THE KERES

COCHITI
RELATIONS AND HISTORY

THE Keres Indians, a distinct linguistic stock, are found in seven pueblos, five of which are on the Rio Grande and its affluent Rio Jemez, and two nearly a hundred miles southwestward. The eastern group are Cochiti, Santo Domingo, and San Felipe on the Rio Grande, and Santa Ana and Sia on Rio Jemez. The western pueblos are Acoma and Laguna. The classification of the Keres as eastern and western is geographically correct, but linguistically it is inexact; for the Santa Ana dialect resembles that of Acoma and Laguna far more closely than it does the speech of the other eastern pueblos of the family.

Keres is the Anglicized form of Quirix (Queres), the name the Spaniards applied to this group. Its origin, undoubtedly native, is unknown.

Cochiti, at the northern limit of the Keres area, is in contact with the Tewa, ancient enemies of the stock. Sia adjoins Jemez territory to the west, Santa Ana and San Felipe are north of the southerly Tiwa (Sandia and Isleta). Acoma and Laguna have no near neighbors, but in the days of tribal warfare they had the roving Navaho, Apache, and Ute to fear.

Like the other Pueblos, the Keres believe that they came upon the earth at the lake Shipáp[u], whence they moved slowly southward. One of their villages was Kásh-kátsute ("white houses"), the situation of which is not remembered.

Their first traditional (as distinguished from legendary) residence was in the cañon of Rito de los Frijoles, Tyó'o'ñi,[1] about fifteen miles

1 The significance of the name of this well-known site was given by Bandelier as follows: "Tyuo-nyi ... a word having a signification akin to that of treaty or contract." Hewett follows this suggestion. Harrington rejects it, and abandons the quest with the words, "It probably has nothing to do with ... [*tyoñe*] 'immediately' 'right now.'" The clue to the real meaning is contained in Harrington's translation of the Tewa name, "where the bottoms of the pottery vessels were wiped or smoothed thin." Western Keres *tyóoñi* is water-jar. In Eastern Keres (at least Cochiti and Santo Domingo) water-jar is *wách!eñi*, the last two syllables of which are probably the equivalent of *tyóoñi*.

north of present Cochiti, where they occupied numerous caves excavated in the cliffs, as well as stone houses. Bandelier presents an excellent picture of this cañon home:[2]

From the southern edge of ... Mesa del Pajarito, we look down into the Rito as into a narrow valley several miles long and closed in the west by rocky ledges, over which the stream descends to the bottom lands of the Rito. Through these it flows for several miles as a gushing brook, enlivened by trout, bordered by thickets of various kinds of shrubbery, and shaded at intervals by groves of pine, and tall, isolated trees of stately appearance. In the-east, not far from the Rio Grande, a narrow, frowning gateway is formed by lofty rocks of black basalt, leaving space for the bed of the stream, the waters of which reach the river only during freshets, while in the valley they are permanent. The slope of the mesa lining the Rito on the south is gradual, though steep; ledges and crags of pumice protrude from the shrubs and grass growing over it. Tall pines crown it above. The average depth of the Rito below both mesas is several hundred feet; in places, perhaps as much as five hundred or more. It is not properly a valley, since its greatest width hardly attains half a mile, but a gorge or "cañon" with a fertile bottom and a brook running through it.

Descent into the Rito from the north is possible in several places, though tedious on account of the steepness and of the vegetation covering the slopes. If we cross the bottom, ascend the southern mesa, and from its brink look down again into the gorge, the northern wall presents a striking appearance. With few intervals, it is a long line of light-colored cliffs of very friable volcanic tufa, in places vertical and smooth, but mostly worn into angles and crags, running in sharp zigzag lines, like the "coulisses" of a stage. A talus of varying height, steep and covered with rocky debris, extends from the bottom of the gorge to the foot of these cliffs. As seen from the brink of the southern mesa, the view of the Rito is as surprising as it is picturesque.

Tyó'o'ñi, the cliff-village at Rito de los Frijoles, was the place of the water-jars, and the concept, as usual, was adopted by the Tewa when they translated the name into their own language. Eastern Keres since those days has undergone such changes that the meaning of the old name has been lost.

2 *Papers Archæological Institute of America,* IV, 1892, pages 139-143.

The effect is heightened by the appearance of a great number of little doorways along the foot of the cliffs, irregularly alternating with larger cavities indicating caves, the fronts of which have partially or completely crumbled away. The base of the cliffs rises and falls, so that the line of caves appears to be at different elevations, and not continuous. There are spaces where the rock has not been burrowed into; in some places two, in others three, tiers of caves are visible. The whole length of this village of troglodytes is about two miles, rather more than less. Upon the assumption that all the grottos were occupied simultaneously, the population of the Rito would have been much larger than that of the Pu-yé, and might have equalled that of the Pu-yé and Shufinné combined, amounting to nearly twenty-five hundred souls; but it is more likely that fifteen hundred represents the number of the inhabitants. Here was a little world of its own. The bottom afforded a sufficient extent of very fertile soil; there was enough permanent water to permit irrigation, and there are even traces of acequias on both sides of the brook. Trees stood in front of their homes, and the mesas above are well wooded. Game of all kinds, deer, elk, mountain sheep, bears, and turkeys, roamed about the region in numbers, and the brook afforded fish. The Rito is cool in summer and not very cold in winter, compared with the surrounding tablelands and the Rio Grande valley. It was a choice spot, admirably fitted for the wants of a primitive people.

It was also excellently situated for protection against a savage enemy. The inhabitants of the Rito could neither be starved out nor cut off from their water supply. Prowling Navajos might render hunting on the mesas very unsafe for months, but only a direct attack in great force could imperil the cave dwellers at home. It was easy for the latter to guard against surprise, since the foot of the cliffs affords lookouts over the whole bottom, up and down....

Against such of the cliffs as rise vertically, and the surface of which is almost smooth, terraced houses were built, using the rock for a rear wall. Not only are the holes visible in which the ends of the beams rested that supported roofs and ceilings, but in one or two places portions of the beams still protrude.... Along the base of these cliffs extends an apron, which was once approximately levelled, and on this apron the foundations of walls appear in places. It would seem that a row of houses, one, two, and even three stories high, leaned against the

cliff; and sometimes the upper story consisted of a cave, the lower of a building.

At Tyó'o'ñi, according to tradition, lived the entire Keres family. This doubtless is to be taken as referring only to the eastern branch; for the Acoma lay no claim to a former residence at the Rito, and it may be assumed that they had already migrated southward and westward in advance of the others, while Laguna was established in historic times. Probably Sia and Santa Ana also were already separated from the rear-guard, since, as has been said, the latter is linguistically closer to Acoma than to the eastern group; and the position of Sia west of Santa Ana, in the same locality occupied at the dawn of the historic period, suggests, though of course it does not prove, that the Sia group was in advance of Santa Ana in the migratory movement.

Because of dissension a faction departed from Tyó'o'ñi. The malcontents included the ancestors of San Felipe; but these subsequently rejoined the main group when the latter established the second known village of this branch of the Keres, the one now called Múka*ts*[a]-kówenishháast*its*[a] ("mountain-lion couchant village"), on a tongue-like mesa called Potrero de las Vacas. The native name of this ruin refers to a remarkable shrine, a circle of stones enclosing two crouching mountain-lions sculptured out of the bed-rock that forms the surface of the mesa.

Here, as usual, it trouble came; their hearts were not one." Those who later were to found Santo Domingo went a short distance eastward to Ípañi ("chandelier-cactus").[3] The others, ancestors of Cochiti, moved about three miles southwestward and founded on Potrero San Miguel a pueblo whose ruin is now called Kûkañi-háast*its*[a] ("red village").[4] At the same time the San Felipe branch went to Á*s*añi-

3 Santiago Quintana, the informant, was unable to identify this name with any known ruin.

4 This is the ruin that Bandelier called Haatze. Neither of the writer's informants, two of the best-informed men at Cochiti, would confirm this name. *Háats!* is earth. *Háast*its[a], village, is invariably uttered in such a slurring manner that it is unusually difficult to fix the actual pronunciation. It is probable that Bandelier, who was not a good transcriber of Indian words, understood his informant to be saying *háats!,* when in fact he was saying *háast*its[a]. Harrington follows Bandelier, but admits that he obtained no confirmation from the natives. He thinks it likely that the pueblo was named from the Earth clan, its putative inhabitants. But naming villages from clans was not

káwe-kámatsesúma ("pasturage [grass] — ruin"), in Peralta cañon about three miles west of present Cochiti.[5]

Red Pueblo on Potrero San Miguel was poorly situated for defense, and while the subject of removal was being debated there was a quarrel, a result of which was that most of the Corn clan departed northward, fell in with a band of wandering Ute, and never returned. The others established in Cañada de Cochiti, about six miles north of present Cochiti, a pueblo the ruin of which is called Kótyiti-kúapa-háastits[a] ("Cochiti cañada village"). On the potrero to the north of this ruin is another shrine to the mountain-lion gods. Still beset by the Tewa, they abandoned this village and built another on Potrero Viejo, west of the cañada and overlooking the deserted pueblo five hundred feet below. Here the Tewa continued to attack, but were easily repulsed by rolling bowlders down the almost inaccessible cliffs. The ruin is called Hánat-kátsuty[a] ("high-above house"), or Hánatkótyit[i] ("high-above Cochiti"), and colloquially Old Cochiti, whence Potrero Viejo (Spanish, old potrero).

At this point Cochiti tradition, as known to raconteurs of the present, goes astray, relating that the people were attacked by the Spaniards while occupying Hánat and forced to establish modern Cochiti. In fact the assault of Potrero Viejo occurred at a later period, when the potrero had been reoccupied and a new pueblo built, as will be described presently.

Juan de Oñate in 1598 found the Cochiti on the Rio Grande. Having repulsed the Tewa from Hánat and driven them with great loss across the Rio Grande, they had found themselves undisturbed by their enemies and had abandoned the inconvenient site on Potrero Viejo.

Cochiti participated in the general uprising of the Pueblos in 1680. Near the close of the following year Governor Otermín, in his abortive attempt to reconquer the country, found San Felipe, Santo Domingo, and Cochiti deserted. He sacked them, and, as he reported, "a great quantity of grain, *abes,* and other things were consumed ... In particu-

a Keres practice.

5 No ruin in this locality has been mapped. Bandelier says that the San Felipe branch diverged from the main body at Kuapa.

lar were the *estufas,* which are houses of idolatry, burned."[6] The population of these three towns, together with some southern Tewa from San Marcos and some northern Tiwa from Picuris and Taos, had taken refuge on Potrero Viejo, or the Cieneguilla, as the Spaniards called it. Santa Ana and Sia also were deserted, and their population, together with the Tiwa of Alameda, Puaray, and Sandia, was assembled on "the sierra de los Jemez." But in 1683 a Picuris Indian reported that all the Keres and the northern Tiwa villages had been reoccupied.

In 1689 Governor Domingo Jirónza Petríz de Cruzate led an expedition against the rebels and completely destroyed Sia and slaughtered a large number of its inhabitants. It was doubtless in consequence of this bloody affair that Cochiti, San Felipe, and the San Marcos Tewa again fled to the potrero and erected there a commodious pueblo near the ruin of Hánat.

In 1692 Diego de Vargas, the new governor, marching from friendly Pecos, found all the Keres pueblos once more deserted. He visited the stronghold on the "Cieneguilla" and was told by the Indians that they had abandoned their villages "on account of their fear of the ambuscades of their enemies the teguas, tanos and Picuries, whom the Spaniards by their coming would succeed in putting down."[7] They promised to return to the lowlands, and Vargas turned off into the valley of Rio Jemez, where he received similar pledges from Sia and from the Jemez and their Santo Domingo allies. After visiting Acoma, Zuñi, and the Hopi country, Vargas withdrew to his headquarters.

When he returned in the following year, it was to find that only Santa Ana, Sia, and San Felipe had carried out their promise. During the year hostilities became general, and the friendly Keres grew insistent in their plea for protection against the Santo Domingos and the Jemez, entrenched on the Jemez heights, and against Cochiti and San Marcos on Potrero Viejo.

He accordingly left Santa Fe on the 12th of April [1694] with seventy soldiers and twenty armed colonists, to march against the Potrero

6 Hackett, Otermín's Attempt to Reconquer New Mexico, 1681-1682, in *Old Santa Fe,* April, 1916.

7 Ralph Emerson Twitchell, Extracts from the journal of General Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon, Ibid., April, 1914.

Viejo, and took the road to San Felipe, where he was reinforced by about one hundred warriors from that village, Santa Ana, and Cia. Leaving San Felipe on the 16th of April in the afternoon, he reached the Cañada de Cochiti about midnight. A council of war was held at once, and in it the war-captain of Cia, Bartolomé de Ojeda, gave a description of the cliff and of the three trails leading to the summit. The enemy were on their guard; and fires burned along the upper edge of the mesa, showing that pickets were watching the approaches. The Spanish camp had been located where it could not be descried from the Potrero. Vargas divided his force into four bodies. Captains Juan Holguin and Eusebio de Vargas, with forty men and one hundred Indians under Bartolomé de Ojeda, took the long but easier trail that reaches the mesa from the southwest. That trail was used by the enemy for bringing their sheep and horses to the summit. Captain Roque Madrid with another detachment was to storm the Potrero from the front. Adjutant Barela with ten soldiers guarded the third trail, which descends to the brook in the Cañada on the northern foot of the cliff, and Vargas himself took his between the last two sections, with a small number of men. Madrid had the most difficult task, as the ascent from the east is very steep and over bare rocks. It was moonlight, and the enemy could inflict heavy loss by merely throwing stones upon the assailants.

About two o'clock in the morning of the 17th of April the advance began from the east, while the body guided by Ojeda had already begun to creep up in silence, and unnoticed by the enemy. They, however, soon discovered the detachment under Roque Madrid, and made a fierce resistance; but the Spaniards toiled on, replying with the slow musketry firing of the period to the showers of stones and arrows from above. The handful of men on the north side of the Potrero also made demonstrations of attack, and so diverted some of the enemy to that side, when suddenly the forty soldiers and the Indian allies appeared on top of the mesa in the rear. The news of their arrival before the pueblo itself caused the defenders on the parapets to scatter at once; some sped to the rescue of their homes and families, but the majority fled through the forest. Some resistance was still offered at the pueblo, but it was fruitless, and by sunrise all was over. Twenty-one Indians perished in this engagement. On the side of the Spaniards four

men were wounded but none killed.[8] Three hundred and forty-two women and children fell into the hands of the victors, together with seventy horses and more than nine hundred sheep. A portion of the spoil was given to the Indian auxiliaries. A considerable quantity of Indian corn in ears was found in the pueblo . . . Vargas ordered the prisoners to shell it on the spot . . . By the 20th of April the corn was ready, and the bulk of the Spanish force was sent off to get beasts of burden, and to reinforce Santa Fé, which in the meantime the Tehuas had attempted to surprise. The captives were retained on the Potrero under guard, confined every night in the estufa. Not more than thirty-six men were with the Governor, for the Indian allies had departed on the very day of the assault to protect their own homes. On the 21st, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the Spaniards thought themselves perfectly secure, the enemy suddenly made a furious attack upon the pueblo, having crept up from the west through a narrow pass where the cliffs behind the Potrero and the woods had concealed their approach. The Spaniards flew to arms, and succeeded in beating off the enemy with the loss of only one man on their side, and of four of the Indians. But during the confusion caused by the surprise more than one half of the captive girls and boys escaped ... On the 24th, Vargas at last evacuated the Potrero, with his booty in corn and with the remnant of the captives. Before leaving, however, he set fire to the pueblo, together with all the grain that could not be taken along, "in order that the aforesaid rebellious enemy might not find any sustenance in it, nor be able to take up his abode without being compelled to rebuild." ...

The Potrero Viejo was never occupied again.[9]

After several futile attempts to dislodge the San Ildefonso Tewa from their mesa stronghold, Vargas proceeded against the Jemez.

Vargas, as soon as he reached the friendly Pueblos of Santa Ana

8 This slight loss proves that the Spaniards wisely refrained from actually attempting to storm the mesa from the front, but only made pretense in order to cover the advance of the main party. Native tradition says that they left all the fighting to their allies!

9 Bandelier in *Papers Archæological Institute of America,* IV, 1892, pages 173-177. Charred beams and small heaps of charred corn and cobs are still to be seen in the rooms of this large pueblo, and vitreous masses of some mineralized earth from the roof-covering testify to the intensity of the fire that destroyed the village.

and Cia, held a council with the leading men of both villages, and then marched with his force, said to have numbered 120 Spaniards and some auxiliary natives, for the mesas above the San Diego Cañon. He left Cia at eight o'clock at night, on the 23rd of July [1694], and at a distance of four leagues, near the junction of the two streams, divided his men into two bodies. One of these, consisting of 25 Spanish soldiers under command of Eusebio de Vargas and the Indian allies, was to enter the gorge of San Diego and climb the mesa on a dizzy trail, so as to reach the rear of the highest plateau, while the main body, led by Vargas himself, ascended from the southwest. The Spanish commander had ascertained that the Jemez had evacuated their village on the mesa, and retired to a still higher location north of it. The operations were completely successful, and the Indians were taken between two fires; but they offered a desperate resistance. The total number killed on this occasion amounted to 84, five of whom perished in the flames, and seven threw themselves down the cliffs rather than surrender.[10] Vargas remained on the mesas until the 8th of August, removing gradually the considerable stores found in the villages, and the prisoners, who numbered 361. Then, setting fire to both villages, he withdrew to San Diego [de Jemez], and thence to Santa Fe. During his stay on the mesas he discovered a third pueblo, recently built there by the people of Santo Domingo, who had joined the Jemez tribe upon the approach of the Spaniards ...

San Diego de Jemez was reoccupied after 1694, and inhabited until June, 1696. Again a priest took up his residence at the pueblo, Fray Francisco de Casaus, otherwise known as Fray Francisco de Jesús. He soon noticed the evil designs of his Indian parishioners, and gave repeated warning to his superiors ... On the 4th of June of that year the last important insurrection of the Pueblos broke out. The priest of Jemez was murdered, and the tribe again fled to the mountains. They had not time, however, to construct a new village on the mesas, but only to rear temporary shelter. Their first step was to secure assistance from the Navajos, from Acoma, and from Cia, Santa Ana, and San Felipe. There was a small Spanish detachment, commanded by

10 This was the occasion when San Diego saved the Indians from death at the foot of the cliff, as told by Indian traditionists.

the Captain Miguel de Lara, stationed at Cia, and that officer ... took the field against the superior numbers of the insurgents on the 29th of June. A fierce conflict took place, partly in the San Diego Cañon, partly at the ruins of the pueblo of San Juan [de Jemez], in which the Jemez and their allies were routed with the loss of thirty men. This defeat broke up the confederacy with Acoma and Zuñi, and caused the Jemez to flee to the Navajo country. When Lara reconnoitred the mesas in August following, they were deserted. For several years the Jemez remained among the Navajos, until they finally returned to their old range, establishing themselves at or near the site of their present village.[11]

The native account of Cochiti participation in this minor revolt of 1696 follows.

After Cochiti was reoccupied [in 1694] a priest was sent from Mexico. He gave no trouble, and died at the pueblo. But his successor [Fray Alonzo Ximénez de Cisneros] had a different woman servant each week. This was the usual custom. A certain man thought that his wife was intimate with the priest, and he asked that the council either order him killed or send him away. His relatives were saying that if the council did not act, they would themselves do what they thought best.

The Indian sacristan attended the meetings of the council, and when it was decided to kill the priest he quickly carried a warning to him; for he had been well treated. He provided a woman's dress, and in the middle of the night appointed for the murder he put the dress on his friend, conducted him to the river and urged him to keep travelling southward. A short distance below San Felipe the priest hid at daylight among the cottonwoods on a small island. Some San Felipe rabbit-hunters found him, took him to their pueblo, and promised to protect him. Later in the day the Cochiti followed the priest's trail, and when San Felipe refused to deliver him up to them they laid siege, camping at the river so that the women were prevented from getting water. On the fourth day the water stored in cisterns on the mesa [San Felipe at that time occupied a mesa site] was nearly exhausted. The priest was told that he would have to be given up unless he could bring rain by prayer. He asked for a tanned rabbit-skin, and on it he wrote

11 Bandelier, *op. cit.,* pages 213-216.

with blood from his own veins. He told his friends to hang it on the church tower, which they did. A heavy rain soon filled the cisterns, and the besiegers withdrew.

Most of the people then fled to the mountains, after breaking up the furnishings of the Cochiti church. Some of the statues were made of "sweet stuff," which they ate. They made moccasins of the parchment paintings. In the same year they returned to Cochiti.[12]

GENERAL CUSTOMS

Cochiti traders travelled as far west as the country of the Hopi, and in company with them to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where they bought deerskins of the Havasupai. Northward they went beyond Taos to trade, eastward to Indian Territory (Oklahoma) to exchange bread and cornmeal for the horses and buffalo-hides of the Comanche, and southward to the plains in central New Mexico to hunt antelope. The father of an informant travelled to Sonora to buy horses, and three men once went to the City of Mexico to inquire about their land grant. About, the year 1875 Santiago Quintana and two others went on foot to California by way of Prescott and Gila river. They visited San Luis Obispo, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles, and returned with horses three years later. Such journeys were of course exceptional.

Hunting was usually a communal undertaking, and the rabbit-drive may still be observed. In ordering a hunt the war-chiefs name

12 Bandelier, op. *cit.,* page 192, says: "The San Felipe pueblo was never directly threatened in 1696, and consequently the story of the blockade, and of the suffering from lack of water resulting from it, and the miraculous intervention of the rescued missionary, is without foundation ... Father Cisneros was one of the priests who entered upon his mission among the pueblos in 1695, but soon discovered that they were bent upon another outbreak. He gave warning of it by letter to the Custodian in the beginning of 1696 ... and joined in the petition of the latter to Diego de Vargas ... Vargas disregarded these well grounded cries of alarm, and Father Cisneros fled to San Felipe and was well received there. The Indians of Cochiti left their village at once, and returned thither only in the late fall of 1696."
Bandelier apparently relies on the want of documentary evidence in denying so authoritatively the "siege" of San Felipe. At least he assigns no positive reason. Lack of documentary confirmation of events in that time and circumstance seems insufficient ground for denying a definite tradition current at both Cochiti and San Felipe, the two pueblos concerned.

the fourth day following, counting the day of the announcement as the first, and say, "All the game shall be given to *hóchañi* [the cacique]." The hunt-chief, Múka*ts*[a]-hát*ts*tse ("cougar man"), is the a head of the Sháyak[a],[13] a society having ceremonial control of game and hunting.

Arriving at the place from which the hunt is to start, the Cougar Man builds a small fire in such a way that a thin column of smoke rises. This he keeps burning during the hunt, and from time to time he smokes cigarettes and prays for good luck to the hunters. He is attended by a youth who carries his quiver, his tobacco, and a cedar-bark fire-rope.

When all the men have assembled at the appointed place, two young men selected by the war-chiefs are sent by Cougar Man in opposite directions to encircle a large area and pass each other at a given point. Behind each of these two follow half of the hunters, each party in charge of several young men[14] appointed by the war-chiefs and armed with bunches of willow switches. At regular intervals of perhaps a hundred yards these deputies designate a man to stop and stand guard, until the entire area is enclosed. Each hunter carries two rabbit-sticks, usually of oak, with a heavy knobbed end, one in the right hand, the other in the belt. In the left hand are the bow and half a dozen arrows. Some have quivers on the back.

When the leaders pass each other at the opposite side of the circle, they shout: *"Hau....*![15] *Shásuñi kóchok*[u] ['is-closed circle']!" This is repeated in turn by each man in the circle until the signal is received at the starting point, when all begin to converge slowly. If a rabbit escapes between two men, then when the hunt is ended they are denounced by their companions, and standing with arms outstretched, while a Kwí'ranna man with a bunch of willow whips in each hand takes his place behind and between them, they both are whipped at the same time.

When the hunters meet at the centre of the circle, they proceed to

13 *Cf. káwa,* hunter. This society is now extinct at Cochiti, and a Shí'kame shaman plays the part of Cougar Man. It still flourishes at Santo Domingo. Cougar and Eagle are described as *sháyak*[a], because they can kill almost any other animal.

14 These young men are always Kwí'*r*anna

15 The coyote-howl.

enclose another tract, and so continue through the day. They return to the village at sunset, but before they enter the war-chief calls, "All you who have killed game, bring it here!" They pile their rabbits, hares, gophers, and birds before him, and he says, "All this is for*shtéhyamoñi* [a ceremonial appellation of the cacique, who is also called *ská-naya,* all-our mother]." He orders his deputies to carry the game to the cacique and dismisses the hunters.

In the morning young men come to skin the game and hang it up to dry. It is given to the cacique, not for use in public feasts but for the subsistence of his household; for he is too important a personage and too busy with religious duties to hunt and farm. Whenever he needs meat a hunt of this kind is ordered. To supply themselves with meat the others hunt in smaller parties or by themselves.

On occasions the cacique used to summon the war-chief and say: *Skánasty*ʷ*she* ['all our father'], I have called you here because you are the one. I want you to announce that *skánaya shtéhyamoñi* wishes you to go to hunt large game."

"What day?" the war-chief would ask.

"Whenever you wish. I only propose that you go to hunt large game for your mother."

The two war-chiefs would then call a meeting of the principal men, to decide what day they would hunt. They always chose the "fourth" day, that is, the third day following, and the war-chief would conclude: "All the men, even old men and young boys, whoever can walk, will go on that day, because our mother *shtéhyamoñi* desires us to hunt large game. We will go to the mountains."

On such expeditions each man carried food, usually wafer bread, tortillas, or tamales. In winter they found game in the valley or on the slopes, but in summer it was necessary to seek the mountain heights. In the same way as in the rabbit-drive they formed a circle. Each man had bow and arrows, and any who had guns carried them. The two men to lead the circle were selected for their strength and their knowledge of the country. The one who went to the right always received his directions first, and they were quite minute. If one of the two should not be familiar with the places indicated, another was substituted, so that there should be no doubt of the circle being properly completed. The war-chief and three of his young men took half of the hunters and went to the right, while the second war-chief and the remainder went

to the left. When the circle was complete and the hunters, including the war-chiefs and their orderlies, were stationed about a quarter of a mile apart, the two leaders (that is, the scouts), having passed each other and taken their stations, gave the usual shout, which was repeated until it reached the Cougar Man, who remained in the "camp" with the youthful bearer of his quiver, tobacco, and fire-rope. A few active young men were now sent into the circle to start up any game that might be there and drive it toward the hunters. If an animal seemed likely to pass out of range, it was the duty of the nearest hunter to head it back into the circle. Dogs were used in hunting of this kind.

As soon as a deer was killed, it was opened and the intestines were buried. The heart, the liver, and the kidneys were retained, and the first stomach was emptied and filled with blood for the use of women in painting the face. Only an animal too large for a single man to carry was cut up in the field. The game was brought to Cougar Man, and the entire party returned before nightfall to the village, sending a messenger ahead to notify the cacique that they were on the way. He received all the meat, but each hunter kept the hide and the head of his kill.

During the next two days the women were busily making wafer bread and sweet pudding[16] and cooking the heads. On the third day all this food was taken to the cacique's house for a public feast.

In summer about a dozen men under the war-chief or his assistant, with three or four of his young men, used to make an expedition to the plains of Guadalupe county west of the upper course of Rio Pecos, camping in the vicinity of Cañon Pintado. It required four days to make the journey of about a hundred miles. Pack-burros were taken. The hunters concealed themselves at the edge of a salt lake in small pits masked with a fringe of brush. A herd of antelope would return again and again to the lick after being shot at. The flesh was cut up and dried on pole frames, and after a fortnight of hunting the party usually returned with a large quantity of meat, all for the cacique. Sometimes the hunters encountered the Mescalero Apache. An informant's brother accompanied a party of antelope-hunters about the year 1868.

16 Meal for sweet pudding is made by covering moistened corn in a warm place until it sprouts and slightly ferments, then drying and grinding it. The Hopi and Zuñi custom is to chew the dry meal and allow it to ferment by action of the saliva. The meal is boiled and then baked in a Mexican oven.

While they were hunting, a band of mounted Mescaleros came up and attacked. A few Cochiti men were killed, but the others drove off the enemy, who being mounted escaped into the hills. The hunters returned home without delay.

Buffalo were found on the plains at Estancia, some sixty miles directly south of Santa Fe. There were no buffalo west of Pecos river in the sixteenth century, according to the Spanish explorers, but the animals moved westward when the Plains hunters became numerous and gave them no respite from pursuit.

A Cochiti child is named at sunrise on the fourth day after its birth. While the parents and others of the family, as well as attendant friends, remain in the house, the godparents step outside the door just as the sun appears. The godmother holds the infant up in full view of the rising orb, and the godfather, standing beside her, says: "Our father Sun, we present to you this boy [or girl]. His name will be [for example] Wápoñitiwa Hápañi-hánot*s*[a] [Wápoñitiwa (of the) Oak People]. Our father Sun, whenever in the future you, Sun, behold this boy, you will know him as Wápoñitiwa Hápañi-hánot*s*[a]." When they turn to enter the house, the godfather says: " Here is going in one whose name will be Wápoñitiwa Hápañi-hánot*s*[a] . Our father Sun will know him by this name. All the Kópishtaia [cloud-gods] and all the people will know him by this name."

Cochiti names are not usually ancestral. As at Zuñi and the Hopi pueblos, masculine names frequently end with*tíwa*.

Cochiti children, like those of other pueblos, are not formally instructed. They learn by observation, and in the family they are taught by precept and example how to perform the customary acts of religion and what constitutes good conduct.

In order to induce children to cohabit and reproduce at an early age, boys and girls, as soon as they reach puberty, are (or formerly were) placed in a room together, many at a time, and an old man and an old woman remain with them to lead them through an inevitable period of embarrassment. The children remain there all night, and many girls become pregnant in this manner. This is still the custom at some places, notably at Santo Domingo. In many localities there is a progressive element that opposes the practice, but usually they are powerless against the force of custom.

Soon after a boy attains puberty, his father says: "Now, my boy,

you will be getting married. It is time for you to look around for some girl whom you would like." If the boy does not soon report that he has found a girl, his father selects one for him, and discusses with her parents the question of having their children assume sexual relations. The price having been agreed upon - a pretty shell, a pair of moccasins, or something of similar value, - the boy is conducted that night to her house. If the girl is reluctant, as usually is the case, her parents persuade her until she consents. If to them the boy appears likely to be a good husband, they make no Objection to his returning as often as he likes. Of course he is expected to make frequent gifts. He is thus in the relation of a suitor, or rather of a husband on trial. The girl may have, in fact is likely to have, more than one suitor of this sort, and some of them may be elderly men. Sometimes when two of them have the definite intention of really marrying the girl, dissension arises.

A certain man had a nephew for whom he made an arrangement. After a time the uncle and the aunt of the girl, an orphan, were approached by an old man, whom they accommodated. It was not long before the aged suitor signified his desire to marry her; and the youth expressed a similar wish. Her guardians favored the old man, because he could pay more; but the girl of course was ruled by her heart. She fled to the house of her young lover's uncle, the old man came to fetch her, and there followed a quarrel which nearly came to blows. The old man finally started up the ladder to the upper story, but when he was near the top somebody grasped his foot and pulled him down. Foiled of his purpose to carry the girl bodily away, he induced her guardians to insist that she be delivered up to them, which was done. However, the boy's guardian evolved a plan. A day was set for the wedding at the church. The trembling girl and the eager old man stood before the altar, and at the proper time, while the priest was reading the ritual, the boy, unobserved, slipped out of the crowd, stood close behind the old man, and slyly clasped the hand of his lover, while the priest, unaware, pronounced the final benediction on them as man and wife. The ridicule heaped upon the old man prevented any serious trouble from coming out of this deception, and the two young people were left in peace.

The following illustrates the determination of the reactionary party to retain the old customs by severely punishing those who neglect tribal affairs and disobey the officers:

About the year 1914 Diego, a young man of Santo Domingo, was working for a Mexican three or four miles from his pueblo. The governor sent for him, but he disregarded the summons. The next morning the governor and three or four young men confronted him. Said the governor: "Diego, why did you not come yesterday? I sent two boys to bring you. You did not come. You disobeyed my order, so I have had to come myself with these officers. I am going to take you." Diego made no reply. The governor ordered his young men to take him, and they bound his hands behind his back, fastened a rope about his neck, and tied it to the wagon. Then they drove off so rapidly that he had to run if he would keep his feet.

In the village they confined him in a room, and that evening the governor called his council to try Diego. They decided that he was guilty of working for a Mexican (they feared encroachment on pueblo lands), and especially of disobedience. The governor then ordered him to remove his shirt and cotton trousers. Two men were called in, and they bound his forearms together, each hand on the opposite elbow, and thus suspended him from a roof-beam. They proceeded to flog him with a quirt, and left him hanging there unconscious. The rope finally broke, and he fell to the floor, and was carried, still unconscious, to his house and deposited roughly on the floor in front of his astonished wife. After a time he recovered consciousness. His arms were badly swollen, and he lay in bed a week. On the eighth day, feeling able to walk, he went outside.

As soon as the governor heard that he was about, the war-chief sent a deputy with a message. About midafternoon Diego's wife called him into the house. There he was confronted by-his own nephew. The youth said: "Well, uncle, I am sent here to you by my father [the war-chief] to tell you that you must wait for tonight. The war-chief is going to call you to trial again tonight. But, my dear uncle, you know that I am your nephew, and you are my uncle. Of course I must have some pity on you. I am going to tell you what they talked about in the council this morning. The council decided that they will try you tonight. They said, that if the other time the governor did not kill you, this time they will surely kill you. Now, my uncle, if I were you I would try to run away. See if you can do that. As soon as it is dark you must run away. For they will surely kill you."

Diego was just able to walk. His body was still bruised and sore.

He sat and thought. He said: "Now, my dear wife, you hear what I have been told. My nephew tells me that the war-chief is going to try me and punish me, and if I was not killed the other time, tonight I shall not escape. So I must try to run away. As soon as it is dark, and before somebody comes to call me, I would like to go. You had better prepare supper and I will go."

So he ate and departed, picking his way carefully until he got into the hills. He arrived at Peñablanca, a Mexican village, when the inhabitants were going to bed, and proceeded to the house of the father of his former employer, where a light was still burning. The old Mexican was sitting in the kitchen. Diego rapped.

"Who is it ?"

"I, compadre."

"Who is 'I'?"

"I, Diego."

"Oh, mi compadre Diego!"

"Si, señor!"

The old man opened the door, and Diego entered and sat down.

"What is the matter, compadre?"

"Well, compadre, you will see why I am here at this time of night. I am running away from home." And Diego told his story and showed his swollen arms, back, and legs. "What is your advice? What am I to do? Early in the morning the governor will have his men looking for me."

"Well, Diego, I am going to tell you what to do. You will sleep here tonight. Early in the morning, before daylight, when you wake up, boil some coffee and eat some bread. Then go into the hills back from the river and on the plain at the top turn northward to the bridge and go to Cochiti. As soon as you see anyone, find out who is the governor and who is the war-chief of Cochiti. If you can find either of these two officers, then at once tell them why you have come. Tell them you wish to become a Cochiti man. If the governor or the war-chief and the council accept you, then you will be under their protection and you will escape death. They are not so bad as your own people; they will protect you."

This plan Diego followed. Before crossing the bridge he saw smoke rising from a house on a hill. He approached and saw an old woman building a fire.

"Kóatsiná [a salutation]!

"Ráwa-aa[17] ['good']!" she responded.

"Who is the man that lives in this house?"

"My husband."

"What is his name?"

She told him.

"Who is the war-chief of this village?"

"My husband."

"Oh, your husband! That is the one I am looking for."

After a time the old man came in from his field, and Diego greeted him, *"Kóatsiná, ómo* ['greeting, father']*!*"

"R*áwa!*"[18]

"Well, *ómo*, I am running away from Santo Domingo. I have been advised to come to you, because you are the war-chief. I was lucky to find you here. I am going to tell you what happened to me. I am here to see if you will defend me. I ask you, the war-chief, to call into the meeting those your principales, and I would like to have the governor also there." He told the war-chief what had occurred. So they crossed the bridge to the governor, and the three went on to the village.

It was still early morning. They summoned the council to the governor's house. I [the informant] was one of them. After hearing Diego's story we agreed to accept him as a member of the pueblo. Two or three days later Diego came to my house with a Mexican, an old man, who asked me to give Diego a letter for the Indian School Superintendent. I gave him the letter, and that night he started for Santa Fe. He could not travel by day, because the Santo Domingo men were looking for him. We had been keeping him in hiding, and when he reached Santa Fe the Superintendent kept him out of sight. Several Santo Domingo men were there looking for him, because they thought he would go to his son, who was in the school.

A few days later the Superintendent brought Diego to Domingo Station [about two miles from Santo Domingo pueblo], put him into

17 R*áwa*, good; r*áwats!a*, good is.

18 Not ráwa-aa, the phrase used when the salutation is from one who comes to the house. Diego is now in the house, and does not inquire about the well being of its occupants, but merely says, in effect, "How do you yourself do?" And the old man answers, "Good," not "All is well."

a back room of the store, and sent a message for the governor and his principal men. They came to the store. The Superintendent had told Diego to stand behind the door and listen to what the men would say. The governor and his councilors shook hands with the Superintendent and sat down near the door behind which Diego was concealed. The Superintendent asked, "Where is Diego?" They began to talk to one another, making up a story a out some grave offenses he had committed.

"Did you punish him?"

"No."

"Somebody told me you nearly killed him."

"All big lies," said the governor. "He wants to tell lies about us. We just called him home and he would not come, so we sent someone and brought him." They did not tell that they had led him behind the wagon and had flogged him.

"Well, where is Diego now?"

"We do not know. He ran away."

"Would you like to have him come back?

"Of course, we would like to have him at home."

"Have you looked for him?"

"Yes, but we cannot find him."

"So Diego is the one that has done something to injure your people?"

They could not answer, because they had no story prepared. Finally they said: "Well, Diego was working for a Mexican, and we do not like to have anyone working for Mexicans or white people. The governor and the officers have prohibited it. This Mexican he was working for is trying to get into our land." [As a matter of fact the Mexican's land was outside the reservation.]

"So you cannot find Diego. Well, I think I shall have to help you." He called, and Diego stepped out. They looked foolish. "Diego," said the Superintendent, "did they tell me the truth?"

"No, all these are great liars." And he denounced them, recalling What they had done to him. They could not answer. The Superintendent said: "Now, governor, you would like to have Diego back home. Diego, would you like to go back and live with these people ?

"No, I would not like to go back and be killed some day."

"Where are you going to live?"

"I am going back to Cochiti. I am now under the Cochiti governor and the Cochiti war-chief. I am one of their men. Therefore I cannot go back to Santo Domingo, and never will I go back."

"Governor, you understand what Diego says?" The governor could not answer. "Governor, I believe you cannot take Diego back. He is now a man of Cochiti, and if you want to do anything with Diego, you must go to Cochiti and see the governor, the war-chief, and the principales."

So Diego returned to Cochiti. Two days later came the governor, the war-chief, and other principal men of Santo Domingo. The officers of Cochiti assembled and invited the visitors to the meeting. Diego was asked to tell his story. The Santo Domingo governor did not deny it, and they went away. But the next day they returned, trying to persuade him to come home. They asked his forgiveness, even going to him on their knees. We advised him to return to his people on their promise that they would not punish him. So he went with them.

A deceased person is clothed in his best garments and ornaments, and is laid on the floor and covered with a blanket. A woman of the family sets a small dish of meal and another of corn-pollen beside the head of the corpse, and everybody present, as well as any who come in at any time, takes a pinch of each and tosses it on the body.

Burial occurs either the same day or the following morning. They summon a shaman, who takes out of his pouch a stone figurine of a mountain-lion and a dried paw of the same animal, holds them to the dead person's breast, then sets them beside the two dishes. This is said to mean that the spirit is to remain there four days, but the association of ideas seems obscure. A more reasonable explanation would be that the shaman thus gives the spirit strength and good luck for its journey. A woman covers the stone figurine and the dishes with a cloth. The grave is dug in the campo santo at the mission church, and the body, sewed in a blanket, is carried out on a ladder and buried by a fiscal with the assistance of one, two, or three others, all of whom serve without pay.

On the second day thereafter the women of the family prepare food, and the fourth day is "the day when the dead person is sent away." Three shamans arrange an altar in the house of the bereaved family, make a trail of meal to the door, and sit down. They sing, and at the fourth song one of the three rises, lifts the stone cougar and the

dried paw, and swings them while walking slowly about and singing with the other two. "This is the fourth day I have been dead, and this is the day I am going to depart." Then he goes out, carrying on his back the bundle containing the dead person's possessions, particularly the dance-costume, which he buries among the rocks well outside the pueblo. While the principal one of the three shamans remains seated, the third now goes about and with his eagle-feathers brushes the bodies of the people, and from time to time sweeps the palm of one hand across the other, as if casting away the bad luck or malign influence of death.

When the shaman returns from burying the bundle of clothing, the principal shaman takes up the *hónnawat*[19] that compose the altar, and says: "Now all is done. I believe the departed one has gone, and if he has been good in this world he will go to Wéñimatsi[20] We must not cry, because he will be enjoying his life there."

The women then bring in all the food they have prepared and set the dishes and bundles of wafer bread in rows extending to the door. The principal shaman asperges it with medicine-water by means of his feathers, and addresses the spirit of the dead person: "Now you have all this food, which we give you. We hope you will eat some of it and take some with you." This last phrase is a polite intimation of the desire that the ghost depart. After the ensuing feast the shamans depart with the remaining food.[21]

Widows and bereaved parents used to neglect their personal appearance, neither washing their faces nor combing their hair, and names of the dead were not spoken for about a year. Those who handled the corpse bathed afterward, but not ritualistically.

19 A supernatural helper of the shamans, also the object representing it and the shaman whom it aids.

20 Wéñima, fabled home of the cloud-gods; *tsi*, room.

21 Although the mortuary customs are described in the present tense, burial at the present time is from the church. Nevertheless the rites of the "day when the dead person is sent away" are still usually observed.

The officers of native origin are the cacique and the two war-chiefs.

The head of the Flint society of medicine-men is the cacique, *hóchañi* ("chief"), a life position. The head of the Shkóy[u] society and the head of the Shí'kame are his assistants, and as such they are called ts*aíkatse*. The cacique is constantly concerned with prayer and thought for the general welfare, living a frugal life and fasting at frequent intervals. He is the high-priest, yet he has political significance in that he appoints the war-chiefs annually. In spite of this, if, as it has happened, he should neglect his religious duties, the war-chief may reprimand, punish, and even depose him. On such an occasion the war-chief visits the cacique and says, gently but firmly, "My mother, you have given to me the right to punish even you."

"Yes, it is so, father."

"Well, you have done wrong. Now stand here." He then makes the cacique stand or squat, and with the tip of his bow or his baton he draws a small circle about the feet of his superior, and says: "Stand there until I release you, or until you know that you have done wrong, or until you die in this place." He stations a deputy on either side of the cacique, each armed with a flint-pointed arrow with which he is to prod the prisoner if he moves from the spot or shifts his body from the position in which he has been placed. Within the last generation a cacique was thus punished and then removed from office for having forced a Kû'sari woman.

The cacique is ceremonially addressed and referred to as *shtéhya-moñi*, *or ská-naya* ("all-our mother") *shtéhyamoñi,* or simply as mother."

The two war-chiefs, *tsátyô-hóchañi* ("country chief") or *tsíya-ty-uyo*[22] ("go in advance"), formerly were life officers but now are appointed annually by the cacique. They represent respectively Másewa andÓyoyewa, the legendary war-leaders, and in ceremonies they are referred to by these names, being addressed as "father." The insignia of a war-chief are a quiver full of arrows and a short stick curved at the

22 This is apparently what Bandelier means by "Tzia-u-u-kiu." Cf. Tewa *túyo*, leader.

end and carried in the quiver. This recalls the curved staffs carried by some Plains military societies.

The war-chiefs are charged with the duty of maintaining order, inaugurating and directing communal hunts, announcing ceremonies, and guarding the esoteric participants in the rites. Formerly they decided when it was necessary to choose a new location for the village, and repelled enemies. The war-chief punishes an offender by flogging, or the culprit stands with feet together, the chief draws a line about him with the point of his bow and orders him not to move from the spot until he has asked for pardon. Sometimes a stubborn man holds out all day, until he collapses. Deputies of the war-chiefs stand guard to see that the offender does not move nor squat. The second war-chief is less an assistant than a colleague, as the two war-chiefs usually act in concert.

The principal civil officers are the governor, *tápop*^{u}, the lieutenant-governor, *tenyét* (Spanish, teniente), and two *pishkáles* (Spanish, fiscales). The governor is the secular head of the village, and the fiscales manage the affairs of the church, conducting the fiestas, summoning the populace to service, burying the dead.

On the night of the twenty-ninth of December the war-chief summons all the men to the council room, where he makes known the names of the officers for the coming year. The two war-chiefs are appointed by the cacique, the governor and his lieutenant by the head of the Shkóy^{u} society, the fiscales by the head of the Shí'kame society. The audience has only to voice its approval. The officers are installed on the first day of January.

The council is made up of principales (Spanish), all of whom have filled the office of governor or war-chief, and principales grandes, who are the heads of the three societies of shamans (that is, the cacique and his two assistants) and the heads of the Kû'*sa*ṙi, the Kwí'ṙanna, and the Síuʂti.

The following clans are still represented at Cochiti:[23]

Ósa*ts*a, Sun

Syóhoeme, Turquoise

Ts!its, Water Shípewe, a plant

23 To the name of the clan add *hánot*s^{a}, people.

Yáka, Ear-corn [24]
Tyáme, Eagle
Hápañi, Scrub-oak Wáspa, Sage[25]
Sótsona, Coyote
Hítsaañi, Cottonwood
Táhñi, Squash Ísi, Mustard [26]

The following were extinct in 1924:[27]
Hákañi, Fire
Kûts, Antelope
Kis[a], Elk
Mûkats[a], Cougar
Tslínn [a], Turkey

Cochiti clans are exogamous and matrilineal. The rule of exogamy is in abeyance.

There are two religio-social parties, the Táhñitits[a], Squashes, meeting in Póna'ni'-chítya ("west-inside kiva"), and the Syóhoemi-natits[a], Turquoises, meeting in Hánani'-chítya ("east-inside kiva"). These two parties are said to have been endogamous, but with a greatly diminishing population this law of course was impossible of enforcement. Each party included the entire membership of certain clans, according to traditionists, and even today most of the clans are numerically strong

24 The Ear-corn clan was nearly extinct, when a Nambé man of the Fire clan married and brought to Cochiti a half-Mexican woman with no clan affiliation at all, she having been a peripatetic prostitute. Their daughter, having no clan relationship, was claimed by the Ear corn people, and the clan now has two members.

25 The Handbook of American Indians has "Washpa (Dance-kilt)." The kilt is called *ótseñi.* Over it is worn a wide, white cotton belt, *káspa,* for which word *wáspa*, sage, has evidently been mistaken.

26 *Ísi,* mustard, was mistaken by Bandelier for *íisi,* poison-ivy. Cf. Hopi *ása,* tansy mustard.

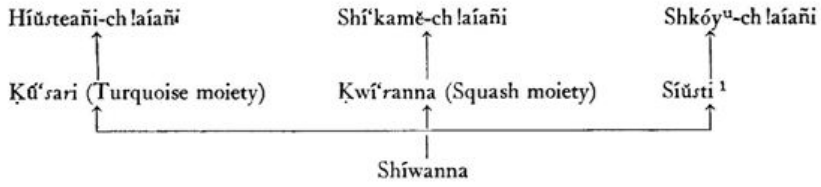
27 The Handbook of American Indians names also Bear *(kohá[y]u)* and Rattlesnake (*súhwi*). Two well-posted informants of the present investigator were positive that these were never clans at Cochiti. This of course is only negative testimony. Since Bear and Rattlesnake are represented at Santo Domingo, they probably existed also at Cochiti.

in one or the other of these divisions. Members of Sun, Turquoise, Water, and Shípewe are mostly Turquoise; Earcorn, Eagle, Mustard, Sage, Cottonwood, and Squash are mostly Squash. Coyote is about evenly apportioned. Marrying outside of her party, a woman accompanies her husband in attendance at the kiva; but if she becomes a widow she returns to the kiva of her birth. A man who becomes dissatisfied with his kiva associations may apply to the war-chief for permission to join the other party; whereupon the official summons the leaders of that party, and if they assent the permission is given. Such changes are made to prevent discord.

The kivas play no part in masked dances, but in other dances either one kiva party has charge or both divisions participate as such.

Practically all boys at the age of thirteen or fourteen are initiated by flogging in a quadrennial rite into the order of Shíwanna, the masked personators of the cloud-gods. Many of them, including some who at birth were dedicated by their parents, will later join one or the other of the two societies of clowns, the Kû'*s*ari and the Kwí'*r*anna. Those who join neither form a group called Síu*s*ti, or *S*ûtsi ("raw, uncooked," referring to their backward state of ceremonial advancements).[28] From the ranks of these three groups are recruited the members of the three shamanistic societies: Híu*s*teañich!aíañi ("flint shaman") from the Kû'*s*a*r*i, Shí'kame-ch!aíañi ("rattleshaker shaman") from the Kwí'*r*anna, Shkóy^{u}-ch!aíañi ("giant shaman") from the Síu*s*ti. The Kû'*s*a*r*i are Turquoise people and meet in Turquoise, or East, kiva; the Kwí'*r*anna are Squash people and meet in Squash, or West, kiva.

The Cochiti ceremonial system may be graphically presented as follows:



28 This group is designated by both names, but Síusti seems to be recognized as the proper term. *Sûtsi* means "raw," and *síusti* is explained as meaning the same thing, but this looks like a case of folk-etymology.

The Sháyaka, a specialized group having ceremonial control of game, are no longer active. The Pokéyu society, which at Santo Domingo is concerned with growing crops, is apparently not a Cochiti institution. In 1924 there were four Shí'kame and four Shkóy^{u}, and only one member of Híusteañi, the cacique himself, remained. In recent years the young men have been reluctant to join the societies, some because they are convinced that their practices are chicanery, others because they are merely indifferent or engrossed in other affairs.

There are, then, six Cochiti societies, not counting Shíwanna and Síusti, the membership of these last two being so broad that the term society does not seem justified in their case.

1. Sháyak^{a} are (were) a hunters' society.
2. Kû'*sa*ri are a society of clowns pertaining to the Turquoise party.
3. Kwí'*r*anna are a society of clowns pertaining to the Squash party.
4. Híusteañi-ch!aíañi, Flint Shamans, are a society of healers.
   (a) Súhwi-ch!aíañi, Rattlesnake Shamans, an order of the Flint society, treat snakebites, and in the Flint healing ceremony they handle snakes.
   (b) Hákañi-ch!aíañl, Fire Shamans, an order of the Flint society, extinguish fire in the mouth.
   (c) Póshaiañi-ch!aíañi, Whipper Shamans, the highest degree of Flint, are assistants an d understudies of the head of the society. One of this order formerly dressed the warriors for the scalp-dance.
5. Shí'kame-ch!aíañi, Rattle-shaker Shamans, are a society of healers.
6. Shkóy^{u}-ch!aiañi, Giant Shamans, are a healers' society.

The head of Flint is by that fact the cacique. He must have passed through the following grades: Shíwanna, Kû'*sa*ri, Híusteañi-ch!aíañi (ordinary member), Súhwi-ch!aiañi, Hákañi-ch!aiañi, Póshaiañi-ch!aíañi. The best of his fellow Póshaiañi-ch!aíañi succeeds him when he dies.

No one of these grades can be omitted, even though a member has no ambition to attain the highest office. Having entered a new order, one does not sever his connection with those already passed. Thus, a Póshaiañi still on occasion performs as a masked Shíwanna, as a Kû'*sa*ri clown, and as a Flint shaman in the ceremony of healing.

The degrees of the Flint society are perhaps to be regarded as remnants of former societies, which, reduced in number, secured the ceremonial assistance of a more vigorous group and in time were absorbed by it. Thus, Shí'kame is said to include a degree called Múkats[a] ("cougar"); but this is simply because the hunters' society, Sháyak[a], is extinct and a Shí'kame shaman has been filling the position of Cougar Man in the communal rabbit-hunts.

The principal man of any society, as well as of the Síusti, is called *náwaya* ("protector"). Síusti-náwaya, or Sûtsi-náwaya, has charge of the Shíwanna masks, and particularly of the painting and decorating of them in preparation for a dance; and no one has a right to touch them except himself and young men working under his direction. Each *náwaya* possesses a stone image about fourteen inches high, which he calls *yáya* ("mother!"), or *shtéhyamoñi* (the ceremonial appellation of the cacique).

Associated with Kû'sari, Kwí'ranna, and Síusti, are certain female lay members who in the course of ceremonies perform household duties in the ceremonial quarters as follows: Kû'sari women for Kû'sari and Flint; Kwí'ranna women for Kwí'ranna and Shí'kame; Síusti women for Síusti and Shkóy[u]. Only in the case of a limited number of the Kû'*sa*ri women do these females play the part of actual members. All women not affiliated with one of the two clown societies remain Síusti. Females are never initiated into the Shíwanna, the personators of the cloud-gods.

There is a pseudo-society of women called Kóyahw[e], which corresponds to the Santo Domingo Mé*r*inako. These women, selected by the cacique, have charge of the ceremonial grinding of sacred meal for him. At indefinite intervals the war-chief summons them, and they invite women known to be skilful with the mealing-stones to bring baskets of corn. Two or three men called Kaits!-paíatyama ("maple youth") beat the drum and sing, the Kóyahw[e] women sing, and the others in turn grind rhythmically, using either one set or two sets of stones. The allusion in the name Maple Youth is unknown.

Initiation into a Shaman Society

Desiring to join one of the societies, a young man informs his parents: "Well, my father and my mother, I am going to tell you that I am wish-

ing to become [for example] a Flint shaman. And as you are my father and my mother, I want you to ask for it."

"Very well, my son, if that is your wish; but we must call in all our people." So that night there is a council of the relatives. There occurs a semblance of discussion, but the usual thing is to say, "Well, if it is your wish, it will be well." However, his father always demands four times, 'Is it really your wish, out of your own heart, to become a Flint shaman, or is it that someone has tried to persuade you to do this ?"

"No, it is my own will and I am wishing to serve my people."

The father then notifies the war-chief, who agrees that if it is the young man's own wish, it must be done. Either that same night or the next the relatives reassemble, call in the Flint chief, who is also cacique, and lay before him a package of meal and a package of tobacco, both wrapped in corn-husk. "Now, *skánaya shtéhyamoñi,* we have called on you because our son is wishing to become a member of your Flint society."

"I am glad that he is willing to become one of my men, so I will accept him." He takes up the presents. "Tomorrow night I am going to call my shamans together."

The following night the Flint men and the war-chief meet. The Flint chief opens the packages and gives each man a portion of the meal and of the tobacco. The meal they throw in small bits to the six directions, and of the tobacco they make cigarettes from which they blow smoke in the six directions and finally in a complete circle, all the time praying audibly to their spirit helpers, particularly cougar, bear, wolf, badger, eagle, and mole, desiring that the young man have strength and long life and come safely through to the time of his initiation. The war-chief has no part in this, but he now proceeds to name the time when the initiation will occur. This is always four years later and in the month of November. Then the Flint chief speaks: "Now, you boy, hear what I am going to say. These four years you will have to be careful. You will not use bad language, you will not kill any creature, nor fight, nor quarrel. But if you break these rules you will not become a Flint shaman." If the young man should kill even a rabbit, or should whip his wife, he could not be initiated.

The initiation takes place at night in the regular lodge-room of the society, which is simply a commodious family apartment cleared out for the occasion. Outside the house on guard are the war-chiefs and six

of their deputies. The shamans remain in their inner room, seated in a row behind their ceremonial paraphernalia, while the populace assemble in the outer room. When all is ready, they chant a number of songs, and at a certain song a man appointed by the Flint chief opens the door. There the initiate is seated, surrounded by his relatives. The shaman holds in his left hand two eagle-feathers, and in his right a gourd rattle. Opening the door, he extends the feathers and the young man touches them. He turns his back to the door, and taking a feather in each hand extends it back above his shoulder, and the young man, taking hold of the tips, follows him to the Flint chief and the other shamans, dancing behind his leader, who also dances. As soon as they start from the door, followed by the novice's father and mother, the shamans begin to sing a certain song, which mentions by name the one "who wishes to become a member." When the song is finished, the initiate stands there, and the people crowd into the room. Shamans and novice wear only loin-cloths. Then the Flint chief begins to speak: "Well, my sons and my daughters, we are here tonight atthe request of our fathers Másewa and Óyoyewa [the war-chiefs], and of this boy, of his father, his mother, his relatives. You have asked that I and all my members of this society initiate him into our society. Now, everybody is invited tonight. So you people are here We are glad that you have attended to see him come through his initiation. Especially are we glad that you old people came, willing to aid us in this work. If he has a good heart and good will, he will succeed in becoming one of our beloved sons and a member of this society. So I wish you people to have the same good will toward this young man."

Then Másewa addresses the Flint chief: "Now, *skánayashe,* our *náwaya* has sat down tonight in this house to initiate this young man who is wishing to become one of this society. So I, Másewa, and Óyoyewa, both of us, wish that you, *skánayashe,* may have good success. I believe that all these people have come to see and are wishing that you have good success. So I hope that you will do your best, and that *ská-naya-tyame* ['all-our mother of-each-one'][29] may help you."

After this speech the two war-chiefs go out to resume their guard

29 The guardian spirits of the shamans, as well as the shamans themselves, are called mother.

duty. The shamans sing many songs, mentioning cougar, bear, wolf, badger, eagle, mole, and others, asking them to come by their power to initiate the young man, to put into his heart the power they have in their hearts, so that he may do what they do. Then the shamans leap up, all except their chief, who remains seated, shaking his rattle and singing. The others have, each one, the skin and claws of a bear's foreleg, which they put on their left forearms. At a certain word in the song they raise the young man to his feet and roughly slap him with the bear-paws, striking him with some force and sometimes scratching him a little. They set him down at the end of the song, and one of them sits beside the chief, who rises and slaps the initiate. Then the young man is left sitting there, and the Flint chief resumes his place.

A new series of songs is begun, while tobacco is placed in the end of an eight-inch section of cane. Two of the shamans rise and stand beside the kneeling initiate, a third lights the tobacco and puts the pipe between the young man's lips, and the other two hold it there. He must smoke all the tobacco in long inhalations, drawing the smoke into his lungs. Sometimes he falls to the floor, overcome by nausea. He exhales the smoke toward the six directions, and then receives four sips of water containing certain pulverized herbs and spews it in the six directions.

Another series of songs is begun, while the two shamans still stand beside the youth, grasping his arms as if to support him. The two lead him about and say, "Now we are going to test you, to see if you have taken into your heart all that we have been giving you, and to let your father and your mother see if you have become a shaman." One of them extends his hand to the north and demands, "What can you see in the north?" The youth looks, and is silent. The other shaman extends his hand to the west and repeats a similar question, but the youth makes no answer. So they go through the six directions. They then stand him before his parents, and one asks: "What can you see on your father's body? Can you not see that something is wrong? Try to take it out." The young man usually looks surprised and uncertain, but finally places his mouth against some part of his father's body and sucks. He straightens up and spits into the shaman's hand a small object, as a pebble or a stick. The shaman shows it to the father and says, "I believe your son is a shaman." Thus it is ostentatiously exhibited to all the other spectators. In the same way the initiate ostensibly removes

something from his mother's body.

Finally the Flint chief says: "Now, people, you have seen this young man, how he has become a shaman. So I hope that in the future he will be a good shaman to you people and to all the village in every way." The people express their satisfaction.

The initiation now is finished, and the women bring in numerous dishes and piles of food, especially wafer bread, tortillas, and tamales, which they deposit in long rows extending from the altar to the door. The war-chiefs and their men are called in, and the Flint chief says: "Now, our father Másewa, our mother has finished and has done the wish of this young man. He has been initiated into this society. We all have a good wish, and hope for him that he will be useful for Másewa and his people. We wish that Másewa and his people will receive back this young man with our good will, so that, being a member of this society, he will be a good help and give good service to the old people in the village. We hope that Másewa and all his people will be glad to help the young man."

The war-chief replies: "R*áwa-ts!a* ['good is']! I am glad. The young man has received what he was wishing, therefore I and all my people are very contented, seeing him satisfied. We hope that in the future I, Másewa, and all my people will have some use of this young man. So we thank the *yáyati*ts[a] ['mothers'][30] who have finished initiating this young man." The Flint chief again thanks the people and dismisses them, hoping that they will have help from "our *yáyati*ts[a]." The war-chief then gives each person some food, either wafer bread or other cooked forms of meal, and meat, but not the uncooked meal, and the spectators depart. The shamans, having eaten, divide the remainder of the food among themselves and take it home.

The young man is now a shaman, subject to a summons to heal. Such a summons of course does not come to an utter novice. Gradually he will learn the secrets of the society, and if he is ambitious will rise to other degrees and even to the position of *náwaya*.

Individual Healing Ceremony

When the services of a shaman are required, a relative, usually the mother,

30 Or he might say *skánayatyame*.

of the sick person holds a bit of meal before the patient, who breathes on it. She at once takes it to a shaman and says: "Because you are a shaman I have brought you this meal. On it my boy [or girl] has put his breath. He is the one to be cured by you, in the first place by your *yáyatits*[a],[31] then by you. So I come to call you." The shaman accepts the meal and replies: "Good! In a short time I will be there." He goes to the room where in a corner he keeps his secret things hanging in a bundle. He breathes on the meal and throws it by small bits on the bundle, thus offering it to the spirits represented by the objects therein, saying: "Here is the meal on which such and such a one [naming the sick person] has put his breath. He asks that you cure him of his sickness. So I come to you. You have received the meal, and in return you will give me the power to cure this person by your power." He then goes out, usually in the early morning, carrying a small bag containing pulverized herbs, but not the bundle of secret objects. Formerly he wore only a loin-cloth, but at the present time he removes only his shoes. The sick man, however, strips to his loin-cloth.

The shaman opens his bag and approaches the patient, who sits on the floor. He places a bit of the medicine on the sick man's tongue, offering it first to the six directions, and then in the same way himself takes a bit, all the while muttering in an undertone. He spits into his hands, rubs them together, and sings, "Now, my *yáyatits*[a], I ask that you come and by your power cure this sick person." He passes his hands lightly over the patient's body, and turning to the north he strikes the palm of the right hand across that of the left, as if driving away the sickness. This he repeats in the other directions Then he begins to feel the various parts of the patient's body, trying to localize the sickness, and having found it, he sucks the place, kneels on the floor, and retches violently, until he discharges into his hand a pebble, a bit of wood, or a cactus thorn, usually with the accompaniment of blood. He lays this object on a potsherd to be seen by all.

A woman brings a cup of water, and he rinses his mouth and expectorates on the sherd. Four times this sucking is done, and again he passes his hands lightly over the body from head to feet and brushes his hands toward the six directions. Once more also he opens the bag

31 "Mothers," referring to the spirit helpers of the shaman.

and gives a bit of medicine to the sick man and takes a bit himself. This done, he blows his breath over the patient and says: "Well, my son, I think it is finished, and I hope you will be cured, that *yáyati*ts[a] will cure you. Only, you must have faith in our mothers. Your sickness is the result of somebody's ill will." He refers to the*kanatyaia* (sorcerers).

The woman then sweeps the floor where the shaman has been working, and wraps the sweepings in a cloth. She fills a fine basket with meal, holds it before the sick man, who breathes on it, and then gives it to the shaman. That is his fee. The sweepings he takes beyond the confines of the village and buries. This ends his efforts unless in the first place he was asked to give four treatments. There is no incantation and no smoking.

If the patient does not recover, another shaman is tried. Usually the first man summoned is a Flint shaman, and if he fails they try a Giant, then a Shi'kame. The Flint shamans are regarded as the most powerful. If a patient dies, some lose confidence in the shamans, others maintain that a mistake was made in the selection of a healer. No feuds ever result from the failure to cure.

Society Healing Ceremony

In case of very serious illness, either before or after an individual shaman has tried to effect a cure, there is a consultation among the relatives, in which the parents express their desire for help. Of course all agree with good will. Someone will say, "We had better act at once."

"Yes, if we are going to do it, we should start immediately," affirms another.

They select a female relative, perhaps the sick person's mother, to call a shaman of whatever society the patient prefers.

The shaman comes at night. Either the father or some old man makes a corn-husk cigarette, approaches the shaman, and says, "You will please take off your shoes." When the shaman has removed his shoes, the other squats before him and says, "You will please smoke this." He lights the cigarette and hands it to the shaman, who blows the smoke to the six directions and to the entire circle of the world, while muttering to himself. While he continues to smoke, the father (or the old man) addresses the mother or some other woman, "Bring the things." She produces a small basket of meal, another of tobacco,

and some broad corn-husks. The man prepares a package of meal, another of tobacco, and when the cigarette is finished he stands before the patient, who breathes on the packets. He then extends them toward the people, who breathe toward them, and finally sits down close to the shaman, saying, "Here is cornmeal, here is tobacco." The shaman takes hold of the packets, while the other continues to hold them and proceeds: "This sick person has put his breath on this, and we, all his relatives, have put our breath on this. In the first place we called to your powerful *skánayatyame,* and at the last on you, because you are the one who represents *skánayatyame.* We ask that our beloved son be cured, in the first place by *skánayatyame,* and then by you, man, who represent *skánayatyame.* I will set the time. It will be on the fourth day, in the night. Hand this to your *ch!aiañi* and tell them we desire them to cure our son on that night. This is all we have to ask of you." He then releases his hold of the packets.

The shaman rises and speaks to himself: "This meal and this tobacco have been given to me in the name of *skánayatyame.* So I wish you, if you are the powerful *skánayatyame* who have the power to give life and health, to take away all the sickness of this person. Here are the meal and the tobacco which have been given to me, because I am representing you, and we hope that on the fourth night all the powerful *skánayatyame* will be here to cure this poor sick person." He sits down and addresses the people: "I have accepted your prayers and I have taken them with my whole heart. Each of my *ch!aiañi* will do his best, and I believe it will be done, whatever you wish. And I hope that each of you will aim toward that night, to be present and help the wish of this sick person. We will try our best to cure him." He puts on his shoes and goes out with the two packets, saying: "I go. Let everyone have good hope that we will have success with this sick man."

The people remain a short time and then disperse after a verbose speech by the representative of the family, enjoining good thoughts and their presence on the appointed night, and reminding the women of their duty to prepare food for a feast. Before departing, each head of a family takes the sick person's hand and bids him think only of being cured, to put all else out of his mind and be confident that *skánayatyame* will cure him.

The next day the men gather firewood and the women grind meal. The second day great stacks of wafer bread are baked, and on the third

day sheep and beeves are killed and the meat is boiled. The healing ceremony takes place, not in the home of the patient, but in a house selected because it has a very large front room for the spectators and a small inner room for the shamans. The entire third day the shamans spend in preparation in their fraternity room, and in the evening they bring to the place of the ceremony quivers of buffalo-hide containing their sacred paraphernalia. Then the people begin to assemble, the women bringing the food they have prepared -wafer bread, dishes of meat and of beans, large baskets of meal. Two of these baskets heaped with meal are set aside for the shaman originally called, who is the "father" of the sick person. Of smaller baskets of meal there is one for each of the other shamans, with two or three extra in case some shaman not a member of this society might join in the proceedings. Such a man is always a relative of the patient and is invited out of the crowd by the officiating shamans, one of whom extends a pair of eagle-feathers, which the invited shaman takes hold of and so is led out of the crowd and forward to the officiating group.

In the inner room the medicine-men arrange their sacred objects within a rectangular space enclosed by lines of meal, and behind this altar they sit in a row. These objects include such things as small stone cougars, bears, wolves, badgers, and a pair of eagle-talons, one of these last being at each side of the altar. All these things, as well as the beings they represent, and also the shamans' "powers," are *hónnawat*.[32] In a row in front of the medicine-men are the *íaliku,* which are perfect ears of white corn enclosed in cotton weaving and decorated with a nicely arranged coat of eagle- and parrot-feathers. Each shaman has one of these fetishes, which he calls his *yáya,* mother. The chief's "mother" stands in the middle of the row. One is placed in advance of the others, and from this one a line of meal representing a trail extends to the door. Each man has a rattle in the right hand and a pair of eagle-feathers in the left, and around the neck is a string of bear-claws and shell ornaments.

The altar having been arranged, they start singing and one goes to the door of the outer room and leads in the sick person in the manner

32 This is what Mrs. Stevenson in her work on Sia calls *ho'naaite*. She mistakenly uses the term as the title of the head-man of a society, the *náwaya*.

of an initiate. The two stand in front of the altar, the sick man behind the shaman, until the song is finished, when the patient sits down at the side of the room, in front of the medicine-men and to their left. His relatives, and as many others as can crowd in, then enter and sit at the sides of the room, leaving the meal trail open. The two war-chiefs and their deputies, on guard outside, are summoned and stand in front of the altar. Their leader, Másewa, feeds the cougar and the other animals from a dish of meal, which sits beside the altar, and the chief shaman addresses him: "Now, our father, we have called on you because our mothers tonight will be busy. You are invited with your country-chiefs to guard our mothers; and our mothers ask you to attend faithfully to your duty, so that no evil, either witches or strangers, come and trouble our mothers. So now, father, you will stay outside and be on guard."

Másewa replies: "Now, our mother, the only thing I have to say is, do your duty so that this sick person who has asked you to heal him will be cured. Try to do your best for this poor man, to cure him by the help of our mothers and by your power, you who are representing our mothers. I wish you success." One of the shamans takes up a bowl of medicine-water and gives a sip to each guard, sets it down, and with eagle-feathers asperges them. Then they go out. The guards are armed with bows and arrows. No white person ever has been permitted to see these ceremonies at Cochiti.

The chief of the society now addresses the people: "Now, you people have come to this place. We are going to try our mothers tonight, to see if this person can be cured by our mothers. I believe you people have come to help this person. So I desire each one of you to have a good wish to see the sick person recover by the power of our mothers. So let us begin."

They begin to chant, sitting in a row behind the altar, while the father, husband, or other male relative holds the sick person, whether male or female, in his lap. After three songs the medicine-men begin to jump up and move about promiscuously, leaving the chief to sing while they pass their hands over the bodies of whatever spectators they happen to approach, and brushing one palm across the other toward the six directions. At the beginning of the fourth song they crowd about the sick person, some brushing their hands over him, others sucking at his body and pretending to bring out the usual foreign sub-

stances. Whatever they remove they expel into a dish at the end of the meal trail, which by this time has been obliterated by the trampling of their feet. Sometimes a shaman, after sucking, falls as if overcome by the strength of the witch whose magic missile he has removed, but he recovers and staggers to the dish. Some remove from their mouths pieces of yucca-root, joint-bones so large that they are extricated with some difficulty, rather long pieces of young, green chandelier cactus (of course with the thorns removed). Others draw out long ribbons of the inner bark of cottonwood, or very long cords of yucca-fibre, which they pile in their hands. All this continues for ten to fifteen minutes, and at the end of this series of songs, if the case is very difficult, one of the shamans is delegated to perform an act not always seen.

He shows, or pretends, the greatest reluctance, and the others gather around and reprove him: "What then is the matter with you? Why can you not suck out that thing that is in this poor sick man's body?" Still he resists their efforts to urge him forward. They take hold of him and drag him to the sick man. He puts his mouth to the body, and after some minutes he rolls over on his side as if dead, and two of the others drag him about on the floor, still scolding him: "What is the matter? Can you not stand up and bring out that thing you have sucked out of him?" At last they support him on his feet and walk him up and down. He recovers, and after going up and down the room, something begins to issue from his mouth. Gradually it is seen to be the head of a snake, with gaping jaws and vibrating tongue. More and more of the body appears, and the shaman runs up and down the room trying to expel it. Little by little the snake's body comes out, until about a foot is visible and the head is writhing about the man's neck and face. Then suddenly it shoots out, falls to the floor, and wriggles away toward the spectators. After it has gone six or eight feet another shaman picks it up, takes it to the altar, and lays the skin and claws of a bear's forepaw across it. The snake continues to writhe, but cannot escape.[33]

33 This episode is the description of a performance seen by an informant about the year 1890. It was the function of the Rattlesnake order of the Flint society. The magician was Chavecito, a Cochiti Flint shaman, and the reptile was a gopher-snake about two feet long and thicker than a man's finger. On another occasion the same informant saw the same man disgorge a water-snake. The disgorging of a live snake of such size is to be explained only by the supposition that the magician actually swallows the

At a signal from the chief all the magicians resume their seats behind the altar. One of them with a single eagle-feather sweeps the floor, deposits the sweepings in the dish, and renews the meal trail. The singing begins again, and a shaman brings the contents of the dish in a cloth and stands before the others, swaying it from side to side. He turns to the sick person and swings it four times from side to side, turns then to the left, and carries it out. One of the deputy war-chiefs accompanies him as guard to the river, where he sprinkles it with meal and casts it into the water.

When he returns the song ends, and the food from the outer room is brought in during an appropriate song. The chief says: "Now, my dear son, it is finished. We hope that you will be cured by our mothers, and after that by us who represent our mothers. There is only one thing: if you have faith in our mothers you will be cured and will be well, in good health. So for tonight it is finished, and we wish that you be well." To the people he says: "All you people who have come to assist in this curing for the benefit of this person, we are glad and thank you for your good assistance tonight. Our mothers have tried very hard for their beloved son, and we wish that the young man may be cured. All you people have come to see and assist, so we thank you for it. It is finished. You are dismissed. In the future may you have good health from our mothers."

The people depart, leaving the food, but the relatives of the sick man remain. The father says to the chief: "Now, our mother, here is all the food in payment for the work that you have done to cure our boy. All this food is for our mothers. Eat it, and whatever is left is for you, who represent our mothers. It is yours. Take it and keep it." The chief directs one of his men to distribute the food. The two largest baskets of meal are set aside for the "god-father" shaman, and each of the others receives a single basket besides his proportionate number of rolls of wafer bread and dishes of meat and beans. A share is presented to the war-chief, who gives each of his men either a roll of bread or a dish

serpent, tail first, leaving the head in his mouth. This theory explains the slow, difficult ejection of the fore part of the snake and the sudden expulsion after about half its length was free. When the other shaman picked up the snake he undoubtedly snapped its spine, so that when he laid the bear-paw skin across it the reptile still writhed but could not crawl.

of cooked food. The chief thanks the war-chief for his assistance and wishes again that the sick man may recover.

Before the patient is taken home the shamans give him a stone cougar and the dried skin and claws of a cougar's paw, both wrapped in a strip of cloth, which he is to wear about his waist. Before eating he is always to set them on the floor and place a bit of food before them. After his complete recovery his mother or his wife returns them, with a basket of meal, to his shaman "father."

If the patient desires it, the healing ceremony of the Flint society is concluded by whipping him, stripped, with osier switches in the hands of two unmasked men representing Tsamáhiya and Yúmahiya, two legendary war-heroes. The stone effigies of these two personages are kept in the Flint society house. Tsamáhiya is about three feet high, Yúmahiya about two feet. The arms are represented as held with elbows at the side, the right hand slightly raised, the left level with the elbow, which is the position assumed by the floggers with their switches.

Sorcery

Shamans, as well as others, are credited with powers of sorcery. The following narrative is typical of very numerous witch-stories heard in the course of this investigation of Pueblo customs.

There were two brothers, relatives of my father. The elder died, and the husband of their sister was thought to have bewitched him. The younger brother, José Baca, was very sad. He began to watch his brother-in-law, Syóhoemetiwa ["turquoise man"].

An old man in a house across the street was very ill. Late in the night the bereaved brother's wife happened to look across the area, and in the bright moonlight she saw someone crouching on the roof The person rose a little, and she saw that he was naked,- that his hair was tied back tightly with strips of corn-husk, that his body and face were painted like a Kû'*sa*ri. She was frightened, and ran into the house, and whispered: "Look here! There is somebody on the roof!" Her husband was ready for bed, but he ran to the door. They saw the man creep across the roof to the coping and bend over, trying to look through a window.

José whispered: "That is somebody that is *kánatyaia*. The old man is sick. That is a wizard. I am going to catch him!"

"Do not try it!" she begged. "I am afraid that he will surely hurt you."

"I am going to kill him," repeated José. He put on his shirt and moccasins quickly. He crept in a roundabout way, keeping in the shadow of the walls, and in a corner of an abandoned house he stood and watched. The wizard lowered himself from the beam-ends and tried to look into the window; but there was a cloth hanging over it. He dropped to the ground and tried to peer through the window. Inside, the old man was in pain; the watcher could hear him groaning. He was quite close, peering around a corner. Suddenly he jumped out and, leaping upon the wizard from behind, caught him by the arms. The wizard turned and grappled with him. He was a strong man, but older than my cousin. José recognized him as his brother-in-law. They struggled. The wizard slipped from his grasp and ran, but the other followed as he dodged among the houses. The wizard jumped down a fairly steep place, and José followed. At the foot of the declivity was a ditch about six feet wide. The wizard leaped across, and as he alighted his pursuer landed on his heel, and both fell. As they struggled to their feet, José felt under his hand a heavy stone. It just fitted his hand. He raised it and struck the wizard on the head. He struck again, and the wizard lay quiet. By the foot he dragged the body to a large rock, placed the head on it, and crushed it with his stone.

He went home and told his wife: "Now, I have killed this Syóhoemetiwa, whom we were watching. But since I have told you the name of this man whom I have killed, I will have to die. He meant that he would die by witchcraft. The following morning I was walking through the village and saw the medicine-man sitting sunning himself in front of his house. That day he complained to his daughter that his head ached, and that night he died.[34] Within a month also my cousin died.

Retirement of the Societies at the Summer Solstice

About the first of June, at a meeting of the principal men, the war-chief reminds them that the time is at hand for the cacique to pray for the

34 A Pueblo witch-story never becomes public until after the death of the sorcerer. It is certain that shamans and others sometimes try to exert occult powers in order to accomplish the death of their enemies. It must remain a mystery how these circumstantial accounts of the killing of sorcerers come into being.

general welfare; and after ceremonious discussion all agree that it will be well for him to do this, since it is his duty to work for the good of the people and of the world.

The next morning the war-chief announces a communal rabbit-hunt. The game killed on this occasion is brought to the house of the cacique, and the chiefs of the other two shaman societies, as well as all other principales, are summoned to the place. The game is divided into three portions, which, together with as many small baskets of meal and packets of tobacco, are allotted to the three societies. The war-chief reminds the three *náwaya* that it is their duty to work for the wellbeing of the people.

Then occurs a rite of " sweeping out the bad and calling in the good life." The war-chief orders the people to clean their houses and the village streets, and the three shaman societies hold meetings in which numerous prayer-sticks are made. To each lodge-room the war-chief and the governor are summoned to receive equal numbers of these offerings, and each officer despatches a deputy in each of the cardinal directions to plant them in springs, streams, shrines, and at old village-sites, including the ruins at Potrero de las Vacas and Rito de los Frijoles. Other deputies bury two prayer-sticks in the centre of the village and place two others on the mound as offerings to the deities of the nadir and the zenith. A new fire is kindled in each house, and the old ashes are swept out.

On the first or the second Monday night in June[35] the Flint society[36] retires to its lodge-room and remains there four nights and four days, praying for rain and partially fasting, while the war-chief and one of his young men stand guard, either on the housetop or in the immediate vicinity. The guards remain on duty as long as the shamans are actually engaged in their rites, that is, until about midnight, after which they sleep in the front room of the house. During the day they move about the vicinity of the house, the purpose of their activity being to ward off sorcerers, white men, and Mexicans. The Flint shamans fin-

35 The selection of a particular day of the week is of course a modern custom.

36 At the present time, the Flint society being reduced to a single representative, the cacique, he takes with him in his retirement two or three prominent Kû'sari, the group from which the Flint members formerly were recruited.

ish their rites on Friday evening, and on the third night thereafter (the fourth as the Indians reckon), that is, on Monday, the Shkóy[u] retire to their lodge-room for a quadriduum of prayer and fasting, while the second war-chief and a deputy stand guard. At noon the women of the shamans' families bring food to the door. On the next Monday night the Shí'kame retire, and two trusted deputies of the war-chiefs mount guard. In the fourth week the Flint shamans again retire, and so the cycle continues until the first frosts, about the beginning of September.

On these occasions the shamans of these groups pray to all the Shíwanna (cloud-gods), and to sun, moon, stars, cougar, wolf, bear, eagle, rivers, lakes, springs, clouds. Each day during the period of retirement the women carry food to the society quarters as an offering to the deities and the sustenance of the priests. It is said that when the sun reaches the point farthest north or south, which time is determined by the cacique, he stops at noon for a short rest, and anyone who wishes to pray to him offers him food at that time. During the month of June the three societies meet in their respective quarters on a day when none is in retirement, that is, on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, and sing to bring the sun back from the north.

One or two female lay members accompany the shamans in their retirement, their principal duties being the care of the house and the serving of food.

Before sunrise on the second day of a period of retirement one of the shamans of each society, accompanied by a woman and a deputy of the war-chiefs, visits some spring in the hills, returning after sunset with a large netted gourd filled with water. About a mile from the village the guard hurries on ahead to warn of their approach, and as soon as the shaman and his companion step inside the door the shamans begin to sing. The woman delivers the gourd to the chief, who during the singing pours water into a dish and prepares medicine. This is the sacred water used during the rites to asperge toward the six world-regions, while calling on the Shíwanna to bring clouds and rain. If it should happen to rain while water is being brought from the spring, it is regarded as a wonderful omen and thought to be the result of the visit to the spring. The several societies visit different springs, which are not necessarily the same ones from year to year. If the efforts of the three shaman societies are not successful in bringing rain, the war-chief calls upon Síusti-náwaya, head of the group of individuals whose

ceremonial activities are limited to impersonation of the Shíwanna, and he retires with some of his fellows to pray. His help is held to be particularly beneficent because of his connection with the cloud-gods as custodian of the masks.

Winter Solstice Rites

About the middle of December the cacique sends for the war-chief, who comes to his house and finds there the heads of the other two societies (the cacique himself representing the Flint society). They instruct him to announce to the people that four days later they will pray to bring the sun back from the south. On the night of the fourth day the Flint society, and the Kû'sari and their women members, meet in the house of the cacique, and at the same time the Shkóy[u] and the Síusti men and women meet together, and also the Shí'kame and the Kwí'*r*anna men and women. They sing until about midnight, and at the conclusion the head-man of each group says: "Now we have finished, and we are glad we have helped our father Sun to start north on his journey. We hope he will give us good life in this world."

Clown Societies

The two societies of clowns, or fun-makers, Kû'sari[37] and Kwí'*r*anna,

37 Three possible etymologies of the word may be suggested: (1) A Laguna informant volunteered the following: *saríni,* rags; Kasári (the Laguna and Acoma equivalent of Eastern Keres Kû'sari), his rags; the allusion being to the ragged costume affected by the clowns. (2) Kû'*sa*ri, Kosári (as the word is frequently heard at Cochiti), and Ka *s*ári (Western Keres) may be contractions of Tewa Kósa-hya*r*e ("Kósa dance"). On this point see Volume XVII. (3) Cochiti *sá-wañi,* we fight; *ká-wañi,* they fight; *náwañi kosa,* they are going to fight. This last form was used of warriors ready to take the war-path. Originally the Kû'sari were connected only with the scalpers' society. (See the description of the Acoma society, pages 214-224, and note the horrific manner of arranging the hair and painting the body. "It is easy for one who has seen the so-called Ko-sha-re [to] recognize these obscene and disgusting personages in the graphic description furnished by Villagran of the manner in which the Acomas received the Spaniards when Vicente de Zaldivar approached their inexpugnable rock, in January, 1599." — Bandelier, *Papers Archæological Institute of America, III,* 1890, page 152.) At Cochiti the Kû'sari were not in recent times connected with the scalp-dance; but note that they are intimately associated -with the Flint society, which formerly had

belong respectively to the Turquoise and the Squash moieties, and furnish recruits respectively to the Flint and the Shí'kame shamanistic societies.

As to the origin of the clown cult: (1) Pawnee men wore scalplocks so arranged by stiffening the hair with tallow and paint that it stood erect and curved like a horn. So distinctive was this custom that the tribal name is derived from it *(paríki,* a horn). (2) The Acoma Kasári were concerned exclusively with the scalp-dance. (3) All the Pueblos unite in declaring that the cult originated at "the rising sun." (4) Through Taos and Pecos the Pueblos had constant intercourse with the Plains tribes. It was a Pawnee slave at Pecos that led Coronado on his futile march in 1541 to the Wichita province of Quivira on the plains of Kansas, where the Spaniards met warriors from Harahey (identified as the Pawnee country), with "some sort of things on their heads."[38] The peculiar head-dress of the slave induced the Spaniards to call him El Turco (The Turk). Furthermore, "the white settlers of New Mexico became familiar with the Pawnee early in the 17th century through the latters' raids for procuring horses," according to Alice C. Fletcher.[39] In view of all this it seems probable that the Kû'sari, characterized by their peculiar manner of arranging the hair and painting the body, and by their former association with the scalpers' society, were a western imitation of Pawnee warriors.

The Kwí'*r*anna are simply a variant of the Kû'sari.

The clowns of both moieties paint and dress in the same manner as their Santo Domingo confréres. Their initiations take place in November, at which time the members perform in the plaza. The Kû'sari dance also in September after the wheat harvest, and the Kwí'*r*anna a week later. On such occasions the Kû'sari perpetrate what to Americans are obscenities, and their songs and actions constantly refer to co-

close relations with the warriors. From all this it is possible that the future-tense verb form, *náwañikosa,* used as a verbal noun to describe the men painted ready for their participation in the victory-dance, became abbreviated into *K6sa,* the form now used by the Tewa. The suffix r *i* is obscure in any case. It apparently does not occur in any other Keres word, and may be from ñi, signifying actor.

38 Winship, Coronado Expedition, *Fourteenth Report Bureau of Ethnology,* page 590, Washington, 1896.

39 See Handbook of American Indians, pt. 2, page 214.

habitation and the genitalia. The Kû'sari represent supernatural beings, and as such they instruct the people in the mysteries of propagation.

The ladders of Cochiti kivas have the tips running through holes in a slab of wood carved into three connected rhombi, a symbol of the vulva.[40] Sometimes the Kû'sari climb to the top of such a ladder and hang from the strip by the hands.

Besides their initiation dance, the Kû'sari perform in the same way in September after the wheat harvest; and about a week later the Kwí'ranna dance, dressed in their best garments and behaving circumspectly.

When the war-chief calls upon the Kû'sari or the Kwí'*r*anna to give a dance, only the men take part and they dance in an orderly row. On such occasions the Kû'*sa*ri wear the usual dance-costume of the Pueblos and do not strive for the grotesque. They are followed by a Kwí'*r*anna guardian, and two fun-making Kû'*sa*ri perform their antics for the amusement of the spectators.

Héhy^{a}ty^{u}-tsitétyohy^{u} ("turtle carries") is the "father of the Kû'*sa*ri," and his personator presides at initiations, wearing a very large turtle-shell at the back and smaller ones strung on a belt. He walks in a jerky manner so as to shake these rattles. His home is at the rising sun.

Wíkoli and his brother Kaíts!a'me are the "fathers of the Kwí'*r*anna," and their personators preside at Kwí'*r*anna initiations. Their home is in the northeast.

The two societies are regarded as "neighbors," because one comes from the east and the other from the northeast.

At harvest time any man may invite either the Kwí'*r*anna, the Kû'*sa*ri, the Síusti, or even the entire Turquoise or the Squash moiety, to cut his wheat or harvest his corn, and the invitation cannot be ignored. In return the harvesters receive such a bountiful feast that the host pays well for their labor. If on such an occasion the Kwí'*r*anna are invited, two or three of them wear face-masks of white deerskin with round, red eyes and mouth, and a bunch of hawk-feathers, symbol of their society, hanging at the side. They are called Iwákaia ("comber") in allusion to the straw brushes with which they give a few strokes to the hair of whomsoever they meet.

40 Cf. the watermelon rinds cut in this shape by the Hopi Wûwûtsimû fraternity

Kátsina, Shíwanna, and Kópishtaia are nearly synonymous terms for the cloud-gods.

Kátsina is commonly supposed to be a Hopi word, but the present writer believes it to be Tanoan, as witness Taos Hlatsína. Since *na* is the regular objective affix in the Taos language, the assumption of a Tanoan origin for the term Kátsina seems justified. It is significant also that the Hopi Kachina clans were immigrants from the Rio Grande, whence there was considerable movement to the Hopi country in prehistoric as well as in historic times.

Shíwanna at first blush seems to be Zuñi Shíwanni, the deities of the six world-regions; but the Zuñi do not apply this word to their masked deities. The Isleta equivalent of Shíwanna is Hlíwa^{n}de (plural, Hlí^{n}wan), which has the ring of a true Tiwa word. Its Taos equivalent (which has not been noted as a term in actual use) would be Hlí^{n}wa^{n-}na, and the transition from this form to Shíwanna in an alien language would be easy. The possible derivation of Shíwanna from Taos Chífunána^{n} (singular, Chí-funána, eye black-that), or Isleta Shifunín (singular, Shífuníde) must not be overlooked. These two terms designate a ceremonial group corresponding to the Keres Kû'sari, the society of clowns. In this connection note that the Shíwanna (or Kátsina) masks usually, if not always, have the eyes outlined in black. It would be no unusual linguistic phenomenon if Shíwanna were a Keres form adapted from Tiwa Chífunána^{n} (Shifunín), to reappear later as Tiwa (Isleta) Hlí^{n}wan. In any case the original form is probably Tiwa, whether Shifunín or Hlí^{n}wan.

Kópishtaia has not been encountered in any language other than Keres, and is therefore regarded as a Keres word; although the similarity of the first syllable to the Zuñi word for god tempts one to look to that language for the origin of the term. However, the eastern branch of the Keres commonly call the cloud-gods Shíwanna (perhaps, originally, for the very reason that this foreign term would be more readily understood by alien participants in their ceremonies), while employing the native term Kópishtaia in a broader sense to include all their deities, even the spirit-animals of the shamans and the stone figurines that represent them. The western Keres prefer Kátsina to Shíwanna, and designate as Kópishtaia a certain class of the cloud-gods.

It is believed that in the great subterranean lake of which springs are mere openings live numerous beings, the Shíwanna. Their home is in the west at Wéñima. Clouds forming over the mountains are the Shíwanna rising from the water. The Shíwanna women carry water in jars on their heads, and above the valleys they tip the jars and make rain.

Following are the names of the most important masked characters appearing in Cochiti Shíwanna dances. The first five, known as Sóyan("run-around") Shíwanna, appear in every masked dance and move about freely, watching the dancers to see that no errors are committed, that the costumes are in order, and, if anything amiss is discovered, striking the offender with a bunch of yucca-leaves. In the second group are names of characters represented by the masked performers who stand in line, shoulder to shoulder, shaking their rattles and stamping the ground. The masks worn by these latter are all alike on any given occasion.

1. Héruta wears a mask that is black around the eyes, red around the mouth, and has buffalo-hair on the top and a ruff of wildcat-fur about the neck. He has a shirt and hip-length leggings of deer-skin. This is plainly the Buffalo costume of the Plains Indians. An entire fawn-skin in the left hand contains seeds of all kinds, which at the end of the dance he scatters among the people, who pick them up and mix them with the seeds they plant in the spring. Héruta is the messenger of the Shíwanna.
2. Ñéñeka is the chief of this group of "whippers." His mask is black or green-blue (the paint is made of pulverized stone, probably soft turquoise) and has a projecting vizor. The eyes are circled with red or white.
3. Aíka is the assistant of Ñéñeka. His mask is black and sprinkled with manganite particles, and has red circles about the eyes.
4. Kóchins'ye has a blue-green mask. On the top is *wáhpañi*, a pointed stick with eagle-down around the base and two long parrot-feathers at the middle. The base of the stick points to the front, the two long feathers point to the rear. Formerly a *wáhpañi* was part of the ceremonial costume of a man who had killed an enemy.
5. Kaíyustikaa wears a black mask with a feather on the top and a fox-fur ruff about the neck, and carries a small bag to which his

name refers. An entire deerskin is worn belted at the waist. The legs are bare, the feet encased in moccasins.

1. Ts!aíy[a]tyuwets!a has a mask with turkey-feathers transversely on the top. The painting of masks of this personage varies in color, but all have the turkey-feathers which are their distinguishing mark. Participating with maskers of this kind are Tyó'o'ñi Shíwanna, the ancestral deities associated with the ancient Keres cliff-dwellings at Tyo'o'ñi (Rito de los Frijoles). This mask differs only slightly from Ts!aíy[a]tyuwets!a.
2. Sû'ñi Shíwanna ("Zuñi cloud-god") wears a mask that covers only the face, but has longhair in the back. A band of perpendicular turkey-feathers points downward from the chin in front of a beard.
3. Ahaíye is represented by a mask with a vizor of yucca-fibre painted yellow on the underside, with a red stripe across the yellow. Two eagle-feathers project forward from the vizor, which is called the " basket." The crown is covered with tufts of cotton, which represent clouds. The name of this personage refers to the syllables used in the dance-songs, *ahaáa ... íhyeée!*
4. Há'ni'ekáwetya mask has above the face an upright piece of thin wood, terraced on the upper edge to represent clouds and having zigzag lightning-lines at the sides. The name refers to the gesture used in the dance, a swinging of the closed hands across the body and downward, first to one side then to the other. This is done while they sing, and is symbolic of the falling of rain.

Kána*ts*añ[i], "father of the Shíwanna," is not represented by a mask. A cave high in the mountains twenty miles northwest of Cochiti, from which a stream issues, is said to be his home. He it is who sends the Shíwanna to initiate the children, to dance and distribute fruits. Síusti-náwaya paints himself to represent this personage when initiates are to be flogged.

All boys at the age of about thirteen to fifteen are initiated into the order of the masked dancers in a quadrennial rite occurring about the month of August or September. The war-chief and Síusti-náwaya, who is the head of the order, decide which boys shall be accepted. At a time when a masked dance is planned, those who are to take part are called

together and the subject of new initiates is discussed. Various boys are considered. Síusti-náwaya inquires, "What boys do you want?" A man will say: "Well, I will name such and such a one. He is a good boy. I think he will do because he is quiet and well-behaved." So one by one others are named. The war-chief visits the homes of these boys, and notifies the parents that their sons have been chosen. In each case the father answers: "Good, if you think my boy will keep the secrets. That is your business, father."

The boys are taken at night to a room where only mature men are gathered. Boys and men are naked. While the boys wait in the outer room, a godfather is appointed for each one. The godfather leads his child in by the hand. The men sit about the walls of the inner room, and six Sóyan[a] Shíwanna are standing here and there: Hé*r*uta, Ñéñeka, Aíka, two Kóchins'ye, Kaíyustikaa. Each of these carries a bunch of osiers or yucca-leaves.

As the initiate is led in by his sponsor, these whipping Shíwanna are hopping about nervously, as if impatient to begin their punishment. The godfather stands in the middle of the room, holding his child by the right hand, and Síusti-n'awaya says: "Now, you Héruta, you have this young man and you must initiate him. I command you, Héruta, to set on this boy your whips." Héruta makes with his feet some nervous movements designed to frighten the boy, and then advances and gives him two blows on the bare back. Then the boy, obeying, previous instructions, leaps behind his godfather, who stands there and receives the blows until Síustináwaya says, "It is enough." Then Ñéñeka steps forward, and Síustináwaya orders him to lay on his whips. He strikes the initiate several times, and the god-father moves in front and receives the remainder of the punishment. Aíka has his whip in a belt at his back. After the usual nervous movements and uttering of his own individual threatening cries, he draws his whip and lays on. So the others do in their turn. The boy is then led away and the other initiates are brought in one by one to be flogged in the same manner. The Shíwanna then withdraw.

The songs and the dance-step are learned by practice with the older members before a dance. New songs are composed on these occasions, hence practice by old and young is necessary. On the fourth day after the initiation the Shíwanna dance and the initiates participate.

In these masked dances two Kû'sari act as clowns to amuse the

people, and a third one, properly garbed and of circumspect demeanor, leads the line of dancers into and out of the plaza. The procession is closed by a Kwí'*r*anna dressed in his best clothing but not in a dance-costume. This *tsayá*ts*kaiy*[a] ("watcher") is so unbelievably solemn that usually his face is an utter blank. His duty is to see that no part of the dancers' costumes is missing or in disarray.

Besides his mask a dancer wears a ceremonial kilt and white cotton belt, a fox-skin hanging behind from the waist, skunk-fur anklets, moccasins, a tortoise-shell rattle behind one knee, bead necklaces, and armbands in which are thrust sprigs of Douglas spruce. A gourd rattle is in the right hand.

Shíwanna dances occur from August to November, ceasing with the first severe frost. Formerly they took place, at the suggestion of the war-chief after consultation with other head-men, at any time between the last frost of winter and the first frost of autumn; but since Mexicans have encroached it is customary to hold unmasked dances, the so-called "corn dance" or "rain dance," in the plaza, and two or three times between August and November to leave the village and celebrate the masked dance in the hills with sentinels posted at various elevated points. The modernized Shíwanna dance without masks is called Áyashtyukots[i] a name said to refer to the manner in which the women hold their hands at the level of the shoulders, and to their wearing of tablitas, or symbolically painted head-dresses made of thin wooden boards. It is regularly held on Easter Sunday and on the day of Santísima Cruz, the third of May.

In midwinter and again just before spring the Kókome ("winter") Shíwanna dance in the Turquoise (west) kiva, the spectators being grouped in the centre. Summer Shíwanna are characterized by blue-green and white paint, and their songs refer more often to game and rain than to crops. Winter Shíwanna have brown paint, and their songs refer to crops, clouds, and rain. Formerly seeds were planted in jars and kept in the kivas to sprout, as the Hopi still do.

At the conclusion of the midwinter Shíwanna dance, the principal masker announces: "Now we are going. All you men and women must do *k!á'a* . Do not take your own wives. You husbands, do not be angry that other men have your wives, for thus will you have many children." After the Shíwanna depart, the people climb out of the kiva and pair off. A man may propose to a comrade that they exchange

wives, or he may simply seek out the woman he desires and leave his own wife to follow her inclination. In groups in the houses, or here and there outside, they cohabit. They return then to the kiva, and the war-chief makes a speech and dismisses them.

The men who have been dancing as Shíwanna take no part in this, but await their turn the next year. This night is called *k!á'a*, a word said to indicate sexual privilege.

On account of the Mexicans living in and near Cochiti, the summer masked dances are held secretly in the hills.[41] On the day announced by the war-chief those who choose to attend proceed to a place about a mile northwest of the pueblo, whither the dancers have gone with their bundles the preceding night. The spectators assemble under a ramada on the south side of the dance-ground, but children and youths not long returned from school are placed behind a leafy windbreak, lest they see too distinctly and become aware of the human character of the supposed gods. The elders fear that a too rapid acquirement of this knowledge might result in revelation to the authorities of the objectionable features of the cult.[42]

About the middle of the forenoon Héruta enters, led by the war-chief. Then two Kû'*sa*ri appear and begin their antics. The Shíwanna never speak, and the clowns are the interpreters of their sign-language. So now Héruta approaches the Kû'*sa*ri and attracts their attention by slapping one of them on the arm. Kû'*sa*ri turns and demands, "Well, what is the matter with you?"

Héruta, who is represented to be left-handed, makes inept gestures, and the other says, "This man is crazy!" The Shíwanna continues to make signs, and the two Kû'*sa*ri regard him attentively and ask of each other, "Do you know what he is saying, what he is trying to do?" Then to Héruta one of them says: "Oh, you are too much a liar! I can-

41 This unquestionably is a survival of a custom established in early mission times when the Franciscans endeavored to put the native dances under the ban.

42 An informant in his youth observed the following incident: A young boy behind the screen recognized one of the masked dancers and said to his companions, "Oh, see my uncle, he is a good dancer!" A woman heard and reported it. The "whipping" Shíwanna at once seized the child roughly, dragged him from his place into the plaza, tore off his clothing, and whipped him severely with yucca-leaves until blood appeared.

not understand you."

But finally by signs Héruta says: "I live far in the west. My chief sent me up. These people I tell today, Shíwanna[43] are coming today. They have many things to bring. They will bring clouds."

Kû'*sa*ri says to his companion: "Do you think this man is telling the truth? I fear he is lying."

"I am not lying," protests Héruta. "I talk straight."

"Well, we will ask the people if they wish to see these Shíwanna you are going to bring." And Kû'sari transmits the message to the people, concluding, "If you wish to see these Shíwanna, let everybody say yes." The spectators shout their approval, and he goes to Héruta and says, "Did you hear what they say?"

Héruta shakes his head, making a sign that he is deaf, and Kû'*sa*ri turns to the people: "You did not speak loud enough. He is deaf" Then all shout aloud, and he asks, "Did you hear what they say?" Héruta raises two fingers, indicating that he heard only two responses.

"Why, he must be very deaf. Shout your loudest this time." Then they repeat their shouts, and Héruta signifies that he heard. "Are you surely going to bring your dancers today?" inquires the clown.

"I am sure. I am a man. I tell no lies. I will go running, westward, and soon I will return running with my dancers. All the people can look at them. Now I go."

"Let us see how you can run, how quickly you will come back." Héruta makes a few mincing steps.

Oh, you cannot run. You will never get back if you go that way," declares Kû'*sa*ri. The people laugh gleefully. Then Héruta departs running, and in a few minutes returns followed by the maskers, who walk slowly in single file while Héruta runs ahead, gesticulating and dancing here and there, making signs. The war-chief comes ahead like a scout, and his deputies are scattered here and there. The line of dancers is led by a Kû'*sa*ri not grotesquely made up like the fun-makers, but with a single bunch of corn-husk in his hair to indicate his character. The line is closed by a Kwí'ranna guardian. The "whipping" Shíwanna walk about, constantly observing everything as if they were the keepers of

43 The sign for Shíwanna is made by stamping with the foot while holding the hand as if grasping a rattle. Excepting a few such idioms, all his signs would be readily understood by one conversant with the Plains sign-language.

the dancers. Should one of the performers drop a piece of his costume, they would immediately strike him with their whips. The Shíwanna dance one song, then retire. This occurs four times before noon, when food is carried to them by Kû'*sa*ri women and also to the Kû'*sa*ri performers in their separate place of retirement. In the intervals between dances the clowns keep the people amused by their usual buffoonery and obscenities.

In the afternoon the four dances are repeated, ending about sunset. In the last two dances the Shíwanna carry melons, squashes, beans, corn, which during the last song they throw among the spectators. In conclusion the principal dancer, who always stands in the middle of the line, beckons to a Kû'*sa*ri interpreter, and by signs says: "Four days ago I, the master of these people, received word from your people by the war-chief and his principal men, asking us to come and give them a dance today, which we have done. I, the master with all my dancers, say that we are very glad to come and see you people here. You were very eager to see us. So we came to give you this dance, to bring you all kinds of fruits, to give you rain in order that all your fields, north, west, south, east, may have rain to give good crops for the life of your families. So I wish you would take whatever we have brought. Now we will go home very content. We are glad that you people have given us good treatment today. We wish you long life."[44]

While this speech is being delivered through the interpreter, the others keep throwing out their gifts. The whippers remain for a time and go about presenting their gifts to whomsoever they may choose, sometimes calling certain persons out of the crowd to receive these bounties. After they too have departed, the war-chief still holds the attention of the spectators for a short time, talking about what they have seen and exhorting them to live without strife, to keep secret what they have seen. This is to give the dancers time to undress and return

44 The signs expressing the thought of the last sentence are: an encircling movement of both hands toward the people addressed and drawing the hands in and clasping them on the breast; then a long, slow movement of the right hand with fingers extended, starting under the chin and ending in front of the face with arm partially extended, while the breath is exhaled. The first gesture means, "All you I take to my breast," that is, "I love you as a mother"; the second means "long life"; therefore, *in toto*, "You I love, long life," that is, "I wish you long life.

to the village without being observed. Finally he says, "I hope that our Shíwanna will give you long life. Now you are dismissed."

At one of these secret dances in the hills the following episode was observed by an informant:

Soon after the Shíwanna appeared, Héruta made signs that three of their number had disappeared, and demanded that the Kû'*sa*ri find them. The latter professed inability to do so, but Héruta insisted that they use their power of divination, and at length the "whipping" Shíwanna used their whips on the Kû'*sa*ri, who at last yielded. They soon announced that they could see over the entire world, and scratching the ground they uncovered what appeared to be the mouth of a small animal's burrow, which they exposed for a distance of about six feet. From time to time they came upon seeds of various kinds, which convinced them that they were on the right trail. The tunnel gradually grew larger, and at last opened into a cell. They threw aside a number of small branches that supported the roof, and suddenly a spruce sapling sprang up and stood about six feet above the level of the ground. One after another, three Shíwanna emerged from the underworld. The base of the sapling had been bound firmly to a stake embedded in the soil, and the three held the top bent over. As soon as the brush roof was removed, they released the tip and the resiliency of the sapling erected it.

Warriors

Those who had taken scalps formerly composed a society, or perhapsan order of the Flint society, called Ómpe. The following description of a victory-dance that occurred about 1870, when the narrator was a young boy, refers to this group.

A war-party, returning from a punitive raid into the Navaho country, arrived about noon and camped at the river, where they set up a tall pole on the top of which all the scalps were tied in a bunch. Some of the scalps had ears.

The next morning the people went to the camp, and took their place in the rear of the line of warriors. One who had killed a Navaho in the raid carried the pole in advance, and in this formation all started for the village. Two Navaho boys and two girls who had been taken prisoner by some San Juan members of the expedition were riding

behind their captors. The warriors sang, and everybody who had a gun fired into the air. At intervals in the songs they stopped briefly, and the shooting and shouting were redoubled. At a certain place near the village they stopped, still singing, and all the old women from the pueblo brought food and set the pots and packages in a row. Each old woman then took from under her arm a stirring-stick, ran to the scalp-pole, grasped at the dangling hair, and belabored the scalps with the sticks while ululating by clapping the hand over the mouth. They whipped the captives severely. A woman among the last of the group took a stone muller from her dress, jerked the bunch of scalps, still attached to the pole, to the ground, and kneeled there beating them with the stone. She rose and ululated, and then beat them again. Four times in all she did this. Then the man raised the pole, and the women embraced the warriors and clasped their hands. The warriors took a bit of food from each dish or packet and threw it to the scalps, then laid them in a row beside the line of dishes and sat down in the trail to eat, and again tossed food to the scalps. The march was resumed, and the party halted in front of the church and then proceeded through the village to the house of the cacique, always singing.

The shamans of the Rattlesnake, Fire, and Póshaiañi orders of the Flint society were the ones who had the right to handle scalps. When the last song was finished, these men came out and took the trophies into the Flint society-house, and led with them those who had taken the scalps. Such warriors were not permitted to go home, but remained in the front room of the Flint house with the war-chiefs[45] and the principal old men. They made their plans for the scalp-washing ceremony, which always occurred on the fourth day. During the intervening days the Flint shamans remained constantly in the secret room with the scalps, and the scalpers in the front room. The old principales, however, returned to their homes, and the war-chiefs stood on guard outside.

On the fourth day the people attended in the inner room, and one of the shamans, dressed like a woman and known as *kók*^{u},[46] prepared a

45 The war-chiefs had not accompanied the raiding party.

46 Tradition says that in ancient times the scalp-washer was a woman. The word is an adaptation of Zuñi *kúkku,* paternal aunt. In the Zuñi ceremony the scalp-taker's

large bowl of soap-plant suds. The scalps were separated, and one by one he dipped them in the bowl, washed them, and handed them to the other shamans, who proceeded to scrape off the flesh and blood. When they were thoroughly clean, the scrapings were thrown into the bowl, and the scalp-washer lifted it and drank, and each of the other shamans did likewise, until the bowl was empty.[47] The scalps were dried in the secret room and kept there.

After the washing the warriors remained still in confinement until the war-dance on the fourth day following, just a week from their return.[48] In preparation the women cooked quantities of food, and each night the men, Turquoise and Squash together, practised war-songs and dancing. With them were several young women, *tsímatatañi,*[49] one

kúkku played a leading part, kicking the trophy in the plaza, dancing, bathing the scalp-taker and the scalp-washers, but not participating directly in the washing of the scalp.

47 The narrator did not see this done, but his father, who took a scalp in this raid and in many others and hence saw the scalp-washing many times, firmly believed that the Flint shamans actually drank the water and scrapings — an act comparable with the eating of the heart of an exceptionally brave enemy by some tribes.

48 The "fourth" day is really the third. Indians generally count the day from which the reckoning starts as the first.

49 The Mexicans call these female victory-dancers Malinche, the same as a character in their own Matachín dance. In this Matachín (primarily from Arabic motauachihín, "masked [ones]") twelve men kneeling on one knee are faced by twelve on the other side of the room. Raised in each left hand is a palmetta, a thin piece of board cut to resemble a palm-leaf, and in the right a gourd rattle. Music is furnished by a violin. At one end between the two rows of men sits the monarca, and beside him a woman, Malinche. He rises and dances, and the woman dances beside him. After a time the others leap up and perform. This dance the Indians recognize as an importation from Mexico. It represents Montezuma and his favorite Malinche, and appears to be a hodgepodge of Mexican Indian war-dance and a Christian miracle play depicting the conflict between good and evil. Early Mexican Indian immigrants into New Mexico probably were responsible for the fusion. It occurs also among the Yaqui Indians of Sonora.

The etymology of matachín offered by the Mexican-Spanish is mata, kill, chino, a Mexican Indian nickname for white man, whether American or Mexican, and signifying "curly hair." In Cuba chino designates the offspring of a mulatto and a negro, or of an Indian and a zambo, whence the implication of "curly hair." A Spanish dictionary explains matachín as a merry andrew, a dance performed by grotesque figures, a slaughterer, a butcher. American dictionaries record the term without etymological

for each man who had killed a Navaho in the recent raid. These were selected by the war-chief, who named the man for whom each one would dance.

After three nights of practice singing and dancing, the next morning at sunrise all warriors who had scalped an enemy, whether in this raid or long previously, were dressed and painted. The body was black, with a red or yellow spot at the umbilicus. White eagle-down was tufted on this circular spot, and bands of feathers were similarly applied above the elbows and the knees. The face was black, with glistening particles of manganite dusted over the paint. The hair was loose, eagle-down was scattered on the top of the head, and a *wáhpañi* stick was worn across the crown. A fringed deerskin kilt with tin rattlers on the ends of the strands was the only garment. In the right hand was a stone ax, with wooden handle bent around the groove and bound with sinew; in the left hand were a bow and four arrows. At the left side on a baldric of twisted thongs was a flat, leathern, bag-like device, fringed along the lower edge. The strands of the fringe terminated in conical tin rattlers. This was the special ensign of the scalpers.

Shortly after sunrise four men who had been practising the songs appeared in front of the Flint house (the cacique's residence), where the warriors were waiting, and stood there singing and drumming until the cacique opened the door. All the warriors were standing in the outer room in a row. The cacique stood beside the open door and tossed pinches of meal and pollen outside, saying: "Now, you scalpers [*ómpe*], your mother [the cacique] permits you to go out, and our father Sun will see you again. You will be seen in the first place by the Sun and then by the people, and you will dance today the joyful dance for killing a Navaho. So, go out." Then one of the Flint shamans led the warriors very slowly into the East kiva, and the four men followed, singing. Seated motionless against the kiva wall on rolled blankets, they were guarded by Óyoyewa and a deputy or two, while Másewa, outside, went about constantly to see that everything proceeded properly.

Meanwhile the men of the pueblo had assembled again in the house where they had been practising the songs, and thence they now proceeded to the kiva, outside of which they stood in two rows fac-

comment.

ing each other, the Squash people on the east side and the Turquoise on the west. The Flint man in charge of the warriors then led them out of the kiva, the first warrior carrying the scalp-pole, and all passed between the two rows of men and stopped there in single file. Then, singing, all proceeded to the plaza, circled about it, and returned to the kiva, the singers shuffling slowly sidewise and the warriors dancing forward. The latter reëntered the kiva, the Turquoise singers retired to one house and the Squash to another.

After an interval the Turquoise men returned to the kiva and a single warrior was brought out by the shaman in charge. They proceeded to the plaza in a scattered group with the warrior in their midst, and one of the young women, *tsímatatañi,* danced among them, weaving in and out between them. In the plaza, when the entrance song was finished, they divided, half standing on the north and half on the south, the warrior among those on the north because he must always face the sun. The men sang another song, while the warrior stood there dancing in his place and the woman danced facing him, but moving about and making movements of the arms suggestive of the departure of the warriors westward, the killing of the enemy, and the victorious return. While she danced, the people, especially the relatives and friends of the warrior, piled up near her blankets, deerskins, baskets, clothing, bread, beef, money, all of which gifts were taken by the war-chief's deputies to the woman's home. The party then went singing, but not dancing, to the kiva, where the warrior retired while the Turquoise singers withdrew to their quarters.

Next the Squash men came and danced in the same way with another warrior and another young woman: and so it continued until each warrior had performed, Turquoise and Squash alternating. This war-dance was the occasion for the gathering of people from all the region, including many Mexicans.

The last celebration of the victory-dance occurred about 1874, when two Navaho were killed while trying to steal cattle. A man went out before daylight to hunt, snow having fallen in the night, and came upon the tracks of four Navaho driving off cattle. He knew they were Navaho by the imprint of their moccasins. After following them until he was certain, he ran back to the village four miles distant, and while yet a long way off he began to give the warning cry, "*Aaa.....ai!*" When this was heard, it was known that an enemy was about. Arriving at the

village he found the men assembled in the plaza and told what he had seen. Almost immediately a party of about fifteen, mostly young men of no great experience, set out, and soon they were followed by others. The trail led up into a gorge, where the Navaho had killed a calf and abandoned the other animals. Stopping to take counsel, the pursuers caught sight of a Navaho high above them on the edge of a cliff, evidently looking back to see if pursuit had started. Sheltered beneath the trees, they were not detected. The eldest warrior present now assumed command. He sent half of his men to the right, where a small cañon gradually mounted nearly to the level on which were the Navaho, and himself took the others to the left to climb to the mesa. Each band was to wait on the top until it was certain that the other had arrived. The leader's party arrived first, and crept up quite close to the four Navaho, who were roasting meat. After a long wait the others arrived. There was only one gun in the party. A good marksman was detailed to account for the largest of the marauders. He fired, and the Navaho fell into the fire. The others leaped up. One seized bow and arrows and jumped over the side of the cliff and managed to escape. Another ran straight ahead through the attack ing party and escaped. The fourth leaped over the edge on the other side of the mesa and landed on a ledge. He crept into a small cave, but could go no farther. Unarmed, he could not resist if the others came after him, so ultimately he surrendered. As he could not climb back, they extended a bow to him and thus drew him up. Some of the Cochiti men then set upon him; he resisted, and they shot him full of arrows. This occurred near the ruin of old Cochiti on Potrero Viejo.

Ridding the Village of Evil

In January, soon after the new officers have taken their places, occurs a purification rite, which like the ceremony over a sick individual is called Wékáshañi. The officers meet, and when they have agreed on the time the war-chief goes to the cacique in the usual manner to apprise him of their desire and ask his permission to proceed. On this occasion the cacique is attended by his two colleagues, the chief of the Shkóyu society and the chief of the Shí'kame.

In preparation for the ceremony all members of the three shaman societies vomit each morning before breakfast, using herbs known only

to themselves, and the war-chief announces to the whole pueblo that if anyone, man or woman, chooses to do likewise it will be a help to the shamans.

The three societies meet together during the three days following the announcement, practising their songs and preparing their ceremonial equipment. All women grind corn, heaping the meal high in shallow baskets, and those who possess eagle-feathers thrust them into the meal for the use of the shamans in making prayer-sticks and in asperging to the Shíwanna of the six world-regions. Some, lacking feathers, send their men to hunt on the fourth day and give rabbits to the shamans.

On the night of the fourth day the three societies meet in their respective quarters. If any room ordinarily used by them is not large enough for this occasion, the war-chief obtains for them the temporary use of a more commodious one. All the people then assemble, dividing themselves among the three houses. The war-chief stands guard for the Flint society, the second war-chief for the Shkóyu, and a trusted deputy for the Shí'kame. On the civil side, the governor stands guard for the Flint, the lieutenant-governor for the Shkóyu, and a fiscal for the Shí'kame. Along with these are numerous youths, who as deputies and orderlies mount guard with the officers. Each officer carries his insignia. The war-chief has a cane and his bow and arrows, and the governor a cane; deputies of the war-chief carry bows and arrows, those of the governor have batons.

When the people have assembled, the shamans being in the inner room with their altar, one of the shamans goes to the door and summons the officers who are on guard at that house. These station themselves in front of the altar, behind which sit the shamans, and each takes from his small pouch a bit of meal and tosses it toward the altar as an offering to the beings there represented, while praying for success in the ceremony. The chief of the society then addresses them: "You are the ones, the men who must look after the welfare of this village and of all the people, and you have asked our mothers [the spirit helpers of the shamans] that we, the *ch!aiañi,* with all our secret things should try to search out any kind of evil thing [sorcerer] that is not good for our people, or any kind of sickness that may be in the village, and try whether we can chase it out of the village or out of our people's hearts. So we are here, ready to do the best we can for

the people of our father Másewa and our father Tápup^{u} [governor]. So, as you are the ones to ask for it, we are glad to do whatever we can for the benefit of the whole village, of all the people, and the whole world. So you are the ones, you officers, and having asked for it you are the ones to be on guard for the night, to guard our mother *ch!aiañi,* to show her that she will come through well, without trouble from the outside [without intrusion of Mexicans or Americans]."

Each officer then drinks a sip from the medicine-bowl, the chief shaman gives to the principal officer present a stone figurine of a cougar, or a flint knife or arrow-point, for protection from sorcerers, and the officers withdraw. The people are now summoned from the outer room, and all crowd in, each one eager to find a favorable seat. The principal shaman makes a characteristic speech, calling attention to the purpose of the ceremony and instructing all present to be with good will, "for that will be a great help to our mother [the cacique or other principal shaman]. So we will have good success in driving from the village the evil things and there will be no more sickness or evil. That is the wish of our mother and all the mothers [*ch!aiañi*]. So we will begin." Then the shamans begin to sing, and while the chief remains seated behind the altar the others circulate among the people, brushing their hands over the bodies of the spectators and sucking at some part of the body. This continues through three songs, in which they call upon cougar of the north, bear of the west, wolf of the south, badger of the east, eagle of the zenith, mole of the nadir, to come and be shamans with them and help drive away sickness and sorcery.

The fourth song declares: "There is the wizard, there is the wizard. See him!" While singing this they point here and there, peering about the room as if they see things invisible to the people. Then they go into the outer room in the darkness and make noises as if they are having violent conflict with sorcerers, and sometimes one comes to the door and makes a particularly loud noise as if he had caught a wizard about to enter the inner room. At the same time some of the shamans go running about the village in pursuit of the sorcerers. An informant was once a war-chief's deputy on such an occasion and was detailed to follow a group of three shamans, one old and two young. They ran hither and thither about the streets, all the time exhaling with loud grunts like a bear.

After this follow two or three "finishing songs," in which the sha-

mans thank the animal spirits for their assistance. During all this time, and it is now long after midnight, spectators are not permitted to go out for any reason whatever. At the conclusion of the songs of thanksgiving the war-chief on guard kindles a fire in the outer room, and the spectators are at liberty to depart. Finally during the last song women bring food to the inner room and set it down, a gift from the officers to the shamans for their services in ridding the village of evil; for it is the duty of these officers to guard the people and it is at their instance that the ceremony is performed. Therefore when the food is brought the war-chief makes a speech, offering it to the shamans and expressing the hope that cougar, bear, wolf, badger, eagle, and mole will eat a portion of it, the rest being for the shamans. The chief shaman then apportions the food among his fellows, thanks them for their assistance, and dismisses the people: "Now, my people, we thank you for assisting us in our work; for our father Másewa asked us to do this in order to cure the whole village of sickness. The only thing is that you have come of your own will. This is the principal thing. If you have had belief in our mothers, surely you will be cured of your sickness and all evil things will be driven away, all sickness will be blown out. So we wish that everybody be well and prosperous. We thank you for your assistance and may our mothers help you and give you long life. So you are dismissed. Go home and have a good sleep." All these things occur simultaneously in the three society houses.

Ówe, a February Dance for Good Crops

In February occurs Ówe ("pray"), an occasion for praying for good throughout the coming year. The ceremony is inaugurated in the usual way by a visit of the war-chief to the cacique, by his public announcement, by vomiting on the part of the people each morning for four days, and by four nights of practice singing and composing of new songs.

The fourth day the singers spend in almost constant practice. At noon the war-chief's deputies are sent to collect in baskets a quantity of coarse meal from each family. Squash people supply food for the West kiva, Turquoise for the East kiva.

In the afternoon the Squash singers emerge from a house and go singing through the streets and down into their kiva, while the Tur-

quoise singers retire to their own kiva. This is a notification to the people thatÓwe will occur that night. They return from the kivas to their respective houses, having been dismissed for an hour or two by the master of the kiva.

When each party has assembled that night in its own kiva, the Turquoise people, men and women, march to the Squash kiva, dance, and return dancing to their own kiva. Immediately thereafter the Squash people come and dance in the Turquoise kiva. This is an occasion of much merriment, and in 1913 visitors, both Mexican and American, were permitted to be present in the kivas. Each party dances four times in the other kiva.

The spectators sit in the centre and the dancers are in two rows about the walls, women in front of men. In the kiva one must always move counter-clockwise. The entrance and the departing song are always the same, and the middle song is the one to which they dance. Here is a typical song:

Yonder in the east our turquoise grinding-stones are singing.

Kóchi-nako ["yellow maid "] and Méri-nako are grinding, singing the Ówe songs .

Then follows the grinding song of Yellow Maid and Mérinako, a song within a song. The men sing, and suddenly the women kneel, make the motions of grinding, and sing a short song, dramatizing the act of Yellow Maid and Mérinako grinding on their turquoise stones and singing as they work.

The dance lasts until nearly morning. The prayer is for good crops during the entire year, and products of all kinds are mentioned. In leaving the kiva each man as he places his foot on the top rung of the ladder calls back to those below, "*Melóne* [or any other product] *epaitsá* ['may melons grow']*!*" From below they call up, "*Háma!, háma!*" in approval.

Fiesta of Día de los Reyes

On the sixth of January there is a fiesta called Día de los Reyes.[50] This is the day on which the Church commemorates the pilgrimage of the

50 Twelfth Night; Epiphany

three magi to Bethlehem; but the Cochiti celebration is simply a dance in honor of the new officers.

On the second night of the year the officers meet to make plans for the fiesta, and the war-chief as usual goes to the cacique to ask his permission and help; while Squash and Turquoise people congregate in their respective kivas to select their dancers. The chosen performers must, on the following four mornings before breakfast, drink a pine-leaf emetic.

The two parties dance alternately in the plaza, both morning and afternoon, wearing the usual costumes without masks, some of them dressing in the manner of alien tribes. At night they alternate in dancing successively at the houses of the two war-chiefs, the governor, and the lieutenant-governor.

It is probable that in aboriginal times a masked dance was held at this time of the year, and as a concession to the Church they consented to celebrate the day in their own fashion, leaving out the sacred masks.

Shrines

Numerous shrines in the vicinity of the pueblo consist essentially of rude circles of stones open at one side and enclosing one or more small bowlders which usually are of uncommon material or of peculiar outline. Here individuals deposit bits of meal and feathered sticks. Most of them, if not all, are visited by hunters, particularly by participants in the game-drives, and it is probable that they are all of the variety described by Santo Domingo informants as Sun shrines.

Besides these local shrines there are several sacred enclosures on the summits of various high mountains, notably Pelado and Sierra de la Bola, both northwest of Cochiti.

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