

Learning from Folklore Part Two

by Dmitri Bayanov, Moscow
(Photograph courtesy D. Bayanov 2009)



p.142. The Chinook has **several names** for a bigfoot-type monster, **depending on gender and location**. The most famous, *Skookum*, is translated as "**Evil God of the Woods**" or **mountain devil**. Other terms include (...) *Itohiul* (**big feet**).

So the name BIGFOOT was first coined by Native Americans and much earlier than the 1950s!!!

p.148. Source: *The North American Indian, 1930*. There was an *itohiul* who could **walk** across the river **on the water**.

What if he really could. Like Jesus Christ.

p.152. The Clackamas. (...) The Clackamas Indians maintain that in the lands of the headwaters of the Clackamas river, adolescent Bigfeet beings have to pass **a test** to become an adult member of the Bigfeet tribe. They must jump in front of a human on a trail, and wave their hands in front of the human's face, **without being seen**.

An explanation of the famous sasquatch "invisibility" without resort to the theory of "other dimensions". If the alleged test is true, it seems to be only possible thanks to homin paranormal abilities.

p.153. The Kwakiutl

The Kwakiutl were made up of several tribes that occupied the Northwest Coast and whose traditional languages were in the Wakashan language group. The tribes are better known today as the Kwakwaka'wakw and primarily occupy north Vancouver Island and British Columbia. The Kwakwaka'wakw has **five different names for bigfoot, which depends on gender**. These include *Be'a'-nu'mbe* ("Brother of the Woods"), *Bukwas* ("Wildman of the Woods"), *Dzunukwa* (*Dsonoqua*) ("Wild Woman of the Woods"), *Tsonaqua* ("Wild Woman of the Woods"), and *Tsunukwa* ("Female giant covered with hair with big feet"). It should be noted that Bukwas is **the son of Dzunukwa and a human male**, as told in the first story.

Source: Unknown.

Dzunukwa (or *Dzoonokwa*, *Dzonoqua*, or *Tsonoqua*) is fearsome giantess of the dark forest that is **not-quite-human female**. She is also known as Wild Woman of the Woods, **Property Woman**. She has **black hair, pendulous breasts, heavy eyebrows, deep-set eye sockets** with half-closed eyes and has pursed lips...**she cries "Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh."** She is stupid, clumsy and sleepy. She captures children who are crying and who venture into the forest, carrying them away in a **basket on her back** to devour them. Her house is filled with wonderful treasures such as boxes of food, coppers, canoes, and more. Through special encounters with her, a person can acquire some of the wealth and **supernatural powers**.

One day she **stole some dried fish** from a Kwakiutl man. The man pursued her and caught her. **They became lovers and produced a son, Bukwas**. One day a young man found her baby in its cradle in the forest. He teased the baby by pinching it, causing it to cry loudly. *Dzunukwa* heard the cry and called out, "Whoever you are that may be teasing my baby, let him alone and I will give you a spear."

Pleased at such good fortune, the young man pinched the baby three more times and was offered **the Water of Life**, a magic wand, and a supernatural canoe if he would leave the baby alone. Satisfied, the man stopped teasing the child, returned home with his gifts and, because of his encounter with *Dzunukwa*, became rich and powerful. *Folklore doesn't fail to mention distinctive anatomical features of the "mountain devils", including even such paleoanthropologically significant traits as heavy eyebrows and deep-set eye sockets, characteristic of pre-sapiens hominids. As we understand now, mention of "supernatural powers" is not due to fancy but to the homins' real paranormal powers. "The Water of Life" is also present in many Russian folk tales.*

p. 154. *Dzunukwa and Bukwas* Source: *Bella Bella Tales* by Franz Boaz, **1932**. New York: The American Folklore Society.

When *Dzunukwa* steals a female child, she **keeps it as her daughter** and picks **salmon berries** for her. She also **likes to steal salmon from the village**. She **throws aside the roof boards and reaches down to take the fish from the drying frames**. Her son Bukwas is in **the habit of striking trees with a piece of wood**. His **body is hairy and he is shy**. *Very realistic*.

Thunderbird and Tsonoqua

Source: Unknown.

Chief Splashing-Waters was having difficulties with the Wild Woman of the Woods. Thunderbird, *Kwun-kwane-kulegui*, came to his rescue and turned the **savage Tsonoqua** into stone. In remembrance of this help, the Chief decreed that Thunderbird would be respected as **the Protector of Man and as the Spirit that made wishes come true**. **Tsonoqua was placed under him, to be ruled by him, and why he is often shown in totem poles with him sitting on the savage's head**. **Songs, dances, and masks were made to honor Kwun-kwane-kulegui**. *Tsonoqua* would now forever be represented with **spouting lips**, symbolizing that she **blows the wind** in the forest. *I think the above can be regarded as evidence of the overcoming by the Indians of homin*

cults as supreme cults and regarding them as second to the spiritual heaven-located (Thunderbird) deity, an epoch-making change that is typical of human-homin historical relations elsewhere in the world.

p.160. The First *Tsunukwa* Dance. Source: **1930**. (...) ... a strange creature with **great, hanging breasts**, and a round, **protruding mouth**. (...) Its **eyes are enormous**, and there seems to be **fire inside them**.

Recall the Sioux saying "The Trickster" is "a kind of animal from the ancient times". Hominids from the ancient times, i.e., preceding sapiens, had "protruding mouths". Eye-sockets of Neanderthal skulls are larger than those of Homo sapiens. That homin eye-shine can be seen at night, like those of animals with night vision, is well known, but that their eyes can be internally illuminated (have "fire inside them") I could not accept for a long time. Today, my friend and colleague, Michael Trachtengerts, a physicist, is supporting and developing this theory.

p.163. It was a **big, big man, bigger than any other**. He **has hair all over his body** and **his eyes were set deep in his face**. He carried a large basket on his back.(...) Then he said to the men: "Why are your faces so nice and smooth and **not rough like mine?** You have nice eyes. **They don't sink way in your head like mine do.**"

Another mention of distinctive anatomical features.

p.166. Big Figure's Wife

(...) "We live beside a long lake," said the giantess. "We will use it there. Why have you come to me?" she asked him.

"I followed **the sound of your axe**," he replied, "and now I have found you I want something from you."

"What is it that you want?"

"I am a provider of food for my people and I have not had much luck lately in hunting. Can you help me?"

"I will help you," responded the lady. "I will **use my power to bring elk, deer and bear to you. When you are hunting in the water, seal will come to you.**"

The hunter was pleased at the big woman's generosity, yet he asked her for one more favor.

"I want to **use your features in a dance mask**," he said.

"If you use me, you must use all of me and my **four children** too," she replied. "This baby is the youngest of the four. You may **use us all in a dance.**"

After that the hunter became a very successful provider of food, and **a dance was created showing the huge woman with her four babies being born one by one.**

Wonder if the giantess really used an axe. Janice Carter's bigfoots used hands and sticks to dig a grave while they had easy access to spades.

Note that the images of satyrs, nymphs, and sileni, with appropriate masks, played permanent roles in ancient Greece during the birth of the European theater.

That homins may help friendly humans in hunting is well known, and not only from folklore and in the past. Below is the final part of a seemingly truthful story which was

sent us from America and is now posted, with the informant's permission, on the Michael Trachtengerts website www.alamas.ru. The events described therein happened in 1994, in the Blue Mountains of the state of Washington.

Hunting Trip, Day 5-- Departure: Early the fifth morning (actually the sixth day we were out, since we had driven the first day), all the fruit and sandwiches were gone. Obviously, the Bigfoots had come in the night and taken our offerings. Pop (Indian hunting guide, now deceased. - DB) insisted that we scratch out the Bigfoot footprints nearby, and by the horses, so no one else would know that there were Bigfoot living in the area, in case hikers might come across Pop's hunting camp. So we dragged some branches over the Bigfoot footprints. Pop felt strongly he should **protect their territorial rights**. He had **a lot of respect for the Bigfoot**. He thought of them as **a special kind of people**.

We cleaned the camp, put the horses in the horse trailers, and left the camp in good order. This was **Pop's camp. He depended on it for part of his living**. He was really good at what he did. He is deceased now; and I remember him as a good man!

A few days later, we heard that the hunter who had shot the giant bull elk got 1000 pounds of meat from the animal, not counting the head, or the weight of the bones! This means that **the Bigfoots had probably carried at least 1300 pounds of elk for us, for over 4 miles**, as a return favor for us giving them the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches!

Back in Walla Walla, Washington, I asked Pop if he had actually left the sandwiches for the Bigfoot and not for the birds and animals as he had explained to the hunters. I hadn't directly asked him this before. Pop then told me about an experience that he once had after leaving sandwiches for the Bigfoot. Apparently when hunting alone, he killed and then field-dressed a large elk. Because of weight considerations, he was only able to take one-half of the butchered elk with him, on his own horse. The other half of the dressed elk, he left right there in the forest. It was also a rough area of forest and rocks, to ride in by horseback.

Surprisingly, the next morning, he discovered that the other half of the dressed elk which he had left in the remote forest, had been delivered to him during the night, by the Bigfoot, near to where he was sleeping! So with this prior experience in mind, he figured that on this trip, by again making an offering-of-sandwiches, he might get some help from these forest beings. Pop told me: "I knew that the Bigfoots were following us in the forest, and watching us all the time. They stay real well hidden; but I saw them. For several days this was happening. I knew it, **but I didn't say anything; I definitely did not want the hunters to know**. Not at all! So, I was just hoping for any help the Bigfoot could give us with getting the elk back to our camp, if in fact we needed their help. And as it happened, we did need help! And they came through for me!"

This is what happened, just like I have said. (Bold type is mine. -- DB)

p.168. The Nehalem

Strongly associated with the Clatsop Tribe, the Nehalem occupied the Oregon Coast from Tillamook Head to well south of Tillamook Bay. The tribe still lives in Oregon today. Their language is part of the Penutian group. The Nehalem had two names for a bigfoot-like creature which depended on the gender of the animal. A *Qe'ku* was a wild woman while a *Yi'dyi'tai* was a wild man.

Wild Man

Source: *Nehalem Tillamook Tales*, by Elizabeth Derr Jacobs, 2003. Corvallis: University of Oregon Books.

People were drying fish up the Nehalem River. They heard a noise, the brush was crackling loudly, they knew that no wind nor common animal could be making that kind of noise. They hurried into their canoes and crossed over to the other side of the river. They forgot their little dog. They crawled into a place and lay down to listen. Their little dog barked and barked, then suddenly quit. Then they heard a terrific noise as Wild Man knocked down one side of the house. Then he must have gone back into the woods. They could not sleep they were so frightened, although they knew it was such a deep river he would be unable to wade it. (?)

The next day one fellow went over in a canoe to have a look. One side of that large house where they had dried fish was smashed to pieces. The dog was lying there dead, and Wild Man's huge tracks were all around. That fellow came back and told the people, "Yes, I saw his tracks." They put all of their belongings and their fish in canoes and left that place for good. They would not live there any more for fear he might come again. After that no one would camp on that side of the river.

That really happened.

Very realistic. Wild Man must have protected his territory.

Wild Men

Source: *Nehalem Tillamook Tales*, by Elizabeth Derr Jacobs, 2003. Corvallis: University of Oregon Books.

There must have been a whole tribe of Wild Men because there were always some around. A Nehalem man was not married. He would go hunting and permit the married people to have the meat he got. One summer he killed an elk, and he saved the blood. He took the elk's bladder and filled it with the blood. He made a camp near there. He placed that bladder of blood near his feet, lay down, and went to sleep. Wild Man came and helped himself to the elk meat.

The man awoke. He was too warm, he was sweating. "Goodness! What is the matter?" he asked himself, looking about. It was like daylight, there was such **a great fire burning there. Wild Man had placed large pieces of bark between the man and the fire so the man would not get too hot while he slept.** You see, he **treated that fellow well. When he spoke to him, Wild Man called the man "My nephew."**

The man awoke to see Wild Man, that **extremely large man**, sitting by the fire. He had the fat ribs and front of that elk **on a stick, roasting them by the fire.** He said, "This is how I am getting to be. I am getting to be always on the bum, these days. I travel all over, I cannot find any elk. **I took your elk, dear nephew,** I took your elk meat."

That man stretched himself, he had forgotten about that bladder of blood. He kicked it with his feet, causing it to make a noise. Wild Man looked around; he said, "It sounds as if a storm were coming." (**A Wild Man does not like to travel when it is storming.**) Wild Man was afraid of that noise, he kept kicking that bladder of blood. He said, "Yes, a storm is

coming.” Wild Man asked, “My dear nephew, would you tell me the best place to run to?” That man showed Wild Man a **high bluff**. “Over in that direction is a good place to run,” he told him. Wild Man started out running. **Soon the man heard him fall over that bluff.** The man did not go back to sleep any more that night. In the morning he went to look. There Wild Man lay, far down at the foot of the bluff. He went around by a better route and climbed down to see the body. He took Wild Man's **quiver**, he left Wild Man lying there. Then he became afraid, so he made ready and returned from the woods taking as much meat as he could carry. He said, “Wild Man found me. He jumped over the bluff.” He too found **all kinds of bones in that quiver.** **They must have been lucky pieces because elk would come down from the mountain for him, and only he could get sea lions on the rocks.**

In this fancy tale Wild Man appears humane and the human inhumane. The question whether homins use fire (how, where and when) is still a question.

p. 181. The Coeur d'Alene

(...) Their traditional Salishan word for bigfoot is not known.

Giants

Source: *Indian Legends from the Northern Rockies*, by Ella E. Clark. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, pp. 113-114.

Giants were formerly common in Coeur d'Alene country. They had a **very strong odor**, like the odor of burning horn. **Their faces were black**—some say they were painted black, and the giants were **taller than the highest tipis**. When they saw a single tipi or lodge in a place, they would crawl up to it, rise, and look down the smoke hole. **If several lodges were together, the giants were not so bold.** **Most of them dressed in bearskins, but some wore other kinds of skins with the hair left on. They lived in caves in the rocks.** They had a **great liking for fish, and often stole fish out of people's traps.** Otherwise, they did not bother people much. They **are said to have stolen women occasionally** in other tribes, but there is no tradition of their having stolen women in the Coeur d'Alene country.

That some wildmen wear clothes is reported occasionally in different areas. The subject needs more evidence, concerning animal skins in particular.

pp.192. The Kootenai.

The Giant. (...) Then he (a hunter. -- DB) threw a piece of the bighorn sheep meat into the fire. When it was cooked he ate it, but it was without taste. He thought, "I'll cut a piece of my own body and I'll roast it in the fire." Then he cut a piece off of himself and threw it into the fire. When it was done he ate it. It tasted good. He cut off another piece and threw it into the fire and ate it. **After two days he had devoured himself entirely. Only his bones were left.** (...) **He had been the first of the cannibal giants.**

What an ingeniously cute theory of cannibal origins!!!

p. 194. The Modoc

The Modoc were historic residents of northeastern California and central southern Oregon. Today, as a result of the Modoc War of 1872-1873, they are split into two major tribes, one living on a reservation in Oregon and the other in Oklahoma. Their language is part of the Penutian family. The traditional Modoc word for bigfoot is *Matah Kagmi*. The Modoc/Klamath traditional word is *Yah'yahaas*.

Matah Kagmi

Source: "Encounters with the Matah Kagmi", *Many Smokes*, (National American Indian Magazine), Fourth Quarter, 1968. Modoc County, California.

[Grandfather] was walking along a deer trail near a lake just about dusk, when he saw up ahead something that looked like **a tall bush**. Upon coming a little closer he became aware of **a strong odor, sort of musky**. He then gave a close look at the bush, and suddenly realized that it was not a bush at all, for it was covered from head to foot with thick coarse hair, much like horsehair. He took a step closer, but the creature made a sound that sounded like "*Nyyaaaah!*" Grandfather now knew this was **the one the old ones spoke about**, a Sasquatch!

Although it was growing darker, Grandfather was able to see quite clearly two soft brown eyes through the hairy head part, then the creature moved slightly, and Grandfather made **a motion of friendship and laid down the string of fish that he had been carrying**. The creature evidently **understood this**, as it quickly **snatched up the fish** and struck out through the timber nearby. It stopped only for a moment and made a sound that my grandfather never forgot—a long, low "*Aaagooooooooouummmmt.*" **Grandfather called them people. He referred to them as people called 'mahtah kagmi.'**

It was only a few weeks after his encounter with the *matah kagmi* that he was awakened one morning by some strange noises outside his cabin. Upon investigating, he found **a stack of deerskins fresh and ready for tanning**. Off in the distance he heard that strange sound once again, "*Aaagooooooooouummm!*" After this there were **other items left from time to time, such as wood for fuel, and wild berries and fruits**.

It was a few years later that Grandfather had his second, but far more amazing contact with the Sasquatch. [A timber rattler had struck him in the leg while guiding men searching for gold. He had gone ahead of the group and was therefore alone with this occurred.]

Grandfather killed the snake and started to come back down to a more comfortable spot, but soon found it difficult to go on, and as best as he can remember he became sick at his stomach and fainted. When he came around again, he thought he was dreaming, for **three large Sasquatch about eight to ten feet tall surrounded him**. He noted that they **had made a small cut on the snakebite and had somehow removed some of the venom, and placed cool moss on the bite**. Then one of the *matah kagmi* made a kind of grunting sound and the two **lifted him up and took him down a trail** that he did not know. Finally after some little descent down the mountainside, they placed him under a low brushy tree and left. Again Grandfather heard that mournful cry of the Sasquatch, "*Aagooooooooouummmmm.*"

After a while he began to feel better, and then took his old .44 caliber cap and ball pistol and began to fire some shots in the air. Finally the gold party found him. **Grandfather said nothing about what happened concerning the Sasquatch.** He was taken back to where the pack mules were tied, and then on to the nearest little town where he rested for a few days, and then returned to Tulelake. **Grandfather told only his immediate family about this encounter,** and after this would never take anyone for any amount of money to the Mount Shasta region. He would only say: "*matah kagmi* live! **That Holy Place, I have friends there.**"

For many years after, in the still of the evening or sometimes late at night, he would still hear the sound he now knew, "*Aagoooooooooumm*," the call of the Sasquatch. Grandfather went on to relate that the *matah kagmi* were not vicious, but were **very shy, especially of the white man,** and they generally only came out in the evenings and at night. **They lived chiefly on roots they dug and berries, and only ate meat in the bitterest of cold weather. Their homes are in deep mountain side burroughs, unknown to man.** Note: The drawing shown on the opposite page was made by the grandfather. It depicts the creature when it was first seen. The inscription states, "Fourteen hand above," meaning that the creature was fourteen hands high.

This is one more most valuable story which I take for real. Hominology is never short of riddles and mysteries. The name Matah Kagmi is a great surprise!!! It's clearly a variant of the celebrated Metoh-Kangmi that in a wrong translation became known as the Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas., or Yeti. Let me remind that in 1921, Colonel Howard-Bury was on a reconnaissance expedition to Mt. Everest. They came unexpectedly across big footprints, which the Sherpa porters said belonged to a "creature of human form to which they gave the name Metoh-Kangmi"(Ivan Sanderson, Abominable Snowmen, p.10). How come the name turned up in North America in an Indian language??? Urgent help of linguists and ethnographers is required for us to investigate the mystery. Something interesting and surprising may be uncovered as a result.

"Return gifts" from homins to humans are fully in accord with barter trade between them. A Sasquatch befriender, well known to Dr. Fahrenbach and some other bigfooters, whom I call Lady Number One, for she prefers to remain anonymous for the outsiders, wrote me the following: "I have left gifts (to sasquatches. -- DB) many times over the years and been given gifts in return. First was a pair of kittens, then a long haired domestic rabbit, a turtle, numerous 'food' items and last a baby goat which was taken from the neighbor. Actually 3 goats were taken that particular morning before dawn, one doe and two kids. One of the kids was placed on my deck as the Big Guy passed my house. It woke me up circling the house on the deck bleating". (Followed by my comment): What is remarkable here is the fact it is only the human animal, as far as I know, that has invented the custom of 'giving gifts in return' (Bigfoot Research: The Russian Vision, 2007, p.382).

Wonder with what tool a small cut on the snakebite was made: stone knife, steel knife or finger-nail? Janice, what do you think?

Homin help to a human in distress is well known. Back in the 1930s, a Russian family were gathering bast in the forest. Their daughter stayed separately with their horse. Decades later, being elderly, she related to Maya Bykova what happened next: "I noticed a gadfly on the horse's hind leg and took a stick to drive the gadfly away, but the moment I touched the horse's leg with the stick, the animal involuntarily kicked and hit me. I fell to the ground. I

remember hearing my brother yell loudly in panic, calling for mother and granny. At that moment I can recall the sensation of being lifted up and carried quickly away. Next I felt cool water running over my head. I opened my eyes: bending over me was a horrible human face. It was covered with hair, like the rest of the body. I screamed. Back came granny's desperate cry. (...) Later grandma told me they'd found me, not on the clearing, but on the edge of a pond called Wolf's Hole. The creature had fetched handfuls of water and poured it onto my head, looking around all the time. When mother spotted him, she yelled and he immediately ran off into the bushes"(In the Footsteps of the Russian Snowman,1996, p.179).

(To be continued in Part 3)

Happy New Year to ALL

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