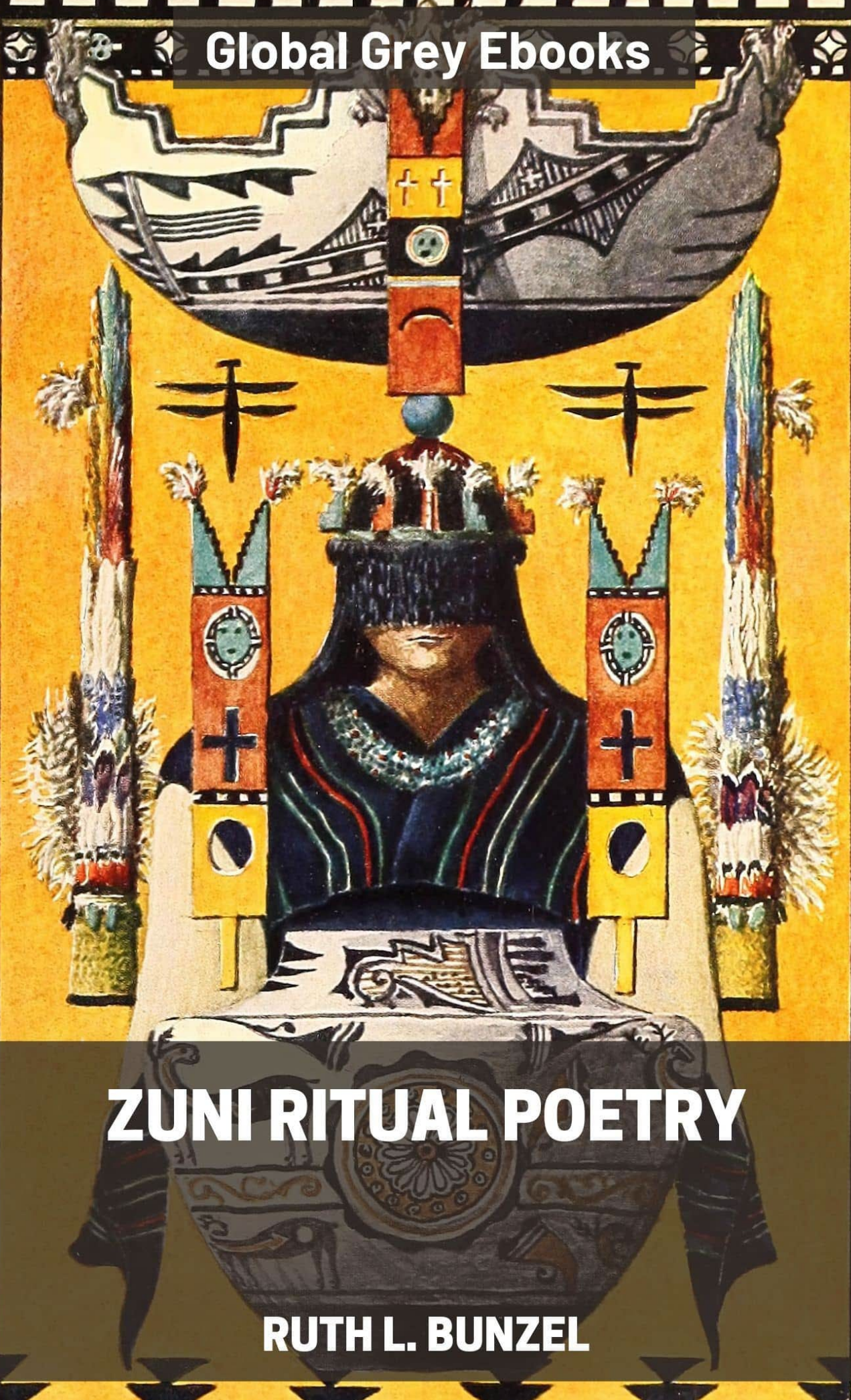


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**ZUNI RITUAL POETRY**

**RUTH L. BUNZEL**

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# Introduction

## THE NATURE AND FUNCTION OF PRAYER

Spoken prayer in Zuñi is called tʔewusu pʔena:we, “prayer talk.” This includes personal prayers, all the set prayers of rituals, chants, the origin myth in its ritual forms, the “talk” of komosono and other set speeches. It is also used for urgent requests. (tʔewusu pʔeyeʔa--” he speaks prayers, i. e., begs, implores.”)

Prayer is never the spontaneous outpouring of the overburdened soul; it is more nearly a repetition of magical formulae. A good deal has already been said (p. 493) about the rôle of prayer in the ritual. The prayers constitute the very heart of a ceremony. Like fetishes, they are sacred and powerful in themselves. Their possession is a source of power; their loss or impairment a great danger. Zuñis will describe esoteric ceremonies fully and vividly, but there are two things which they are equally reluctant to do--to exhibit sacred objects or to repeat the words of a prayer. There is much less reticence about songs, except for a few special, secret songs. Prayer frequently forms part of set rituals. Then whether publicly declaimed or muttered so as to be inaudible to profane ears, the efficacy of the prayer depends in no small measure on its correct rendition. The prayers for individual use, such as accompany offerings of prayer meal, food, or prayer sticks, requests for medical service, etc., are also fixed in form and content, although they are individually varied in degree of elaboration. “Some men who are smart, talk a long time, but some are just like babies.” There are certain other occasions on which men can display their skill in handling the poetic medium when they are visited in their houses by the katcinas; when they are called upon to take part in the games of the Koyemci; when they are appointed to office; or otherwise signaled out for honor or blessing by the supernaturals. In such cases one must improvise quickly and handle correctly the ritual vocabulary, rhythms, characteristic long periods, and, above all, speak without any hesitation or fumbling and for as long as possible. There is no time limit, no admonitions to be brief and to the point.

The set prayers must be formally learned--they are not just picked up. The most formal instruction is that connected with the transmission of the prayers of the Caʔlako. Each kiva has a Caʔlako woʔle, who, among his other duties, keeps the prayers. Immediately after the winter solstice the Caʔlako appointees come to him to be taught the necessary prayers. The woʔle meets with them for the four nights following each planting of prayer sticks, and as often besides as may be necessary. The Saiyataca party, whose ritual is the most elaborate, meets every night. Most of this time is given to the “long talk,” the litany that is declaimed in the house of the host on the night of their final ceremonies. There are many other prayers that accompany all their activities--prayers for the making and planting of prayer sticks, for getting their mask from the people who keep it and returning it, for various stages in dressing and in their progress toward the village, for the dedication of the house, for blessing the food, for thanking the singers and the hosts, for going away. However, the “long talk” and the “morning talk” are chanted aloud in unison and must be letter perfect. The method of instruction is for the woʔle to intone the prayer, the pupils joining in as they can. One-half of the chant is taken each night. The phraseology of the prayers is so stereotyped that the principal difficulty in learning a long prayer is to keep the sequence. For this purpose certain cult groups have special mnemonic devices. The Kʔäklo “talk” recorded in text by Mrs. Stevenson is such a record. It is an outline naming in order the various personages called and the places visited, it being assumed that the performer can fill in the outline from his

knowledge of the poetic forms. It takes the men appointed to impersonate the gods all of the year to learn their prayers. As the time for the ceremony approaches great concern is felt, and sometimes the ceremony is postponed because the men are not ready. On the night after the ceremony the men go once again to the *wo?le* and give the prayer back. They recite it for him. At the close he inhales, and they do not, and so he takes from them the spirit of the prayer.

The instruction in prayers that are not publicly performed is less formal. Boys learn the a, b, c's of religious participation, including elementary prayers, from their fathers. After initiation into a medicine society a man goes at once to his ceremonial father to learn to make the prayer sticks of the society, and at the same time learn prayers for the making and offering of prayer sticks. He makes some payment to his father for this information--a shirt or a headband or a few pieces of turquoise. Women do not make their own prayer sticks, but they go similarly to their "fathers" to learn the required prayers. So every additional bit of knowledge is acquired. As more esoteric information is sought, the expense for instruction increases greatly. A certain old man in one of the priesthoods knew a particular prayer and the order of events in a rarely performed ceremony. He refused to teach these things to anyone. When he was very old and his death was expected his colleagues wished to learn this prayer from him. He was finally persuaded to teach them for a consideration. The woman member of the priesthood contributed a woman's shawl, the men things of greater value, to his fee. He taught the prayer but withheld the other information, and finally died without communicating it. Sometimes a man who is apt and curious and wealthy may collect prayers, the way men in other societies accumulate oil paintings or other works of art, and eventually turn them to profit. The cost of most information is not so excessive that a poor man can not, with the practice of a little thrift, acquire whatever he wishes to know.<sup>1</sup> He can, if he wishes, and if he has friends, learn the prayers of the *Ne?we:kwe* without actually joining their society. His ceremonial affiliations restrict his right to use these prayers, but many men go to expense to learn prayers they have no intention of using. The *Saiyataca* texts recorded in the following pages and many others were given me by a man who had never impersonated *Saiyataca* and never expected to. They were verified after the informant's death by the *Saiyataca wo?le*, who wondered how and why the informant had learned them. I myself heard the actual chant twice after recording the text and know it to be correct.

## ZUÑI POETIC STYLE

As might be expected, prayers are highly formalized in content and mode of expression. Nearly all prayers are requests accompanying offerings. They have three sections, which always appear in the same order: A statement of the occasion, a description of the offering, and the request. In long and important prayers the statement of the occasion is a synoptic review of ritual acts leading up to the present moment of a ceremony. Thus, *Saiyataca*'s chant begins with a description of the winter solstice ceremony when the appointment was made and follows the *Saiyataca* party through all the minor ceremonies of the year, even enumerating the various shrines at which prayer sticks were offered. The prayers over novices at their initiation ceremony begin with a formal description of their illness and cure. In prayers which do not mark the culmination of long ceremonies the statement of the occasion may be no more than a statement of the time of day or the season of the year, and some veiled allusion to the special deities who are being invoked.

<sup>1</sup> In Zuñi a "poor man" is one who has no special knowledge or position in the ceremonial system. A "valuable" man has knowledge and prestige. "Knowledge" (*anikwanan:e*) is the word for supernatural power

There is always a formal request for all the regular blessings--long life, old age, rain, seeds, fecundity, riches, power, and "strong spirit." This formal request closes the prayer. Any special request, such as those for summer storms and winter snows, safety in war, rescue from disease, precede this. Requests that are strictly personal never figure in prayer. One prays always for "all good fortune," never for special and particular benefit. The only exceptions are in the case of prayers in sickness and the prayer of a widower to his dead wife with the request that she should not pursue him.

Zuñi prayers are distinctly matter of fact. They deal with external events and conditions rather than inner states. Outside of the request, their content is limited to two fields: Natural phenomena, such as sunrise, sunset, dawn, night, the change of seasons, the phases of the moon, rainstorms, snowfall, the growth of corn; and ritual acts, especially the making of prayer sticks, setting up of altars, and transfer of authority. Rituals of a more intimate and personal character, such as fasting and abstinence, are never mentioned. In their prayers Zuñis do not humble themselves before the supernatural; they bargain with it.

There are regular stereotyped phrases for all things commonly alluded to in prayer. The sun always "comes out standing to his sacred place," "night priests draw their dark curtain," the corn plants "stretch out their hands to all directions calling for rain," the meal painting on an altar is always "our house of massed clouds," prayer sticks are "clothed in our grandfather, turkey's, robe of cloud." Events are always described in terms of these stereotypes, which are often highly imaginative and poetic.<sup>2</sup> These fixed metaphors are the outstanding feature of Zuñi poetic style. There are not very many of them; they are used over and over again, the same imagery appearing repeatedly in one prayer. A prayer recorded by Cushing more than 50 years ago contains all of the same stereotypes and no turns of expression different from those in use to-day. A comparison of Cushing's texts<sup>3</sup> with mine shows a rigidity of style in oral tradition.

The sentence structure is that of continued narrative in the hands of a particularly able storyteller. Zuñi is a language that is very sensitive to skillful handling. Oratory is a recognized art, and prayer is one of the occasions on which oratory is used. The best prayers run to long periods--the longer the better, since clarity of expression is not necessary, nor particularly desirable.

Zuñi, like Latin, is a highly inflected language and can handle effectively involved sentences that can not be managed intelligibly in English. These features, which are difficult enough of translation in prose, are emphasized in the poetry. The long period is a characteristic feature. The typical Zuñi word order is subject, object, verb; the verb always holding the final position. The usual method of expressing temporal or causal subordination is by means of participial or gerundive clauses, fully inflected, preceding the principal proposition. These participial clauses are impossible in English. In the translation it has been necessary, therefore, to break up the original sentences. Thereby an important and effective stylistic feature is unavoidably lost. But the reader should think of the Zuñi sentences rolling on like the periods of a Ciceronian oration to their final close.

Another difficulty of translation, which will be alluded to frequently in the following pages, is the impossibility of translating the word plays with which the texts abound. To quote one example: The root *lhea*: means, in its intransitive inflection, to wear or hold in the hand; in its transitive inflection, to clothe or to give into the hand. There the sentence *li:lh ho? t?o?*

<sup>2</sup> Some of the most striking passages have been quoted. (See pp. 483-486.)

<sup>3</sup> Unfortunately Cushing has published only short texts which do not do justice to Zuñi style. One long text which he recorded is to be published in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* with a parallel modern version

telik<sup>^</sup>inan a:lhea?u means both, “I here hand you these prayer sticks,” or “I clothe you with these prayer sticks.” Folk tales and religious beliefs utilize this double entendre. It is believed, for instance, that when people neglect to plant prayer sticks to the gods their clothing wears out. The passage where the word cipololon:e is used with the double meaning of “smoke” and “mist” is a striking example. The suppliant offers smoke of the sacred cigarette to the rain makers. They are conceived as taking the cigarette and smoking in turn. They “send forth their smoky breath,” i. e., mist or fog.

Word play is used with still greater subtlety in the description of the prayer-stick offering. Many Zuñi roots are neutral; i. e., can be inflected to form both nouns and verbs.<sup>4</sup> ikwi: is to tie something about something else; ikwin:e, literally a tying about, is the usual word for belt. To say, therefore, “I tie the cotton about it,” is precisely the same as to say “I belt him with a cotton belt.” So the whole image of the making of the prayer stick or the dressing of an idol is built up linguistically. It is very difficult to tell how much is word play, how much metaphor, and how much is actual personification. The Zuñi finds these ambiguities intriguing.

This leads us to the third form of word play, the deliberate use of ambiguity, both verbal and grammatical. There are passages where subject and object are deliberately confounded, although there are excellent means for avoiding such ambiguity. These sentences are perfectly grammatical and can be correctly interpreted in two ways.

The use of obsolete or special words has occasioned some difficulty. The expression k<sup>^</sup>?acima t?apela for ladder is one case. Tapela, the Zuñis say, is an “old word” for ladder. T?apelan:e, however, was a load of wood tied up as it used to be in the days when wood was brought on foot. Wood is no longer brought in this way, but the word, fixed in metaphor, has survived. There are a number of similar examples. In such cases the old translation has been retained.

It has been impossible, of course, to render the original rhythm. One characteristic feature, however, has been retained, namely, its irregularity, the unsymmetrical alternation of long and short lines. Cushing, in his commendable desire to render Zuñi verse into vivid and intelligible English verse, committed the inexcusable blunder of reducing the Zuñi line to regular short-line rhymed English stanzas. If one were to choose a familiar English verse form it should be the line of Milton or, better still, the free verse of the King James version of the psalms. I have tried to retain the sense in the original of the fluidity and variety of the verse form. In reading the translations one must be mindful of Zuñi methods of declamation. The short lines are declaimed slowly and with marked emphasis, the long lines are spoken rapidly, unaccented syllables are slurred or elided, and the word accents pile up on each other. The two types of line are like the booming of the surf and the rushing of the brook.

Zuñi poetry has no feminine endings.<sup>5</sup> The heavy accent with noticeable lengthening on the final syllable can not be transferred to English. The translation therefore suffers greatly from loss of sonority and vigor. In the original every line is like the declaration of a creed--an effect which no translation can adequately render. It is interesting to note that although the natural cadence of Zuñi is trochaic, the poetic rhythm is predominantly iambic. The principal word accent in Zuñi is invariably on the first syllable, with a secondary accent, in words of

<sup>4</sup> This is not, strictly speaking, true in precisely these terms. As a matter of fact these stems are probably verbal, but a complete demonstration of their character would take us into linguistic subtleties beyond the scope of this paper

<sup>5</sup> Every line ends in a vowel. Most Zuñi words terminate in vowels, but words ending in consonants--for example, the participles in -nan and -ap take special forms -na or -nana and -ap?!a when occurring finally; -a is the most usual vocalic ending, but there is no true rhyming



four or more syllables, on the penult. The final syllable is always unaccented, yet the important poetic stress is always on the final syllable of the line, which gives the verse a curious syncopated quality, very difficult of reproduction. The final syllable is usually distinguished by prolongation and a high falling tone.

# I. Prayers To The Ancients

## AN OFFERING OF FOOD TO THE ANCESTORS

The offering of food to the dead forms an important part of Zuñi household ritual. Cushing states that a bit of food is offered in the fire at each meal by all partaking, and that no child is weaned until he is able to make this offering with a suitable prayer. At the present time the practice is by no means universal. It is made, with very little ceremony, by priests and the female heads of their houses. The female heads of houses holding ceremonial objects make offerings to these objects before serving food. Each appointee to ceremonial office makes offerings at nightfall in the river, about a mile west of Zuñi. The food thus offered is carried by the river to the supernaturals at the village of the masked gods. Offerings of food are conspicuous at any ceremonial meal, and each man holding ceremonial office receives a package to be offered later in the river. With offerings in the house no prayer is spoken—at most only a few words are mumbled: “Eat; may our roads be fulfilled,” or “May we be blessed with life. “ With outdoor offerings, long prayers are spoken. Offerings, whether of food, corn meal, or prayer sticks, are never made specifically to one’s own ancestors, but to *the* ancestors.

After the crops are harvested in fall ghosts’ day or grandmothers’ day is announced by the sakisti (sacristan of the ancient mission church).<sup>6</sup> On this day large quantities of food are prepared, only products of that year’s harvest being used, a lamb of that spring’s lambing, bread made of new wheat and corn, and anything else that has been raised. The melons are gone by that time, but some are always saved for the grandmothers. Before eating the evening meal women make their offerings in the fire, a few ears of corn, a dish of lamb stew, a loaf of bread, a roll of paper bread. After dark the men take even greater quantities to the river. The following prayer is used, probably, with this special offering.

This day my children,  
 For their fathers,  
 Their ancestors,  
 For you who have attained the far off place of waters,<sup>7</sup>  
 This day  
 My children  
 Have prepared food for your rite.  
 Now our sun father  
 Has gone in to sit down at his sacred place.<sup>8</sup>  
 Taking the food my children have prepared at their fireplaces  
 (I have come out.)  
 Those who hold our roads,<sup>9</sup>  
 The night priests,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>6</sup> In 1927 it fell on November 9. For the probable Catholic origin of the feast in All Souls’ Day, see Parsons All Souls’ Day at Zuñi, Acoma, and Laguna; *Journal of American Folk Lore* 30:495

<sup>7</sup> That is, the dead

<sup>8</sup> The sun has two resting places: One above, to which he “comes out standing” at sunrise; one below the world, to which he “goes in to sit down” at sunset

<sup>9</sup> A:wonawil?ona--used of any supernaturals who influence human affairs. This is not a special deity, as Mrs. Stevenson believes

<sup>10</sup> That is the night itself, anthropomorphically envisaged

Coming out rising to their sacred place  
 Will pass us on our roads.  
 This night  
 I add to your hearts.  
 With your supernatural wisdom  
 You will add to your hearts,  
 Let none of you be missing  
 But all add to your hearts.  
 Thus on all sides you will talk together.  
 From where you stay quietly  
 Your little wind-blown clouds,  
 Your fine wisps of cloud,  
 Your massed clouds you will send  
 forth to sit down with us;  
 With your fine rain caressing the earth,  
 With all your waters  
 You will pass to us on our roads.  
 With your great pile of waters,  
 With your fine rain caressing the earth,  
 With your heavy rain caressing the earth,  
 You will pass to us on our roads.  
 My fathers,  
 Add to your hearts.  
 Your waters,  
 Your seeds,  
 Your long life,<sup>11</sup>  
 Your old age  
 You will grant to us.  
 Therefore I have added to your hearts.  
 To the end, my fathers,  
 My children:  
 You will protect us.  
 All my ladder descending children<sup>12</sup>  
 Will finish their roads;  
 They will grow old.  
 You will bless us with life.

### **THE PREPARATION OF PRAYER STICKS AT THE WINTER SOLSTICE**

Twice during the winter solstice ceremony each adult male makes prayer sticks. The first time he makes for himself offerings to the sun, and to the ancestors. For the grown women of the family he makes offerings for the moon and the ancestors; children offer to the ancestors. If he is a member of a society he makes the special offering appropriate to his rank in the society. These solstice offerings are quite different from monthly society offerings.

The offerings of each family are deposited in an excavation in the family field, generally the cornfield, despite the fact that these are at greater distances from the village. After the offerings are made everyone is supposed to abstain from animal food, in addition to the usual

<sup>11</sup> Onaya:nak^ä--literally "road fulfilling."

<sup>12</sup> That is, human, the inhabitants of Zuñi

requirement of sexual continence. Abstinence from meat is required because of the offering to the sun, which employs only downy feathers, which are especially potent and carry with thorn the pledge of abstinence. Among the younger people only those who belong to societies fast from meat. The others would consider it wrong to do so. "While we were away at school we ate meat, and it is a bad thing to break one's custom."

On the fourth day each initiated male offers to the katcinas, and each male society member offers to the beast gods. These offerings are made in the cornfield or in the fields to the east of the village. That night, after dark, special offerings are made in the corrals for the increase of horses, cattle, and sheep, for clothing and ornaments, and for medicine. Each man uses a different kind of stick and guards this secret knowledge jealously.

There are prayers to be said at each stage of the process of prayer stick making. Prayers are always offered to the trees before cutting the sticks. Corn meal is offered to the "lucky" tree. This is not cut, but another is taken. The rest of the prayers are generally omitted until the stick is finished. Then the following brief prayer is spoken over it before it is set aside until the time comes to plant it:

This many are the days  
 Since our moon mother  
 Yonder in the west<sup>13</sup>  
 Appeared, still small;  
 When but a short space yet remained  
 Till she was fully grown,  
 Then out daylight father,<sup>14</sup>  
 Pekwin of the Dogwood clan,  
 For his sun father  
 Told off the days.  
 This many days we have waited.  
 We have come to the appointed time.  
 My children,  
 All my children,  
 Will make plume wands.  
 My child,  
 My father,<sup>15</sup> sun,  
 My mother, moon,  
 All my children will clothe you with prayer plumes.<sup>16</sup>  
 When you have arrayed yourselves in these,  
 With your waters,<sup>17</sup>  
 Your seeds  
 You will bless all my children.  
 All your good fortune  
 You will grant to them all.

<sup>13</sup> The new moon, first appearing at sunset in the west

<sup>14</sup> Our human father. Father is a courtesy term applied to all supernaturals, all men who hold high office

<sup>15</sup> "My father, my child," the most intimate form of address, used only in relations of implying intense affection. "My father, my child," and "my mother, my child," are sometimes used as great endearments between husband and wife.

<sup>16</sup> A common play upon words a'lhea'u means either to give into one's hand or to clothe one. Likewise i'lhea'u (reflexive) means either to take in one's hand or to clothe oneself

<sup>17</sup> Literally "the water object in the dish," the rain-bringing fetish of the priests. (M. C. Stevenson, 23d Ann. Rept. Bur. Amer. Ethnology, p. 163.)

To this end, my father,  
 My mother:  
 May I finish my road;  
 May I grow old;  
 May you bless me with life.

### **AN OFFERING OF PRAYER STICKS AT THE WINTER SOLSTICE**

This many are the days  
 Since at the new year  
 For those who are our fathers,  
 Tcu'eto:we,<sup>18</sup>  
 The days<sup>19</sup> were made.  
 From all the wooded places  
 Breaking off the young straight shoots  
 Of the male willow, female willow,  
 In our hands we held them fast.  
 With them we gave our plume wands human form.  
 With the striped cloud wing  
 The one who is our father,  
 Male turkey,  
 We gave our plume wands human form.<sup>20</sup>  
 With the flesh of our mother,  
 Cotton woman,  
 Even a poorly made cotton thread,  
 With this four times encircling the plume wands,  
 And tying it about their bodies,  
 We finished our plume wands.  
 Having finished our plume wands  
 And offering our fathers their plume wands  
 We make their days.<sup>21</sup>  
 Anxiously awaiting their days.  
 We have passed the days.  
 After a little while  
 Your massed clouds,  
 Your rains,  
 We shall desire.  
 We have given you plume wands.  
 That with your waters,  
 Your seeds,  
 Your riches,<sup>22</sup>  
 Your long life,  
 Your old age,  
 You may bless us--

<sup>18</sup> The other half of the priestly fetish. This is the corn fetish

<sup>19</sup> The retreat of the priests

<sup>20</sup> Fashioned like human beings. The stick is the body, the feathers, the robes, the cotton cord is the belt, the paint is the flesh. This is the order of processes in the making of prayer sticks

<sup>21</sup> "To make days" is to observe the taboo period

<sup>22</sup> Clothing and ornaments, which constitute personal property, hence wealth

For this I have given you plume wands.  
 To this end, my fathers,  
 May our roads reach to dawn lake;<sup>23</sup>  
 May our roads be fulfilled;  
 May we grow old;

To where the road of our sun father goes  
 May our roads reach;  
 May our roads be fulfilled;  
 May we grow old;  
 May we be blessed with life.

### **A MONTHLY OFFERING OF PRAYER STICKS**

At each full moon (in some societies at the new moon) each member of a society offers prayer sticks. In addition to special offerings prescribed by the society there are two to four short black sticks for the ancestors and, for males, one similar black stick, with the addition of a duck feather, for the katcinas. The sticks are buried in the corn field or at Red Earth, a point on the river bank east of the town. The prayer sticks are deposited with the following prayer, which was secured from one of the headmen of the Wood Society.

This many are the days  
 Since our moon mother,  
 Yonder in the west  
 Appeared still small.  
 When she became fully grown  
 Seeking yonder along the river courses  
 The ones who are our fathers,  
 Male willow,  
 Female willow,  
 Four times cutting the straight young shoots,  
 To my house  
 I brought my road.  
 This day,  
 With my warm human hands  
 I took hold of them.  
 I gave my plume wands human form.  
 With the striped cloud tail  
 Of the one who is my grandfather,  
 The male turkey,  
 With eagle's thin cloud tail,  
 With the striped cloud wings  
 And massed cloud tails  
 Of all the birds of summer,  
 With these four times I gave my plume wands human form.  
 With the flesh of the one who is my mother,  
 Cotton woman,  
 Even a poorly made cotton thread,  
 Four times encircling them and tying it about their bodies,

<sup>23</sup> The water that lies on the easternmost rim of the world. This is where the sun comes out, and stands, therefore, as the symbol of fulfillment

I gave the plume wands human form  
With the flesh of the one who is our mother,  
Black paint woman,  
Four times covering them with flesh,  
I gave my plume wands human form.  
In a short time the plume wands were ready.  
Taking the plume wands,  
I made my road go forth.  
Yonder with prayers  
We took our road.  
Thinking, "Let it be here,"  
Our earth mother  
We passed upon her road.  
Our fathers,  
There on your earth mother,  
There where you are waiting your plume wands  
We have passed you on your roads.  
There where you are all gathered together in beauty  
Now that you are to receive your plume wands,  
You are gathered together.  
This day I give you plume wands.  
By means of your supernatural wisdom  
You will clothe yourself with the plume wands.  
Wherever you abide permanently,  
At the place of the first beginning,  
Touching one another with your plume wands,  
You will bend down to talk together.  
From where you abide permanently,  
Your little wind-blown cloud,  
Your thin wisps of cloud,  
Your hanging stripes of cloud,  
Your massed up clouds, replete with living waters,  
You will send forth to stay with us.  
They will come out standing on all sides.  
With your fine rain caressing the earth,  
With your weapons, the lightning,  
With your rumbling thunder,  
Your great crashes of thunder,  
With your fine rain caressing the earth,  
Your heavy rain caressing the earth,  
With your great pile of waters here at Itiwana,  
With these You will pass us on our roads.  
In order that you may come to us thus  
I have given you plume wands. My fathers,  
When you have taken your plume wands,  
With your waters,  
Your seeds,  
Your riches,  
Your power,  
Your strong spirit,

Will all your good fortune whereof you are possessed,  
Me you will bless.

Corn meal is then sprinkled on the prayer sticks with the following prayer:

This day, my fathers,  
I have given you plume wands.  
The source of our water of life.  
The source of our flesh,  
Flesh of the white corn  
Prayer meal  
I give to you.  
Taking your plume wand,  
Your prayer meal,  
with your waters,  
Your seeds,  
Your riches,  
Your long life,  
Your old age,  
With all your good fortune  
You will bless us.  
This is all.

### **PRAYERS TO DEAD WIFE, WITH OFFERINGS OF PRAYER MEAL AND PRAYER STICKS**

When a man's wife dies for four days he observes the most stringent taboos. He remains continent; he abstains from eating meat, grease, and salt. He sits alone, away from the fire, and must not be touched. He should not speak or be spoken to. Each morning at dawn he drinks an emetic and goes out on the eastern road to offer black corn meal to the dead spouse. He holds the black meal in the left hand, passes it four times over his head, and throws it away as rite of exorcism. Then, using the right hand, he scatters white meal, and prays. These taboos are the same as those offered by a warrior who has taken a scalp, and are directed to the same ends, the removal of contamination and the propitiation of the ghost. The ghost, who is lonely, will try to visit her husband in dreams. To prevent this he uses black corn meal, "to make the road dark" or "to forget."

After the four days he plants prayer sticks and resumes normal life. For 12 months he should remain continent, lest the dead wife become jealous. During this period he is "dangerous." At the end of this period he has intercourse with a stranger to whom he gives a gift, the instrument for removing the contamination. She throws this away. Next day both plant prayer sticks. If he desires to shorten the period, he gets some man with esoteric knowledge to make him especially potent prayer sticks two or four sets-planted at intervals of four days, which are offered to the dead wife with the following prayer. These same rites are observed also by a widow and a warrior who has taken a scalp.

This is the only example which has come to my knowledge of any offering made to an individual, and even in this the ancestors are included. This prayer is also used with offerings of prayer sticks to the dead, on the fourth day after death, the day in which the spirit is believed to reach the land of the dead.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>24</sup> Two versions follow, one dictated by a man, the other taken from the autobiography of a woman, in the account of the death of her first husband



My fathers,  
 Our sun father,  
 Our mothers,  
 Dawn  
 As you arise and come out to your sacred place,  
 I pass you on your road.  
 The source of our flesh,  
 White corn,  
 Prayer meal,  
 Shell,  
 Pollen,  
 I offer to you.  
 Our sun father,  
 To you I offer prayer meal.  
 To you we offer it.  
 To you we offer pollen.  
 According to the words of my prayer  
 Even so may it be.  
 There shall be no deviation.  
 Sincerely  
 From my heart I send forth my prayers.  
 To you prayer meal,  
 Shell I offer.  
 Pollen I offer.  
 According to the words of my prayer  
 Even so may it be.  
 Now this day,  
 My ancestors,  
 You have attained the far-off place of waters.<sup>25</sup>  
 This day,  
 Carrying plume wands,  
 Plume wands which I have prepared for your use.  
 I pass you on your roads.  
 I offer you plume wands.  
 When you have taken my plume wands,  
 All your good fortune whereof you are possessed  
 You will grant to me.  
 And furthermore  
 You, my mother,<sup>26</sup>  
 Verily, in the daylight  
 With thoughts embracing,  
 We passed our days  
 Now you have attained the far-off place of waters.  
 I give you plume wands,

<sup>25</sup> The dead, whose abiding place is a lake

<sup>26</sup> A term of endearment used for one's wife or child in moments of great tenderness. Often "my mother, my child."

Plume wands which I have prepared for your use.  
 Drawing your plume wands to you,  
 And sharing my plume wands,  
 Indeed, under no conditions shall you take anyone away.<sup>27</sup>  
 Among all the corn priests' ladder descending children,  
 All the little boys,  
 The little girls,  
 And those whose roads go ahead,  
 Was one, perhaps even a valuable man,  
 Who, his heart becoming angry be cause of something,  
 Injured you with his power.<sup>28</sup>  
 That one only you will think to drag down.  
 All of your good fortune whatsoever  
 May you grant to us.  
 Preserving us along a safe road,  
 May our roads be fulfilled.

<sup>27</sup> The dead are lonely without the living and try to draw them away. The wife longs for her living husband, the mother for her children. Therefore these individuals stand in grave danger of death

<sup>28</sup> The sorcerer whose ill will caused the fatal illness

## II. Prayers To The Sun

### PRAYER AT SUNRISE

Now this day,  
 My sun father,  
 Now that you have come out standing to your sacred place,  
 That from which we draw the water of life,  
 Prayer meal,  
 Here I give to you.  
 Your long life,  
 Your old age,  
 Your waters,  
 Your seeds,  
 Your riches,  
 Your power,  
 Your strong spirit,  
 All these to me may you grant.

### PRESENTING AN INFANT TO THE SUN

On the eighth day of life an infant's head is washed by his "aunts"--that is, women of his father's clan, his most important ceremonial relatives. Corn meal is placed in his hand and he is taken outdoors, facing the east, at the moment of sunrise. Corn meal is sprinkled to the rising sun with the following prayer, spoken by the paternal grandmother:

Now this is the day.  
 Our child,  
 Into the daylight  
 You will go out standing.  
 Preparing for your day,  
 We have passed our days.  
 When all your days were at an end,  
 When eight days were past,  
 Our sun father  
 Went in to sit down at his sacred place.  
 And our night fathers  
 Having come out standing to their sacred place,  
 Passing a blessed night  
 We came to day.  
 Now this day  
 Our fathers,  
 Dawn priests,  
 Have come out standing to their sacred place.  
 Our sun father  
 Having come out standing to his sacred place,  
 Our child,  
 It is your day.  
 This day,  
 The flesh of the white corn,

Prayer meal,  
 To our sun father  
 This prayer meal we offer.  
 May your road be fulfilled  
 Reaching to the road of your sun father,  
 When your road is fulfilled  
 In your thoughts (may we live)  
 May we be the ones whom your thoughts will embrace,  
 For this, on this day  
 To our sun father.  
 We offer prayer meal.  
 To this end:  
 May you help us all to finish our roads.

### **THE P?EKWIN SETS THE DATE FOR THE SUMMER SOLSTICE**

Before the summer solstice the p?ekwin makes daily observations of the sunset from a shrine east of the village. When the sun sets behind a certain point in the mesa he begins to count days with offerings of prayer sticks. There are six such offerings according to Mrs. Stevenson.<sup>29</sup> At dawn of the morning following the last offering he announces from the highest housetop in Zuñi that the summer solstice will take place after eight days.

Now that those who hold our roads,  
 Dawn ancients,  
 Youths,  
 Matrons,  
 Maidens,  
 Over their sacred place,  
 Have raised their curtain.  
 Here, on the corn priests' housetop  
 I stand up.  
 My fathers,  
 My sun father,  
 We have made your days.  
 Divine ones,  
 Remember your days.

When this many days, eight days, are past,  
 On the ninth day.  
 All together  
 We shall reach your appointed time.  
 This many days anxiously waiting  
 You shall pass the days.  
 I think it is this many days, eight days,  
 And then on the ninth day.  
 You will grant that all of us finish our roads.

### **PRAYER OF THE FIRE KEEPER AT THE WINTER SOLSTICE**

The keeper of the New Year fire is appointed by the priests on the ninth day following the p?ekwin's announcement of the solstice. This is the day on which all people cut prayer sticks.

<sup>29</sup> Twenty-third Ann. Rept. Bur. Amer. Ethn., p. 148

During the day he collects wood from houses in the village and in the evening builds the New Year fire in he'?'iwa kiva. On this evening the images of the gods of war are taken to the kiva for their all-night ceremony. The fire keeper must be a man of the Badger clan or a child of that clan. He is called tsu'pal-i'lona (the one who has the blood pudding; the fire is his tsu'palon:e, or blood pudding). During the ensuing ten days he must observe continence and eat no meat or other animal food. He sleeps and eats at his own house, but returns to the kiva to tend the fire, which must be kept burning throughout the period. He visits every house in the village to get wood for his fire.

At sundown on the ninth day of the second period<sup>30</sup> he comes to the kiva. Here p?ekwin has made a meal painting and set up an altar. When all the priests have arrived p?ekwin goes to summon the impersonators of P?a'utiwa and the four Sa'yalhia. They come unmasked, their masks having been taken to the kiva earlier in the day.

At sunset Ci'tsuk^a and Kwe'lele, gods from the east, enter the village from the east. They dance for a few minutes on the roof of the kiva and then go in. After brief prayers they go to the house of the Great Fire Society to eat. The masks belong to this society, and the impersonators must be chosen from the Great God order of the society.

Late at night they are again summoned to the kiva. Here are the priests, the impersonators of P?a'utiwa and the Sa'yalhia, men of the Dogwood and Sun clans who dress P?a'utiwa, and singers from He'iwa kiva. With Ci'tsuk^a and Kwe'lele go the headmen of the Great Fire Society and a group of singers from that society. The two choirs sing alternately and Kwe'lele and Ci'tsuk^a dance. The fire keeper sits all night beside the fireplace, within a circle of meal across which he must not step.

At the first sign of dawn P?a'utiwa dresses. When he is ready the chief of the Great Fire Society kindles fire with the ancient drill which Kwe'lele carries. As soon as the fire appears Kwe'lele lights his torch. The fire keeper takes a brand from his fire and, accompanied by Kwe'lele with his torch, p?ekwin, Ko'mosona, P?a'utiwa, and the four Sa'yalhia, goes out to the east. At a point well beyond the last house they pause. The fire keeper lays down his brand, and Kwe'lele extinguishes his torch. All pray and sprinkle meal. Then the party returns to the kiva.

This is the sign to the village that the fire taboo is ended, and immediately everyone hastens to take out their fire and sweepings. When they return to the kiva the fire keeper and p?ekwin pray. Then the people go to their houses to take out the fire from their hearths. They return immediately, and the masked gods dance until daylight. At this time anyone may enter the kiva to receive the blessings of the gods.

The following prayer is spoken by the fire keeper when he returns from the east in the morning. It was dictated by a member of the Great Fire Society.

This many are the days  
 Since the sun, who is our father,  
 Stood yonder beside his left hand sacred place.<sup>31</sup>  
 Then our fathers  
 Having prepared plume wands for the rite of their ancestors,  
 And having breathed their prayers upon the plume wands,  
 With their sacred cigarette,  
 Their prayer meal

<sup>30</sup> See p. 535

<sup>31</sup> i. e. the north, therefore the winter solstice

My fathers  
 Laid hold of me.  
 When the sun who is our father  
 Had yet a little space to go  
 To go in to sit down at his sacred place,  
 Our two fathers,  
 The ones who hold the high places,<sup>32</sup>  
 Once more assuming human form.  
 With their sacred possessions,  
 With their house chiefs,  
 Their p?ekwins,  
 Their bow priests,  
 With all of these,  
 They made their roads come in,  
  
 And sat down quietly.  
 Then the one who is my daylight father  
 Laid hold of me.  
 Presenting me yonder to all the directions,  
 He seated me,  
 Giving me the world.  
 After a blessed night  
 We came to day.  
 Next day  
 Saying, "Let it be now,"  
 Our two fathers  
 Yonder passed their elder brothers on their roads.<sup>33</sup>  
 As they counted up the days for us  
 Eagerly awaiting their days  
 We passed the days.  
 When all of their days were past,  
 Then our two fathers  
 K^?ä'wulhia P?a'utiwa  
 We passed at their middle day.  
 Yesterday  
 When our sun father  
 Had yet a little space to go  
 To go in to sit down at his sacred place,  
 Yonder our fathers of all directions,  
 Water bringing birds,<sup>34</sup>  
 P?ekwin, priest,  
 From where he stays quietly  
 Making his road come forth,  
 Making his road come hither,  
 Thinking, "Let it be here,"

<sup>32</sup> The War Gods whose shrines are on mountain tops

<sup>33</sup> The idols are taken to the mountain shrines

<sup>34</sup> The birds who sing before the rain. They are believed to be messengers of the supernaturals, sent to announce the rain. Hence p?ekwin, the speaker of the priests and announcer of ceremonies, is called figuratively "water birds."

Fashioned his fathers massed cloud house,<sup>35</sup>

Spread out their mist blanket,  
Sent forth their life-giving road,  
Prepared their spring.

Then our two fathers,  
K^?a'wulhia

P?a'utiwa

To his house chiefs,  
His p?ekwins,  
To his bow priests,  
To all of these,

Made his road come in.

They sat down quietly.  
Yonder toward the east,

To our two fathers  
White masked god,<sup>36</sup>  
Black masked god,<sup>37</sup>

To where they were made ready

The prayers reached;  
Carrying their waters,  
Carrying their seeds,  
Making their road come hither,

Going along one road,  
They sat down quietly.

After a blessed night,  
With our children we came to day.  
When the ones who are our fathers,

Dawn old men,

Dawn youths,

Dawn boys,

Dawn old women,

Dawn matrons,

Dawn maidens,

Dawn girls,

Had risen standing to their sacred place,

Saying, "Let it be now,"

Four times

Drawing up our grandmother,<sup>38</sup>

And making her arise,

Making her go ahead

Yonder toward the east

With prayers

We made our roads go forth.

How the world will be,

How the days will be,

<sup>35</sup> The meal painting on the altar

<sup>36</sup> Citsuk^ä

<sup>37</sup> Kwelele

<sup>38</sup> The fire

We desired to know.  
 Perhaps if we are lucky  
 Our earth mother  
 Will wrap herself in a fourfold robe  
 Of white meal,  
 Full of frost flowers;  
 A floor of ice will spread over the world,  
 The forests,  
 Because of the cold will lean to one side,  
 Their arms will break beneath the weight of snow.  
 When the days are thus  
 The flesh of our earth mother  
 Will crack with cold.  
 Then in the spring when she is replete with living waters

Our mothers,  
 All different kinds of corn  
 In their earth mother  
 We shall lay to rest.  
 With their earth mother's living waters  
 They will be made into new beings;  
 Into their sun father's daylight  
 They will come out standing;  
 Yonder to all directions  
 They will stretch out their hands calling for rain.  
 Then with their fresh waters  
 (The rain makers) will pass us on our roads.  
 Clasping their young ones in their arms  
 They will rear their children.  
 Gathering them into our houses,  
 Following these toward whom our thoughts bend,  
 With our thoughts following them,  
 Thus we shall always live.  
 That this may be  
 Eagerly we have awaited your day.  
 Now that all their days are at an end,  
 Eagerly waiting until another day shall come,  
 We shall pass our days.  
 Indeed it is so.  
 Far off someone will be my father,  
 The divine one,  
 He of the Badger clan.  
 Asking for his life-giving breath  
 His breath of old age,  
 His breath of waters,  
 His breath of seeds,  
 His breath of fecundity,  
 His breath of all good fortune,  
 Asking for his breath.  
 And into my warm body  
 Drawing his breath,



I shall add to your breath.  
Do not despise the breath of your fathers,  
But into your bodies  
Draw his breath,

That yonder to where the life-giving road of your sun father comes out  
Your roads may reach;  
That you may finish your roads;  
For this I add to your breath.  
To this end, my fathers,  
My children,  
May all of you be blessed with light.

### III. Prayers To The Uwanammi

Four days after the summer solstice the priesthoods begin their series of retreats to pray for rain. Each set in turn goes in at the house where their sacred bundle is kept. The four chief priesthoods associated with the four cardinal points go in for eight days each. They are followed by the p?ekwin, who goes in for four days. He is followed by the bow priest, who observes a 4-day retreat, although he does not stay in his house. After these the minor priesthoods, "the darkness people," follow in fixed order. They go in for four days each. The last come out about the first week in September, which is near the end of the rainy season.

Retreats always start in the evening, generally after sunset, and nights only are counted. They end at sunrise on the fourth or eighth morning following. The day before the retreat begins is spent by the priests in making prayer sticks. These are tied together in the after noon, and shortly before sunset the chief priest accompanied by an associate leaves to plant them in a distant spring. They return late at night. They go immediately into the inner room set aside for their retreat, where the other members have already assembled.. The chief priest sets up his altar--a meal painting, one or more feather-wrapped com fetishes, pots of black paint that have been brought from the underworld, stone knives, thunder stones, and finally the sacred bundle itself.

The first of the two prayers below is said with the offering of corn meal when gathering willow sticks, the second on setting the sacred bundle on the altar. They were dictated by a former member of the priesthood of the water serpent, and have been verified by a priest of the priesthood of the south.

#### PRAYER OF A PRIEST ON GOING INTO RETREAT

This day  
 Desiring the waters of our fathers,  
 The ones who first had being,<sup>39</sup>  
 In our house  
 Having prepared prayer meal,  
 Shells,  
 Corn pollen,  
 Hither with prayers  
 We made our road come forth.  
 This way we directed our roads.  
 Yonder on all sides our fathers,  
 Priests of the mossy mountains,  
 All those whose sacred places are round about,  
 Creatures of the open spaces  
 You of the wooded places,  
 We have passed you on your roads.  
 This day  
 Prayer meal,  
 Shell,  
 Corn pollen  
 We offer to you, my fathers.

<sup>39</sup> The priestly bundles

Offering these to you,  
 Four times we offer them to you.  
 You of the forest,  
 You of the brush,  
 All you who in divine wisdom,  
 Stand here quietly,  
 Carrying your waters  
 You will go before  
 Thus to Itiwana  
 Our roads will go.  
 The water filled rooms of your daylight children  
 Your road will enter.  
 Sitting down quietly,  
 After a blessed night  
 With us, your children,  
 You will come to day.  
 To-morrow  
 When he who holds our roads,  
 Our sun father,  
 Coming out to stand at his sacred place  
 Passes our roads,  
 Then we shall pass one another on our roads.  
 The divine ones  
 From wherever they abide permanently  
 Will make their roads come forth.  
 They will come.  
 And where they sit down quietly  
 All of us shall pass one another on our roads.  
 For our fathers,  
 Our mothers,  
 Those who first had being,  
 And also for our fathers,  
 Rain maker priests,  
 Rain maker p?ekwins,  
 Rain maker bow priests  
 For their rite  
 We shall give our plume wands human form.  
 We have given our plume wands human form,  
 With the massed cloud wing  
 Of the one who is our grandfather,  
 The male turkey,  
 With eagle's thin cloud wings,  
 And with the striped cloud wings  
 And massed cloud tails  
 Of all the birds of summer;  
 And with the flesh of the one who is our mother  
 Cotton woman,  
 Even a rough cotton thread,  
 A soiled cotton thread  
 With this four times encircling our plume wands

And tying it about their bodies,  
 We have given our plume wands human form.  
 Then also with the flesh of our mother,  
 Black paint woman,  
 Covering them with flesh,  
 We have prepared our plume wands.  
 When our plume wands were ready,  
 Saying, "Let it be now."  
 Taking our plume wands,  
 Our plume wands which had been finished,  
 Rising, we came out of our house.  
 With prayers we made our roads come forth.  
 At the place called since the first beginning  
 Rock wedge,<sup>40</sup>  
 Where our fathers,  
 Rain maker priests,  
 In their rain-filled inner rooms<sup>41</sup>  
 Were all gathered together in beauty  
 To receive their plume wands,  
 There we passed them, on their roads.  
 Passing them on their roads  
 There we gave our fathers plume wands,  
 Our fathers,  
 By means of their divine wisdom  
 Laid hold of their plume wands.  
 On all sides  
 They will talk together, touching one another with the plume wands,<sup>42</sup>  
 Yonder at the north encircling ocean  
 You will hold discourse together touching each other with them.  
 And then also  
 Yonder at the west encircling ocean,  
 You will hold discourse together,  
 Touching one another with them,  
 And then also yonder toward the south,  
  
 You will hold discourse together,  
 Touching one another with them;  
 Then also yonder toward the east,  
 You will hold discourse together, touching one another with them.  
 Then also above  
 You will hold discourse together, touching one another with them;  
 And then also in the fourth womb,<sup>43</sup>  
 You will hold discourse together, touching one another with them.  
 You will encircle the world with your discourses.  
 My fathers,  
 Grasping your plume wands,

<sup>40</sup> A shrine in the mountains southwest of Zuñi, used by the priests and by personators of the masked gods

<sup>41</sup> Inside the spring. Springs are the homes of the rain makers

<sup>42</sup> The prayer sticks constitute the means of communication

<sup>43</sup> The fourth underground world, the place of origin of the people

You will see your plume wands.  
 You will see whether they have been finished with precious paint,<sup>44</sup>  
 Or else are unfinished.  
 With your spittle,  
 With your flesh,  
 With your divine wisdom,  
 They will be made over afresh into human beings;  
 They will be strong.  
 From wherever you abide permanently  
 You will make your roads come forth.  
 Your little wind blown clouds,  
 Your thin wisps of clouds,  
 Your great masses of clouds  
 Replete with living waters,  
 You will send forth to stay with us.  
 Your fine rain caressing the earth,  
 Your heavy rain caressing the earth,  
 Here at Itiwana,  
 The abiding place of our fathers,  
 Our mothers,  
 The ones who first had being,  
 With your great pile of waters  
 You will come together.  
 When you have come together  
 Our mothers,  
 Our children,  
 All the different kinds of corn,  
 Nourishing themselves with their father's waters  
 Tenderly will bring forth their young.  
 Clasp their children<sup>45</sup>  
 All will finish their roads.  
 Then our children,  
 Our ladder-descending children,  
 Will gather you in.  
 Into all their houses.  
 You will make your roads enter.  
 To stay there quietly.  
 Then also tenderly  
 Their young will multiply  
 Multiplying our young,  
 Those toward whom our thoughts are bent,  
 You will live.  
 You will not think to hurry to some other place.<sup>46</sup>  
 Indeed, this shall not be.

<sup>44</sup> Paint which has been brought from the underworld. It is the property of the priests. A tiny bit added to ordinary black paint makes the prayer stick "finished" (telikinan ya:na) as distinct from the "unfinished" or "worthless" prayer stick (telikinan cimato).

<sup>45</sup> The young ears, wrapped in their leaves

<sup>46</sup> When the spirit of the corn leaves the country the ears in the storerooms shrivel up and waste away

But always in their houses  
 You will remain at rest.  
 In order that our children's thoughts may be bent to this,  
 For this you are our father,  
 You are our mother;  
 For this you who first had being,  
 Perpetuating your rite of the first beginning  
 Sit here quietly.  
 Holding all your country,  
 Holding all your people,  
 You sit here quietly.  
 Even as you sit here quietly,  
 Even as you listen to us,  
 We pray to you.  
 With your words,  
 Divine ones,  
 With your words  
 You hold all your people.  
 Do not let any one fall from your grasp  
 When he has gone but a little ways!  
 In order that this may not be,  
 Our father,  
 Our mother,  
 The one who first had being,  
 Even as you listen to us  
 We pray to you.  
 Our father,  
 Our mother,  
 The one who first had being,  
 Keeping your days,  
 Your days that have already been made,  
  
 We pass our days.  
 Whenever your days are at an end,  
 Then we shall fulfill our thoughts.  
 Our mother,  
 The one who first had being,  
 To wherever you abide permanently,  
 To your fourth inner room,  
 You will make your road go in.  
 Then again, holding your country,  
 Holding your people,  
 You will sit down quietly for us,  
 Therefore as children to one another  
 We shall always remain.  
 My child,  
 My mother,  
 According to my words,  
 Even so may it be.  
 Do not let go of your people;  
 Let not your thoughts be thus.

Let no difficulty befall any of our daylight children,  
 Our ladder descending children,  
 When they have gone but a little ways on their road!  
 That this may not be  
 I commission<sup>47</sup> you with my prayers.  
 Because of my words  
 You will sit down quietly.  
 This many are the days,  
 And when your days are at an end,  
 You will sit down quietly.  
 Although we say we have fulfilled your thoughts  
 No! we have not yet fulfilled your thoughts.  
 Our office never lapses.  
 When we come to another day,<sup>48</sup>  
 Then again eagerly awaiting your rite  
 We shall pass our days,  
 For the winter eagerly waiting  
 We shall pass our days.  
 This is all.  
 Thus with plain words,  
 My father,  
 My mother,  
 My child,  
 Thus you sit down quietly.<sup>49</sup>

#### **PRAYER OF A PRIEST DURING HIS SUMMER RETREAT**

This many are the days,  
 Since those who are our fathers,  
 Those who are our mothers,  
 The ones who first had being  
 k<sup>^</sup>?ä'etoew:  
 Tcu'eto:we  
 Had kept for them their days.  
 This many days,  
 Anxiously waiting,  
 We passed our days.  
 When all these days were past,  
 Now we have come to the ap  
 pointed time.  
 Our fathers,  
 Our mothers,  
 In your fourth inner room  
 You stay quietly.  
 This day we have reached the appointed time.  
 Our fathers,

<sup>47</sup> Literally, "I set you up outside the door," used of appointing an object or person to any ceremonial or civil office

<sup>48</sup> The next period of retreat. The rite is handed down in a self-perpetuating group through the generations

<sup>49</sup> The last part of the prayer refers to the bundle on the altar rather than the prayer stick offering

Our ancestors,  
 Yonder, you who were priests  
 when you were alive,  
 We have reached your appointed time.<sup>50</sup>  
 This day  
 Your day has been made.  
 The one who is my father,  
 The one who is my mother,  
 Four times I shall hold you fast.

This day  
 With the flesh of the white corn,  
 Prayer meal, commissioned with our prayer,  
 This day with prayer meal  
 Four times we shall spread out the mist blanket.<sup>51</sup>  
 We shall fashion the house of massed clouds,  
 We shall fashion the life-giving road,  
 Four times we shall fashion your spring.  
 This day,  
 My father,  
 My mother,  
 Four times I shall set you down quietly.  
 Four times you will sit down quietly.  
 Holding all your world,  
 Holding all your people,  
 Perpetuating your rite had since  
 the first beginning,  
 You will sit down quietly among us.  
 When you have sat down,  
 At your back,  
 At your feet,  
 We shall sit down beside you.  
 Desiring your waters,  
 Keeping your days for this  
 We shall pass our days.  
 Our fathers,  
 Rain maker priests,  
 Rain maker P?ekwins,  
 From wherever you abide permanently  
 You will make your roads come forth.  
 To the one whom you call father,  
 To the one whom you call mother,  
 Four times with all your waters  
 To us your mother,  
 Your fathers,

<sup>50</sup> In the songs used during the retreat all the deceased members of the priesthood as far back as tradition goes are invoked by name--a notable exception to the taboo on the use of the names of the dead. The dead priests who abide with the rainmakers are believed to be present in spirit. The sense of continuity is stronger in the priestly rituals than in other Zuñi rites

<sup>51</sup> The meal painting on the altar



You will come.  
 In order that you may thus come to us,  
 Our father,  
 Our mother,  
 Perpetuating your rite had since the first beginning,  
 This one<sup>52</sup> sits quietly here.  
 Your day is made.  
 Keeping your days we pass our days.  
 Our mothers,  
 The ones who first had being  
 Keeping your days,  
 We pass our days.  
 That all our fathers,  
 Our mothers,  
 Our children,  
 That all these may be filled with the water of life,  
 Anxiously awaiting the making of your days,  
 We have passed our days.  
 Our children,  
 All the different kinds of corn,  
 All over their earth mother  
 Stand poor at the borders of our land.  
 With their hands a little burnt,  
 With their heads a little brown,  
 They stand at the borders of our land.  
 So that these may be watered with fresh water  
 We keep your days.  
 That all our children  
 May nourish themselves with fresh water  
 Carefully they will rear their young.  
 And when our daylight children  
 Have nourished themselves with fresh water  
 We shall live happily  
 All our days.  
 This is all.  
 Thus speaking plain words  
 I set you down quietly.

### **THE P?EKWIN GOES INTO RETREAT**

The retreat of the p?ekwin follows next after the priests of the four directions. He is priest of the sun, and is associated, according to Mrs. Stevenson, with the zenith. This association, however, does not seem firmly fixed.

The p?ekwin has no eton:e or priestly bundle. He has pots of black paint brought from the underworld and undoubtedly other ceremonial paraphernalia. But his altar lacks the water and seed-filled reeds which constitute the most sacred and potent possessions of the other priests. He is thought to be so pure in heart that he has no need of magic to make his prayers effective. Therefore, before going into retreat he plants his prayer sticks not at a spring, but in

<sup>52</sup> The sacred bundle

his corn field. He does not bring back a jug of the sacred water of some spring to place on his altar. For the first part of his retreat “he tries himself.” He sits down before an altar consisting only of his paint pots on a painting of meal. It lacks even the bowl of medicine water. As soon as the first rain falls he may mix his medicine in the fresh rain water. If no rain falls, he must continue until the end without even this frail aid to prayer. He is tested at each retreat, and it is always a point of special note whether or not his days are blessed with rain.

The following prayer is recited at the beginning of his retreat. The first part is spoken outside when he plants his prayer sticks, the latter half after he returns to his home.<sup>53</sup>

This many are the days,  
 Since the new year,  
 The cycle of the months of our fathers,  
 The ones that first had being.  
 This many days  
 We have awaited our time.  
 It has come to summer.  
 My fathers,  
 My mothers,  
 The ones that first had being,  
 Your day goes on.  
 Not long ago,  
 At the middle of the year.<sup>54</sup>  
 I made my fathers' days.<sup>55</sup>  
 This many were the days of the rain makers of all directions,  
 And now that my fathers' days are at an end,  
 Yonder, wherever the roads of the rain makers come forth,<sup>56</sup>  
 Where people pray to finish their roads,  
 There you stand at the borders of our land,  
 Male willow, female willow.  
 Four times breaking off the straight young shoots,  
 To my house  
 I brought my road.  
 Sitting down quietly,  
 Throughout a blessed night  
 With our children we came to day.  
 This day, my fathers,  
 You who here were p?ekwins,  
 You who used to take care of the world,  
 You who used to be chiefs of the downy feather,<sup>57</sup>  
 And furthermore, my sun father,  
 My child,  
 This day,  
 When you came out standing to your sacred place,

<sup>53</sup> Dictated by a man formerly associated with the Priesthood of the Water Serpent

<sup>54</sup> The summer solstice. The pekwin plants several times at this time. After that he must keep count of the days and see that each priesthood goes in on schedule time

<sup>55</sup> The retreats of the four chief priesthoods

<sup>56</sup> At springs and along watercourses

<sup>57</sup> The willow sticks

This day  
 In my house  
 For your rite  
 I fashioned plume wands in human form.  
 With the striped cloud wing of my father,  
 Male turkey,  
 With the striped cloud wing of oriole, p?ekwin priest,<sup>58</sup>  
 Arid blue jay, p?ekwin priest,  
 And the wings of all the different birds of summer,  
 With these four times  
 I gave my plume wands human form.  
 With the flesh of my mother,  
 My grandmother,  
 Yucca fiber,  
 Cotton woman,  
 Even a soiled cotton thread,  
 With these I gave my plume wands human form.  
 With the flesh of the one who is my mother,  
  
 The one who first had being,  
 Black paint woman,  
 With her flesh making the flesh of my plume wands,  
 I gave them human form,  
 Saying, "Let it be now."  
 Taking my plume wands,  
 The plume wands which had been prepared,  
 I made my road come forth.  
 I made my road go forth.  
 Somewhere in my water-filled fields.<sup>59</sup>  
 I passed my earth mother on her road.  
 My fathers,  
 My ancestors,  
 You who used to be p?ekwins,  
 You who used the downy feather,  
 You who used to take charge of the world,  
 And furthermore my child,  
 My father,  
 Sun,  
 My child, my mother, moon,  
 My fathers,  
 Divine ones,  
 This day  
 I give you plume wands.  
 Taking your plume wands,  
 There where you abide permanently,

<sup>58</sup> The bird associated with the north. The birds of the six directions are the p?ekwins or heralds of the directions. The p?ekwin, who is the herald of the sun, is frequently referred to as, "all the birds of summer, p?ekwins." The feather of the blue jay is the feather of the priests which they are entitled to wear in the hair on ceremonial occasions

<sup>59</sup> He plants in his cornfield, not at a sacred spring

Clasping them in your arms,  
 Caressing them,  
 With your supernatural wisdom,  
 You will distribute them amongst you.  
 After a little while  
 To my house  
 My road will reach.  
 Making your days, I shall pass the days.

[He deposits the plume wands, then he returns to his ceremonial house, sets up his altar, which consists of dishes of sacred black paint and bowls of prayer meal. The prayer continues:]

This day, my fathers,  
 You who are my child, sun,  
 You who are my mother, moon,  
 This day  
 I have passed you on your roads.  
 This day, upon the flesh of the white corn,  
 Prayer meal,  
 Breathing my prayers  
 Four times I have spread out your mist blanket;  
 I have fashioned your cloud house;  
 I have fashioned your road.  
 Now that this is at an end  
 Your days are made.  
 After a little while  
 From where you abide permanently  
 You will make your road come forth.  
 Yonder from the south,  
 Where, they say, is the abiding place of summer,  
 My fathers,  
 Send forth your quick breath.<sup>60</sup>  
 Send forth your massed clouds to stay with us,  
 Stretch out your watery hands,  
 Let us embrace!  
 To Itiwana you will come  
 With all your people,  
 Hiding behind your watery shield<sup>61</sup>  
 With all your people;  
 With your fine rain caressing the earth,  
 With your heavy rain caressing the earth,  
 Carrying your weapons,  
 Your lightning,  
 (Come to us!)  
 Raise the sound of your thunders!  
 At Itiwana  
 With your great pile of waters

<sup>60</sup> The sudden showers of summer, which at Zuñi always come from the southeast

<sup>61</sup> The rain makers cover themselves with clouds as a warrior with his shield

May you pass me on my road.  
 That this may be  
 I have made your days.  
 When your days are at an end,  
 Meeting me with all your waters,  
 May you stay with us,  
  
 Do not cause people to speak ill of your days,<sup>62</sup>  
 But with waters caressing the earth  
 Let your days be filled.  
 With your waters  
 You will pass me on my road.  
 Those which all my ladder descending children  
 Have sown with magical rites,  
 All the different kinds of corn,  
 Yonder all over their earth mother,  
 They stand poor at the borders of our land.  
 With their hands a little burnt,  
 With their heads brown,  
 They stand poor at the borders of our land.  
 That these may be nourished with fresh water,  
 Thus runs the thought of my prayer.  
 When the time of my days is at an end,  
 Though I say "my days are at an end,"  
 No--it is not so.  
 Waiting anxiously until another day comes  
 We shall pass the days.  
 My fathers,  
 Now I have fulfilled your thoughts.  
 This is all.

### **THE BOW PRIEST IN RETREAT IN SUMMER**

On the day the p?ekwin comes out of retreat in summer the bow priest begins to count days. He is not a rain priest. He has no altar; he has no rain-making fetish; his sacred possessions are associated rather with war. Therefore, instead of remaining in meditation and prayer in his ceremonial house, he makes offerings at the various shrines of the gods of war on mountain tops around Zuñi. The first day he goes to the north, to Twin Mountains; the second day to the west--the place actually visited is a shrine to the south on a knoll near the road to the Salt Lake. The third day he goes to the south, Face Mountain, a shrine southeast of Zuñi; the fourth day to the east, a knoll near the Black Rock road. At each of these shrines he offers corn meal and turquoise with prayers for rain and fertility. He offers these in his capacity of priest rather than as warrior.

This many days,  
 Making the days of my two fathers,  
 The ones who hold the high places,<sup>63</sup>  
 Keeping their days,

<sup>62</sup> The p?ekwin is severely criticized should it fail to rain during the days of his retreat. Criticism does not fall so heavily on other priests should they fail

<sup>63</sup> Or "those who guard the housetops"--the twin gods of war

I have lived.  
 My fathers,  
 Rain maker priests,  
 Rain maker p?ekwins  
 And you, far off at the fourth rim of the encircling ocean,  
 You who are our fathers, rain maker bow priests,  
 Tsik^?ähiya,<sup>64</sup> K^?älhawani,  
 From wherever you abide permanently  
 Send forth your misty breath;  
 Your little wind blown clouds,  
 Your thin wisps of cloud,  
 Your black streaks of cloud,  
 Your masses of clouds replete with living waters,  
 You will send forth to stay with us.  
 With your fine rain caressing the earth,  
 With your heavy rain caressing the earth,  
 With your great pile of waters here at Itiwana  
 You will pass us on our roads.  
 Desiring this, my fathers,  
 I have made your days.  
 When you pass me on my road  
 All my ladder descending children  
 Will refresh themselves with your living waters.  
 That the crowns of their heads may sometimes be wet with dew,  
 In order that this may be  
 You, my fathers, yonder on all sides,  
 You who dwell in high places,  
 For this you live at sacred places  
 Round about on all the mossy mountains.  
 My fathers,  
 To all your ladder descending children  
 You will grant your power.<sup>65</sup>  
 In order that my children may have strong hearts  
 It is now your day.  
 From wherever you stay permanently  
 Your massed clouds filled with living water, may you send forth.  
 Making your road come forth from  
 where you stay permanently,  
 With your rain caressing the earth,  
 With your terrible lightning,  
 Make your thunders resound!

<sup>64</sup> Supernaturals associated in their dual capacity of warriors and rain makers with Sudden thunder storms. They live in springs and have long streaming hair. (Tsik^?ähiya means “quick moving hair.”) A dirigible which flew over Zuñi some years ago was identified with K^?älhawani, who books “like an icicle “ when he appears to mortals. K^?älhawani is sometimes impersonated in mask with a tablet headdress and long flowing hair reaching to his knees. The third supernatural usually mentioned with Tsik^?ähiya and K^?älhawani is Kupictaiya (cf. Keres Kopicaiya), called by Mrs. Stevenson lightning makers. There is some confusion in the minds of the Zuñi as to whether these are individuals or classes of supernaturals. The latter is more in keeping with Zuñi ideology

<sup>65</sup> Or weapons

At Itiwana may you pass me on my road.  
 When you have passed me on my road,  
 My mothers,  
 My children,  
 All the different kinds of corn,  
 Nourishing themselves with their fathers' waters,  
 Tenderly will bring forth their young.  
 When they have finished their roads,  
 When they are old,  
 My children,  
 My ladder descending children,  
 Will bring in their children,  
 All the different kinds of corn,  
 Into their houses.  
 That they may always be the ones toward whom our thoughts bend,  
 For this all my children carefully have reared their young.  
 All my children  
 Will make their roads come into their houses.  
 Staying there permanently,  
 Your young increasing,  
 You will always remain.  
  
 That the thoughts of my ladder  
 descending children  
 May bend to this,  
 That this may be,  
 My fathers,  
 Thus runs the thought of my prayer.  
 Thus all my children  
 May always be well provided with seeds.  
 Desiring this,  
 I watch over our daylight fathers,  
 The ones who here have in their keeping  
 The rites of our fathers,<sup>66</sup>  
 Those who first had being,  
 Our daylight fathers,  
 Who perpetuate the rites which they hold in their keeping,  
 The rites of those who first had being;  
 Sitting down among my daylight fathers  
 Watching over my fathers--  
 That one am I.  
 My fathers,  
 You know me well.  
 Do not let me be a poor person..<sup>67</sup>  
 My fathers,  
 You who hold the high places, your representative am I.

<sup>66</sup> The priests who possess sacred bundles. The bow priests are their messengers and the guardians of their secret rites

<sup>67</sup> A person with no ceremonial prerogatives

I have a bandoleer,<sup>68</sup>  
 I have an armband;<sup>69</sup>  
 Because of this  
 I am my father's mouth.<sup>70</sup>  
 All my ladder descending children,  
 All of them I hold in my hands,  
 May no one fall from my grasp  
 After going but a little ways--  
 Those yonder toward the east,  
 In all the villages that stand against the place of the rising sun,  
  
 Even to all those villages  
 That stand against the place of the setting sun,  
 Even every little bug,  
 Even every dirty little bug,  
 Let me hold them all fast in my hands,  
 Let none of them fall from my grasp--  
 In order that this may be,  
 My fathers,  
 I ask you for life.  
 May my children's roads all be fulfilled;  
 May they grow old;  
 May their roads reach all the way to dawn lake;  
 May their roads be fulfilled;  
 In order that your thoughts may bend to this,  
 Your days are made.  
 Now your days are at an end.  
 Whatever I have wished  
 I have spoken  
 All our prayers which we have completed for each other;  
 Thus I have fulfilled our thoughts.  
 Eagerly awaiting until it shall be another day,  
 Until the winter,  
 I shall now pass my time.  
 My fathers,  
 Your waters,  
 Your seeds,  
 Your riches,  
 Your power,  
 Your strong spirit,  
 All this you will grant us;  
 May my road be fulfilled,  
 May I grow old,

<sup>68</sup> A bandoleer embroidered with shells and containing hair from the scalps which he has taken since his installation as bow priest. It is a dangerous object which the warrior hangs by the door to protect the house. It is too dangerous to be brought into back rooms. Its contaminating influence must be kept especially from seeds and water

<sup>69</sup> An arm band embroidered in shell, part of the warrior's regalia

<sup>70</sup> The twin deities who led the people out from the underworld are called "the mouth of the sacred bundles" (K<sup>h</sup>?ä'eto:we a wan a<sup>h</sup>watin:e). These individuals, while distinct from the twin gods of war, are not unrelated. See origin myth, p. 549



Even until I go with strong hands grasping a bent stick,<sup>71</sup>  
Thus may I grow old.

<sup>71</sup> That is, leaning on a cane, a common symbol for long life and old age. At the winter solstice the feather offerings of society members all contain bent prayer sticks as a prayer for old age

## IV. Prayers Of The War Cult

### THE BOW PRIEST MAKES PRAYER STICKS AT THE WINTER SOLSTICE

My two fathers,  
 You who dwell in high places.<sup>72</sup>  
 Ma?ase:wi<sup>73</sup>  
 Uyuye:wi  
 For you it is the new year.  
 Since it is the new year,  
 All the beings that dwell in mossy mountains,  
 The beings who dwell in shady places,  
 The forest beings,  
 The brush beings,  
 Oak being  
 Willow being  
 Red willow being  
 Ihanilhkowa being<sup>74</sup>  
 Cottonwood being  
 Taking the straight young shoots of all these,  
 These we shall make into prayer plumes.  
 For my fathers,  
 The divine ones,  
 I have destined these prayer plumes.  
 When my fathers  
 The divine ones  
 Take hold of their prayer plumes,  
 When they clothe themselves with their prayer plumes,  
 Then all to my children  
 Long life,  
 Old age,  
 All good fortune whatsoever,  
 You will grant;  
 So that I may raise corn,  
 So that I may raise beans,  
 So that I may raise wheat,  
 So that I may raise squash,  
 So that with all good fortune I may be blessed.

### PRAYERS BEFORE GOING ON A WAR PARTY

<sup>72</sup> The gods of war, whose shrines are on mountain tops. The phrase might also be rendered as "those who guard the housetops."

<sup>73</sup> The Keresan name for the elder of the two gods of war. His Zuñi name, which is esoteric, is Matsailema. According to Mrs. Stevenson he is the younger brother. Both this name and that of Uyuye:wi were unknown to the interpreter to whom the prayer was read, but her father, who carves the image of the younger brother, knew the names

<sup>74</sup> The identifications are uncertain

Before going on the warpath the bow priests are summoned to their ceremonial house. The chief bow priest addresses them:

Now this many days  
 Because of the thoughts of the enemy  
 Our thoughts have been troubled;  
 Our appetite has failed.  
 This very day  
 That by which they live,  
 Turquoise,<sup>75</sup>  
 To my fathers I have offered  
 At all their abiding places.  
 Yonder into the enemy's country  
 We shall take the warpath.  
 Because of the enemy,  
 Because of their thoughts,  
 We wish in vain see one another,<sup>76</sup>  
 We can not see him of whom we think.  
 Because it is thus,  
 To be avenged  
 We have made up our minds.  
 My children,  
 You shall set your minds to be men.  
 You shall think to provide yourselves with good weapons.  
 Then, perhaps, we shall have the good fortune,  
 To get that which we wish,  
 That for which we ask--  
 Namely that with the enemies' flocks,  
 Their clothing,  
 Their precious stones,  
 Their good shell beads,  
 That with these our houses may obtain hearts,  
 For this we have sent forth our prayers.  
 Waiting anxiously until the appointed time shall come,  
 Cleansing our hearts,  
 Cleansing our thoughts,  
 Thus shall we live.  
 Indeed we shall not be alone.  
 Because yonder all about  
 Abide our fathers.  
 Spreading word about among them,  
 You will think to give them good turquoise.  
 To this end, my children,  
 Through all the time set aside for them,  
 Eagerly you will await their day.  
 After a good night  
 May you come to day.

<sup>75</sup> Turquoise, above all else, the gift to the gods of war

<sup>76</sup> Some of our number have died

And to-morrow  
 After a good day may you come to evening.  
 And as each day comes,  
 Eagerly may you wait their day.  
 May your thought not be vacillating.  
 Indeed, though I call myself poor,  
 Far off I shall have someone for my father.  
 For there is one who by virtue of the dry bow.<sup>77</sup>  
 Holds us all as his children.  
 His representative am I.  
 Asking for life from him  
 I shall add to your breath.  
 And furthermore,  
 Emerging into the daylight  
 Yonder on all the mossy mountains  
 All about they have set their sacred places,<sup>78</sup>  
 The ones who hold the high places,  
 Ahayuta yellow,<sup>79</sup>  
 Blue,  
 Red,  
 White,  
 Many colored,  
 The dark one,  
 These were bow priests.  
 Holding us as their children  
 They abide in all their sacred places  
 round about.  
 To all these places  
 Sending forth my prayer to them,  
 I ask for their life-giving breath,  
 Their breath of old age,  
 Their breath of riches,  
 Their breath of waters,  
 Their breath of seeds,  
 Their breath of fecundity,  
 Their breath of power,  
 Their breath of strong spirit,  
 Their breath of all good fortune of which they are possessed--  
 Asking for their breath,  
 And into my warm body drawing their breath,  
 I shall add to your breath.  
 To this end, my children:  
 May You be blessed with life.

<sup>77</sup> Pi'lhan k?usna, dry bow, used metaphorically for the war chief. The supernaturals, in this case the war gods, exert power through their human representatives

<sup>78</sup> At the time of the emergence

<sup>79</sup> The war gods, as inhabitants of their six shrines, associated with the six directions

The date for starting is set. Any man who wishes to join the party tells the bow priests, and the destination is determined according to the size of the party. During the interval offerings are made by the bow priests at the various shrines referred to in the preceding prayer. The night before they leave all volunteers meet at the ceremonial house of the bow priests. Each man deposits prayer meal, corn pollen, and some precious material--shell, turquoise, red paint, or iridescent black paint--in each of four corn husks. These are immediately taken to four distant shrines, by the elder and younger brother bow priests, the war chief, and the society chief of the bow priesthood. On reaching the shrine the emissary says:

How are you this evening?

(He answers himself, speaking in the person of the god:)

Happy. Have you come? Sit down.

Now, indeed, you have passed us on our roads.

Indeed, words not too long your words will be.

If you let us know what they are,

Always we shall remember them.

Is it not so?

THE MAN: Indeed it is so.

As you know,

To all your different abiding places

I have gone about,

With words of taking our road into

the enemy's country.

To-morrow upon that

The sun will arise.

THE GOD: Is that so?

That must not be,

We can not part with you.

THE MAN: Nevertheless there is no choice.

To do that very thing I have made up my mind.

And furthermore,

Thinking to bring you fine shell,

Prayer meal,

Corn pollen,

Red paint,

Sparkling paint,

Eager for this I have passed my days.

Now this day

We have reached the appointed time.

Therefore we have passed you on your road.

THE GOD: Is that so?

Nevertheless, in spite of your speaking thus,

We can not part with you.

We have your plume wands,

We have your shells,

We have your prayer meal.

THE MAN: Yes, that is why I have spoken words

Of going to the enemy's country.

Because on account of the enemy's thoughts  
 Our children have been destroyed.  
 Our flocks have been destroyed.  
 Because of the enemy's thoughts,  
 We wish to see our relatives,  
 And thinking of them we fail in it.

THE GOD: Is that so?  
 Very well, although we cherish you,  
 You think thus.  
 Our elder brothers yonder,  
 The ones who abide in different places,  
 Do they also know it?

THE MAN: Yes, certainly.  
 At all their abiding places,  
 I have bent down to speak to them.

THE GOD: Well, the one who is my elder brother,  
 The one who stays at Long House Top,  
 Does he know?

THE MAN: Yes, at a time when he knows it I pass you on your road.

THE GOD: The one at Echo's abiding place, does he know?

THE MAN: Yes, even when he knows,  
 I have passed you on your road.

THE GOD: The one who stays  
 Where the rainbow bends over,  
 Does he know?

THE MAN: At a time when he knows,  
 I have passed you on your road.

THE GOD: Those yonder, where all talk together,  
 Do they know?

THE MAN: Yes, when they already know,  
 I have passed you on your road.

THE GOD: Very well.  
 Now, perhaps, you have taken thought for  
 your good weapons?

THE MAN: Yes, I have taken thought.

THE GOD: Very well,  
 Our father, our child,  
 You shall set your mind to be a man.  
 Truly you shall not be alone.  
 Perhaps all your fathers,  
 In all their different abiding places,  
 Are in agreement.

THE MAN: Now this night,  
 My prayer meal,

My shell,  
 My corn pollen,  
 My sparkling paint,  
 My red paint,  
 My water roll,<sup>80</sup>  
 You have taken.  
 If you let me know how the world will be  
 How the days will be  
 That I shall always remember.

He goes off a little way, and sitting down waits for an omen. The four messengers return at the same time to the ceremonial house and report what they have seen. Plans are made according to the divinations.

### **PRAYERS OF THE SCALP DANCE**

Whenever an enemy is killed the slayer, if not already a member of the bow priesthood or one of the other two warrior societies, the Hunters (Saniak<sup>?</sup>äkwe) or the Cactus Society (K<sup>?</sup>ocikwe), must immediately join the bow priesthood to protect himself from the malevolence of the slain enemy. The initiation takes place in the course of the scalp dance which is held to celebrate the victory. The purpose of the scalp dance is twofold. First, to purify the scalper from the contaminating contact with the dead and make him safe for human association and by placing him under the protection of the war gods, through membership in their cult, the bow priest hood, save him from pursuit by the ghost; the second purpose is to propitiate the dead enemy, strip him of his power for evil, and turn to good account his potentialities as a rain maker. This propitiation of the scalp is primarily the office of the scalp chief, who also retains guardianship of the scalps reposing in the scalp house.

Accompanying these important secret rites of purification and propitiation are the great public festivities. Throughout the twelve days of the ceremony unrestrained merrymaking accompanied by sexual license is indulged in by young and old of both sexes. These three strands run side by side, all culminating in the great ceremonies of the final day.

The order of events in this long and elaborate ritual has been described in the accounts by Mrs. Stevenson<sup>81</sup> and Doctor Parsons<sup>82</sup> with varying emphasis on the different aspects, according to the affiliation of the informants.

For convenience in reading the following prayers the events may be briefly summarized.

The returning war party camps overnight outside the village. At dawn four men chosen to announce their return ride toward the village uttering their war cry. They are met by the scalp chief, who inquires concerning the exploits of the war party.

During the day the scalp chief secretes the scalp at a distance from the village in a diminutive shelter of brush. The scalper and his "elder brother," the member of the bow priesthood who has "caught" the novice, take turns in watching over it. Toward evening they go through a sham conflict and take the scalp, bringing it to a place on the plain where p<sup>?</sup>ekwin has prepared an altar. Here they are met by men and women appointed to take part in the coming ceremonies, the priests, the scalp chief, the bow priesthood, the Ant Society, the guardians of war bundles, and the male populace. There is ceremonial smoking by all present. Prayer sticks are planted by the scalper in a near-by ant hill, and many songs are sung and prayers

<sup>80</sup> The cigarette

<sup>81</sup> Twenty-third Ann. Rept. Bur. Amer. Ethn., p. 578

<sup>82</sup> Scalp Ceremonial at Zuñi

offered. Finally the scalp is placed on the foot of the aunt of the scalper, who kicks it four times. Encircling the village four times, in counterclockwise circuit, the party goes in. The scalp is set upon a tall pole in the plaza amid general rejoicings, and the period of festivity is announced first by p?ekwin and then by the bow priest.

The scalper goes into retreat in the ceremonial house of the bow priests. For four days he eats no meat or grease or any hot food. He sits away from the fire, sleeps little, does not speak, and is untouchable. He drinks emetics and goes out each morning to pray for deliverance from the scalp. He must also observe the sexual taboos placed upon the widowed. The woman who brought in the scalp must also observe all these taboos. The days are spent in preparation for the final ceremonies.

On the fifth day the scalp is washed by two men appointed for this purpose. Thus is the enemy received into the company of the rain makers who Eve in the scalp house. Meanwhile the public festivities have begun. There are public dances each day, two selected groups performing on alternate days, while at night young and old of both sexes dance about the scalp pole.

About the sixth day a man of the Deer clan and a man of the Bear clan start work on the images of the gods of war. On the twelfth night these and all their paraphernalia are taken into the house of the bow priests. Here, in an all-night ceremony, the novice is finally taken into their company to share their supernatural prerogatives, including the special protection of the gods of war.

The following day is the "great dance." The images of the gods of war, the various war bundles, and the chief priestly bundles are set up on an altar in the plaza, behind which sit all the high officials of the Zuñi hierarchy. Throughout the day various dancers take turns in dancing before this altar. Toward evening the bow priests sing the songs given them at the institution of their society by the gods of war.

After this the altar is demolished and the meal painting obliterated. The sacred bundles are returned to the houses where they are kept. The images of the gods of war are taken to their houses by members of the bow priesthood, and next day carried to appropriate shrines (not the ones that are visited during the winter solstice). Late at night the scalp is removed from the pole by the scalp chief and deposited by him in the scalp house, with special prayers for protection in his dangerous office.

The following prayers represent but the least fragment of this complex ritual. They deal almost entirely with the office of scalp chief; that is, the propitiation of the scalp. They were dictated by an old man, a son of a former scalp chief, now deceased.

At dawn the scalp chief meets four men who announce the return of the war party:<sup>83</sup>

Now, neglecting your children,  
Neglecting your wives,  
Yonder into the country of the enemy  
You made your road go forth.  
Perhaps one of the enemy,  
Even one who thought himself virile,  
Under a shower of arrows,  
A shower of war clubs,  
With bloody head,

<sup>83</sup> Twenty-third Ann Rept. Bur. Amer. Ethn., p. 579



One of the enemy,  
 Reached the end of his life.  
 Our fathers,  
 Beast bow priests,  
 Took from the enemy,  
 His water-filled covering.<sup>84</sup>  
 Now you will tell us of that,  
 And knowing that we shall live.  
 Is it not so?

The four announcers reply:

Indeed it is so.  
 Neglecting our children,  
 Neglecting our wives,  
 Yonder into the enemy's country  
 We made our road go forth.  
 Indeed it is so.  
 We started out.  
 We went.  
 Yonder at Rock Cave we arrived.  
 There we spent the night.  
 Early next day we arose.  
 We went on.  
 At Ox-Eye-Place  
 We arrived.  
 There we spent the night.  
 Next day we went on.  
 Yonder at Cattail Spring we arrived.  
 There, when we arrived at their camp site,  
 We attacked them.  
 There this one,  
 (And one of the enemy)  
 Fought together. . . .

(The account breaks off here. The informant lacked imagination to continue the narrative of the exploits of the war party.)

In the evening the scalp is brought into the village.<sup>85</sup> At the close of the ceremonies on the plain the scalp chief deposits in an excavation between two mounds of bread which he collected earlier in the day at the houses of the priests. The offering is specifically to the slain Navaho.

This day  
 Into the corn priests'<sup>86</sup> country,  
 You will make your road enter.  
 With the fruit of the corn priest labor  
 You will add to your heart.<sup>87</sup>

<sup>84</sup> K^?acima po?'yan:e, the scalp. The usual ceremonial appellation

<sup>85</sup> See Twenty-third Ann. Rept. Bur. Amer. Ethn., p. 581

<sup>86</sup> The priests, hence Zuñi

<sup>87</sup> He offers bread cooked in the houses of the priests

So that if any of the corn priests  
 ladder descending children  
 Should by mistake cut off you road,<sup>88</sup>  
 No evil consequence<sup>89</sup> may come to him because of it.  
 And furthermore,  
 You who are my grandfather,  
 Male turkey,<sup>90</sup>  
 Weakening the enemies' hearts,  
 You will remain here always.  
 So that your children,  
 Their breath drifting hither only,  
 When they attain their house,  
 They will make their roads come in..<sup>91</sup>  
 Longing for them  
 You will live.  
 To this end, add to your hearts.

After the scalp has been set up in the plaza the p?ekwin addresses the people:

Now this day  
 This many of the children of the corn priests,  
 Neglecting their children,  
 Neglecting their wives,  
 Went out yonder into the enemy's country.  
 Then suddenly, one of the enemy,  
 Even one who stayed quietly in his hut,  
 Even one who thought himself a man,  
 In a shower of arrows,  
 In a shower of stones,  
 In a shower of war clubs,  
 With bloody head,  
 The enemy  
 Reached the end of his life.  
 The ones who are our fathers,  
 Beast bow priests,  
 With their claws,  
 Tore from the enemy  
 His water-filled covering.  
 Into the country of the corn priests  
 The enemy made his road enter.  
 Four times encircling the town,  
 The corn priests water-filled court  
 He made his road enter,  
 In the corn priests' water-filled court  
 Setting him up,

<sup>88</sup> Cross their road while they encircle the village

<sup>89</sup> i'yatonan:e, literally, an exchange, especially bad dreams or hallucinations--the usual means whereby supernaturals punish the breaches of mortals--provided, always, proper precautions are not taken

<sup>90</sup> Wing feathers of the male turkey, which had lain on the meal painting, are deposited in the bole with the food. Turkey feathers are used on prayer sticks for the dead

<sup>91</sup> May more of the enemy be killed and brought in thus

When his days are made,  
 Eagerly you shall await his time.  
 When all the enemy's days are passed,  
 When those who are our fathers,  
 Rain maker priests,  
 With their fresh waters  
 Have sprinkled the enemy,<sup>92</sup>  
 Whenever his day is made,  
 Tirelessly unwearied  
 You shall pass the time.  
 For indeed, the enemy,  
  
 Even though he was without value,  
 Notwithstanding he was a being of this kind  
 Yet he was a water being;  
 He was a seed being.  
 Desiring the enemy's waters  
 Desiring his seeds  
 Desiring his wealth  
 Eagerly you shall await his day.  
 Whenever his days are made,  
 Throughout the days,  
 Throughout the nights,  
 Tirelessly, unwearied,  
 You shall live.  
 Indeed, even though you ache from singing,  
 Even though you fain would sleep,  
 In order to win the enemy's waters,  
 His seeds,  
 His wealth,  
 His power,  
 His strong spirit,  
 To win these.  
 Throughout the nights  
 Throughout the days,  
 Tirelessly, unwearied  
 You shall live.  
 Then indeed, if we are lucky,  
 To some little corner  
 Where the dust lies thick,  
 (You will steal away.)  
 In order to procreate sturdy<sup>93</sup> men  
 And sturdy women,  
 Tirelessly you will live.  
 To procreate strong males,  
 To procreate sturdy females,  
 To be the ones toward your thoughts may bend,

<sup>92</sup> The washing of the scalp on the fifth day

<sup>93</sup> Children conceived at this time are under the special protection of the gods of war, and are therefore especially strong

Eager for this,  
 You will keep the days.  
 For indeed, the enemy,  
 Even though on rubbish<sup>94</sup>

He lived and grew to maturity,  
 By virtue of the corn priests' rain prayers  
 (He becomes valuable;)  
 Indeed, the enemy,  
 Though in his life  
 He was a person given to falsehood,  
 He has become one to fortell  
 How the world will be,  
 How the days will be.  
 That during his time,  
 We may have good days,  
 Beautiful days,  
 Hoping for this,  
 We shall keep his days.  
 Indeed, if we are lucky,  
 During the enemy's time  
 Fine rain caressing the earth,  
 Heavy rain caressing the earth,  
 (We shall win.)  
 When the enemy's days are in progress,  
 The enemy's waters,  
 We shall win,  
 His seeds we shall win,  
 His riches we shall win,  
 His power,  
 His strong spirit,  
 His long life,  
 His old age,  
 In order to win these,  
 Tirelessly, unwearied,  
 We shall pass his days.  
 Now, indeed, the enemy,  
 Even one who thought himself a man,  
 In a shower of arrows,  
 In a shower of war clubs,  
 With bloody head,  
 The enemy,  
 Reaching the end of his life,  
 Added to the flesh of our earth mother.  
 Beast bow priests,  
 With their claws,  
 Tore from the enemy  
 His water-filled covering.

<sup>94</sup> The Navajos have no cultivated crops

Then the enemy  
 Into the corn priests' country  
 Made his road enter.  
 Now shout!  
 O -----.  
 Again--  
 O -----.  
 Again--  
 O -----.  
 Once more--  
 O -----.  
 P?u-hu hu  
 Huh hu  
 We -----

The elder brother bow priest addresses the people in the same vein. Then the scalp chief offers to the scalp a handful of bread saved from his earlier offering.

Now, this day  
 That you have been set up  
 In the corn priests' rain-filled court,  
 All the children of the corn priest  
 Will be dancing for you.  
 All the children of the corn priest  
 Will pass you on your road.  
 They will add to your heart.  
 Should anyone by mistake touch you  
 May no evil consequence befall him because of it.  
 With this fruit of the corn priests' labor  
 Add to your heart.  
 Your long life,  
 Your old age,  
 Your waters,  
 Your seeds.  
 Grant them.  
 To cleanse the thoughts  
 Of whoever has angry thoughts,  
 For this you will stand up here.

After four days the scalp is washed at any spring outside the town or in the river. Care is taken that the water used for the washing does not flow back into the river to bring death to those who drink of it. The scalp washer bites the scalp to get the power of the beast gods. "He acts like an animal," and therefore he does not need, in order to save his life, to observe the taboos generally required by contaminating contact with the dead. Prayer sticks are planted before the ceremony. At the conclusion the bowl is broken and cast away and offerings of food are thrown about on the ground. During the ceremony of washing, the choir sings new songs made for the occasion and the scalp washer prays:

Now this day  
 Our sun father,  
 Having come out standing  
 To his sacred place,

A little space yet remains  
 Ere he goes in to sit down at his other sacred place.  
 Now four times raising our niece,<sup>95</sup>  
 And making her stand up,  
 Her road going first,  
 Hither with prayers,  
 We have made our road come forth.  
 Here, near by, our fathers,  
 Rain maker bow priests,  
 Where your watery road comes forth,  
 Where you are waiting,  
 We have passed you on your road.  
 We have offered you plume wands.  
 Taking your plume wands,  
 With them you will take firm hold  
 Of the enemy's water-filled covering.  
 With your fresh water  
 You will sprinkle him.  
 Then again, if your hands go first,  
 Our hands following,  
 We shall meet no evil consequence.<sup>96</sup>  
 You who are our fathers,  
 Rain maker bow priests,  
 K<sup>^</sup>?älhawan:i,  
 Tsik<sup>^</sup>?ähaya,  
 K?upictaya  
 Beast bow priests,  
 By virtue of your thoughts  
 The enemy  
 Reached the end of his life.  
 When with your clear water  
 You have sprinkled the enemy,  
  
 When into the corn priests' country  
 He has brought his road,  
 When in the corn priests' water-filled court  
 He has been set up,  
 All the corn priests' children  
 With the song sequences of the fathers,  
 Will be dancing for him.  
 And whenever all his days are past,  
 Then a good day,  
 A beautiful day,  
 A day filled with great shouting,  
 With great laughter,  
 A good day,  
 With us, your children,

<sup>95</sup> Brothers' daughter; i. e., the scalp. The rite of head washing is always performed by the paternal aunt. No explanation is given for inversion of sex

<sup>96</sup> That is, from contact with the scalp

You will pass.  
 Thus the corn priests, children  
 Winning your power,  
 Winning your strong spirit,  
 Will come to evening.  
 To this end, my fathers,  
 Now let us take hold of our niece.

After the dancing of the last day the scalp chief takes down the scalp. He and his associates remain in hiding on the outskirts of the village until midnight. Then they proceed singing to the scalp house. Each has under his tongue several grains of black corn to prevent pursuit by the ghost.<sup>97</sup> The scalp chief places the scalp in the jar in the scalp house and prays:

Now this many are the days  
 Since the enemy  
 Reached the end of his life.  
 Our fathers,  
 Those who hold the high places,  
 Beast bow priests,  
 Tore from the enemy  
 His water-filled covering.  
 Into the corn priests' country,  
 They made his road enter.  
 And in the corn priests' water-filled court  
 Standing him up,  
 They made his days.  
 This many are the days.  
 And when the set number of days  
 had all been counted up,  
 Way back, when all these days had past,  
 The ones who are our fathers,  
 Rain maker priests,  
 With their clear water  
 Took firm hold of him.<sup>98</sup>  
 Again in the corn priests' court  
 Setting him up, they made his days.  
 This many days  
 The corn priests' children  
 With their fathers' song sequences  
 Have consumed in dancing.  
 Then yesterday,  
 When the number of their days was at an end,  
 Those who are our fathers,  
 The two who hold the high places,<sup>99</sup>  
 With their elder brothers' plume wands,  
 Their prayer feathers,  
 Their shells,

<sup>97</sup> Compare with use of black corn to bring forgetfulness of dead relatives

<sup>98</sup> The washing of the scalp

<sup>99</sup> The gods of war. The allusion is to the making of the images

In these wrapping themselves they renewed their human form.<sup>100</sup>  
 Holding their world,  
 Holding their people fast,  
 Sitting down quietly,  
 With us their children  
 After a blessed night.<sup>101</sup>  
 They came to day.  
 This very day  
 When he who is our sun father,  
 Coming out standing to his sacred place  
 Passed us on our roads,  
 Saying, let it be now,  
 Those who are our fathers,  
 The ones that first had being.<sup>102</sup>  
 Came out standing  
 Into the daylight of their sun father.  
 Near by, in the corn priests' court,  
 Our two fathers,  
 The ones who hold the high places,  
 With all their sacred things  
  
 Made their roads enter.  
 Yonder from all sides,  
 Those who are our fathers,  
 All the water bringing birds,  
 P?ekwins, priests,<sup>103</sup>  
 Made their roads come forth.  
 They made their roads come hither.  
 With his hand,  
 With his heart  
 His fathers' cloud house he fashioned,<sup>104</sup>  
 Their mist blanket he spread out,  
 Their life-giving road he sent forth,  
 Their perfect spring he prepared;  
 Then our two fathers,  
 Those who hold the high places,  
 With their house chiefs,<sup>105</sup>  
 Their p?ekwins,  
 Holding all their sacred things  
 Sitting down quietly  
 Throughout a blessed day,  
 With us, their children, they came to evening.  
 When the one who is our sun father

<sup>100</sup> The completion of the images

<sup>101</sup> In the house of the bow priests

<sup>102</sup> The sacred war bundles, and the bundle of the chief priesthood

<sup>103</sup> There is only one p?ekwin, but he is the representative or human counterpart of all the summer birds. The translation is unavoidably awkward

<sup>104</sup> The meal painting on the altar

<sup>105</sup> K^?äk?'wa:mosi, the first priesthood of the hierarchy



Had gone in to sit down at his sacred place,  
 And our night fathers,  
 Our night mothers,  
 Night priests,  
 Slowly rising to their sacred place,  
 Had passed us on our roads,  
 We passed you on your road.  
 You, Navaho priests,<sup>106</sup> have died.  
 Truly during your lives  
 You dealt falsely,  
 Although that was your nature in life,

Recently, by virtue of the corn priests water-bringing words,  
 You have passed one another on your road.  
 When you reveal to us<sup>107</sup>  
 How the days will be,  
 How the world will be,  
 Knowing that,  
 We shall pass our days.  
 To this end, my nieces,<sup>108</sup>  
 Add to your hearts.  
 So that your people you may waft hither only,  
 So that you may speed them hither,  
 On this do not fail to fix your thoughts.<sup>109</sup>  
 This is all.

He deposits the scalp in the scalp house, replaces the cover and comes back to the village. On his way back he mounts to four housetops, leaving on each a grain of black corn "to make his road dark." At his own house the ladder has been turned upside down. As soon as he has mounted it, it is righted so that the ghost can not follow him up. He comes into the house without speaking, hangs up his blanket and goes right out. Standing on the housetop facing the east, holding in his hands what yet remains of the black corn, he prays:

This many are the days  
 Since our children  
 Neglecting their little ones,  
 Neglecting their wives,  
 Yonder into the enemy's country  
 Made their road go forth.  
 Presently, even where the enemy  
 Stayed peacefully in their huts  
 Our fathers,  
 The ones who hold the high places,  
 Having commanded the enemy to be as women,  
 In a shower of arrows,  
 A shower of war clubs,  
 With bloody head,

<sup>106</sup> The inmates of the scalp house

<sup>107</sup> The scalp chief hopes for some omen at this time

<sup>108</sup> The scalps

<sup>109</sup> May we kill more of the enemy and imprison them here to serve our ends

The enemy reached the end of his life.  
 Our fathers,  
 Beast bow priests,  
 With their claws,<sup>110</sup>  
 Tearing from him his rain filled covering,  
 Commanded him to be the one to count those who have their homes above--  
 All little sparkling stars.<sup>111</sup>  
 The enemy,  
 Having added to the flesh of our mother earth,<sup>112</sup>  
 Hither into the corn priests' country,  
 He made his road go.  
 When his road came here to Itiwana,  
 Our two mothers,  
 Taking hold of him fast,  
 The country of the corn priests,  
 Four times successively encircling  
 Into the corn priests' rain filled court  
 Making their roads come in,  
 There they set him up.  
 His days were made.  
 When we had lived eagerly awaiting his days,  
 The rain maker priests,  
 With their fresh water,  
 Took firm hold of the enemy.  
 Then the days were made  
 For those who hold the high places.  
 Through all these days,  
 Mindful of their days,  
 You came to the time.  
 Then yesterday,  
 Our two fathers,  
 Those who hold the high places,  
 Once more assuming human form,  
 After a blessed night  
 With us their children  
 They came to day.  
 This day.<sup>113</sup>  
 When he who is our sun father  
 Has come out standing to his sacred place,  
 Saving, let it be now,  
 Our two fathers,  
 The ones who hold the high places,

<sup>110</sup> Sa'wanika, any weapon, and abstractly, power

<sup>111</sup> The fallen enemy is left face upward and commanded to count the stars; that is, taunted to do the impossible

<sup>112</sup> His blood fertilizes the earth. Wherever an enemy falls is formed an ant hill--a symbol, probably, of fecundity. Therefore prayer sticks are planted in ant hills, and the Ant society figures prominently in scalp-dance ceremonies

<sup>113</sup> By this time it is nearly day. The images of the war gods are taken to appropriate shrines, where they replace older ones which are removed and placed on a pile of similar ones behind the shrine

Yonder will pass their elder brothers on their roads.  
 Wherever they pass the divine ones on their roads  
 Taking their places,  
 They will sit down quietly.  
 Yonder on all the mossy mountain tops,  
 All about they will have their sacred places.  
 All the forests  
 All the brush  
 Being made representatives in prayer  
 That all the corn priests' children  
 May hold fast to life;  
 That this may be so,  
 The divine ones,  
 Taking one another's places,  
 Sit down quietly.  
 Holding all their world,  
 Holding all their people fast,  
 They will sit down quietly.  
 And then also these others,<sup>114</sup>  
 Asking in prayer for life for their children  
 They will add to our breath,  
 Seeking our relatives,  
 Our elders,  
 Near-by in all their houses  
 Wherever they lie sleeping,  
 These they will hold fast.  
 will have their  
 And also our children,  
 Those who watch over the ones through which we prosper,<sup>115</sup>  
 Those who for the sake of their children,  
 For the sake of their flocks  
 Yonder on all sides  
 Wander over their earth mother,  
 Who even on the bare ground stand at the edges of our land--  
  
 All these also they will hold fast.  
 I have sent forth my prayers.  
 Our children,  
 Even those who have erected their shelters  
 At the edge of the wilderness,  
 May their roads come in safely,  
 May the forests  
 And the brush  
 Stretch out their water-filled arms  
 To shield their hearts;  
 May their roads come in safely;  
 May their roads all be fulfilled,  
 May it not somehow become difficult for them

<sup>114</sup> The old images that are laid aside

<sup>115</sup> The herders of sheep

When they have gone but a little ways,  
May all the little boys,  
All the little girls,  
And those whose roads are ahead,  
May they have powerful hearts,  
Strong spirits;  
On roads reaching to Dawn Lake  
May you grow old;  
May your roads be fulfilled;  
May you be blessed with life.  
Where the life-giving road of your sun father comes out,  
May your roads reach;  
May your roads be fulfilled.

Taking out the black corn, he passes it around four times in front of him. Reentering the house, he repeats the prayer, still holding the corn in his hand. At the end, he again passes it around counter clockwise before him, as a rite of exorcism, and sets it aside to be planted in spring. Then his aunts wash his head and bathe him. The following day he deposits prayer sticks at amitolan tʔepʔoʔulikwi (where the rainbow bends over), a shrine to the gods of war, located in the canyon southwest of Zuñi. The prayer is similar.

## V. Prayers And Chants Of The Priests Of The Masked Gods: I

### THE COMING OF K<sup>^</sup>ÄKLO

In former times the preliminary initiation of small children took place every fourth year. In these years the chief of the cult group in charge of the K<sup>^</sup>äklo ritual received from the priests at the winter solstice a prayer stick commanding his participation.

The ceremony is held in March or April. Eight days before the actual whipping of the children K<sup>^</sup>äklo appears to announce the approaching ceremony and command those concerned to prepare for it. In each kiva he intones a long chant describing in great detail the mythological sanction of the, coming ceremony. <sup>116</sup> After visiting all the kivas he departs.

After eight days he comes again. Again he visits each kiva, repeating his chant. At dawn he is ready to depart. As he leaves, the gods who perform the initiation ceremonies appear and enter the village.

The following prayer is spoken by the impersonator of K<sup>^</sup>äklo at some time during his preparations for his ceremony, probably at the moment of taking out the mask before his second appearance.

This many are the days  
 Since the moon who is our mother  
 Yonder in the west a small thing  
 First became visible.  
 When she reached maturity  
 Then the one who is my father,  
 K<sup>^</sup>äklo, p<sup>?</sup>ekwin priest,  
 perpetuating his rite had since the first beginning--  
 Yonder from his perfect mountain  
 Made his road come forth.  
 He made his road come hither.  
 Into Itiwana his road entered,  
 There, wherever the roads of his children come forth  
 He made his road enter.  
 His words came forth.

All the ladder descending children of the corn priest  
 Desire the breath of their fathers,  
 Priests of the masked gods;  
 Since somehow it was not clear to which clan they belonged,  
 K<sup>^</sup>äklo, p<sup>?</sup>ekwin priest, made his road come hither.  
 To all the ladder descending children of the corn priests (he came)  
 In order that their children may have someone whom they call their second father,

<sup>116</sup> The text recorded by Mrs. Stevenson (Twenty-third Ann. Rept. Bur. Amer. Ethn., p. 80) is incomplete. This is a telescopic version, a mnemonic device consisting merely of a list of place names at which events and ceremonies described in the fuller version take place. The complete chant, which is intoned in very rapid rhythm, takes about six hours to perform--it is longer even than the sayataca chant. It is in the keeping of a cult group of four men who take turns in impersonating the god

That they may have one whom they call their second mother,  
 Now that they have sent for us  
 For this we have passed you on your roads.  
 I have told off the sequence of your days,  
 Anxiously awaiting your time,  
 I have told off the sequence of your days.  
 Seemingly now all the eight days are past,  
 It is the ninth night,  
 Now all of us  
 Shall pass you on your roads.  
 We shall pass a blessed night together,  
 And to-morrow,  
 When our sun father  
 Has come forth standing to his sacred place,  
 Throughout a blessed day,  
 We shall come to evening.  
 When our children  
 Into the corn priest's court have brought their roads,  
 Our fathers,  
 Priests of the masked gods,  
 With their powerful weapons  
 Four times will strike our young ones,  
 In order that this may be  
 We have passed you on your roads.  
 This is all.  
 Thus with plain words  
 We have passed you on your road.  
 To-morrow  
  
 Our young ones  
 The plume wands of their fathers,  
 Priests of the masked gods  
 They will fashion into human form.  
 When to our fathers,  
 Priests of the masked gods,  
 We have given these plume wands,  
 Then making their days,  
 Keeping their sacred days,  
 We shall pass our days.  
 And so, our fathers,  
 Your long life,  
 Your old age,  
 Your power,  
 Your strong spirit,  
 You will give to us,  
 So that we may be people blessed in all things.  
 Yonder toward the place of dawn  
 We shall give our fathers prayer meal.  
 Anxiously waiting we shall pass our days.  
 When all their days are at an end  
 With our clear water

We shall bind our children fast,  
 So that their roads may reach to dawn lake  
 So that our young ones' roads may be fulfilled.

### **PRAYER OF THE IMPERSONATOR OF P?A'UTIWA**

P?autiwa is the kadcina chief at Kadcina village. It is he who determines the order of masked rituals and dances, and sends forth masked beings to dance for his daylight children at Zuñi. The great masked ceremonies are held expressly by his order. They can only be held when he commands them at the new year. In folklore he appears frequently in the rôle of the divine lover of mortal maidens.

He appears three times annually at Zuñi--twice during the winter solstice, and at the mola:wia which closes the great masked festival of the late fall. He comes, therefore, at the beginning and end of the year. He is one of the most beautiful of all Zuñi impersonations. The mask is turquoise blue, elaborately adorned with the most precious feathers, in particular the priceless tail feathers of the macaw. He is fully clothed in rich clothing, including four embroidered white cotton blankets and innumerable, strings of the finest turquoise. His gait is slow and stately. He always goes sprinkling corn meal before him. It is altogether an impersonation of the greatest splendor and solemnity.

The winter solstice ceremonies and P?autiwa's part in them are described on pp. 535 and 908.

After P?autiwa has visited all the kivas he goes out toward the West. After undressing, at a point on the river, he is met by men of the Sun clan who escort him to the house of the house chief. Here are assembled all priests of the council, and members of the Dogwood clan. On entering, the impersonator of Pautiwa offers a long prayer recounting the duties of his office and invoking a blessing on the people. The house chief replies, thanking him, and then asks him what he has seen in his rounds of the village. He then relates what omens have been observed in the four excavations. The following prayer recited when he enters the ceremonial room, was dictated by a member of the Dogwood clan:

Now this many are the days  
 Since there yet remained a little space  
 Ere our sun father  
 Stood close beside his left hand sacred place,  
 When our daylight father of the Dogwood clan,  
 P?ekwin, priest,  
 For his fathers,  
 The ones that first had being--  
 K^?äeto:we,  
 Tcu'eto:we,  
 Mu'eto:we  
 Mu'eto:we Lhe'eto:we  
 All the society priests,  
 For them he counted up the days.  
 When we had lived through the full number of his days,  
 And when all the days were past,  
 He thought of those said to be the bearers of messages  
 To all the different directions,  
 The forest beings,  
 The brush beings.  
 When for their sun father,

Their moon mother,  
 Our daylight children  
 Had counted up the days  
 And when we come to the middle division of the days,<sup>117</sup>  
 Our children,  
 Whoever of them thought to grow old,  
 Taking prayer meal,  
 Taking shell,  
 Taking corn pollen,  
  
 Yonder toward all directions  
 One by one they made their roads go forth.  
 Yonder finding those who have been granted domain  
 On all the mossy mountains,  
 Along the slopes of the mountains,  
 In all the shady places,  
 The forests,  
 The brush,  
 And at the feet of some lucky one  
 Offering prayer meal,  
 Shell,  
 Corn pollen,  
 Among their slender finger tips  
 They looked about.  
 Breaking off the young green shoots of some lucky one,  
 And drawing them toward him.<sup>118</sup>  
 Even from where they abide quietly,  
 Holding their long life,  
 Holding their old age,  
 He brought them hither.  
 Now this many days  
 In our houses,  
 With us, their children,  
 They have stayed.  
 Then, when all their days were past,  
 With their warm human hands,  
 They took firm hold of them.  
 For their ancestors,  
 Their children,  
 The ones who have attained the far off place of waters,<sup>119</sup>  
 For their sun father,  
 For their moon mother,  
 For their need  
 We prepared plume wands.

<sup>117</sup> The fifth day of the p?ekwin's count. This is the traditional day for gathering willow sticks for making prayer sticks. As a matter of fact sticks are brought in at any time

<sup>118</sup> Changes from singular to plural, from first to third person, are frequent in Zuñi prayers which make little effort toward coherence or clarity of expression. Indeed, obscurity is a prized feature of the style of the men "who know how to pray." Lucidity is characterized as childish

<sup>119</sup> The dead. Sticks are offered to the ancestors, the sun, and the moon



With the massed cloud robe  
 Of the one who is our grandfather,  
 Male turkey,  
  
 With eagle's thin cloud wing,  
 And with the striped cloud wings  
 And massed cloud tails  
 Of all the birds of summer,  
 With these four times wrapping our plume wands,  
 We gave them human form.  
 With the flesh of our grandfather,  
 Giant yucca  
 Even a roughly made cord,  
 Even a dirty cord,  
 With this four times encircling the plume wands  
 We tied it about their bodies;  
 With water-bringing hanging feathers,  
 We made them into living beings.  
 With the flesh of our two mothers,  
 Black paint woman,  
 Clay woman,  
 We clothed our plume wands with flesh;  
 Giving them flesh, we gave them human form.  
 Then our two fathers,  
 The ones who hold the high places,<sup>120</sup>  
 Wrapping themselves in their elder brothers' plume wands,  
 Their elder brothers' prayer feathers,  
 Their elder brothers' shell beads,  
 They became living beings;  
 Holding all their world,  
 Holding all their people fast,  
 The two sat down quietly.  
 Then while yet a little space remained  
 Ere our sun father  
 Went in to sit down at his sacred place,  
 Yonder from all directions,  
 Our fathers, water birds,  
 P?ekwin priests,  
 By means of their supernatural wisdom  
 Made their roads come in.<sup>121</sup>  
 Having brought their roads hither  
 Thinking, "Let it be here,"  
  
 His fathers' massed cloud house he fashioned,  
 Their mist blanket he spread out,  
 Their life-giving road he fashioned,  
 Their perfect spring he prepared.

<sup>120</sup> The images of the gods of war are carved and setup in the houses of the image makers.

<sup>121</sup> The p?ekwin makes the altar painting in He'iwa kiva. The p?ekwin is here conceived plurally as representative of the summer-bringing birds

When all was ready our two fathers,  
 The ones who hold the high places,  
 And their house chiefs,  
 Their p?ekwins,  
 Their bow priests,  
 All with their sacred possessions,<sup>122</sup>  
 Made their roads come in.  
 Perpetuating their rite handed down since the first beginning,  
 The two sat down quietly.  
 Listening for this,  
 All the society priests  
 Kept to their houses.<sup>123</sup>  
 And to wherever they staid in,  
 Along a single road  
 The divine ones came to them.  
 Sitting down quietly  
 Throughout a blessed night  
 With us, their children, they came to day.  
 Next day,  
 Saying, "Let it be now,"  
 Our two fathers,  
 The ones who hold the high places,  
 Met their elder brothers,<sup>124</sup>  
 Changing places with them  
 The divine ones sat down quietly,  
 And counted the days for us.  
 When all our days were passed in anticipation,  
 And when we came to the middle division of the days,  
 The ones who are our fathers  
 Those of the Dogwood clan  
  
 Desiring one another sat down in council.  
 Among all our ladder descending children  
 We looked about.  
 Toward whoever was trustworthy  
 Our fathers, who once had been thus,<sup>125</sup>  
 Bent their thoughts,  
 Their thoughts following,  
 The living ones chose me  
 To be the one to keep their prayers.  
 Yonder from all sides,  
 From wherever they abide permanently  
 The divine ones made their roads come forth.

<sup>122</sup> The war gods come into the kiva, followed by the various sacred war bundles, and parts of the rain. making bundles of the chief priesthoods

<sup>123</sup> The priests wait in the kiva until they are visited by the Ne?we:kwe. Then they start their ceremonies, and, on hearing their drum, the other societies that have been waiting start their own ceremonies

<sup>124</sup> The war gods are taken out to their shrines, where they are set up to replace the images of previous years

<sup>125</sup> The selection is made by members of the cult group; that is, by former impersonators of the god. The choice is inspired by deceased impersonators

They made their roads come hither,  
 Their roads went first,  
 The others followed at their backs.  
 Into my house  
 The divine ones made their road enter.  
 After they had sat down quietly  
 We in the daylight  
 Met one another.  
 The divine ones' prayers leading,  
 Our words following,  
 With prayer meal  
 We held one another fast.  
 That I might be the one to represent our father,  
 K<sup>^</sup>?äwulhia, P?autiwa,<sup>126</sup>  
 My daylight father,  
 He of the Dogwood clan who holds this rite,  
 For this with prayer meal  
 He held me fast.  
 Now that this many days  
 Eagerly we have lived.  
 Yesterday the appointed time arrived,  
  
 When all my fathers,  
 Passed me on my road,  
 Yonder from all sides  
 The divine ones made their roads come forth.  
 They made their roads come hither  
 Whenever it was that they first took hold of our plume wands,  
 In the brush,  
 The straight green shoots of some lucky one  
 Drawing toward them,  
 They held them fast.  
 Holding in our hands  
 Plume wands ordained for our two fathers,  
 K<sup>^</sup>?äwulhia,  
 P?autiwa,  
 Thus we came to evening.  
 With the massed cloud robe  
 Of him who is our grandfather,  
 Male turkey,  
 With eagle's thin cloud wing,  
 With the striped cloud wings  
 And massed cloud tails  
 Of all the birds of summer,  
 With these four times wrapping our plume wands  
 We gave them human form;  
 With the one who is our grandfather,  
 Giant yucca,

<sup>126</sup> In prayers, he is always referred to under the double name. No explanation of the first part could be elicited. The dual form of the verb and the pronoun is used

Even a roughly made thread,  
 Even a dirty thread,  
 With this four times encircling them,  
 We tied it about their bodies;  
 With our mothers,  
 Black paint woman,  
 Clay woman,  
 With their flesh four times we clothed our plume wands all over with flesh,  
 Putting flesh on our plume wands  
 We gave them human form.  
 Then when yet a little space remained  
 Ere our sun father went in  
  
 To sit down at his ancient place  
 For our two fathers  
 We made the bundle of wood  
 The bundle of sticks,  
 The bundle of twigs--<sup>127</sup>  
 That which is generally called the water terrace.  
 Then perpetuating their rite had since the first beginning,  
 The two assumed human form.  
 Holding all their world  
 Holding all their people fast,  
 With us their children  
 They came to day.  
 When he who is our sun father,  
 Coming out standing to his ancient place  
 Passed us on our roads,  
 Saying, "Let it be now,"  
 The divine ones leading  
 We following at their backs,  
 Yonder to the south,  
 With prayers we made our road go forth.  
 Reaching the place  
 Whence my fathers make the  
 world over anew,<sup>128</sup>  
 Representing my father,  
 K<sup>^</sup>?äwulhia P?autiwa  
 I assumed his person.<sup>129</sup>  
 Carrying his waters,  
 His seeds,  
 And carrying my fathers' perfect<sup>130</sup> plume wands,  
 I made my road come hither.

<sup>127</sup> These are three esoteric names for a large bundle of prayer sticks, the common name of which is K<sup>^</sup>?ä'etcine, "water steps," so called from the fact that it is arranged like a terraced house, with the longer sticks in the center. With characteristic Zuñi double entendre it might mean also the steps by which the rain gods descend from heaven

<sup>128</sup> P?autiwa comes from the land of summer. Therefore he clothes himself and comes in from the south

<sup>129</sup> He puts on the mask, thereby assuming the form and personality of the god. This power to change one's personality resides in the mask which is the body of the god

<sup>130</sup> The telhna:we or staves of office made by the priests and "finished" with their sacred paint

I offered my fathers plume wands,  
 Praying to know how the world would be,  
 I offered my fathers plume wands.  
 Drawing my plume wands to them  
 How the days will be.

They revealed to me.  
 Knowing that,  
 I prayed that throughout the country of the Corn priests  
 Our earth mother might be wrapped  
 In four layers of green blanket,  
 That the land might be full of moss,  
 Full of flowers  
 Full of corn pollen--  
 Sending forth prayers that it might be thus,  
 I offered my fathers' plume wands.  
 Four times I made my road encircle  
 The land of the Corn priests  
 Then yonder, wherever the water roads of my kiva children come out,  
 I laid down plume wands.  
 Then far off to his own country  
 My father  
 Made his road go forth  
 Carrying my fathers' plume wands,  
 Carrying his prayer meal,  
 I made his road go forth.  
 Far off at the place of the first beginning  
 Touching them with my plume wands,  
 With all the others he will hold discourse.  
 Our fathers will take hold of our plume wands.  
 Then in that way  
 Their long life,  
 Their old age,  
 They will grant to us.  
 That our roads may reach to where  
 the life-giving road of our sun  
 father comes out,  
 That we may finish our roads--  
 This they will grant us.  
 This day in accordance with whatever you wished,  
 Whatever you wished when you appointed me,  
 I have fulfilled your thoughts.  
 With thoughts in harmony  
 May we live together.

For even while I call myself poor,  
 Somewhere far off  
 Is one who is my father.  
 Beseeching the breath of the divine One,  
 K<sup>^</sup>?äwulhia P?autiwa,  
 His life giving breath,

His breath of old age  
His breath of waters,  
His breath of seeds,  
His breath of riches,  
His breath of fecundity,  
His breath of power,  
His breath of strong spirit,  
His breath of all good fortune whatsoever,  
Asking for his breath  
And into my warm body drawing his breath,  
I add to your breath  
That happily you may always live.  
To this end, my fathers,  
My children:  
May you be blessed with light.

## VI. Prayers And Chants Of The Priests Of The Masked Gods: II

### PRAYERS AND CHANTS OF THE CA?LAKO CEREMONIES

During the taboo period of the winter solstice ceremony the priests select men who are to impersonate the priests of the masked gods during the coming year. They are notified of their appointment, and on the final day of the winter solstice are summoned to Hei'wa kiva to receive their staves of office--the feathered staves which the impersonator of P?autiwa left there the night before.

The men who are chosen must be known to be above reproach men of pure heart and kindly disposition, who will not neglect any of the taboos attaching to their office and who will be diligent in their prayers.

Their duties begin the evening of the day on which they receive their sticks of office. Every day at sunrise they must offer meal to the sun with prayers for their people. They must go out of the village toward the east for their prayer. Many Zuñis pray each morning, but on priests and impersonators of the gods this observance is obligatory. Every evening after dark they sacrifice food in the river to the west of the village.

On their first evening following their appointment they start their nightly meetings with the trustees of their ritual to learn the long prayers and complicated rites connected with their office. These nightly meetings continue throughout the year until their days are fulfilled in November. The 10 Koyemci meet in the house of their father, the impersonators of the priests of the masked gods--Cula:witsi Sayataca, Hututu, the two Yamuhato meet in the house of the impersonator of Sayataca. The little boy Cula:witsi and his ceremonial father are required to attend only the four nights following the planting at the new moon. The Ca?lako impersonators meet formally only on these four nights each month, but hold informal meetings in between. The first prayer that is learned is the one that accompanies the monthly offerings of prayer sticks.

At each full moon all the impersonators plant together at springs in the mountains south of Zuñi.

On these days they gather early in the morning in their ceremonial houses to make their prayer sticks. Long prayers are recited at the conclusion of their work, Then after a feast they leave for the shrines, which lie to the south at a distance of 4 to 8 miles. The prayer sticks are deposited beside the spring in regular order, and long prayers are offered. The impersonators of Sayataca recite the prayer, the others joining in according to the extent of their knowledge. Toward sunset the party approaches the village, marching in regular order across the plains, singing songs of the masked dancers.

Throughout the year each group of impersonators must work for the household which is to entertain them a the great public festival. From midsummer on every day is spent in labor for their hosts. They do all the work of the fields and build the new home in which the gods are to be received.

On the morning of the tenth planting, which takes place early in October, the impersonators of Sayataca and Molanhakto receive from the priest the two day counts--cotton strings containing 49 knots. One knot is untied each morning until the day of the great public

ceremony. During this period there are plantings at intervals of 10 days at rock shrines to the southwest of the village.

The public ceremonies start on the fortieth day,<sup>131</sup> with the arrival of the Koyemci in the evening. They come masked, visiting each of the four plazas to announce the coming of the gods in eight days. They then go into retreat in the house of their father, where they remain in seclusion, with the exception of appearances in the plaza, until the festival is concluded fifteen days later.

Four days after the appearance of the Koyemci the Sayataca party come in in the evening and go into retreat in the house of the impersonator of Sayataca. On the same night the Ca?lako impersonators go into retreat in their respective houses.

On the eighth day there is another planting of prayer sticks with elaborate ceremonies at which the gods are summoned from the village of the masked gods.

After they are clothed and masked they approach the village. The giant Ca?lako gods wait on the south bank of the river but the priests of the masked gods--Cula:witsi, Sayataca, Hututu, two Yamuhakto, and two Salimopia--enter the village in mid afternoon. After planting prayer sticks in six excavations in the streets of the village they repair to the house where they are to be entertained for the night. This is always a new or at least a renovated house, and the visit of the gods is a blessing, a dedication. Prayer sticks are planted inside the threshold (formerly under the outside ladder) and in a decorated box suspended from the center of the ceiling. The walls of the house are marked with corn meal. In all excavations in the center of the floor seeds of all kinds are deposited. Similar rites are performed later in the evening by the six Ca?lako and the Koyemci in the houses where they are to be entertained.

After the blessing of the house the gods are seated by the p?ekwin, their masks raised. Reed cigarettes are brought and each god smokes with the person seated opposite him, exchanging with him the customary terms of relationship. Then the host (in the Sayataca house, the village chief serves as host) questions the gods concerning the circumstance of their coming. In the long recital that follows he reviews all the events leading up to the present moment, and invokes upon the house a the blessings of the gods, especially the blessing of fecundity.

This litany chanted in unison by the four leaders (Cula:witsi is not required to learn it) takes about six hours to perform. It is chanted in loud tones and very slowly in monotone, except for the last syllable of each line, which is higher in pitch, heavily accented, and prolonged. The chants of the Ca?lako, which omit the recital of the 29 springs visited by the gods on their way to Zuñi and curtail other portions, take from one to two hours to perform.

All are finished at about 11 o'clock at night, when an elaborate feast is served in all the houses. After this all the masked personages dance until day in the house of their hosts.

At the first sign of approaching dawn Sayataca ascends to the roof of the house where he has spent the night, and facing the east, unties the last knot in his counting string while he intones another prayer. Returning to the house, he repeats the prayer. He then thanks the members of the society choir who furnished the music during the night. The dancing continues until sunrise, when the heads of all impersonators are washed by the women of the house where they were entertained, as a symbol of their permanent association with these houses.

At about noon, after planting prayer sticks and performing magical ceremonies in a field on the south of the river, the Ca?lako gods and the Sayataca group depart for their home in the

<sup>131</sup> That is, if the ceremony is not postponed. However, almost without exception, a postponement of 10 days is necessary



west. This closes their year, and the impersonators of the Sayataca group and the six Ca?lako are now free after the exacting period of service. The Koyemci, however, are not yet free. Throughout the year their duties have been heavier. They hold nightly meetings and participate in the monthly plantings of the other impersonators. Furthermore, at all of the dances of the summer series (six in all, lasting from one to eight days) they must come out and “play,” observing all the usual taboos from the evening preceding the dance until the final departure. They may appear also in winter, and if they do must observe the same restrictions. If any extra dances are inserted into the calendar in the summer and fall, as frequently happens, the Koyemci are required to attend.

For five nights following the departure of the Ca?lako gods, dancers from each of the six kivas are supposed to visit all the houses which have entertained the gods. Some of them dance in the plaza during the day. Throughout this period the Koyemci remain in strict retreat in the house where they were entertained. At night they dance in their house; during the day they “play” in the plaza and attend any dancers who appear there. These are days of great festivity.

On the fifth evening they eat early and sparingly, and from this time on food and drink are taboo until the following night. Speech also is forbidden them, nor may they appear unmasked. After they enter upon this period the character of their dancing changes, becoming more solemn. They do not indulge in their usual obscenity. On the following morning they come out early and are taken to be washed in the house of the village chief. Here the women give them gifts of food. On coming out, they are taken by men of their fathers’ clans to the houses of their fathers’ sisters. Here they receive gifts from all members of the fathers’ clan. Each impersonator will receive as many as thirty slaughtered sheep, as many baskets of corn or wheat flour, bread, melons, and miscellaneous gifts of clothing, frequently of great value. The gifts are brought to the plaza, where they remain until night. Meanwhile the Koyemci attend upon the various dancers until later at night.

At nightfall the last of the dancers, the Molawia, have departed. Then the Koyemci, in pairs, visit every house in the village to invoke upon it the blessings of the gods. At each house they receive gifts of food from the female inhabitants. Returning to the plaza, they take their prayer sticks out to plant. They return to the house of their father late at night, and removing their masks for the first time all day give them to their father to return to the house where they are kept. When he comes back he thanks his children for their year of work and sets them free. Then for the first time since the preceding evening they drink, and after eating and bathing return to their homes. Their retreat, fifteen days, is the longest in Zuñi ritual.

The following prayers are only a fragment of the whole ritual. In addition to those recorded there are long series of prayers spoken at the time, of appointment to office, for making prayer sticks, for offering corn meal to the sun (different in summer and winter) and food to the ancestors, for untying the knots of the day count, for each stage of dressing for the public ceremony, and for each offering of prayer sticks. In addition, the host and officials of the Katsina society have many long prayers.

Each of the six Ca?lako impersonations has a different chant, and that of the Koyemci is again different.

### **PRAYER OF THE IMPERSONATORS OF THE MASKED GODS WITH MONTHLY OFFERING OF PRAYER STICKS**

And now indeed it is so.

At the New Year

Our fathers

Four times prepared their precious plume wands.  
 With their plume wands they took hold of me.<sup>132</sup>  
 This many days  
 Anxiously we have awaited our time.  
 When the moon, who is our mother  
 Yonder in the west  
 As a small thing appeared,<sup>133</sup>  
 Carrying our fathers' precious plume wand,  
 With our own poor plume wand  
 Fastened to our fathers' plume wand,  
 At the place called since the first beginning  
 Snow hanging, or where snow hangs,  
 To our fathers,  
 Priests of the masked gods,  
 Cula:witsi, p?ekwin priest,  
 Sayataca, bow priest,  
 Hututu, bow priest,  
 Yamuhakto, bow priests,  
 To all the masked gods,  
 (Our plume wands we gave.)  
 Where they were to receive their plume wands,  
 All happily gathered together,  
 There we passed them on their roads.  
 This day  
 We shall give you plume wands.  
 Keeping your days,  
 Throughout the cycle of your months,  
 Throughout the summer,  
 Anxiously we shall await your time.  
 Our fathers,  
 Yonder toward the south  
 Wherever your roads come out,  
 We have given you plume wands.  
  
 When your springs were at an end,  
 Our fathers,  
 In their rain-filled room  
 Met together.  
 The flesh of their mother, cotton woman,  
 Four times counting up,  
 They gave their day counts human form.<sup>134</sup>  
 Of our two fathers,  
 Sayataca, bow priest,  
 Molanhaktu, house chief,  
 They had need.

<sup>132</sup> The appointment of the impersonator at the winter Solstice

<sup>133</sup> The new moon. The first planting may be at the new moon or at the fall moon, depending upon how quickly the appointments of the Ca?lako impersonators and the nine Koyemci are made.

<sup>134</sup> Kohaito, "setting the day for the gods." The presentation of the day count with its 49 knots theoretically fixes the date of the festival. Kohaito may take place at the new moon or the full moon of October

The two passed their fathers on their roads.  
 With the flesh of their mother,  
 Cotton woman,  
 Four times counted up, and given human form,  
 With this they took hold of them.  
 From where our fathers stay,  
 Carrying the day count  
 They made their roads go forth.  
 To their own houses  
 Their roads reached.  
 A little later  
 Carrying their fathers' day count  
 With their plume wands fastened together,  
 They made their roads go forth.  
 Yonder we took our way.  
 At the place called since the first beginning.  
 Aiyayak<sup>ä</sup>,<sup>135</sup>  
 Our fathers,  
 Rain makers,  
 Our fathers,  
 Priests of the masked gods,  
 Where they were all gathered together,  
 We passed them on their roads.  
 Giving them our fathers' plume wands,  
 Giving them their day count,  
 This many days  
 The days of their counting string,  
 Anxiously we have awaited our time.  
  
 When all their days were past,  
 When their day-count was at an end  
 Again we prepared plume wands.  
 Carrying our plume wands  
 At the place called since the first beginning  
 Rock Face,  
 We passed our fathers on their roads.  
 Meeting our fathers,  
 We gave them plume wands.  
 Keeping their days  
 Anxiously waiting  
 We passed our days.  
 This many are the days--  
 And when their days were at an end,  
 Over there, following your springs,  
 We gave you plume wands.  
 When all your days are past,  
 Our fathers,  
 Priests of the masked gods

<sup>135</sup> The place used to be Halon Kwaton. See below

Bow priests of the masked gods  
 Cula:witsi p?ekwin priest,  
 Sayataca bow priest,  
 Hututu bow priest,  
 Yamuhaktu bow priests,  
 Ca?lako bow priests,  
 All the masked gods  
 There from your home set with mountains,  
 Bringing your waters,  
 Bringing your seeds,  
 Bringing all your good fortune,  
 Our fathers,  
 You will make your roads come forth.  
 “Yes,<sup>136</sup> now every one of us will come forth.  
 Our fathers at Itiwana,  
 We shall pass on their roads.  
 Let no one be left behind.  
 All the men,  
  
 Those with snow upon their heads,  
 With moss upon their faces,  
 With bony knees,  
 No longer upright, but bent over canes,  
 Now all of us  
 Shall pass our fathers on their roads.  
 And the women,  
 With snow upon their heads,  
 Even those who are with child,  
 Carrying one on the back,  
 With another on the cradle board,  
 Leading one by the hand,  
 With yet another going before,  
 Even all of us  
 Shall pass you on your roads.  
 Indeed, it is so  
 The thoughts of our fathers,  
 Who at the New Year  
 With their precious plume wands  
 Appointed us  
 Their thoughts we now fulfill.  
 This is all.  
 Thus with plain words we have passed you on your roads.  
 Now we fulfill the thoughts of our fathers.  
 Always with one thought  
 We shall live together.  
 This is all.  
 Thus with plain words we have passed you on your roads.  
 For whatever our fathers desired

<sup>136</sup> From this point to the end the speaker quotes from the Ca?lako chant. The frequent changes of tense throughout the prayer make it impossible to fix it in the calendar. The Zuñi use of tense is not the same as ours

When at the New Year  
 They sent forth their sacred words,  
 We have now fulfilled their thoughts.  
 To this end: My fathers,  
 My mothers,  
 My children,  
 Always with one thought  
 May we live together.  
 With your waters,  
 Your seeds,  
 Your riches,  
 Your power,  
 Your strong spirit,  
 All your good fortune,  
 With all this may you bless us.”

### SAYATACA’S NIGHT CHANT

And now indeed it has come to pass.  
 When the sun who is our father  
 Had yet a little ways to go to reach his left-hand altar,<sup>137</sup>  
 Our daylight father,  
 P?ekwin of the Dogwood clan,  
 Desired the waters, the seeds  
 Of his fathers,  
 Priests of the masked gods.  
 Then our fathers,<sup>138</sup>  
 Sharing one another’s desire, sat down together  
 In the rain-filled room  
 Of those that first came into being.<sup>139</sup>  
 Yonder following all the springs,  
 They sought those ordained to bring long life to man,<sup>140</sup>  
 Those that stand upright,  
 But (like the waters of the world),  
 Springing from one root, are joined together fast.<sup>141</sup>  
 At the feet of some fortunate one  
 Offering prayer meal,  
 Turquoise, corn pollen,  
 Breaking the straight young shoots,  
 With their warm human hands  
 They held them fast.  
 Taking the massed cloud robe of their grandfather, turkey man,  
 Eagle’s mist garment,  
 The thin cloud wings and massed cloud tails  
 Of all the birds of summer,

<sup>137</sup> I. e., the south, therefore, at the winter solstice

<sup>138</sup> The priests

<sup>139</sup> E’to:we, the fetishes of the priests

<sup>140</sup> The red willow, the wood most commonly used for prayer sticks

<sup>141</sup> According to Zuñi cosmology, springs are outlets of a system of underground waters. By analogy, a shrub whose shoots are joined to a common rootstock is used to bring rain

With these four times clothing their plume wands,  
 They made the plume wands into living beings.  
 With the flesh of their mother,  
 Cotton woman,  
 Even a thread badly made,<sup>142</sup>  
 A soiled cotton thread,<sup>143</sup>  
 Four times encircling their wand they made their belts;<sup>144</sup>  
 With rain-bringing prayer feathers  
 They made them into living beings.  
 With the flesh of their two mothers,  
 Black paint woman,  
 Clay woman,  
 Clothing their plume wands with flesh,  
 They made them into living beings.  
 When they said, "Let it be now,  
 The ones who are our fathers  
 Commissioned with prayers  
 The prayer wands that they had fashioned.  
 When the sun who is our father,  
 Had gone in to sit down at his ancient place,<sup>145</sup>  
 Then over toward the south,  
 Whence the earth is clothed anew,<sup>146</sup>  
 Our father, K<sup>^</sup>?äwulhia P?autiwa,<sup>147</sup>  
 Perpetuating what had been since the first beginning  
 Again assumed human form.<sup>148</sup>  
 Carrying his fathers' finished<sup>149</sup> plume wands  
 He made his road come hither.  
 Wherever he thought, "Let it be here,"  
 Into his fathers' rain-filled room,  
 He made his road to enter.  
 And when our sun father,  
 Had yet a little ways to go  
 To go in to sit down at his ancient place,  
 Yonder from all sides  
 Rain-bringing birds,<sup>150</sup>  
 P?ekwin, priest  
 From where he stays quietly,

<sup>142</sup> This one is not cut

<sup>143</sup> That is, so long as it is cotton

<sup>144</sup> A characteristic word play, literally, "they brought it around to be tied" or "they reached their belts."

<sup>145</sup> Sunset

<sup>146</sup> The south wind and the summer birds bring summer from the south

<sup>147</sup> Mrs. Stevenson calls him komosona (head of the masked god cult) of Kolhuwalawa. He is described as "the highest chief." None of the gods can come to Zuñi save by his order. The plans are made at the New Year, when he leaves the crooks for all the dancers

<sup>148</sup> The impersonator dons the mask and becomes the god, and inversely the god assumes human form. As a matter of fact, in the evening the impersonator comes unmasked, the mask having previously been taken to the kiva

<sup>149</sup> Finished with the special paint used by priests, which was brought from the underworld at the time of the emergence

<sup>150</sup> An esoteric designation for the p?ekwin

Made his road come forth.  
 Making his road come hither,  
 Into his fathers' rain-filled room,  
 He made his road to enter.  
 With his wings,  
 His fathers' cloud house he fashioned  
 Their bed of mist<sup>151</sup> he spread out,  
 Their life-giving road<sup>152</sup> Is of meal he sent forth  
 Their precious spring<sup>153</sup> he prepared.  
 When all was ready,  
 Our father, K<sup>^</sup>?äwulhia P?autiwa  
 Reaching his house chiefs,<sup>154</sup>  
 His p?ekwin  
 His bow priests,  
 He made his road to go in.  
 Following one road,  
 Sitting down quietly,  
 A blessed night  
 The divine ones  
 With us, their children, came to day.  
 Next day, when our sun father  
 Had come out standing to his sacred place,<sup>155</sup>  
 Saying, "Let it be now.  
 Over there to the south,  
 Whence the earth is clothed anew,  
 Our father, K<sup>^</sup>?äwulhia P?autiwa,  
 Perpetuating what had been since the first beginning,  
 Again assumed human form.  
 Carrying his waters,  
 Carrying his seeds,  
 Carrying his fathers' precious plume wands,  
 He made his road come forth.  
 He made his road come hither.  
 The Country of the Corn priests,  
 Four times he made his road encircle..<sup>156</sup>  
 Yonder wherever all his kiva children's rain-filled roads come out.<sup>157</sup>  
 His precious plume wands  
 He laid down.

<sup>151</sup> The meal painting on the altar

<sup>152</sup> A line of meal reaching from the altar to the ladder, along which impersonators walk

<sup>153</sup> The bowl of medicine water placed on the altar

<sup>154</sup> The chief priesthood

<sup>155</sup> Sunrise. P?autiwa enters the village just after sunset. in fact, by the time he has visited all the kivas. It is quite dark. However, the ceremonies on the plain, where he dresses, begin shortly after noon.

<sup>156</sup> P?autiwa in coming in at this time encircles the village four times in narrowing circles, symbolic of the search for the middle

<sup>157</sup> At the hatchways of all the kivas; Pautiwa does not enter the kivas. He leaves the plume wands on the roofs. The description is of the leaving of the crooks for the six Ca?lako impersonations. The crooks for the Sayataca group and the Koyemci are brought to He'iwa kiva by the impersonator of Pautiwa when he comes unmasked for the night ceremonies of the New Year. They have already been distributed before his afternoon appearance with the Ca?lako crooks.

Then turning he went back to his own country.  
 My father picked up the prayer plume,  
 And with the precious prayer plume  
 Me he appointed.<sup>158</sup>  
 The moon, who is our mother,  
 Yonder in the West waxed large;  
 And when standing fully grown against the eastern sky,<sup>159</sup>  
 She made her days,  
 For my fathers,  
 Rain maker priests,  
 Priests of the masked gods.  
 I fashioned prayer plumes into living beings.  
 My own common<sup>160</sup> prayer plume,  
 I fastened to the precious prayer plume of my fathers.  
 At the place since the first beginning called cotton hanging,  
 I brought my fathers<sup>161</sup> prayer plumes.  
 Drawing my prayer plumes toward them,  
 They spoke to those inside the place of our first beginning.<sup>162</sup>  
 Yonder following all the springs,  
 On all the mossy mountains,  
 In all the wooded places,  
 At the encircling ocean,  
 With my prayer plumes,  
 With my sacred meal,  
 With my sacred words,  
 They talked to those within.  
 Winter,  
 Summer,  
 Through the cycle of the months,  
 Though my prayer plumes were but poor ones,  
 There toward the south,  
 Wherever my fathers' roads come out.<sup>163</sup>

<sup>158</sup> The "Ca?lako crook" left by P?autiwa is taken by one of the kiva officials who is waiting in the kiva to receive it. He takes it home. Next evening members are summoned to his home for the ceremony of installation. The "crook" contains one long and two short sticks. The long stick and one short one are given to the man who volunteers to entertain the gods. The short stick is planted at the first full moon of the New Year. The long one is kept in the house until the last day of the Ca?lako festival, when it is given to the father of the Koyemci, who plants it with his own prayer sticks that night. The other short stick is given to the impersonator and is planted by him at the first full moon, as described in the following passage

<sup>159</sup> At the full moon

<sup>160</sup> Painted with common paint

<sup>161</sup> His ancestors, the deceased impersonators of Sayataca, and the katecinas

<sup>162</sup> The rain makers

<sup>163</sup> At various springs in the mountains south of Zuñi. At the present time these are visited in the following order: Uhanaa (snow hanging), January; Alhapatsi (rock wedge), February; At?sinakwi (painted rock), March; Picuk^?aia. (poison water weed spring), April; k^?änulha (mesa wall spring, lit., water against some thing), May; Toloknana, two plantings, in June and July; k^?ate:tcı (evil smelling water), August; Opump?ia (sack of meal hanging), September; Ayayakya (bluebird), October (ko haito). The matter, however, is not so simple, and there are always arguments as to the dates and places of planting. The first planting need not be at the full moon. If the New Year is at the full moon the first planting maybe immediately after or delayed a month. If it takes place the end of January there is disagreement concerning the advisability of planting twice at Toloknana and as to when the last planting at Ayayakya should be made at the full moon or the first quarter. The final decision



I continued to give them prayer plumes.  
 And when the cycle of months was at an end  
 My fathers<sup>164</sup> made their rain roads come in  
 To their fathers,  
 Their mothers,  
 Those that first came into being.  
 Sharing one another's desire, they sat down together.  
 With the flesh of their mother,  
 Cotton woman,  
 Even a cord badly made,  
 A soiled cotton cord,  
 With this four times  
 They made the day counts<sup>165</sup> into living beings.  
 Saying, "Let it be now,"  
 They sent for me.  
 I came to my fathers,  
 Where they were waiting for me.  
 With their day count  
 They took hold of me fast.  
 Carrying their day count  
 I came back to my house.  
 Saying, "Let it be now,"  
 And carrying the prayer plumes which  
 I had prepared,  
 Yonder to the south  
 With prayers, I made my road go forth.  
 To the place ever since the first beginning called "Ants go in,"<sup>166</sup>  
 My road reached.  
 There where my fathers' water-filled roads come out,  
 I gave them plume wands;  
 I gave them prayer feathers;  
 There I asked for light for you.  
 That you may finish your roads,  
 That you may grow old,  
 That you may have corn,  
 That you may have beans,  
 That you may have squash,  
 That you may have wheat,  
 That you may kill game,  
 That you may be blessed with riches,  
 For all this I asked.

rests with the personator of Sayataca. No matter when the plantings are made, it is always necessary at the end to postpone the festival because the houses are not ready. This is done after consultation with the p?ekwin, so that the dates may not conflict with his dates for the winter solstice.

<sup>164</sup> The priests

<sup>165</sup> A cotton string containing 49 knots. Starting with the following morning, one knot is untied each morning, the last being untied at daybreak the morning the gods go out after their night of dancing in the houses. One such string is given to the Sayataca impersonator, one to the father of the Koyemci.

<sup>166</sup> Halon Kwaton, at the foot of Corn Mountain. M. C. Stevenson records ko haito as being made at this place. In 1927 and in preceding years this ceremony took place at Ayayakya, on the opposite side of the valley.

Then over toward the west.<sup>167</sup>  
 Where the road of my fathers comes in,  
 I gave them plume wands.  
 And now, when all of their days were past,  
 Over toward the west,  
 Where the gray mountain stands,<sup>168</sup>  
 And the blue mountain,  
 Where rain always falls,  
 Where seeds are renewed,  
 Where life is renewed,  
 Where no one ever falls down,<sup>169</sup>  
 At the abiding place  
 Of those who are our children,<sup>170</sup>  
 There I met them on their roads.  
 There where the one who is my father  
 Had prepared my seat  
 Four times my father.<sup>171</sup> sprinkled prayer meal.  
 On the crown of my head  
 Four times he sprinkled prayer meal.  
 And after he had sprinkled prayer meal on his rain seat,  
 Following him,  
 My prayer meal  
 Four times I sprinkled.  
 My father's rain seat  
 I stood beside.  
 My father took hold of me.  
 Presenting me to all the directions,<sup>172</sup> he made me sit down.  
 When I had sat down,  
 My father  
 Took his grandson,  
 Reed youth.  
 Within his body,  
 He bored a hole going through him.  
 Four times drawing toward him his bag of native tobacco  
 Into the palm of his hand  
 He measured out the tobacco.  
 Within his body  
 He placed mist.<sup>173</sup>  
 He took his grandmother.<sup>174</sup> by the hand,

<sup>167</sup> The plantings to the west are at intervals of 10 days They are not at springs

<sup>168</sup> Ko?lhuwalawa, kadcina village. Actually the impersonator is dressed, with elaborate ceremonies, at Ak^?ohana t?i'nakwi, a shrine about 2 miles southwest of Zuñi. Here two mounds of corn meal are made to represent the mountains at Kolhwala:wa. Komosona, chief of the kadcina cult, officiates as the "father."

<sup>169</sup> I. e., dies

<sup>170</sup> The kadcinas

<sup>171</sup> Sayatca, the god, represented by komosona

<sup>172</sup> Holding his shoulder and moving him gently to the north, west, south, east, up, and then seating him

<sup>173</sup> Cipololon:e, a common wordplay. Cipololon:e means both mist and smoke, ceremonially. The ordinary word for smoke is lhik^?aian:e. The significance of the rite suffers in translation

<sup>174</sup> Fire. In ritual smoking the cigarette is lighted with live coal from the fireplace

And made her sit down in the doorway.<sup>175</sup>  
 Having made her sit in the doorway,  
 Four times inhaling, he drew the mist through.  
 With the mist  
 He added to the hearts.<sup>176</sup>  
 Of the rain maker priests of all directions.  
 It is well;  
 Praying that the rain makers  
 Might not withhold their misty breath,  
 With his prayers  
 He added to their hearts.  
 He handed it to me.  
 Four times inhaling,  
 Into my body  
 I made the mist pass through.  
 Then with the mist,  
 I added to the hearts of my fathers of all  
 the directions.  
 When this was at an end,  
 We greeted one another with terms of kinship:  
 Father,<sup>177</sup>  
 Son; elder brother, younger brother; uncle, nephew; grandfather, grand  
 son; ancestor, descendant.  
 With this many words we greeted one another.  
 When all this was at an end,  
 My father questioned me:  
 "Yes, now indeed  
 You have passed us on our roads.  
 Surely you will have something to say, some words that are not too long."  
 Thus he spoke to me.  
 "Yes, indeed it is so.  
 Back at the New Year,  
 All my fathers  
 Desiring something,  
 With their precious prayer plume  
 Appointed me.  
 Yonder toward the south,  
 At all the places where the roads of the rain makers come out,  
  
 I have continued to offer you prayer plumes.  
 Now that the cycle of your months is at an end,  
 Now that the counted number of your days has been told off  
 Now that this many days  
 Anxiously we have awaited your day,  
 Now this day,  
 We have reached the appointed time.  
 Now I have passed you on your roads."

<sup>175</sup> At the end of the cigarette

<sup>176</sup> The common terms for offerings to supernaturals, used especially of offerings of smoke and food.

<sup>177</sup> Stevenson and Parsons give different translations

Thus I spoke to them.  
 When I had spoken thus,  
 Hurriedly, without delay,  
 My father took hold of me.  
 From the very soles of my feet  
 Even to the crown of my head  
 He clothed me all over with all things needful.  
 When all this was at an end,  
 Then also with that which is called my belt,  
 His prayer meal,  
 He covered my navel.  
 With his bundle that covered it all over.  
 He took hold of me,  
 His bundle reached all around my body.  
 When all this was at an end,  
 Then also the different kinds of seeds four times he placed over my navel.<sup>178</sup>  
 All different kinds of seeds his bundle contained:  
 The seeds of the yellow corn,  
 The seeds of the blue corn,  
 The seeds of the red corn,  
 The seeds of the white corn,  
 The seeds of the speckled corn,  
 The seeds of the black corn,  
 And also that by means of which you may have firm flesh,  
 Namely, the seeds of the sweet corn;  
 And also those which will be your sweet tasting delicacies,  
 Namely, all the clans of beans  
 The yellow beans,  
 The blue beans,  
 The red beans,  
 The white beans,  
 The spotted beans,  
 The black beans,  
 The large beans,  
 The small beans,  
 The little gray beans,  
 The round beans,  
 The string beans;  
 Then also those that are called the ancient round things--<sup>179</sup>  
 The striped squash,  
 The crooked-neck squash,  
 The watermelons,  
 The sweet melons,  
 And also those which you will use to dip up your clear water,  
 Namely, the gourds;

<sup>178</sup> Every masked dancer carries a package of seeds in his belt. It is his "heart." At the close of any dance the priest who thanks the dancers takes some of the seeds to plant. Those carried by Sayataca are planted in the floor of the house he dedicates.

<sup>179</sup> Native squashes

And then also the seeds of the piñon tree,  
 The seeds of the juniper tree,  
 The seeds of the oak tree,  
 The seeds of the peach tree,  
 The seeds of the black wood shrub,  
 The seeds of the first flowering shrub,  
 The seeds of the k<sup>^</sup>?apuli.<sup>180</sup> shrub  
 The seeds of the large yucca,  
 The seeds of the small yucca,  
 The seeds of the branched cactus,  
 The seeds of the brown cactus,  
 The seeds of the small cactus;  
 And then also the seeds of the wild grasses,  
 The evil smelling weeds,<sup>181</sup>  
 The little grass,  
 Tecukta,  
 Kucutsi,  
 O'co,  
 Apitalu,  
 Sutok<sup>^</sup>a,  
 Mololok<sup>^</sup>a,  
 P?iculiya  
 Small p?iculiya,  
 Hamato  
 Mitalik?o;  
 And then also the seeds of those that stand in their doorways,<sup>182</sup>  
 Namely the cat-tails,  
 The tall flags,  
  
 The water weeds,  
 The water cress,  
 The round-leafed weed;  
 Across my navel  
 His bundle reached.  
 And then also, the yellow clothing bundle.<sup>183</sup> of the priest of the north  
 The blue clothing bundle of the priest of the west,  
 The red clothing bundle of the priest of the south,  
 The white clothing bundle of the priest of the east,  
 The many colored bundle of the priest of the above  
 The dark colored bundle of the priest of the below;  
 Across my navel  
 His bundle reached.  
 When all this was at an end,

<sup>180</sup> An unidentified shrub sometimes used for prayer sticks

<sup>181</sup> None of these have been identified. Many are food plants

<sup>182</sup> The doorways of the rain makers, the springs

<sup>183</sup> U'tenan he'k?un:e. A word of esoteric meaning; utenan:e is clothing and ornaments, any movable wealth. It is not the ordinary word for clothing. P?ekwin possesses hek?une instead of e'tone. In the Corn dance the leaders carry hek?une on their heads. P?ekwin makes it, and no one knows what it contains inside the rich wrappings. 'U'tenan hek?une seems to be a symbol of wealth.

My father spoke to me:  
 "Thus you will go.  
 Your daylight fathers,  
 Your daylight mothers,  
 Your daylight children  
 You will pass on their roads.  
 And wherever you come to rest,  
 We shall come to you.<sup>184</sup>  
 Assuredly none of us shall be left behind--  
 All the men,  
 Those with snow upon their heads,  
 With moss on their faces,  
 With skinny knees, no longer upright, and leaning on canes,  
 Even all of these;  
 And furthermore the women,  
 Even those who are with child,  
 Carrying one child on the back,  
 Holding another on a cradle board,  
 Leading one by the hand,  
 With yet another going before,  
 Even all of us,  
 Our daylight fathers,  
 Our daylight mothers,  
 Our children,  
 We shall pass on their roads."  
 Thus my father said.  
 Having spoken thus,  
 He took hold of me.  
 Presenting me to all the directions he made me arise.  
 With his prayer meal  
 Four times he sprinkled his water filled ladder.  
 After him,  
 Four times I sprinkled my prayer meal.  
 Taking four steps,  
 Four times striding forward,  
 Standing, I came out.  
 [Having come out standing,  
 Yonder to all directions I looked;<sup>185</sup>  
 I looked toward the north,  
 I looked toward the west,  
 I looked toward the south,  
 I looked toward the east.  
 Hither, toward the place of dawn,  
 I saw four roads going side by side.  
 Along the middle road,  
 Four times my prayer meal I sprinkled.

<sup>184</sup> The gods who are believed to be present in spirit on this night

<sup>185</sup> At this point in the prayer the chief w?le rises and whirls a rhombus, symbolizing the breath of the rain makers

There I made the sound of the water-filled breath of the priest of the north.<sup>186</sup>  
 Taking four steps,  
 Four times striding forward,  
 To the place known since the first beginning as Great Lake,<sup>187</sup>  
 My road came.  
 Where my father's road comes out  
 I stood in the doorway.  
 That which formed my belt,  
 My prayer meal,  
 Four times sprinkling inside,  
 I opened their curtain of scum.<sup>188</sup>  
 After that,  
 Four times sprinkling prayer meal inside  
 Standing I came in.  
 When I came in standing,  
  
 My father.<sup>189</sup>  
 Hurrying without delay  
 Where he had prepared his rain seat,  
 His prayer meal  
 Four times he sprinkled.  
 On the top of my head  
 His prayer meal  
 Four times he sprinkled.  
 After him  
 Four times sprinkling my prayer meal,  
 My father's rain seat  
 I stood beside.  
 As I stood up beside it  
 My father took hold of me,  
 Yonder to all the directions presenting me,  
 He made me sit down.  
 Having seated me  
 The one who is my father  
 Took the water bringing cigarettes which he had prepared.  
 Four times drawing it toward him,  
 He took his grandmother by the hand  
 And made her sit down in the doorway,  
 Four times inhaling, he drew the mist through.  
 With the mist  
 He added to the hearts of fathers,  
 Rain maker priests.  
 Thus it is well; around,  
 In order that the rain makers may not withhold their misty breath.

<sup>186</sup> The north wind. Wind brings rain

<sup>187</sup> One of the springs at which the a:'ciwi stopped on their journey in search of the middle place

<sup>188</sup> In this case he actually enters the spring. The term, "to open the scum," is, however, used esoterically to refer to the entrance of any impersonator into a kiva or other ceremonial room

<sup>189</sup> The inhabitants of the spring, differently interpreted as rain makers, some special, unnamed class of beings living in springs, or simply alhacina'we, the ancestors

With mist he added to their hearts.  
 When all this was at an end,  
 My father handed it to me.  
 Four times inhaling, I drew the mist through.  
 Into my body drawing the misty breath,  
 With the mist  
 I added to the hearts of my fathers.  
 This is well;  
 In order that the rain makers may not withhold their misty breath,  
 With mist I added to their hearts.  
 When all this was at an end,  
 We greeted one another with terms of kinship:  
 Father,  
 Son; elder brother, younger brother; uncle, nephew; grandfather, grandson; ancestor,  
 descendant.  
 With these words we greeted one another.  
 When all this was at an end  
 My father questioned me:  
 "Yes, now at this time  
 You have passed us on our roads.  
 Surely you will have something to say, some word that is not too long,  
 If you let us know that,  
 I shall know it for all time."  
 Thus my father spoke.  
 When he had spoken thus, (I answered)  
 "Yes, indeed it is so.  
 Yonder to the south,  
 Following wherever your roads come out,  
 I have been bringing you prayer sticks,  
 I have been bringing you prayer feathers.  
 Now this day,  
 Having reached the appointed time,  
 I have passed you on your roads."  
 "Is that so. With plain words you have come to us.  
 We are clothed with your prayer sticks;  
 We hold your prayer meal;  
 With your prayer plumes in our hair we are sitting in here waiting.  
 Here where we are just standing  
 Where we are just sitting on our haunches,  
 You have come to us.  
 When the sun who is our father  
 Has yet a little ways to go,  
 Before he goes in to sit down at his sacred place,  
 Nearby your daylight fathers,  
 Your daylight mothers,  
 Your children,  
 You will pass on their roads.  
 Wherever you come to rest,  
 All together we shall come to you. All the men,  
 Those with snow upon their heads, with moss upon their faces,



With skinny knees,  
 No longer upright but leaning on canes;  
 And the women,  
 Even those who are with child,  
 Carrying one upon the back,  
 Holding another on the cradle board,  
  
 Leading one by the hand,  
 With yet another going before.  
 Yes, with all of these,  
 Your daylight fathers,  
 Your daylight mothers,  
 Your children,  
 You will pass on their roads.  
 And wherever you come to rest  
 We shall come to you.”  
 Thus my father spoke.  
 When he had spoken thus,  
 He took hold of me.  
 Yonder to all the directions  
 Presenting me  
 He made me arise.  
 After he had made me arise  
 With his prayer meal  
 His water-filled ladder  
 He sprinkled.  
 After him sprinkling my prayer meal  
 Standing, I came out.]<sup>190</sup>  
 Coming out standing  
 Yonder to all directions I looked.  
 I looked to the north,  
 I looked to the west,  
 I looked to the south,  
 I looked to the east,  
 Hither toward Itiwana <sup>191</sup> I saw four roads going side by side.

<sup>190</sup> The bracketed portion is repeated unchanged, except for two words, for the other 28 springs visited by the A'ciwi during their migrations. In addition to substituting the names of the springs, the different winds are invoked in the following order: West, south, east, above, below, north, west, etc. The springs are visited in the following order which is not that of the ca?lako (see p. 771): 2. te'wulh i'ti-wa pik^?aia le?ana k^?änakwi, the place called water cress in the valley; 3. he?i patcikwi, cliff dwelling; 4. ha'nhipink^akwi, place of stealing; 5. k^?äna pa'lhtokwi, last spring; 6. k^?äna i'tiwakwi, middle spring; 7. t?o'pa pi'k^?aiakwi, the other watercress spring; 8. ko'lowisi k^?akwekwi, Kolowisi's home; 9. p?atsik^?änakwi, dripping spring; 10. p?o'cowakwi, grass bending over; 11. lw:k^?anakwi, ashes spring; 12. to'seluna k^?a'nakwi, cat tail spring; 13. a'miltolan k^?a'iakwi, rainbow spring; 14. k^?äpkwenakwi, water flowing out (Ojo Caliente); 15. wa'tsita'nakwi, dog's corner; 16. ca?lak?onakwi, ca?lako place; 17. u'hanakwi, snow hanging place; 18. a'lhapatsikwi, rock wedge place; 19. a't?sinakwi, pictograph place; 20. pi':cuk^?aiakwi, poison water weed spring; 21. k^?ä'nula-kwi, mesa wall spring; 22. to'loknanakwi (no translation); 23. k^?ä'tetcikwi, evil smelling water; 24. o'p?ump?iakwi, where the sack of flour hangs; 25. a'yayak?akwi, bluebird place; 26. ha'lon kwa'tonankwi, where ants go in; 27. t?o'wa yä'lakwi, Corn Mountain (substitute “toward Itiwan:a” for “toward the east”); 28. matasak^a hepatina le?ana k^?anakwi, the place called matsak^a hepatina; 29. k?o'lin k^?ai'akwi e'tsak^a hepatinakwi, sulphur spring, commonly called hepatina

<sup>191</sup> The middle; i. e., Zuñi. The word in common use is ci'wina:kwi

Along the middle road,  
 My prayer meal  
 Four times I sprinkled before me.  
 Then I made the sound of the rain-filled breath of the rain maker priest of the below.  
 Taking four steps,  
 Four times striding forward,  
 Where descends the watery road.  
 Of my daylight fathers,<sup>192</sup>  
 My daylight mothers,  
 I stood.  
 Then I consecrated<sup>193</sup> the place  
 Where my father's watery road descends.  
 That none of his children might fall from the ladder,<sup>194</sup>  
 Having still one rung left to go,  
 Having still two rungs left to go,  
 Having still three rungs left to go,  
 Having still four rungs left to go;  
 In order that none of his children should fall down  
 I consecrated the place where his watery road descends.  
 When all this was at an end  
 The one who is my father  
 On the crown of my head  
 Four times sprinkled prayer meal.  
 On his watery wood pile.<sup>195</sup>  
  
 Four times he threw prayer meal upward.  
 Then after him,  
 My prayer meal  
 Sprinkling before me,  
 Where my father's water-filled road ascends  
 I made my road ascend.  
 The one who is my father  
 Four times sprinkled prayer meal before him.  
 After him  
 Four times sprinkling prayer meal before me,  
 Standing, I came in.  
 As standing I came in  
 I could scarcely see all my fathers,  
 So full was his house.  
 Then my father's rain-filled room

<sup>192</sup> The outer ladder. Sayataca still enters through the roof. None of the prayers make any mention of the planting of prayer sticks in the six permanent excavations in the street of the village. In 1927 these were visited in the following order: Tʔekʔalhnawa, o'na:wa, pa'lhtowa, tsi'a'a:wa, hekʔäpawa, te'ʔwitolha'na. Their house was in the large plaza. In these excavations Cu'la:witsi, Sa'yataca and Hu':tutu deposit telikina tʔsume (strong prayer sticks) to the Uwanami of the six regions. They are colored with the appropriate colors

<sup>193</sup> He deposits a double prayer stick just inside the threshold of the door, where every one passes. This was formerly planted under the ladder. Like those placed in the roof, these are colored blue and yellow and are male and female, respectively

<sup>194</sup> That is, die before their time

<sup>195</sup> Kʔäcima tʔapela is an archaic expression for a load of firewood made by laying short sticks across two long poles

I rooted at the north,<sup>196</sup>  
 I rooted at the west,  
 I rooted at the south,  
 I rooted at the east,  
 I rooted above,  
 Then in the middle of my father's roof,<sup>197</sup>  
 With two plume wands joined together,  
 I consecrated his roof.  
 This is well;  
 In order that my father's offspring may increase,  
 I consecrated the center of his roof.  
 And then also, the center of my father's floor,  
 With seeds of all kinds,  
 I consecrated the center of his floor.<sup>198</sup>  
 This is well;  
 In order that my father's fourth room  
 May be bursting with corn,  
 That even in his doorway,  
 The shelled corn may be scattered before the door,  
 The beans may be scattered before the door,  
 That his house may be full of little boys,  
 And little girls,  
 And people grown to maturity;  
 That in his house  
 Children may jostle one another in the doorway,  
 In order that it may be thus,  
 I have consecrated the rain-filled room  
 Of my daylight father,  
 My daylight mother.  
 When all this was at an end,  
 The one who is my father.<sup>199</sup>  
 Four times sprinkled prayer meal  
 Where he had prepared my seat.  
 Following him,  
 Four times sprinkling prayer meal before me,  
 Where my father had prepared my seat,  
 I stood beside it.  
 My father took hold of me.  
 Presenting me to all the directions, he made me sit down.

<sup>196</sup> Consecrating the walls of the house. Each of the impersonators makes one stroke downward on each wall, using for this purpose whatever he is carrying. Cula:witsi uses his torch, Sayataca, Hututu, the two Yamuhakto use their telhna:we, the Sälimopia their yucca. This is not done above and below

<sup>197</sup> In the decorated box made to receive them. The box is called teckwin:e, the word used for any permanent or temporary altar or sacred place. The sticks are painted blue and yellow; the blue one is male, the yellow female, The female has a face painted on one side. They are deposited with the face toward the east. They are called wihawe, "babies." This term is used for prayer sticks in the excavations visited by P?a'utiwa at the New Year, from which he foretells the future, and for the dolls given at the winter solstice ceremonies to barren or unlucky women to insure conception or safe delivery

<sup>198</sup> The seeds are deposited in a permanent excavation carefully concealed. Sometimes at the winter solstice articles of clay are deposited in this excavation

<sup>199</sup> P?ekwin seats the personators in the Sayataca house, and they smoke with the priests. (See M. C. Stevenson.)

After my father had seated me,  
 The rain invoking cigarette which he had prepared  
 My father drew toward him.  
 He took his grandmother by the hand  
 And made her sit in the doorway.  
 Having seated her in the doorway,  
 Four times inhaling he made the mist pass through;  
 Into his body  
 He drew the misty breath.  
 With the mist he added to the hearts of his fathers.  
 This is well:  
 That the rain makers may not withhold their misty breath,  
 With mist  
 He added to the hearts of his fathers.  
 He handed it to me.  
 Four times inhaling I made the mist pass through;  
 Into my warm body  
 I drew the misty breath.  
 With mist I added to the hearts of my fathers.  
 This is well:  
 That the rain makers may not withhold their misty breath,  
 With mist I added to their hearts.  
 When all this was at an end,  
 We greeted one another with terms of kinship:  
 Father,  
 Son, elder brother, Younger brother; uncle, nephew; grandfather, grandson; ancestor,  
 descendant.  
 With this many words we greeted one another.  
 When all this was at an end,  
 My daylight father questioned me:<sup>200</sup>  
 "Yes, now indeed  
 You have passed us on our roads,  
 The one whom all our fathers,  
 Desiring something,  
 Appointed at the New Year.  
 Yonder to the south  
 Wherever emerge the precious roads of our fathers,  
 Rain maker priests,  
 Rain maker P?ekwins,  
 Rain maker bow priests.  
 With your prayer plumes-poorly made though they were,  
 You have asked for light for us.  
 Now this day, the appointed time has come."  
 Thus my father said to me.  
 Now our fathers,  
 Cula:witsi, p?ekwin priest,<sup>201</sup>

<sup>200</sup> P?ekwin speaks

<sup>201</sup> The cula'witsi personator, usually a boy 10 to 13 years of age, is always referred to as p?ekwin t?sana, the little sun priest

Sayataca, bow priest,<sup>202</sup>  
 Hututu, bow priest,  
 The two Yamuhakto, bow priests,  
 Perpetuating their rite,  
 Have once more assumed human form.  
 Their seeds,  
 Their riches,  
 Their fecundity,  
 The seeds of the yellow corn,  
 The seeds of the blue corn,  
 The seeds of the red corn,  
 The seeds of the white corn,  
 The seeds of the speckled corn,  
 The seeds of the black corn,  
 The seeds of the sweet corn,  
 All the clans of beans,  
 All the ancient round things,  
 The seeds of all the different trees,  
 The seeds of all the wild weeds,  
 I carry over my navel.  
 Those which we brought,  
 These seeds we now leave here  
 In the rain-filled rooms  
 Of our daylight fathers,  
 Our daylight mothers.  
 When in the spring,  
 Your earth mother is enriched with living waters,  
 Then in all your water-filled fields,  
 These, with which you will renew yourselves,  
 Your mothers,  
 All the different kinds of corn,  
 Within your earth mother  
 You will lay down.  
 With our earth mother's living waters  
 They will once more become living beings.  
 Into the daylight of our sun father  
 They will come out standing.  
 They will stand holding out their hand to all the directions,  
 Calling for water.  
 And from somewhere,  
 Our fathers with their fresh water  
 Will come to them.  
 Their fresh waters  
 They will drink in.  
 They will clasp their children in their arms;  
 Their young will finish their roads.  
 Into your house,

<sup>202</sup> Sayataca is never called k<sup>^</sup>!ä'kawam:osi, house chief, as Mrs. Stevenson reports. The koyemci are the k<sup>^</sup>!ä?kwa:mosi. In prayers their father is always called mo'lan haktu k<sup>^</sup>?a'kwemosi ci'wani

You will bring them,  
 To be your beloved ones.  
 In order that you may live thus,  
 In the rain-filled rooms  
 Of our daylight fathers,  
  
 Our daylight mothers,  
 Our daylight children,  
 The seeds which we brought tied about our waists  
 We leave here now.  
 This is well;  
 That going but a little ways from their house  
 Our fathers may meet their children;<sup>203</sup>  
 That going about, as they say,  
 With your water-filled breath  
 (You may meet) antelope,  
 Mountain goats.  
 Does,  
 Bucks,  
 Jack rabbits,  
 Cottontails,  
 Wood rats,  
 Small game--even little bugs;  
 So that thus going out from your houses,  
 With the flesh of these  
 You may satisfy your hunger.  
 This is well,--  
 In order that my daylight fathers' rain-filled rooms,  
 May be filled with all kinds of clothing,  
 That their house may have a heart,<sup>204</sup>  
 That even in his doorway  
 The shelled corn may be spilled before his door,  
 That beans may be spilled before his door,  
 That wheat may be spilled outside the door,  
 (That the house may be full of) little boys,  
 And little girls,  
 And men and women grown to maturity,  
 That in his house  
 Children may jostle one another in the doorway,  
 In order that it may be thus,  
 With two plume wands joined together,  
 I have consecrated the center of his roof.  
 Praying for whatever you wished,  
 Through the winter,  
 Through the summer,  
 Throughout the cycle of the months,  
 I have prayed for light for you.  
 Now this day,

<sup>203</sup> Game animals

<sup>204</sup> An empty house "has no heart." The heart of the house is anything which has been used by human beings

I have fulfilled their thoughts.  
 Perpetuating the rite of our father,  
 Sayataca, bow priest,  
 And giving him human form<sup>205</sup>  
 I have passed you on your roads.  
 My divine father's life-giving<sup>206</sup> breath,  
 His breath of old age,  
 His breath of waters,  
 His breath of seeds,  
 His breath of riches,  
 His breath of fecundity,<sup>207</sup>  
 His breath of power,  
 His breath of strong spirit,  
 His breath of all good fortune whatsoever,  
 Asking for his breath,  
 And into my warm body  
 Drawing his breath,  
 I add to your breath now.  
 Let no one despise the breath of his fathers,  
 But into your bodies,  
 Draw their breath.  
 That yonder to where the road of our sun father comes out,  
 Your roads may reach;  
 That clasping hands,  
 Holding one another fast,  
 You may finish your roads,  
 To this end, I add to your breath now.  
 Verily, so long as we enjoy the light of day  
 May we greet one another with love;<sup>208</sup>  
 Verily, so long as we enjoy the light of day  
 May we wish one another well  
 Verily may we pray for one another.  
 To this end, my fathers,  
 My mothers,  
 My children:  
 May you be blessed with light;  
 May your roads be fulfilled;  
 May you grow old;  
 May you be blessed in the chase;  
 To where the life-giving road of your sun father comes out  
 May your roads reach;  
 May your roads all be fulfilled.

<sup>205</sup> The syntax of this passage is obscure. The reference is to the complete identification of the god with the impersonator

<sup>206</sup> O'naya:nak^a, literally, road finishing

<sup>207</sup> T?e'apk?unan:e, a word difficult to render into English. It includes children, domesticated animals, and game

<sup>208</sup> I'yanik^inawa, literally, "call one another by terms of relationship." The impersonator remains a "child" of the house he has dedicated and calls the host and hostess father and mother

## SAYATACA'S MORNING CHANT

And now indeed it has come to pass  
 This past day,  
 I stood beside the water-filled ladder  
 Of my daylight fathers,  
 My daylight mothers,  
 My daylight children.  
 We who had stood there,  
 In the rain-filled room  
 Of our daylight fathers,  
 Staying quietly we came to day.  
 Now our dawn fathers,<sup>209</sup>  
 Dawn old men,  
 Dawn youths,  
 Dawn boys,  
 Dawn old women,  
 Dawn matrons,  
 Dawn maidens,  
 Dawn girls,  
  
 Rising, standing at their sacred place,  
 Have come to meet us now.  
 My children,<sup>210</sup>  
 There in the rain-filled rooms  
 Of your daylight fathers,  
 Your daylight mothers  
 You have stayed throughout the night.  
 Finally, my children,  
 Make haste now,  
 Get ready now.  
 Yesterday our daylight fathers,<sup>211</sup>  
 Whoever of them wished to grow old,  
 Working on plume wands came to evening;  
 Working on prayer feathers they came to evening.  
 And furthermore our mothers,<sup>212</sup>  
 Whoever of them wished to grow old,  
 In order to add to the hearts of their ancestors,  
 Their children,<sup>213</sup>

<sup>209</sup> At the first sign of dawn Sayataca with p?ekwin ascends to the roof of the house and unties the last knot in the counting string, as a sign that his year is ended. He chants the following prayer, stretching out the string at the end of each line. The prayer is afterwards repeated in the house.

<sup>210</sup> The other impersonators, including the Ca?lako, but not the Koyemci, who do not leave for six days. As a matter of fact, the dancing continues in all the houses until broad daylight. In Mrs. Stevenson's day this prayer closed the ceremonies

<sup>211</sup> The priests and the men of the house and their close relatives (in 1927 several members of the clan of the house) make prayer sticks for all members of the Sayataca party

<sup>212</sup> The women who cook for the feast, the women of the house, their blood relatives, members of their clan

<sup>213</sup> Before the food is eaten in the night each of the seven impersonators takes a bit from each dish. All go out together and bury the food at Wide River, as an offering to a:lhacina:we. (See M. C. Stevenson for a different account.) The food was not buried under the ladder in 1927



Sitting weary by the fireplaces,  
 They came to evening.  
 With aching knees,  
 With sweat running down their faces,  
 With burned fingers,  
 Sitting wearily they came to evening.  
 And whoever else wished to grow old,  
 Preparing prayer meal.<sup>214</sup>  
 They gave it to us.  
 Taking only that,  
 The plume wands they gave us,  
  
 The food.<sup>215</sup> which they cooked for us, and gave us to take along.  
 Taking only that,  
 We shall make our roads descend.<sup>216</sup>  
 With the song cycles of our fathers,<sup>217</sup> yonder,  
 Life-giving priests,  
 Life-giving p?ekwins,  
 Life-giving bow priests,  
 We danced the night away.  
 Now at last, my children,  
 Hasten now,  
 Get ready now.  
 At the new year  
 All my fathers  
 With their precious plume wand  
 Appointed me.  
 There to the south  
 Following where come out the  
 roads of my fathers,  
 Rain-makers, priests,  
 Even with my own poorly made plume wands,  
 I continued to give my fathers plume wands.  
 And when all the cycle of their months was at an end,  
 At the place called since the first beginning Ayayak^a.<sup>218</sup>  
 Meeting my fathers,  
 I gave them plume wands.  
 Their day count having been counted up,  
 There to the west,  
 Where my fathers' road comes in,  
 I continued to give them plume wands.  
 When all these days were past,  
 The one who is my father

<sup>214</sup> The gods are sprinkled with meal by all observers during their progress around the village in the afternoon of their entrance

<sup>215</sup> The bowls of food from which the offerings are made during the night are immediately taken by the girls of the house to the houses of the impersonators, as a gift from the house. This is also done in the morning, when other gifts are also taken, a butchered sheep, piece of calico, and sometimes blankets

<sup>216</sup> That is, go out. When they come in they "climb up" (the ladder).

<sup>217</sup> The choir of the medicine society that sang for them

<sup>218</sup> The spring at which kohai to was made in 1927

Took hold of me;  
 Where he had laid a seat  
 Four times he sprinkled prayer meal upon it.

The top of my head  
 Four times he sprinkled.  
 Where his seat was laid  
 He took hold of me.  
 Presenting me to all the directions,  
 He made me sit down.  
 Taking his grandson,  
 Reed youth,  
 Within his body,  
 Four times he bored a hole going through.  
 Four times drawing toward him his bag of native tobacco.  
 He put his hand in.

Into the palm of his hand  
 Four times he measured out tobacco.  
 Into his body,  
 Four times he stuffed the mist.  
 He took his grandmother by the hand,  
 Four times inhaling he drew the mist through;  
 Into his body  
 He drew the misty breath,  
 Yonder on all sides  
 With mist he added to the hearts of his fathers.  
 He handed it to me.  
 Four times inhaling I made the mist pass through.  
 Into my body  
 I drew the mist.

Yonder on all sides.  
 With mist I added to the hearts of my fathers.  
 This is well:  
 That the rain makers may not withhold their misty breath,  
 With mist I added to their hearts.  
 When all this was at an end,  
 Then we greeted one another with terms of kinship:  
 Father, son; elder brother, younger brother; uncle, nephew; grandfather, grandson, ancestor,  
 descendant,

With this many words we greeted one another.  
 When all this was at an end  
 My father questioned me:  
 Indeed now it seems you will have something to say, some word that is not too long  
 So finally, if you let me know it,  
 I shall know it for all time.”  
 Thus my fathers spoke.  
 “Yes indeed it is so.  
 There to the south,  
 Following where my fathers’ watery roads come forth  
 I have been asking for light for you.

Yesterday we reached the appointed time.  
 Perpetuating the rite of the one who is our father,  
 Sayataca, bow priest,  
 And once more giving him human form  
 I came out standing.  
 I looked to the north,  
 I looked to the west,  
 I looked to the south,  
 I looked to the east,  
 Hither, toward the place of dawn,  
 I saw four road going side by side.  
 Along the middle road.  
 Four times I sprinkled prayer meal.  
 Then I made the sound of the water-filled breath of the rain maker priest of the north.  
 Taking four steps,  
 Four times striding forward,  
 The water filled woodpile  
 Of my daylight father  
 I stood beside.  
 My father  
 Four times sprinkled my head with prayer meal.

His rain filled woodpile,  
 He sprinkled with meal.  
 After him,  
 I sprinkled my prayer meal on it.  
 This night  
 The thoughts of all my fathers,  
 Whatever they wished  
 When they appointed me with their precious plume wand,  
 I have fulfilled.

The breath of my father,  
 Sayataca, bow priest,  
 His life-giving breath  
 His breath of old age  
 His breath of waters,  
 His breath of fecundity,  
 His breath of seeds,  
 His breath of riches,  
 His breath of power,  
 His breath of strong spirit,  
 His breath of all good fortune whatsoever,--  
 Asking for his breath,  
 And into my body  
 Drawing his breath.  
 I add to your breath now.  
 And furthermore, the yellow clothing bundle of the priest of the north,  
 The blue clothing bundle of the priest of the west,  
 The red clothing bundle of the priest of the south,  
 The white clothing bundle of the priest of the east,  
 The many colored clothing bundle of the priest of the above,

The dark colored clothing bundle of the priest of the below,  
 All kinds of good fortune whatsoever,--  
 Asking for the breath of these,  
 And into my warm body  
 Inhaling their breath,  
 I add to your breath.  
 To this end, my children:  
 May you be blessed with light;  
 May your roads be fulfilled;  
 May you grow old;  
 Yonder to where the road of your sun father comes out,  
 May your roads reach  
 Together may your roads be fulfilled.

### NIGHT CHANT OF HEK^ÄPA:KWE CA?LAKO

*Host:*<sup>219</sup> Father!

*Ca?lako:* Son!

*Host:* Elder brother!

*Ca?lako:* Younger brother!

*Host:* Uncle!

*Ca?lako:* Nephew!

*Host:* Grandfather!

*Ca?lako:* Grandson!

*Host:* Great-grandfather!

*Ca?lako:* Great-grandson!

*Host:*

This night

The ones who are our fathers

Masked god priests,

All the masked gods.

At their precious mountain,

Their precious lake,

Perpetuating what has been since the first beginning,

Have assumed human form.

Carrying your waters,

Carrying your seeds,

Making your roads come forth.

Making your roads come hither,

You have passed us on our roads

This night.

<sup>219</sup> The host sits opposite the impersonator, and together they smoke a cigarette of native tobacco, and passing the cigarette back and forth, exchange terms of relationship. There are certain peculiarities in the terms used. Talemo: tale, brother's son, any male whose father belongs to my clan, hence, "my son," man speaking. There is no term for son. tca'le, "child" is use in describing a relationship; tsawak^: "youth," in referring to a person. This is not a term of relationship. Alemo: used only in this connection. Ordinarily nana is used reciprocally for grandfather, grandson. Toclemo, uwak^ämo used only in this connection. There are no equivalents. Possibly these, and alemo, are obsolete terms. They do not always appear in the same order in the texts. (See pp. 713, 732.) The vocative suffix, too, is used only thus. A man, in receiving a present, always in receiving a gift of tobacco, will say tatumo or papamo, to which the answer is talemo or suwemo. To a woman he sometimes says kukumo (elder sister). She answers hanimo (younger brother or sister) or ta'lemo (brother's son)

We see you,  
 From the soles of your feet  
 Even to the crowns of your heads,  
 Clothed in all fine things  
 You have passed us on our roads.  
 Looking at you  
 We know you have passed us on our roads.  
 Surely because you have some thing to say, some word that is not too long,  
 You have passed us on our roads.  
 If you let us know that

Thinking of that, we shall always live,  
 Is it not so?

*Guests:* It is so.

*Ca?lako:*

Now, indeed, it has come to pass.  
 At the New Year  
 All my fathers.<sup>220</sup>  
 Prepared precious plume wands.  
 When they were ready  
 With sacred words,  
 They commissioned them,  
 When our sun father  
 Had gone in to sit down at his ancient place,  
 After a blessed night  
 They came to day.  
 Next day  
 When our sun father  
 Coming out standing to his ancient place,  
 Passed us on our roads,  
 Then our fathers  
 Four times drew toward them  
 The plume wands commissioned with their prayers.  
 The one who is our father,  
 K<sup>^</sup>?awulia P?autiwa,  
 With their plume wands.  
 Four times they held fast.  
 Saying, "Let it be now."  
 Carrying his fathers' plume wands,  
 He made his road come forth.  
 Over to the south  
 He made his road go.  
 Thinking, "Let it be here,"  
 Perpetuating what has been since the first beginning,  
 Once more he assumed human form.  
 Carrying his father's plume wands  
 He made his road come forth.  
 Into Itiwana

<sup>220</sup> The priests of the council: The three priests of the north, the head priests of the east, west, and south, and the p?ekwin

He made his road enter.  
 Four times he made his road go round,  
 Then into Itiwana  
 He made his road enter  
 Wherever his children's roads come out,<sup>221</sup>  
 His precious plume wands  
 He laid down.  
 After he had laid them down,  
 To his own country  
 He made his road go forth.  
 Then our fathers.<sup>222</sup>  
 Drawing toward them their plume wands,  
 To their own houses  
 Made their roads return.  
 Now this many days  
 Eagerly they have awaited the time.  
 Among all their ladder descending children<sup>223</sup>  
 They looked about.  
 And though we were ignorant  
 (They sent for us<sup>224</sup>)  
 Then those who are our fathers  
 Passed us on their roads.  
 When they passed us on their roads  
 Our fathers drew toward them  
 Their father's plume wand.  
 Drawing it toward them  
 They handed it to us  
 That we might be the ones to impersonate our father,  
 Ca?lako, bow priest;  
 For this with their plume wand  
 They held us fast.  
 Carrying their plume wand  
 We made our roads come forth.  
 To our houses,  
 Our roads reached.  
 This many are the days  
 We have eagerly awaited the time  
 When the moon who is our mother,  
 Yonder in the west,  
 Had grown to maturity.<sup>225</sup>

<sup>221</sup> At the entrances to the kivas

<sup>222</sup> The dance directors or w:we of the kivas

<sup>223</sup> Human children

<sup>224</sup> The two impersonators, elder and younger brother. They take turns in wearing the mask. Both intone the prayer

<sup>225</sup> The 10 plantings at the springs to the south are generally at the full moon. If the moon is waxing at the New Year there may be 11 plantings (two at toloknana in midsummer). The first and last plantings may be when the moon is 6 days old.

Carrying our fathers' precious<sup>226</sup> plume wand,  
 To which we had fastened our own common<sup>227</sup> plume wand,  
 Carrying these plume wands,  
 Yonder to the south,  
 We made our roads go.  
 At the place called since the first beginning  
 Snow hanging,  
 We met our fathers on their roads.  
 Where their watery roads come forth<sup>228</sup>  
 We stood in the doorway.  
 There we gave our fathers plume wands,  
 We gave them prayer feathers,  
 We gave them rain-bringing cigarettes,  
 We gave them prayer meal.  
 Making their days,  
 Throughout the sequence of their months  
 Eagerly we awaited our time.  
 Whenever the time came,  
 Yonder to the south,  
 Throughout the sequence of the months of summer,  
 Wherever the roads of our fathers come out,  
 We gave them plume wands.  
 When all their springs were at an end,  
 Our fathers,  
 For that which was soon to be  
 Met all together in their water-filled room.  
 With the flesh of their mother,  
  
 Cotton woman,  
 Even a roughly made cotton thread,  
 A soiled cotton thread,  
 And with beads,  
 Even if only a single bead  
 Borrowed somewheres from among all the village branches,<sup>229</sup>  
 And with the pollen of their fathers,  
 Their mothers,  
 Their children,  
 The different kinds of corn,  
 And with turquoise,  
 Keeping it in their hearts,  
 They gave their day count human form.  
 Then our fathers,  
 Sayataca, bow priest,

<sup>226</sup> Literally "finished," I. e., with the paint brought by the priests from the underworld. This is part of the sacred paraphernalia of the priests and forms part of their altars at seasons of retreat. A tiny bit is scraped off and mixed with other paint

<sup>227</sup> Painted with ordinary paint

<sup>228</sup> At springs

<sup>229</sup> Zuñi is the center, the trunk of the tree, the other pueblos are the branches. The Zuñis do not classify the Hopis with the "village people," as they call the eastern pueblos

Molanhakto,<sup>230</sup> house chief priest,  
 Passed their fathers on their road.  
 The day count to which they had given human form,  
 Four times drawing toward them,  
 With their day count  
 They took firm hold of their fathers.  
 Carrying the day count,  
 They made their roads come forth.  
 To their houses  
 Their roads reached.  
 Saying, "Let it be now,"  
 Carrying the plume wands which they had prepared,  
 Carrying their father's day count,  
 They made their roads go forth.  
 There to the south,  
 We made our roads go.  
 At the place called since the first beginning  
 Ants-go-in<sup>231</sup>  
 We passed our fathers on their roads.  
  
 There we gave them our father's plume wands;  
 There with our father's day count  
 We counted the sequence of the days.  
 This many days,  
 Anxiously we have awaited the time.  
 Yonder to the west<sup>232</sup>  
 We gave our fathers plume wands.  
 When the number of their days was at an end  
 For that which was soon to be  
 We again prepared plume wands.  
 When our plume wands were ready,  
 There to the west,  
 At the place called since the first beginning  
 Village of the masked gods,<sup>233</sup>  
 Where the gray mountain stands,  
 And the blue mountain,  
 Where their altar stands above,  
 Where their altar lies beneath,  
 Where our fathers abide,

<sup>230</sup> "Carrying squash (round things) on the head," the father of the Koyemci. The name is characteristically ambiguous, referring both to the knobs on the mask and the squash seeds in the knobs. All the Koyemci are called Molanhaktu in songs and prayers. Koyemci is merely a nickname. They are distinguished by name, Molanhaktu a wan atcu, molanhaktu a wan pekwin, molanhaktu ocotsi, etc.

<sup>231</sup> The ceremony no longer takes place at this spring, which is at the foot of Corn Mountain, and at the base of the K<sup>^</sup>akima, but at Ayayakya, on the west side of K<sup>^</sup>akima Canyon. (Seep. 712 for the names of the springs visited.)

<sup>232</sup> The plantings to the west (i. e., southwest) are at intervals of 10 days. They are not at springs. They are at the following places: Panitaime, anelawan tekyapoa, suskan acoktan:e (suma'cokta), akohana t<sup>?</sup>inakwi. The last planting, at akohana t<sup>?</sup>inakwi, is on the fortieth day, the day the Koyemci enter

<sup>233</sup> The ceremony takes place at Ca<sup>?</sup>lako house, an inclosure on the west side of the hill surmounted by white rocks. The Ca<sup>?</sup>lako wo<sup>?</sup>le of each kiva impersonates the "father."



We met them on their roads.  
 Where their water filled doorway opens outward,  
 We stood in the doorway.  
 There where our fathers' road comes out,  
 At their water-filled woodpile,  
 Four times we sprinkled prayer meal inside.  
 Four times stepping down  
 Standing we came in.  
 Coming in standing,  
 There our fathers,  
 (Our ancestors) rain old men,  
 We passed on their roads.  
 (Our ancestors) rain old women  
 We passed on their roads.  
 We saw them.  
 Not one of them was missing;  
  
 At the blessed place where they were all gathered together,  
 We saw them.  
 Then with our prayer meal  
 Four times we sprinkled the tops of their heads.  
 This we did to all.  
 When this was at an end,  
 The one who is our father,  
 Overhearing us,  
 Prepared rain seats for us.  
 His prayer meal  
 Four times he sprinkled upon us.  
 Following him  
 Our father's rain seats  
 We stood beside.  
 Then the one who is our father  
 Took hold of us.  
 Presenting us to all the directions he made us sit down.  
 We sat quietly;  
 We waited for his words.  
 Our father four times drew toward him  
 The rain cigarette which he had prepared.  
 Taking his grandmother by the hand,  
 He made her sit in the doorway.  
 Four times the mist passed through.  
 With the mist,  
 We added to the hearts of our fathers,  
 Our beloved ones of all the directions,  
 Asking for the waters  
 Of our fathers of all the directions  
 When all this was at an end,  
 Into our bodies  
 We drew the misty breath.  
 Drawing in our breath  
 With the terms of kinship

We greeted one another:  
 Father, son; elder brother, younger brother; uncle, nephew; grandfather, grandson; great-grandfather, great-grandson,  
 Thus we greeted one another.

When all this was at an end,  
 The one who is my father  
 Questioned me:  
 “Yes, now, even now,  
 You have passed us on our roads.  
 Surely because of some words of our fathers,  
 Spoken at the New Year,  
 Because of some words of importance, some word that is not too long,  
 You have passed us on our roads.  
 So finally, if you let us know that,  
 Thinking always of that,  
 We shall pass our days.”

Thus our father spoke to us, did he not?<sup>234</sup>

--Even so.--

“Yes, indeed it is true.  
 This many days  
 Throughout the winter,  
 Throughout the summer,  
 There to the south,  
 We brought you plume wands,  
 Wherever your roads come out,  
 Though our plume wands were but poorly made,  
 We brought you plume wands,  
 We brought you prayer feathers,  
 We brought you rain cigarettes.  
 When all this was at an end,  
 Now for that which is soon to be  
 We have passed you on your roads.”  
 Thus we said to our father, did we not?

--Even so.--

When we had spoken thus  
 (Our father spoke.)  
 “Indeed, these are your days.  
 Now that we have remembered your days  
 You have come to us,  
 My two children.”  
 Saying this,  
 Our father took hold of us.  
 From the soles of our feet  
 To the crowns of our heads,  
 Clothing us with all things needful,  
 He made us ready.  
 When he had made us ready Four times

<sup>234</sup> The impersonator turns to his alternate for corroboration. He answers “Hatchi’.”

With our cover of thin clouds.<sup>235</sup> he fitted us.  
 When he had reached the end, (he spoke):  
 “This is all.  
 With plain words  
 You have passed us on our road.  
 When our sun father  
 Has gone in to sit down at his ancient place,  
 And when our night fathers,  
 Our mothers,  
 Over their ancient place,  
 Have raised their dark curtain,  
 All together  
 Our daylight fathers,  
 Our mothers,  
 Our children,  
 We shall pass on their roads.”  
 Thus our father spoke to us,  
 Did he not?  
 --Even so.--  
 “Yonder, our daylight fathers,  
 Our children,  
 All of us shall pass on their roads.”  
 Thus our father said to us.  
 Now that we four times have gone ahead  
 Our fathers,  
 Even those with snow upon their heads,  
 With moss upon their faces,  
 No longer upright but leaning on canes,  
 Even all of them  
 Will pass us on our roads.  
 And furthermore the women,  
 Even those who are with child,  
 Holding another on the cradle,  
 With another going before  
  
 Leading one by the hand  
 Even all of them  
 Will come out to meet their fathers  
 Their mothers  
 Their children.  
 Thus speaking to us,  
 Our father took hold of us.  
 Presenting us to all the directions  
 He made us arise.  
 On our heads  
 Four times he sprinkled prayer meal,  
 On his rain-filled woodpile  
 He sprinkled prayer meal for us.

<sup>235</sup> The buckskin caps worn by the Ca?lako impersonators. They are the same as those worn by the war chiefs. in the war dance the scalp is called k^?äcima p?o?yane (water cover).

After him,  
 We sprinkled our prayer meal.  
 Then the one who is our father  
 His water-filled woodpile  
 He sprinkled for us.  
 Four times sprinkling prayer meal going out,  
 Stepping up four times,  
 We came out standing.  
 Yonder toward a directions we looked.  
 Hither toward Halona Itiwana,<sup>236</sup>  
 We saw four roads going side by side.  
 Along the middle path sprinkling prayer meal before us,  
 Hither we took our way.  
 At the places,<sup>237</sup> called since the first beginning  
 Great lake,  
 Hanlhipinkya,  
 Cliff house,  
 Last spring,  
 Middle spring,  
 Water-cress spring,  
 Kolowisi's house,  
  
 The other Water-cress spring,  
 Dripping spring,  
 Bending grass,  
 Ashes spring,  
 Cat tail spring,  
 Rainbow spring,  
 Ca?lako place,  
 Snow hanging,  
 Rock wedge,  
 Painted rock,  
 Poison weed spring,  
 Mesa wall spring,  
 Toloknana,  
 Evil smelling water,  
 Sack of flour hanging,  
 Bluebird place,  
 Where ants go in,  
 White rocks sitting,  
 Where the masked dancers come out,  
 Sulphur spring, otherwise called hepatina,

<sup>236</sup> The places at which they stopped, after leaving Koluwala'wa in their wanderings in search of the center of the world. There are 29; two, k<sup>^</sup>?äpkwenakwi (water coming out, Ojo Caliente) and watsita?nakwi (dog place), are omitted from the present version. They follow Rainbow Spring. The emergence myth (and Sayataca's talk) give the last three springs as t?owa yallakwi (Corn Mountain), matsakya hepatina, k?olink<sup>^</sup>?aiakwi etsakya hepatina (sulphur spring, commonly called hepatina). The present account gives the three places where the impersonators deposit plumes on their way in: White rocks; Where the masked dancers come out (Grease Hill); Hepatina.

<sup>237</sup> Cushing translates this "The middle anthill of the world." It is a bracketing of two names by which Zuñi is known. Halonawa in a more restricted sense refers to the ruin on the south bank of the river

(At all these places),  
 We passed our fathers on their roads.  
 Wherever their rain-filled door was open outward,  
 Where their roads come out,  
 Four times we gave them prayer meal.  
 Yonder toward all directions we looked,  
 Hither, toward Halona Itiwana,  
 Our daylight fathers' fourfold road we saw.  
 And now, at last, it seems,  
 Here we shall take our road,  
 Thus we said too one another.  
 Along the middle road four times sprinkling prayer meal before us  
 Hither we took our way.  
 Our daylight fathers'  
 Our daylight mothers' watery roads coming out,  
 We saw.  
 Sprinkling prayer meal  
 Where come forth the watery roads  
 Of our daylight fathers,  
 We sat down in the doorway,<sup>238</sup>  
 Four times rising  
 We came in.

The water-filled room of our daylight fathers,  
 Our daylight mothers,  
 Our daylight children,  
 Four times we rooted all about:<sup>239</sup>  
 The north root,  
 The west root,  
 The south root,  
 The east root,  
 The upper root,  
 The lower root  
 This we brought to an end.  
 When this was at an end,<sup>240</sup>  
 Our daylight father,  
 To where his rain seat had been spread  
 Four times he threw out prayer meal.  
 Our daylight father took hold of us;  
 Presenting us to all directions  
 He made us sit down.  
 We sat down quietly  
 We waited for his words.

<sup>238</sup> The mask borne aloft on a pole, with embroidered blankets held out by hoops concealing the bearer, is set down outside, while the two impersonators bless the house. When they are finished the mask is brought in and set down beside the altar while the prayer is chanted

<sup>239</sup> The marking of the walls with corn meal. The roof and floor are not marked

<sup>240</sup> The text makes no mention of the deposit of plume wands in the roof and of seeds in the floor. This, presumably, is an omission, since the rite is performed as in the Sayataca house, and is fully described in the Sayataca chant

Our daylight father  
 Four times drew toward him his water roll.  
 Taking his grandmother by the hand  
 He made her sit in the doorway.  
 Four times into his body  
 He drew the mist.  
 With mist he added to the hearts of his fathers.  
 That so long as we enjoy the light of day we may greet one another as kindred  
 We now greeted one another.  
 Fathers,<sup>241</sup>  
 Sons;  
 Elder brother, younger brother; uncle, nephew; grandfather, grandson; great-grandfather,  
 great-grandson.  
 With this many words we greeted one another.  
  
 Then we made an end of this.  
 Now that this is at an end,  
 The ones who are our fathers  
 From their abode set with mountains,  
 Set with lakes,  
 Making their roads come forth,  
 Making their roads come hither,  
 They have passed you on your roads.  
 This night,  
 Bringing a their good fortune,  
 They have passed you on your roads.  
 Their seeds of corn: the yellow ones,  
 The blue ones,  
 The red ones,  
 The white ones,  
 The speckled ones,  
 The black ones,  
 The sweet corn seeds;  
 All the different clans of beans,  
 The yellow beans,  
 The blue beans,  
 The red beans,  
 The white beans,  
 The many colored beans,  
 The black beans,  
 The string beans,  
 The small beans,  
 The little spotted beans,  
 All the different tiny beans;  
 With all these seeds bundled about our waists,  
 We have passed you on your roads.  
 And then also the seeds of all the forest trees:

<sup>241</sup> For the first two terms, plurals are used tatsuwe, talewe (the regular plural of tatcu is a:'tatcu). Tale is the usual word for brother's son, or any male "child" of one's clan. This explains its use instead of the expected teal?e

The seeds of the piñon tree,  
 The seeds of the oak tree,  
 The seeds of the first-flowering shrub,  
 The seeds of all the small shrubs;  
 And then all the ancient round ones:  
 The striped squash,  
 The crooked-neck squash,  
 The watermelons,  
 The sweet melons,  
 The gourds;  
 The seeds of the large yucca,  
 The seeds of the small yucca,  
 The seeds of the cactus,

All of these.

With these tied about our waists,  
 Provided with this bundle over our navels,  
 We have passed you on your roads.

For you we leave these seeds.

This is all.

Thus with plain words

We have passed you on your roads.

Here for you we leave these seeds.

When in the spring,

Your earth mother is wet,

In your earth mother

You will bury these seeds.

Carefully they will bring forth their young.

Bringing them back,

Toward this your thoughts will bend.

And henceforth, as kindred,

Talking kindly to one another,

We shall always live.<sup>242</sup>

And now indeed it has come to pass.

The thoughts of our fathers,

Who at the New Year

With precious plume wands appointed us--

Their thoughts we now have fulfilled.

Always with one thought

We shall live.

This is all.

Thus with plain words

We have passed you on your roads.

This our father's waters,

His seeds,

His riches,

His power,

His strong spirit,

<sup>242</sup> A passage of double meaning. It refers to the relationship between man and corn and the speaker and the household which has welcomed him

All his good fortune whatsoever,  
 We shall give to you.  
 To the end, my fathers,  
 My children,  
 Verily, so long as we enjoy the light of day,  
 We shall greet one another as kindred.

Verily, we shall pray that our roads may be fulfilled.  
 To where your sun father's road comes out  
 May your roads reach.  
 May your roads be fulfilled.

### **WASHING THE HEAD OF CA?LAKO IMPERSONATOR**

The female head of the house washes the head of the Ca?lako impersonator at the close of the all-night ceremonies, at about 8 o'clock in the morning. The other women present sprinkle water on his head.

This day,  
 My two children,<sup>243</sup>  
 With our clear water  
 We shall hold you fast.  
 My child,  
 In order that your road may be fulfilled,  
 Reaching yonder to where the road of our sun father comes out,  
 For this with our clear water,  
 We hold you fast.  
 Somehow because of the thoughts of our fathers,  
 The ones who appointed you with their plume wand,  
 Throughout the winter,  
 Throughout the summer,  
 Yonder to the south  
 Wherever the roads of our fathers come out,  
 With your plume wands  
 You have asked continually for life for us.  
 This day  
 You have fulfilled their thoughts.  
 With our waters  
 We hold you fast.  
 Our child,  
 Always talking together kindly,  
 So long as we still can see one another,  
 That thus our roads may be fulfilled  
 For this, with our waters  
 We have bound you fast.  
 The thoughts of your fathers  
 You have fulfilled.  
 Do not forget your house.  
 Here in your own house

<sup>243</sup> The dual, used in the first sentence, should be used consistently to the end, because the prayer is supposedly addressed to the two impersonators. After the first sentence, the singular is used



You will go about happily.  
 Always talking together kindly  
 We shall pass our days.  
 Our child,  
 Your road will be fulfilled;  
 Your road will reach all the way to Dawn Lake.  
 May your road be fulfilled;  
 May you grow old;  
 May you be blessed with life.

### **“WASHING” THE KOYEMCI**

The Koyemci are actually bathed in the house of the priests, and each receives a gift of food from each of the women who participate in the ceremony, the wives and daughters of priests of the council. Later at the houses of their “aunts” they are also “washed.” Here the rite is entirely symbolic. Corn meal is sprinkled on the head and gifts are presented. This, too, is called “washing.” Ritual washing of the head is always the function of the paternal aunt.

#### *The wives of the priests:*

This day, my fathers,  
 Mo’lanhakto, priests  
 You have passed us on our roads.  
 With our clear water  
 We hold you fast.  
 My children,  
 May your roads reach to Dawn Lake,  
 May your roads be fulfilled;  
 May you grow old.  
 In order that you may grow old,  
 With our clear water  
 We have bound you fast.

In the ancestral house of his father, meal is sprinkled on his head by his paternal aunt and all the women of his father’s clan with the following prayer. The two women’s prayers are characteristically brief.

My father,  
 This day,  
 With our clear water  
 We have held you fast.  
 May your road reach to Dawn Lake  
 May your road be fulfilled,  
 May you grow old.

His father’s brother hands him a bundle of prayer sticks made for him by male members of the clan.

#### *The uncle:*

This many are the days  
 Since our fathers,  
 Priests of the masked gods,  
 Cula:witsi, p?ekwin, priest  
 Sayataca, bow priest,  
 Hututu, bow priest,

Yamuhaktu, bow priests,  
 Ca?lako, bow priests,  
 All the masked gods  
 Made their roads come hither.  
 Wherever perfect plume wands had been left for them,  
 They made their roads ascend.  
 Sitting down quietly they came to day.  
 Next day,  
 Laying down all their gifts  
 Their seeds,  
 Their riches,  
 All that they had brought tied about their waists  
 Back to their own country  
 They took their way.  
 Leaving their children<sup>244</sup> to stay quietly  
 They took their way.  
 And wherever plume wands had been left for them  
 Their children  
 With their words issuing forth,  
 With their sighing breath,  
 Stayed in our houses.  
 All their days being past  
 This day  
 For the one who is our father,  
 Molanhakto,  
 We have prepared plume wands.  
 Our children,  
 Whoever of them wished to grow old,  
 Upon the plume wands which they had prepared  
 Breathed their sacred words.  
 Here to our house  
  
 With these we pass you on your road.  
 This day with these our plume wands  
 We hold you fast.  
 With these plume wands  
 We hold one another fast.  
 Whenever our father,  
 Saying let it be now,  
 Makes his road go forth,  
 Then also reinforcing with your words,  
 The prayers which we have laid upon our plume wands,  
 To our fathers  
 You will give the plume wands.  
 Our fathers' day has been made.  
 Their waters eagerly awaiting  
 We pass our days.  
 My child,

<sup>244</sup> The katcinas, who remained behind to dance in all the Ca?lako houses

Verily at the new year,  
 Our fathers appointed you with their plume wand,  
 The perfect plume wand which they had prepared.  
 This many days  
 Anxiously awaiting your time  
 We have passed our days.  
 Throughout the cycle of our fathers' months,  
 Throughout the summer,  
 Yonder toward the south,  
 Wherever the roads of our fathers come forth,  
 Even with your poorly made plume wands  
 You have been asking for life for us.  
 Now this day,  
 We have reached the appointed time.  
 Holding this plume wand,  
 Anxiously you will pass the day.  
 When our sun father  
 Has gone in to sit down at his sacred place  
 Saying, Let it be now,  
 You will make your fathers' road go forth.  
 Then again reinforcing with your own words  
 The prayers which we have laid upon these plume wands,  
 To your fathers  
 Give these plume wands.  
 With them you shall ask for life for us.

The Koyemci takes the prayer sticks and thanks the giver, invoking on those present all the blessings of the gods. The prayer sticks are planted with his own at night.

### **DISMISSAL OF THE KOYEMCI**

The Koyemci remain all day in the plaza in attendance on the various sets of dancers. At nightfall the last of the dancers, the Molawia, have departed. Then the Koyemci in pairs visit every house in the village, to invoke upon it the blessings of the gods. At each house they receive gifts of food from the female inhabitants. Returning to the plaza, they take their prayer sticks out to plant. They return to the house of their father late at night, and removing their masks for the first time all day give them to their father to return to the house where they are kept. When he comes back, he thanks his children for their year of work, and sets them free. Then for the first time since the preceding evening they drink, and after eating and bathing, return to their homes. Their retreat, fifteen days, is the longest in Zuñi ritual. The following is the prayer of the father of the Koyemci, setting them free.

This many are the days,  
 My children,  
 Since with their plume wand they appointed us.  
 Throughout the winter,  
 And the summer  
 Anxiously we have awaited our time.  
 Hither toward the south  
 We have given our fathers plume wands.  
 For all our ladder descending children  
 We have been asking for life.

Now we have reached the appointed time.  
This night  
We have fulfilled the thoughts of our fathers.  
Always with one thought  
We shall live.  
My children,  
This night  
Your children  
Your families,  
Happily you will pass on their roads.  
Happily we shall always live.  
Even though we say we have fulfilled their thoughts  
No indeed  
Anxiously awaiting until we shall again come to our appointed time  
We shall live henceforth.  
My children,  
Thus I have finished my words for you.  
To this end, my children:  
May you now go happily to your children.  
Asking for life from my fathers  
Yonder on all sides,  
Asking for my fathers' life-giving breath,  
Their breath of old age,  
And into my warm body,  
Drawing their breath,  
I add to your breath.  
To this end, my children  
May your roads be fulfilled;  
May you grow old;  
May you be blessed with life.

## VII. Prayers Of The Medicine Cult

### THE GREAT FIRE SOCIETY CHIEF SETS UP HIS ALTAR

The Great Fire Society convenes for the first time in November at the full moon. Before sunset the male members assemble at their ceremonial house. The women bring food to the house and leave their sacred corn fetishes to be placed on the altar. The tablet altar has been set up against the west wall of the room. At sunset the choir begins to sing very softly a set of eight songs known as "For Pouring in the Water." At the beginning of the fourth song two men go out to offer food in the river. The society pekwin rises and makes the meal painting and sets up the corn fetishes. At the fifth song the society chief takes the bowl for the medicine water, at the sixth he mixes the medicine, at the seventh he puts in sacred colored pebbles, during the eighth he "smokes" the altar. The following prayer is spoken in a low voice by the society chief while performing these rites.

The procedure is followed whenever the society altar is set up. It is followed by a rite of exorcism which leads into the main body of the ceremony. It is about the same for all societies. The peculiar style of the following prayer may be due to the fact that it is accompanied by song.

This many are the days  
 Since our moon mother  
 Yonder in the west,  
 As a small thing became visible.  
 Now yonder in the west,  
 Standing fully grown against the sky  
 She makes her days.  
 Our spring children,<sup>245</sup>  
 Whoever wished to grow old,  
 Carrying prayer meal,  
 Carrying shells,  
 Yonder, with prayers,  
 One by one they made their roads go forth.  
 Yonder they met those  
 Who since the first beginning  
 Have been given the world,<sup>246</sup>  
 The forests,  
 The brush.  
 At the feet of some lucky one  
 Offering prayer meal,  
 Shell,  
 Among their finger tips,  
 They looked about.  
 Breaking off the young shoots  
 Of some fortunate one,  
 And drawing them toward them,

<sup>245</sup> Members of the society, who have drunk from the sacred "spring"; the bowl of medicine water that stands on the altar

<sup>246</sup> The shrubs whose wood is used for prayer sticks

These very ones who stayed there quietly,  
 Bearing their long life,  
 Bearing their old age,  
 He brought back.  
 Into the rain filled rooms  
 Of his daylight fathers,<sup>247</sup>  
 His mothers,  
 His children,  
 He made their roads come in.  
 This many days the divine one.<sup>248</sup>

Have remained with us their children.  
 Now this very day  
 For the rite of our fathers,  
 Beast priests,<sup>249</sup>  
 We have prepared plume wands.  
 When yet a little space remained,  
 Ere our sun father  
 Went in to sit down at his sacred place.<sup>250</sup>  
 Coming to my earth mother,  
 Have I offered plume wands to my fathers,  
 And returned to my house.  
 Then yonder from all sides  
 Those who are my fathers,  
 The divine ones,<sup>251</sup>  
 With none among them lacking,  
 Will make their roads come forth,  
 Hither they will come.  
 Then having made my fathers' massed cloud house,<sup>252</sup>  
 Having spread out their mist blanket,  
 Having sent forth their life giving road,  
 Having laid down their rainbow bow,  
 Having laid down their lightning arrow,  
 I shall sit down quietly.  
 I shall set down my white shell bowl.<sup>253</sup>  
 Then from afar on all sides  
 You, my fathers,  
 Will come.  
 Yonder from the north,

<sup>247</sup> That is, human. The ceremonial room of the society

<sup>248</sup> K<sup>^</sup>?äpin a:'ho?i, literally "raw persons," as distinct from the "daylight people" "who are cooked" through having been born on a bed of warm sand

<sup>249</sup> We:'ma a:'ciwan:i, the special protectors of the medicine societies and the source of life, medicine power, and witchcraft

<sup>250</sup> Late afternoon, the usual hour for making offerings of prayer sticks

<sup>251</sup> The beast gods, who are present in spirit throughout the ceremonies

<sup>252</sup> The meal painting on the altar; the "house" is the terraced outline, the "blanket" the filling of fine meal, the "road" the line of meal, generally crossed at four points, leading from the altar to the door at the farther end of the room

<sup>253</sup> For mixing the medicine water

The rain maker priests,<sup>254</sup>  
 Bringing their waters,  
 Will make their roads come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times they will make their road come in.  
 Yonder from the west  
 The rain maker priests,  
 Bringing their waters,  
 Will make their roads come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times they will make their road come in.  
 Yonder from the south,  
 The rain maker priests,  
 Bringing their waters,  
 Will make their roads come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times they will make their road come in.  
 Yonder from the east  
 The rain maker priests,  
 Bringing their waters,  
 Will make their roads come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl.  
 Four times they will make their roads come in.  
 Yonder from the above  
 The rain maker priests,  
 Bringing their waters,  
 Will make their roads come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times they will make their roads come in.  
 Yonder from below  
 The rain maker priests,  
 Bringing their waters,  
 Will make their roads come in.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times they will make their roads come in.  
 When you have all sat down quietly  
 Our young ones.<sup>255</sup>  
 Will refresh themselves with your waters.  
 Then to dawn lake reaching,  
 Their roads will be fulfilled.  
 And furthermore, yonder in the north,  
 You who are my father,  
 Mountain lion,<sup>256</sup>

<sup>254</sup> U'wanami--during this invocation he pours the water with a gourd, four gourds of water

<sup>255</sup> T'e'apk?una:we--children, also domesticated and game animals. The word is used as a general term for fecundity. Here specifically the members of the society

<sup>256</sup> He now invokes in turn the beast gods of the six directions, meanwhile addling pulverized roots with medicinal properties

You are life-giving society chief;  
 Bringing your medicine,  
 You will make your road come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in,  
 Watch over my spring.  
 When you sit down quietly  
 We shall be one person.<sup>257</sup>  
 And, furthermore, yonder in the west  
 You who are my father, bear,  
 You are life-giving society chief;  
 Bringing your medicine,  
 You will make your road come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in,  
 Watch over my spring.  
 When you sit down quietly  
 We shall be one person.  
 And, furthermore, yonder in the south  
 You who are my father, badger,  
 You are life-giving society chief;  
 Bringing your medicine,  
 You will make your road come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in,  
 Watch over my spring.  
 When you sit down quietly  
 We shall be one person.  
 And, furthermore, yonder in the east  
 You who are my father, wolf,  
 You are life-giving society chief;  
 Bringing your medicine,  
 You will make your road come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in,  
 Watch over my spring.  
 When you sit down quietly,  
 We shall be one person.  
 And furthermore, yonder above  
 You who are my father, knife-wing,  
 You are life-giving society chief.  
 Bringing your medicine,  
 You will make your road come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in,

<sup>257</sup> During the final ceremony of the societies at the winter solstice when the sick are cured the identification is felt to be complete for those who have esoteric knowledge. At that time there is a complete change of personality; the shamans rush about uttering the cries of animals. They are very much feared. It is especially the prerogative of the bear to give this power of magical impersonation



Watch over my spring.  
 When you sit down quietly  
 We shall be one person.  
 And furthermore, yonder below  
 You who are my father, gopher,  
 You are life-giving society chief.  
 Bringing your medicine,  
 You will make your road come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in,  
 Watch over my spring.  
 When you sit down quietly  
 We shall be one person.  
 And furthermore, yonder in the north  
 On all the mossy mountains,  
 On the tops of the mountains,  
 And along their slopes,  
 Where the ravines open out,  
 You hold the world in your keeping;  
 Ancient yellow stone,<sup>258</sup>  
 You will make your road come hither  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in,  
 You will sit down quietly.  
 Then with your living waters  
 Our young ones will nourish themselves;  
 Reaching to Dawn Lake  
 Their roads will be fulfilled.  
 And furthermore, yonder in the west  
 On all the mossy mountains,  
 On the tops of the mountains,  
 And along their slopes,  
 Wherever the ravines open out,  
 You hold the world in your keeping;  
 Ancient blue stone,  
 You will make your road come hither  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in  
 You will sit down quietly.  
 Then with your living waters  
 Our young ones will nourish themselves;  
 Reaching to Dawn Lake  
 Their roads will be fulfilled.  
 And furthermore, yonder in the south  
 On all the mossy mountains,

<sup>258</sup> He adds small round pebbles believed to have been brought from the underworld at the time of emergence. As a matter of fact any curiously shaped or colored pebble that may be picked up is believed to have magical properties. A collection of these forms part of every shaman's equipment. There are prayers and simple rituals for each one

On the tops of the mountains,  
 And along their slopes,  
 Wherever the ravines open out,  
 You hold the world in your keeping;  
 Ancient red stone,  
 You will make your road come hither,  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in  
 You will sit down quietly.  
 Then with your living waters  
 Our young ones will nourish themselves;  
 Reaching to Dawn Lake  
 Their roads will be fulfilled.  
 And furthermore, yonder in the east  
 On all the mossy mountains,  
 On the tops of the mountains,  
 And along their slopes,  
 Wherever the ravines open out,  
 You hold the world in your keeping;  
 Ancient white stone,  
 You will make your road come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in  
 You will sit down quietly.  
 Then with your living waters  
 Our young ones will nourish themselves;  
 Reaching to Dawn Lake  
 Their roads will be fulfilled.  
 And furthermore, yonder above  
 On all the mossy mountains,  
 On the tops of the mountains,  
 And along their slopes,  
 Wherever the ravines open out,  
 You hold the world in your keeping;  
 Ancient many colored stone,  
 You will make your road come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in  
 You will sit down quietly.  
 Then with your living waters  
 Our young ones will nourish themselves;  
 Reaching to Dawn Lake  
 Their roads will be fulfilled.  
 And furthermore, yonder below,  
 On all the mossy mountains,  
 On the tops of the mountains,  
 And along their slopes,  
 Wherever ravines open out,  
 You hold the world in your keeping;  
 Ancient dark stone,

You will make your road come hither.  
 Where lies my white shell bowl,  
 Four times making your road come in  
 You will sit down quietly.  
 Then with your living waters  
 Our young ones will nourish themselves;  
 Reaching to Dawn Lake  
 Their roads will be fulfilled.

### **SUMMONING A SHAMAN**

When anyone is sick and it is decided to call a shaman to cure him, the family decide whether or not they consider the case sufficiently serious to warrant summoning one of the societies to come as an organization to perform its curing ritual. This is done only when they believe death is threatened and it is felt that the full power of the society is needed to save the patient's life. In such cases the patient is given to the society, and the family undertakes to see that he is initiated within a reasonable time. This is a last resort, since the expense of initiation is very great.

In less serious cases a shaman is summoned to practice as an individual. In such a case the shaman may ask assistance of some colleague who owns an especially potent song or medicine, but the society as a whole does not participate, nor is the patient initiated. However, at the following New Year he goes to the house of the society with which his doctor is affiliated and his head is washed at their altar, and he becomes their "child." Each year at the winter solstice his society father, the shaman, makes a prayer stick for him to plant.

Before the physician is summoned the patient's relatives decide what they will offer him for his services. The gift is held ready. Then the patient's father or some other mature male relative prepares prayer meal, which he wraps in a corn husk. Into this he puts some bit of the gift for the physician--a thread from a robe, or a bit of the fringe if it is a shawl. This is for the Beast Gods, their "clothing." With this he goes to the house of the shaman. The two men sit down, remove their headbands and moccasins, clasping hands over the package of meal. The patient's father repeats the following prayer, to which the shaman replies in like spirit:<sup>259</sup>

This day,  
 Because of the ill will of the foolish ones,<sup>260</sup>  
 Our child wears out his spirit.  
 Among all our fathers,  
 Life-giving priests,<sup>261</sup>  
 Life-giving p?ekwins,  
 Life-giving bow priests,  
 We have looked about.  
 When all unexpectedly,  
 The divine ones chose you  
 We, in the daylight  
 Also chose you.  
 Now that we have let you know of it,

<sup>259</sup> Dictated by one of the headmen of the wood Society

<sup>260</sup> The witch, whose ill will has caused the sickness

<sup>261</sup> Society chiefs. The choice of a shaman is believed to be inspired by the Beast Gods

Yonder in their house,<sup>262</sup>  
 The divine ones have passed you on your road,  
 With the roads of the divine ones going ahead,  
 Into our house  
 You will make your road enter.  
 Having sat down quietly,  
 This day,  
 With the flesh of the white corn,  
 Prayer meal,  
 With ground shell,  
 We have taken firm hold of our fathers,  
 Life-giving priests;  
 With prayer meal held in the hollow of the left hand.<sup>263</sup>

We held one another fast.  
 With prayer meal,  
 With riches,  
 With shell,  
 With these we hold one another fast.  
 The ones who are our fathers,  
 Life-giving priests,  
 Will hold our child,  
 Our child who has been bewitched  
 Because the heart of someone became angry.  
 Our fathers,  
 Life-giving priests,  
 Beast priests,  
 With your hands,  
 With your breath,  
 Hold him fast.  
 The power of the two hearted one,  
 The one who has bewitched our child,  
 The foolish one,  
 His power<sup>264</sup> they will cause to stand out  
 In the daylight of our sun father.  
 Then our child's breath will become well.  
 His spirit will become well.  
 Desiring this  
 With prayer meal,  
 With shell,  
 We have held one another fast.  
 Taking his prayer meal,

<sup>262</sup> The ceremonial house of the society

<sup>263</sup> The left hand is used in all curing rituals. Also in the rites of the scalp dance

<sup>264</sup> Sawanikā, weapons, also, abstractly, power. There is a double meaning to these lines. The shaman will actually remove from the patient's body foreign matter which the witch has injected, and which is the direct cause of the sickness. Also, by revealing the means the witch has employed, he strips him of his power. For this reason torture formerly was used to extract confessions from those suspected of witchcraft. If a witch once reveals the source of his power he becomes helpless. Any prayer or ritual loses its potency when it is told, the power passing to the new owner.

You will make your road go out.<sup>265</sup>  
 Yonder, with prayers, you will direct your road.  
 Somewhere on your earth mother,  
 Your fathers,  
 The divine ones,  
 You will pass on their roads.  
  
 Then once more taking my prayer meal,  
 My riches,  
 My shell,  
 Those on which I have breathed my prayers,  
 Even thus will be your words upon them.  
 To those who once were alive,<sup>266</sup>  
 To those who used to be with us,  
 And furthermore, our fathers,  
 The beast priests,  
 The life-giving priests,  
 To them you will give the prayer meal,  
 The shell,  
 The riches.  
 Our fathers will take the prayer meal,  
 The shell,  
 The riches.  
 When you have given it to them,  
 And when they have accepted it,  
 Anxiously they will await evening.  
 When our run father  
 Has gone in to sit down at his sacred place,  
 Somewhere the divine ones will pass you on your road.  
 They will come to their child;  
 The divine ones will come to their child.  
 Our fathers,  
 Life-giving priests,  
 Life-giving p?ekwins,  
 Life-giving bow priests,  
 Perpetuating their rite from the first beginning,  
 Sitting down quietly among us,  
 Will look over their child,  
 Our child, whose spirit failed,  
 Because of some evil thing.  
 Beast priests,  
 With your hands,  
 With your breath,  
  
 The power of the foolish one  
 You will make stand forth.

<sup>265</sup> The prayer meal which the medicine man receives is offered to the spirits at a point east of the village

<sup>266</sup> Deceased shamans, united in death with their protectors and patrons, the Beast Gods. Only those members of medicine societies who have shamanistic powers, that is, the power to invoke and impersonate the bear, are so honored in death

Then our child's spirit will become well,  
 His breath will become well.  
 Then that you may be the ones  
 whom his spirit will embrace,  
 There at your house.<sup>267</sup>  
 With your clear water  
 You will bind your child fast.  
 In order that it may be thus  
 We give you our child.

### **THE SOCIETY FATHER SUMMONS THE NOVICE FOR HIS INITIATION**

If the patient has been given to the society he is expected to complete his initiation as soon as economic obligations permit. Should he fail in this he is troubled with bad dreams as a warning of the fate that will overtake him. Initiation is in no sense a propitiatory rite; it is, rather, an access to power. The preliminary ceremonies held at his sick bed secured him a stay, but in order finally to triumph over the disease, the patient must place himself under the protection of the Beast Gods and receive from them a new heart. Should he not do this, he will be troubled in spirit until he sickens and dies. Worry is the most serious of all illnesses, it is the sickness of the spirit caused by supernatural agencies.

Frequently many years elapse before a man is in a position to meet the expenses of initiation. Whenever he is ready his family notify the society father, who is the man who received him as a patient. At the first fall meeting of the society the date for the initiation is set at the full moon of the month at which that society customarily initiates.

Four days before the full moon the ceremonial father goes after sunset to the house of the novice to notify him that the initiation ceremonies are about to begin. Here the boy's family are assembled and waiting for him. After formal greetings are exchanged, the man sits down, removes his head band and moccasins and prays.<sup>268</sup>

This many are the days  
 Since some evil thing  
 Made our child sick.  
 His breath failed.  
 Because of this from among all our fathers,  
 Life-giving priests,  
 Life-giving p?ekwins,  
 Life-giving bow priests;  
 All the society priests,  
 Society p?ekwins,  
 Society bow priests,  
 Unexpectedly  
 The divine ones chose me.  
 Their daylight children  
 Revealed themselves to you,  
 And choosing me,  
 You let me know.  
 Taking prayer meal,

<sup>267</sup> The house of the society. Had the man been offering the child for initiation into the society he would say instead of "at your house," "in your spring."

<sup>268</sup> Dictated by a member of the Great Fire Society, a man who has initiated many children into his Society

Far off to the east,  
 With prayers, I made my road go forth.  
 Where our fathers' road comes in<sup>269</sup>  
 I passed them on their road.  
 Standing facing them,  
 I offered them prayer meal.  
 The divine ones' road preceded;  
 Their road preceding,  
 Following them  
 Hither with prayers.  
 We brought our roads  
 Into their daylight children's rain filled rooms,<sup>270</sup>  
 The divine ones brought their road.  
 They sat down quietly  
 And we of the daylight  
 Met one another.  
 Our prayer meal,  
 Shells,<sup>271</sup>  
 Riches,  
 On which I had breathed our prayers,  
  
 Four times drawing them toward me,  
 Here in the hollow of the life-giving left hand  
 Of my fathers,  
 Life-giving priests,  
 I laid the prayer meal,  
 The shells,  
 The riches.  
 Then taking the prayer meal,<sup>272</sup>  
 The shells,  
 The riches,  
 Yonder to the east,  
 For the second time  
 With prayers  
 I made my road go forth.  
 Where my father's life-giving road comes in  
 Standing facing them,  
 I offered them prayer meal.  
 Thus anxiously waiting,  
 We have passed our days..<sup>273</sup>

<sup>269</sup> The eastern road. The Beast Gods dwell at Cipapolima, in the east. All curing rituals are oriented toward the east, as all katchina are oriented toward the southwest

<sup>270</sup> The house of the patient

<sup>271</sup> The prayer meal contains bits of ground shell or turquoise and a few threads pulled from the garment offered to the medicine man in payment for his services in curing

<sup>272</sup> The patient expectorates into the package of meal. Thus his sickness is removed, and the father "takes it out to the east."

<sup>273</sup> The four days during which the society holds its ceremonies of curing in the home of the patient. Only the officers and possessors of esoteric knowledge are present. The sacred paraphernalia of the society is set up, songs are sung, the Beast Gods are invoked, and finally the agency of sickness is withdrawn from the patient. The ceremonies are held for four consecutive nights, and last from midnight until dawn

Then when all their days were past,<sup>274</sup>  
 After our moon mother,  
 At her sacred place,  
 Still small, appeared,  
 And now yonder in the east  
 Standing fully grown makes her days,<sup>275</sup>  
 Now our spring children,  
 Whoever truly desires in his heart to grow old,  
 Taking prayer meal,  
 Taking shell,  
 Taking corn pollen,  
 Yonder with prayers  
  
 One by one shall make their roads go forth.<sup>276</sup>  
 Yonder where they have stood since the first beginning  
 Our fathers,  
 The forest,  
 The brush,<sup>277</sup>  
 Those who have been given domain  
 Yonder on all the mossy mountains,  
 There we passed them on their roads.  
 At the feet of some lucky one,  
 Offering prayer meal,  
 Shells,  
 Corn pollen,  
 Even among their sharp fingers  
 We looked about.  
 Breaking off the straight green shoots of some lucky one,  
 We drew them toward us.  
 Even those standing there quietly,  
 Holding their long life,  
 Their old age,  
 Their waters,  
 Their seeds,  
 The divine ones made their roads come hither.  
 Near by into the house of our fathers,  
 Our mothers,  
 The clan of the sun,<sup>278</sup>  
 Into their house the divine ones  
 brought their road

<sup>274</sup> The days of waiting until the novice was ready to assume his obligations

<sup>275</sup> The time is now approaching the full moon. The ceremonies of initiation will begin with the making of prayer sticks by all members of the society on the day following the visit of the father to the home of the novice

<sup>276</sup> The frequent changes of tense in the following passages are confusing, but have been retained in the translation because they are so characteristic a feature of the poetic style. It reflects the very slight importance attached to clarity and coherence

<sup>277</sup> Willow sticks may be gathered at any time, and kept by a man in the house in which he lives until ready for use. He must have them in readiness for the prayer-stick making, which starts shortly after sunrise the following day

<sup>278</sup> An attempt on the part of the speaker to conceal his identity. He was neither a member of the Sun clan nor living in a Sun clan house



And there sat down quietly.  
 This many days,  
 Anxiously waiting  
 With us, their children, they passed their days.  
 And now that their appointed time had come,  
  
 Next day,  
 After our fathers,  
 Our ancestors,  
 Those who here had belonged to societies,  
 The divine ones,  
 After they first had taken hold of their plume wands,  
 We of the daylight,  
 Meeting one another,  
 With our warm human hands,  
 Embraced them.  
 For our fathers,  
 Our children,  
 Those who here belonged to societies,  
 For their ceremony  
 We shall give our plume wands human form.  
 With the massed cloud robe of our grandfather,  
 Male turkey,  
 With eagle's mist garment,  
 With the striped cloud wings  
 And massed cloud tails  
 Of all the birds of summer,  
 With these four times wrapping our plume wands,  
 We shall give them human form.  
 With the one who is our mother,  
 Cotton woman,  
 Even a roughly spun cotton thread,  
 A soiled cotton thread,  
 With this four times encircling them and tying it around,  
 With hanging rain feather,  
 We shall give our plume wands human form.  
 Saying, let it be now,  
 Taking our child's prayer meal,  
 Wherever we think, let it be here,  
 Our earth mother  
 We shall pass on her road.  
 Offering our plume wands,  
 We shall make their days.<sup>279</sup>  
 When there remains a little space,

<sup>279</sup> The four-day retreat, which begins when the prayer sticks are planted shortly before sunset on the day following this speech. The novice has prayer sticks made for him by his ceremonial father. In the afternoon he is summoned to the ceremonial house of the society to receive them. He then goes with his father and officers of the society to plant in a shrine at Badger place, about 2 miles southeast of Zuñi. From the time of the planting until the conclusion of the ceremonies he must do no work, especially lift no heavy weights. He eats and sleeps very little and is untouchable, like one who has had contact with the dead. At the same time other members of

Ere our sun father goes in to sit down at his sacred place  
 Then our father<sup>280</sup>  
 Will spread out his fathers' mist blanket,  
 Their perfect cloud house he will prepare,  
 Their rainbow bow he will lay down,  
 Their lightning arrow he will lay down,  
 And there will sit down quietly.  
 Far off from all directions  
 Our fathers will make their roads come forth.  
 Making their roads come hither  
 They will sit down quietly.  
 Sitting behind them  
 This many days,  
 Anxiously waiting  
 We shall pass our days.  
 When we reach their appointed time,<sup>281</sup>  
 Yonder from all directions  
 The ones who are our fathers,  
 Life-giving priests,  
 Life-giving p?ekwins,  
 Life-giving bow priests,  
 All the Beast Priests,  
 The divine ones,  
 With no exceptions,  
 All will make their roads come hither.  
 Near-by, into the rain-filled rooms  
 Of their daylight fathers,  
 Their daylight children,  
 They will bring their roads.  
 At the place where they sit down quietly,  
 Our child will pass his fathers on their road.  
 Into a being like themselves<sup>282</sup>  
 They will transform him.  
 Then sitting among his fathers,  
 Even at their valuable place,  
 Throughout a blessed night.  
 With us, their children,  
 They will come to day.  
 Next day, when yet a little space remains  
 Ere our sun father  
 Comes out standing to his sacred place,  
 Then with that through which our roads are fulfilled,  
 With clear water,

the society plant in their fields or at Red Earth and after their supper return with their bedding to the society house for a four nights' retreat. The days are spent in preparation for the great ceremony of the last night

<sup>280</sup> The p?ekwin of the society, who sets up the altar and makes the meal painting. This is done before the novice is summoned to plant his prayer sticks

<sup>281</sup> The fourth night of the retreat, when the ceremony of initiation takes place

<sup>282</sup> The painting of the face and the body of the novice. There is power inherent in body paint

We shall add to the breath of our child.  
 For since our breath is valuable,  
 Our child  
 Into his body  
 Will inhale our breath.  
 At the very place where he sees our spring  
 He will sit down as one of us.  
 That his road may be fulfilled,  
 Seeking that,  
 With our thoughts bent to that,  
 We shall always live.  
 Anxiously awaiting the time ordained for this,  
 We shall pass our days.  
 For even while I call myself poor,  
 Yonder on all sides,  
 Asking for life from those whom  
 my thoughts embrace,  
 I shall add to your breath.  
 From the priest of the north,  
 From the priest of the west,  
 From the priest of the south,  
 From the priest of the east,  
 From the priest of the above,  
 From the priest of the below,  
 Asking their long life,  
 Their old age,  
 All their good fortune whereof they are possessed,  
 Asking for their breath,  
 And into my warm body,  
 Drawing their breath,  
 I shall add to your breath.  
  
 To this end,  
 May you be blessed with life.  
 Now we go.<sup>283</sup>

### **THE SOCIETY FATHER BLESSES THE NOVICE AT THE CLOSE OF HIS INITIATION**

On the following morning the members of the society make prayer sticks at their society house. They plant late in the afternoon and go into retreat in their ceremonial room. The novice has prayer sticks made by his ceremonial father, with whom he goes to plant at Badger Place. He observes a strict retreat in his own house. Each night he is brought to the society room to practice dancing and to be purified for his initiation.

Each member of the society makes prayer sticks for the novice to plant the last day. His father prepares his mi?le, the feathered ear of corn which will be his personal fetish, his medicine bag, and the eagle feathers that form part of his regalia. He makes or purchases the

<sup>283</sup> The man leaves at once. The women of the boy's family immediately start preparations for his initiation, including the preparation of food for the two great feasts they must provide, and the grinding of meal to be given to his ceremonial father

hand-woven blue breechcloth which forms his ceremonial costume. At the boy's house preparations for the feast are under way.

On the fourth night he is summoned by his father. At the society house he is clothed and his face and body are painted with sacred paint. Then he is brought into the ceremonial room to meet his fathers, the Beast Gods. He dances all night with two women of the clan of his ceremonial father. At dawn the two women wash his head at the altar, while the choir calls his new name. At the conclusion of this the ceremonial father hands the boy the medicine bag, eagle feathers, four ears of corn which have been lying on the altar, the mi?le, and the bundle of prayer sticks. They clasp bands over these sacred objects while the father repeats a long prayer, reviewing the events which have led up to this moment. At the conclusion all inhale the blessing of the newly consecrated mi?le.

The boy takes his sacred possession to his house and returns to the society room, where his relatives serve a sumptuous feast. About noon he goes with his ceremonial father and the head of the society to a shrine on Badger Place where he plants the bundle of prayer sticks. Then for four days he must abstain from animal food in addition to the usual requirements of sexual continence and gentleness. On the fourth morning his father takes him out toward the east and removes from his hair the downy feather which he has worn as a pledge of his abstinence. He takes the boy to his house, where his head is washed by his wife. On this day there are elaborate exchanges of gifts of food between the women of the boy's family and those of the father's.

The following prayer, dictated by a member of the Great Fire Society, is said by the ceremonial father at the presentation of the mi?le, at the moment when he receives the novice into full membership in the society.

Now this many are the days  
 Since something made our child sick.  
 When his spirit failed  
 And his breath failed,  
 That by which we live,  
 That of which is made the flesh of these, my children,  
 The flesh of the white corn,  
 Prayer meal,  
 You prepared.  
 And taking shells,  
 The flesh of our mother, white shell woman,  
 Who, though abiding far off, in the west,  
 In all the village branches,<sup>284</sup>  
 Saying, "Let it be here,"  
 Has washed the cuticle from her body,  
 Taking even a single borrowed shell,  
 The shell,  
 The rich clothing.  
 You sent forth with prayers.<sup>285</sup>  
 Among all your fathers,  
 Life-giving priests,

<sup>284</sup> The pueblos to the east, whence shells and turquoise are secured by trade. Wherever White Shell Woman bathes she leaves the rubbings from her body, the white olivella shells, which are ground down for wampum

<sup>285</sup> Literally, "to set up before the door," used of any person or object appointed to intercede with outside forces.

Life-giving p?ekwins,  
 Life-giving bow priests,  
 Society priests,  
 Society p?ekwins,  
 Society bow priests  
 You looked about.  
 Now since nothing was clear to you,  
 The divine ones  
 Chose me from all.  
 Then my daylight children revealed themselves to you  
 And you also chose me from among them all  
 And let me know of it.  
 When my fathers had come out one by one  
 From wherever they abide,  
 Taking my prayer meal,  
 Yonder toward the east  
 I made my road go forth..<sup>286</sup>  
 Standing facing my fathers  
 I offered them prayer meal.  
 The divine ones took my prayer meal.  
 Then they leading,  
 I following at their backs,  
 With prayers we made our roads come hither.  
 Here into the rain-filled rooms  
 Of their daylight children  
 The divine ones entered..<sup>287</sup>  
 They sat down quietly.  
 Here we of the daylight met one another  
 I sat down quietly.  
 Taking up our prayer meal,  
 Our shells,  
 Our rich clothing,  
 Upon which we had breathed our prayers,  
 In the hollow of the life giving left hand  
 Of my fathers, life giving priests,  
 I placed the prayer meal,  
 The shells,  
 The rich clothing,  
 Then when my fathers took hold of their prayer meal,  
 Their shells,  
 Their rich clothing,  
 We of the daylight  
 With the prayer meal,  
 With the shells,  
 With the rich clothing,  
 We held one another fast.

<sup>286</sup> With the package of meal received from the patient's family, the shaman goes to the east to pray for divine help

<sup>287</sup> The first visit to the patient

Desiring our fathers' long life,  
 Desiring their old age,  
 Desiring their medicine,  
 Sending forth our prayers for these,  
 With prayer meal,  
  
 With shells,  
 With rich clothing  
 We held one another fast.  
 Taking my child's prayer meal,  
 His shells,  
 His rich clothing,  
 Yonder toward the east,  
 With prayers I made my road go forth.<sup>288</sup>  
 Where the life-giving road of my fathers comes in,  
 I passed them on their road.  
 With my child's prayer meal,  
 With his shells,  
 With his rich clothing  
 For my child  
 I asked for life.  
 Then I returned to my own house.  
 As the sacred words of the divine ones circulated,<sup>289</sup>  
 We in the daylight,  
 Letting one another know,  
 Anxiously waiting we came to evening.  
 Following after those whom our thoughts embrace,<sup>290</sup>  
 The ones who were to have their days,  
 Male willow,  
 Female willow,  
 Breaking off straight young shoots,  
 Of whichever ones were lucky,  
 And drawing them toward us,  
 With our warm human hands  
 We held them fast.  
 With the massed cloud robe of our grandfather,  
 Male turkey,  
 With eagle's mist garment,  
 With the striped cloud wings  
 And massed cloud tails  
 Of all the birds of summer,  
 Four times with these wrapping the plume wands  
 We gave them human form;  
 With our mother,

<sup>288</sup> He goes out to the east a second time, "to take out the sickness."

<sup>289</sup> He notifies important members of the society that the society has been summoned to cure, while at the same time the supernaturals assemble

<sup>290</sup> Heads of the society go after willow sticks of which to make prayer sticks. In the text of the following passage all pronouns are omitted, implying a third person subject. They have been restored in the translation in the interest of intelligibility. Such changes of person are characteristic.

Cotton woman,  
 Even a roughly spun cotton thread,  
 Four times encircling them and tying it around,  
 With a rain-bringing hair feather,  
 We gave them human form;  
 With the flesh of our two mothers,  
 Black paint woman,  
 Clay woman,  
 Clothing their plume wands with their flesh,  
 We gave them human form;  
 With the mucous of our fathers,<sup>291</sup>  
 Life-giving priests,  
 We gave them human form.  
 Saying, "Let it be now,"  
 And taking our plume wands,  
 The divine ones leading,  
 We following at their backs,  
 Hither with prayers  
 We brought our roads.  
 Into the rain-filled rooms  
 Of our daylight children<sup>292</sup>  
 The divine ones entered;  
 With their hands  
 They removed the source of sickness from our child,  
 The one who had been suffering from some evil sickness.  
 Then our child  
 With his spittle  
 Finished their plume wands.  
 Taking the plume wand,  
 After having removed the sickness from our child,  
 The one who had been suffering with some evil sickness,  
 Taking the plume wand,  
 We made our road go forth.  
 Saying, "Let it be here,"  
 I met those who are our fathers,  
 Life-giving priests,  
 Life-giving p?ekwins,  
 Life-giving bow priests;  
 And furthermore our ancestors,  
 Those who here belonged to societies,  
 Those who were society chiefs,  
 Those who were society p?ekwins,  
  
 Those who were society bow priests,  
 Those who with thoughts embracing,

<sup>291</sup> Medicine roots which are used on prayer sticks for special occasions. The use of these medicines, the way of making these prayer sticks, and the prayers which give them power are some of the most carefully guarded secrets in Zuñi ritual

<sup>292</sup> The second visit to the patient The physician rubs his body with the medicated prayer stick. The physician takes it out immediately

Held in their keeping our world;  
 And furthermore our ancestors,  
 Those who had knowledge of how to care for us,  
 And the Beast Priests.  
 Where they were all fittingly gathered together,  
 None being absent,  
 There I passed them on their roads.  
 I gave them the plume wands.  
 My fathers took firm hold of my plume wands.  
 Yonder at the place of their first beginning,  
 At Cipapolima,  
 While Iyatiku Poceyanki.<sup>293</sup>  
 By means of my plume wands sent  
 Word about,  
 Anxiously waiting  
 They came to evening.  
 When our sun father  
 Had gone in standing to his sacred place,  
 And our night fathers,  
 Our night mothers,  
 Coming out rising to their sacred place,  
 Passed us on our roads,  
 Saying, "Let it be now,"  
 Our father,  
 Our mother,  
 The perfectly robed ones.<sup>294</sup>  
 Both of them we made arise.  
 They leading,  
 Near by into the rain-filled rooms of our daylight fathers,  
 Our roads entered.<sup>295</sup>  
 Sitting down quietly,  
 Again for the second time  
 Taking our child's prayer meal,  
 And giving it to our fathers,  
 Here in the hollow of their life-giving left hand,  
 The prayer meal,  
 The shell giving to them,  
 We held one another fast.  
 Saying, "Let it be now,"  
 Our father,  
 Our mother,  
 The perfectly robed,  
 We made arise.  
 With these leading,  
 Far off to the east,

<sup>293</sup> Described as a single individual with two names. "Some one who knows about medicine." Iyatiku is the "mother corn" of the Keres. Po'ciyanki is the culture hero of all the eastern Pueblos.

<sup>294</sup> The mi?le "and something else." What, could not be learned

<sup>295</sup> The first night visit to the patient



With prayers we made our road forth.<sup>296</sup>  
 Where our fathers' life-giving road comes in,  
 We passed them on their roads.  
 Standing face to face  
 Our child's prayer meal,  
 His shells,  
 We gave to our fathers.  
 And adding my own words  
 In accordance with whatever had already been said to make the prayer meal a being potent in  
 prayer,  
 I asked for life for my child.  
 There we met our fathers,  
 Life-giving priests;  
 And furthermore, our ancestors,  
 Those who here belonged to societies  
 The ones who had attained the far off place of waters;  
 And furthermore our relatives,  
 Those who used to know how to care for us;  
 Where none were missing  
 But where all abide holding their long life,  
 Holding their old age,  
 We passed them on their roads;  
 All the Beast Priests  
 Holding their weapons.<sup>297</sup>  
 We met;  
 With these all leading,  
 We following at their backs,  
 Hither with prayers we came.<sup>298</sup>  
 Into their daylight children's water-filled rooms,  
 Their seed-filled rooms,  
 The divine ones entered.  
 After they had sat down quietly  
 We, the daylight people,  
  
 Met one another.  
 Sitting down quietly,  
 Our fathers, life-giving priests,  
 Built<sup>299</sup> with their hand their massed cloud house,  
 Spread out their mist blanket,  
 Sent forth their life-giving road,  
 Prepared their perfect spring.  
 Sitting down quietly,  
 These, the divine ones,  
 Looked over their child.  
 Then also these same ones  
 Let their hands go first,

<sup>296</sup> He goes out with corn meal for the second time to pray for divine help

<sup>297</sup> Sa'wanik^ä, any weapon including the claws of animals, and, abstractly, power

<sup>298</sup> He returns to the house of the patient

<sup>299</sup> The altar is set up in the patient's room

Their breath go first  
 While our hands followed.  
 For among all the corn priests' ladder descending children,  
 Among all the little boys and little girls,  
 And those whose roads go ahead,<sup>300</sup>  
 Was one, who even though a valuable person,  
 Because he became angry over some thing,  
 Used his power to harm our child.  
 The power of this foolish one,  
 Our fathers, the divine ones,  
 The Beast Priests,  
 Brought forth standing  
 Into the daylight of our sun father.<sup>301</sup>  
 Then with his fathers' water of life,  
 With their flesh,<sup>302</sup>  
 Our child nourished himself.  
 When the day had advanced a little,  
 When the night had advanced a little,  
 Our child's sickness grew less,  
 His breath became better.  
 That his road may be fulfilled  
 Reaching to where the road of his sun father comes out,  
 That he may stand firmly upon his earth mother,  
 Hoping for this we shall live.  
 When he said, let it be now,<sup>303</sup>  
 And after our moon mother,  
 Yonder in the west still small,  
 Had first appeared,  
 And when a little space yet remained  
 Until, standing against the eastern sky,  
 She should come to maturity.  
 At that time our spring children,<sup>304</sup>  
 Whoever of them had thought to grow old,  
 Taking prayer meal,  
 Taking shells,  
 Taking corn pollen,  
 Made their roads go forth.  
 Wherever they met their fathers of the bush,  
 At the feet of the lucky one  
 Prayer meal, shell,  
 Corn pollen,  
 They offered.  
 Breaking off the straight young shoots

<sup>300</sup> The aged

<sup>301</sup> The cause of sickness is drawn from the body of the patient

<sup>302</sup> The patient drinks from the medicine bowl on the altar an infusion of medicine roots in water. The ceremony described above is repeated on four consecutive nights

<sup>303</sup> When the patient decided to fulfill his pledge of membership

<sup>304</sup> The members of the society start their preparations for the initiation ceremonies. The final ceremonies take place at the full moon

Which they drew toward them,  
 With their warm human hands,  
 They held them fast.  
 With the massed cloud robe of our grandfather,  
 Male turkey,  
 Eagle's mist garment,  
 And the striped cloud wings  
 And massed cloud tails  
 Of all the birds of summer,  
 With these four times wrapping their plume wands,  
 They gave their plume wands human form.  
 With the one who is our mother,  
 Cotton woman,  
 Even a roughly spun cotton thread,  
 Four times encircling the plume wand  
 And tying it around,  
 And with a rain-bringing hair feather,  
 They gave their plume wands human form.  
 With the flesh of our two mothers,  
 Black paint woman,  
 Clay woman,  
 Clothing their plume wands with flesh,  
 They gave their plume wands human form.  
 Saying, "Let it be now,"  
 And taking our plume wands,  
  
 And taking our child's prayer meal,<sup>305</sup>  
 Yonder with prayer  
 One by one we made our roads go forth.  
 Meeting our earth mother,  
 And meeting our ancestors,  
 Our children,  
 Those who here belonged to societies,  
 And furthermore our fathers,  
 The Beast bow priests,  
 We offered them plume wands.  
 When there remained yet a little space.  
 Ere our sun father,  
 Went in to sit down at his sacred place,  
 From far off on all sides  
 Our fathers,  
 Life giving priests,  
 The divine ones,  
 With not one missing,  
 Making their roads come forth,  
 They made their roads come hither.  
 Into the rain-filled rooms of their daylight mothers,

<sup>305</sup> As soon as the altar is setup in the society room the father or uncle of the novice is summoned. He again gives the boy's ceremonial father a packet of prayer meal, thanking him for having cured his child. This meal is later distributed among all present

They made their roads enter.<sup>306</sup>  
 Perpetuating their rite  
 According to the first beginning,  
 They fashioned their cloud house,  
 They spread out their mist blanket,  
 They sent forth their life-giving road,  
 They fashioned their spring,  
 They spanned their rainbow bow,  
 They set their lightning arrow,  
 They sat down quietly,  
 And at their feet we sat down.  
 This many days  
 Anxiously we have waited.<sup>307</sup>  
 Now, indeed, when the last of all their days was past,  
 Our child having made his road come in,<sup>308</sup>  
 Even where the precious road of his fathers enters,  
 Into a being like themselves  
 Our fathers transformed<sup>309</sup> their child.  
 Then a blessed night they spent  
 With us who are their children.  
 Next day,  
 While yet a little space remained  
 Ere our sun father  
 Should come out standing to his sacred place,  
 With our clear water,  
 With that by which we have being,  
 With this we took hold of our child.<sup>310</sup>  
 After the divine ones first added their breath,  
 Then also praying in the same words,  
 We added to the breath of our child.  
 Our child taking his fathers' breath,  
 Into his body will draw their breath.  
 And since our breath is valuable,  
 Where he sees our spring,  
 Even there he will sit down among us;  
 Then seeking always the ways of prolonging life,  
 With thoughts bent on this, we shall live.  
 Then also, that on following this we may bend our thoughts,  
 For this in plain words I sent forth my prayers.  
 He give us this child  
 That for a long time  
 In bonds of affection  
 We may live together,

<sup>306</sup> The retreat of the society begins. Their room becomes taboo to outsiders because of the presence of the divine ones

<sup>307</sup> Three nights

<sup>308</sup> On the fourth night

<sup>309</sup> The novice is clothed and painted

<sup>310</sup> His head is washed

These clear words were spoken,<sup>311</sup>  
 And to your fathers,  
 Wherever they stay,  
 You sent your clear words forth.  
 Indeed, even while I call myself poor,  
 Far off on all sides,  
 I have as my fathers life-giving priests.  
 Asking for their life-giving breath,  
 Their breath of old age,  
 Their breath of waters,  
 Their breath of seeds,  
 Their breath of riches  
 Their breath of fecundity,  
 Their breath of strong spirit,  
 Their breath of power,  
 Their breath of all good fortune whereof they are possessed,  
 Asking for their breath,  
  
 Into our warm bodies taking their breath,  
 We shall add to your breath.  
 Then also far off on all sides  
 I have fathers:  
 Priest of the north,<sup>312</sup>  
 Priest of the west,  
 Priest of the south,  
 Priest of the east,  
 Priest of above,  
 Priest of below;  
 Our sun father,  
 Our moon mother,  
 The sky,  
 The Milky Way,  
 The Great Bear,  
 The Pleiades,  
 The seed stars,<sup>313</sup>  
 And all the little sparkling stars,  
 Priests,  
 Asking for their life-giving breath,  
 Their breath of old age,  
 Their breath of waters,  
 Their breath of seeds,  
 Their breath of fecundity,  
 Their breath of riches,  
 Their breath of strong spirit,  
 Their breath of power,  
 Their breath of all good fortune whereof they are possessed,

<sup>311</sup> By the man who first summoned the society for the curing rites

<sup>312</sup> The title "priest" seems to be applied to anyone endowed with the means of securing or bestowing blessings, regardless of whether they are human or immortal. The reference here is to supernaturals

<sup>313</sup> Unidentified constellation

Asking for their breath,  
 Into our warm bodies taking their breath,  
 We shah add to your breath.  
 Do not despise the breath of your fathers,  
 But draw it into your body.  
 That our roads may reach to where the life-giving road of our sun father comes out,  
 That, clasping one another tight,  
 Holding one another fast,  
 We may finish our roads together;  
 That this may be, I add to your breath now.  
 To this end:  
 May my father bless you with life;  
 May your road reach to Dawn Lake,  
 May your road be fulfilled.

### **PRAYER OF A SOCIETY CHIEF DURING HIS WINTER RETREAT**

At the winter solstice all the societies observe retreats. After the images of the war god have gone into the kiva on the night before the first great prayer stick planting they hold late meetings at which special prayers are said for rain. There are special and very secret songs that are sung on this night only. They do not go into retreat formally until the next night. Three nights are spent mainly in preparation for the great ceremony of the last night at which the sick are cured. On this night the beast gods are present in all the society houses, and take possession of those who have the secret knowledge of how to invoke them.

The following prayers purport to be those spoken by the heads of the Cuma:kwe and Ant Societies, respectively, at some time during this four-day retreat. The man who dictated it was not a member of either society and did not state the precise use of the prayers. Nor were my other informants familiar with them. Such prayers might be used on any one of a great number of occasions.

My life-giving fathers,  
 At the place called since the first beginning Tcipia,  
 You dwell.  
 Where the deer stands,  
 At Dry place you dwell.  
 My fathers,  
 Life-giving priests, there you dwell.  
 This day,  
 Here at Itiwana,  
 Our daylight fathers,  
 Our mothers,  
 Our children,  
 In their inner rooms  
 For their fathers,  
 Life-giving priests,  
 Perpetuating the rite handed down since the first beginning,  
 Have spread out your cloud blanket,  
 Your life-giving road they have made.  
 Your spring they have made.  
 Perpetuating the rite handed down since the first beginning  
 You have sat down quietly before it;

At your back,  
 At your feet,  
 We shall sit down beside you.  
 Desiring your waters,  
 Your seeds,  
 Your riches,  
 Your long life,  
 Your old age,  
 Desiring these, I set you down  
 quietly.  
 As you sit here quietly  
 As I wish, according to my words,  
 You will take us to be your children,  
  
 So that all my children  
 May be saved.  
 All will be happy.  
 Safely they will bring forth their young.  
 So that all my children may finish their roads,  
 So that they may grow old,  
 So that you may bless us with life,  
 So that none of my spring children  
 May be left standing outside.  
 So that you may protect us (I have done this).  
 May our roads be fulfilled;  
 May we grow old;  
 May our roads reach to dawn lake;  
 May we grow old;  
 May you bless us with life.

#### **PRAYER OF THE CHIEF OF THE ANT SOCIETY**

At the place of the first beginning,  
 Ci'papolima,  
 Life-giving priests, abide.  
 My fathers,  
 Beast priests,  
 Mountain lion,  
 Bear,  
 Badger,  
 Wolf,  
 My father above,  
 Knife wing,  
 Shrew,  
 My fathers,  
 Over all this great world you go about.  
 Rattlesnake yellow,  
 Blue,  
 Red,  
 White,  
 Many colored,  
 Black.

Here at the place of your first beginning,  
 Ci'papolima,  
 In your inner room, you live.  
 Your massed cloud blanket is spread out.

Your life-giving road goes forth.  
 None of you are missing,  
 But all stay quietly.  
 Perpetuating your rite according the first beginning,  
 You live.

My fathers,  
 Life-giving priest,  
 With none missing, you live.  
 Yonder my sacred word will reach.  
 To you I speak my sacred words.  
 My fathers,  
 Life-giving priest,  
 Perpetuating your rite according to the first beginning,  
 You live.

Here at Itiwana, we live.  
 Here in the daylight we live.

My fathers,  
 Life-giving priest,  
 Where none are missing,  
 You live.  
 Listen to my sacred words.

There you live.  
 To you I speak.  
 Mindful of my words,  
 My country,  
 Itiwana,  
 Cover with your clouds,  
 Cover with your rains,  
 All of your children preserve.  
 Reaching to Dawn Lake,  
 May our roads be fulfilled.  
 May we grow old  
 May our peoples' roads all be fulfilled.  
 May they be preserved,

### **PRAYERS FOR COLLECTING MEDICINE (CACTUS SOCIETY)**

The expedition for gathering medicine roots camps the first night about sixteen miles east of Zuñi. Before eating, the customary offerings of food are set aside. After singing four songs, the head of the expedition prays:

Now this night,  
 Our night fathers.  
 Our mothers,

Rising a little, have come standing to their sacred place.  
 The song sequence of our fathers  
 You have heard.



You who are our fathers,  
 Beast bow priests,  
 Your hand leading,  
 Our hands following,  
 Desiring your medicine,  
 Hither we take our roads.  
 Do not think to withhold it from us because of something,  
 For verily,  
 Desiring my fathers' flesh,  
 That by which my children may fulfill their thoughts,  
 To-morrow, throughout a good day,  
 A beautiful day,  
 With us your children  
 You will come to evening.  
 And when that day shall have passed,  
 Anxiously waiting,  
 We shall pass our days.

He takes the offering, burns it at a little distance from camp, and sitting down, waits for some omen.

Now this night  
 Our night fathers,  
 Our mothers,  
 Rising a little have come standing to their sacred place.  
 Bringing food  
 Hither with prayers  
 We made our road come forth.  
 Wherever, thinking "Let it be here,"  
 Our earth mother,  
 We passed on her road.  
 Sitting down on the bare ground,  
 (We came to you,)  
 Our ancestors,  
 The ones who here used to belong to societies,  
 The ones who used to understand medicine,  
 You who now have attained the  
 far off place of waters;  
 Having passed you on your roads,  
 We shall add to your hearts.  
 Adding to your hearts  
 Your long life,  
 Your old age,  
 Your waters,  
 Your seeds,  
 Your medicine  
 You will grant to us,  
 How the days will be  
 You will make known to us.  
 Knowing that, we shall live.

After praying, he waits for an omen. Next day they look for the plants. A young man going for the first time gives his ceremonial father a package of prayer meal, saying:

Now this day,  
 Our sun father  
 Having come out standing to his sacred place,  
 And having yet a little ways to go,  
 To go in to sit down at his other sacred place,  
 Bringing prayer meal which I have prepared,  
 Here near by,  
 At the very edge of the wilderness,  
 I have passed you on your road.  
 Desiring our fathers' medicine  
 We hold one another fast.  
 Desiring the medicine of our ancestors,  
 The ones who here belonged to societies,  
 The ones who used to understand medicine,  
 The beast priests.  
 Desiring their medicines,  
 With prayer meal,  
 With shells,  
 With rich clothing,  
 We hold one another fast.  
 My father,  
 You will cleanse your thoughts,  
 You will cleanse your heart,  
 So that somehow we may be the  
 children of the divine ones.

Perhaps, if we are fortunate,  
 Because of our thoughts  
 Our spring children may multiply.<sup>314</sup>  
 Among all the little boys  
 And all the little girls,  
 And those whose roads go ahead,  
 Our spring children have multiplied.  
 In order that this toward which our thoughts bend may be accomplished,  
 Desiring our fathers' medicine,  
 We have made our roads come hither.  
 My father,  
 For you I have finished all these words.  
 Even while I call myself poor,  
 Yonder on all sides  
 From those whom my thoughts embrace,  
 I shall ask for light;  
 I shall add to your breath.  
 Asking for the breath of the priest of the north,  
 The priest of the west,  
 The priest of the south,

<sup>314</sup> By means of medicine knowledge he will secure new members for the society

The priest of the east,  
 The priest of above,  
 The priest of below.  
 Asking for their life-giving breath,  
 Their breath of old age,  
 Their breath of waters,  
 Their breath of seeds,  
 Their breath of fecundity,  
 Their breath of riches,  
 Their breath of strong spirit,  
 Their breath of power,  
 Their breath of all good fortune whereof they are possessed--  
 Asking for this,  
 Into my warm body  
 I shall draw their breath.  
 In order that our roads may reach  
 To where the road of our sun father comes out,  
 In order that we may finish our roads,  
 For this I add to your breath.  
 To this end, my father,  
 May you be blessed with light.

To this the father replies:

Now indeed  
 Our fathers' medicines  
 To one another we give.  
 Our fathers' life-giving breath,  
 Their breath of old age,  
 (We give to one another.)  
 When, among all the corn priests' ladder descending children,  
 Some evil causes sickness,  
 When the spirit fails,  
 Then, desiring their fathers' long life,  
 Desiring their old age,  
 Desiring their medicine,  
 Among all their fathers,  
 Society priests,  
 Society p?ekwins,  
 Society bow priests,  
 They will look about.  
 Even though you do not know of it,  
 If the divine ones choose you,  
 When they summon you  
 You shall not think to refuse.  
 With prayer meal,  
 With shell,  
 With rich clothing,  
 They will bind you fast.  
 Then seeking these wherever they are,  
 Even though the night be dangerous,

Following your fathers,  
 Even to all the places where you did not think to enter,  
 Seeking these,  
 Living for their thoughts,  
 Thus shall you live.<sup>315</sup>

### **PRAYER FOR STALKING DEER**

When a hunter sees deer tracks he crouches down in the trail and offers prayer meal to the deer, with the request that he may reveal himself. The following text is taken from a folk We in which success in hunting is the test imposed on suitors. Several suitors fail because they neglect to offer prayer meal to the prey.

This day  
 He who holds our roads,  
 Our sun father,  
 Has come out standing to his sacred place.  
 Now that he has passed us on our roads,  
 Here we pass you on your road.  
 Divine one,  
 The flesh of the white corn,  
 Prayer meal,  
 Shell,  
 Corn pollen,  
 Here I offer to you.  
 With your wisdom  
 Taking the prayer meal,  
 The shell,  
 The corn pollen,  
 This day,  
 My fathers,  
 My mothers,  
 In some little hollow,  
 In some low brush,  
 You will reveal yourselves to me.  
 Then with your flesh,  
 With your living waters,  
 May I sate myself. In order that this may be  
 Here I offer your prayer meal.

THE END

\*\*\*\*\*

**I'm Julie, the woman who runs [Global Grey](#) - the website where this ebook was published. These are my own formatted editions, and I hope you enjoyed reading this particular one.**

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<sup>315</sup> Dictated by a member of the Cactus Society. The remaining prayers were withheld

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