

Welcome to Tasholiive -- A game of the ancient Anasazi!

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Version Change Log

Shareware 256 color version, version 1.0s -- Initial release, June 1997.

Prolog . . .

August 1291 AD, at the very edge of Anasazi lands and within sight of the Great River . . .



Early, early morning – the sky in the East still a dark curtain studded with stars. Thunder-from-the-Mountain, medicine man, holy man, and shaman of the Anasazi snake clan, stood, as he had for the past seven mornings, high-up on the sandstone, facing the rising Morning Star and the silhouette of the distant sacred mountains, and sang and prayed for his people. With much feeling he poured out his soul to the Great Spirit, and implored his help. Drought had come and on its heels, starvation, disease, and raiders from the north. And if these were not enough, the small stream in one of the canyons had become as a monster, devouring the earth as it ate downward and making the canyon floor useless and impassable. These were all serious challenges but nothing that couldn't be overcome by the collected strength of the clan. But now a more dangerous foe -- a dark and sinister prophet -- had arisen, a six-toed one, preaching of new ways, of strange things, and gathering forces around him to the southeast. Some of the snake clan people had left to join this evil one and others might soon try to follow. The people were confused and besieged on every side, and had even begun fighting among themselves – village raiding village that in times past were friends. Many had begun to abandon the open villages and seek refuge in caves and clefts of stone, building precarious but defensible dwellings from the rock. Even now, as he stood alone against the skyline, the old man realized that above him and to the north a war party could be watching. Yet he stood tall in the night, on the no-man's land of the mystical and powerful Rock-Rovers, and sang his prayers. No one would dare touch him here. Here, where no mere Indian dare approach, a Shaman, with spiritual power and wisdom, a Holy Man's staff at his side, and the sacred amulet of the 'Blue Stone' people about his neck, might pray in peace.*

The sun began to rise and the light of the Great Star was hidden by its fierce rays.

Thunder-from-the-Mountain quit his supplications, and took shelter in one of the sinuous canyons to wait out the day as he had every day since embarking on this journey to help his people. But the Holy man was old, very old, the journey hard, and fasting and prayer had taken a toll on his weakening body. As he sat in front of the small fire under the ledge, the darkness of death overtook him, but his spirit rose to meet the rising sun, leaving his mortal shell empty behind him.

"Great Spirit," his soul pled, "Now I am free. Yet even in death I shall not cease loving and caring for my people. Will thou grant that I remain here, for a time, to watch over them and counsel them?"

The Great Spirit smiled, but with a hint of sadness in his kind eyes.

"Go then," the Great Spirit intoned, "Watch and wait, and be my messenger and a helper to your people and those that come after. The night ahead promises to be dark . . . Sad-voiced winds moan in the distance. Grim fate lies ahead on the trail . . ."**

August 1996 at the east shore of Hall's Creek Bay, Bullfrog Basin, Lake Powell Utah . . .

"See, right there . . . and here, and here . . .," you say as you point out the natural arches noted on the laminated map of the Bull Frog Basin pinned to the wall of the house boat. "But, why can't I see them in the Binoculars," you muse to your family as you search the sand and rock of the opposite shore. A half an hour of futile searching, and several false finds later, you decide the only thing to do is to actually hike up there. "Who wants to go?," you ask, but compared to jet skiing, swimming, fishing, and snacking on 'munchies', a long, hot hike up the slick-rock seems rather extreme. "No takers? OK, then just me. I'll be back before supper – maybe two hours," you say as you pack some water and jump in the Sea-Ray . . . 15 minutes later, you ease the bow into a sandy rest at the opposite shore of Halls Creek Bay, and scan upward for the arches. "Should be about . . . there . . .," you mentally position yourself and start the long hike up, gently at first, then more steeply out of the sand and up onto the slick rock. But you

are way too far south, a mile or so farther south, and heading in the wrong direction --southwest instead of due west – to find any arches. Without thinking, or even noticing, you soon enter the realm of the Water Pocket Fold, a wide stretch of twisted sandstone and slick rock, sliced by deep pockets and gullies of sinuous complexity. You follow the contours of the slick rock, trying not to slip, into one of the gullies and continue upward. But every hundred feet or so you make a forced decision – left?, right?, straight-on?, over?, down?. . . until you are secreted well within the labyrinth of the 'fold'. Then "dead-end." Weary, running out of time and water, and finding yourself blocked in the forward direction, you turn around to head back, but as you do, a gleam catches the corner of your eye. "What is this?," you exclaim as you bend a little lower to peer under a ledge. "A skeleton!" Its bleached bones lean against the back wall of the ledge. Around its neck hangs what appears to be an intricately carved jade pendant, its leather tethers still attached, gleaming in the reflected sunlight of the ledge. The bones are old, very old, and over them wrap shreds of fur and hide, windblown sand covers much of them – a single reed sandal lies at the skeleton's feet, a wooden staff lies at its side.

Shock! Utter disbelief. "Who are you?," you whisper. It is obviously ancient, very old, but what to do now. If this were a stone arrow head, you'd rejoice, put it in your pocket, and take it back to show the others, but this . . . this is something beyond your experience. Instinctively, you reach for the green pendant . . .and stop . . . your hand hovers above it for a few seconds while your mind races contemplating your next move.

Then you act.

You grasp the pendant and lift it in your hands. As you lift the leather thongs of the necklace, long aged, turn to dust . . . and as the dust falls to the sand a strange deep throbbing sound begins. You hear the rattle of bones and the skeleton's skull turns to look straight at you. You want to scream but cannot. The throbbing sound increases . . . louder, and louder. Beams of light appear in the skull's eye sockets and grow brighter, and brighter, piercing your mind like twin daggers. A face begins to form over the skull, reconstituting, as if through a distant window . . . then utter blackness.

When you come to your senses you are sitting in dark room . . . before a fire. Arrayed around the fire sit three Indians with posture and bearing of great authority and power. The center one begins to speak:

"Brothers, with this prayer stick I open up your ears that you may hear and remove grief and sorrow from your hearts. You have traveled far, Brothers, and with this prayer stick I draw from your feet the thorns which have pierced them as you journeyed thither and clean the seats of the Great Kiva that you may sit at ease. With this prayer stick I wash your head and body, that your spirits may be refreshed. My Brothers, let this prayer stick condole with you on the loss of the friends who have died since we last met and wipe out any blood which may have been spilt between us . . .***

"Who are you?! What am I doing here!," you blurt out. You attempt to rise but your hands and feet are tied. "Hey, let me go! Untie me now!," you demand.

The middle Indian speaks. "I am Thunder-from-the-Mountain of the snake clan." "This," pointing to his left, "is White-Bird of the bear clan." "And this," turning to his right, "is Little-Bat of the gopher clan." "We are Holy men of the people you call The Anasazi. We died struggling in prayers and supplications for our people and thus, having given our very lives for love of them, have been consecrated by The Great Spirit to remain behind; watchers, guardians, helpers in all things for those who came after us. But you, White Man, are a thief! Like all the White Men, you take what is not yours. You took my amulet, as the coyote would. Now you are in the Great Kiva where we will pass judgment."

"But . . . But . . . you are the skeleton!??? You're dead?!!!", you gasp in horror.

"Death?, says the Indian, ". . . There is no death, only a change of worlds. You have desecrated our land, now you stoop to take the very belongings of the dead! Every part of this soil is sacred in the estimation of my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove, has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished. The very dust upon which you stand responds more lovingly

to their footsteps than to yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch.”

“Did you think you were alone, White Man, when you stole my amulet!?”

“I was alone!”, you plead. “I never dreamed that . . .”, but the speaker cuts you off.

“The White Man is never alone. The memory of my tribe and people may have become a myth but these lands swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when you think yourself alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless desert, you will not be alone. In all the earth there is no place dedicated to solitude. At night, when you think these lands are silent and you think them deserted, they throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The Dead are not Powerless!”

“But you were dead, I thought it would be all right to take it. You had no need of it. I often hunt your arrow points lying where you discarded them -- I have since a little child” you implore.

“Take?!”, counters the Indian, ‘Steal!’.

With that the three Holy Men whisper and confer among themselves. After a long wait, and much arguing, they again turn to address you.

“You have much to learn, White Man, and no doubt you could not sense you were on sacred ground. There is a chance too that you thought I no longer had use for the amulet.”

“To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written upon tables of stone by the iron finger of your God, so that you could not forget. Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors – the dreams of our old men, given them in the solemn hours of the night by the Great Spirit; and the visions of our sachems, and is written in the hearts of our people.

Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander way beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being. They still love its verdant valleys, its murmuring rivers, its magnificent mountains, sequestered vales, and verdant lined lakes and bays, and ever yearn in tender, fond affection over the lonely hearted living, and often return from the Happy Hunting Ground to visit. Guide, console, and comfort them.”

“You want my amulet? Then take it honorably. Not like a grave robber!” Don’t steal it. Win it -- White Man! For once do an honorable thing and win the amulet in a fair game . . . and as we play I will teach you of the way of the people, that you may recognize sacred ground the next time you stand upon it. Even if you win not the amulet, at least you will leave with open eyes and ears, and wisdom in your heart. . .”

*Note: The prolog 'covers the bases' by presenting nearly all the current theories as to why the Anasazi left their homes around 1300 AD. -- and why they built their cliff dwellings in the first place. I have a special topic section that discusses this more. Please jump to the following if you are interested:

[Where did the Anasazi go?](#)

**Note: The words in blue are the words of Chief Seattle of the Suquamish and Duwamish tribes, taken from one of his speeches, one of the most eloquent and moving speeches ever given (see Vanderwerth p.117 - 122). Chief Seattle was born about 1786 and died June, 7 1866.

***Note: The words in green are patterned after Vanderwerth p. 7, and do represent the type of introductory speeches made in Indian gatherings and councils.



Havasupai Indian girls play hue-ta-quee-che-ka, a version of Tasholiwe. From Culin, p. 200, which is a 1898 photo by Mr. G. Wharton James

What is Tasholiwe?

'Tasholiwe' is Zuni Indian for 'wooden dice', which is also the name of their version of this game. But this is far from an exclusively Zuni game. Take a map of the U.S. and divide it roughly in the middle -- right through the Great Plains -- forming a west and east half. This game, Tasholiwe, under various names and forms, was played by many of the tribes inhabiting the western half of the division from very ancient times. Its most notable and prominent forms come from the Zuni, Hopi, Navajo, and Kiowa Apache, but many other tribes had versions -- the Laguna, the Commanche, the Cheyenne, the Keres, the Walapai, the Havasupai, the Tigua, the Shoshone, etc., etc. It is a very ancient, and venerable, game and may be older than even the Anasazi themselves who surely played it.

Tasholiwe was used in a religious and ritualistic sense for divination -- the throw of the sticks was thought to be able to tell the future -- forecast war or peace, prosperity or famine, joy or sorrow. It is said that even today, the game is used by many of the Pueblo tribes to bring rain. Cushing wrote (see Culin p. 215):

"It is played at such times as a tribal divination; a forecast for war or peace, for prosperity or adversity, and is accompanied by tribal hazards and gambling. But at other times it is played for the determination of peace or war, of direction or precaution to be taken in defensive or offensive operations or preparations. As thus played, there must be four participants. Each possesses his own canes. In the uppermost room of the pueblo (now fallen), there was formerly a shrine of the game. Here during terrible sand storms or at night the players gathered to divine."

This version of Tasholiwe is an attempt to combine features of the game as played by many tribes, in many forms, into one coherent game under the 'guise' of being the Anasazi version. It is only a guess -- it has characteristics of all of them, but exactly matches none of them. But, it is a game that surely the Anasazi would recognize if not claim as their own. I have done the best I can.

Tasholiwe was played in the Americas anciently, certainly before Christ. Now it is here again in the present, recreated through the magic of electrons and phosphorus, for you to play. Welcome to a game of the ancient, and modern, Americans -- the Anasazi, the Navajo, the Apache, the Hopi, the Zuni, and now you!

How do you play?

Tasholiwe is a game of pure chance.

The equipment you use to play the game is very simple and you could easily gather the materials on your next camping trip if you want to play a 'physical' version. You might want to review the equipment used to play the game by jumping to the topic:

What about the equipment?

The rules for Tasholiwe depend on which play 'options' you choose -- but you needn't worry about memorizing the rules really since the computer enforces all rules automatically for you. To review the rules, please jump to:

What are the rules?

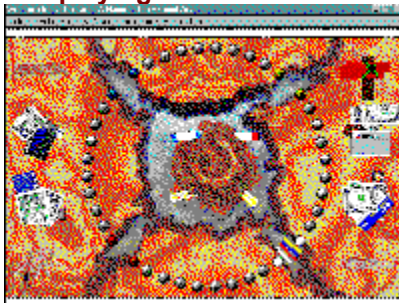


The 'new contest' window is the place where you tell the game just who is playing and what options to use in playing the game. I hope it is obvious how to use the top part of this window -- the check boxes let you mark who is in the game, and in the case of the hikers, name them with real names. The bottom part of the windows, where you turn on and off the various game options, requires a little more explanation. We will get to that shortly.

Tasholiwe is a race game. You win by completing a circuit of the 'board' before the other players. Simple right? Well, yes and no. The game has definite mythological and religious undertones that are interesting in themselves, but the rules in traveling this circuit also make the game quite interesting.

But don't 'PANIC!' This is a simple and fun game.

The playing surface . . .



Let's start with the 'board' or the playing surface. Tasholiwe was played under many different names by many different tribes but invariably (well, almost :-)) it was played on a 40 stone circle, surrounding a larger central stone, with 4 'gates', or rivers, that divided the stones into 4 sets of 10.

There are four gates:

A North (Yellow) gate.

A West (Blue) gate.

A South (Red) gate.

And an East (White) gate.

The colors are not arbitrary. They do have meaning (See the "[What are the Images](#)" section of this help file for more on this). By the way, if betting was involved in a particular game (and most of the time it was), the bets were placed under the central stone for safe keeping.

The dice . . .



The basic idea of the game is to throw your three stick dice against the central stone and move your 'horse' (or counter) around the circle of stones according to the throw value.

Each 'stick' has a red side and a black side. The number of black and red sides of a throw determines the count as follows:

- All three red sides up -- 10, and an extra throw of the dice!
- All three black sides up -- 5
- Two reds, one black -- 2
- Two black, one red -- 3

Don't worry. You don't have to remember the counts -- the computer knows them ;-)

Throwing the dice is easy to learn too -- it just takes a few tries to get used to it. The sticks are thrown against the central mountain by holding down the mouse button and dragging the cursor rapidly. Just



click on the green mini- dice (or anyplace, really), hold down the mouse button as you drag the icon 'sticks', aim towards the mountain, and let go of the button. The faster the drag, the harder the 'dice' hit the stone -- and it is customary to throw them as hard as you can. Actually in Tasholiwe, as played by the Zuni, a 'soft throw', or tats'o sho"a, is considered a foul, and ill-mannered.* The length of the throw determines how many 'pseudo-random' numbers are advanced in the sequence -- if you are good, and have ESP, you can get exactly what you want here.

The horses . . .



Each player has only one 'horse' -- you don't have multiple 'markers' to worry about like in checkers, backgammon, etc. Traditionally, the 'horse' is not an elaborate, carved piece, but really just anything found around the game area -- a piece of wood, a straw, etc. We use a simple, colored line to represent each piece, in keeping with this tradition. Remember that in Tasholiwe, the horses mean nothing really, it is the dice that are important -- it is the dice that are 'lucky', not the horses.

There are always 4 players playing Tasholiwe . . . in this electronic version anyway. In real life the game could be played by 2, 3, 4 or more players, or even between teams of players, but 4 players was the usual number and that is what is used here to give you an authentic playing game.

There are seven possible players in any game -- three Anasazi and four hikers. The three Anasazi --

Thunder-from-the-Mountain, White-Bird, and Little-Bat -- are played by the computer; the four hikers are played by people -- you or your friends. Before each Tasholiwe contest, a window will appear that lets you pick from among the 7 players the 4 who will play. Choose 4 hikers (you can type in their names too) and the game is on manual mode (e mano e mano -- man against man or maybe women). The computer always enforces the rules however. Choose any Shaman (or two or three, if you want) and the computer is in the game.

Have you got that? Don't worry, it is pretty easy to get started -- harder to 'explain' actually than to 'do'. OK, 4 players, 4 horses, a track, some dice, bets under the stone . . . what's to worry? Well, for one thing, who gets to go first? The 'first thrower' will have some advantage . . . right?

Who goes first? . . .

Well actually in Tasholiwe, the order of throws is 'fixed'. Yellow (North) goes first, Blue (East) goes next, Red (South) goes next, and last is East (White). But that begs the question doesn't it. OK, so who gets to play which color? Well, you have to 'duke it out' to find out. By this I mean you have to have a preliminary round of throws to see who gets to play North (Yellow) and throws first in the game, who plays West (Blue) and throws second, etc. It all proceeds just as you might expect. For instance, perhaps on the first round of throws, there is an obvious East (White) player who must throw last, but three have tied for North. Then of course those three must have a second throwing round to see who goes where. Or you might have easily decided who gets the 1 and 2 slot (North and West), but two players have to throw a 2nd round to decide the last two throwing slots, etc., etc. It may take several preliminary rounds of these kinds of throws to decide it all.

Demon Cast . . .

To save time and frustration, Tasholiwe just throws (entirely fairly) for all four players (whether they be Shaman or Hikers) in these preliminary rounds. It would have been much easier just to randomly assign a player to a direction, but it wouldn't have been authentic or nearly as much fun. So, to be true to how the game was (is) actually played, Tasholiwe does a Demon Cast that does just as you might expect -- uses as many preliminary throwing rounds as it takes to decide clear winners for the privilege of playing North, West, South, and finally East. What's the point? Well I guess that the Indians recognized that there is an advantage to throwing first, but I think you will agree after you play a few games that this advantage must be very slight -- 'water traps' and all that 'bumping' take care of reducing the advantage to what must be a small value. In any case, the Demon Casts are fun to watch -- you never know which 'color' you'll be playing in a contest when you go into it.

Whose turn is it? . . .

How do you know when it is your turn to throw the dice? Easy. You could just look at the 'Status' section of the menu bar that will say whose turn it is to throw, but to make things very, very easy, Tasholiwe places the dice over the picture of the player who is to throw the sticks. If the sticks are over your picture, its time for you to throw.

OK, so to review: In Tasholiwe, you have four players, each with a 'horse', who each take turns throwing the stick dice against a central stone (under which any bets have been placed) and moving their horses around the circuit of 40 stones. First one around wins. Simple. No, no not -that- simple. There were variations on how you moved around the circuit and what 'winning' entailed.

The game options . . .

Now, I could have just picked a couple of these 'variations' and 'fixed' them -- it would have been simpler. But no, not me ;-). No, I tried to give you options that would let you tailor your game to your liking. By using these 'options' you can span just about the entire range (maybe not all but probably 90%) of the differing ways various tribes played the game. It is a little more complicated this way, but if you will bear with me, I think you will be pleased.

OK now, don't PANIC! here, but as we've just discussed, at the start of each Tasholiwe contest, you have a chance to tailor the contest to a particular 'form' of Tasholiwe. You do this on another window that appears at the beginning of each contest. Below is a picture of the radio buttons that control these

options.



See how it is made up of 4 groups of radio buttons? You choose one button from each group to form a version of Tasholiwe. It's pretty simple really -- well, it will be after I explain what each group of buttons means ;-)

Where to start? . . .

Each player starts at their 'main gate' and proceeds around the circle. But where do you start? Where is this 'main gate'? In one kind of Tasholiwe, 'Race' Tasholiwe, all the counters start at the East gate (White), and thus each counter's main gate is the East Gate.

In the other form of Tasholiwe, 'Divinatory' Tasholiwe, the counters start at different gates -- the yellow counter starts at the yellow gate (North), the blue counter starts at the blue gate (West), etc., etc. By the way, 'Divinatory' is not meant to imply that this is exactly like some religious version of Tasholiwe, although Cushing (in Culin) describes such a version that does have the starting positions as noted here in our 'Divinatory' version.

OK, have you got that? There are two basic forms -- Race and Divinatory. Each has a unique starting configuration. You can see the radio button set that controls these options can't you?

OK now but which direction do the 'horses' move? Good question! Actually each of the two forms has a different answer for this -- I bet you saw this coming ;-)

In 'Race' Tasholiwe, you get to decide which direction -- clockwise, or counter-clockwise -- you want to move right before you make your first move away from the main gate. After that you have to stick to this one direction (Unless you get sent back to the main gate to start over. Then you can choose again . . . but more on this later).

In 'Divinatory' Tasholiwe, the directions of movement are -fixed-. Yellow and Blue (North and West) move Clockwise, Red and White (South and East) move Counter-clockwise. You don't get to choose in this form of the game.

Now don't get too worried about remembering all this because in our electronic version of Tasholiwe, you don't move the horses at all, the computer does. Why not? Since there is only one 'horse' to move for each player, it is easier just to have the computer move for you.**

You just concentrate on throwing the dice and being extremely lucky.

But you will, in Race Tasholiwe, have to tell which direction you want to move. You do this by clicking one of the two flashing arrows that will appear at the right time.**



All you do is click on one of them to indicate a direction when it is your turn to move from the starting gate (In race Tasholiwe that is – in Divinatory Tasholiwe you don't get a choice).

Water traps . . .

Now one more thing you have to decide on. In many of the games that fall in the Tasholiwe family, the rivers were 'traps' in that a counter falling into them was sent back to its main gate (The main gate is obviously a river too, but it was ignored for obvious reasons as a 'trap') to start over. You can choose this option if you like – it makes for a game with a lot of action (yes, frustration too!). But in other tribe's games, the rivers were just ordinary spaces – no punishment was given for falling in them. In fact, in these instances, when the horse fell into the river, it was simply said that the horse 'was resting' or the horse was 'taking a drink'.

In any case, you are given a chance to decide whether or not you want 'Water Traps' at the beginning of each Tasholiwe contest. I'm sure you can see the radio buttons that control these options. Having 'Water Traps' in the game lengthens the game time to some extent, although not an awfully lot.

Winning . . .

So how do you win? We'll the first one around the circle wins but it turns out to be a little more complicated than that (of course ;-). First of all, in some forms of Tasholiwe, in a form we call 'Once', the object was to make it around the circle and back to, or past, the starting gate. You didn't have to hit right on the gate. In the other form of Tasholiwe, what we call 'Going Around', you have to land exactly on the starting gate to win. If you go past, you must continue around again for another try.

You are given a chance to decide whether or not you want to play 'Once' or 'Going Around' at the beginning of each Tasholiwe contest. 'Once' provides the fastest game -- of course. 'Going around' lengthens the average game time by quite a bit.

See the note in the 'Betting . . .' section below for another way to win.

Betting? . . .

OK, now for the last option. Each player has four assets for betting. You can play Tasholiwe as a sudden death contest, where each player places all of their assets under the central stone (the pot). In this case, whoever wins the game wins the pot also and the contest is over.

Or

You can choose to 'bet' assets one at a time. By this we mean that you place one of your assets under the stone (in the pot), whoever wins the game wins the pot, but it leaves you with other assets to bet on the next round. In this case, a contest is a series of games that continues until only one player remains or until the last human player is eliminated from the game. You have to drop out of the game anytime you must place an asset into the pot (bet an asset) and cannot.

I'm sure you can see the option buttons that control the 'sudden death' or 'betting' options. The game times are much longer with 'Bet'ing on, as you can imagine, but this may be the most authentic way to play the game.

One note: You don't get to choose the assets or even which assets are bet at a given time. The computer has virtual assets for you and also a value assigned to each asset. It always bets the lowest value asset you have available – just like you would do in real-life. What kind of assets? The human players get watches, sticks of gum, credit cards, and money. The Shamen have arrowheads, beads, tools, and pendants – just what you'd expect.

Yet another note: If you have the shareware version of Tasholiwe -- verison 1.0s -- you won't be able to turn on the 'Bet' option. This is reserved for owners of the full registered version -- see the section of the help file 'Please consider registering . . .' for more information on registering.

A little review of the options . . .

OK, that does it as far as options. To review:

(1) You can choose to play 'Sudden Death,

or

'Bet' one asset at a time.

(2) You can choose to play in 'Once' mode so that winning occurs anytime a complete circuit is made, even if that circuit involves shooting past the main gate,

or

you can choose 'Going Around' mode in which a player wins only when they land exactly on the main gate (much harder to do).

(3) You can choose two different basic playing configuration – 'Race', in which all horses start at the East gate and get to choose their direction of circuit,

or

'Divinatory', where each horse has its own main gate and the direction of circuit is fixed.

(4) You can choose to have gates (rivers) other than a player's main gate act as traps in 'Water Traps?' that send the player landing there back to their main gate to start over again on the circuit.

Or

you can have these other gates act as regular positions with no 'trapping'.

Tired yet? Hang in there. We really are almost there.

Bumping . . .

OK, now to everyone's favorite topic – 'Bumping'. Only one 'horse' can occupy a given position on the circuit (except in the case of the main gate in the Race form of Tasholiwe). In all versions of Tasholiwe that I know about, when one horse happens to land on another horse it bumps the first 'horse' back to its main gate to start over. In addition, if you happen to be playing the 'Bet' form of Tasholiwe, when you bump someone back you also win their 'bet' under the central stone, and they must place another asset under it to continue playing. In the 'SuddenDeath' form, bumping a player back does only that, it does not eliminate them from the game by taking their assets.

Bumping is fun, bumping is good – unless you are the one being bumped ;-)

One note: Bumping provides an additional way to win at Tasholiwe when 'Bet'ting is turned on. Basically, all you have to do is keep robbing your opponents of their asset by bumping them 'back to the stone age'.

In conclusion . . .

If you want some more guidance on how to play, make sure you run the Tutorial in the 'Help' menu option -- it lays out things pretty clearly. Of course, the best way to learn is just to jump in and try a few games -- Tasholiwe isn't breakable, at least it is not supposed to be, so don't be afraid to experiment.

I hope you enjoy your electronic Tasholiwe game. Perhaps it doesn't have the shoot'em up 'pizzazz' of the latest 3D role playing wonder, nor the intellectual stimulation of a fine strategy game, but it was played and enjoyed by millions of ancient American people -- there must be something to it. It was, and I guess

still is, part of the fabric of a culture; a source of pleasure, a record of mythology, a tool of divination, and instrument of rainmaking. Can you say as much about 'Quake', 'Doom', or 'EarthSiege 2'? ;-) I didn't think so.

*Note: In the Navajo version of Tasholiwe -- tsidil -- the dice are thrown violently against the central stone. Culin quotes Dr. Washington Matthews (see Culin p. 94) as follows:

"The principle implements are three sticks which are thrown violently, ends down, on a flat stone around the which the gamblers sit. The sticks rebound so well that they would fly far away were not a blanket stretched overhead to throw them back to the players."

**Note: The one exception is that if you throw a '10' you will fall into the water no matter which way you move. So to save time in this situation, Tasholiwe just randomly picks a direction for you to move, moves the piece (it naturally falls into the water), and you end-up back where you started having, in effect, forfeited your turn. Dang! Yes, it is a cruel world isn't it? ;-)

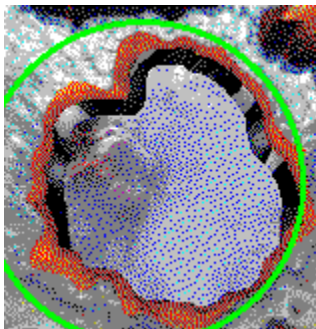
What about the equipment?

The equipment for Tasholiwe is very simple:



- (1) A **large central stone** upon which to strike the stick-dice and cover the bets
- (2) **40 smaller stones** to mark the 'circuit', placed in four groups of ten, with four 'gate posts' or gaps at the cardinal directions, around a circle about a little more than 2 feet in diameter.
- (3) **Three 'stick dice'** -- flat wood, about 1/4" thick, 1 1/2 " wide, and 4 1/2 " long, painted red on one side, black on the other*. These dice are thrown against the central stone, to yield the following counts:
 - **All three red sides up -- 10, and an extra throw of the dice!**
 - **All three black sides up -- 5**
 - **Two reds, one black -- 2**
 - **Two black, one red -- 3**

Each player selects a **counter** -- usually a stick or straw about 3 " long, but anything will do. The counters are not important to the game and only mark a player's position on the circuit -- again, anything will do. The most important pieces of equipment are the dice -- the dice are 'lucky', not the counters or horses. The dice in Indian History are often exquisitely painted and decorated, the counters (horses) are most often whatever can be found on the ground at the playing site.**



The 'central stone' in our case is really the 'central mountain'. In legend, the mountain held a hole or cave that allowed the people of this world to flee from the underworld which was filling with wickedness (Hopi legend) or rapidly flooding (Navajo legend). During the game (when the bets are placed) the top of the mountain will be briefly removed so that you can peer into this fabled lower world.

*Note: These are the dimensions of the dice per Dennis Tedlock's Introduction to Culin. There are other examples in Culin that match them, but mostly, the stick-dice found documented in Culin are conventional stick dice. By 'conventional' I mean much like those found throughout the ancient world that were made by spitting a short section of branch down the middle to form two dice, each with a flat (inner, white) side and a rounded (outer, bark color) side. Many of these were richly decorated.

**Note: Culin makes it clear, p. 45, that methods of 'counting' in Indian games divided the games into two forms -- (1) those games which used counters, usually about 100, that were passed from hand to hand to keep score, and (2) those games played on a counting board. In the former case, permanent, more elaborate, counters were the norm, in the latter, small sticks or straw were used -- nothing very fancy. Tasholiwe is of the latter type of game.

What are the rules?

Note: These rules are based on Dennis Tedlock's description (in his introduction to the latest printing of Culin's 'Games of the North American Indians') of Zuni Tasholiwe as played by Andrew Peynetsa. I have then added variations from the many descriptions Culin gives of the versions of this game as played by many, many different tribes.

The 'rules' depend on which options you choose. However, in every form of Tasholiwe you can play here three aspects are constant -- a preliminary round of casting, the value of the dice throws, and 'bumping'.

The preliminary round of throws:

To begin the game, a preliminary round of throws is used (all taken care of by the 'Demon Cast') to decide which player gets to go 1st, 2nd, and so on. In every Tasholiwe contest, North throws first, West 2nd, South 3rd, and East 4th. The preliminary round thus determines who occupies these positions.

The Value of the Dice:

A player advances his or her horse the number of spaces as indicated by the 'sticks'. For instance, if a player threw a '2', that player would advance (actually all moving of the pieces is done automatically by the computer) the horse two stones, and would set the horse down between the 2nd and 3rd Stones from its original position. The throw values are as follows:

All **three red** sides up -- **10, and an extra throw of the dice!**

All **three black** sides up -- **5**

Two reds, one black -- **2**

Two black, one red -- **3**

Bumping:

If a player's horse lands on a spot occupied by another player's horse, the latter's horse is removed back to the Chief-Watering-Hole -- dang! -- to begin all over again. Since the person 'bumped' is starting over, they must choose on their next move whether to start clockwise or counterclockwise around the circle.

As far as where you start on the board and which direction you move, there are two options -- Race Tasholiwe, and Divinatory Tasholiwe.

Starting and Moving:

In Race Tasholiwe, the horses all begin at the East gate. Players can move their horses 'Clockwise' or 'Counterclockwise' as they think best on their first move in a game, but once decided, cannot reverse that direction (unless they have to start over again -- see below). Thus in a game of four people, at any given time some may be going clockwise, and some may be going counterclockwise around the circle. But then again, you just may end up all going the same direction . . . it's up to each player to decide when he or she makes that first move on the circuit.

In Divinatory Tasholiwe, each player begins at the gate that represents their position -- North at the north gate, West at the west gate, etc. **North** and **West**, always move **Clockwise** around the stones, **South** and **East** always move **Counterclockwise** -- you don't get to choose as in the Race form of Tasholiwe.

Winning:

How you win depends on which set of rules you choose.

You can choose to play the 'Once' form of Tasholiwe, where you win by completing the circuit and landing on or beyond your main gate.

or

You can choose to play the 'Going Around' for of Tasholiwe, where you win by landing **exactly** back at your main gate -- go beyond, though, and you must continue around for another try.

One note: There is another way of winning, when betting is used, as noted in the 'Betting' section below. That is simply to 'bump' the other players back repeatedly and gain their assets under the central stone. When a player no longer has any assets to bet and must bet, he or she is out of the game. You win by default if you are the last player 'standing' under these rules.

Water Traps:

You can choose to have 'Water Traps' in your Tasholiwe or not. If you choose 'Water Traps', when a player's horse lands in one of the 'rivers' (other than the Chief-Watering-Hole, of course), the horse, has 'fallen into the river' and must be removed back to the Chief-Watering-Hole, to begin again, and to lose any accrued extra throws* -- Dang!! If you do not choose 'Water Traps', a horse falling into a river is merely 'resting' or 'taking a drink' and suffers no ill-effects -- a river is the same as any other position on the board.

Betting:

You can choose 'Sudden Death' or 'Bet' forms of Tasholiwe. In 'Sudden Death', each of the four players places all of their assets under the central stone. You win, you win the pot, all the assets, and the contest is over.

But

If you choose to 'Bet', each player places only one of their assets under the central stone. The person who wins, wins the pot, but the contest continues as a series of games until only one player remains (holding all of the assets). So if four start to play, eventually there will be only three, then two, and then only one -- play continues until a winner is decided. A player must leave the game when he or she must bet and asset (place it under the central stone) and cannot -- last one in the contest wins! One other thing. In this form, if you are bumped, you must give up your asset under the central stone to the player bumping you. You then must place another asset to replace it under the central stone -- Ouch!

*Note: If you throw a '10' while you are at the starting gate, you will obviously fall into the water when you move your piece. In effect, then, you forfeit your turn -- Sorry. In some forms of Tasholiwe, the rule was that in this case the unfortunate player was to be given another turn at the dice. ;-) I guess I'm just not that nice.

You control the dice. . .!!

Let me just say, up front, right here: The Sticks are not rigged! 'Thunder-from-the-Mountain' is an honorable man and definitely no cheat. The computer logic *does not* 'mess with' the stick throws in any way. You roll'em and you weep -- just like in real life.

Then again, you, the human player, actually have full control over the Sticks. But we had to provide that capability for you. Let me explain:

Tasholiwe uses a random number generator to obtain 'random' throws of the Sticks. Random number generators use a 'seed' number to get them started and then a complicated algorithm to generate a sequence of random numbers. These are often called 'pseudo-random' numbers because given the seed number, the same sequence of 'random' numbers will always be generated. Also, the algorithm eventually loops back on itself so that you'll start over generating the same numbers in the same sequence again at some point. This is called the 'period' of the random number generating algorithm. A typical period may be in the 40,000 range, so you have to go through a lot of random numbers before you loop back on yourself.

Okay, sorry about the dry, overly complicated explanation above, but here's why we went through it:

Tasholiwe uses a random seed number. In other words, each time you start up Tasholiwe, it uses a random seed number to 'seed' the algorithm, and thus you should never really notice the same sequence of throws -- unless you watch and correlate for a long, long time.

This means that the sequence of throws generated from Tasholiwe is as random as possible.

Now I personally believe that one random number is as good as the next, but you may not. You may be uncomfortable with just accepting the next 'random' throw that Tasholiwe generates as YOUR throw. After all, you are the thrower of the sticks, right?

Good News here! Tasholiwe has been programmed to let you have that control.

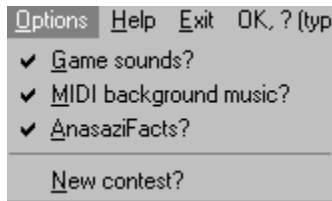
In our electronic version of Tasholiwe the sticks are thrown against the central rock by holding down the mouse button and dragging the cursor rapidly towards the central stone. The faster the drag, the harder the 'dice' hit the stone, but the length of the throw (or the path the dice takes) determines how many 'pseudo-random' numbers are advanced in the sequence. If you are good, and have ESP, you can get exactly what you want here because Tasholiwe uses the random number from wherever it stopped in the 'dragging' process as the throw amount.

Bottom line: You actually have as much control over the 'dice' as you would in real life.

If you are blessed with ESP, or are just an extremely lucky person, you can really make a killing.

What do the items on the menu do?

The menu is simple.



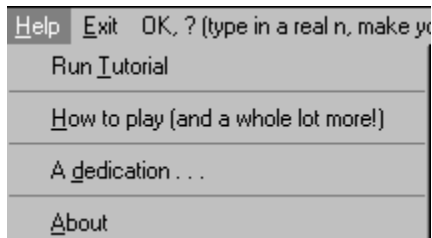
If you want to 'Exit' the game click on 'Exit'. This is the normal way of exiting the game, but you can hit the 'Esc' key, the Boss-key, if you wish to bypass the farewell screen.

The Options menu lets you control whether the midi background music or game sounds play. You can also turn-on or turn-off the Anasazi facts from here.

Clicking on 'New Contest' brings up the new contest screen anytime you want to start again (I know a person such as you will not abuse this feature ;-)

By the way, there isn't a separate 'play computer?' option because this is all decided when you fill out the 'new contest' window. If you have chosen to play against any Shaman, the computer is in the game, otherwise, it sits in the background and merely enforces the rules.

The 'Help' item lets you bring up this help screen, or run the tutorial, etc.



The Tasho.ini file . . .

Tasholiwe uses the information in the TASHO.INI file in the Windows directory to record information for start-up. This is one of two files that Tasholiwe creates automatically on your system (the other is the OLDGAME.SAV file that is used to allow you to resume an interrupted game). If you ever want to delete Tasholiwe from your system, you should also delete TASHO.INI in addition to the files in your Tasholiwe directory.

Of course, I'd think twice about deleting Tasholiwe from my system -- you wouldn't want to desecrate sacred ground a second time now would you? Besides, didn't Thunder-from-the-Mountain win your Swiss Army Officer's Watch the last time you played? The watch your sweetheart gave you for Christmas? . . . A-Huh, Yup -- you're in trouble all right my friend. You may survive three angry Anasazi shamen on your tail, but you had better win that treasured timepiece back before your 'significant other' finds out . . . ;-)

The Boss Keys . . .

I am sensitive to the fact that you might want to play Tasholiwe in private at times.

To that end if you hit the 'Esc' key or the Space-Bar key* anytime during play, Tasholiwe will instantly end and clear itself from the screen.

*Note: The one exception to the Space-Bar key being a 'boss' key is when the 'New Contest window is displayed. Since you need the space-bar to type in the hiker's names, it will not act as a boss-key when this window is active.

The Anasazifacts(tm) . . .

If the 'Anasazi Facts?' menu item is checked, every 2 or 3 minutes, interesting facts about the ancient Anasazi will appear over the game screen. All these 'facts' were mined from the references noted in the 'Credits' section of this help file. They only appear during a game while waiting for someone to throw the sticks, and they will disappear as soon as these 'dice' are thrown. Stop and read them once in a while.

These facts are intended to educate as well as entertain -- few people really know much about the Anasazi, beyond a fleeting acquaintance with their cliff-dwellings, even though the knowledge may be readily available at the local library. If you grow tired of this feature, simply un-check the 'Anasazi Facts?' menu item and they will no longer bother you.

Tips, Tricks, and Trouble Shooting . . .

I don't want to go through the 'The skeleton has turned its head . . . I guess I shouldn't have picked up that amulet . . .' prolog screen any more . . .

If you click on the prolog screen when it first comes up (or anytime really) you will quit the prolog and go right to the game.

I don't want to wait 8 seconds for the 'farewell' screen to disappear . . .

Sheesh! It's only 8 seconds! Okay, Okay. If you click on the 'farewell' screen it will immediately disappear and you will be out -- finished as it were.

I can't get the AnasaziFacts to show up . . .

First, make sure you have the AnasaziFacts menu option checked, otherwise you won't get any AnasaziFacts.

However, If you find that the AnasaziFacts menu option is 'grayed-out' then that's another matter. This means that Tasholiwe could not find the ANASAFAC.TXT file that holds all of the AnasaziFacts. The most likely cause of this is that ANASAFAC.TXT is not in the working directory, and let me tell you from personal experience, it's very easy in Windows to get yourself mixed up as to what the working directory is. Here's how you make sure that Tasholiwe is never mixed up about it.

1st: Activate the Tasholiwe icon by clicking on it once from Program Manager (This will highlight its title).

2nd: Choose 'File|Properties' from the Program Manager menu and make sure the Properties box for the Tasholiwe icon reads:

Command Line: Tasho.exe

Working Directory: C:\Tasho (or whatever is your directory)

3rd: Make sure that ANASAFAC.TXT exists in the C:\Tasho directory.

Do these three things, and everything should work fine.

I can't get any MIDI music to play . . .

You have to have a sound card that supports MIDI 'Extended' format to get the music to play -- 99.99% of them do.

First, make sure you have the 'MIDI background music?' menu option checked, otherwise you won't get any MIDI music.

Next, make sure it isn't a simple volume problem. Turn up the volume on the speakers and see if that helps at all.

Didn't help? Okay then maybe the relative sound volumes of the WAV and MIDI files are 'out of whack'. I've tried to set the relative volumes between the MIDI file and the WAV files at a good spot. Because of the maddening difference between the many sound cards out in the world, this might not be right for everyone. Look for and adjust your 'Mixer' application (it came with your sound card for sure), to adjust the relative volume of MIDI files upward a little to see if that helps.

Still not working? Dang! This calls for drastic measures. I hate to inform you of this, BUT, you are most likely suffering from what the MIDI people call 'The MIDI problem from Hell!' (their words, not mine). Not to worry though -- here's what to do:

Since Tasho1.MID and Tasho2.Mid are in extended MIDI format you have to make sure that channels 1 - 10 are active. Go to the Windows Control Panel, MIDI mapper section, and choose edit on your MIDI mapper. Then make sure that channels 1 through 10 are active. If one of these channels (that hold the extended MIDI sequences) is not active, then you are essentially mapping that sequence into 'oblivion'.

How to contact the author . . .

If you have comments or suggestions, you can contact me by E-Mail at any of:

psneeley@bigfoot.com

psneeley@vii.com

psneeley@compuserve.com

or by mail to:

**P. S. Neeley
248 W. 3325 N.
North Ogden, UT 84414**

You might also drop by my homepage if you'd like to see more of these ancient games:

<http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/PSNeeley>

Credits (or where did all this stuff come from anyway)



Tasholiwe was written in Microsoft's Visual Basic for Windows 3.0.

All the background information, the raw materials for the images, and the AnasaziFacts(tm), came from the following sources (all 'mined' at the local Library, or purchased right on the 'net' at <http://www.amazon.com> or at <http://www.books.com>):

"Enemy Ancestors -- The Anasazi World with a Guide to Sites" by Gary Matlock and Scott Warren, NorthLand Publishing, 1991.

"The Anasazi -- Ancient Indian People of the American Southwest" by J. J. Brody, Rizzoli International Publications, 1990.

"Gambler Way -- Indian Gaming in Mythology, History, and Archaeology in North American" by Kathryn Gabriel, Johnson Books, 1996.

"Board and Table Games from Many Civilizations" by R.C Bell, Dover, 1979.

"In Search Of The Old Ones -- Exploring the Anasazi World Of The SouthWest" by David Roberts, Simon and Schuster, 1996.

"Indian Oratory -- Famous Speeches by noted Indian Chieftains" compiled by W.C. Vanderwerth, University of Oklahoma Press, 1971.

"Anasazi -- Ancient People of the Rock" by Donald G. Pike, David Muench, and Adam Clark Vroman, American West Publishing Company, 1974.

"The Anasazi" by Eleanor H. Ayer, Walker and Company, 1993.

"Games Of The North American Indians -- Volumes 1 and 2" by Stewart Culin, University of Nebraska Press, 1992.

"The Fourth World of the Hopis -- The Epic Story of the Hopi Indians as Preserved in Their Legends and Traditions" by Harold Courlander, University of New Mexico Press, 1971.

"Sacred Land, Sacred View -- Navajo Perceptions of the Four Corners Region" by Robert S. McPherson, Brigham Young University, 1992.T

"The Beautiful and the Dangerous -- Dialogues with the Zuni Indians" by Barbara Tedlock, Viking, 1992.

"Understanding the Anasazi of Mesa Verde and Hovenweep" edited by David Grant Noble, Ancient City Press, 1985.

"Anasazi World" by Dewitt Jones and Linda S. Cordell, Graphic Arts Center Publishing Company, 1985.

"The Exploration of the Colorado River and its Canyons", by J.W. Powell, Dover reprint of the 1895 edition.

I was very lucky to get a copy of the latest printing of Culin's work because Dennis Tedlock, in his Introduction, describes in great detail the game of Tasholiwe as taught him by Andrew Peynetsa of the Zuni. I have used his description as the underlying basis of what you play here.

All these good people and their books have been my 'teachers of things Anasazi' -- I have tried to learn well. Any errors are, of course, my own.

Beauty and Art were breathed into this game through superlative tools -- my Microtek-II HR scanner, Adobe PhotoShop 4.0, Kai Power Tools 3.0, Andromeda series I filters, Paint Shop Pro v3.0, and Bryce 2. Some extremely smart people made these tools to empower the 'artistically challenged' of the world (like me) to create something worthwhile in spite of 'handicaps'.

All of the icons used here (some of which were subsequently converted to BMP files) were created using IconWorks -- an application furnished with Visual Basic.

This Help file was written with the aid of Teletech System's VB HelpWriter v3.0

A number of the game sounds in this game are some of the sounds from those 'collected' over the years from various BBSs and On-Line services. The rest of the sounds were recorded using the Microsoft Windows Sound Recorder Applet and my trusty Radio Shack microphone.

Tasho1.Mid and Tasho2.Mid are extremely beautiful pieces from Java Beat's wonderful collection of MIDI music. We assume that the ancient Anasazi used drums, but we know they had the flute. Both of these pieces represent music that has a primal, Indian flavor, with drums and lots of flute, but of course they probably in no way represent the real music of any Anasazi musicians.

The knowledge and interest in Mathematics and programming are due to my father Pat's influence and the fine education I received from the many Math and Science teachers and professors who taught so very well (obligating a debt I can never repay).

The time to complete this programming project was largely 'stolen' during the late evening and wee morning hours when more normal people would be asleep. However, inevitably, some of the time was donated by my wife, Barbara and my children, Jon, Melissa, Christie, Patrick, Nick, and James. Some day they may come to understand that while other fathers were tinkering with the family car, mowing the lawn, doing woodwork in the garage, etc. -- tending to normal business -- their father, high in the dark castle tower, and bathed in the soft glow of the electron's fire, was practicing modern-day sorcery. For he was building something that would never really grow old and decay, that could be copied exactly many times with almost no effort, that could be used and enjoyed by many, many people at the same time, and that could be scattered on the electronic winds to the ends of the Earth. Yet, this something was made out of nothing but an idea, diagrams in the air, and glowing bits of phosphorus. Can there be anything more magic than that?

Epilog . . .



In an instant you are back in the cleft of the Water Pocket Fold, standing over the skeleton with the amulet in your hand. It is still late afternoon, as if time itself had stopped. A glance at your watch confirms that your 'vision' has taken no time at all. The sun beats down, the rock surrounds you again, the blue sky peeks in from above. Yet for you the world has changed forever. You sit for a while, weak from your experience, turning the amulet over and over in your hand. It too has changed. Changed to something much more precious than even jade. You know now you cannot keep it, for it belongs here on sacred ground.

Laying the amulet carefully next to the skeleton you speak almost in a whisper, "I am not a Holy man as you are my friend. You may yet need this to help your people."

With that you rise and stride down out of the labyrinth towards the blue waters of the distant lake. But as you walk, the spirit of Thunder-from-the-Mountain whispers in your ears:

"Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as a friend with friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We shall see. . ."

*Note: The words in blue above are the words of Chief Seattle of the Suquamish and Duwamish tribes, taken from one of his speeches, one of the most eloquent and moving speeches ever given (see Vanderwerth p.117 - 122). Chief Seattle was born about 1786 and died June, 7 1866.

A Note From the Author . . .

I worry a little about this game – for two reasons:

(1) A few Pueblo and Navajo Indians may feel that it ‘treads on sacred ground’ – the very thing that the hiker is accused of by the Anasazi Shaman in the Prolog.

(2) Others may not like it because of its setting – Lake Powell – whose very existence angers them and who feel that visitors there are in effect ‘water skiing in a Cathedral’ – a cathedral of nature that should have been left ‘unspoiled’ and remote.

I can’t agree with either viewpoint.

To point (2), the ‘Lake Powell’ question, I must admit that it has been a magical place for my family, one that added immensely to our lives. But then again I am the son of a fine engineer, surveyor, and developer, who is the son of a prominent dam engineer, and both of these men, just as Chief Joseph accuses in one of the ‘farewell’ verses, epitomize the white man in that “[They were like grizzly bears . . . and would change the rivers and mountains if they did not suit them.](#)” In my defense, let me say that we have always tried to ‘tread lightly’ on the shores of the lake when we have visited. We haven’t defaced any petroglyphs, spray-painted ‘Kilroy was here’ on any walls, raided any ruins, or for that matter, left any litter along its shores – we’ve pretty well cleaned-up after ourselves, leaving only our footprints in the sand. But we -have- looked for arrow points lying on the ground, and treasured those we’ve have found – just as modern-day Navajo and Pueblos must do. Why? As my father often says: “The factory that made them has gone out of business!” ;-)

As to the first point -- ‘treading on sacred ground’ – I ask that you please remember that I have made this game because I care about these people of long ago, their joys, their sorrows, and I feel the importance of their lives. This is my way of remembering them and preserving their memory for others in the virtual world of the future. But then again, I can’t apologize for this. I ask you: Who says I have no right or authority to create a virtual object of beauty and power such as this game? Do you -really- believe that I did this on my own? No, I believe the Shaman is there . . . up there somewhere . . . lying where he was buried by the hand of God, and surely you must realize the awesome power for good, or evil, such a burial must hold. For did he not sing to me? Yes, I heard his song, and I caution the scoffer or critic to remember:

[“The dead are not powerless.”](#)

What are the Images?



The Tasholiwe icon is the pictograph named by hikers 'The All American Man', because of its Red, White, and Blue motif. It is found painted on the walls of the canyon at Utah's Salt Creek.

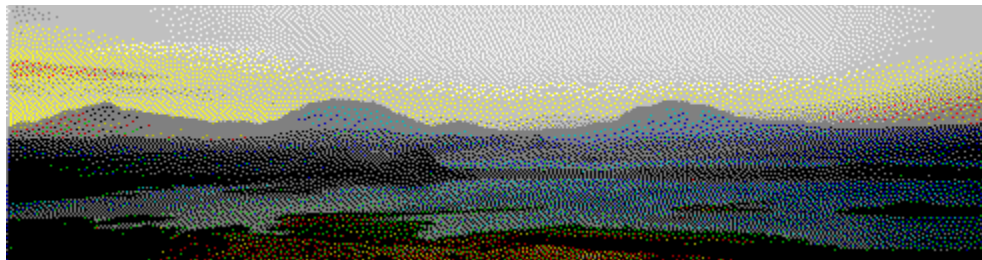
Each of the Tasholiwe screens has the same simple, yet beautiful, top and bottom border. This is the 'dot-strip-dagger' motif (see Roberts p.137) of the famed and mysterious 'Moon House' ruin of Utah's Cedar Mesa, and is, of course, absolutely authentic Anasazi. The border was created with PhotoShop 4.0



I hope the 'Splash' screen evokes the feeling of 'layered worlds' -- OK, well at least that was the goal. In Hopi legend, this world we live on is the fourth world to which they escaped, from the third world layered below us, while fleeing evil and searching for a good life in a promised land (The Tasholiwe playing surface mimics this legendary emergence -- more on this below). Other tribes, especially all of the Pueblo Indians, believe much the same. For instance, the Navajos consider our world the fifth world in this same kind of 'layered' cosmos.

The lowest layer you see in the 'Splash' screen, the water, represents the third world. Why? Because in some Hopi legends, the people came not from below, but on boats over an ocean on a long water journey. Also, the Navajo believe that they escaped to this, the fifth world, through a hole in the ground, from a flooding fourth world.

The next layer up, the Anasazi ruins, represents the fourth world inhabited by the Anasazi of old.



Above this is a layer, in time rather than space, that represents the world of today. It is actually a picture of the landscape, from high on the Water Pocket Fold, facing the Henry Mountains to the East and Lake Powell's Hall's Creek arm below, at the same point that Thunder-from-the-Mountain stood 700 years before, and prayed for his people (see the prolog).

The upper layer, with the title, represents a possible Fifth World (or Sixth if you believe as the Navajo), entirely a figment of my imagination, but an extension of this 'layered world' cosmos, that will become clear when you see the 'Winning Screen'.

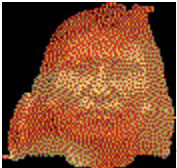
The kiva ladder symbolizes the 'climbing' and progression from one world to another.



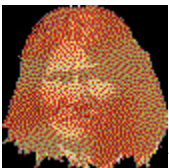
The face of the Shaman peers at you from the middle left of the screen. This is actually the image of Satanta, one of the greatest Kiowa Chieftains, who has been called the 'Orator of the Plains', from a picture owned by the Oklahoma Historical Society. Satanta was born about 1830 and died October 11, 1878. And **yes**, the Kiowa did play Tasholiwe, but only the women and girls (never the men or boys) under the name and form of *zohn ahl* (which means 'creek' 'wood') -- our electronic version of Tasholiwe incorporates some of their rules. Zohn ahl was more commonly known as 'the awl game' because the counters, 'horses', used were awls. This game was part of the famous Ghost Dance and ceremony. See Culin, p. 126, for more, but he presents part of the song, employed in the Ghost Dance as:

...
My comrade, my comrade,
Let us play the awl game,
Let us play the awl game,
Let us play the dice game,
Let us play the dice game,
...

While we are talking about the Shaman and his colleagues, lets introduce White-Bird and Little-Bat.



White-Bird's image is actually of Blackfoot, Chief of the Crows, who was born about 1795 and died in the fall of 1877, from a picture owned by the Bureau of American Ethnology.



You probably already recognize Little-Bat. Little-Bat's image is actually of Geronimo, Chief of the Apache, who was born in 1829 and died February 17, 1909, from a picture owned by the University of Oklahoma Library.

I've used PhotoShop 4.0 to combine the three Shaman images with sandstone to make suitable apparitions for the playing surface. Along the same lines, the entire 'Splash' screen was done in PhotoShop 4.0 and with Paint Shop Pro 3.0's incomparable palette optimizing features to preserve the essence of the 24 Million color original in just a few colors.



The lead-in sequence of the Shaman's skeleton was done in PhotoShop.



The Tasholiwe playing surface is not entirely authentic in a historical sense -- it has the same form to be sure, but historically the game was played with 40 ordinary stones, divided into 4 quadrants which in turn were separated by 4 gates, surrounding a large central stone under which the bets were placed, and upon which the stick dice were thrown -- Whew!, what a mouthful. In other words, it was not nearly as fancy as you see here. But in a legendary and symbolic sense, the playing surface, as shown, is very probably entirely authentic.* Many feel that the central stone represented the mountain within which was the place of emergence from the lower world.



This mountain was in the middle of a great lake with four rivers or canyons flowing from it -- represented by the four gates of the actual playing surface (the Hopi legend of a water crossing discussed above may represent the crossing of this lake). The forty stones represent the travels in this world that those coming from the lower world to this world must make. There are no 'colors' on the stones of Tasholiwe since the game is laid out on the ground according to the cardinal directions, but I have chosen to color the gates to provide this sense of direction. The colors are not random. I quote from Culin, p.214**:

"The chief, or master region (in Zuni dramaturgy), as well as the first, is the North, designated the Yellow; believed to be the source of breath, wind, or the element of air, and the place of winter; hence of violence or war, and therefore masculine.

The next, or second region is the West, designated the Blue; believed to be the source of moisture or the element of water and the place of spring, or renewal and fertility; hence of birth, and therefore feminine.

The next, or third, is the South, designated as the Red; believed to be the source of heat or the element fire, and the place of summer, of growth and productivity; hence of fostering, and likewise feminine.

The last, or fourth of the earthly regions represented in the ordinary sheaf of arrows and in the game, is the East; designated the White, and believed to be the source of seeds and the element of earth, and the place of autumn, of new years, and hence of creation; therefore masculine again."

The surface itself was done in Bryce 2; the stones with PhotoShop 4.0.



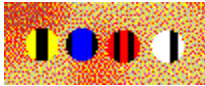
The dice were fashioned in PhotoShop 4.0 according to the description in Dennis Tedlock's Introduction to Culin. In some versions of the game there were four dice, in others three. If you peruse Culin you will see many beautiful and varied versions of the dice and various descriptions of their meaning. In some dice, designs are apparent that Culin notes are stylizations of water bugs and spiders (Spider Women has a big part in Pueblo mythology and gambling) for instance. But for our simple dice, a quote from Colonel James Stevenson (See Culin, p. 221) might be appropriate:

"The colors of the wooden blocks or dice symbolize the two conditions of men: Red, light or wakefulness; black, darkness or sleep." (see the note at the bottom of this topic also)

The dice help the players 'see' whose turn it is since they appear over the player's picture when it is time for that player to throw the sticks. The pattern they appear in approximates the pattern used in throwing sticks in the divinatory form of Tasholiwe. In this case the 'sender' stick, the stick representing the direction of the player throwing the dice (there are four dice in this form of Tasholiwe, each representing a direction) is held between the forefinger and ring finger, with the remaining dice on top of this 'sender', trapped with the thumb against the palm, pointing at the central stone. See the picture taken from Culin, p. 216 below:



Since we have only two types of dice here, red and black, I have at least made sure that the sender in the case of the masculine directions (North and East) is black, and in the sender, in the case of the feminine directions (West and South), is red.



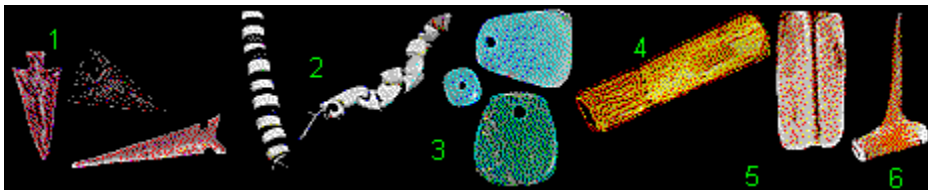
When a player is 'bumped' by another, or falls into the water, his or her 'horse' changes to a small circle decorated with distinctive bands of color, as it hurries back to its starting place.

These bands are those given by Culin as used on the fletchings of the arrows that represented each direction. Culin theorizes that the dice represent the shafts of arrows, and that probably actual arrows were used as the dice in the very most ancient versions of this game.



Thunder-from-the-Mountain's amulet of the 'blue stone' people is actually fashioned after an Aztec amulet, which was probably made by the Mixtecs, but really could have been Toltec also. The Aztecs would have been too late for our prolog since their empire came to power in the late 1400's and early 1500s. The Toltecs would be perhaps too early -- the Toltecs fell in the late 1100's -- but then again, maybe the amulet was very old even before Thunder-from-the-Mountain acquired it. By the way, the discovery of such an amulet would be a sensational find, since many archaeologists expect a connection between the cultures of Mexico and the Anasazi, and some finds have been found at Chaco Canyon that confirm this. It may be that the Anasazi were the remotest northern part of the Toltec empire, perhaps right on the very northern most fringes of the travels of Toltec merchants.

The other, non-familiar 'assets' used to bet in the game are as follows:



They are: (1) arrowheads, (2) various Anasazi beads of shell and Jet, (3) Anasazi pendants, (4) a Anasazi cane tobacco pipe, (5) an arrow shaft straightener (made of stone), and (6) an arrow head flaking tool

(made from a deer antler).

The 'new contest' setup screen is made of two parts.

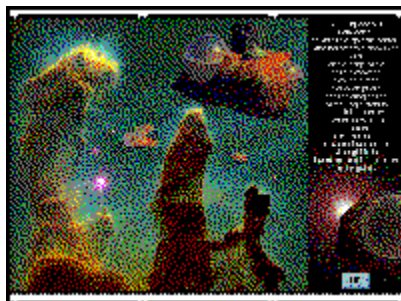


On the left is an image of the Shaman (Satanta) peering from 7000 light-years away in the Eagle Nebula (more on this below) through one of the T-shaped doorways found at Cliff-Palace in Mesa Verde. By the way, these T-shaped doors are taken to be evidence of a cultural connection between Mesa Verde and the ancient cultures of Mexico -- which is right in line with our Prolog that has Thunder-from-the-Mountain wearing a Toltec amulet.

On the right, where you choose which version of the game to play and denote who is playing, is an image of good ole' desert patina from Lake Powell -- one of the defining features of the cliff walls of the lake and surrounding country.



Out to the far right are the 'animals' that represent the Hikers. If your name is in the first text box, you are represented on the playing board by the spider. If the second, then you are the pollywog, and so on. You might think all this rather strange . . . ;-). . . but in Indian gambling legends, people often play against (or allied with) animals, insects, snakes, etc. In a way then, when you play this electronic version of Tasholiwe, you are playing out a legend and it would have been entirely natural to the Anasazi. I know what you are thinking -- you probably think I should have used cute little birds, chipmunks, rabbits, coyotes, etc. for the Hikers. I didn't, but doing that would have been appropriate since these often are in Indian gambling legends, but I chose perhaps less well known 'players'. The spider occurs throughout many Indian legends as Spider Grandmother. For the Anasazi (if their pueblo descendant's legends are used as a guide) Spider Grandmother was a benevolent being who helped mankind, guided their travels, and protected them from danger. The pollywog is maybe a whimsy on my part. I know of no Indian legends in which the pollywog plays a part but I'll be they're there. The pollywog is found in the canyon water pockets and holes throughout the Lake Powell area and I'd be surprised if the Anasazi did not use it in some of their legends. At certain times and places, a camper can hardly get to sleep because of the chirping of the toads. The caterpillar is found in Indian gambling legends, however; the centipede also. The centipede turns out to be a particularly nasty fellow in the legends in which he occurs, so watch that fourth Hiker ;-).



The winning screen is more than a little whimsy on my part -- forgive me ;-). Everyone wants to know what happened to the Anasazi (even though it seems clear that the Pueblo Indians are their descendants). OK, then I chose a 'whereabouts' for them. It is a kind of dream -- a white man's dream perhaps -- but a good dream, and since I wish the Anasazi well, the very best dream I can muster.

7000 light-years
 from earth,
 towards the galactic center,
 Anasazi asteroid clan-ships
 drift
 on the edge of the
 cosmic canyons,
 glowing buttes,
 hydrogen pillars,
 and radiating spires,
 of the Eagle Nebula
 -- a stellar nursery
 where new stars
 are born
 from the ashes
 of ancient ancestors,
 and take flight to join the
 hundreds of billions of stars
 of our galaxy.

The image is of Anasazi asteroid clan-ships (sandstone of course), deep in space, cruising the star canyons and pillars of the Eagle Nebula. The ships were done in Bryce 2, the lettering, lens reflection, etc., in PhotoShop 4.0. The image of the Eagle Nebula is the most famous image in Astronomy today, courtesy of Paul Scowen of Arizona State University, the Hubble Space Telescope, and NASA, as found on the Astronomy Picture of the Day web site: <http://antwrp.gsfc.nasa.gov/apod/astropix.html>

By the way, if you haven't made APOD your home page, or at least visit it regularly, you are missing some of the best of the Internet.



The 'Farewell' screen is a picture of a sunset at Lake Powell, from the east shore of Hall's creek bay, looking toward the sunset and the resting place of the Anasazi Shaman. In the sky, lined up as if on the converging walls of a canyon are Anasazi petroglyphs and pictographs -- On the left, (Basketmaker II) petroglyphs from the panel at Lower Butler Wash on the San Juan River, on the right, pictographs painted by the Anasazi at the Great Panel, in Grand Gulch, Utah. In the center, at the convergence of the 'Walls' stands the red pictograph of the 'Shaman' (variously known as the 'Shaman', 'Cleopatra', or 'Moki Queen'), from Utah's North Wash, which some believe actually is a representation of a Shaman. The words displayed over this image are those of Chief Joseph, chief of the Nez Perc'e Indians, whose Indian name really was was Thunder-traveling-over-the Mountains, from his famous, and extremely eloquent and moving speech given in Washington on January 14, 1879. The next topic gathers all of these 'farewell quotes' into one place for you.

*Note: A quote from Gabriel, p. 13: "The circuits on which the Navajo and Pueblos played stick-dice, for instance, were often circles of pebbles in the dirt, with a striking stone in the center. The stone symbolized the island through which the ancestors emerged from the underworld. The ring of pebbles, usually arranged in four groups of ten, represented the sacred mountains in the four directions, and inside the ring lay the great body of water that flowed through the breaks in the circle. Contenders struck the center stone with four sticks, black on one side for thunder, and red on the other for lightning. The very act put the players simultaneously in touch with their origin and their ultimate destiny. Just as the object of the Hindu dice game of *pachisi* is to enter the gates of heaven, the object of the Navajo stick-dice game is to return to the underworld through the place of emergence."

Also on p.88 she notes: "The Navajos say they ascended from a flooding underworld into this world through a hole in the ground. They emerged in a lake on a island bounded by high cliffs and sprawling plains. Blue body threw stones toward the four cardinal directions so that the water could drain away. While they waited for the ground to dry in order to walk to the mainland, the women erected a shelter of deerskin on four poles and beneath it played a game of three sticks, or *tsidi*, one of the four games they brought with them from the underworld. Similar dice games have since been traditionally played on a circuit symbolizing the emergence and the shape of the world."

****Note:** The Navajo would choose a different color scheme. McPherson writes (p. 15): "The heart and soul of the Navajo beliefs starts with the four sacred mountains. As the Din'e emerged from the four worlds below this one, they entered into a place devoid of form. First Man had brought soil from the mountains of the fourth world, and so he fashioned from it four replicas of those left below, mixed sacred matter in each, planted them in the cardinal directions, and breathed into them, to make them live and grow large.

In the east he put *Sisnaajinii*, or Blanca Peak, Colorado, placed in it white shell, covered it with daylight and dawn, fastened it to the ground with lightning, and assigned it the symbolic color of white. To the south went *Tsoodzit*, Mount Taylor, in which he place turquoise; he then covered it with blue sky, fastened it with a great stone knife, and gave it the color blue as its symbol. *Dook'o'ooshiid*, or the San Francisco Peaks, is the mountain of the west. Securing it to the ground with a sunbeam, First Man put abalone inside and covered it with yellow clouds and evening twilight, yellow being its color. Black is the color of *Dibe' Ntsaa*, or Hesperus Peak in Colorado, the mountain of the north. It is fastened by a rainbow, impregnated with jet, and covered with darkness."

Please Consider Registering . . .

There are two version of Tasholiwe – v1.0r and v1.0s. Version 1.0r is the full registered version, version 1.0s is the 256 color shareware version. Please consider registering. Tasholiwe v1.0s is not freeware, it's shareware.

If you want to continue to legally use this game, you must register after 21 days. To register, send \$15 to:

P. S. Neeley
248 W. 3325 N.
North Ogden, UT 84414 USA

I will send registered users the 256 color, registered version in the mail. The full registered verison has the 'bet' option enabled so that you can play the betting version of Tasholiwe. It also has a convenient 'Resume Game' capability that allows you to begin where you left off in longer games, as well as more sounds, and three times as many AnasaziFacts (tm).

With the Registered version you get:

- 'Bet' option enabled
- 'Resume Game' capability
- 3 times as many AnasaziFacts(tm)!
- More game sounds!

If you enjoy Tasholiwe at all, or have interest in the Anasazi, you'll want the registered version.

Where did the Anasazi go?

Well actually the answer isn't really an unknown at all. You've seen the 'Winning Screen' haven't you . . . ;-) Just kidding! There is little doubt that today's Pueblo Indians are the descendants of the Anasazi. In fact, through examination of their legends and lore, researchers can actually start to pinpoint which areas of the Anasazi lands a given pueblo's people came from.

The real questions are:

(1) Why did they leave?,

and

(2) Why did they build their cliff dwellings?

And the answer to (2) most probably leads to the answer to (1). It is easy to get the impression that the Anasazi always lived in dangerous, high, cliff dwellings, but this is far from the truth. Only near the end, nearing 1300 AD., did they build such dwellings and, if you take the whole of known Anasazi civilization, only for about 10% of their history. Why did they abandon their pit houses and pueblos on the mesas, to live in cramped cliff houses? The prolog presents many of the current thoughts on this subject:

Drought had come and on its heels, starvation, disease, and raiders from the north.

There may also have been economic disaster brought on by the always intermittent and little understood erosion and arroyo cutting in the life giving canyons:

And if these were not enough, the small stream in one of the canyons had become as a monster, devouring the earth as it ate downward and making the canyon floor useless and impassable.

Most intriguingly, the possibility is strong that a religious empire (perhaps based on the 'Kachina' movement) to the south (Chaco Canyon?) may have attracted many of them, causing a schism in the culture, doom-saying, paranoia, and a 'siege' mentality. There seems no doubt that they were scared -- but of what?

But now a more dangerous foe -- a dark and sinister prophet -- had arisen, a six-toed one, preaching of new ways, of strange things, and gathering forces around him to the southeast. Some of the snake clan people had left to join this evil one and others might soon try to follow. The people were confused and besieged on every side, and had even begun fighting among themselves -- village raiding village that in times past were friends. Many had begun to abandon the open villages and seek refuge in caves and clefts of stone, building precarious but defensible dwellings from the rock. Even now, as he stood alone against the skyline, the old man realized that above him and to the north a war party could be watching.

If you are interested in more of the current theories, as well as an adventurous introduction to responsibly exploring Anasazi ruins, you must read Robert's 'In Search of the Old Ones' -- go down to the Library or order it from www.amazon.com or www.books.com -- you will enjoy it I'm sure.

One thing you must realize is that this time -- the late 1200's -- was a time of great turmoil in history of the Americas. The mighty Toltec empire was destroyed, burned to the ground, in the late 1100's. Great migrations were taking place all over -- the Mexica, for instance were on the move southward, and one of those tribes, the Aztecs, founded Tenochtitlan in the middle of Lake Texcoco, which later became the center of their great empire; the Navajos and Shoshone also were moving from Canada downward, etc.,

etc. Bottom line: the Anasazi may have just been pushed out of the way, first into defensible Cliff dwellings, and then further south and east to the Pueblos. It is hard to say: There is evidence that in some cases abandonment of the cliff dwellings was very gradual, much as some towns become abandoned today -- first the young leave for more opportunity (jobs), the eventually the older people who stayed, die, and the town becomes a 'ghost town'. But in other cases, the abandonment seems swift, almost, or literally, overnight. There have been cases of 'mass-murders' found in Anasazi ruins -- perhaps from warfare, or perhaps a great schism caused civil strife, people were killed, and the survivors abandoned the place to escape the consequences (evil spirits, demons, etc.).

Interestingly, if you ask some of the Pueblo Indians, they would say that it was simply time for their ancestors to move on . . . since the time of emergence from the lower world it had been their lot in life to continually travel and migrate until they came to their present (Pueblo) lands in New Mexico and Arizona.

Now we get a little more controversial ;-). . . .

It may be that the Pueblo Indians are not the best people to ask about this. After all, as Roberts points out, there was the 'migration' around 1300, and the coming of the Spanish in the 1700's, that profoundly changed their culture. The Navajo may also have a valid claim on the Anasazi. Some Navajo claim the Anasazi as their own, others claim that their ancestors worked in servitude to them when they first came down from the North. The latter may be true. At least the Navajo, although unrelated to the Pueblos, seem to share many of their beliefs. Even though the Navajo were a much more nomadic people than the Anasazi, they may have lived in proximity to them long enough to have adopted much of their culture and custom.

Where do the Navajo think the Anasazi went?

Some Navajo believe that the Anasazi were destroyed because: they 'were a gifted people gone astray'; their rise came from 'supernatural help' and their fall came from 'profaning the sacred', 'improper behavior', 'displeasing the gods'. Some say that they were 'destroyed by a wind of fire' others say that they 'left to purify their lives and seek humility'. (see McPherson, p.96).

McPherson writes on p. 97:

"Whatever may have been the actual linkages, the Dine' believe that the Anasazi played an integral part in their early history. Moving through the underworlds to this world, they shared a common experience until the domineering. Destruction ensued, leaving the Dine' to ponder the vacant sites and scattered artifacts that dot the Anasazi lands. From these objects came lessons for proper behavior and a guide for living a harmonious daily life."

The 'farewell' quotes

The words displayed over the 'farewell' image of a Lake Powell sunset are those of Chief Joseph, chief of the Nez Perc'e Indians, whose Indian name really was Thunder-traveling-over-the Mountains, from his famous, extremely eloquent, and moving speech given in Washington on January 14, 1879, before congressmen, diplomats, and the press. This speech first appeared in the *North American Review* in the April 1979 issue under the title of 'An Indian's Views of Indian Affairs'.

Vanderweth writes (see Vanderwerth, p. 259):

"He was eloquent in pleading the cause of the Nez Pierces, telling of their need for a healthful place to live, their need for more food and medicine, and their right to be considered as equal to other citizens of the United States.

Joseph detailed the Nez Pierces' flight across the rugged mountains of Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana, and the victories his small group won over four different army generals, and then of the difficult decision to surrender in order to save his people further death and suffering."

I thought it would be good to collect the quotes all in one place for you to read. They are as follows:

"I will tell you all about our people, and then you can judge whether an Indian is a man or not . . . I will tell you in my way how the Indian sees things. The white man has more words to tell you how they look to him, but it does not require many words to speak the truth. What I have to say will come from my heart, and I will speak with a straight tongue. Ah-cum-kin-i-ma-hut (The Great Spirit) is looking at me, and will hear me."

"Our fathers gave us many laws, which they had learned from their fathers. These laws were good. They told us to treat all men as they treated us; that we should never be the first to break a bargain; that it was a disgrace to tell a lie; that we should speak only the truth; that it was a shame for one man to take from another his wife, or his property without paying for it."

"We were taught to believe that the Great Spirit sees and hears everything, and that he never forgets; that hereafter he will give every man a spirit-home according to his desserts: if he has been a good man, he will have a good home; if he has been a bad man, he will have a bad home. This I believe, and all my people believe the same."

"In order to have all people understand how much land we owned, by father planted poles around it and said: 'Inside is the home of my people -- the white man may take the land outside. Inside this boundary all our people were born. It circles around the graves of our fathers, and we will never give up these graves to any man.'"

"I did not want to come to this council, but I came hoping that we could save blood. The white man has no right to come here and take our country. We have never accepted any presents from the Government. Neither Lawyer nor any other chief had authority to sell this land. It has always belonged to my people. It came unclouded to them from our fathers, and we will defend this land as long as a drop of Indian blood warms the hearts of our men."

"My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold this country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home."

"A few years more, and the white man will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and your mother."

"I pressed my father's hand and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit land. I buried him in that beautiful valley of winding waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal."

"I learned then that we were but few, while the white men were many, and that we could not hold our own with them. We were like deer. They were like grizzly bears. We had a small country. Their country was large. We were contented to let things remain as the Great Spirit Chief made them. They were not; and would change the rivers and mountains if they did not suit them."

"We are all sprung from a women, although we are unlike in many things. We can not be made over again. You are as you were made, and as your were made you can remain. We are just as we were made by the Great Spirit, and you cannot change us; then why should children of one mother and one father quarrel -- why should one try to cheat the other? I do not believe that the Great Spirit Chief gave one kind of men the right to tell another kind of men what they must do."

"I said: 'War can be avoided, and ought to be avoided. I want no war. My people have always been the friends of the white man. Why are you in such a hurry? I can not get ready to move in thirty days. Our stock is scattered and the Snake River is very high. Let us wait until fall, then the river will be low. We want time to hunt up our stock and gather supplies for winter.' General Howard replied: 'If you let the time run over one day, the soldiers will be there to drive you on to the reservation, and all your cattle and horses outside of the reservation at that time will fall into the hands of the white man.'"

"I said in my heart that, rather than have war, I would give up my country. I would give up my father's grave. I would give up everything rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people."

"I deny that either my father or myself ever sold that land. It is still our land. It may never again be our home, but my father sleeps there, and I love it as I love my mother. I left there, hoping to avoid bloodshed."

"When an Indian fights, he only shoots to kill; but soldiers shoot at random. None of the soldiers were scalped. We do not believe in scalping, nor in killing wounded men. Soldiers do not kill many Indians unless they are wounded and left upon the battle field. Then they kill the Indians."

"In the fight with General Gibbon we lost fifty women and children and thirty fighting men. We remained long enough to bury our dead. The Nez Perc'es never make war on women and children; we could have killed a great many women and children while the war lasted, but we would feel ashamed to do so cowardly an act."

"On the way we captured one white man and two white women. We released them at the end of three days. They were treated kindly. The women were not insulted. Can the white soldiers tell me of one time when Indian women were taken prisoners, and held three days and then released without being insulted? Were the Nez Perc'es women who fell into the hands of General Howard's soldiers treated with as much respect? I deny that a Nez Perc'e was ever guilty of such a crime."

"I thought of my wife and children, who were no surrounded by soldiers, and I resolved to go to them or die. With a prayer in my mouth to the Great Spirit Chief who rules above, I dashed unarmed through the line of soldiers. It seemed to me that there were guns on every side, before and behind me. My clothes were cut to pieces and my horse wounded, but I was unhurt. As I reached the door of my lodge, my wife handed me my rifle, saying" 'Here's your gun. Fight!'"

"On the fifth day I went to General Miles and gave up my gun, and said: 'From where the sun now stands I will fight no more.' My people needed rest -- we wanted peace."

"I know that my race must change. We can not hold our own with the white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If a white man breaks the law, punish him also."

"Let me be a free man -- free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade, where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself -- I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty."

"Whenever the white man treats an Indian as they treat each other, then we while have no more wars. . . Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land, and send rain to wash out the bloody spots mad by brothers' hands from the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race are waiting and praying."

A Dedication . . .

The program is dedicated to the memory of Sophia Elizabeth Neeley . . .

My ties to the American Indian seem tenuous at best. The Utes, the Paiutes, and the Goshutes are familiar from their arrow points, their discarded grinding stones, and the occasional piece of wampum or shell bead, etc. that I've found along the way through the years. I know of the Anasazi from their ruins, which are found all over southern Utah, and from my visits to Mesa Verde. I have gazed upon Fremont, Paiute, and Goshute petroglyphs and pictographs that dot the Utah landscape, and pondered their meaning. But, that is as much as I can, or should, claim for myself.

Yet, I do have Indian ancestry -- distant, cloudy -- but still there. My Great, Great, Great Grandmother, Sophia Elizabeth Parsons Ketchum Neeley, was 'part-breed Cherokee' -- from genealogy records and family tradition most probably 1/4 Cherokee. She was born in 1815 at Sempronious, Cayuga County, New York. I know nothing of her childhood, but she and her husband, John Joseph Ketchum, joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (the Mormons). When the Prophet Joseph Smith died, and the church leadership was in dispute and disarray, her husband joined a splinter group (the Strangites). Yet Sophia refused to follow him and instead, somehow, made her way westward, probably alone, with her four children all the way to Winter Quarters. In the meantime, my Great, Great, Great Grandfather, Lewis Neeley and his wife, Elizabeth Miller Neeley, were persecuted, driven, and harried from Nauvoo, with the greater part of the saints, crossed the frozen Mississippi River in 1846, and made their way also to Winter Quarters. There Elizabeth died a few days after giving childbirth, of 'summer complaint', with the baby dying soon after.

A few months later, Lewis and Sophia were married.

They pooled their resources and their children (4 of hers, 5 of his) and in the Spring of 1850 made their way across the plains by wagon train to Salt Lake City, arriving in the fall of 1850. There they lived with their families in their wagons and tent until an adobe house could be built. Lewis and Sophia had six more children of their own -- the last, James Parley Neeley, being my Great, Great Grandfather.

She must have been a strong woman, no stranger to toil, trouble, and hardship, but always hopeful for the future -- a kind of enigma, a cipher, a paradox, for she was a Pioneer and an Indian, all at the same time.

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Blue Stone

This is a term that comes from Navajo legend and probably refers to the people to the south who had access to turquoise. I use it here to make a veiled reference to the Toltecs who also had access to turquoise and fine jade.

Demon Cast

'Demon Cast' has nothing to do with Demons. It is a 'hacker' term taken from the term for programs that do 'Demon Dialing' or dialing automatically numbers very fast without human intervention -- usually searching for access numbers to networks.

Here it simply means that Tasholiwe does the 'stick casting' very fast and automatically to determine the order of the players -- it saves lots of time and frustration.

Dine'

The name the Navajo call themselves. The term means 'The People'.

game of pure chance

OK, but that doesn't mean it isn't challenging. Dennis Tedlock (see Culin, The Introduction, pp. 23 -24) notes the paradox of calling Tasholiwe a game of chance as follows:

"There are two paradoxes in this game, and in many others like it. We might call it a 'game of chance,' which is what Culin calls similar games in this book, but that expresses the point of view of an observer. Meanwhile, the participants constantly think in terms of strategy, pitting their wishes against chance in momentary acts of magic, which is what we all find ourselves doing when we throw dice.

The second paradox of the Zuni game of wooden dice is that, technically, it is not what Culin calls a 'game of dexterity', and yet the players do try slightly different ways of handling the sticks, as if they could influence the outcome of a throw. At the same time, if anyone were to go so far as to avoid bouncing the sticks and instead let them fall off the cover stone with the red sides up, another player would say, 'It's a soft throw,' and it wouldn't count. So if there is any dexterity here, it must remain on the side of magic, just as the strategic calling out of numbers does. Here again the Zuni game seems quite familiar."

Ghost Dance

During a January 1889 eclipse, as a monster began devouring the sun, and while other Indians shot their guns at the monster to kill it, a 33 year old Nevada Paiute, Wovoka, fell into a trance. In the trance he as transported to another world where all of the Indian's ancestors lived in happiness, hunting and fishing, as of old. The Great Spirit told Wovoka to return to his people and tell them they must live in peace with the whites and not to lie, steal, or cause war. If they did this, they would be re-united with their friends in this other world. Wovoka was to take back a dance that would bring this reunion about. The dance was done over 5 days and on each day the participants sang songs to bring about changes in the weather --- rain, clouds, sun, snow, hard rain, etc. Wovoka taught the dance to his people and soon it spread like wild-fire to all the Indian nations. A tragic outcome of this dance was the Wounded Knee massacre, where the ghost dance was confused with a war dance, and soldiers badly overreacted to an accidental gun-shot, causing the senseless death of hundreds of Sioux men, women and children. In another tragic incident, Sitting Bull was killed during an attempted arrest by the U.S. military who were arresting Indians known to participate in the dance. See Gabriel p.66

Holy Man's Staff

The Anasazi did use ceremonial staffs. See Roberts, p. 169

I guess it would be too far a stretch to note that one of the defining characteristics of Aztec traveling merchants were their distinctive staffs.

Little-Bat

Little-Bat is a name I just made up ;-) after all the little bats that fly about Lake Powell's shores in the evening -- it seemed like a likely name for an Anasazi living in the area.

Prayer Stick

Prayer Sticks are ceremonial objects -- carved sticks and feathers -- that are given as marks of respect and reverence. They are and were used by all the Pueblo people, including the Anasazi, and appear throughout their legends. The term for 'prayer stick' in Hopi is PAH-ho.

For example, in the Hopi legend of 'Tokonave: The Snake and Horn People' (Courlander, p. 82), the son of the kikmongwi (the village chief) is to take a long journey in a canoe down the Colorado River to the sea. They make prayer sticks for the journey:

"Tonight," the kikmongwi said, "we shall make pahos for you to take on the journey and tomorrow we begin". That night the kikimongwi sat near the fireplace in his kiva making prayer sticks, and in the house his mother and sister prepared tushi, a meal of baked corn, and piki for the young man to carry with him.

When the young man reaches the sea, the pahos are given to Spider Grandmother and then later, as the story unfolds, to the kikimongwi of the Snake People. Each time the pahos are accepted with thanks, and reverence, and as a sign of the young man's good intentions.

Pueblo Indian

The Pueblo Indians are living in 20 some odd Pueblos in New Mexico and Arizona. They speak languages from four major languages -- Tanoan, Keresan, Uto-Aztecan, and Zuni. Each village speaks a different dialect and pueblos right next to one another may speak entirely different languages. Zuni, for instance, is unrelated to any language in the world and may be a 'creole' language. Yet, the Hopi speak a language related to Ute, Shoshone, Navajo, and ancient Aztec Nahuatl.

Rock Roamers

This term comes right from Powell's writings. As he talked to the Indians, some miles down river from where our Shaman lived centuries earlier, they told him of legends of the Rock-Rovers . . .

Major John W. Powell, September 12, 1869:

"Sitting in camp this evening, Chua'ruumpeak, the chief of the Kai'vavits, who is one of our party, tells us there is a tradition among the tribes of this country that many years ago a great light was seen somewhere in this region by the Paru'shapats, who lived to the southwest, and that they supposed it to be a signal kindled to warn them of the approach of the Navajos, who lived beyond the Colorado River to the east. Then other signal fires were kindled on the Pine Valley Mountains, Santa Clara Mountains, and Uinkaret Mountains, so that all the tribes of northern Arizona, southern Utah, southern Nevada, and southern California were warned of the approaching danger; but when the Paru'shapats came nearer, they discovered that it was a fire on one of the great temples; and then they knew that the fire was not kindled by men, for no human being could scale the rocks. The Tu'muurrugwait'sigaip, or Rock Rovers, had kindled a fire to deceive the people. So, in the Indian language this is called Tu'muurrugwait'ssigaip Twweap', or Rock Rover's Land."

six-toed one

This idea is directly from Roberts p.151 who quotes Bruce Bradley, an archaeologist. The idea: The Pueblo Indians believed that polydactyly -- having an extra toe or finger -- was a special sign and gift. There are 6-toed petroglyphs in the ruins of Pueblo Bonito for instance. It is very possible that a 6-toed person would be regarded as a prophet and could have been the center of a religious movement.

Thunder-from-the-Mountain

Thunder-from-the-Mountain is taken from the real name of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perc'e Indians, whose Indian name, Ah-cum-kin-i-ma-me-hut means 'Thunder-traveling-over-the-Mountains'. His most famous quote:

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before, I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Toohoolhoozote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes and no. He who led on 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 freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever." Vanderwerth, p. 130

White-Bird

White-Bird -was- actually a Kiowa Apache Medicine man and holy man.

