

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

He moved to another seat

•

and after a while  
the Bow Priest questioned them:

"**Now**, for what reason have you  
summoned **me**?

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

"**Yes**, in truth

today, this very day

my child here

went out to hunt.

Up on the Prairie-Dog Hills, there

**He saw a herd of deer.**

But a **little boy was among them.**

Perhaps he is a **daylight person.**

Who could it be?

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

When the deer ran off he **outdistanced** them:

he must be very fast.

That's why my child here said, 'Perhaps  
 they should be **chased**, the deer should be chased.'  
 He wants to see him caught, that's what he's thinking.  
 Because he said this  
 I summoned you," he said. "Indeed."  
 "Indeed, well

•

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

So  
 he said. "Very well."

•

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

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

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

•

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

•

the deer  
 spoke to her son  
 when the deer had gathered.  
 "My son." "What is it?" he said.  
 "Tomorrow we'll be chased, the one who found us is your uncle.  
 When he found us he saw you, and that's why

•

we'll be chased.

They'll come out after you:

your uncles.

•

(*excited*) The uncle who saw you will ride a spotted horse, and **he'll be the one who**

**won't let you go**, and

your elder brothers, your mothers

no

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

he'll think of, he'll chase.

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

It'll be you alone

**when they have killed us all**

and you will go on alone.

Your first uncle

will ride a spotted horse and a second uncle will ride a white horse.

**These two will follow you.**

You must pretend you are tired but keep on going

and they will catch you.

But **we**

**myself**, your elder **sister**, your elder **brother**

**all of us**

•

will go with you.

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

So his deer mother told him, *so she said*.

**Then his deer mother told him everything: "And now**

I will tell you everything.

From here

•

from this place

where we're living now, we went down to drink. When we went down to drink

it was one of your **elders**, one of your **own elders**

your mother who sits in a room on the fourth story down weaving

basket plaques:

**It was she**

whom the Sun had made pregnant.

When her time was near

she went down to Water's End to the bank

to wash clothes  
 and when you were about to come out  
 she had pains, got out of the water  
 went to a **tree** and there she just **dropped** you.

**That** is your **mother**.

She's in a room on the fourth story down weaving basket plaques,  
 that's what you'll tell them.

•

**That's what she did to you, she just dropped you.**

When we went down to drink  
 we found you, and because you have grown up  
 on my milk  
 and because of the thoughts of your Sun Father, you have grown fast.  
 Well, you  
 have looked at us  
 at your elder sister and your elder brother  
 and they have fur. 'Why don't I have fur like them?' you have asked.  
 But that is proper, for you are a daylight person.  
 That's why I went to Kachina Village to get clothes for you  
 the ones you were wearing.

You began wearing those when you were small  
 before you were **grown**.

Yesterday I went to get the clothes you're wearing now  
 the ones you will wear when they chase us. When you've been caught  
 you must **tell these things** to your elders.

•

When they bring you in  
 when they've caught you and bring you in  
 you  
 you will go inside. When you go inside  
 your grandfather  
 a rain priest  
 will be sitting by the fire. 'My grandfather, how have you been passing  
 the days?'  
 'Happily. As old as I am, I could be a grandfather to anyone, for we  
 have many children,' he will say.  
 'Yes, but truly you are my real grandfather,' you will say.  
 When you come to where your grandmother is sitting,  
 'Gra—ndmother of mine, how have you been passing the days?'  
 you will say.

'Happily, our child, surely I could be a grandmother to anyone, for we have the whole village as our children,' she will say.

Then, with the uncles who brought you in and with your three aunts, you will shake hands.

'**Where** is my **mother**?' you will say.

'Who is your mother?' they will say. 'She's in a room on the fourth story down weaving basket plaques, tell her to come out,' you will say.

•

Your youngest aunt will go in to get her.

When she enters:

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

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

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

**Then the one we told you about will come out:**

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

'**Yes, but truly you are my real mother.**

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

My Sun Father, where you sit in the light

my Sun Father

made you pregnant.

When you were about to deliver

it was to Water's End

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

and when I was about to come out

when it hurt you

you went to a tree and just dropped me there.

You gathered your clothes, put them on your back

and returned

to your house.

But my **mothers**

**here**

found me. When they found me

because it was on their milk

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

I grew fast.

I had no clothing  
 so my mother went to Kachina Village to ask for clothing.  
**So you must say."**

•

So he was told, so his mother told him. "And  
 tonight  
*(aside)* we'll go up on the Ruin Hills."  
 So the deer mother told her son. "We'll go to the Ruin Hills  
 we won't live here anymore.  
*(sharply)* We'll go over there where the land is rough  
 for **tomorrow** they will **chase** us.  
 Your uncles won't think of US, surely they will think of **you**  
**alone**. They have **good horses**," so  
 his mother told him. It was on the night before  
 that the boy  
 was told by his deer mother.  
 The boy became  
 very unhappy.  
 They slept through the night  
 and before dawn the deer  
 went to the Ruin Hills.

•

They went there and remained, and the **villagers awoke**.  
 It was the day of the **deer chase**, as had been announced, and the  
 people were coming out.  
 They were coming out, some carrying bows, some on foot and  
 some on horseback, they kept on this way  
 o————n they went on  
 past Stone Chief, along the trees, until they got to the Prairie-Dog Hills  
 and there were no deer.  
 Their tracks led straight and they followed them.  
 After finding the trail they went on until  
 when they reached the Ruin Hills, **there** in the valley  
 beyond the thickets there  
 was the herd, and the  
 young man and two of his elder sisters were chasing each other  
 by the edge of the valley, playing together. Playing together  
 they were spotted.  
 The deer saw the people.  
 They fled.



Many were the people who came out after them  
 now they chased the deer.  
 Now and again they dropped them, killed them.  
 Sure enough the boy outdistanced the others, while his mother and his  
 elder sister and brother  
 still followed their child. As they followed him  
 he was far in the lead, but they followed on, they were on the run  
 and sure enough his uncles weren't thinking about killing deer, it was  
 the boy they were after.  
 And **all the people who had come**  
**killed the deer** killed the deer killed the deer.  
 Wherever they made their kills they gutted them, put them on their  
 backs, and went home.  
 Two of the uncles  
 •  
 then  
 went ahead of the group, and a third uncle  
 (*voice breaking*) dropped his elder sister.  
 His elder brother  
 His mother.  
 He gutted them there while the other two uncles went on. As they  
 went on  
 the boy pretended to be tired. The first uncle pleaded: "Tisshomahha.  
**Stop,**" he said, "Let's stop this contest now."  
 So he was saying as  
 the little boy kept on running.  
 As he kept on his bells went telele.  
 O———n, he went on this way  
 on until  
 •  
 the little boy stopped and his uncle, dismounting  
 caught him.  
 •  
 When he caught him,  
 (*gently*) "Now come with me, get up," he said.  
 His uncle  
 helped his nephew get up, then his uncle got on the horse.  
 They went back. They went on  
 until they came to where his mother and his elder sister and brother  
 were lying

and the third uncle was there. The third uncle was there.

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

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

They will accompany me to my house.

They will accompany me," the boy said.

"Very well."

His uncles put the deer on their horses' backs.

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

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

It was night and the people, a crowd of people, came out to see the boy as he was brought in on the horse through the plaza

and his mother and his elder sister and brother

came along also

as he was brought in.

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

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

When they reached the roof his grandfather

made a cornmeal road

and they entered.

His grandfather entered

with the little boy following

while his

uncles brought in the deer. When everyone was inside

•

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

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

"Happily, our child

surely I could be a grandfather to anyone, for we have the whole

village as our children." "Yes, but you are my real grandfather," he said.

When he came to where his grandmother was sitting he said the same thing.

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

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

He looked the way

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

He had new moccasins, new buckskin leggings.  
 He wore a bandoleer and a macaw headdress.  
 He was a stranger.  
 He shook hands with his uncles and shook hands with his aunts.  
**"Where is my mother?"** he said.

•  
 "She's in a room on the fourth story down weaving basket plaques, tell  
 her to come out," he said.

Their younger sister went in  
 to get his mother.

"Hurry and come now:  
 some little boy has come and says you are his mother, he calls for  
 you."

(tight) "How could that be?

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

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

Finally she was forced to come out.

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

"My mo—ther, how have you been passing the days?"

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

So she said.

•  
**"Yes indeed**  
 but you are certainly my **real mother**.  
**You gave birth to me,**" he said.

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

•  
 "You really are my mother.  
 In a room on the fourth story down  
 you sit and work.  
 As you sit and work  
 the daylight comes through your window.  
 My Sun Father  
 made you pregnant.  
 When he made you pregnant you  
 sat in there and your belly began to grow large.

Your belly grew large  
 you  
 you were about to deliver, you had pains in your belly, you were  
     about to give birth to me, you had pains in your belly  
 you gathered your clothes  
 and you went down to the bank to wash.  
 When you got there you  
 washed your clothes in the river.  
 When I was about to **come out** and caused you **pain**  
 you got out of the water.  
 You went to a juniper tree.  
 There I made you strain your muscles  
 and there you just dropped me.  
 When you dropped me  
 you made a little hole and placed me there.  
 You gathered your clothes  
 bundled them together  
 washed all the blood off carefully, and came back here.  
 When you had gone  
 my elders here  
 came down to **drink**  
 and found me.  
 They found me  
 •  
 I cried  
 and they heard me.  
 Because of the milk  
 of my deer mother here  
 my elder sister and brother here  
 because of  
 their milk  
 I grew.  
 I had no clothing, I was poor.  
 My mother here went to Kachina Village to ask for my clothing.  
 •  
 That's where  
 she got my clothing.  
 That's why I'm clothed. Truly, that's why I was among them  
 that's why one of you

who went out hunting discovered me.  
*(turns to look at a listener)* You talked about it and that's why these  
 things happened today."  
*(listener signals assent)*  
 So the little boy said.

•  
**"That's what you did and you are my real mother,"** he told his mother.

At that moment his mother  
 embraced him, embraced him.  
 His uncle got angry, his uncle got angry.  
 He beat  
 his kinswoman  
 he beat his kinswoman.  
 That's how it happened.  
 The boy's deer elders were on the floor.  
 His grandfather then  
 spread some covers  
 on the floor, laid them there, and put strands of turquoise beads on  
 them.

After a while they skinned them.  
 With this done and dinner ready they ate with their son.

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

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

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

•  
 and slept through the night.  
 After the second night he was wandering around again.  
 The third one came  
 and on the fourth night, just after sunset, his mother  
 spoke to him: "I need  
 the center blades of the yucca plant," she said.  
 "Which kind of yucca?"

"Well, the large yucca, the center blades," his mother said. "Indeed. Tomorrow I'll try to find it for you," he said.

*(turns to look at a listener)* She was finishing her basket plaque and this was for the outer part.

*(listener signals that he understands)*

So she said.

The next morning, when he had eaten he put the quiver on and went out.

He went up on Big Mountain and looked around until he found a large yucca with very long blades.

•

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

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

*(with strain)* He pulled

•

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

•

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

•

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

They found his tracks, made torches, and followed him until they found him with the center blades of the yucca in his heart.

•

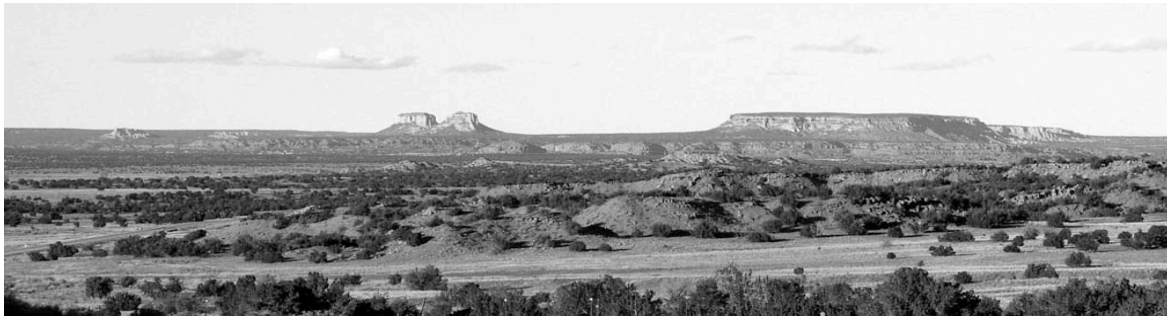
Their nephew was found and they brought him home. The next day

•

he was buried.

Now he entered upon the roads of his elders.

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



## Notes

He'shokta was a small village composed of several one-story masonry room blocks, located on a terrace below the cliffs of Big Mountain (the long mesa to the right in the picture above). It was occupied in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The Prairie Dog Hills are to the left of the twin mesas, near the horizon.

The woman weaves a wicker basket, working in a spiral from its center as she adds the weft fibers. Her father is a *shiwani* or rain priest, occupying one of several ranked offices that belong to specific clans. He would not have gone on the hunt, since rain priests abstain from violence.



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

Kachina Village lies beneath the surface of a lake and comes to life only at night; it is the home of all the kachinas, ancestral gods who are impersonated in masked dances. Kyaklo is one of the priests of Kachina Village; his face is bordered by a rainbow and the Milky Way, his ears are squash blossoms, rain falls from his eyes and mouth, and he is unable to walk. His shirt is of white cotton cloth with an embroidered border. Long Horn is another kachina priest, shown in the painting at left. Huututu is deputy to Long Horn; his bandoleer is decorated along its entire length with small conch shells. Pawtiwa is the chief priest of the kachinas; his headdress is a tall bunch of macaw tail feathers worn upright at the back of the head. The bells are sleigh bells on leather straps; similar bells, made of copper, were traded from Mexico in pre-Columbian times.

Human beings are *tek'ohannan aaho''i* or “daylight people.” All other beings—including animals, some plants, various natural phenomena, and deceased humans (*kachinas*)—are *ky'apin aaho''i* or “raw people,” because they do not depend on cooked food. The boy is partly daylight, since his mother is daylight, and partly raw, since his father is the Sun and since, as Andrew pointed out, “he was the half-son of the deer mother, because she gave him her milk.”

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

The Bow Priest is in charge of hunting, warfare, and public announcements, which he shouts from the top of the highest house.

Deer are nearly always born as twins, which is why the boy has two foster siblings. It is said that twins are clairvoyant. After the chase the surviving deer scatter all over the countryside the way they are now, and, as Andrew put it, “From there on after, there's no chasing deer like that.”

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

The yucca was a broadleaf yucca, or Spanish bayonet, with sharp, stiff blades up to a yard long. To finish her basket the boy's mother needed to make a rim for it, bending over the projecting rabbit-brush stems of the warp and tying them in place with fibers stripped from yucca blades.

Commenting on the boy's death, Andrew said, “Probably he had it in his mind to kill himself, that's the way I felt when I was telling it. All that time he was with his deer folks, and all that time he had it on his mind. He never did grow up with his family, but with those deer, in the open air, and probably he didn't like it in the house.” When the boy “entered upon the roads of his elders,” as Andrew explained, he “went back to the deer forever.” He was able to do this because death made him a completely raw person; he was no longer partly daylight.



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Photos by Dennis Tedlock and painting by Danny Martza