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# In the Beginning: A New View of Black American Etiological Tales

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## IN THE BEGINNING: A NEW VIEW OF BLACK AMERICAN ETIOLOGICAL TALES<sup>1</sup>

by

DARYL DANCE

A substantial number of Black folktales may be designated as etiological "myths" in that they tend to focus on the world as it evolved and to frequently portray the role of God in explaining why the Negro is, to quote from one tale, "so messed up," why he is black, why he has big, ugly feet and hands, why his hair is kinky, and why he must remain a poor laborer in a rich society. The causes of all of these "inferior" traits of the Negro appear to be certain alleged defects in his character—his tardiness, his ignorance, his disobedience to God, his greed, and/or his laziness. Some of these types of tales which I have recently collected in Virginia not only offer some interesting variants to the well-known versions, but also present some additional material for assessing the meanings, implications, and present directions of this body of Black American folklore.

One tale offers a general explanation of the Negro's "messed up" condition, without dealing with the specifics of color, hair, etc.:

### I.

#### Why the Negro Is So Messed Up

When the creator made man, he was making the *white* man first, and all of the scrap pieces, the ends of the fingernails and the toes and the backsides, and what have you, he said, "Well, I don't know what Im gon' do with all of these ends. I'll throw them over here in the corner, and when I get time, I'll decide what to do with them." And *ALL OF A SUDDEN*, something popped out of the corner, say, "Lawd, here me!" And He turned around and it was a nigger—he made himself. He say, "Since you so smart, now you stay like that." And that's why the nigger

<sup>1</sup>I am grateful to the National Endowment for the Humanities for a research grant which enabled me to complete this manuscript.

For a fuller treatment see, Daryl Cumber Dance, *Shuckin' and Jivin' Folklore from Contemporary Black Americans*. Indiana University Press, 1978.

is so messed up. He couldn't wait until the Lord fixed him right. He had to make himself.<sup>2</sup>

Another of these etiological "myths" attempts to explain the "fact" that Negroes have big feet and hands:

## II.

### Why Black People Have Big Feet

A long time ago when they was givin' out hands and feet and heads and all, say we saw the other people gettin' all the small hands and all, you know. So to make *sure* that we would get the good part, say, we grabbed all the *big* feet we could get and all the ugly feet and the big hands. Say that's why we have such large, ugly feet and hands, 'cause we wanted to be *sure* we would get the large portions.<sup>3</sup>

Several previously collected tales combine the explanation of the Negro's color and hair in the same tale. Joel Chandler Harris's "Why the Negro is Black" suggests that in the beginning everyone was black with kinky hair. The news came that people could go to a pond and wash off the black. Those who got their first washed the kinks out of their hair and came out white; the next ones came out mulatto, but the niggers, who were last, only had enough water for the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet.<sup>4</sup> A similar explanation is given by one of the informants included in *American Stuff*.<sup>5</sup> Louise Clarke

<sup>2</sup>See Motif A1614.5, "Negroes Made from left-over scraps at creation," Stith Thompson, *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature*, Revised and Enlarged ed. (Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press, 1955).

This tale was collected in Richmond, Virginia, on January 15, 1975, from a correspondent who prefers to remain anonymous. The correspondent, who was fifty years old at the time of my interview, learned this tale from her mother who had learned it from her (my informant's) grandmother.

All of my tales are presented exactly as they were told to me by the informants. With the one exception noted, they have been transcribed from tapes with absolutely no editing on my part.

<sup>3</sup>A version of this tale appears as a part of the tale, "How Negroes Got Their Hair," in Philip Sterling, *Laughing on the Outside: The Intelligent White Reader's Guide to Negro Tales and Humor* (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1965), p. 170. In this tale, because the Negroes were late getting hair and all the "good" hair had been taken, the Negroes rushed to be first in line for feet.

This tale was collected in Richmond, Virginia, on January 30, 1975, from a sixty-year old female correspondent who prefers to remain anonymous.

<sup>4</sup>Joel Chandler Harris, "Why the Negro is Black," *Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings*, New revised ed. (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1947), pp. 166-168; reprinted in J. Mason Brewer, *American Negro Folklore* (Chicago: Quadrangle, 1972), pp. 20-21.

<sup>5</sup>*American Stuff: An Anthology of Prose and Verse by Members of the Federal Writers' Project* (New York: The Viking Press, 1937), pp. 150-151.

Pynelle presents a tale, "Sleepy Head, Kinky Head," in which God made the people and put them out to dry. The Negro went to sleep and therefore did not respond when God called the people to finish them up. When he finally awoke he was black with kinky hair.<sup>6</sup>

Some other previously published tales which deal with the Negro's color offer the explanation that when God called the people to get their color, all of the others responded promptly except the Negroes. They came running in late and crowded around the Lord, who yelled to them, "Git back!" They misunderstood and thought he had told them, "Git black!"<sup>7</sup> A variant of this tale which I collected in Charles City, Virginia, eliminates the suggestion that whites are *rewarded* for a virtue (such as promptness) and Black are *punished* for a sin (such as laziness). In this account all races get their color as a similar result of misunderstanding God, a variation to the tale that I have not discovered elsewhere, though in the variation the informant makes clever use of the well-known "aphorism" among Blacks: "If you're white, you're right;/ If you're brown, stick around;/ If you're black, step back." Here is the tale as I collected it from Mr. Charles E. Calender:

### III.

#### How the Races Got Their Colors

They say that in the beginning of time, God was getting the races together, and He told the people, He say, "Now, . . ." (He was telling them what to *do*, you know—couldn't hear so good.) He say, "Yawl git to the right." They got white, you know.

He say, "Yawl stand *around*, stand *around*, git *around*!" They got brown.

And, [He said] "Yawl, git back!" And they got *black*.<sup>8</sup>

Like the previously mentioned tales which combine the explanation

<sup>6</sup>Louise Clarke Pynelle, *Diddie, Dumps, and Tot; or Plantation Child-Life* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1882), pp. 206-207; reprinted in B.A. Botkin, *A Treasury of American Folklore* (New York: Crown Publishers, 1944), p. 429.

<sup>7</sup>For versions of this tale, see Zora Neale Hurston, *Dust Tracks on a Road: An Autobiography* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1942), pp. 74-77; reprinted in B.A. Botkin, *A Treasury of Southern Folklore* (New York: Brown Publishers, 1949), pp. 482-483; Zora Neale Hurston, *Mules and Men* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1935), pp. 48-49; Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps, *The Book of Negro Folklore* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1958), pp. 125-127; and J. Mason Brewer, *American Negro Folklore*, p. 20.

<sup>8</sup>This tale was collected in Charles City, Virginia, on March 19, 1975, from Mr. Charles E. Calender, Farm Demonstration Agent for Charles City County, who heard this tale in Clifton Forge, Virginia, where he grew up. Mr. Calender was in his forties when this tale was recorded.

of the Negro's hair and color, other tales which deal exclusively with his hair usually suggest that it is a punishment for being tardy. In "Why the Negro has Curly Hair," the Negroes wait to finish their watermelon, and when they come in late, all the hair that is left is what others did not want and had stepped all over.<sup>9</sup> A similar tale appears in Philip Sterling's *Laughing on the Outside*.<sup>10</sup> A slightly different version was collected by Richard M. Dorson in Pine Bluff, where the Negro grabbed kinky hair because he was in such a big hurry.<sup>11</sup>

The following account of the origin of the Negro's hair, which I collected in Richmond, seems not to have been previously published:

#### IV.

##### Why the Black Man's Hair is Nappy

At the beginning of time the Lord, you know, decided that he was going to give out hair. And so first he called up a white man and asked him what kind of hair he wanted; he said he wanted straight hair; and then he called up the Jew, and said, "Now, Mr. Jew, come on, what kind of hair you want?" He said he wanted *curly* hair. So the Lord gave him curly hair. And in the meantime, the niggers were back there playing dice. And they weren't about to stop. And the Lord said, "Niggers, what kind o' hair yawl want? Come up here and tell me." And they hollered out, "Aw, J. C., just ball it up and throw it back here." And that's the way we got our nappy hair.<sup>12</sup>

An interesting explanation of how the Negro got to America was given to me by Mr. Charles Hayes:

<sup>9</sup>Richard M. Dorson, *Negro Folktales in Michigan* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1956), pp. 78-79; reprinted in Richard M. Dorson, *American Negro Folktales* (Greenwich, Connecticut: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1967), p. 176.

<sup>10</sup>Sterling, *Laughing*, p. 170

<sup>11</sup>Richard M. Dorson, *Negro Tales from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and Calvin, Michigan* (Bloomington: Indiana University Publications, 1958), p. 184; reprinted in Dorson, *American Negro Folktales*, pp. 176-177.

<sup>12</sup>Collected from Mrs. Thelma Hedgepeth, Coordinator of Mathematics, Virginia Union University, Richmond, Virginia, on January 13, 1975. Mrs. Hedgepeth heard this joke in Alabama, her home state. I have another version of this tale, which I collected October 26, 1970, from a young college student in Richmond, Virginia, Miss Shirley Taylor, and which ends, "and it's been *balled* up ever since."

## V.

## How Blacks Got to America

I hear that the colored people one time was all on *one* side of the river. And the white peoples was all on *this* side. And they had a red flag, red handkerchief or sumpin'. They took that and kept on waving it, wavin' it and *wavin'* it, and that caused them to get those slaves—by that red flag. That's how they managed to come over here. They waved and got 'em over here—through that red flag. Yeah! So that's the way the colored people mostly got here—got here through that *red* handkerchief—that red flag. They was on one-side of the river—and they was on the other, and they waved, kep' on waving and they got over there where the white folks at and when they got over here, see, they kep' 'em.<sup>13</sup>

Mr. Hayes accepts the above narration as a historical truth and insists that it is (or at least was) widespread. Exhaustive research on my part has failed to uncover any other close version of the tale, but I did discover two other accounts where certain key elements in the tale are similar: the Negro's attraction to red was used to entrap him, and (in Mr. Hayes's account and one of the variants) his curiosity contributed to his enslavement. In "Red Flannel" one former slave gives an account which she had heard from "Granny Judith," who told her that the white men enticed the Africans on their ships by dropping pieces of red cloth before them all the way up into the ship. Then when they got as many Blacks as they wanted they chained the gate up and the Blacks couldn't get off.<sup>14</sup> Another Negro informant, Prince Baskin, related to A.M.H. Christensen his grandfather's account of his captivity:

. . . an' when dey [white men in Africa] meet up wid my

<sup>13</sup>Mr. Charles Hayes, from whom I recorded this tale on January 22, 1975, was born in Richmond, on May 23, 1879. Though he was ninety-six years old at the time of our session, he had a remarkably clear mind, and proved to be a valuable informant. He believes his mother was a slave.

In the event that anyone questions the inclusion of this tale here I must point out that for most Blacks, the Middle Passage so completely severed the American slave from his past (his language, his religion, his name, his very identity) that most Blacks must agree with James Baldwin who declared, "I have to talk out of my beginnings, and I did begin here [America] auctioned like a mule . . ." (Margaret Mead and James Baldwin, *A Rap on Race* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1971), p. 256.

<sup>14</sup>B. A. Botkin, ed. *Lay My Burden Down: A Folk History of Slavery* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1945), pp. 57-58.

gran' daddy an' a whole parcel more, young boys like, all from de same village, dey hire dem wid piece ob red flannel an' ting for go 'long wid dem. But when dey git dem on bo'd de ship dey bring dem ober to dis country an' sell dem for slave.<sup>15</sup>

A final group of these etiological narratives attempt to explain the Negro's role as poor laborer and the white's (often the Jew's) role as wealthy boss. Usually in these tales God calls the people to get packages and the Negro in his greed rushes to get the biggest package. In "Colored Man, Jew, and White Man," collected by Richard M. Dorson, the Negro's big package contains a mule and a plow, while the small packages selected by the white man and the Jew contain knowledge and money, respectively.<sup>16</sup> The implications are too explicit to require further comment. In a similar tale in *Mules and Men* the Negro finds a shovel, hoe, and plow in his package while the white man gets pen and ink. The Negro, of course, ends up working while the white man sits down "figgerin'."<sup>17</sup>

In a tale which I collected, the Negro's approach is exactly the opposite, but the outcome is the same:

## VI.

### Why the Whites Have Everything

God was making the worl' and he called de people, you know, de white people to get a bag and de colored people to get a bag. De colored people went to get the little light bag and the white people get the big, heavy bag, and the heavy bag [there] was money in it, and the light bag ain't have nothin' in it. And they say dat's why us ain't got nothin' today; white people got it all.<sup>18</sup>

I wish to present the texts of a final tale relative to the economic situation in this country, the first given to me by Mr. Hopson Lipscomb and the second by Mrs. Marie Hunter:

<sup>15</sup>A. M. H. Christensen, *Afro-American Folklore: Told Round Cabin Fires on the Sea Islands of South Carolina* (Boston: published by the author, 1898), p. 4.

<sup>16</sup>Dorson, *Negro Folktales in Michigan*, p. 76; reprinted in Dorson, *Negro American Folktales*, pp. 172-173.

<sup>17</sup>Zora Neale Hurston, *Mules and Men*, p. 102.

<sup>18</sup>Collected from Mrs. Cynthia Buckra in Richmond, November 20, 1974. Mrs. Buckra was eighty years old at the time of my interview.

## VII-A

## Upon This Rock

When the good Lord was traveling on earth, you know, they had such a bunch of people following him 'round, and they say he had one of *us* with him, you know. So they say, "Lord," say, "We're hungry." He say, "Well, you go up on the mountain, and bring me down a stone." So the others (Jewish fellows and all like that, you know) brought down a pretty good size stone, you know. Colored fellow say, "I ain't gon' carry no great big rock. He say, 'Bring down a stone.'" He picked up something like that [gesturing with fingers to indicate a tiny pebble] and he walked on down there, you know. So He prayed and commanded the stones be turned into bread. And they had enough bread to satisfy 'em. All he [the colored fellow] had was a lil' loaf like that [indicating tiny piece the size of the pebble]. So the next time they got hungry, they say, "Lord, we're hungry." He say, "Go up there on that mountain and bring me down a stone." Say *us* say, "I'm gon' fix 'im this time." He went up there and got a great big boulder; he could just barely be capable of gettin' it down there. He say, "I'm gon' eat this time." And when he got down there, He commanded the other stones be made into bread. When he got to this fellow, he put his foot on it and say, "Upon this rock I'll build my church." He say, "Oh, naw, *NAW* you *ain't!* You gon' make bread out o' that rock. You ain't gon' build no church on it!"<sup>19</sup>

## VII-B

## Upon This Rock

On the side of a mountain once, the Lord summoned three people to help him with a project, one being a Black man, one being an Italian, and the other Jewish. And the Lord said, "I am simply looking for people to follow simple directions." And He said, "I simply want the three of you to go out and bring me

<sup>19</sup>Mr. Hopson Lipscomb, my most prolific informant, was born "around about the middle of April" and "probably around about 1904." The lack of birth records and the death of his mother when he was an infant made it impossible for him to ascertain his exact birth date. Though born into a middle-class family, he was raised by a woman whose husband had been a slave, and Mr. Lipscomb heard many of his tales from him and their many friends who were also former slaves.



back a stone, or as much stone as you'd like." And so the Black man, thinking that it was a timed thing, rushed right back with a pebble. The Italian took a couple of hours and finally he came back with a wheelbarrow piled with crushed stone. And they waited until midnight. Finally they heard a rumbling. And the Jew was shoving a mountain. So the Lord in His patience blessed the stones and said, "These stones I will now turn into bread." Well, the Black man had a biscuit. The Italian had a wheelbarrow *filled* with loaves of bread. And the Jew had a *bakery*, of course. So the next day, the Lord said, "Same gentlemen, same assignment. Go out and fetch stones." Well, the Black man was *extremely* happy for a second chance. So sometime later that evening, the Italian was the first one back, with his same wheelbarrow filled with stones. And the Jew took very long to come, but here he is with his mountain. And they waited until midnight. The Black man didn't show . . . 2 A.M. . . . 3 A.M. . . . 4 A.M. . . . Well, just about dawn they heard a rumbling sound. And a whole avalanche of mountains and boulders—just everything—was being hurled at the Lord. And finally the Lord said, "Upon *these* rocks I'll build my church." And the Black man said, "I be *damned* if you will. You gon' make *bread* today!"<sup>20</sup>

In only one collection have I come across a text of this tale that closely parallels the versions presented here; and that is in Roger D. Abrahams' *Positively Black*.<sup>21</sup> A very close text is, however, also included by Cecil Brown in his novel, *The Life and Loves of Mr. Jiveass Nigger*.<sup>22</sup> A variant of the tale, which explains why the church is split up, and in which the principals are Jesus and His disciples, is found in Hurston's *Mules and Men*<sup>23</sup> and Dorson's *Negro Folktales in Michigan*.<sup>24</sup>

It has been generally accepted as a fact that these etiological "myths" are self-debasing tales suggesting that the Black man accepts the derogatory stereotypes of Black people, that he regards the physi-

<sup>20</sup>Mrs. Marie Hunter is a teacher in the Richmond Public Schools and also a talented actress and singer. She was in her thirties at the time of my interview.

<sup>21</sup>Roger D. Abrahams, *Positively Black* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1970), p. ix.

<sup>22</sup>Cecil Brown, *The Life and Loves of Mr. Jiveass Nigger* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1970), pp. 59-60.

<sup>23</sup>Hurston, *Mules and Men*, pp. 45-46.

<sup>24</sup>Dorson, *Negro Folktales in Michigan*, pp. 158-159.

cal traits of his race as a curse, and that he views his economic plight as a badge of his inferiority. This interpretation is highly questionable, however, for various reasons.

First of all, a careful study of the extant accounts of Black people from slavery to the present time, including accounts from the most illiterate to the most highly educated, and including many of the folk materials, tends to suggest that while Blacks could not escape the reality of the fact that in white America whiteness was certainly a preeminent convenience, there have always been considerable numbers who never accepted whiteness, in and of itself, as a positive quality—a virtue—and blackness, in and of itself, as a negative quality—a curse. It is difficult to believe, therefore, that such tales would arise and endure with such widespread currency if they are indeed completely self-defeating tales, since popular folklore inevitably reflects something of the culture and values and innermost desires of the people who create it.

Secondly, my own observations of the reactions of Black audiences to these tales indicate that they may chuckle lightly at the Negro—who *seems* to be the butt of the jokes—but they tend to react more to the absurdity of the situations—all of which have white orientation, arising from white values, white prejudices, white stereotyping, white hypocrisy, white economic institutions, etc.

Finally, it seems to me that an interpretation of these “myths” more consistent with the now-obvious interpretations of much other Black folklore, such as the animal fables and the spirituals, might tend to reveal these tales more accurately as veiled satire of a situation rather than blind acceptance of that situation. Certainly it would not be the first time Blacks have appropriated white stereotyping of them and used those same stereotypes for a counterattack: the contented and devoted slave, the Uncle Tom, the minstrel buffoon, the sexual superman—all of these appear in countless Black productions (folk and literary) in the same guise but with very different souls and subversive motives. Moreover, if we consider the tales and their “apparent” purpose in terms of the usual function of folklore, we cannot help but see them as satirical and sarcastic commentaries. William R. Bascom has noted that folklore helps to validate “culture, [to justify] its rituals and institutions to those who perform and observe them.”<sup>25</sup> In these tales which purport to provide a logical explanation for illogical values we find that

<sup>25</sup>William R. Bascom, “Four Functions of Folklore,” *The Study of Folklore*, ed. Alan Dundes (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1965), p. 292.

instead of validating and justifying, they make those values appear more ludicrous. Further, they become even more ridiculous if we attempt to explain them as myths. Bronislaw Malinowski notes that "The function of myth, briefly, is to strengthen tradition and endow it with a greater value and prestige by tracing it back to a higher, better, more supernatural reality of initial events."<sup>26</sup> On the surface, of course, these appear to be mythological tales, explaining certain traditional views in terms of their creation by, or at least in conjunction with, God. But as we look at the paradoxical nature of the full body of these tales, we see that no amount of mythological explanation will rationalize or give prestige to any of these situations. In their very effort to supposedly give some logic to the prevalent attitudes towards the Black man, the creators of these tales make those beliefs so ridiculous that one must conclude that the views and attitudes of the white man are positively ludicrous. An additional bit of irony may derive from the Black narrator's use of the white man's God to explain most of these situations, especially considering the fact that the white American has used his religion to justify some of his most hypocritical and sacrilegious actions towards the Blacks.<sup>27</sup> The unavoidable conclusion is that these tales are not myths—they are only parodies of myths. They are indeed *jokes* and the butt of these jokes is only ostensibly the Negro—the real target is often the white man or America.

There is no possibility of providing value and prestige to a situation where the principal loses if he is first and if he is last; if he works or if he fails to work; if any choice that he makes is the wrong choice. The only constant in the illogical situations under which the Negro functions in these tales is that the Negro *must* lose. He may be told that he is punished for a particular shortcoming, but the fact remains that he must suffer because of only one thing—his race. In the previously cited tale from Philip Sterling's *Laughing on the Outside* (See footnote 3), for example, the Negro suffers first because he is late and he suffers next because he is prompt. In some tales where God offers packages, the Negro gets the big package and suffers as a result; in others he selects the small package; he still suffers. In other words, to use an expression commonly heard in Black conversation regarding the politi-

<sup>26</sup>Bronislaw Malinowski, *Myth in Primitive Psychology* (reprint: Westport, Connecticut: Near Universities Press, 1972), pp. 91-92.

<sup>27</sup>Slave narratives and testimonials offer overwhelming evidence that slaves frequently saw through the white master's ridiculously hypocritical use of Christianity and made their behavior the subject matter of jokes.

cal, economic, and social systems in this country, "The nigger can't win." It is certainly possible to detect this same phrase echoing throughout these tales more clearly than one can perceive the idea that the Negro is inferior. "Upon This Rock" offers a vivid example of this point, for it may certainly be seen as an eloquent commentary on the injustices of the American economic system. If the Black man rushes as he does in version B (cognizant of how often he is punished for being late) he ends up with a biscuit while the Italian and Jew get several loaves and a bakery, respectively. If he struggles as they did to earn the rewards they received, the rules of the game are changed again; and he gets nothing. Inevitably when this joke is recounted, the audience does not laugh as much at the laziness or the industriousness of the Negro as they react to the hypocrisy of the Lord (here the American economic system) because they know He will inevitably modify the rules so that whatever that nigger does, he is never going to get more than a biscuit.

I suggest that these tales were (and are) to many of their tellers and listeners veiled protests than self-derogatory tales. More and more the veil is being removed and some of these narratives drop even the suggestion of racial degradation and become more direct in their protest. For example, while all of the Black characters in the tales in which God offers man a choice of packages accept whatever their fate (and that, regardless of their choice, is to work hard for the white man), there is an unmistakable, forthright voice of protest in "Upon This Rock" where the Black man insists that he be able to compete on the basis of the established rules. The protest is even more forceful in the second version which I received from a much younger correspondent. The first retains the view of the Black man as less industrious.<sup>28</sup> The second portrays the Black man's dilemma in determining how best to compete in the system ("... the Black man, *thinking that it was a timed thing* (italics are mine) rushed right back with a pebble.") His reaction to the denial of his reward is also more vehement in the second version, where, when God declares that he will build a church, he retorts, "I be *damned* if you will. You gon' make *bread* today!"

Obviously the events of the last two decades have contributed to a more obvious and widespread rejection of white values and a more eloquent reaffirmation of Blackness among American Negroes. The

<sup>28</sup>It is important to point out, however, that this is not, in and of itself, necessarily derogatory. Many tales posit the Negro's avoidance of work as an admirable trait, since he expects no commensurate reward anyway.

situations that produced these tales are varying and the tales themselves are changing to reflect new (unfortunately, not so different) situations. The one definite fact is, however, that the message is no longer veiled and the interpretation presents no problem. Whatever one thinks about that previously-quoted verse: "If you're white, you're right . . . If you're Black, step back," whether he assumes that it reflects a feeling of inferiority among Negroes or whether he considers it an attack on the American system, there is no question of the meaning of the latest version which I recently received: "If you are white, it's best to keep your ass out of sight."<sup>29</sup>

Virginia Commonwealth University  
Richmond

<sup>29</sup>Collected from a student at Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, Virginia, April, 1975. This tale was taken by dictation.