



Klamath Indians:

INCANTATIONS
SENT OUT TO DETERMINE
THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

The conjurer speaks:

I am the song.

I walk here.

I walk this way when I tie up my hair.

I am earth and my voice rolls like thunder.

The lizard speaks:

The land on which I walk belongs to the lark.

The eagle speaks:

High in the sky I describe a magic circle.

The mouse speaks:

Deep in the ground I sing my song.

The turtle speaks:

Which game did you play with me?

She speaks:

The words are my guilt.

The song is my innocence.

The owl speaks:

I possess the horned owl's sharp vision.

My roof ladder is of speckled wood.

He speaks:

I am not confused by the intricate steps of her dance.

The blind man speaks:

I search the ground with my hands;

I find feathers of the yellow hammer and devour them.

Quick.

Make eyes for me that I might see the cause of sickness.

CARL CARY

DRAWING BY DAN STOLPE