Origins and Meanings

Primitive and Archaic Poetry

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A READING OF PRIMITIVE
AND ARCHAIC POETRY

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Arranged by Jerome Rothenberg, with David Antin, Jackson MacLow, and Rochelle Owens

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 series of Aztec definitions are 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 Jerome Rothenberg, Rochelle Owens, David Antin, and Jackson MacLow.

SIDE A: ORIGINS AND MEANINGS

1. Creation Accounts
   1. Uitoto Indian Myth (1'45'')
   2. From the Chhandogya Upanishad (55'')
   3. From the Book of Enoch (1'30'')
   4. A Maori Poem on the Creation of Light (1'15'')

2. Definitions
   1. Eskimo poem for the sun (30'')
   2. Series of Aztec definitions (5'35'')

3. Descriptions
   1. Gabon Pygmy (1'00'')
   2. Eskimo (20'')
   3. Australian (45'')

   4. "Elephant Hunter, Take Your Bow" - Gabon Pygmy (1'50'')
   5. "The War God's Horse Song" - Navajo (1'10'')
   6. "He is Firm and Strong" - Yoruba, Nigeria (30'')
   7. "To the God of Fire as a Horse" - Rigveda (55'')
   8. "The Stars" - Algonquin Indian (40'')

(Total time side A: 18'40'')

SIDE B: DEATH AND DEFEAT

1. "The Flight of Quetzalcoatl" - Aztec (6'10'')
2. "When Hare Heard of Death" - Winnebago (1'00'')
3. "Poem from the Middle Kingdom" - Egypt (1'45'')
4. "Ayacucho Dance Song" - Peru (25'')
5. "She Has Gone from Us" and "The Blowfly" - Australia (45'', 1'10'')
6. "Lamentation" - Fox Indian (30'')
7. "Death Song" - Papago (10'')
8. Three Songs - Chipewa (25'')
9. "For Tlacahuepan" - Aztec (35'')
10. "Song of The Butterfly" (Chipewa)
11. "Some Attributes of the Book of Changes" - (3'35'')
12. "Lament" - Gabon Pygmy (55'')

(Total time side B: 17'35'')
The silver one became this earth. The golden one, the sky. The thick membrane of the white, the mountains. The thin membrane of the yolk, the mist of the clouds. The small veins the rivers, the fluid the sea. And what was born from it, that was Brahm, the sun. When he was born shouts of hurrah arose, and all beings arose and all things which they desired. Therefore whenever the sun rises and sets shouts of hurrah arise, and all beings arise and all things which they desire.

3. FROM GOD'S ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION IN THE BOOK OF ENOCH

And I commanded in the very lowest that visible things should come from invisible, and Adol came down very great, and I beheld, and look! it was a belly of great light.

And I said: 'Spread apart, & let the visible come out of thee.'

And it spread apart, and a great light came. And I was in the center of the light, & as light is born from light, an age came out, a great age, & it showed me all the creation I had thought to make.

And I saw that it was good.

And I set a throne up for myself, and took my seat on it, and I said to the light: 'Go up higher & fix yourself high above the throne, & be a foundation for the highest things.'

And above the light there is nothing else, and then I leaned back & I looked up from my throne.

And I commanded the lowest a second time, and I said: 'Let Archas come forth hard,' and it came forth hard from the invisible.

And it came forth hard, heavy and very red.

And I said: 'Be opened, Archas, & let there be born from thee,' and it became open, and age came out, a very great, a very dark age, bearing the creation of all lower things, and I saw that it was good and said:

'Go down below, & make yourself firm and be a foundation for the lower things,' and it happened, and it went down and fixed itself, and became the foundation for the lower things, and below the darkness there is nothing else.

4. A MAORI POEM ON THE CREATION OF LIGHT

From the conception the increase, From the increase the swelling, From the swelling the thought, From the thought the remembrance, From the remembrance, the desire.

The word became fruitful; It dwelt with the feeble glimmering; It brought forth night: The great night, the long night, The lowest night, the highest night, The thick night to be felt, The night to be touched, the night unseen. The night following on, The night ending in death.
From the nothing the begetting, From the nothing the increase, From the nothing the abundance, The power of increasing, the living breath; It dwelt with the empty space, It produced the atmosphere which is above us, The atmosphere which floats above the earth. The great firmament above us, the spread-out space dwelt with the early dawn, Then the moon sprang forth; The atmosphere above dwelt with the glowing sky. Then the sun sprang forth: They were thrown up above as the chief eyes of heaven; Then the sky became light, The early dawn, the early day, The midday. The blaze of day from the sky.

2. Definitions

1. ESKIMO POEM FOR THE SUN

An Eskimo poem for the Sun

The sun up there, up there.

A dama Poem for the Ha-Tree

O the ha-tree, O the hard tree!

A Bushman Poem for the Jackal

Canter for me, little jackal, O little jackal, little jackal.

A Chippewa Mide Song for the Crow

I am the crow--I am the crow--his skin is my body

A Bushman Poem for the Blue Crane

A splinter of stone which is white.

2. Aztec Definitions

RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRD
It is ashen, ash colored. At the top of its head and the throat, its feathers are flaming, like fire. They glisten, they glow.

A WATER-STRIDER
It is like a fly, small & round. It has legs, it has wings; it is dry. It goes on the surface of the water; it is a flyer. It buzzes, it sings.

BITUNEN (a shellfish)
It falls out on the ocean shore; it falls out like mud.

LITTLE BLUE HERON
It resembles the brown crane in color: it is ashen, grey. It smells like fish, rotten fish, stinking fish. It smells of fish, rotten fish.

SEASHELL
It is white. One is large, one is small. It is spiraled, marvelous. It is that which can be blown, which resounds. I blow the seashell. I improve, I polish the seashell.
A MUSHROOM
It is round, large, like a severed head.

THE AVOCADO TREE
The leaves, the foliage are brown. Its fruit is black, dark; it shines. Within, it is herb-green. Its base is thin, the top rounded, round. It is oily; it has moisture; it has a center.

ELCPULIN (a tree)
Its foliage, its leaves, its fruit: broad, thick, fat, ball-like: each one ball-like, large, pulpy, breakable into small pieces, watery.... They fill one's mouth, satisfy one, taste good to one, make one covet them, make one want them, are constantly required. The center is fat; they fill one's mouth; they satisfy one.

PINE
The pine tree is tender, verdant, very verdant.
It has particles of (dried) pine (resin). It has cones--pine cones; it has a bark, a thick skin. It has pine resin, a resin. The wood can be broken, shattered. The pine is embracing. It is a provider of light, a means of seeing, a resinous torch. It is spongy, porous, soft. It forms a resin; it stands formed; it stands sputtering. They sputter. It burns, it illuminates things, it makes a resin; a resin exudes. It turns into a resin. Resin is required.

A MOUNTAIN
High, pointed: it is pointed on top, pointed at the summit, towering; wide, cylindrical, round; a round mountain, low, low-ridged; rocky, with many rocks; craggy, with many crags; rough with rocks; of earth; with trees; grassy; with herbs; with shrubs; with water; dry; white; jagged; with a sloping plain, with gorges, with caves; precipitous; having gorges; canyon land, precipitous land with boulders.
I climb the mountain; I scale the mountain. I live on the mountain. I am born on the mountain. No one becomes a mountain--no one turns himself into a mountain. The mountain crumbles.

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN
It is wooded; it spreads green.

SECRET ROAD
Its name is secret road, the one which few people know, which not all people are aware of, which few people go along. It is good, fine; a good place, a fine place. It is where one is harmed, a place of harm. It is known as a safe place; it is a difficult place, a dangerous place. One is frightened, it is a place of fear.
There are trees, crags, gorges, rivers, precipitous places, places of precipitous land, various places of precipitous land, various precipitous places, gorges, various gorges. It is a place of wild animals, a place of wild beasts, full of wild beasts. It is a place where one is put to death by stealth; a place where one is put to death in the jaws of the wild beast of the land of the dead.
I take the secret road. I follow along, I encounter the secret road. He goes following along, he goes joining that which is bad, the corner, the darkness, the secret road. He goes to seek, to find, that which is bad.

THE CAVE
It becomes long, deep; it widens, extends, narrows. It is a constricted place, a narrowed place, one of the hollowed-out places. There are roughened places; there are asperous places. It is frightening, a fearful place, a place of death. It is called a place of death because there is dying. It is a place of darkness; it darkens; it stands ever dark. It stands wide-mouthed; it is wide-mouthed. It is wide-mouthed; it is narrow-mouthed. It has mouths which pass through.
I place myself in the cave. I enter the cave.

THE PRECIPICE
It is deep--a difficult, a dangerous place, a deadly place. It is dark. It is light. It is an abyss.

3. Descriptions

1. GABON PYGMY
The fish does ... HIP
The bird does... VISS
The marmot does... GNAN

I throw myself to the left,
I turn myself to the right,
I act the fish,
Which darts in the water, which darts
Which twists about, which leaps--
All lives, all dances, and all is loud.

The fish does ... HIP
The bird does ... VISS
The marmot does ... GNAN

The bird flies away,
It flies, flies, flies,
Goes, returns, passes,
Climbs, soars, and drops.
I act the bird--
All lives, all dances, and all is loud.

The fish does ... HIP
The bird does ... VISS
The marmot does ... GNAN

The monkey from branch to branch,
Runs, bounds, and leaps,
With his wife, with his brat,
His mouth full, his tail in the air,
There is the monkey! There is the monkey! --
All lives, all dances, and all is loud.

2. ESKIMO
The gull, it is said,
The gull, who cleaves the air with his wings,
Who is usually above you.
You gull, up there,
Steer down towards me,
Come to me.
Your wings are red,
Up there in the coolness.

3. AUSTRALIAN
The ring-neck parrots, in scattered flocks--
the ring-neck parrots are screaming in their upward flight
The ring-neck parrots are a cloud of wings:
The shell-parrots are a cloud of wings
Let the shell-parrots come down to rest
Let them come down to rest on the ground
Let the caps fly off the scented blossoms
Let the caps fly off the bloodwood blossoms
Let the caps fly off the scented blossoms
Let the blossoms fall to the ground in a shower
The clustering bloodwood blossoms are falling down—
The clustering bloodwood blossoms nipped by birds
The clustering bloodwood blossoms are falling down—
The clustering bloodwood blossoms, one by one

4. "ELEPHANT HUNTER, TAKE YOUR BOW"
   (Gabon Pygmy)

   Elephant hunter, take your bow!
   Elephant hunter, take your bow!
On the weeping forest, under the wing of the evening, the night all black has gone to rest happy;
in the sky the stars have fled trembling, fireflies shine vaguely & put out their lights; above us the moon is dark, its white light's put out.
The spirits are wandering.
   Elephant hunter, take your bow!
   " " " "
In the frightened forest the tree sleeps, the leaves are dead,
The monkeys have closed their eyes, hanging from the branches above us.
The antelopes slip past with silent steps,
eat the fresh grass, prick their ears, lift their heads and listen frightened.
The cicada is silent and stops his grinding song.
   Elephant hunter, take your bow!
   " " " "
In the forest lashed by the great rain,
   Father elephant walks heavily, baou, baou, careless, without fear, sure of his strength,
father elephant, whom no one can vanquish; among the trees which he breaks he stops and starts again.
   He eats, roars, overturns trees and seeks his mate.
   Father elephant, you have been heard from far.
   Elephant hunter, take your bow!
   " " " "
In the forest where no one passes but you, hunter, lift up your heart, leap and walk.
Meat in front of you, the huge piece of meat, the meat which walks like a hill, the meat which makes the heart glad, the meat that will roast on our coals, the meat into which our teeth sink, the fine red meat and the blood we drink smoking.
   Elephant hunter, take your bow!
   " " " "

5. "THE WAR GOD'S HORSE SONG" (NAVAJO)

I am the Turquoise Woman's son.

On top of Belted Mountain
Beautiful horses—slim like a weasel!
   My horse with a hoof like a striped agate;
with his fetlock like a fine eagle plume;
my horse whose legs are like quick lightning
whose body is an eagle-plumed arrow;
   my horse whose tail is like a trailing black cloud.
The Little Holy Wind blows thru his hair.
   My horse with a mane made of short rainbows.
   My horse with eyes made of big stars.
   My horse with a head made of mixed waters.
   My horse with teeth made of white shell.
The long rainbow is in his mouth for a bridle,
   And with it I guide him.
   When my horse neighs, different-colored horses follow.
   When my horse neighs, different-colored sheep follow.
   I am wealthy because of him.
Before me peaceful,
   Behind me peaceful,
Under me peaceful,
   Over me peaceful—
   Peaceful voice when he neighs.
   I am everlasting & peaceful.
I stand for my horse.

HE IS FIRM AND STRONG (YORUBA NIGERIA)

He is firm & strong
   like an ancient rock.
He is clear like the eye of God
   that does not grow any grass.
Like the earth he will never change.
   He puts out the lamp
and lets his eye sparkle like fire.
He will turn the barren woman
   into one who carries child.
He is the father of our king.
   He is the one who looks after my child.

7. TO THE GOD OF FIRE AS A HORSE (RIGVEDA)

Your eyes do not make mistakes. Your eyes have the sun seeing. Your thought marches terribly in the night, blazing with light and the fire breaks from your throat as you whinny in battle. This fire was born in a pleasant forest. This fire lives in exstacy somewhere in the night. His march is a dagger of fire. His body is enormous. His mouth opens and closes as he champs on the world. He swings the axe edge of his tongue smelting and refining the raw wood he chops down. He gets ready to shoot and fits arrow to bow-string. He hones his light to a fine edge on the steel. He travels through night with rapid and various movements. His thighs are rich with movement. The bird that settles on a tree.

8. THE STARS (ALGONQUIN INDIAN)

For we are the stars, for we sing, for we sing with our light. We are birds made of fire, for we spread our wings over the sky. Our light is a voice. We cut a road for the soul for its journey to death, for three of our number are hunters. These three hunt a bear. For there never yet was a time when these three didn't hunt. For we face the hills with disdain. This is the song of the stars.
Flutes were sounding in his ears

Companions' voices

He squatted on a rock to rest
he leaned his hands against the rock

Tula shining in the distance

: which he saw he
saw it and began to cry

he cried the cold sobs cut his throat

A double thread of tears, a hailstorm
beating down his face, the drops
burn through the rock

The drops of sorrow fall against the stone
and pierce its heart

And where his hands had rested
shadows lingered on the rock: as if
his hands had pressed soft clay
As if the rock were clay

The mark too of his buttocks in the rock,
embedded there forever

The hollow of his hands preserved forever

A place named TEMACPAPO

to Stone Bridge next

water swirling in the riverbed
a spreading turbulence of water

: where he dug a stone up
made a bridge across
and crossed it

: who kept moving until he reached the Lake of
Serpents, the elders waiting for him
there, to tell him he would have to turn
around, he would have to leave their
country and go home

: who heard them ask where he was bound for, cut
off from all a man remembers, his city's
rites long fallen into disregard

: who said it was too late to turn around, his need
still driving him, and when they asked
again where he was bound, spoke about a
country of red daylight and finding wisdom,
who had been called there, whom the sun
was calling

: who waited then until they told him he could go,
could leave his Toltec things and go (and
so he left those arts behind, the creations
of man's hands and the imagination of his
heart: the crafts of gold and silver, of
working precious stones, of carpentry and
sculpture and mural painting and book
illumination and featherweaving)
Further out

THE HILL OF MANY COLORS

which he sought

Portents everywhere, those
dark reminders
of the road he walks

* 

It ended on the beach
It ended with a hulk of serpents formed into a boat
And when he'd made it, sat in it and sailed away
A boat that glided on those burning waters, no one
knowing when he reached the country of
Red Daylight
It ended on the rim of some great sea
It ended with his face reflected in the mirror of
its waves:
The beauty of his face returned to him
And he was dressed in garments like the sun
It ended with a bonfire on the beach where he would
hurl himself
And burn, his ashes rising and the cries of birds
It ended with the birds, bright feathers, eyes that
watched him
It ended with a thousand precious birds
It ended with the linnet, with the birds of turquoise
color, birds the color of wild sunflowers, red
and blue birds
It ended with the birds of yellow feathers in a riot
of bright gold

Circling till the fire had died out
Circling while his heart rose through the sky
It ended with his heart transformed into a star
It ended with the morning star with dawn and evening
It ended with his journey to Death's Kingdom with
seven days of darkness
With his body changed to light
A star that burns forever in that sky

2. "WHEN HARE HEARD OF DEATH" (WINNEBAGO)

When Hare heard of Death, he started for his lodge
& arrived there crying, shrieking, "My uncles &
my aunts must not die!" And then the thought
assailed him, "To all things death will come!"
He cast his thoughts upon the precipices & they be-
gan to fall & crumble. Upon the rocks he cast his
thoughts & they became shattered. Under the
earth he cast his thoughts & all the things living
there stopped moving & their limbs stiffened in
death. Up above, towards the skies, he cast his
thoughts & the birds flying there suddenly fell to
the earth & were dead.

After he entered his lodge he took his
blanket & wrapping it around him, lay down crying.
"Not the whole earth will suffice for all those
who will die. Oh there will not be enough earth for
them in many places!" There he lay in his corner
wrapped up in his blanket, silent.

3. AN EGYPTIAN POEM FROM THE MIDDLE
KINGDOM:

Behold, my name stinks
more than the odor of carrion birds
on summer days when the heaven is hot.

Behold, my name stinks
more than the odor of fishermen,
& the shores of the pools they have fished.

Behold, my name stinks
more than that of a woman
of whom slander has been spoken concerning a man.

To whom should I speak today?
Brothers are evil;
the friends of today love not.

To whom should I speak today?
Hearts are covetous;
every man plundereth the goods of his fellow.

To whom should I speak today?
Yesterday is forgotten;
men do not as they were done by nowadays.

To whom should I speak today?
There is no heart of man
whereon one might lean.

To whom should I speak today?
The righteous are no more;
the land is given over to evil-doers.

To whom should I speak today?
There is a lack of companions;
men have recourse to a stranger to tell their troubles.

To whom should I speak today?
I am heavy laden with misery
& without a comforter.

Death is in my eyes today
as when a sick man becomes whole,
as the walking abroad after illness.

Death is in my eyes today
like the scent of myrrh,
like sitting beneath the boat's sail on a breezy day.

Death is in my eyes today
like the smell of water-lilies,
like sitting on the bank of drunkenness.

Death is in my eyes today
like a well-trodden road,
as when men return home from a foreign campaign.

Death is in my eyes today
like the unveiling of the heaven,
as when a man attains to that which he knew not.

Death is in my eyes today
like the desire of a man to see his home
when he hath passed many years in captivity.

4. "AYACUCHO DANCE SONG" (PERU)

Wake up, woman,
In the middle of the street
Rise up, woman,
A dog howls.

May the death arrive
May the dance arrive,
Ah! What a chill,
Ah! What a wind....

Comes the dance
You must dance,
Comes the death
You can't help it!

5. "SHE HAS GONE FROM US" (AUSTRALIAN)

She has gone from us; never as she was will she return.
Never more as she once did will she chop honey,
Never more with her digging-stick dig yams.
She has gone from us; never as she was to return.

Mussels there are in the creek in plenty,
But she who lies here will dig no more.
We shall fish as of old for cod-fish,
But she who lies here will beg no more oil;
Oil for her hair, she will want no more.

Never again will she use a fire.
Where she goes, fires are not.
For she goes to the women, the dead women.
Ah, women can make no fires.
Fruit there is in plenty and grass seed,
But no birds nor beasts in the heaven of women.

5. "THE BLOWFLY" (AUSTRALIAN)

Oh, the blowfly is whining there, its maggots are
eating the flesh,
The blowflies buzz, their feet stray over the corpse,
The buzzing goes on and on.
Whom is it eating there, whose flesh are they eating?
Ah, my daughter, come back here to me!
Ah, our daughter was taken ill-
You didn't sing for her as a father should!
You are foolish and silly, you sing only to please
the ears of a woman!
You like to lie close to a young girl, a virgin, and
give her a child!
You will not stay in one place!
Here and there, all over the place, you go among
the camps,
You go walking hither and thither, looking for
sweethearts.
Ah, before, it was here that you used to stay.
You should be ashamed to do that before all these
strangers,
Presently I shall take a knife and cut you!
No, you go to sit down beside some woman,
You sit close, close beside her...
Ah, my lost child, ah the blowflies!

6. LAMENTATION (FOX INDIAN)

It is he, it is he,
The person with the spirit of an owl;
It is he, it is he,
The person with the spirit of an owl;
It is he, it is he.

All the manitous are weeping,
Because I go around weeping,
Because I go around weeping,
All the manitous are weeping.
The sky will weep,  
The sky,  
At the end of the earth;  
The sky will weep.

7. DEATH SONG (PAPAGO)

In the great night my heart will go out.  
Toward me the darkness comes rattle;  
In the great night my heart will go out.

8. THREE CHIPPEWA SONGS

LOVE SONG (CHIPPEWA)

A loon I thought it was  
But it was  
My love's  
Splashing oar.

DEATH SONG

Is there anyone who  
would weep for me?  
My wife  
would weep for me.

ARROW SONG

Its head  
Is red.

9. FOR TLACAHUEPAN (AN AZTEC DEATH SONG)

The field where the hero's  
body was left in the sun  
A sudden ringing of bells  
And yellow flowers  
To sweeten  
the kingdom of death

They have hidden you here  
in the seven caves  
The acacia bursts, a  
lost cry of the tiger  
answers the eagle's call

10. A CHIPPEWA SONG OF THE BUTTERFLY:

In the coming heat  
of the day  
I stood there.

11. ATTRIBUTES FROM THE BOOK OF CHANGES

--The Creative is heaven. It is round, it is the prince,  
the father, jade, metal, cold, ice; it is deep red, a  
good horse, an old horse, a lean horse, a wild horse,  
tree fruit.

--The Receptive is the earth, the mother. It is  
cloth, a kettle, frugality, it is level, it is a cow with  
a calf, a large wagon, form, the multitude, a shaft.  
Among the various kinds of soil, it is the black.

--The Arousing is thunder, the dragon. It is dark  
yellow, it is a spreading out, a great road, the  
oldest son. It is decisive and vehement; it is bamboo  
that is green and young, it is reed and rush.

Among horses it signifies those which can neigh  
well, those with white hind legs, those which gallop,  
those with a star on the forehead.

Among useful plants it is the pod-bearing ones.  
Finally, it is the strong, that which grows luxuriantly.

--The gentle is wood, wind, the oldest daughter, the  
guideline, work; it is the white, the long, the high; it  
is advance and retreat, the undecided, odor.

Among men it means the gray-haired; it means  
those with broad foreheads; it means those with much  
white in their eyes; it means those close to gain, so  
that in the market they get threefold value. Finally,  
it is the sign of vehement.

--The Abyssal is water, ditches, ambush, bending  
and straightening out, bow & wheel.

Among men it means the melancholy, those with  
sick hearts, with earache.

It is the blood sign; it is red.

Among horses it means those with beautiful backs,  
those with wild courage, those which let their heads  
hang, those with thin hoofs, those which stumble.

Among chariots it means those with many defects.  
It is penetration, the moon.

It means thieves.

Among varieties of wood it means those which are  
firm and have much pith.

--The clinging is firo, the sun, lightning, the  
middle daughter. It means coats of mail & helmets;  
it means lances & weapons. Among men it means  
the big-bellied.

It is the sign of dryness. It means the tortoise,  
the crab, the snail, the muskell, the hawkbill  
tortoise.

Among trees it means those which dry out in the  
upper part of the trunk.

--Keeping Still is the mountain; it is a bypath; it  
means little stones, doors and openings, fruits and  
seeds, eunuchs and watchmen, the fingers; it is the  
dog, the rat, and the various kinds of black-billed  
birds.

Among trees it signifies the firm and gnarled.

--The Joyous is the lake, the youngest daughter; it  
is a sorceress; it is mouth and tongue. It means  
smashing and breaking apart; it means dropping off  
and bursting open. Among the kinds of soil it is the  
hard and salty. It is the concubine. It is the sheep.

12. "LAMENT" (GABON PYGMY)

A: The animal runs, it passes, it dies. And it is  
the great cold.

B: It is the great cold of the night, it is the dark.

A: The bird flies, it passes, it dies. And it is the  
great cold.

B: It is the great cold of the night, it is the dark.

A: The fish flies, it passes, it dies. And it is the  
great cold.

B: It is the great cold of the night, it is the dark.

A: Man eats and sleeps. He dies. And it is the  
great cold.

B: It is the great cold of the night, it is the dark.

A: There is light in the sky, the eyes are extinguished,  
the star shines.

B: The cold is below, the light is on high.

A: The man has passed, the shade has vanished, the  
prisoner is free!

Khuum, Khuum, come in answer to our call!