

BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 652

From A Shaman's Notebook Primitive and Archaic Poetry

ARRANGED BY

JEROME ROTHENBERG, WITH DAVID ANTIN, JACKSON MACLOW, AND ROCHELLE OWENS



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MUSIC LP

CONTENTS:

1 LP
1 text (8 p.)

AMERICAN INDIAN BRONZE BIRD, 15-16TH CENTURY?, OHIO

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From A Shaman's Notebook Primitive and Archaic Poetry

SIDE I

- Band 1: How Isaac Tens Became a Shaman (Gitksan Indian)
- Band 2: A Shaman Climbs Up The Sky (Altaic)
- Band 3: A Poison Arrow (Nigeria)
- Band 4: For A Sudden Stitch (Anglo-Saxon)
- Band 5: The Killer (Cherokee Indian)
- Band 6: Cannibal Song-Against Wens - Against Syphillis (Dobu, New Guinea)
- Band 7: Nine Herbs Charm (Anglo-Saxon)
- Band 8: Rain Song (Keresan Indian)
- Band 9: Songs in The Garden of the House God (Navajo)
- Band 10: Flower Feast Song (Aztec)

SIDE II

- Band 1: Circumcision Rite (Arnhem Land, Australia)
- Band 2: Songs Of The Masked Dancers (Apache)
- Band 3: Marriage Rites (Arnhem Land, Australia)
- Band 4: Night Chant (Navajo)
- Band 5: The Forest (Aztec)
- Band 6: The Annunciation (Tibet)
- Band 7: Smohalla Speaks (American Indian)
- Band 8: Songs Of The Ghost Dance Religion (American Indian)
- Band 9: The Light Becomes Dark (Gabon Pygmy)
- Band 10: These were people Who Broke The String
- Band 11: The Surrender Speech of Chief Joseph (American Indian)
- Band 12: Dead Hunter Speaks Through The Voice of a Shaman (Copper Eskimo)
- Band 13: The Gates Of Dan Are Shut (Gabon Pygmy)

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From A Shaman's Notebook

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Primitive and Archaic Poetry Arranged
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Owens

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SIDE A: SPELLS AND CHARMS

1. "How Isaac Tens Became a Shaman" - Gitksan Indian (3'25")
2. "A Shaman Climbs Up The Sky" - Altaic (2'45)
3. "A Poison Arrow" - Nigeria (1'00")
4. "For a Sudden Stitch" - Anglo-Saxon (1'20")
5. "The Killer" - Cherokee Indian (45")
6. "Cannibal Song," "Against Wens," "Against Syphilis" - Dobu, New Guinea (20", 40", 1'40")
7. "Nine Herbs Charm" - Anglo-Saxon (3'35")
8. "Rain Song" - Keresan Indian (45")
9. "Songs in the Garden of the House God" - Navajo (1'15")
10. "Flower Feast Song" - Aztec (3'00")

(total time side A: 20'30")

For many years Jerome Rothenberg, David Antin, Jackson MacLow and Rochelle Owens, all accomplished and widely published poets themselves, have been collecting and reworking translations of primitive and archaic poetry in a desire to explore new possibilities in language, not only specific verbal techniques, but also varieties of human experience. The translations on this record come from many sources, primarily French and Spanish. In particular, "The Forest," a definition from the Aztec, is selected from the eleventh book of Bernardino de Sahagun's General History of the Things of New Spain (Florentine Codex), translated from the Aztec into English by Charles E. Dibble and Arthur J. O. Anderson. Two years ago this program of primitive and archaic poetry was read at the Hardware Poets Playhouse and the Metro Coffeehouse in New York

City, and Jerome Rothenberg is currently compiling a large selection of primitive poetry for Doubleday Publishers, including many of the poems on this record. In order of first appearance, the voices on Side A are Jackson MacLow, Jerome Rothenberg, David Antin, and Rochelle Owens. The initials of the poets reading are given beside the transcriptions.

SIDE B: RITES AND VISIONS

1. "Circumcision Rite" - Arnhem Land, Australia (55")
2. "Songs of the Masked Dancers" - Apache (2'00")
3. "Marriage Rites" - Arnhem Land, Australia (1'05")
4. "Night Chant" - Navajo (4'05)
5. "The Forest" - Aztec (3'35")
6. "The Annunciation" - Tibet (45")
7. "Smohalla Speaks" - American Indian (1'00")
8. "Songs of the Ghost Dance Religion" - American Indian (1'10")
9. "The Light Becomes Dark" - Gabon Pygmy (40")
10. "Those Were People Who Broke The String" (25")
11. "The Surrender Speech of Chief Joseph" - American Indian (1'00")
12. "Dead Hunter Speaks Through The Voice of a Shaman" - Copper Eskimo (1'30")
13. "The Gates of Dan are Shut" - Gabon Pygmy (50")

(total time side B: 19'00")

SIDE A - SPELLS AND CHARMS

- 1) "How Isaac Tens Became a Shaman" (Gitksan Indian) JML:

Thirty years after my birth was the time. -- I went up into the hills to get

firewood; (then) it grew dark towards evening. -- A loud noise broke over me, ch -----, & a large owl appeared to me. The owl took hold of me, caught my face, & tried to lift me up. I lost consciousness. As soon as I came back to my senses I realized that I had fallen into the snow. My head was coated with ice, & some blood was running out of my mouth. -- I stood up & went down the trail, walking very fast, with some wood packed on my back. On my way, the trees seemed to shake & to lean over me; tall trees were crawling after me, as if they had been snakes. I could see them. -- At my father's home I fell into a sort of trance. Two halcaits (medicinemen) were working over me to bring me back to health. When I woke up & opened my eyes I thought that flies covered my face completely. I looked down, & instead of being on firm ground, I felt that I was drifting in a huge whirlpool. My heart was thumping fast. -- Another time, I went to my hunting-grounds on the other side of the river here. -- There was no one in sight, only trees. A trance came over me once more, & I fell down, unconscious. When I came to, my head was buried in a snowbank. I got up & walked on the ice up the river to the village. There I met my father who had just come out to look for me. We went back together to my house. Then my heart started to beat fast, & I began to tremble. My flesh seemed to be boiling, & I could hear S^u----- . My body was quivering. While I remained in this state I began to sing. A chant was coming out of me without my being able to do anything to stop it. Many things appeared to me presently: huge birds & other animals. -- These were visible only to me, not to the others in the house. Such visions happen when a man is about to become a halcalt: they occur of their own accord. The songs force themselves out complete without any attempt to compose them. But I learned & memorized these songs by repeating them.

FIRST SONG

Death of the salmon,
my death

but the city
finds life in it

the salmon floats
in the canyon

SECOND SONG

where the dead sing, where
the grizzly

hides in the sky
& I watch him circle

the door to my house
swings shut fires

ghosts in the city
below me

the robin cries over
my head &

this robin, the
woman I fly with

are burning
beneath it hard

vision, their faces
of faces in a crowd

THIRD SONG

in mud to my knees,
a lake

where the shellfish
holds me, is

FOURTH SONG

& vision: beehives
were stinging my body

or the ghosts of bees,
giants

FIFTH SONG

a boat, a stranger's
boat, a canoe

& myself inside it, a
stranger inside it

cutting my ankles,
in death

& the old woman
working me

until I grew listened
in dreams, in her head

it floats past trees,
past water

runs
among whirlpools

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2) "A Shaman Climbs Up The Sky" (Altaic)

ALTAIC SHAMAN SONGS ("A SHAMAN CLIMBS UP THE SKY")

The Shaman mounts a scarecrow in the shape of a goose.

above the white sky
beyond the white clouds
above the blue sky
beyond the blue clouds

this bird climbs the sky

The Shaman offers horse meat
to the chief drummer.

the master of the six-knob
drum he takes a small piece
then he draws closer he
brings it to me in his hand

when I say "go" he bends
first at the knees when I
say "scat" he takes it all

whatever I give him

The Shaman fumigates nine robes

gifts no horse can carry
that no man can lift &
robes with triple necks
to look at & to touch
three times; to use this
as a horse blanket

sweet

prince ulgan

you are my prince
my treasure

you are my joy

Invocation to Markut, the bird of heaven

this bird of heaven who keeps
five shapes & powerful
brass claws (the moon

has copper claws the moon's
beak is made of ice) whose

wings are powerful &
strike the air whose tail
is power & a heavy wind

markut whose left wing
hides the moon whose
right wing hides the sun

who never gets lost who flies
past that-place nothing tires her
who comes toward this-place

in my house I listen
for her singing I wait
the game begins

falling past my right eye landing
here
on my right shoulder

markut is the mother of five eagles

The Shaman reaches the 1st sky

my shadow on the landing
i have climbed to (have reached
this place called sky
& struggled with its summit)
I who stand here
higher than the moon

full moon my shadow

The Shaman pierces the 2d sky

to reach the second landing
this further level

look!

the floor below us
lies in ruins

at the end of the climb: praise to prince ulgan

three stairways lead
to him three flocks
sustain him PRINCE ULGAN!

blue hill where no hill
was before: blue sky
everywhere: a blue cloud
turning swiftly

that no one can reach:
a blue sky that no one
can reach (to reach it
to journey a year by water

then to bow before him
three time to exalt him)
for whom the moon's edge
shines forever PRINCE ULGAN!

you have found use for the hoofs
of our horses you who give us
flocks who keep pain from us

sweet

prince ulgan

for whom the stars & the sky
are turning a thousand times
turning a thousand times over

3) "A Poison Arrow" (Nigeria)

A NIGERIAN POEM ABOUT "A POISON ARROW"

Enough poison to make
your head spin, and chains
to pin you down, and once
they've shot the arrow
and once it lands, well
it's just like the fly and the horse:
I mean a fly that's bitten one horse
will damn sure go after another
And I mean too that this arrow's
like a pregnant woman

Hungry for some meat

And even if it doesn't break your skin

You die

And if it gets in and does its stuff

You die

And if it sort of touches you and drops right out

You die

And as long as you stay out of my blood

what do I care whose blood you get in

Kill him

I won't stand in the way

This is a fire that I'm setting off
And this is a fire that I'm lifting up
And this is a shadow that's burning
And this is the sun that's burning
Because the poison I've got is stronger than bullets

And it's louder than thunder

And it's hotter than fire

And what do I care who it gets, kill him!

I won't stand in the way

As long as you stay out of my blood

4) "For a Sudden Stitch" (Anglo-Saxon)

fever few and the red nettle which grows through the house

and plantain boil them in butter

loud! lo, they were loud as they rode over the hill

they were resolute when they rode over the hill

fend for yourself now and survive this violence!

out little spear if you be within!

I stood a target under a light shield

when the terrible women gathered their strength

sent whistling spears;

i will send them back another

an arrow flying to their faces

out little spear, if you be within!

the smith sat forging his little knife

sorely smitten with steel.

out little spear, if you be within!

six smiths sat forging war spears

out, spear not in, spear

if here be aught of iron

work of witch it will melt.

if thou wert shot in the skin or if thou wert shot in the flesh

if thou wert shot in the blood or if thou wert shot in the bone

or if thou wert shot in the limb never thy life be harmed

if it were shot of gods or if it were shot of elves

if it were shot of witch now I will thee help

this to relieve thee from shot of gods this to relieve thee from

shot of elves

this to relieve thee from shot of witch I will thee help

flee to the mountain top

be whole may the Lord help thee.

then take the knife and plunge it into the liquid.

5) THE KILLER (Cherokee Indian)

Careful: my knife drills your soul
listen, whatever-your-name-is
One of the wolf people

listen I'll grind your saliva into the earth
listen I'll cover your bones with black flint
listen " " " " " " feathers
listen " " " " " " rocks
Because you're going where it's empty

listen Black coffin out on the hill
the black earth will hide you, will
find you a black hut
Out where it's dark, in that country
listen I'm bringing a box for your bones
A black box
A grave with black pebbles
listen your soul's spilling out
listen it's blue

6) A NEW GUINEA CANNIBAL SONG FOR "A HIGHLY-PRIZED CUT"

Oh little cunts of evil
oh the cooking pot cooking
the hot pot cooking
the hot pot cooking
oh I'll eat your cunts
with my mother's brothers
when we sit together
& serve them up hot

Against Wens (Dobu, New Guinea)

wen, wen, little wen
here you shall not build nor have abode

you must pass to the hill hard by
where you have a brother in misery
he will lay a leaf under your head.
under the foot of the wolf under the wing of an eagle
under the claw of the eagle fade forever
shrive! like coal on a fire
shrink like muck on a wall
and waste like water in a pail
become as small as a grain of linseed
smaller by far than the hip-bone of a handworm
and become so small you become nothing.

A DOBU, NEW GUINEA CHARM TO CAUSE THE SYPHILLIS THAT EATS AWAY THE NOSE

hornbill who lives at siga siga	in the lowana treetop	he crouches head bent in his arms	for a ghost?
hornbill who lives at siga siga	he slices it up	he slices it up	or a woman?
in the lowana treetop	he booms crying droning	from the back of the neck	for your skin?
he cuts he cuts	he cuts	from the navel	for mine?
he tears open	he tears open	from the small of the back	for my vision?
standing he cuts	flying he cuts	he crouches hand over kidneys	my vision deceives me
he cuts flying	from the side of the body	he booms crying droning	your shadow
he cuts from the nose	from the back of the neck	he cuts	your spirit
from the temples	from the root of the tongue	he tears open	I hide it I bag it away
he slices	from the temples	flying he cuts	& they stagger back staggering stricken
he cuts he cuts	flying he cuts	he cuts standing	
he tears open	he cuts standing	from the root of the tongue	they crouch their heads in their arms
from the throat	hornbill who lives at lamona	from the throat	& it comes at them
from the hip	in the lowana treetop	from the kidneys	howling & shrieking
from the root of the tongue	he booms crying droning	from the guts	then flying it comes at them
he tears open	he tears open	he tears open	
flying he cuts	flying he cuts	flying he tears it	
hornbill who lives at darubia	he crouches bent over	where?	
hornbill who lives at darubia	he crouches hands over	in what place?	
	his kidneys		

7) "Nine Herbs Charm" (Anglo-Saxon)

remember mugwort what you did reveal
what you did at Regemmeld
you have strength against three and against thirty
you have strength against poison and against infection
you have strength against the foe who fares through the land

and you plaintain mother of herbs
open to the east mighty within
chariots have creaked over you queens have ridden over you
brides have moaned over you over you bulls gnashed their teeth
all these you did withstand and resist
so may you withstand poison and infection
and the foe who fares through the land

this herb is called stime it grew on a stone
it resists poison it fights pain
it is called harsh it fights against poison
this is the herb that strove with the snake
it has strength against poison it has strength against infection
it has strength against the foe who fares through the land

now cock's-spur grass conquer the greater poisons though you are the
you the mightier vanquish the lesser until he is cured of both

remember mayweed what you did reveal
what you brought to pass at Alorford
where he did not lose his life because of infection
because mayweed was placed on his food

this is the herb called wergulu
it crossed the ocean on the back of a seal
it came to heal the hurt of other poison

these nine herbs against nine poisons
a snake came crawling it bit a man
Woden took nine glorious herbs
struck the serpent into nine parts
the apple brought this to pass against poison
no more to enter her house

thyme and fennel a pair of great power
put in the world to help all the poor and the rich
to stand against pain to resist venom
their power against three and against thirty
against the fiend's hand and the sudden trick
against witchcraft of evil creatures

now these nine herbs have power against nine evil spirits
against nine poisons and against nine infectious diseases
against the red poison against the running poison
against the white poison against the blue poison
against the yellow poison against the green poison
against the black poison against the blue poison
against the brown poison against the crimson poison
against snake blister against water blister
against thorn blister against thistle blister
against ice blister against poison blister
if any poison comes flying from the east or if any poison comes
flying from the north
or if any poison comes flying from the west upon the people

I alone know running water let the nine serpents heed it
may all pastures now spring with herbs
the seas, all salt water, be destroyed,
when I blow this poison from you.

mugwort, pliantain, open to the east, lamb's cress, cockspur grass, mayweed, nettle, crabapple, thyme and fennel, old soap; crush the herbs to dust, mix with the soap and the apple's juice. make a paste of water and ashes; take fennel, boil it in the paste and bathe with egg mixture, either before or after he puts on the

salve. sing this charm on each of the herbs, three times before he works them together and on the apple also; and sing the same charm into the man's mouth and into both his ears and into the wound before he puts on the salve.

8) "Rain Song" (Keresan Indian)

KERESAN INDIAN: RAIN SONG OF THE GIANT SOCIETY

Center of that world below
the doorway leading down
My medicine is sweet, sweet
my heart is sweet too
Arrow of Lightning
be with me
The echo is here
Who is it?
Spruce of the North
Your People

your thoughts
be with me
Who is it?
White Floating Clouds
Your thoughts
be with me
Your people
your thoughts
be with me
Who is it?
Clouds like the Plains

Your thoughts
be with me
Who is it?
Arrow of Lightning
Your thoughts
be with me
Who is it?
Bounds of the Earth
Your people
your thoughts
be with me

9) "SONGS IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE GOD" (NAVAJO)

Now in the east
The white bean
And the great corn-plant
Are tied with white lightning.
Listen! rain's drawing near!
The voice of the bluebird is heard.

Now in the east
The white bean
And the great squash
Are tied with the rainbow.
Listen! rain's drawing near!
The voice of the bluebird is heard.

From the top of the great corn-plant the water foams, I hear it;
Around the roots the water foams, I hear it;
Around the roots of the plants it foams, I hear it;
From their tops the water foams, I hear it.

The corn grows up. The waters of the dark clouds drop, drop.
The rain comes down. The waters from the corn leaves drop, drop.

The rain comes down. The waters from the plants drop, drop.
The corn grows up. The waters of the dark mists drop, drop.

Shall I cull this fruit of the great corn plant?

Shall you break it?

Shall I break it?

Shall I break it?

Shall you break it?

Shall I?

Shall you?

Shall I cull this fruit of the great squash vine?

Shall you pick it up?

Shall I pick it up?

Shall I pick it up?

Shall you pick it up?

Shall I?

Shall you?

The Aztecs had a feast, which fell out
in their ninth month & which they called:"
"The Flowers Are Offered"

And two days before the feast, when
flowers were sought, all scattered
over the mountains, that every flower
might be found

And when these were gathered, when
they had come to the flowers and
arrived where they were, at dawn they
strung them together; everyone strung
them. And when the flowers had been
threaded, then they twisted them and
wound them in garlands--long ones,
very long, and thick--very thick

And when morning broke the temple
guardians then ministered to
Uitzilpochtli; they adorned him with
garlands of flowers; they placed
flowers upon his head. And before
him they spread, strewed and hung
rows of flowers, the most beautiful
of all the flowers, the threaded flowers.
Then they offered flowers to the other
gods

Then all were adorned with flowers;
all were girt with garlands of flowers;
then flowers were placed upon their
heads, there in the temples.

And when midday came, they sang and
danced. Quietly they danced, calmly
and evenly they sang and danced.
They all kept going as they danced.

10) "Flower Feast Song" (Aztec)

JR : I offer flowers. I sow flower
(seeds). I plant flowers. I assemble
flowers. I pick flowers. I pick
different flowers. I remove flowers.
I seek flowers. I offer flowers. I
arrange flowers. I thread a flower.
I string flowers I make flowers. I
form them to be extending, uneven,
rounded, round bouquets of flowers.

I make a flower necklace, a
flower garland, a paper of flowers,
a bouquet, a flower shield, hand

flowers. I thread them. I string
them. I provide them with grass. I
provide them with leaves. I make a
pendant of them. I smell something.
I smell them. I cause one to smell
something. I cause him to smell. I
offer flowers to one. I offer him
flowers. I provide him with flowers.
I provide one with flowers. I provide
one with a flower necklace. I provide
him with a flower necklace. I place
a garland on one. I provide him a
garland. I clothe one in flowers. I

clothe him in flowers. I cover one with flowers. I continue to cover one with flowers. I cover him with flowers. I destroy one with flowers. I destroy him with flowers. I injure one with flowers. I injure him with flowers.

"I destroy one with flowers; I destroy him with flowers; I injure one with flowers": with drink, with food, with flowers, with tobacco, with capes, with gold. I beguile, I incite him with flowers, with words; I beguile him, I say, "I caress him with

Side B - Rites and Visions

1) CIRCUMCISION RITES (Arnhem Land, Australia)

RO Ah my son, my uncle
Blood & the red sky at sunset
The blood of the kangaroo flows

Who struck it down?
Who killed it with his spear?

Whispers from the villages
will stalk the killer

Ah my son, the kangaroo still springing
from the rocks it springs
then digs its claws into the earth

flowers. I seduce one. I extend one a lengthy discourse. I induce him with words."

I provide one with flowers.
I make flowers, or I give them to one that someone will observe a feastday. Or I merely continue to give one flowers; I continue to place them in one's hand, I continue to offer them to one's hands. Or I provide one with a necklace, or I provide one with a garland of flowers.

Blood pours, the sky turns red
this small blood his small penis
it bathes

& he will grow with years
more lovely

Ah my son, the wallaby
the sweet blood bathes you

An open well
my son's penis
like the rays inside the sun
the evening the red sky
the blood

My son
My uncle

2) SONGS OF THE MASKED DANCERS (Apache)

1
When the earth was made;
when the sky was made;
when my songs were first heard;
the holy mountain was standing toward me with life.

At the center of the sky, the holy boy walks four ways
with life.

My mountain became my own: standing toward me with life.
The dancers became: standing toward me with life.

When the sun goes down to the earth,
where Mescal Mountain lies with its head toward the sunrise,
Black spruce became: standing up with me.

2
Right at the center of the sky the holy boy with life
walks in four directions.
Lightning with life in four colors comes down four times.
The place called black spot with life,
the place called blue spot with life,
the place called yellow spot with life,
they have heard about me,
the black dancers dance in four places.
The sun starts down toward the earth.

3
The living sky black-spotted
The living sky blue-spotted
The living sky yellow-spotted
The living sky white-spotted
The young spruce as girls stood up for their dance in
the way of life.

When my songs first were, they made my songs with words
of jet.

Earth when it was made
Sky when it was made
Earth to the end
Sky to the end

Black dancer, black thunder, when they came toward each
other
All the bad things that used to be vanished.
The bad wishes that were in the world all vanished.
The lightning, the black thunder struck four times for them.
It struck four times for me.

4
When my songs first became
When the sky was made
When the earth was made
The breath of the dancers against me made only of down:
When they heard about my life,
Where they got their life,
When they heard about me,

It stands.

3) MARRIAGE RITES (ARNAHM LAND, AUSTRALIA)

DA: And the snakes move hidden in the lightning, their tongues twist and lock in each other. And the lightning runs through the leaves and through the cabbage pond. The lightning runs along the clouds like a twisting snake's tongue or like a tongue that is always there near the pathless water and the fallen tree, where it waits. And its tongues are everywhere, its tongues are burning the sky down, burning the clouds that move towards

it, and the clouds that stand still. Its tongues are burning them, twisting forever in the sky. Its tongues are always there and are seen where the huts stand and where the water is pathless. Its tongues are everywhere and are burning the sky down. The two sisters are there in the dark, their shadows are there, and the lightning runs along the clouds, the snakes burn hidden in the lightning, blinding us. The fire runs along the leaves and through the cabbage ponds. The fire trembles in the cabbage ponds and burns the leaves.

4) NIGHT CHANT (Navajo) (Ninth day)

In Tsegihi
 In the house made of the dawn
 In the house made of evening twilight
 In the house made of dark cloud
 In the house made of rain and mist, of pollen, of grasshoppers
 Where the dark mist curtains the doorway
 The path to which is on the rainbow
 Where the zigzag lightning stands high on top
 Where the he-rain stands high on top
 Oh, male divinity
 With your moccasins of dark cloud, come to us
 With your mind enveloped in dark cloud, come to us
 With the dark thunder above you, come to us soaring
 With the shapen cloud at your feet, come to us soaring
 With the far darkness made of the dark cloud over your head, come to us soaring
 With the far darkness made of the rain and mist over your head, come to us soaring
 With the far darkness made of the rain and mist over your head, come to us soaring.
 With the zigzag lightning flung our high over your head
 With the rainbow hanging high over your head, come to us soaring
 With the far darkness made of the rain and the mist on the ends of your wings, come to us soaring
 With the far darkness made of the dark cloud on the ends of your wings, come to us soaring
 With the zigzag lightning, with the rainbow high on the ends of your wings, come to us soaring.
 With the near darkness made of the dark cloud of the rain and the mist, come to us,
 With the darkness on the earth, come to us.
 With these I wish the foam floating on the flowing water over the roots of the great corn,
 I have made your sacrifice,
 I have prepared a smoke for you,
 My feet restore for me
 my limbs restore, my body restore, my mind restore, my voice restore for me.
 Today, take out your spell for me
 Today, take away your spell for me

J.R. D.A. Happily as they scatter in different directions they will regard you
 Happily as they approach their homes they will regard you
 R.O. May their roads home be on the trail of peace
 Happily may they all return.
 All In beauty I walk
 With beauty before me, I walk
 With beauty behind me, I walk
 With beauty above me, I walk,
 With beauty above and about me, I walk,
 It is finished in beauty
 It is finished in beauty.
 Away from me you have taken it,
 Far off from me it is taken,
 Far off you have done it.
 Happily I recover
 Happily I become cool
 My eyes regain their power, my head cools, my limbs regain their strength, I hear again.
 Happily for me the spell is taken off,
 J.R. & D.A. Happily I walk; impervious to pain, I walk;
 light within, I walk; joyous, I walk.
 R.O. Abundant dark clouds I desire
 An abundance of vegetation I desire
 An abundance of pollen, abundant dew, I desire.
 J.R. DA Happily may fair white corn to the ends of the earth come with you
 Happily may fair yellow corn, fair blue corn, fair corn of all kinds, plants of all kinds, goods of all kinds, jewels of all kinds, to the ends of the earth come with you.
 R.O. With these before you, happily may they come with you.
 With these behind, below, above, around you, happily may they come with you,
 Thus you accomplish your tasks.
 J.R. D.A. Happily the old men will regard you
 Happily the old women will regard you
 R.O. The young men and the young women will regard you
 The children will regard you
 The chiefs will regard you

5) THE FOREST (AZTEC)

JML: It is a place of verdure, of fresh green; of wind--windy places, in wind, windy; a place of cold: It becomes cold; there is much frost; it is a place which freezes. It is a place from which misery comes, where it exists; a place where there is affliction--a place of affliction, of lamentation, a place of affliction, of weeping; a place where there is sadness, a place of compassion, of sighing; a place which arouses sorrow, which spreads misery.

It is a place of gorges, gorge places; a place of crags, craggy places; a place of stony soil, stony-soiled places; in hard soil, in clayey soil, in moist and fertile soil. It is a place among moist and fertile lands, a place of moist and fertile soil, in yellow soil.

It is a place with cuestras, cuestra places; a place with peaks, peaked places; a place which is grassy, with grassy places; a place of forests, forested places; a place of thin forest, thinly forested places; a place of thick forests, thickly forested places; a place of jungle, of dry tree stumps, of underbrush, of dense forest.

It is a place of stony soil, stony-soiled places; a place of round stones; round stoned places; a place of sharp

stones, of rough stones; a place of crags, craggy places; a place of topetate; a place with clearings, cleared places; a place of valleys, of coves, of places with coves, of cove places; a place of boulders, bouldered places; a place of hollows.

It is a disturbing place, fearful, frightful; home of the savage beast, dwelling-place of the serpent, the rabbit, the deer; a place from which nothing departs, nothing leaves, nothing emerges. It is a place of dry rocks, of boulders; bouldered places; boulder land, a land of bouldered places. It is a place of caves, cave places, having caves-- a place having caves.

It is a place of wild beasts; a place of wild beasts--of the ocelot, the cuitlachtli, the bobcat; the serpent, the spider, the rabbit, the deer; of stalks, grass, prickly shrubs: of the mosquito, of the pine. It is a place where wood is owned. Trees are felled. It is a place where trees are cut, where wood is gathered, where there is chopping, where there is logging: a place of beams.

It becomes verdant, a fresh green. It becomes cold, icy. Ice forms and spreads; ice lies forming a surface. There is wind, a crashing wind; the wind crashes, spreads whistling,

forms whirlwinds. Ice is blown by the wind; the wind glides.

There is no one; there are no people. It is desolate; it lies desolate. There is nothing edible. Misery abounds, misery emerges, misery spreads. There is no joy, no pleasure. It lies sprouting; herbs lie sprouting; nothing lies emerging; the earth is pressed down. All die of thirst. The grasses lie sprouting. Nothing lies cast about. There is hunger; all hunger. It is the home of hunger; there is death from hunger. All die of cold; there is freezing; there is trembling; there is the clattering, the chattering of teeth. There are cramps, the stiffening of the body, the constant stiffening, the stretching out prone.

There is fright, there is constant fright. One is devoured; one is slain by stealth; one is abused; one is brutally put to death; one is tormented. Misery abounds. There is calm, constant calm, continuing calm.

6) THE ANNUNCIATION (TIBET)

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JR: a man born from a flower in space a man riding a colt foaled from a sterile mare his reins are strung from the hair of a tortoise

a rabbit's horn for a dagger he strikes down his enemies

a man without lips who is speaking who sees without eyes a man without ears who listens who runs without legs

the sun & the moon dance & blow trumpets

a young child touches the wheel-of-the-law

which turns over

*

: secret of the body

: of the word

: of the heart of the gods

the inner breath is the horse of the bodhisattvas

whipped by compassion it rears it drives the old yak from the path of madness

7) SMOHALLA SPEAKS (AMERICAN INDIAN)

My young men shall never work. Men who work cannot dream, and wisdom comes in dreams.

You ask me to plow the ground. Shall I take a knife and tear my mother's breast? Then when I die she will not take me to her bosom to rest.

You ask me to dig for stone. Shall I dig under her skin for bones? Then when I die I cannot enter her body to be born again.

You ask me to cut grass and make hay and sell it, and be rich like white men. But how dare I cut off my mother's hair?

It is a bad law, and my people cannot obey it. I want my people to stay with me here. All the dead men will come to life again. We must wait

here in the house of our fathers and be ready to meet them in the body of our mother.

8) A SEQUENCE OF SONGS OF THE GHOST DANCE RELIGION (AMERICAN INDIAN)

1.

My children,
When at first I liked the whites,
I gave them fruits,
I gave them fruits.

2.

Father have pity on me,
I am crying for thirst,
All is gone,
I have nothing to eat.

3.

The father will descend
The earth will tremble,
Everybody will arise,
Stretch out your hands.

4.

The Crow - Ehe'eye!
I saw him when he flew down,
To the earth, to the earth.
He has renewed our life,
He has taken pity on us.

5.

I circle around
The boundaries of the earth,
Wearing the long wing feathers,
As I fly.

6.

I'yahe! my children-
My children,
We have rendered them desolate.
The whites are crazy - Ahe'yuhe'yu!

7.

We shall live again,
We shall live again.

9) THE LIGHT BECOMES DARK (GABON PYGMY)

JR: The light becomes dark.
The night, and again the night,
The day with hunger tomorrow;
The Maker is angry with us.
The Old Ones have passed away,
Their bones are far off, below.
Their spirits are wandering-
Where are their spirits wandering?
Perhaps the passing wind knows.
Their bones are far off, below.
Are they below, the spirits? Are they here?
Do they see the offerings set out?
Tomorrow is empty and naked;
For the Maker is no more there,
Is no more the host seated at the hearth.

10) THOSE WERE PEOPLE WHO BROKE THE STRING

RO: Those were people
Who broke for me the string.

Therefore

This place became like this for me,
On account of it.
Because the string broke for me,

Therefore

The place does not feel to me,
As the place used to feel to me,
On account of it.

The place feels as if it stood open before me,
Because the string has broken for me.

Therefore

The place does not feel pleasant to me
Because of it.

11) THE SURRENDER SPEECH OF
CHIEF JOSEPH (AMERICAN INDIAN)

DA: I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs
are killed. Looking Glass is dead.
Toohulhulote is dead. The old men
are all dead. It is the young men who
say no and yes. He who led the young
men is dead. It is cold and we have no
blankets. The little children are
freezing to death. My people, some
of them, have run away to the hills and
have no blankets, no food. No one
knows where they are - perhaps they
are freezing to death.

I want to have time to look for my
children and see how many of them I
can find. Maybe I shall find them
among the dead. Hear me, my
chiefs, I am tired. My heart is
sad and sick. From where the sun
now stands I will fight no more
forever.

12) THE DEAD HUNTER SPEAKS THRU THE VOICE OF A SHAMAN (COPPER ESKIMO)

RO To be beyond you now, to feel
joy burning inside me when the sun
burns thru the terrible sky
To feel joy in the new sun, aie!
in the sky's curved belly

But restless more likely, restless
These flies swarm around me, dropping
eggs in the rotting collarbone,
into my eyes, their cold mouths moving
I choke on such horrors

And remembering the last fear, I remember
a dark rim of ocean, remembering
the last fear, the broken boat drifting,
drawing me into that darkness, aie!
Now the other side holds me

And I remember men's fear in the boats
I see the snow forced into my door, fear's
shadow over the hut, while my body
hung in the air, the door hidden, aie!
When I cried in fear of the snow

Horror stuck in my throat, the hut
walled me in, slowly the ice-floe broke
Horror choked me, the thin sky
quivered with sound, the voice
of the dark ice cracking, cold mornings

13) THE GATES OF DAN ARE SHUT (GABON PYGMY)

The gates of Dan are shut.
Shut are the gates of Dan.

The spirits of the dead flit hurrying there. Their crowd
is like the flight of mosquitos, a flight of mosquitos which
dance in the evening.

Which dance in the evening.

A flight of mosquitos which dance in the evening, when the
night has turned completely black and the sun has vanished.
When the night has turned completely black, the dance of the
mosquitos, the dead leaves when the storm has growled.

When the storm has growled.

They await him who will come.

Him who will come.

Him who will say, "You come. You go away."

Him who will say, "Come. Go."

And Whum will be with his children.

With his children. And this is the end.