

MONKEY-SPOUSE SEES CHILDREN MURDERED, ESCAPES TO FREEDOM!

A WORLDWIDE GATHERING AND COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS OF CAMARENA-CHEVALIER TYPE 714, II-IV TALES

PART II: BEYOND EUROPE

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Abstract

A previous part of this article (*E.L.O.*, 11-12: 73-96) discussed the European origins of a monkey-spouse tale, wherein a woman abandoned in an uninhabited island is forced to become the wife of a large ape and mother to its progeny. She later escapes over a body of water, while the ape kills the child in full view of all. This tale corresponds to portions II, and particularly III and IV of Camarena-Chevalier tale-type 714.

In the present part of the article, similar tales, some quite recent, originating in Russia, Central to South-East Asia, in Arabic tradition, and those circulated in the Americas are presented, and compared. The setting is not always an island and the sex of the ape's human partner is not the same, but a number of elements recur consistently, including the cohabitation of ape and human and the offspring's murder occurring near a barrier of water which aids in the human's escape. This survey indicates that this tale-type is widely adapted across the world.

Resumo

Na primeira parte deste artigo (ver *E.L.O.*, 11-12: 73-96), foram discutidas as origens europeias do conto da esposa do macaco, em que uma mulher abandonada numa ilha deserta é forçada a tornar-se a esposa de um enorme símio e a mãe do filho deste. Mais tarde, a mulher foge atravessando as águas, enquanto o macaco mata o filho à vista de todos. Este conto corresponde às partes II e sobretudo III e IV do conto-tipo 714 de Camarena-Chevalier.

Nesta segunda parte do artigo, apresentam-se e comparam-se vários contos, por vezes muito recentes, originários da Rússia, da Ásia Central e do Sudoeste, da tradição árabe e do continente americano. O lugar da acção nem sempre é uma ilha e o sexo do parceiro humano do símio não é o mesmo, mas um certo número de elementos aparecem recorrentemente, incluindo a coabitação entre símio e ser humano e o

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assassínio do filho junto de uma barreira aquática que ajuda o ser humano a escapar. Esta análise mostra que o conto-tipo em causa existe em muitos lugares do mundo.

I. INTRODUCTION

In the first portion of this article,¹ the tale of a woman shipwrecked or marooned on an island, who is then taken in, housed and fed by an ape, forced into sexual congress, bears hybrid offspring, and escapes to a ship she has signaled, only to see the father slaughter the infants. On her return to Portugal she is condemned to death for her sins, but her sentence is commuted to ending her days in a convent. In the following portion of the article we will look at versions and variants of the basic story as told in the Americas, Asia (including Russia).

II. TALES FROM THE AMERICAS

I. Non-Spanish/Portuguese America

The first version of the tale written in the English language is apparently that of Matthew Gregory Lewis, author of the infamous Gothic novel *The Monk*. Written aboard ship during the Jamaica-England voyage that would claim his life, the lengthy narrative poem *The Isle of Devils. A Historical Tale, Founded on an Anecdote in the Annals of Portugal* was first published separately as a small chapbook in Kingston, Jamaica in 1827, then reprinted in certain editions of Lewis' *Journal of a West India Proprietor*:²

In *The Isle of Devils* the woman is the victim of the "Demon King" and his attendant imps, which some have interpreted as an escaped black slave,³ rather than a dominant monkey and his lesser simian brethren. However, since in all other aspects *The Isle of Devils* maintains the themes of the monkey-spouse tale, it appears that the monkey is merely recast in the Gothic costume of a devil. Part of these trappings lead to the young woman being portrayed as an innocent virgin ravished by the devil, whereas in most other versions of the tale she is said to be a married, sometimes adulterous woman, and thus presumably sexually active. In de Claireville's account (see

¹ See *E. L. O.*, 11-12 (2005-2006): 73-96.

² The 1834 John Murray (London), and the 1999 Oxford University Press (New York) editions as *Journal of a West India Proprietor Kept During a Residence in the Island of Jamaica* include *The Isle of Devils*. The 1929 Routledge (London) edition as *Journal of a West India Proprietor, 1815-1817*, and a 1845 John Murray (London) edition as *Journal of a Residence Among the Negroes in the West Indies* do not. An e-text of the poem is available through Chadwyck-Healey English Poetry Database: Early Nineteenth-Century Poetry, 1800-1835.

³ See Macdonald 1998: 191-193.

Part I) she has had at least three human children. Given the length and wide availability of Lewis' poem it is not included here.

Besides this version, Altrocchi also mentions a similar tale gathered orally from a woman of French Canadian ancestry, Mrs. E. R. Burnett of North Adams, MA, U.S.A, who had the story from her grandmother:

A young girl was walking in the Canadian woods; a gorilla appeared, grabbed her and made off with her. He never let her out of his sight; finally she had a child by him. While the child was still a baby, she made her escape. She tramped to the ocean; a passing ship rescued her just in time, for the gorilla, crazy with jealous anger, came after her with their baby and, unable to follow the boat, dashed the child's brains out on a rock. (Altrocchi (1944: 96)

Given her ancestry, Altrocchi suggests that the story came down to her from one of the early French sources (see Part I).

Mrs. Burnett's tale, and the others from the United States, given below by Roberts and Dorson, all omit any reference to events occurring when the human returns to his or her home. The first of these tales is of a creature termed a Yeahoh⁴ and was collected in Kentucky by Leonard Roberts;⁵ here the ape is female:

Once they was a man out huntin' and he got lost and after a while he begin to get hungry. He come to a big hole in the ground and he thought he would venture down into it. He went down in there and he found the old Yeahoh lived in there and had deer meat hangin' up and other foods piled around the walls. The man was afraid at first, but Yeahoh didn't bother him and he went toward that meat to get him some. The Yeahoh walked over and looked at the knife and said, "Yeahoh, Yeahoh," a time or two. He cut it off a piece of the meat and started eatin' it. Well, the man stepped over to the middle of the pit and took out his flint and built him up a fire. And the Yeahoh watched him and looked at the fire and at the flint and said, "Yeahoh, Yeahoh" again. The man put his meat on a stick and br'iled him a nice piece and started eatin' it. The Yeahoh watched him and acted like it wanted a piece. The man cut it off a piece of the br'iled meat and reached it over, and the Yeahoh commenced to eatin' it up and smackin' its lips and saying,
"Yeahoh, Yeahoh."

⁴ Citing Faragher's 1992 biography of Daniel Boone, Trotti 1994 draws two pieces of information: (i) Boone told tall tales of "killing a ten-foot, hairy giant he called a 'Yahoo,'" (ii) the Yahoos are hairy man-like creatures in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, one of Boone's favourite books. He goes on to suggest that Boone's tall tales may be at the origin of some of the Bigfoot tales in North America. Zueffle (1997), expanding on Trotti's thesis, suggests that the term "Yeahoh" used for such a creature in a story collected by Leonard Roberts in the mountains of Kentucky, may be a corruption of Swift's Yahoos. Like the Yahoos, the Yeahoh has an eponymous cry.

⁵ Told by Lee Maggard, who lived in a small cabin on the south slope of the Pine Mountain range near the small lumber town of Putney, Harlan County, Kentucky. He had heard it on Maggard's Branch, Leslie County (Leonard 1957)

Well, the man lived there with it a long time and they got along all right. After so long they was a young'un born to 'em, and it was half-man and half-Yeahoh. And the Yeahoh took such a liking to the man it wouldn't let him leave. He got to wanting to get away and go back home. One day he slipped off and the Yeahoh follered him and made him go back. Went on that way for a good while, but he picked him a good time and slipped away. This time he got to the shore where there was a ship ready to set sail. He got on this ship and he looked and saw the Yeahoh comin' with the youngun'.

It screamed and hollered for him to come back and when it saw he wasn't goin' to come, why, it just tore the baby in two and helt it out one-half to him and said, "Yeahoh, Yeahoh." He sailed off and left it standing there.

Roberts also collected a truncated version of the tale⁶ in his 1955 *South From Hell-fer-Sartin* entitled "The Origin of Man."

Once upon a time they's a man layin' out, and he went to a cave. And he was layin' out in there and the Yeahoh come and throwed a deer in to him – something would come every day and throw a deer into him, and leave out. On time that Yeahoh come and got down in there wuth him and not long after that she had a kid. Then one time he took a notion to leave her and he would go to leave and she wouldn't let him go. She'd make him come back. A-finally he got out and he got on a ship going to cross the waters. And he got started and rode off and left her. And she stood there and hollered and screamed after him. And when she seen he'd got away from her and she couldn't go, why she tore the baby in two and throwed one half in after him.

In yet another tale Roberts collected in Kentucky (Roberts 1957),⁷ the creature, "The Hairy Woman," is not specifically named:

One time I's prowling in the wilderness, wandering about, kindly got lost and so weak and hungry I couldn't go. When it begin to get cool, I found a big cave and crawled backin there to get warm. Crawled back in and come upon a leaf bed and I dozed off to sleep. I heard a nawful racket coming into that cave, and something come in and crawled right over me and laid down like a big old bear. It was a hairy thing and when it laid down it went chomp, chomp, chawing on something, I thought to myself, "I'll see what it is and find out what it is eating."

I reached over and a hairylike woman was there eating chestnuts, had about a half a bushel there. I got me a big handful of them and went to chawing on them too. Well, in a few minutes she handed me over another big handful, and I eat chestnuts until I was kindly full and wasn't hungry any more. D'rectly she got up and took off and out of sight.

Well, I stayed on there till next morning and she come in with a young deer. Brought it in and with her big long fingernails she ripped its hide and

⁶ Told by Nancy McDaniel in the Big Leatherfoot Creek, Perry County, KY.

⁷ Told by Joe Couch, Appalachia, Virginia in 1954, heard from his people when he lived in Perry County, Kentucky.

skinned it, and then she sliced the good lean meat and handed me a bite to eat. I kindly slipped it behind me, afraid to eat it raw and afraid not to eat it being she give it to me. She'd cut off big pieces of deer meat and eat it raw. Well, I laid back and the other pieces she give over as she eat her'n. She was goin' to see I didn't starve. When she got gone again I built me up a little far and br'iled my meat. After being hungry for two or three days, it was good cooked — yes, buddy. She come in while I had my far built. She couldn't understand because it kindly burnt her a little. She jumped back and looked at me like she was going to run through me. I said, "Uh-oh, I'm going to get in trouble now."

Well, it was cold and bad out, so I just stayed another night with her. She was a woman but was right hairy all over. After several days I learnt her how to br'ile meat and that far would burn her. She got shy of the far and got so she liked br'iled meat and wouldn't eat it raw no more. We went on through the winter that way. She would go out and carry in deer and bear. So I lived there about two year, and when we had a little kid, one side of it was hairy and the other side was slick. I took a notion I would leave there and go back home. I begin to build me a boat to go away across the lake in. One time after I had left, I took a notion I would slip back and see what she was doing. I went out to the edge of the clift and looked down into the mountain, and it looked like two or three dozen hairy people coming up the hill. They was all pressing her and she would push them back. They wanted to come on up and come in. I was scared to death, afraid they's going to kill me. She made them go back and wouldn't let them come up and interfere.

Well I took a notion to leave one day when my boat was ready. I told her one day I was going to leave. She follered me down to my boat and watched me get ready to go away. She was crying, wanting me to stay. I said, "No, I'm tired of the jungles. I'm going back to civilisation again, going back."

When she knowed she wasn't going to keep me there, she just grabbed the little young'un and tore it right open with her nails. Threw me the hairy part and she kept the slick side. That's the end of that story.

A similar tale was collected from one "Uncle Curt" Morse in Maine by Richard Dorson (1959, 1975).⁸ However, here, unlike previous versions the young woman as clearly kidnapped rather than falling into the hands of the ape by her own means, but the boat rescue is maintained, if in modified form:

Cove about two mile below where I live called Yoho Cove and the old fellas years ago allus said there was some kind of wild man lived there, and all they could understand he holler, "Yoho, yoho" all the time, especially at night. So he kinda slacked off and there was some natives down around the shore, don't cha know, and took kinda of a dugout canoe I call it, dug out of a tree, went across there raspberryin'. Well they got about ready to come home and they

⁸ Dorson 1959: 130-131; Dorson 1975: 485-487. The text of the story is identical in both, except that in the second knowledge of the story is confirmed by a woman who was present at the interview.

heard this Yoho hollerin' — they call him a Yoho. So before they reached the boat this fella, this man, ran out and grabbed this girl and took her back in the woods with him and left the rest screechin'. So they went home, and a little while afterwards why it kinda died out, don't you know? They missed the girl a lot.

Well they thought she was dead and about two years afterwards, or about a year and a half afterwards, they had kinda forgot about it and they went over there raspberryin' or blueberryin' again and they heard this screechin' and they looked up and this girl there, their relation, was runnin' and screechin' for help. So she had a baby with her chasin' along — a year old — some little year old baby somethin' like that. And they got her in the canoe anyway, started off from the shore. And the Yoho come down on the shore and caught the baby, or took the baby, tore it apart, tore it in pieces, threw one part at the canoe as it was leavin', and took the other part back in the woods.

So it's been called Yoho Cove ever since. That's all of it that I know about. It's always been called Yoho Cove.

Some relevant tales of sasquatch⁹ (i.e., Bigfoot) abductions also exist. One such Canadian tale was told to John W. Burns 1940 by an Indian woman named Serephine Long. Unlike the previous stories where the human escapes the ape, here the kidnapped woman is eventually returned to her people by the ape itself, no body of water is involved in her leaving the ape, their offspring dies naturally some time after their parting, and none of the consequences of her actions within the context of her society are presented. Interestingly, here and in the story which follows it, the ape “blindfolds” its victim with tree gum, in order to keep its lair secret.

I was walking toward home one day many years ago carrying a big bundle of cedar roots and thinking of the young brave Qualac (Thunderbolt), I was soon to marry. Suddenly, at a place where the bush grew close and thick beside the trail, a long arm shot out and a big hairy hand was pressed over my mouth. Then I was suddenly lifted up into the arms of a young sasquatch. I was terrified, fought, and struggled with all my might. In those days, I was strong. But it was no good, the wild man was as powerful as a young bear. Holding me easily under one arm, with his other hand he smeared tree gum over my eyes, sticking them shut so that I could not see where he was taking me. He then lifted me to his shoulder and started to run.

He ran on and on for a long long time – up and down hills, through thick brush, across many streams never stopping to rest. Once he had to swim a river and then perhaps I could have gotten away, but I was so afraid of being drowned that I held on tightly with my arms about his neck. Although I was frightened I could not but admire his easy breathing, his great strength and speed of foot. After reaching the other side of the river, he began to climb and

⁹ The term “sasquatch” was first coined by John W. Burns, Government Indian Agent-teacher at the Chehalis Indian Reserve, British Columbia, Canada. He first used the term in print in an article entitled “Introducing British Columbia’s Hairy Giants”, published in *Maclean’s Magazine*, April 1, 1929.

climb. Presently the air became very cold. I could not see but I guessed that we were close to the top of a mountain.

At last the sasquatch stopped hurrying, then he stooped over and moved slowly as if feeling his way along a tunnel. Presently he laid me down very gently and I heard people talking in a strange tongue I could not understand. The young giant next wiped the sticky tree gum from my eyelids and I was able to look around me. I sat up and saw that I was in a great big cave. The floor was covered with animal skins, soft to touch and better preserved than we preserve them. A small fire in the middle of the floor gave all the light there was. As my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I saw that beside the young giant who had brought me to the cave there were two other wild people — a man and a woman. To me, a young girl, they seemed very very old, but they were active and friendly and later I learned that they were the parents of the young sasquatch who had stolen me. When they all came over to look at me I cried and asked them to let me go. They just smiled and shook their heads. From then on I was kept a close prisoner; not once would they let me go out of the cave. Always one of them stayed with me when the other two were away.

They fed me well on roots, fish and meat. After I had learned a few words of their tongue, which is not unlike the Douglas dialect, I asked the young giant how he caught and killed the deer, mountain goats and sheep that he often brought into the cave. He smiled, opening and closing his big hairy hands. I guessed that he just laid in wait and when an animal got close enough, — he leaped, caught it and choked it to death. He was certainly big enough, quick enough and strong enough to do so.

When I had been in the cave for about a year I began to feel very sick and weak and could not eat much. I told this to the young sasquatch and pleaded with him to take me back to my own people. At first he got very angry, as did his father and mother but I kept on pleading with them, telling them that I wished to see my own people again before I died. I really was ill and I suppose they could see that for themselves because one day after I cried for a long time, the young sasquatch went outside and returned with leaf full of tree gum. With this he stuck down my eyelids as he had done before. Then he again lifted me to his big shoulder.

The return journey was like a very bad dream for I was light headed and in much pain. When we re-crossed the wide river, I was almost swept away; I was too weak to cling to the young sasquatch but he held me with one big hand and swam with the other. Close to my home, he put me down and gently removed the tree gum from my eyelids. When he saw that I could see again he shook his head sadly, pointed to my house and then turned back into the forest.

My people were all wildly excited when I stumbled back into the house for they had long ago given me up as dead. But I was too sick and weak to talk. I just managed to crawl into bed and that night I gave birth to a child. The little one lived only a few hours, for which I have always been thankful. I hope that never again shall I see a sasquatch.

Another Canadian tale was collected by Hester White 1962 who heard it from an Indian called Suswap who had worked for her father, Judge Haynes, at Osoyoos, B.C.¹⁰

Said Suswap: “Stenwyken, the hairy giant who smelled of burning hair, left tracks near the Indian caches where he helped himself to the dried meat, fish, roots and berries stored for the winter. He was often seen at the mouths of creeks catching fish. He was a peaceful man and never harmed the Indians.”

“However, one day in the long ago at berry time an Indian maiden disappeared; it was feared that stenwyken had carried her away. After a long time she returned to her tribe and said stenwyken had seized her and carried her to a large cave, the floor of which was covered with skins of bear, deer and mountain sheep.”

“She was given roots, berries, dried fish and meat to eat. She was not harmed in any way, but she was prisoner, because a large stone rolled across the mouth of the cave prevented her from going out again.”

“When she was left alone, she used some of the hides to make a pair of moccasins, in the hope that she would have the chance to escape one day, or night. The rising moon showed her that the stone was not as tightly over the entrance to the cave as it had been, and she was able to squeeze past the stone to liberty. After traveling many miles, she at length found her own people.”

“Another Indian girl belonging to a north Okanagan Indian tribe vanished from their camp some years later. After three years, she came back and said Stenwyken had captured her and carried her off to a large cave. He had sealed her eyelids with pitch so she could not see where they were going.”

“Some time afterwards she gave birth to a stenwyken baby but it died. Again her eyes were sealed with pitch and she was returned to a place near her people’s camp, where the pitch was removed. She was released, but stenwyken watched from a hiding place until she arrived safely in the camp.”

2. Tales from Central and South America

A very early South American account of men mating with monkeys is given in Pedro Cieza de Leon’s *Crónica del Perú* (1554),¹¹ though not involving any offspring or infanticide.

They also say, for I have not seen them, that very large female apes walk and run in the trees, where, by temptation of the devil, who at all times lies in

¹⁰ It is also reprinted in Moon 1977: 144-145.

¹¹ *Crónica del Perú*, Part I, Chap XCV, f. 170. Cieza is cited in the 1611 French translation of Del Rio’s *Disquisitionum Magicarum Libri Sex* (as well as in the original Latin text): “A quoy se peut fort bien accommoder ce que recite Pierre Chieza [footnote: part. 1. de l’hist. du Perou, chap. 95.] tres-excellent Historien, des hommes des hautes montagnes du Perou, qu’ils s’accouplent ordinairement avec de grandes Singes femelles, ausquelles les monstres qu’elles enfantent, ressemblent du tour, sauf au regard de la teste & des parties honteuses, qui retirent à l’homme.” (*Les Controverses et Recherches Magiques de Martin Del Rio...* p. 213).

wait, men may commit great and deadly sins and use the apes as women. And they affirm that these apes sometimes give birth to monsters with the heads and private parts of men, with the hands and feet of apes. Also, they have little bodies of monstrous shape and hairy. Indeed if they speak the truth, they resemble the devil their father. They tell more: that the monsters have no speech, save a dreadful howl or moan. (Wilkins 1950: 300)

The earliest monkey-spouse tale from this region, about a creature known as “El Salvaje”,¹² is given in partial translation by Fabio Picasso 1992, and is drawn from Salvador Felipe Gilij (1965: 223, line 9 to 224, line 11), a Spanish translation of Gilij’s original Italian language work *Saggio di storia americana* (1780-1784). Here the woman is kidnapped, the infants killed, albeit not near any body of water, and no post-return consequences are outlined:

Don Juan Ignacio Sanchez, an honest well-known man from San Carlos, Llanos de Caracas, told me about a woman kidnapped by El Salvaje and carried into the savanna. She was forced for a long time to live with the hairy man against her will, and she would have lived there forever if some lost hunters had not found her. The woman was alone in a treetop when she saw the group and called to them at the top of her voice. She told the hunters that El Salvaje, who was aggressively jealous, did not permit her to leave the tree hut. She had two children by the creature and ate the food he robbed, such as hens and calves, but found it unpleasant to live with him. Finally, she asked them to come rescue her when El Salvaje was to be out hunting. The men went to the nearest village where they assembled volunteers among her relatives and friends. When El Salvaje was away, they went to the hut and took the woman back home. But, El Salvaje, carrying the children, caught up to the group and, by groaning, asked her to go back with him. The Spaniards took their guns and aimed at him. Then, the hairy man tore the children to pieces and ran away through the forest. (Picasso 1992)

Another such tale is about the Sisemite, “a monster that lives in the forest. He is taller than the tallest man and in appearance he is between a man and a monkey.” The story, collected by G.B. Gordon 1915, was told by a Guatemalan woman, who had the story from her grandmother:

A young couple, recently married, went to live in a hut in the woods on the edge of the milpa in order that they might harvest the maize. On the road Rosalia stepped on a thorn and next morning her foot was so sore that she was unable to help Felipe with the harvesting, so he went out alone, leaving one of their two dogs with her. He had not been working long when the dreaded feeling which he recognized as Sisemite shivers, took hold of

¹² Roth in his *An Inquiry into the Animism and Folk-Lore of the Guiana Indians* (1970, original ed. 1915) does not give any similar stories, but cites Alexander von Humboldt as having cited and summarized Gilij’s account in his *Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of America* (1852-53; Vol. 2, p. 270).

him and he hastily returned to the hut to find his wife gone and the dog in a great fright. He immediately set out for the village, but met on the road the girl's parents, who exclaimed, "You have let the Sisemite steal our child, our feelings have told us so." He answered, "It is as you say."

The case was taken up by the authorities and investigated. The boy was cross-examined, but always answered, "The Sisemite took her, no more than that I know." He was, in spite of the girl's parents' protests, suspected of having murdered his young wife, and was thrown in jail, where he remained many years.

At last a party of hunters reported having seen on Mount Kacharul a curious being with hairy body and flowing locks that fled at the sight of them. A party was organized which went out with the object of trying to capture this creature at any cost. Some days later this party returned with what seemed to be a wild woman, of whom the leader reported as follows. "On Mount Kacharul we hid in the bushes. For two days we saw nothing, but on the third day about noon this creature came to the brook to drink and we captured her, though she struggled violently. As we were crossing the brook with her, a Sisemite appeared on the hillside, waving his arms and yelling. On his back was a child or monkey child which he took in his hands and held aloft as if to show it to the woman, who renewed her struggle to be free. The Sisemite came far down the hill almost to the brook; he dropped the child and tore off great branches from big trees which he threw at us."

The young man was brought from his cell into the presence of this wild creature and asked if he recognized her. He replied, "My wife was young and beautiful; the woman I see is old and ugly." The woman never spoke a word and from that time on made no sound. She refused to eat and a few days after her capture she died. (Gordon 1915: 107-108)

In this case the elements of kidnapping, and infanticide near a body of water (albeit without a ship or boat being present) are present, but the added story of the husband suspected, accused and incarcerated for her murder is included.

Another story of the Sisemite, "a large, hairy gorilla with a head much like a human's", comes from Belize:

A young farmer from the Toledo District once reported that his wife had been carried off by a SISIMITO, and because authorities believed he had killed his wife, they imprisoned him. Some time later, a group of hunters discovered a wild-looking woman drinking at a stream by the hillside. They tried to capture her but she struggled violently, more so when a SISIMITO appeared at the top of the hill, carrying a child who looked like a cross between a monkey and a human. The SISIMITO shrieked wildly and purposely dropped the child. He then tramped down the hill and threw branches at the hunters, who nevertheless managed to carry the woman away. When they brought her before the imprisoned man, however he was unable to recognize her, saying that his wife had been young and attractive, unlike the wild, unsightly woman he saw before him. The woman refused to speak or eat, and she died a few days later, pining away for her lost child. (Craig 1991: 1-42)

Another story from Belize, was told by Antolino Pop, a 50 year old Mayan guide, to Mark Sanborne. Mr. Pop grew up in the Toledo District of Belize mentioned in the previous account:

A woman was abducted by the sisemite and bore him a child; she was later rescued by hunters, but as she was led away the Sisemite appeared and held up a half-human, half-ape child in a pathetic attempt to rouse her maternal instinct. (Sanborne 1993: 55, col. 2)

Another couple of sisimite stories come from Honduras:

My grandfather told me that he ran into the Sisimite around 1912, up there on Pico Bonito. It walked like a man, had a very hairy body and was very tall,” said Don Manuel Mejõa, an octogenarian living in the village of La Union, scant kilometers from La Ceiba. [...] These monsters would kidnap women and take them to their lairs. It is said that man-apes were born of these matings,” added the old man. The story of a woman who managed to escape from one such Sisimite abode is still discussed among the mountain villagers: the creature pursued her, carrying with it the three offspring they had had together and showing them to the mother, who had fled to the other side of a river, in hopes of attracting her to her children. Its efforts were in vain, and the troglodyte mortally threw the inhuman infants into the water. (Mausó 1999)

The following sisimite story was collected by undergraduate students studying anthropology at the National Teaching University (UPN), La Ceiba campus, Honduras (Griffin, personal communication). This tale, along with the following one show a distinct difference, the offspring grows up and kills the ape-parent, thus being somewhat more reminiscent of the Strong John and Jean de l’Ours tales (see Note 7, Part I).

According to Felix Amador, a ladino from La Masica, there used to be a sisimite who lived on a mountain near a river that flowed down to a village. It was the custom in this village that the young girls would go to the river to fetch water. The sisimite, who observed the girls, soon fell in love with one of them and decided to make her his mate. One day the creature hid near the river and when the girl came to fetch water he grabbed her and carried her away to his mountain, where they lived together for many years in a cave. From this couple, a baby sisimite was born. As he grew up, he saw how his father hit and mistreated his mother. He promised that one day that he was going to rescue his mother and slay his father. And so it came to pass. When the young sisimite was older, he took his mother back to her village and then returned to kill his father. (Griffin 1999)

The following tale is given in James M. Taggart:

One day there was a man who worked in his corn and bean plot. And every day his wife went to feed him. And she passed through a wood. The wood through which she passed was very big. And forest animals lived in that wood. Every day, every day that little man worked. And every day his wife went to feed him. And the day came when the woman went at noon to feed her husband. And they say a monkey grabbed her. And he took her to a mountain. There, in a cave, he slept with her. He did not do anything to her. He did not bite her. She could do whatever she wanted. It was as if she were his wife. He kept her there. She stayed there a long time. This is how it was. He saw that the woman had brought clothes. To be sure, she had just one set. So it was that every day, every day he brought her food. Yes, he brought her bread and meat, which they ate raw. Where would they get fire? Every day the beast went somewhere. Every day he went to find them something to eat. He brought her whatever he found. But he really did make her eat the meat raw. It was not cooked. He brought bread that was baked, but the meat was not cooked. And so it was until they had a child. The child they had was half beast and half smooth as Christians are. And half of him was furry as an animal. So that child started to grow. The woman had a son. The boy was high-spirited. And so it was, they say, that he grew quickly like an animal. Not slowly as Christians do. So it was that he started growing and growing and growing. Then that boy reasoned and spoke.

“Well now, go with me to where our house is,” he said to his mother. “I want to take you where you came from.”

“But how will you take me?” his mother asked.

“We are very high up here. We are up on the side of a mountain. “No,” she said. “Your father closed us in with a big rock.”

“Yes but I am strong enough to move the rock,” the boy replied. He started lifting a big rock.

The monkey had covered her up when he went away. Well, the boy was strong; he lifted the rock.

“You are not strong enough to do more,” his mother said to him.

“No, I shall take you,” he insisted. “Let’s see you go with me to the place where you came from.”

And so it was that the days passed. His mother did not believe him.

“No,” she said. “You are still a child who won’t be able to move the rock. And you won’t last carrying me,” she added. “We have come to a faraway place.”

“No,” he insisted. “I am strong enough to take you. You’ll see.” he said.

So it was the days passed. And the boy thought some more.

“It won’t work for you to take me. Your father will be angry and he’ll hit us. He’ll hit you.”

“No,” the boy replied. “I’ll face my father. I’ll hit him. He won’t hit me.”

The boy was inspired. He said he’d hit that animal even though he was his father.

“I’ll hit him if he gets angry and comes after us. Don’t be afraid of him.”

And then the day came. That monkey went out from where he was up there, from his house. He went away looking for food. That monkey left. And the little boy was alert along with his mother.

“Well yes. Now he’s gone,” he said after the monkey had left. “Let’s go.”

That boy decided to move the rock. He turned it over on its face.

“Now yes. Climb up on my back. Let’s go. I’m going to carry you.”

All of that little woman’s clothing had ended. She worked hard to cover herself. She worked very hard pulling together the shreds of her clothing. Her clothes had ended. She had been in that cave for a long time.

“I’m going to carry you. Don’t worry about anything,” he said.

Her child carried her. He lowered her down the face of the mountain. He took her. From there, yes, they came to that town. And then the little woman went right away to see a priest. She took her son there. She went to tell a priest what had happened. She was taken care of. (Taggart: 48-50)¹³

III. ASIAN TALES

I. Recent Russian versions

This Russian version of the story, translated into French from the original Russian, was forwarded to me by the French cryptozoologist Christian Le Noël. While the origins of the story are unclear, it appears to have come from a Russian tabloid named *Zviozdnaya Radouga* and is attributed to one Tatiana Borisova. The author mentions that the events occurred prior to the revolution, in the Jigouli mountains. Here I give my English translation of the French translation:

As for the story which I heard, it begins with a couple who were crossing a forest by horse-drawn cart, when suddenly the horse, which was nonetheless making a concerted effort to overcome its fear, began to neigh in terror, whereupon from atop a tree a hairy form threw itself upon the moujik. Thrown by the powerful blow, the moujik rolled upon the ground after a series of somersaults. A woman’s screeching cry echoed from hill to hill. The horse bucked, then as if mad, crossed the forest to where a ferry crossed the Volga. The moujik quickly caught up with him, scared to death. He explained that his wife had been taken by the devil.

Evdokia awoke inside a cavern. She saw eyes glowing in the dark and cried out: “By all the saints in Paradise!” The only answer was a growling and the woman fell back into her unconscious state.

When she regained her senses, there was no one in the cavern, and the exit to freedom was blocked by a great big boulder. Evdokia did try to move it aside, but from outside heavy footsteps quickly approached. Evdokia leapt into a corner, far away.

It was then that the master of the cavern appeared. Evdokia saw neither the horns nor the hoofs one associates with the true devil. Her kidnapper

¹³ The story was told in Nahuatl by the Mexican national Nacho Angel Hernández.

appeared to be a wild moujik. Covered in reddish hair, he would have lost the ability to speak. She remembered that in her village of Chelekhmet, some years before, a certain homeless and kinless Mitka had disappeared without leaving a trace. It was said that the devil had taken him. It turned out that the said moujik had been a solidly built red-head.

After spending some time in a crouch, its eyes bearing into Evdokia's eyes, the red-haired one dove out the opening, blocked it again with the boulder and disappeared. He returned toward nightfall, bringing apples strung on a stick, and cobs of corn.

The next day, Evdokia took the time to look him over. It was not Mitka; however, it's character was much more pleasant, and at least it wasn't the devil. He even looked out for her, bringing her food in abundance. It was then that she felt a great appetite. Cautiously taking one of the cobs of corn, she shucked it down to the white stem, bit into the small end, but not without noticing out of the corner of her eye that her red-haired kidnapper was nodding his head in approval. Evdokia regained her self-assurance. Her appetite sated, he once again took up her place in a corner of the cavern, recalling in her mind's eye her dear home, her husband Stepka, her children Vanka and Machka, and cried out from the bottom of her long-suffering peasant soul.

The days dragged on, dark and monotonous. The master of the cavern did not allow Evdokia to leave it. At night, when he left, he closed off the exit with the great boulder. Upon his return at dawn, he brought melons and gourds, along with corn on the cobs and beets from the peasant's fields. All this would lead one to conclude that he was stocking up for the winter.

Evdokia progressively got used to her kidnapper's pungent smell, to raw vegetables, and came to no longer fear the sight of the tiny raspberry-coloured eyes shining in the half-light. More and more often she would allow herself to think of accepting this creature as one would an ordinary man from the country, who for some reason or other had lost the power of speech. She went as far as making up a name for him, Rusty, from the colour of the hair that covered his shoulders and chest.

The nights were getting colder and Rusty more and more often would try to bed down on the pile of dry grass next to Evdokia. At first she shooed him away. It was a sin for a married peasant-woman to sleep with a man who wasn't hers. One day she was upset and saddened at the turn her life had taken, and Rusty stayed beside her, liking Evdokia's shoulders with his warm, rough tongue, as well as her chest and stomach. In short, that night Rusty never left her side, whining like a calf asking for its milk. His huge hands began caressing her and his tongue was always begging for more. He would put pieces of apple, or the juicy flesh of melons in her mouth, and then drag her the bedding to a secluded corner of the cavern.

Evdokia finally lost patience and one day, unable to stand it any more, she stuck a violent blow on Rusty's hairy head, and froze, thinking he would hit her back. But Rusty drew his head back between his shoulders, and whining plaintively, drew back, while Evdokia, in the manner of peasant-women, aggressive and loud, screamed at him anything that came through her head. She suddenly realized that Rusty would endure any humiliation for a caress from her. But were she to come near the exit and Rusty would bare his yellow

teeth and growl in a menacing manner. She would draw back, but then, in retribution, she would not allow him to approach her for a long time, she too growling and showing her teeth.

It was getting colder and colder in the cavern. Rusty appeared weak and listless. Besides, Rusty did not sleep like a man. He slept on all fours, his knees and fore-arms against the floor, hiding his head within his huge hands. [...] Beneath the chest and belly of the master of the cavern the remained sufficient space for Evdokia to roll over, like a little loaf of bread, spending day after day listening the the howling wind behind the door to the cavern. The peasant-woman never lost her home-sickness for a single moment. It was becoming unbearable. Rusty was woken up by his companion's crying, mumbled something, caressed her with his hairy hands until she fell into a calm sleep.

Evdokia soon understood that she was pregnant. She was delivered of her burden, so to speak, one spring night, after being subject to awful labour pains. A boy was born, unusually strong, but nothing suggested him to be anything unlike the children she had had with her husband. Rusty conscientiously licked the infant, and jumped for joy like a monkey, outside the cavern. Evdokia had no such pleasure. The newborn tied her to this sad life.

In the cavern there was almost no food left, and Rusty began once again to go out every night and come back in the morning to feed Evdokia raw potatoes and eggs stolen in some peasant's farm. He seemed to understand that the child needed sunlight. This was why Evdokia was allowed to spend the whole day on the side of the mountain, near the entrance which was covered from every direction with thick shrubbery. Vainly did she seek any sign of human activity, as far off as they might be. From the mountain-side one could only see an endless expanse of the crowns of conifers, and the foothills of Jigouli faded into the horizon. This same horizon drew her more and more, confirming daily her wish to escape her captivity; to escape back to humanity. But until the child was stronger one could only dream.

When the summer began its decline, Evdokia made her decision. That night, as usual she swept the floor of the cavern, fed the boy at her breast, gave herself strength by eating some vegetables that Rusty had brought that morning, waited for the master's steps to have moved on, took the child in her arms and left. She went any which way, trying not to circle around on herself, horrified at the thought of what people would think of her matted hair, and her torn and filthy clothing.

Her departure failed. She saw Rusty coming in pursuit, nose to the ground, as if breathing in her track. When he reached the fugitive, he jumped all around her, celebrating his victory by growling. Then grabbing Evdokia roughly with an arm (or was it a leg?), threw her on his shoulder, and carefully hugging the child which was crying, headed back to the cavern. Evdokia heard the neighing of a horse and the barking of dogs behind the next wooded ridge: "So the road must pass through there" she said to herself.

By fall the boy had grown and taken on weight. It was now difficult for Evdokia to carry him in her arms. This time, were she to leave, it must be alone. Then there would always be time to come back to the cavern with people.

Rusty slept when, softly, having rocked her son to sleep, she put him down beside him. Having extricated herself from the cave, she when down the mountain and ran off as hard as she could in the direction where she had heard the dogs' barking and the horse's neighing. She was lucky. She came out on the forest road, and with her bare feet sinking into the scorching and dusty soil, she ran towards the ferry launch, from whence the town of Rojdestveno was easily reached. Evdokia knew that it was shorter by this road than by going through the village. She had passed this way on many occasions with her husband. Suddenly she heard her child crying, but then again maybe she hadn't, maybe she had only imagined it. A quick look back. Rusty, there on the road. Fear redoubled her strength. He was the edge of the woods, then a field, not very long, and the ferry launch.

The ferry's passengers, already leaving the dock, suddenly saw a woman merge running from the woods, naked and with her hair flying in the wind. Screaming, she was rushing towards the river. Some creature, some animal, a child in its arms, was catching up to her. The woman threw herself in the water. Someone threw her a rope from the ferry. And the unknown half-man, half beast, who resembled a bear, entered the Volga up to his knees. Moaning plaintively, he held out the crying child towards Evdokia with his powerful arms. However, the ferry was drawing further and further away. Rusty roared out, and in despair took the child by the feet and tore him to pieces before the horrified passengers.

"And what happened to Evdokia? I asked.

"What which happens with a peasant-woman, the narrators explained. When her time had come, she died. Nothing special, besides the fact that she no longer allowed her husband to come near her.

An even more recent version of the story, "Woman Tells her Story of Being Married to Bigfoot," appeared in *Pravda*, thought it excludes any offspring being produced. It does, however, end in a manner similar to the old French tale given in Charles Joisten's *Récits et contes populaires de Savoie* (above), where the non-human mate attempts to reclaim his "wife".

A fantastic love story has been recently unveiled in St.Petersburg. Psychiatrist Nikolai Boyarchuk said that he had copied the text of the story from the file of a female patient. The doctor said that the story that happened to Oksana Terletsкая was absolutely real. He added that it would not be immoral to write about it in press, because the woman either died or she would never return to live with humans again.

The 19-year-old girl was "married" to the Bigfoot for almost a year. The girl lost her way in the woods one day, after she had been hurt by her boyfriend. She went to wander in the woods just because she could stay there alone with her feelings. Oksana completely ignored the fact that she had lost her way home. She sat down underneath a tree and cried, trying to get over the pain in her heart. She realized that she had gone astray when it was too late. She came across raspberry bushes and decided to eat some berries before she could start looking for a path home. When she was picking raspberries, she heard a strange noise nearby, as if someone was champing. When the

girl moved the branches aside, she saw a big hairy creature that looked like an orang-outang. The girl screamed and lost her conscience. “I came to my senses in a cave. I could hear a stream nearby and there were rays of light coming down on me from a hole in the ceiling. Tang — that’s how I called the creature afterwards — was sitting opposite me. He was baring his teeth, as if he was infuriated. I realized later that it was just his smile. The hairy animal came up to me and started sniffing my clothes. Then he roared and tore my clothes to pieces. My heart was about to explode with horror, but he continued sniffing me until his nose stopped near my groin. He roared again and threw himself over me.”

When Oksana woke up the next morning, she realized that she had become the prisoner and the wife of the hairy creature. When Tang was going out, he would cover the entrance to the cave with a big boulder, leaving was no way for the girl to escape. Tang would always bring something to eat — berries, nuts, mushrooms, eggs or raw meat. The terrible sex with the animal became a daily torture for Oksana.

There was a spring in a corner of the cave — the water was running somewhere outside the cave. Tang strongly refused to let the girl out. The ‘beauty and the beast’ started developing a relationship. Tang showed interest in the girl’s CD player. Oksana had only one CD with her — best hits of the band Kino. When the girl carefully showed the monster how to listen to the music in the headphones, the Bigfoot was horrified. He got used to the music later, though, and even liked one of the songs on the CD. Tang was very upset, when the music stopped playing because of low batteries.

He would spend hours shaking the device in his hands. “I took the batteries out and gestured him that it would not work without them. The next morning Tang took one battery and left. When he returned to the cave in the evening, he brought a pack of batteries with him.” Yeti undoubtedly broke into a little shop somewhere in the town. Oksana concluded that the cave, in which she was staying, was not too far from a settlement, where people lived.

The Yeti’s prisoner could not see how days turned into nights, and how summer turned into autumn. When Tang started stocking food for winter, Oksana figured that it was already autumn outside. She tried to explain to the beast that she was cold. Tang listened to his “wife” and left. The hairy monster turned out to be rather bright than Oksana thought he would be: in the evening Tang brought a warm padded jacket and pants. It became known afterwards that the girl’s story coincided with the story of a tractor driver, who said that a monster attacked him in the beginning of October, shook him out of his clothes and disappeared. Oksana was happy to find a lighter in a pocket of the jacket.

“I picked some dry branches and leaves from the ground and decided to make a fire. When he saw the fire, he became very excited. It seemed to me that anger and horror was tearing him apart from inside. He became very quiet: he sat down in a corner and did not make a sound. I felt sorry for him. I managed to overcome my own fear, though. I came up to Tang and stroke him on the head. He put his big arm around me and whined. A week later he was happy to join me near the fire. We started frying chestnuts and meat. Tang was thrilled, when he tasted fried meat. I also hoped that hunters would notice the smoke coming from the hole in the ceiling of the cave, but people

did not find Tang's shelter. I caught cold in the beginning of winter. Tang understood that I was ill and he tried to feed me with some roots and plants. He would hug me tight at night to make me warmer."

Oksana managed to escape from her prison only in spring. Her relationship with Yeti had become almost perfect by that time. Tang would take her out in the mornings to see the sunshine, but he would never leave the girl alone. One day he sensed something dangerous in the air. Before leaving, he covered the entrance to the cave with the boulder as usual, but did not notice a small gap that the boulder left. It took the girl great efforts to sneak outside, but when he finally succeeded to get out of the cave, she started running without making a stop. When she saw people in the woods, she realized that she was finally free.

"Her parents took Oksana to our hospital, — Dr. Boyarchuk said — The girl was mentally incompetent; all I could hear from her was that she had been married to a Bigfoot for a year. She never managed to get used to home conditions. She was afraid of going out even during the day, she was terribly afraid of the dark. In addition, Oksana could not eat normal food," the doctor said. The girl recovered a little at a mental hospital. She told her story to her doctor and he put everything down in Oksana's file, having considered it the description of the patient's delirium. When the girl realized that nobody believed her story, she gave way to despair. She did not show any reaction to her parents, when they visited her, she did not want to eat or drink. One day Oksana started recovering very fast. She started eating, talking and even laughing. When doctors told her that she was getting better, Oksana laughed and said that she had never been sick. She added that "he" knew where she was and that "he" would come to rescue her. Doctors considered such behavior the new stage of Oksana's illness and decided to isolate her in a special room. However, the girl disappeared from her ward at night in the middle of November. Someone very strong pulled steel bars out of the brick wall. Oksana's ward mates all said that a huge hairy monster had kidnapped the girl. Cynologists never managed to trace the Bigfoot because of the heavy snowfall.

2. An Arabic Tale

Altrocchi 1944 also found a relevant tale with a female ape, but this one Persian. This version, translated into French by Bricteux 1910, represents a small portion of the ninth of a collection of fourteen 1001 Nights-style tales.¹⁴ Here, the hero, Salim, now an old man, tells the tale of his life of adventure to Hadjdjad bin Youssof, tyrannical ruler of Wassit:

¹⁴ According to Bricteux, the tale appears in an anonymous Persian manuscript dated 1830 A.D., held by the Royal Library of Berlin. Tale IX, within which the cited episode occurs, comprises folios 62A-76A. The relevant text runs from p. 270, l. 13 to p. 273, l. 18 of Bricteux 1910, comprising a portion of the original folio 69B, all of folio 70A, and a small portion of folio 70B. Material omitted by Bricteux as sexually inappropriate appears in his endnotes 30 and 31 (p. 302) in a phonetic transcription of the original Farsi (elsewhere he gives the full Farsi original).

Having walked for a day and a night, I once again happened upon a grove of fruit trees. They were laden down by a multitude of monkeys who were eating the fruit and babbling to one another. Upon catching sight, they turned to picking more fruit and throwing them at my head. “Salim,” I thought to myself, “you’ve managed to turn up in a most singular location! How will you escape these monkeys’ claws? Besides, you’ll never find yourself a place to sleep undisturbed.” All the while, I kept them off by brandishing my mace; but the further I went, the more of them I saw. Finally I reached a clearing, where they had erected a hundred thousand or so mud-plastered wooden huts. I saw monkeys picking hazel-nuts, almonds and dates, and storing them in these little houses as provisions for the winter. The monkeys were everywhere in hordes. Upon seeing me they laughed uproariously, then left. There were a good thirty thousand. Alone amongst all these animals, I did not know what attitude to take. However, they did me no harm and even played with me, while zealously continuing their work. Proceeding forward I saw a lovely palace, well built, and ornamented with red and white flowers. A white monkey was sitting on a throne, celebrating a feast with all its court. Upon seeing me they began to laugh and babble. This white monkey, none other than their king’s daughter, made a signal, upon which several young she-monkeys came and took me by the hand and conducted me before the throne. Upon my approach, the princess rose, bowed to me and had me sit by her side. They had cooked some fresh fish, which they brought, along with some shelled almonds, coconuts and dates, upon which I feasted when signaled to. At every moment I was served the greatest variety of fruit.

The princess showed me great kindness, and caressed my head and face with her hand. She ended up undressing me, ordered me to wash and dry myself, then dressed me once more. The day passed with her coddling me like this. When night came, she ordered a palm-fibre bed erected upon her throne, took me by the hand and had me to lie upon it. Then she sat at my feet and began to caress them. Then, sitting in front of me, she began to massage my legs moving from their extremity upwards. She placed her hand on the glans of my penis and held it all in her hand. She then began to agitate it, and kissed the top of it. She then laid down beside me and pulled me atop her.

When Salim came to this point in his story, the bedamned Hadjdjadj began to laugh uproariously and said: “Let fire fall upon your soul! And, pray tell Salim, what did you do then?”

Lord, he answered, following these caresses from the monkey-princess, concupiscence overcame me, the devil entered my heart. I held her in a tight embrace and penetrated her in such a manner as was most pleasurable to me. Did I not derive a most extraordinary enjoyment from her? I rode her hard and fast, as with an unreined horse. She then tried to lay down beneath me, seeking to enjoy my actions; until I ejaculated. After I regained consciousness she was still playing with me and wanted more. She didn’t allow me to sleep until morning. I tried to satisfy her on more than a few occasions.

When the day broke, she led me to a basin, filled with water from a bowl made from an empty Calabash, and poured water on my head to cool me. Then she dressed me in a robe and covered my face with kisses. She took me by the hand, brought me back to her palace, made me sit on the throne, and served me freshly roasted fish and all sorts of fruit. In short, thanks to the

goodwill of the princess, this day too was passed in gaiety and happy frolics; and I said to myself: "Well, Salim, you've done famously in finding yourself a wife, and you have settled down in an ideal spot, but God willing, were you to know which way it is to the Moslem world, you could escape under cover of the night."

But what could I do? I could not go out, and had to resign myself to my fate. I lived with my she-monkey for quite a lapse of time. She became pregnant, her neighbours and servants waited upon her hand and foot, and began to massage her and rub her belly. When she came to term, she gave birth to a child which a she-monkey swaddled up and brought before me. "Bravo! Salim," I told myself, "now your household is complete. Here you are a family man." I was brought to the young mother, made to sit beside her and they made signs to me: "Let your spouse's head rest upon your breast and hug her that she may be comforted by it." What could I have done? I pretty much had to comply.

Hadjdjadj burst out again laughing. "Bravo, Salim!" he cried, "you have had marvelous adventures!" The old man took up the tale again.

A few days went by, and my she-monkey came back to lurking about me. I said to myself: "Must you be so stupid, Salim? You are here wasting your life away; you are amusing yourself like a child, you no longer pray, you forget your duty to God. If you continue to tarry here, you will have to stay tied to this she-monkey, who will bear other children, and you will be forced to remain here. Besides, if the new-born speaks as a child of man, when he grows up he will not let you leave. You absolutely must sneak away."

In short, one day I noticed that all the monkeys had gone into the forest to look for provisions for the winter. When I had made certain that they had all left, I took my mace on my shoulder and escaped. I walked until the mid-afternoon prayer. All of a sudden, turning around, I noticed that my young wife was right on my heels, bearing her little one on the nape of her neck. She tried to outdo herself in growling and yelping. I stopped and threatened her with the mace, and she turned back. I started off on my way again, but she ran up to me again lamenting herself. She chased me in this manner until evening prayer, but fearing my weapon she kept a respectful distance from me. Until darkness was complete she continued to utter her cries of distress. Seeing that she gained nought by it and that I continued to walk without paying any attention to her, she threw her child from her shoulder, and in her fury placed a foot upon this little body, severing it into two pieces, throwing one piece before me and taking away the other half as she left. "Thank God!" I said to myself, "that which united us is definitively broken, and I am secure from your advances." (translation mine)

This tale while maintaining many elements of previous versions differs in the sex of the generally imposed upon human as well as the lack of water at the site of execution of the child. The tale continues with "Je cheminai trois jours et trois nuits et j'arrivai à un autre village..." (I made my way for three days and nights and reached another village); however Bricteux mentions in a footnote that, while inconsistent with the remainder of the text, the

original has «another island» rather than «another village,» which might suggest the presence of water.

3. Himalayan Tales

A similar tale exists in Bhutan, a tiny country nestled in the Himalayas. Kunzang Choden 1997¹⁵ collects the oral traditions of four Bhutanese racial groups regarding the *migoi*, *mirgoe* or *mirgola*, Bhutanese terms for the Yeti or Abominable Snowman. While one tale in the book, “The Mirgoe’s Bride” tells of a woman living quite contentedly with a male mirgoe, it is a tale from the eastern Kurtoi region of Bhutan which is most interesting in the current context. Entitled “Not Even a Corpse to Cremate” this story tells the tale of a young woman, Pem Doikar, who is abducted by a large mysterious beast and given up as dead by her family. Many years later a strange woman appears in a small village several valleys away:

“The woman was not young. Her hair was long and wild, she was clothed in the fur of wild animals which were stitched together roughly. Around her neck were a string of colourful beads. Her face was dark and gaunt; her arms and legs were criss-crossed with scars and bruises and she had a wild yet frightened look. She held her hands under her chin and stepped backwards in fear when people approached her. She uttered sounds that were incomprehensible to all. (Choden 1997: 108)”

The description of the unfortunate woman is quite similar to that in de Claireville 1635, long wild hair, a gaunt expression. The woman is taken by a local family who nurse her back to health and she learns to speak again, and ultimately her story is told:

[...] She recalled screaming and crying for help after she was abducted by the *migoi*. She must have become unconscious after a while because when she woke up she found herself in a cave with the strange creature next to her, staring at her curiously. She remembered that she began to holler and shriek in sheer fright and confusion, until she passed out again. She must have drifted in and out of consciousness because she remembered very little of what happened over the following days. As time passed the creature sat by her side continuously and left her side only to go and bring her different types of game which it piled up beside her. She could have run away during the time it was hunting but she was simply too starved and weak to move. In the beginning she was repulsed by all the meat that had accumulated in the cave in various stages of decay but finally she realized that she had to eat something if she were to survive. For the rest of her time with the creature she lived on the meat that it brought her and covered her body with the furs from these carcasses. The vegetation of the area was not familiar to her and

¹⁵ The authors’s name is alternatively spelled Künzang or Kunzang Choden within the book.

she dared not eat it although she grew tired of the meat diet. Later she learned to use sharp stones and wooden splinters to cut the meat into strips and dry them before she ate them. The dried meat provided some change from having to eat raw meat all the time. The creature would sit and watch her all the time and became agitated and intense every time she tried to run away. Whenever she went a little further from the cave than the creature thought was necessary it grabbed her gently and carried her back to the cave. She was a virtual prisoner of this creature. In the depth of the wilderness surrounded by unfamiliar dangers lurking everywhere, she, in the course of time was compelled to turn to the only familiar and unchanging object in her entire environment; this huge, hideous creature who was gentle and caring in its own strange way.

Pem Doikar watched the seasons change and she guessed that many years had passed. She had no orientation of where she was and how far she was from the nearest human settlements. Every direction she looked there were thick forests on layers and layers of endless mountains. For many years she longed to hear a human voice or see a human face but she couldn't even hear the distant bark of dogs at the herders' camps and she realized that they were far out in the deepest depths of the wilderness. She wondered if she had actually died and it was only her spirit that was bonded to this creature, but when she tested this idea, she found that her body still created a shadow and her feet still left imprints after she had walked through streams and brooks; spirits do not cast shadows and leave imprints, that much she knew. But she also knew that she was lost to the human world and was as good as dead.

In the course of many more years she learned to accept the creature as her companion and a baby was born to her. The baby was more human-like than the father and she immediately felt a strong bond to this helpless and strange-looking thing that suckled furiously at her breasts. She nursed it and nourished it in the best way she knew. The baby provided some of the human companionship she had yearned for and she was grateful. But Pem Doikar's [*sic*] heart cried out for human company, after all these years she never stopped scheming and plotting how she could run away from her guard. Escape had become her life's purpose and challenge; perhaps it had become her reason to go on living and hoping.

It was winter and bitterly cold, snow fell unceasingly and piled high all around them. One day the creature carried her and the child and took them to a different area where it was a bit warmer and there was less snow on the ground. Pem Doikar at once guessed that they were closer to human habitats and at once renewed hopes of escape rekindled in her heart. She grew restless and anxious but had to contain her excitement because her companion had learned quickly to sense her emotions. She concealed her emotions well and now the creature relaxed in her company and did not display any signs of overt anxiety when she went away from the cave for short periods of time. Over many days and nights she feverishly debated in her mind whether she should take the baby with her or not, and finally and painfully decided that she would escape alone. She reasoned that if her escape was not successful the baby would most likely fall prey to the wild animals in the forest and even if she did reach a village the people would, perhaps, not accept the strange

child, which looked only almost human; it would be better off in the wild with the father.

One day as usual she wandered off into the forest and then as soon as she was some distance away from the *migoi* she ran off as fast as her feet could carry her. She followed the sound of a river and soon she reached a deep and narrow gorge where there was a rather small tree trunk pulled across the turbulent river as a temporary bridge; the first signs of human presence, and it encouraged her to move on. Holding on to the branches of the horizontal tree, she crossed the bridge swiftly and then with all her might pushed the tip of the tree trunk into the river. The tip of the tree that was barely resting on the bank, was slowly dislodged and the trunk fell into the gushing, roaring waters and the furious currents carried it downstream. She looked across the stream and saw her *migoi* with the child in its arms gesticulating wildly, holding up the baby; even over the roar of the river she could hear the strange but familiar sounds he made. Pem Doikar knew that even with his immense strength he would never be able to come across the river which was very deep, icy cold and its current so viciously fierce. In the safety of this knowledge she stood still on the bank of the river looking at her child and its father. A tinge of sadness touched her heart and she knew that she would have to move fast before it overwhelmed her and she changed her mind. As she turned to go, the creature wailed so loudly and so mournfully that she had to stop and turn back. What she saw was so brutish that she was numbed in all her senses; the child's father tore the child in half and tossed one half towards her and then crouched on the ground, holding and cuddling the other half. In its natural and wild judgment it had decided that parents shared the responsibility of looking after the child.

Not many months after Pem Doikar had told her extraordinary story she died, in fact she sort of wilted away, without a specific cause for her death [...] (Claireville 1635: 112-115).

This modern retelling of what is presumably an ancient folktale appears to have elements the European tales, particularly infanticide near a body of water, but it is difficult to see how they would have had a common origin. Certainly it paints a somewhat more sympathetic view of both the woman and the ape, and doesn't involve any subsequent "penalty phase" for the woman, as do most of the early European accounts. Perhaps, unlike the other texts, the author is a woman and her retelling of the story is more interested in the woman's emotional experience than the sensationalism or moral statements of the story.

But this is not the only Himalayan version of the story, Kesar Lall in the "Old Tales" section of his *Lore and Legend of the Yeti* includes the following tale,¹⁶ where a man is taken by a female "Nyalmu," and the offspring suffer a similar fate:

¹⁶ Told by Nima Wangde of Melemchi Village, Helambu, Sindhu Palchok District, Nepal.

A poor man was one day walking along a stream looking for frogs for his supper.

At a bend in the stream he came face to face with a female Nyalmu. She at once dragged him along with her. "Come," she said, "Or, I'll eat you up."

The man meekly followed the Nyalmu deep into the forest

The Nyalmu took him to a cave. She fed him the meat of the animals she killed in the forest but took precaution that he did not run away. Whenever she went out, she rolled a large rock to the opening and the man could not get out of the cave.

Thus a year passed and a boy was born to the Nyalmu. The next year she gave birth to a girl.

One morning in the third year of his captivity, the man awoke to find the ground covered with snow. Then, he had an idea: he must make a pair of boots for himself.

When the Nyalmu went hunting next time, the man asked her to bring a deer. When the Nyalmu returned with a deer, the man skinned it and he made himself a pair of boots with the skin. Seeing what the man had made for himself, the Nyalmu asked him to make a pair for her too.

The man was only too glad to oblige her. He wrapped the Nyalmu's feet with the deer skin and sewed the boots for her but he made them so tight that she could not take them off.

The man then picked up the boy and walked out of the cave. The Nyalmu was taken by surprise but she also took the girl and followed him.

The man walked, fast through the forest. The Nyalmu was slow. It was painful for her to walk as the boot hurt her.

Coming to a stream, the man jumped across. The Nyalmu called to him to stop but it only made him go faster.

The Nyalmu then knew that the man was leaving her and she could not catch up with him. Wild with fury, she threw her daughter against a boulder in the stream, killing her instantly. Then she sat down and ate up the child (Lall 1988: 29-31).

Similar tales of the *almas*, the abominable snowman of Mongolia are given by Czubala 1993. In some cases he cites the *almas*-human offspring grows up to be remarkable person, a great wrestler, a lama, a great artist, but these are more in the tradition of the Bear-wife/Jean de l'Ours tales (see Note 7, Part I). Of monkey-spouse tales, Czubala collected two. The first, with a male *almas* he collected in Ulan Bator, Mongolia, from "Nima":

One Almas kidnapped a woman and had a baby with her. The woman did not have any hair on her body so he kept licking her until she was all covered with hair because his saliva causes hair to grow. The woman tried to run away many times but Almas would not let her. Finally she jumped into the water. He ran after her carrying the baby in his hands. When he saw she wouldn't come back he grabbed the baby by the feet and tore it up in two. Terrible! That's how I heard it.

A second tale, collected from “Tuya 2” tells of a female *almas* kidnapping a male human:

There is this story about the wild man but it is also true: there was the Almas-woman. For an unknown reason she kidnapped a Mongolian man. Maybe she did not have a partner? She kidnapped him into the mountains. She wanted to have a baby with him. They lived together for some time. A baby was born and the man wanted to return to the people but she would not let him. The Almas don't like water. When he found out about it he ran away from her. He jumped into the river and was running through it. She ran along the water but was afraid to get into the water. When he finally got across the water she got so angry that she tore the head off the baby. Apparently such a wild man is capable of love!

That's what really happened. The man is alive. He lived in the wild, even grew some hair on his back. They say it grew into a mane that big (*demonstrates*).

4. Tales from Southeast Asia

Lall also retells a story from Indonesia where an orang-outang is the perpetrator¹⁷ and a young woman the victim. The escape to a boat and infanticide follow the common pattern of the tales:

It is also said that a young woman was once seized by an orang-utan and taken to his lair high up in the trees of the forest. He fed her fruits and kept her captive. In course of time a child was born to her that was half-man and half-ape.

The woman had made a rope of cocoanut fiber, hoping to make her escape some day. When the opportunity came, she clutched her baby and with the

¹⁷ Spenser St. John (1862: vol. I, 22) states: “The Dayaks tell many stories of the male orang-utans in old times carrying off their young girls, and of the latter becoming pregnant by them; but they are, perhaps, merely traditions. I have read somewhere of a huge male carrying off a Dutch girl, who was, however, immediately rescued by her father and a party of Javanese soldiers, before any injury beyond fright had occurred to her.”

This interest of orang-outangs in human women was known of in the 18th century, as attested by Thomas Jefferson (1787) in his *Notes on the State of Virginia*. However, at the time the term “orang-outang” was used rather loosely.

Add to these, flowing hair, a more elegant symmetry of form, their [the blacks'] own judgment in favour of the whites, declared by their preference of them, as uniformly as is the preference of the Oranootan for the black women over those of his own species. (Jefferson 1787: 265)

A fictionalized account, set in Borneo, of an orang-outang kidnapping a family's 17-year old daughter and taking her to his arboreal lair, but brought down by a gunshot before he can do anything to her, is given in a short story entitled “La vengeance du singe” by Bénédict-Henry Révoil 1884, and similar accounts are given by Gibson 1855 and Swinnerton 1898.

There is a documented case of a human female being approached with sexual intent and rape attempted by a juvenile male orang-outang, namely the case of a native Dayak cook accompanying renowned orangutan researcher Biruté Galdikas (1995).

help of the rope, reached the ground. Then she ran through the forest towards a river.

The orang-utan however soon found her missing and he came swinging through the trees. The young woman made for a boat that was about to leave the shore. Seeing the orang-utan coming after her, the men in the boat cried out to her to drop the child. While the orang-utan stopped to pick up the child, the woman succeeded in reaching the boat. When the boat departed, the orang-utan was furious. He tore up the child and threw the human half into the river and the ape-half back into the forest. (Lall 1988: 61-62.

This is similar in many respects to a Dayak tale told by St. John 1862:

[...] although many stories are related of the male orang-utan carrying off young Dayak maidens into the jungle, yet it is seldom that we hear of the female orang-utan running off with a man. But the Muruts of Padas tell the following narrative, which, they say, may be believed. Some years ago, one of their young men was wandering in the jungle, armed with a sumpitan, or blowpipe and a sword. He came to the banks of a pebbly stream, and being a hot day, he thought he would have a bathe. He placed his arms and clothes at the foot of a tree, and then went into the water. After a time, being sufficiently refreshed, he was returning to dress, when he perceived an enormous female orang utan standing between him and the tree. She advanced towards him, as he stood paralyzed by surprise, and seizing him by the arm, compelled him to follow her to a branching tree and climb it up. When he reached her resting-place, consisting of boughs and branches woven into a comfortable nest, she made him enter. There he remained some months jealously watched by his strange companion, fed by her on fruits and the cabbage of the palm, and rarely permitted to touch the earth with his feet, but compelled to move from tree to tree. This life continued some time, till the female orng-utan becoming less watchful permitted the Murat more liberty. He availed himself of it to slip down the trunk of the tree and run to the place he had formerly left his weapons. She seeing his attempted escape, followed, to be pierced, as she approached him, by a poisoned arrow. I was told if I would ascend the Padas river as far as the man's village, I might hear the story from his own lips, as he was still alive. (St. John 1862: vol. II, 156-157.

Another story reported by cryptoanthropologist Jean Roche 2000 was collected in Viet-nam c. 1950:

In the Bum No Thuot commune, situated along National Highway 21 heading south, is at the top of Lake Yang Tao Gap. A trail goes off to the left and into the forest. One then reaches isolated villages of the Edeh and Mong ethnicities.

Some 40 years ago a Mong man, gone to the forest, disappeared without leaving a trace. After three years, the village that had looked for him in vain believed him to have gotten lost and died. But suddenly, one day he came back to the village completely naked and with long hair. He then told a strange story that is hard to believe.

When he had gone into the forest to gather a bundle of rattan, he was taken prisoner by creatures that looked like big hairy apes, but they were not apes. They were bigger and had very long hair. He was forced to live with a female, in a deep cave in the forest. During the day the female closed him up in the cave by putting a large boulder in front of the entrance to the cave. They then went out to gather food, or fish, steal berries in the fields outside the forest.

After more than one season of maize, he and the female had a little girl (if one can use a human term for such a thing). The man's life went on in this manner for three years. One day he took advantage of their negligence, escaped from the cave and found his way back to the village.

We don't know if this story is true, but in the days that followed, the mountain village's natives frequently heard the abandoned female's long, tragic lamentations. With the permission of the village elders, armed villagers followed the track of the man who had returned to the village, towards the caves, to where he had lived with the female. When they arrived, they were met with a horrible scene. The entrance to the cave was destroyed, the little girl killed, and the female had left. (my translation)

Kunio Yanagita gives two tales of Japanese women abducted by mountain men in his *Tōno monogatari* (1910) though these bear only tangentially the elements of the previous stories. The first is entitled "The Chōja's Daughter" and bears a passing resemblance to the Bhutanese tale given above.

In the Tōno district a wealthy farmer is still referred to as a *chōja*. One day the daughter of a *chōja* at Nukanomae in the village of Aozasa was suddenly kidnapped and hidden by someone. A number of years later a hunter from the same village went into the mountains and one day he came across a woman alone. Frightened, he was about to shoot her when she said:

"Aren't you my uncle? Don't shoot!"

In surprise he looked more carefully and realized that she was the favourite daughter of the *chōja*.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

She replied: "I was brought here by someone and I am his wife now. I have had many children, but he eats them all and now I am all alone. I will spend the rest of my life here with him, but don't tell anyone about me. You are in danger now so please leave at once."

It is said that he ran off without finding out where she was living. (Yanagita 1975: 15).

A second tale, "The Dreadful Man", is similar.

The daughter of a peasant from Kamigō village went into the mountains to gather chestnuts one day and never returned. Her family, thinking she had died, conducted a funeral ceremony using the girl's pillow as a symbol for her. Two or three years passed. One day a man from the village went hunting on the lower part of Mt. Gōyo and unexpectedly came across the girl in a cave which was concealed by large rocks. They were both surprised and when he

asked why she was living there she replied, "I came to the mountain to gather nuts and was carried off by a dreadful man who brought me here. I have thought of escaping but I haven't had a chance.

He asked, "What does he look like?"

"To me he looks like any ordinary person but he is very tall and the colour of his eyes is somewhat threatening. I have had several children, but he says that the children don't resemble him and are not his. They are perhaps eaten or killed, but in any case they are all taken off somewhere."

Again he asked, "Is he really human like us?"

"His clothing and appearance are quite common. Only the colour of his eyes is a little strange. Once or twice between market days, four or five people just like him get together, talk about something and then go off. Because he brings food and things from somewhere, he must go into town. He may even return while we are talking."

It is said the hunter was frightened and returned home. More than twenty years have passed since then. (Yanagita 1975: 15-16).

The fact that these Asian tales, particularly the Himalayan and Indonesian, closely resemble the European ones in content if not locale, suggests that perhaps the monkey-spouse story was brought back to Europe by early Portuguese explorers, who were among the first Europeans to visit these regions.

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Errata

In Part I of this article, in the last paragraph of the introduction (p. 75), it reads: "[...] they originate: Europe, the Americas or Asia together with Asia." This sentence should read: "[...] they originate: Europe, the Americas or Asia together with Russia."

