

WE ARE STILL HERE

by

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STORYTELLER ONE

In the beginning there was nothing but darkness. No moon, no stars. Only two things existed – Tukmeyat, the night, and Ahmnana the greatness of things. Sometimes in the deeper-than-night darkness sound could be heard like a distant humming or thunder far away.

STORYTELLER TWO

Suddenly in the darkness a flash of red lightning appeared. The lightning shot back and forth and it grew greater and greater.

STORYTELLER ONE

Then white lightning flashed, then lightning of all colors, red, white, blue, and brown twisting together, swirling until they whirled into one great fireball.

STORYTELLER TWO

The fireball shook and whirled and grew bigger and bigger until it grew into two embryos formed from the lightning in the darkness and space. But the embryos were born too soon, they were stillborn and all was silence again.

STORYTELLER ONE

Again the colors swirled and the thunder rumbled and a second sphere was formed, but this one, too, failed.

STORYTELLER TWO

On the third trial, the sphere was pierced by a great flash of lightning, and this time, the embryos grew rapidly into children.

STORYTELLER ONE

The children rocked back and forth. They rolled and stretched their arms and legs until they pierced a hole in the sack of colors and they could get out.

STORYTELLER TWO

These were the twin creators of the world, and they called themselves Mukat and Temayuwat. As soon as they appeared, they began to quarrel, as children will do.

TEMAYUWAT

Well, little brother, I am older than you for I am the one who first heard the darkness make sounds.

MUKAT

No, little brother, I am older than you, for it was I who first heard the darkness make sounds.

TEMAYUWAT

How do we blow away the darkness?

MUKAT

Ha! You say you are older than I, yet you do not know how to blow away the darkness? Take the pipe from your heart.

STORYTELLER TWO

Mukat drew the black pipe from his heart. Temayuwat drew the white pipe. Mukat drew black tobacco from his heart. Temayuwat drew white tobacco. Then Temayuwat looked at his pipe.

TEMAYUWAT

How can we light our pipes?

MUKAT

Ha! How can you say you are older than me when you do not even know how to light your pipe? We can draw the sun from our hearts. From the sun, we can light our pipes.

STORYTELLER ONE

Then Mukat and Temayuwat drew the center pole for the world from their hearts. From their hearts they drew the ocean and all the water creatures, the sky and all the animals on land. From their hearts they created the earth and everything on it.

STORYTELLER TWO

It took a long, long time to create the world. Then Temayuwat said:

TEMAYUWAT

Well, little brother, I have a plan for the creation of people.

MUKAT

Yes, little brother, I have a plan for the creation of people.

TEMAYUWAT

Now I have a question. How will you create your people?

MUKAT

Well, younger brother, it shall be this way. First, they will walk and not fly. I will create people so that they may walk upon the earth.

TEMAYUWAT

Yes, that is precisely my plan. I will create people so that they will walk forwards and backwards. They will have two faces, so they will be able to see in both directions at the same time.

MUKAT

No, younger brother that will not do. I shall have people with only one face.

TEMAYUWAT

No, no, younger brother that will not do. If a man has only one face, and someone comes up from behind, he will not be able to see him.

MUKAT

Little brother, if man has two faces, how will he be able to shoulder a basket on his back? And how will he be able to lie down?

STORYTELLER TWO

And so the two brothers argued back and forth about all parts of the body. Mukat held out his hand and breathed on it three times. Material to make men, black mud, came into his hand. Temayuwat breathed three times into his hand and white mud appeared. Then the brothers began to make their creatures.

Mukat worked slowly and carefully, modeling a fine body such as men have today. But Temayuwat worked too fast, sloppily, making a terrible rude body with a belly on both sides, eyes on both sides, two faces, and hands like the paws of a dog. Temayuwat worked three times as fast as Mukat, and had finished many more bodies. Mukat had just a few, but these were fine good bodies. When the bodies were done, Mukat looked at Temayuwat's creations.

MUKAT

No wonder you were done so quickly! You have not done good work.

STORYTELLER ONE

Temayuwat was ashamed of the creatures he had made, but he would not admit it. Instead he argued with Mukat. They argued about everything. How their creatures should live, if there should be sickness and disease, if the creatures should die. Mukat, being older and wiser, won every argument. Temayuwat grew very angry.

TEMAYUWAT

I will go to the bottom of the earth where I came from! I will take all my creatures with me.

MUKAT

You may take all yours. But mine will stay.

STORYTELLER ONE

Temayuwat made a heavy storm sweep over the land. The rain fell, a fierce wind blew and the earth shook all over. The sky bent and swayed. It was then that the earth was torn up into mountains, canyons and volcanoes. Streambeds were formed, and the water flowed from the earth to fill them. The earth opened a huge canyon to swallow Temayuwat and all his creatures.

STORYTELLER TWO

Mukat put one knee on the ground, he held up the sky with his hand. He had the power to stop these convulsions. At last the earth swallowed up Temayuwat, and all was quiet.

STORYTELLER ONE

The earth was much damaged. But Mukat repaired the earth, and brought all of his creatures back to life. The sun suddenly appeared, and it was very hot. Mukat's creatures were so frightened they began to chatter together like blackbirds, but each in a different language. Mukat could not understand them until he heard one man speaking Illiyatam, the Cahuilla language. Mukat pressed this man close to his side, letting the others run wildly all around him. This man was the ancestor of the Cahuilla people. Now he lives in the abode of the sun and moon and the evening star. The speakers of Illiyatam are the speakers of the original language.

(Katherine moves center)

KATHERINE

(in Cahuilla) Miahwha! (in English) Welcome. I am Katherine Siva Saubel, and this is my story and the story of my people, the Cahuilla Indians, one of the native people of Southern California. I was asked once, how do you know you are Cahuilla. I know because I speak the language. When you know your language, you know who you are. But now, today, many of my people are in great danger of forgetting who they are. Very few of us can still speak our original tongue. The territory of the Cahuilla has tall mountains, deep valleys, rocky canyons, mountain passes and desert lands. Our land has many faces. We have lived in this land since the beginning of time, from the Salton Sea to the San Bernardino Mountains to the San Gorgonio Pass.

In 1774 Juan Bautista de Anza came into our land looking for a passage from Mexico to the Monterey Peninsula. That was the beginning of the end. When the conquerors came, they wanted our land, and they did everything they could to push us out.

The conquerors came carrying whiteman diseases, smallpox and measles that nearly wiped out our entire population. They came bearing guns and whiskey and war. They came with whips and chains, beating and imprisoning the Native people, working them as slaves to build their Christian missions for the glory of God. The glory of God. The Spaniards swept in and destroyed our culture, and they did it in God's name. They exploited God, to get what they wanted.

They claimed they came to "civilize us", to show us God's way, but they did not know we had lived by Mukat's laws from the beginning of time. They did not know who we were and where we had come from.

After the Spanish, the Mexicans came, and then the Anglos. They all wanted to conquer us. They all wanted our land. They took away our hunting grounds. They took away our

KATHERINE (con't)

gathering places. They took away many of our people. They tried to take away our hearts. But that they could not do.

The first time I saw a Whiteman, I was about four years old. I was born at Los Coyotes. I am a Mountain Cahuilla. At that time, 1924, 25 we used to get eight feet of snow up in the mountains. You don't anymore, but back then there was so much snow. My Dad was always catching cold that would then turn into pneumonia.

(Tata enters with Shaman)

He went to the Shaman:

SHAMAN

Juan, if you want to get well, you have to move to a warmer climate.

KATHERINE

We moved to Palm Springs, to the Desert Cahuillas. It must've worked, 'cause my Dad lived until he was ninety. But moving to Palm Springs was a big change. Before that time I'd never seen a whiteman before. The first time I did I was so scared!

KATHERINE

(pointing to the "man")
Tata, look at that man!

FATHER

Don't point, Katherine.

KATHERINE

Look how strange he looks! Nobody can possibly have skin that white.

FATHER

Katherine, stop staring.

KATHERINE

But, Tata Oh, I know what it is!. He painted himself, didn't he, Tata? He painted himself to look so white!

FATHER

(chuckling)

Oh, Katherine. That's a Whiteman,. That's the way God made them. They can't help the way they look.

KATHERINE

My father was born in 1872. In 1892, when he was twenty years old, he enrolled himself in Saint Boniface Indian School. Now, imagine how strange that must have been. A grown man, twenty years old, going to school with the little ones. But he wanted to go. He wanted to learn. In three years time, my father mastered English, Spanish and Latin.

FATHER

I wanted to know how to read the Whiteman's words. I wanted to know what he was saying about us. Katherine, you have to learn if you are going to be able to make it in this world. Learn the Whiteman's language, but never forget who you are. We were the first ones here. And no matter how hard they've tried to get rid of us, we are still here.

KATHERINE

He was my inspiration. Tata. My father. (beat) Saint Boniface was established about the same time the reservations were. They wanted to assimilate us. To wipe out our culture and replace it with their own. The children were forced to speak only English and whipped horribly when they were caught speaking their own tongue, or even talking about anything that was Indian. Thank God, I didn't go to Saint Boniface. I went to grammar school in Palm Springs. They didn't want me to speak Cahuilla, but at least I was never whipped for it. Instead, I was simply ignored. They sat me in the back of the classroom and gave me nothing to do. I must have sat that way for two, maybe three years, while English was spoken all around me. Nobody taught me my ABC's, nobody gave me a book or a notepad, not even a pamphlet or a coloring book. You'd think they could give me a picture book. You know with Mom, and a picture of a Mom, and Dad and a picture of Dad, and a Baby, with a picture of baby. So I could look. So I could learn. But they gave me nothing.

(MOTHER comes downstage, and begins gathering plants and herbs. Katherine joins her. They talk for a few minutes in Cahuilla about the plants they're gathering)

KATHERINE

My mother. She didn't speak English. She didn't speak Spanish. She spoke only Cahuilla. She was a medicine woman, and she doctored us, eleven children plus my father with the herbs and plants she took from the earth.

MOTHER

Atukul.

KATHERINE

Creosote. Creosote grows everywhere in the desert. It's one of the plants we use most for medicine. We make a tea from the stems and leaves for colds, chest infections or stomach cramps. We boil the leaves and breathe in the steam for congestion. We also use it for firewood because it burns forever.

MOTHER

Hulaqel.

KATHERINE

Buckwheat. Buckwheat also grows all over Cahuilla territory-- in the foothills, in the desert sand in the mountain meadows. The tea from buckwheat is very black and strong, but it's great for headaches or stomach problems. See these little white flowers – those are steeped to make an eye wash or a drink that clears out the intestines. Buckwheat was also good for food. We'd gather buckwheat shoots from February until May, seeds, too.

MOTHER

Te'ayal.

KATHERINE

Croton. Croton is poison. You have to know how to use it, in what amounts, and the correct method to apply it. One time when I was a young girl, maybe eleven or twelve years old, I came down with a terrible earache. My mother said I couldn't stop crying from the horrible pain. I could feel matter, poison, running out of my ear. Something had gone really rotten in there. My older brother Descedero Siva was a Shaman up at the Los Coyotes reservation. Thank God he was visiting us. Descedero gathered stems and leaves from te'ayal and mashed and cooked them into a thick pulp and put the pulp in my ear while it was still warm. Over and over he did this, until I was cured. And I never had another earache again, never another problem with my ears ever again.

MOTHER

Mutal.

KATHERINE

Deerhorn cactus.

MOTHER

Tanwivel.

KATHERINE

Yerba Santa.

MOTHER

Nekhish.

KATHERINE

Wild Squash.

MOTHER

Kelel.

Manzanita.
KATHERINE

Ashwet.
MOTHER

Christmas Berry.
KATHERINE

Chikishlyam.
MOTHER

KATHERINE
Nettle. And on and on. Hundreds of plants and flowers and herbs and roots, growing all through our land, from the mountains to the Salton Sea. My mother took me gathering with her. She showed me how to talk to the plants.

MOTHER
(speaks in Cahuilla as Katherine interprets)

KATHERINE
I'm gonna take some of your leaves, but don't worry, I will not harm you. I'm gonna take just what I need and leave you enough to keep growing strong. I need atukul ... creosote 'cause I got somebody so sick with a cold, they can't breathe. Then I have to go over to Hulaqel ... buckwheat. I got somebody with a terrible headache. I got some people I got to try to cure. So I ask you please for your help.

My mother would gather the plants and make teas and poultices and salves and creams. And when she was done, she wouldn't just throw what was left away like so much trash. She'd bury the remainder deep within the earth, or burn what was left. To show respect. This was a sacred ritual, a sacred bond between the medicine woman and the earth. The Lord gave us all these things. For our food. For our medicine. For our life. And for this giving all He asked us in return is that we take care of them. Take good care of them.

But we haven't done our job very well. The land is being destroyed. Our area is shrinking. The places where we used to gather our medicine are no longer there. It's getting harder and harder to gather what we need. Some of the plants, the ones that cured stomach ailments and headaches, and swelling in the limbs, I haven't seen these plants in years, in decades.

(PAUL calls out)

PAUL
Katherine! Katherine!

KATHERINE

That's my brother, Paul.

PAUL

Katherine, what are you doing? We're going to be late for Catechism.

KATHERINE

The Spanish may have destroyed our culture, and used Indians as slaves to build their missions, but the message that came from Jesus rang clear to my father. He was a devout Catholic, and insisted we attend Catechism every Saturday morning. (making a face)
Catechism.

PAUL

Come on. Let's go.

KATHERINE

Hey, Paul. You remember that creek we found out by the wash?

PAUL

Yeah?

KATHERINE

I was out there yesterday, and there was a whole family of desert tortoises out there.

PAUL

By the creek?

KATHERINE

Yeah. A whole family. Want to go see?

PAUL

Sure!

(They start to go)

PAUL

Hey! Wait a minute! No you don't. You're not getting me in trouble again.

KATHERINE

But Paul ...

PAUL

No. Don't you even think about it. Did you forget how mad Tata was when he found out we skipped last week.

KATHERINE

I didn't forget.

PAUL

Well, I am not going through that again.

KATHERINE

But it's so boring! It's so much more fun to play around outside. Look what a beautiful day it is! We go to Catechism, Paul, Sister Frances is gonna make us sit on those horrible hard wooden benches while she stands up in front of the room, her face as red as a radish, hammerin' away at our sins. Hammerin' hammerin', just hammerin' away.

PAUL

Katherine, Tata loves us very much, he's very kind and good, but believe me, the next time he finds out we've skipped Catechism, he's not just going to just sit us down and give us a real good hard talking to. Now, come on. Let's go!

KATHERINE

Oh, all right.

(to the audience)

From our house it was just a short walk to the little church. Down the sidewalk, through the alley and right past the home of one particular family.

(The ensemble stands as if by a fence, and begins taunting them)

ENSEMBLE ONE

Hey look!

ENSEMBLE TWO

Here come those dirty Indians!

KATHERINE

Paul...?

PAUL

Don't pay any attention. Just keep walking.

(The ensemble moves in closer)

ENSEMBLE ONE

Hey! You! Dirty Indians!

ENSEMBLE TWO

Don't you hear us talking to you?

KATHERINE

We hear you.

PAUL

Just ignore them.

KATHERINE

Why do you have to be so mean?

ENSEMBLE THREE

We don't want you here!

KATHERINE

We're not doing anything to you.

PAUL

Katherine, let's go!

ENSEMBLE

You're dirty! Dirty Indians! Dirty Indians! Dirty Indians!

PAUL

(Before Katherine can say more, grabs her hand, pulling her along)

Let's go!

KATHERINE

I wanted to talk to them. I wanted to know why they were so mean and filled with hate, and needing to spread that hate on us. That night, I went to Tata.

(KATHERINE and FATHER move DS)

KATHERINE

Tata. I don't understand. Every time we walk by their house, they got to shout and call us dirty names.

FATHER

I know.

KATHERINE

Why do they have to do that? You know, today in Catechism I sat there looking at my skin. We've got the same colored skin.

FATHER

Yes.

KATHERINE

We're the same color.

FATHER

That's right.

KATHERINE

So why do they torture us like they do? Why do they hate us so much?

FATHER

Oh, Katherine.... It's because they don't know who they are themselves. When you don't know who you are, how can you have respect for anyone else? When you don't know who you are, it's like you've got no center, no place to hold you up tall and be proud. Katherine, always remember who you are and where you came from.

(Tata exits. Katherine moves DSL. As she speaks, the female ensemble acts out the myth of Menily, the Moon Maiden)

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

Menily the Moon Maiden was the only woman among all Mukat's creatures.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

She was a very fine, beautiful, intelligent young woman such as all Indian girls hope to be, and Mukat's People loved her.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

Mukat was very fond of Menily and he asked her to care for the people and show them the ways of the living. This she agreed to do.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

She showed them how to make cats cradles out of woven grass strings.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

One day Menily put one group of people on one side and said:

MENILY

You are Coyote People.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

She put the other group to the other side and said:

MENILY

You are the Wildcat People.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

She showed them how to have contests and games and dances between them.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

She told them to build a brush house and to put one inside for the chief.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

She taught them the ceremonies that they should do in the generations to come.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

She taught the boys what games to play. She taught them what was men's work and what was women's.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

To the women she said:

MENILY

You are women. You must grind and feed these others who are men, who come dancing to the house.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

She also taught the women how to shake out their hair, backward and forward so it would have no tangles, and as the sun shone on it, it would never turn gray, nor get blossoms at the end.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

Now Mukat was very fond of his sister, Menily, and often watched her.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

One night he touched her as she went out. When she went back to the pool, the place of laughter and dancing, she was not happy, not like herself. She was pale and sick, and thinking she did not want to stay in that place any longer.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

Her brothers and sisters asked her what was the matter, but she did not tell them anything. Instead, she made a song.

(MENILY sings)

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

Then everybody understood what had happened to her.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

After her song, Menily became herself again. All the people were glad, but they did not know what was going to happen.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

That night she caused a deep sleep to come over the people. They did not see or hear anything.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

When all the people were asleep, Menily went up into the sky.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

The next morning all her brothers and sisters could not find her anywhere. There was no track of where she could have gone. They sent Coyote to look for her.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

But he could not find a trace of her.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

Then one evening, they saw her.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

She was in the pool! She was looking up and laughing at them.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

They were all so happy to see her! They yelled, "Here is our sister in the water!"

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

They begged and begged her to come out, but she would not come out.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

Then Coyote spoke to the people:

COYOTE

Move aside. Let me drink the water. I will drink and drink, and let our sister come out.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

So Coyote drank the water from the pool. He drank and drank and drank and drank. But no matter how much he drank, still it was not enough.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

Coyote made the water much lower, but the moon maiden only laughed and would not come out.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

Then, all the people looked up. Their sister was not in the pool. She was in the sky.

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

Now, the people knew what to do.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

They knew to go to the water, and wash themselves...

FEMALE STORYTELLER TWO

Just as she had taught them to do.

FEMALE STORYTELLER ONE

And this was the first time of the new moon.

(Ensemble exits. Katherine moves center)

KATHERINE

I was the first Indian girl to graduate from Palm Springs High. Pretty impressive stuff, huh? It was pretty impressive I made it to high school at all given my experiences in the lower grades. I must've learned English, somewhere along the way. I speak it now. But no one took the time or bothered to teach it to me proper. When I was in eighth grade or so I noticed that I would talk Indian to my friends, but that they were answering me in English. That startled me, and I thought, "We're losing our language. If nobody does anything, it's all going to be gone."

When I was in high school, I had to study real hard just to keep up.

(at her desk, studying)

Oh!

(she pushes her books aside)

FATHER

What's the matter, Katherine?

KATHERINE

I can't do this! It's too hard!

FATHER

Too hard?

KATHERINE

I've missed so much, Tata. I feel like I'm running just to catch up.

FATHER

So?

(beat)

Katherine, you have to study hard. Learn all you can. You want to know something, learn it now. Don't say, "Oh, I'll look at that tomorrow. I can do that tomorrow." Tomorrow will come and go, and then it will be too late.

KATHERINE

He mastered three languages in three years without a lick of formal schooling before he was twenty. I listened to my Tata, and I studied hard. But no matter how hard I studied, when it came to foreign languages, Tata's ability must have skipped a generation.

(School counselor moves DS with Katherine)

COUNSELOR

Katherine, you have to have a foreign language before you can graduate.

KATHERINE

I know.

COUNSELOR

Well?

KATHERINE

I took Latin.

COUNSELOR

(looking through Katherine's file)
You took Latin for two days.

KATHERINE

Okay, so Latin didn't work out too good. But then I switched to French.

COUNSELOR

Uh-huh. That was well done. You barely made it through the first class.

KATHERINE

Mr. Simon, I'm having a real hard time with this foreign language stuff.

COUNSELOR

You don't say. Katherine, you're a bright girl. I don't think you're giving it a fair shake. You need to set your mind to it. Attend class, stick with something longer than a few days...

KATHERINE

I can't learn those things. I don't know why. It just doesn't stick in my brain.

COUNSELOR

There's no way around the requirement, Katherine. If you want to graduate, you need a foreign language.

KATHERINE

Okay. So how about English.

COUNSELOR

English?

KATHERINE

Yeah. I can study English for my foreign language.

COUNSELOR

English is not a foreign language.

KATHERINE

It is to me.

(Counselor gives Katherine a look and walks away)

KATHERINE

He didn't buy it. (beat) And guess what the only language left to study was. Spanish! I had to study Spanish. The language of the conquerors. I grew up on stories of the Spanish conquerors. They were the most cruel people. Tata had a great uncle who had escaped the missions and made his way back to the people. The stories he told us were so barbaric. When I tried to study Spanish, my brain would not hold their words. I could not learn the language of the Conquerors.

One day when I was about eighteen years old, I went with a friend of mine to the Palm Springs Reservation for the *Nukil*, the ceremony of the dead. This was our most sacred ritual. The ceremony lasted one week.

I was sitting with my girlfriend Jessie Mike, at the Ceremonial House around the big circle where all the Shamans were gathered to dance and pray and purify the air with sagebrush. Across the way, on the other side of the circle, I noticed this guy.

(Girlfriend moves DS to sit beside Katherine)

KATHERINE (CON'T)

Hey, Jessie. You see that guy over there?

JESSIE

What guy? Where?

KATHERINE

That one. Over there.

JESSIE

(pointing) You mean that guy there?

KATHERINE

Don't point! He's gonna see you!

JESSIE

You were pointing. (she looks over carefully) Yeah, I see him. So?

KATHERINE

You know who he is?

JESSIE

I don't think so. I don't think I ever saw him before.

(Katherine's nephew, Robert, enters)

KATHERINE

Hey, there's my nephew Robert. (calling) Robert? Hey, Robert!

(Robert crosses over to them)

ROBERT

Hi, aunt Katherine.

KATHERINE

Where are you going?

ROBERT

I'm supposed to meet some friends.

KATHERINE

You think your friends can wait a bit? (beat) You see that guy over there?

ROBERT

(Looks in the direction, points) What guy, where?

JESSIE

(pointing) That guy, there.

KATHERINE

(grabbing her hand) Don't point!

ROBERT

(pointing) You mean him?

KATHERINE

Would you all please stop pointing! (beat) Yes. Him.

ROBERT

What about him?

KATHERINE

Do you know who he is?

ROBERT

Sure. That's Mariano Saubel. Why?

KATHERINE

(beat) That guy's gonna be my husband.

(MARIANO SAUBEL looks over at the two girls and Robert. They all freeze.)

KATHERINE

Like the good nephew he was, Robert went over to get Mariano to introduce us.

ROBERT

(Leading Mariano to the two women) Mariano, this is my aunt, Katherine Siva.

KATHERINE

Hello.

MARIANO

Hello. I'm very glad to meet you.

KATHERINE

I'm very glad to meet you, too.

(beat)

We spent the rest of the night together. Oh, not like maybe you think. Not like they do nowadays where nobody knows how to behave properly. Remember Mukat gave us strict instructions and Menily the Moon Maiden taught us how to follow those instructions so we would know how to behave. We sat up all night long, my nephew and Jessie, and

KATHERINE (CON'T)

Mariano and myself, in the kitchen of the Ceremonial House, talking. Talking all night long.

After that first night, Mariano often stopped by to see me. Sometimes after work. Sometimes on the weekend. And then one day while he was taking me home.

(Mariano and Katherine stop outside the door to Katherine's house)

MARIANO

That was a nice evening for a drive.

KATHERINE

Beautiful. The stars are so bright.

MARIANO

I think the moon is just beginning to rise.

(They stand looking up at the night sky)

MARIANO.

Well. It's getting awfully late.

KATHERINE

Mmm-hmmm.

MARIANO

I should say goodnight.

KATHERINE

Mmm-hmmm.

(They stand still gazing upwards)

MARIANO

Katherine....

KATHERINE

Mmm-hmmm?

MARIANO

I've been thinking. We've been seeing each other for two years now, and I've been thinking ...I think we should get married. What do you think?

KATHERINE

I think that's a very good idea.

(beat)

I was very happy. But our engagement did not make all of our people happy. Many of the elders were actually dead set against it. One of Mukat's strictest rules was regarding who could marry whom. If the bride and groom were too closely related, the marriage was taboo

(Old Aunt, Mariano and Katherine move center)

OLD AUNT

You want to get married? Do you know how closely related you are?

KATHERINE

I'm not completely sure.

OLD AUNT

Not completely sure! It's your business to be completely sure. You are sixth cousins! Sixth.

KATHERINE

Sixth?

OLD AUNT

Sixth. Maybe seventh. Sixth or seventh. At least seventh.

KATHERINE

We spoke to the Parish priest.

OLD AUNT

Yes. And the priest told you that it's okay. In the church even third cousins can marry. Even second. Out there you can even marry your first cousin. But the Indian knows better, Katherine. You marry too closely, you produce nothing but babbling idiots for children. This is what Mukat taught us.

KATHERINE

I know, Auntie.

OLD AUNT

Did you talk with your father? Where's your Tata?

KATHERINE

He's in Tijuana.

OLD AUNT

Tijuana! Oh, this is no good, Katherine. Mariano, you're a nice boy, but I'm warning both of you, this marriage is no good.

(Old Aunt leaves. Katherine turns to Mariano)

KATHERINE

What are we going to do?

MARIANO

I don't know.

KATHERINE

Lets' go talk to Tata.

MARIANO

What can he do, Katherine? He can't change the laws.

KATHERINE

No. But if there's anyway we can be married, Mariano, anyway at all, Tata will know it. (to audience)

Tata was visiting some family and friends in Tijuana. He'd been down there for several weeks, and so had missed the storm clouds brewing over our engagement. By that time, my mother was already gone. Mama was no longer there to guide me, but I still had Tata. We drove down to Tijuana.

FATHER

Katherine... Mariano. What are you doing here? Is something wrong?

KATHERINE

No, Tata, no. Everything's fine. It's just that... Oh, Tata, Mariano has asked me to marry him.

FATHER

To marry him. And this is a bad thing? Katherine, you scared me. What could be wrong with marrying Mariano?

KATHERINE

The elders think it is very wrong. They say we're too closely related.

FATHER

Ah, of course. I wasn't thinking. You are related. Sixth cousins, I believe. Or seventh

KATHERINE

Is there anything we can do? I love him, Tata. And he loves me.

FATHER

Katherine. (he touches her face) I don't know. I don't know.
 (he looks back and forth between them for a long moment)
 Mariano, you're a good man. I know you love my daughter, and her eyes tell me how much she loves you. You would make a fine husband. But sometimes what we want is not always what is best.

MARIANO

I understand that, sir. Katherine and I have agreed to do whatever you say. .

FATHER

I'm sorry, Katherine, what can I tell you? There is nothing I can do. There are greater laws that guide us.

KATHERINE

I know, Tata. I know.

FATHER

This is very hard. I understand that. But Mukat handed down these laws to us for a purpose. It all has a purpose, and Wait... wait a minute. The moiety? Has anyone spoken about the moiety?

KATHERINE

(to audience) Remember way back at the beginning of creation, when Menily had divided the people into two groups? One she called coyote, the other wildcat. This was the moiety my father was talking about. (to her father) No, Tata. Nobody has even mentioned the moiety.

FATHER

Of all Mukat's rules regarding marriage this is probably the strictest. A wildcat must always marry a coyote, and a coyote must always marry a wildcat. You and Mariano are related, it's true, but that is very far back. And the most important thing is, Katherine, you are wildcat. Mariano is coyote.

KATHERINE

Oh!

FATHER

There is no problem. You can get married.

KATHERINE

We were very very happy.

KATHERINE (CON'T)

Mariano and I were married on October 2, 1940 in the small Catholic Church in Palm Springs.

By the time Mariano and I got married the old traditions, the ancient rituals of marriage had already passed away. Since Mariano and I were both Catholic, we were married in the rituals of the Catholic Church. It was a small ceremony, just family and friends, and one of the happiest days of my life.

A year and a half after we were married, Mariano was drafted into the service. He fought for his country in World War II in North Africa, Italy and Germany. But when he returned from the war, and asked for a government loan so we could build a house, he was denied. They told him they could not give him a loan because he lived on an Indian reservation. All the other G.I.'s were getting loans from the government, even the Japanese who had been placed in camps were given \$20,000.00 dollars a piece. But no Indians were ever granted loans from the United States government.

It was the way it was. We knew the only way we could get the money for a house was to work and scrimp and save. We moved into a trailer that was parked on Mariano's land.

I didn't go to work right away. My son Alan was born in 1943, and I knew nobody else but me was going to raise that child. I stayed at home with my boy. While Mariano toiled in construction, and when he was off to war, I helped my father-in-law in his almond and apricot orchards. Then in 1952, when Alan was nine, I went to work for the first time outside my home.

(Jane Penn enters scene. The two women work side by side, sewing. A whistle blows)

JANE

Break time.

KATHERINE

I thought it'd never come.

JANE

Me, either. (she stretches) Oh, my back is so sore!

KATHERINE

Mine, too. My back. My eyes. My fingers. (beat) Look at that pile of clothes. All those shirts I sewed for them -- for sixty cents an hour.

JANE

Tell me about it. It stinks.

KATHERINE

Jane, look at what they're doing to us, here. They're using us as slave labor .

JANE
That's what you call it all right.

KATHERINE
Mmm-hmmm.

JANE
(beat)
Katherine, what are you thinking?

KATHERINE
I'm thinking union.

JANE
(loudly) Union! Are you crazy?

KATHERINE
You like working for sixty cents an hour?

JANE
Katherine, the bosses aren't going to like this one bit.

KATHERINE
I know it.

JANE
Neither are a lot of the workers.

KATHERINE
That's right. They're gonna run scared of losing their jobs.

JANE
They could lose their jobs. We could lose our jobs, too.

KATHERINE
Yeah. (beat) And we could spend the rest of our lives toiling away for sixty cents an hour. Jane, I've never backed away from fighting something I knew was wrong. When I was in high school, there was this guy, bought a restaurant over there on Indian Avenue. It used to be owned by this really great family, the Smiths. I used to work for them in high school. Well, they were getting on, and they couldn't run it anymore, so this guy, I can't even remember his name, he buys it. The first thing he does is puts up a sign. A big placard in front of the restaurant: CATERING TO WHITES ONLY.

JANE

On Indian Avenue?

KATHERINE

Right. I saw his sign and I walked into that restaurant. “Why do you have that sign?” I asked him. He didn’t even look at me. Never even looked up from the cash register. “You want to have a sign like that, I guess that’s okay. But you go on over to Palm Canyon Drive, and you put up your sign. This is right in the middle of Indian territory. You are on an Indian reservation. There’s no place here for a sign like that.” The next day, that sign was gone.

KATHERINE/ JANE

(They look at each other a moment)
Let’s do it.

KATHERINE

(to audience)
We had opposition, all right. It wasn’t easy, but Jane and I organized Garment Workers Union Local 658...

JANE

And Katherine became the first president.

KATHERINE

We had meetings twice a week in Los Angeles.

JANE

We had benefits for the first time.

KATHERINE

And we got a raise – \$1.25 an hour – more than double what we had made before.

JANE

Then, after ten years, the manager finally found a way to get rid of her.

KATHERINE

He fired me. But it wasn’t too long before I found work again.

JANE

Deutsch Electronics. They made parts for the aerospace industry. She kept getting promoted until she was running a machine all by herself, making parts for the Apollo spaceships.

KATHERINE

Pretty impressive stuff, huh? I thought it was pretty good, too, for a girl who couldn’t even learn a foreign language, except English

(Jane exits.)

KATHERINE

Throughout high school, I carried a very special notebook with me wherever I went. Our language was dying. I thought one way to preserve the original tongue would be to write down the names of the herbs and plants my mother had taught me.

In 1959, a young graduate student, an anthropologist named Lowell John Bean, came from Palm Springs and lived among our people on the Morongo reservation.. He wanted to study our ways, our culture and our language. He wanted to write about us. After he'd lived among us for several months, I decided to show him my special book.

KATHERINE

Lowell?

LOWELL BEAN

Hello. Katherine.

KATHERINE

(watching him work) What are you doing?

LOWELL BEAN

Jane asked me if I would clean out her chicken coop.

KATHERINE

And you said, yes?

LOWELL BEAN

She can be quite persuasive.

KATHERINE

Mmm-hmmm. (beat) I wanted to show you something.

LOWELL

Yes?

KATHERINE

(showing him her notebook) I've been working on this since high school. This notebook tells all about the plants that grow in our territory and how we use them. See. I've listed their names in Cahuilla, here, and in English, here. This part, here, tells about their uses.

LOWELL BEAN

This is remarkable. Katherine, what you've got here is a ... vast and comprehensive scientific study.

KATHERINE

A vast and comprehensive scientific study. Is that what I've been doing all these years?
(beat) Can we do something with it?

DR. BEAN

You better believe we can.

KATHERINE

We became partners. We researched the book for over ten years, checking and rechecking, seeking the additional knowledge of the elders to make sure each listing was accurate and complete. TEMALPAKH, From the Earth, was published in 1972 by the Malki Museum Press. The book covers over 250 plants, and lists them in English, Latin – that was his job – and in their native tongue, Cahuilla.

In 1962, Lowell introduced me to an associate of his, Dr. Bright.

DR. BEAN

Dr. Bright is a linguist from UCLA. He's been doing a study on Southern California Native languages.

KATHERINE

Oh, yes?

DR. BEAN

He's been looking for Native American speakers. So I told him about you. He'd like you to come to UCLA to work with him.

KATHERINE

(to audience)

This was a very interesting offer. What a wonderful way to preserve our language. But before I could give Dr. Bright an answer, I needed to talk to Tata.

(Katherine moves DS with Tata)

KATHERINE

Tata, Dr. Bright has invited me to go to a major university and work with him in a linguist study using Cahuilla.

FATHER

A linguist study..

KATHERINE

I think this would be a very good thing to do. Imagine, we could mark down our language, and show for all time, Cahuilla was here. What a wonderful way to preserve it. But still, I'm not sure this is the right thing to do.

FATHER

What aren't you sure of?

KATHERINE

Tata, I know one of the things we hold most sacred is our language. I'm not sure it would be proper.

FATHER

Katherine, whose language do you think it is?

KATHERINE

Tata. It's Cahuilla, it's

FATHER

It's your language, Katherine. Don't worry. You can use it this way.

KATHERINE

I went to UCLA. I stayed in an apartment in Los Angeles, and rode the bus to the campus. I'd work with Dr. Bright all morning, and in the afternoon I'd sit in on whatever classes I wanted. I audited everything. Archeology, geology, anthropology. Then one day at UCLA I found a small notice tacked up on a bulletin board. President John Kennedy was offering scholarships to Indians. The only criterion was, you had to write about something that was Indian. (beat) I wrote about my father. At the age of 42, I was granted a scholarship to study anthropology.

In 1964 I met another linguist, Dr. Seiler. In the early fifties, Dr. Seiler had come to Morongo and worked with many of the elders, studying Cahuilla. But by the time he returned to finish his work, there was almost no one left who could speak the original language. I worked with Dr. Seiler. Then in 1971 –

(MARIANO enters the scene)

KATHERINE

Mariano, I just got a call from Dr. Seiler.

MARIANO

Oh. Dr. Seiler. How's he doing?

KATHERINE

Oh, he's fine. He's fine. Mariano. (beat) He's asked me to go to Germany.

MARIANO

To Germany.

KATHERINE

He wants me to work with him at the University at Cologne. I don't know what to do. I'm a married woman. I have a husband and a son.

MARIANO

Katherine, Alan's all grown up.

KATHERINE

Yes, of course he is. It's true. But I still have a duty to you. And I have a full time job. I mean it's one thing to do this work here at the reservation. Even to go traipsing off to UCLA, even Chicago or Boulder is not so bad. But Germany. No. No, that I can't do. Don't you think so? (he doesn't answer) Mariano....?

MARIANO

Hmmmm?

KATHERINE

What do you think?

MARIANO

I think if we don't get some rain soon, my almond trees are going to dry up and blow away.

KATHERINE

Mariano....

MARIANO

Katherine, this is the work you've dedicated your life to doing. This is the work you have to do.

KATHERINE

But I've never traveled outside the country. What if I get lost?

MARIANO

You're not going to get lost.

KATHERINE

What kind of food will there be? I'm gonna hate the food. I'm gonna lose weight.

MARIANO

So?

(Katherine gives him a look.)

Katherine, you'll get another leave of absence from work. And you know I can take care of everything around here, including me. You go do what you're supposed to be doing.

KATHERINE

Mariano ...

MARIANO

Go.

KATHERINE

I went. I'd never been outside the country and I flew all the way to Germany all by myself. I flew Lufthansa. Oh, that's a wonderful airline. If you're ever going to Germany, make sure you fly Lufthansa. The food is terrific, there's plenty of room, and the stewardesses take great care of you. I didn't even have jet lag because I slept most of the way there. At the airport Dr. Seiler and his students from the linguist department greeted me in my own language. Can you imagine that? I was six thousand miles away and I was home.

While I was at the University, I met a visiting professor from Japan, Dr. Heoki and his wife Maria. Dr. Heoki and his wife had the apartment right below mine and we became good friends. They taught me how to eat Japanese food. Every evening, they had me over for dinner. They'd bang on my floor – which was their ceiling with a broom. That was my dinner bell. We traveled all over Western Germany in a VW, had delicious picnics on the Rhine. On the weekends we'd travel way out to the countryside and rent rooms on farms.

Oh, and by the way, I loved the food. The cheeses were so excellent. And the cold meat! Not like anything you can get here. Not like anything I'd ever tasted before. So wonderful, I gained eight pounds. When I returned, Mariano took one look at me ...

MARIANO

I thought you said you were gonna lose weight.

(Katherine shrugs)

KATHERINE

In 1979, Dr. Heoki and Maria invited me to visit Japan. Guess what Mariano said?

MARIANO

Go.

KATHERINE

Mariano was a wonderful man, a wonderful husband. He was never jealous. He was never angry. He respected my work and my need to do it. In 1964, along with my good friend Jane Penn, Mariano helped me found the Malki Museum in Banning, the first Indian-run museum on a southern California reservation. We established the museum to promote the study, awareness and understanding of the culture of the southern California Indian tribes, and especially of our tribe, the Cahuilla.

KATHERINE

October 2, 1985.

(Mariano enters and escorts Katherine to a table in a restaurant)

KATHERINE

What a beautiful restaurant! How'd you find this place?

MARIANO

I get around.

(Waiter brings champagne to the table)

KATHERINE

Champagne!

MARIANO

Only the best.

KATHERINE

I'm gonna get silly. You know those champagne bubbles go right to my head.

MARIANO

Yeah. I know it.

(they exchange a look)

It's not every day you get to celebrate your forty-fifth wedding anniversary.

KATHERINE

Forty-five years.

MARIANO

Hard to believe, huh? I still feel like we're a couple of kids. (takes her hand) Katherine, you know we never had a lot of money....

KATHERINE

No...

MARIANO

Never had a lot of things. But we always had each other. I just want to tell you Katherine, I am so glad I married you.

KATHERINE

Oh, Mariano ...

MARIANO

Not a bad life, huh?

KATHERINE

Not a bad life at all.

(beat, to audience)

Less than two months later, on December 14th, Mariano died. A sudden heart attack, coming from nowhere with no warning. Looking back on our anniversary dinner, I realize now, we were saying goodbye. Nobody knows when you're going to go. Nobody knows what God has in store for you. Nobody knows how it's all going to end. Three years before Mariano died I retired from Doitch Electronics at the age of 62. Thank God I did that. Mariano and I spent those three wonderful years planting all kinds of things on our property, raising whatever food we had a mind to. Mariano could make anything grow.

(Ensemble enters)

STORYTELLER ONE

Mukat fell sick. He sang to himself:

MUKAT

My hands are growing cold. My heart is growing cold. I shall die soon.

STORYTELLER ONE

He gathered his creatures around him.

MUKAT

When I die, Coyote will try to eat me. When I am dead, tell Coyote to go after the Eastern fire, which I drew from my heart to light my pipe. When he is gone, gather all kinds of wood, dig a hole, and burn my body.

STORYTELLER ONE

On the fifth day, Mukat made all his creatures sleep, even Coyote and he died. In the morning, Coyote woke up and felt Mukat's heart and he knew he was dead. All Mukat's creatures wept. They rubbed charcoal on their faces in mourning, and they set about making preparations to burn Mukat's body, just as Mukat had told them to do.

STORYTELLER TWO

They sent Coyote to fetch the Eastern light because he could run so fast, but as soon as he was out of sight, they prepared the pit, gathered the wood, and lit the fire themselves by twirling a stick of palm wood. They placed Mukat's body on the pyre and burned it while they all stood in a circle around it.

STORYTELLER ONE

Coyote, who was at the Eastern edge of the world trying to catch the fire looked behind him and saw the smoke.

COYOTE

I thought it might be that way!

STORYTELLER ONE

Coyote came running back. All the people saw him and shouted:

ENSEMBLE ONE

Here comes Coyote!

ENSEMBLE TWO

Don't let him near the fire!

ENSEMBLE THREE

Keep him away from the pyre where Mukat is burning.

COYOTE

Brothers! My brothers and sisters, let me in! Make room for me, for I am full of tears. I, too, want to see our Father, the Creator.

STORYTELLER TWO

But the people would not let him in. By now, almost all of Mukat's body had burned except the heart. The people tried to push the Creator's heart deeper into the fire with their sticks, but Coyote leaped over the circle and snatched the heart from the flames, scattering blood and fire.

STORYTELLER ONE

To the East he ran, carrying Mukat's heart. The fastest runners pursued him, mountain lion, wolf, grey wolf, and bear but they could not catch him. Coyote spoke to the heart:

COYOTE

I am carrying you upon the earth to the edge of the world, to the point of the earth and the sky, to the bottom of the sky, to the top of the world.

STORYTELLER ONE

Wherever blood dripped from the heart, it stained the earth red. The stains are used for paints and medicine and for other things.

STORYTELLER TWO

When Coyote had left his pursuers far behind, he stopped and ate the heart. This made him very sick and emaciated, his ribs plainly seen through his skin.

STORYTELLER ONE

The people wept and mourned and rolled in the ashes. After three days all manner of strange new plants began to sprout where Mukat's body had been burned.

STORYTELLER TWO

The people did not know what these plants were, and they were afraid to go near them. They wondered what they should do.

STORYTELLER ONE

Then Palmitchkwit, a great Shaman spoke to the people.

PALMITCHKWIT

Why do we not go and seek out the spirit of our creator, Mukat and ask him what the new plants are?

STORYTELLER ONE

But everyone was afraid. Palmitchkwit was determined to go himself, and seek out the spirit.

STORYTELLER TWO

Palmitchkwit followed the spirit. With the aid of his ceremonial staff he was able to follow the trail of Mukat's spirit through the whirlwinds that blew up to hide it.

STORYTELLER ONE

With his ceremonial staff he was able to open a way through the thickets of prickly cactus and the clumps of thorny vines.

STORYTELLER TWO

The journey was difficult, but finally he was able to see where the bright glow of the spirit of Mukat was leaning against a rock.

MUKAT

Who are you that follows me and makes move on when I am lying still.

STORYTELLER ONE

But Palmitchkwit was so frightened that he could not answer anything.

MUKAT

Who are you that follows me and makes me move on when I am lying still?

STORYTELLER TWO

Finally, Palmitchkwit recovered his voice.

PALMITCHKWIT

Yes. I am the one who disturbs your rest. We, your creatures do not understand the meaning of the new plants that grow where your body was burned.

MUKAT

Yes. That is the last thing I wanted to tell you. You need not be afraid of these things. These things are from my body.

PALMITCHKWIT

What then shall we do with them? What shall we do with the big tree that grows in the center?

MUKAT

That big tree is tobacco. It is my heart. It can be cleaned with white clay and smoked in the big house to drive away evil spirits.

PALMITCHKWIT

What should we do with all the other vegetables you have given us?

MUKAT

The vines with yellow squash are from my stomach. Watermelons are from the pupil of my eye. The corn is from my teeth. The wheat-- it is the eggs of my lice. The beans are from my seed. And all the other vegetables are from other parts of my body. These are made for you to live and for you to remember me. I am in the big house. My spirit is there. It shall be so wherever you move it, wherever you build it.

STORYTELLER ONE

Palmitchkwit returned to the people with all that he had heard. The people sat in the big house, mourning the death of the creator and wondering what they should do.

STORYTELLER TWO

Coyote lay far away, very sick and very lonely. Finally he gathered enough strength to swallow some short reeds. He vomited up all kinds of disease from his heart, and got well. After a long while, Coyote returned to the people. They were very angry with him for what he had done, and Coyote knew he had to do something to please them.

COYOTE

I will show you how to make our Father's image as he has told us we must do.

STORYTELLER ONE

Coyote had to go far away, far away to the ocean to gather the sacred material from which to make the image. He brought these back to the Big House and began to assemble them into the image of the Father.

STORYTELLER TWO

The people cried and sang as each part of the image was built.

STORYTELLER ONE

They sang as they moved the image, as they stood it up, as they carried it to the fire, as they placed it on the pyre, as they lit the fire.

STORYTELLER TWO

They sang about the smoking, the burning, the crumbling of the last ashes, the last of the burning.

STORYTELLER ONE

As they covered the ashes with the dirt they sang the last song.

STORYTELLER TWO

Then all was over.

STORYTELLER ONE

And the world was as we know it now.

(Ensemble moves away. Pause. Katherine moves center)

KATHERINE

Just as we did not have a traditional Cahuilla wedding, Mariano did not have a traditional Cahuilla burial. By 1985, our social structure and society had broken so far down there was no one left who knew the proper way to perform the ritual. If the ritual cannot be performed in the proper manner, it must not be performed at all. Mariano's funeral was held in the same Catholic Church where we were married.

The last Cahuilla Shaman died in 1989. That was really such a sad day. We burnt the ceremonial house and all the belongings of our last Shaman. We watched the house as it went up in flames. We chanted and sang songs all night long, until the house was burnt to ash and there was nothing left. And then, that was that. That was finished. (beat) Finished. (beat) So much finished.

I have been asked, will there be Indians in 500 years? Yes, there will be Indians. But will there be Cahuilla? I don't know. Maybe.

From the beginning of the European invasions we have had so much to contend with. Smallpox and other diseases, missions and slave labor, Indian acts and termination acts, bounty hunters and Indian schools that ripped Indian children from their heritage and culture and tried to shove them into a whiteman's world. And among our own people there has been intermarriage that has caused our ways to scatter and break down. Perhaps this is just the way of the world. Perhaps there is no helping it. But one must always know who you are and where you came from. And so, I have dedicated my life to preserving our culture, our language and our story.

KATHERINE (CON'T)

Not a bad life, Mariano. Not a bad life at all. I've traveled all over the world, from Germany to Japan to Hawaii, and New Zealand, with a stopover in Tahiti. I've been fortunate enough to receive much recognition and many honors, and to have worked with some of the best minds in anthropology and linguistics. I've published many books.

And through all of my work, the message I most want to get across is to love the earth. The earth is our mother, she was given to us by Creator to love and protect. Without her, there is nothing. The worst thing that is happening in our world today is the destruction of the land. Look at what we are doing to our land. The Indian culture has always taught us to live with respect. You must respect everything around you. Every rock, every stone, every blade of grass, every seed, every animal large and small, and everyone, every man, woman and child who lives upon this earth.

Creator made every thing on earth and everyone of us. Nobody is superior. Nobody is inferior. Until mankind learns that lesson never will there be peace.

(in Cahuilla) Nonvinek! (in English) Thank-you for coming to hear my story and the story of my people. From the Salton Sea to the San Bernardino Mountains to the San Gorgonio Pass, from the flat expanse of the desert to the high rise of the mountain tops – the Cahuilla Indian were here.

We are still here.

THE END