

Jan. 23, 1970. Leningrad (−4°) – Tjumen'

After packing up in the morning, we set off to see Taja at 12:30 PM¹. The 47 bus showed up all right, but the number two on the Nevskij was not coming. Finally, the one that came was so packed that I could not board it. I caught a cab, it took me to the dorm for 85 kopeks (Herzen Inst. Institute of the People of the North, Prospekt Staček²). All the Khantys³ were already gathered in (Taja's) room, making jokes about Tugijany being the second Moscow, sending greetings, asking us to bring fish and reindeer meat. I was already sitting with them for an hour when they realised that my coat was too short and ugly (I borrowed it from M.I.), I needed another one. At a quarter to three, we hopped into a taxi with Taja after a short wait, and were off to our place in Detskaja Ulica. I rushed inside and got hold of the key, but Olja (my roommate, who was living illegally in a sublet, and me illegally in her place in the room) was also home. I quickly grabbed my coat, lining, trapper hat, and went rushing down. The taxi was waiting in the meantime, they were cursing pretty badly.

From our place we went to the Central Aviation Office, where we waited quite a while for the bus, which finally arrived around 4:45. It is a good half-hour trip to the airport, we got very pleasantly guidance during this time, where we were, what was here during the war, etc. We arrived at the airport, half the dorm was already there. Everyone was travelling home. We discovered Valja Sodomina (Vogul), we had bought the tickets together with her the day before. She is also going to Berėzovo, then Polnovat, and even further from there. It was a very merry company, they were playing the guitar, singing. The bus came, we stormed at it, it took us to the plane (IL-18). We only needed the boarding passes that we had picked up at the bureau (the day before).

Well then, we departed smoothly, candy was given out. All the Ugrians around me wrapped themselves in their coats, turned to their better side, and said that we should sleep. I followed their example, and dozed off. Around halfway dinner was served; meat (something like reindeer meat) with rice, bulka⁴ with cheese, two pieces of pastry, tea with lemon, bread. Taja ate almost nothing, Valja also just a little, and I also put the bulka away for the next day. The company on the plane was very nice. The second half of the trip was a little rough, moreover, we circled above Tjumen' for 20 minutes. Before that, there was an announcement that it was −15°C, we were just laughing.

Upon arrival, we hopped into the minibus-like open conveyance, which took us to a small single storey station building. Here we met Valja (Jumina)⁵, Taja's cousin (on her mother's side). She studies in Tjumen' at the Medinstitut⁶, she is in the third year. She is a beautiful blonde girl, she does not resemble Taja at all. She had been waiting for us with a taxi for an hour. We looked at the time: we only flew 3 and a half hours, – from 7 to 10:30; till 12:30 local time, that is. It is the examination period for Valja, and she came at noon anyway, not knowing when the flight would arrive (12:30 during the day or at night).

The taxi ride to town was also a good half hour long. We first drove on snow-covered fields, then among scattered wooden houses, then there were more disorganised construction works. The town center is a so-called square, a huge plain with the neoclassical party headquarters on one side. In contrast, the (older) main street looks pretty urban. There are five

¹ Sebuova Taisija Stepanovna, one of Éva Schmidt's first Khanty friends, with whom she met in Leningrad in 1969. She was the one whom she could accompany for the winter holidays in 1970 to Tugijany, Taisija Stepanovna's native village.

² boulevard

³ Éva Schmidt alternates between the names Khanty and Ostyak, we did not change this.

⁴ bun

⁵ Jumina Valentina Il'inična

⁶ College of Health

colleges in Tjumen'. We arrived to the dorm, Taja paid 6 whole rubles for the taxi, I later repaid half of it to her.

The dormitory is a fairly new building, and not bad either; it has a very decent kitchen and rooms. We were escorted to (Valja's) room, where everyone was already sleeping. We silently put down our coats and boots, and went to the kitchen. They treated us to some sausage, bread and milk. We kept talking for a little while in the corridor, several people joined. They said that they only got a taxi when they mentioned the foreigner. Taja was still talking, I went to bed. It was nice and warm.

Jan. 24, Tjumen' – Berěžovo

Wake-up at 7 AM in a kind of panic, then a rush straight to the place from which the bus goes to the airport. It was cooler already, and with all the luggage, we barely caught the bus. Valja was very lovely, she helped us all along.

Out at the airport, we met V. Sadomiva and the others again, they had either spent the night there, or gone to a house, too. None of us got a boarding pass for the flight that was departing then, only the next one. Till then, we were loitering about, sitting, standing, I drank tomato juice, bought a buločka⁷, etc. There were all kinds of people there, but mostly Russians from Siberia. We suddenly had to rush up to the načal'nik⁸, because Taja had arranged for the boarding pass saying I was a foreigner. They asked where from, till when, what was I doing, etc., they were very nice. They gave us the tickets right away out of line, we got them ahead of everyone else. After some wait, around 1:30, the flight departed, and we approached it by ourselves, nearly freezing. It had dropped to -22°C in the meantime, but it felt like a lot more; it was hard to breathe. Especially because of the rush with the luggage. Taja's face froze, too, and so did mine, we were busy rubbing ourselves with snow.

We boarded the AN-12⁹, a beautiful, classy little aircraft. This is where they gave me the best candy in my whole life. We arrived in Berěžovo after $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. It was wonderfully sunny, the taiga was clearly visible from above, not so thick and infinite in that region. There was an area with lakes around Tjumen', then rivers and marshes. If the clear areas are marshes, then there is an awful lot of them, and one cannot see their end, they are so vast.

So we landed in Berěžovo, we carried our luggage inside. We had found out earlier, on the plane, that we were facing -40°C . I wrapped my scarf around my face, learning from the previous experiences. It was not that cold after all. They told us right away that the next flight was on Tuesday, we were a little let down. Finally some 10 people gathered (to go to Polnovat), and they started a flight for us. Taja bought the tickets: 1.70 rubles.

We rushed out to the freezing cold, shoved the luggage on the plane. It was here at the airport that we first met the lovely young couple of a German man (from the Volga region?), and a Khanty girl from Tugijany. They sometimes switched to Ostyak with Taja. They seem super happy, they love each other very much (they had not seen each other for a long time). So the man helped us with putting the trunk on the plane, and the ten of us sat inside. The plane could seat 12 people, and there was almost no separation between the cockpit and the cabin. The chairs were made of iron, and in a circle along the wall. We buckled up, the plane trotted out, it kept going and going with great effort. In the meantime, the copilot kept explaining to the other, pointing upwards. The plane crawled around on the ground for at least a quarter of an hour, us freezing inside, etc., when it returned with an elegant turn. They told us that it was time to get off already. Though cursing a little, the company took the affair with humour.

⁷ leavened dough pastry

⁸ manager

⁹ there is EN in the manuscript, obviously an error

There is a stalovaja¹⁰ opposite the airport, we went there with the couple. The food was good, I bought a cutlet, bread and tea, the others got the same, and also soup. Of course, the stalovaja is a simple wooden house, for cloakroom there is a room with hangers, and everyone leaves their coats there. When we were leaving, Taja showed me the inscription (sign) lying in the „hallway”: столовая – ЛЭТЫ-ЯНЬСТЫ ХОТ¹¹. I was over the moon.

I had already seen several presumably Ostyak persons at the airport, but of course they were all speaking Russian. Moreover, a Mansi was walking about there, in original attire: a long reindeer skin coat, over it a baize coat of the same length, and on his head a hood made of some brownish fur, though on his feet he wore felt boots instead of reindeer skin. He was speaking Vogul, had a pretty fierce, unshaven face, and had the walk of someone who is on the second bottle of vodka. The men wore either felt boots or huge fur-lined boots with sheepskin leg warmers. The women wore short reindeer skin boots, this must be very trendy. They are dressed very elegantly when not at work, wearing all sorts of fur, etc. On ordinary occasions, the code is an overcoat and a scarf. There are extremely long Nenets boots¹² as well.

With time, we departed from the airport with the couple towards our residence. Of course, we first handed in the big luggage, and I was left with my handbag only. It was dark. We set off, passed some wooden houses and a construction, then crossed a pretty steep valley (a creek bed?), and arrived in the „suburb”. Little wooden houses all around. The heavy snow blocked out the street names and house numbers. We walked for about ten minutes, then tried a house, but that was not where the people we were looking for lived. Never mind, we warmed up a little in the area by the door, in the company of some caged chickens, and then we were off.

Finally, I was already curious where we were, so we entered a house to ask which number it was. What do you know, it was just the one we were looking for. Taja's girlfriends were renting it. A wooden house, but big, with a fence and trees in front. The layout approximately as follows.¹³

The entrance to the small rooms is a curtain, and the walls do not quite reach the ceiling either. They have 1 bed, 1 table, 2 chairs, obviously two girls sleep together on the bed. The girls (Klava Lel'khova and Lida?) welcomed us very cordially. We took off the layers of clothes, and went to the other small room, where they offered us tea, pastry, bread, sausage. They told us that there was some kind of dance today, one of them was going. Taja went with her, too. The other had a movie ticket.

We were still sitting together when I noticed that a woman was speaking Vogul in the other room, and a man was responding in Russian. A woman also came in and inquired kindly in Ostyak where from and where to. Another girl turned up in the meantime, and now they were seriously conversing in Ostyak. I understood very little of it. Of course, they rarely said more than 4–5 sentences in Ostyak, they switched to Russian, then back again. They inflected a bunch of Russian verbs¹⁴ in Ostyak. One of them popped over to the inner room, then comes out saying they want to see me there, too. I was a little distrustful, because I heard the accordion being played there, I was afraid that they were drunk. But they were not, a young man and an older one (who turned out to be much younger than he seemed) were sitting there, talking to a shriveled old woman. There was also a little girl about a year old and three bigger girls in the room.

¹⁰ restaurant

¹¹ stalovaja (Russian) – eating-drinking house (Khanty) 'restaurant'. This is in handwriting within the typed text.

¹² Part of the traditional attire, mid-thigh-high boots made of reindeer fur, with fur lining.

¹³ The next two paragraphs are typed with an indent in the manuscript. The space is probably reserved for a photo, but the photo cannot be found (at least in the available copy).

¹⁴ Of the Russian words, only the vowels that can be found on a Hungarian typewriter are written in the manuscript, and their actual form cannot be inferred, so we left them out.

I went inside, we started to talk about Hungary. Aleksej (the older one) promptly produced all his knowledge from Julian (from Šestalo¹⁵, obviously) to Kádár. He knew a surprising amount, he was even completely well informed about '56. The young one was also very smart. He said that he had earned over 300 rubles at the gas extractions, and devoted all his money to travels in the Southern regions of the Soviet Union. He spoke about how nationalism is there, for example, Russian news last for only 5 minutes in the Tashkent radio, a drunken Russian was almost killed on the train, etc. We discussed the domestic political situation, they were scolding Khrushchev, they are satisfied with the present ones. We were comparing prices there with prices at home, we found out that they could have a significantly higher standard of living based on the income. If someone is working, they can earn as much as they want.

The girls had been long gone, and we moved over to the front room (next to the kitchen), where they treated us to tea, raw fish, bread. Then Aleksej started to talk about the prisons, about how he got there, what it was like. (There are very strict public safety measures throughout Siberia, it does not take much effort to gain similar experiences.) Then we had a long debate about Juvan Šestalo¹⁵, who is a relative of Marja's (M. is the old woman in our company). That is, her sister is Šestalo's stepmother, and the hunter Jurij (the young man) used to study together with him, they lived in the same dorm. They really lashed out against him, what he was writing about the people, even though he had no knowledge of them, living far away. What is he up to with his lyrical nature poems, Potjopka¹⁶, the shaman, all of those real Vogul things. They keep trying to persuade him to find a Vogul hero who died at war¹⁷, and write his life story. They would not be looked down on if there was proof that they also had one like this. They said that the male population of entire villages was taken to the war. Only one person got home alive from Marja's kolkhoz, and he also died soon after. It got late in the meantime, the girls also arrived, so we said goodbye to each other.

I had been watching for quite a while how Marija was sewing a reindeer skin boot. She also sews for selling. There were cut-out reindeer skin pieces in a sack, she was sewing them together with tendon. Then she took out some winter and autumn squirrel fur pieces, cut them out and sewed them on the mouth of the boot for border. We said goodbye, they promised that they would give us their address in the morning. I climbed into the bed next to Taja around 2 o'clock, the two other girls were sleeping on the ground. This was not my warmest night.

Jan. 25, Berëzovo

We overslept badly in the morning, Taja woke up at 9. We rushed out to the airport without any preparation. The weather got even colder, -46°C. This time we went by a different route, it was about as long as (the day) before, and we also could not avoid the creek bed. The kids must be skiing there, it is very slippery.

We arrived (at the airport), and were told that no flight was departing for the time being. Upon this, all of us (passengers headed to Polnovat) marched in to the načal'nik to persuade him, but he declared that: [...] ¹⁸. We just kept sitting there, talking. Then at 11:30 we rushed over to the stalovaja, where there was just a buffet this time. We queued, but when it was our turn, they had already brought hot coffee and pirožok¹⁹ with meat from the kitchen, so we had that and even took some with us. We sat at the pilots' table.

¹⁵ the Mansi writer Juvan Šestalo

¹⁶ The name of the shaman character in Šestalo's writings. Only a few letters of the name are in the manuscript.

¹⁷ World War II

¹⁸ missing Russian language text

¹⁹ pastry made from leavened dough, fried in oil, with filling

Then we returned and slept a little. Klava arrived, she brought cards, the girls started to play Macau, I was writing a letter. Taja was still playing cards with another company. Finally, I could light up in great secrecy, and I smoked half a cigarette.

(Oh, I forgot to write yesterday that while we were waiting there (at the airport), a young man came up to Taja and they discussed something. Then they came up to me, he introduced himself as a journalist of Tjumen'skij Komsomol (a youth newspaper). He inquired about the aim of my journey, and finally disclosed that they would like to get in touch with Magyar Ifjúság²⁰. I promised that I would try. I complained in turn that we knew nothing about them, he said he would also try to do something for us. Then we talked about politics, who the war was good for, etc. He gave us his address in Khanty-Mansijsk; I should call him as soon as (I arrive), and they would help with everything. He was a great guy. We saw him again this morning.)

The man in Mansi traditional clothes was also loitering there. We just kept sitting, around 5:30 there was an announcement that there would be no flight at all.

We went home and started drinking tea right away. In the meantime, the girls asked in Ostyak if I felt like going to the movies. Of course I did. Taja first went to the post office with one of them, she dropped my letter, too. They bought tickets on the way back, we got ready and went. The cinema was pretty close, people were streaming to it in a long line. The women were dressed in all kinds of wonderful furs. There were a whole lot of Russians, but there were Voguls and Ostyaks, too.

They first showed a short film about an ingenious engineer, who had studied in America, then built iron smelters in Siberia, and was also awarded a Lenin Prize. (I do not know their name, because we did not see the beginning of the film.) Then came Simonov's „The Living and the Dead”, with the battle of Stalingrad, etc. It was quite good. The cinema is pretty big, seats almost 300 and was packed. The films was a resounding success. They usually watch all the movies, there is no better entertainment.

We went home, started to eat again, this time spawn. After a while I went over to join the Voguls. I was talking to the old lady, sometimes I was not sure if she was speaking Vogul or Russian; she pronounced all the voiced occlusives voicelessly, she elongated the vowels (she put the stress on the first syllable and spoke with a completely Vogul intonation). The reindeer skin boots were almost finished. We spoke about the way they still sleep with an open door, and whoever comes in can feel at home. On several occasions, someone had tried to steal from them, but they were lucky. With Aleksej, we talked about the war, the film, the prison. He had read everything from Tolstoy to Solzhenitsyn, he is very smart, has a European education. The day before I had promised them to send men's leather gloves (they need them for festive occasions), and Aleksej promised me a self-manufactured pen, and that he would keep writing letters, because he likes it a lot. They were very lovely, they inquired about everything, and Marija also kept saying how interesting it was that I came to them from so far away. I climbed into the bed behind Taja around 2 o'clock.

Jan. 26, Berëzovo – Polnovat

We woke up 7, and reached the airport by 8:30. This time, for a change, they said that there was no plane, we had to wait for one to come. We had great practice in sitting down to wait, the whole company knew each other. We wrote down how many of us there were: ten. Around 10 o'clock we wanted to go to the stalovaja so we could at least get something to eat, but it was already closed. Upon this, I slept a little, then Klava came around, she is a vendor in a buffet and brought us some jam pirožok. We sat down to play cards, I also joined. Finally it

²⁰ a Hungarian youth newspaper

dragged itself to noon, we went over to the stalovaja to have some hot drinks. I only just got inside and took my place in the line when it was announced that the flight to Polnovat was departing.

Off we were rushing back, we took out our luggage, and soon sat inside the AN-2. It was cold for real, when I touched the buckle of the safety belt to fasten it, my hand turned white instantly. Even the toughest Siberians were freezing. We took off without trouble. The landscape was beautiful, forests were sparse, and only a great plain was visible towards Polnovat. We had been completely frozen by then, especially our feet.

We landed on a field, which was said to be an airport, the girls, four of them, Taja's friends, were already running towards us. They hugged and kissed, we were off to the village. It must have been a good -48°C . The German young man was carrying my trunk, he was utterly freezing in the meantime. We ran up a hill, walked along a street, and that was it, we arrived.

We went into a little wooden house, where an old woman and a few student girls greeted Taja very joyfully. She in turn gave everyone a little present, a candy or an apple, looked at how everyone has grown, adjusted their clothes, etc. 3–4 little boys also came in, they greeted each other. (The children were from Tugijany, studying in Polnovat.) Then the girls left, only a little one stayed, she was around 12 years old and spoke Russian. She does not want to speak Khanty, even though she can, and everyone here speaks it. I could open my trunk at last, for I had been out of cigarettes for a day then. I gave my (grandmother's) deer embroidery to the old lady. By the way, I understood her very poorly, because she was saying as , also u before w , and the vowels were very different (from the Middle-Ob dialect). We chose to speak Russian instead. Folks here seem to be assertive Ob Khanty, not Kazym people. They did indeed mention a bunch of differences between their own and the Kazym speech, for example, vowels not in the first syllable are more closed here (?). Sometimes they say t , other times ɬ , I do not know by what rules.

In the meantime, Taja went to the post office to call her mother²¹ and ask her to send a sleigh for us tomorrow. She returned shortly, all right, we are leaving tomorrow. They were all very worried about the journey, that we were going to freeze to death, it is not a small affair to be sitting 4 ½ hours in -45 – 50°C .

As soon as Taja arrived, we sat down to eat. There was soup made from beef, lard, potatoes, noodles; a thick layer of grease floating on the top. It came with bread (which, by the way, is whiter here, quite like at home). They eat large amounts of bread, at least 2–3 loaves a day. There was butter, *wońsimut* (брусника²²), tea with milk. Now Taja also had her appetite back. I had spoken to the old lady before, she joined me to the little room, and to my astonishment, she drew out her pipe and followed me in smoking. She showed me all the family photos, she told me that the little girl's mother (somehow also their relative) had killed her husband. She had been taken away, and she was taking care of the child like her own. We kept talking more, arranging things. The little girl took care of the cow, the old woman brought firewood.

It was already getting dark when they said that there were Khanty songs recorded on tape in the kindergarten nearby, I was welcome to go over and copy them. The girls in the boarding school are also willing to sing. Well then, out with the tape recorder, throw it into the handbag, rush to the kindergarten. It is quite close by, with all sorts of painted snowmen in the yard, interesting ones. Inside, a quite militant woman ordered me to take off my layers of clothes, and record tapes. In the meantime, I was surrounded by numerous Russian and Khanty children aged 4–5, some of them were speaking Khanty, but the caring staff was all Russians. They probably could not speak a word in another language. We went to the room, it was nicely decorated, and had Lenin's childhood picture on the wall. There was a tape recorder as big as a

²¹ Seburowa (Griškina) Matrëna Grigor'evna (1919–1991)

²² cranberry

house on the table. I also took out my little one, and said that we had to wait for it to warm up. I turned it on, it was working very slowly. In the meantime, they played the Khanty songs, they were all new „Komsomol songs”, about 3 in all. I did a mike test, whereupon it turned out that the tape recorder was not only working very slowly, but also not recording at all, and not erasing. I experimented a little more, but the children were already dispersing homeward. I said I would look at the tape recorder to find out what was wrong, and come back the next morning. We settled on this. Otherwise, the township has 4–5 more kindergartens like this, – the best route to forgetting the language. Regardless, there are much better developed social services of this kind in Siberia than at home.

We went home, I came at the tape recorder, took off the bottom. It was already playing properly, though the sound was a little low, but it did not erase when I recorded. The folks were extremely delighted to watch me counting. Eventually, the tape recorder was completely busted, upon which we started to have dinner. The hosts had just arrived from the shop; we had bread, tea, fish, canned fish, canned meat, jam. (Marina and her husband also came over in the meantime.) We took turns with the German young man in trying to open the cans with my pocket knife, we successfully broke it in the process. Only us Ugrians ate raw fish.

Then I was about to sit down with the tape recorder, but suddenly a huge clashing sound was heard, and the electricity went out. We rushed to the window; a truck had crashed into the power pole and knocked down one of the legs, there was no light on our line. Then the car hit the road with an air of accomplishment, and we kept on cursing by the atmospheric light of the petroleum lamp. Not having anything better to do, I played with the cat named Vaska. Marina and her husband went to their residence to sleep, after a while we went to bed, too. Taja was musing a little more next to me, about how I was going to be the first to freeze tomorrow, but then I told her that she had better let me go to sleep then.

Jan. 27, Polnovat – Tugijany

We got up at 10, I slept in the same bed with Taja, and the old lady slept with the little girl. We had breakfast (tea, bread and butter, broth, jam). The sun was shining beautifully, I went out to take pictures. I photographed the surrounding houses (from the top of the stable), and Taja with the little girl. This time I paid a visit to the stable, where a black and white cow was standing, and a calf with a sheep, railed off. The hay is on top of the stable, they throw it down and take it inside from there. The old woman was complaining that there had been a great flood last year, they did not make much hay. It only lasted till November, they have had to purchase since then. They milk the cow twice a day. We went inside and talked.

Around noon, the caravan sent for us arrived, three horse-drawn sleighs. A young Khanty woman came inside²³ in full travel attire, wearing a *săχ* (woman's fur open at the front), a *jŭrnwej* (long reindeer skin boots). She brought several sacks of clothes. They seated her immediately, treated her to soup, etc., and listened eagerly to what she had to say about the residents of Tugijany. Later on, a young man entered wearing a *gus*²⁴, he looked like an ethnographic photo. Then he promptly went to the shop to get something.

We also collected our things, and we first went to the clothes and combination store (scarce offering), we found nothing worth buying. Of course there was also a radio that I just marveled at. Then to the bookstore, I was looking forward to buying a whole lot of Ostyak books. I did ask, but they did not have a single one. They say they do have them sometimes, but run out with time. There were pretty good books there, textbooks (bound in beautiful hard cover), German language book, recent literature, economics, politics, etc. Taja and the others bought children's books, fountain pens. Then we went to the kolkhoz center, where 350

²³ Kostina (Griškina) Vera Grigior'evna (1936–1981)

²⁴ Hooded men's fur coat closed in the front, both the exterior and the lining are made of reindeer fur.

something rubles were given out (to the woman who had just arrived). They just rolled it all up in a piece of paper, and she pocketed it.

At home people were already preparing for the journey. We sat down, ate a huge portion of soup each, bread, thickly buttered, hot tea, etc. Then came the operation of dressing up, it lasted at least an hour. We put on every piece of garment imaginable (stockings, wool socks, topped with plastic bags, training pants, then another, or rather four more pullovers, coat lining, and over it the *sǎχ*). I was given *jǔrnwej*²⁵, they were small at first, but then I swapped them with Marina, they were not too big even so. Marina's husband got dressed in a *gus*, Taja was also tucked up in a *sǎχ*. After this, we put on the trapper hat, 4–5 scarves on top of it, they tied even more on Taja. I could hardly move, and barely see anything through that 5 cm opening that was left around my eyes. It was hard to even breathe. I put Ostyak skin mittens on my hands, and I was ready. The others likewise. We went outside, they put my trunk in the sleigh, my bag found its place in the clothes sack. With great difficulty I huddled up inside one of the sleighs with my back to the direction of travel, because Marina was sitting on the other side. In the meantime, the horse jumped and ran out to the street, but never mind.

We said goodbye, and were off, racing. At times the sleigh almost turned over, going on one runner. It was 4 o'clock, –45°C or more. My sleigh was the last one. There was no driver, it was just going after the others. Our feet were tucked under sheepskin, we were not cold, perhaps it felt just a little cool from below. We got out of the village, we were crossing a bushy place, then passing by a waterside forest. I fell asleep from time to time. After about an hour, we stopped to adjust our clothes and the sleighs, then moved on. It was getting dark already. We were riding in a treeless countryside, there were hills in some places, we had to hold on tight at those times. The next resting place was beside a forest, which was said to be halfway (a 2-hour journey). We got out, jumped a little, put hay in the bottom of the sleigh. From then on it was dark, we were going endlessly. My hands were a little cold. Marina's husband came up to us at times, he ran after the sleigh, we were fooling around. After about an hour and a half, Marina said that we were not very far away (from the village). Indeed, after half an hour I noticed that it got brighter (I could not turn around, that is), and we soon got into the village.

We passed by houses with lit windows in the main (that is, the only) street, till we finally stopped. We took out our luggage, Marina and her husband went on. We went inside a wooden house. For a moment I was not sure who was who, because some 4–5 women were helping around us. We entered the room; it was a small room. One of the older women started to say something to me, loud and fast, I did not understand a word of it. Even less so because, apart from the *as*, she also pronounced the *χs* at the beginning of words differently (from what I was expecting), they sounded almost like *ks*. Oh my, what will become of this. I was just standing like I was dumb, even though the woman was quite busy talking.

Then the rest of the women dispersed slowly, and the four of us remained: a young girl in modern clothes with glasses (primary school teacher in the village), the older woman, Taja and I. We sat down by the table, we ate an above average portion of soup again (this seems to be the festive meal), bread, jam, hot tea. Around this time, I already found out that the older woman was Taja's mother.

More guests arrived. The whole company immediately skimmed through the *Magyarország* and the *Magyar népviseletek*²⁶ books, debating long about every picture. They were asking questions about what we had and did not have back home, what things cost, etc. (in Russian). They also explored my family situation: how old my father and mother were, what their names are, what about my grandmothers, where do they live, what do they do (mostly in Ostyak). I hastily said 46 as my mother's age, the next day everyone knew it.

²⁵ Nenets boots, mid-thigh-high boots made of reindeer fur, with fur lining.

²⁶ Hungary; Hungarian Folk Costumes

Then we also went visiting Taja's grandmother on her mother's side, who is already very old (over 80). She hugged and kissed me, we sat down to talk. There were at least 3 children there, too. The father is very smart and educated. They told each other what I had said so far. The man mostly spoke Russian with me, him I understand, but as for Taja's mother, sometimes I am not even sure if she is speaking Russian or Ostyak. They were asking what kinds of animals we had back home. Someone spread news that I also spoke Vogul, to which I strongly objected, but then they tested it. They said *wit*: what is that, I tell them, *jŷk* 'water', *mān nāwram* 'small child', this I also translated. Then they asked a few more words, which I did not know (the names of household equipment).

We went over to another house, where there were numerous children, but we did not spend more than 5 minutes there.

Upon returning, we had tea with milk and bread with jam. Taja sat down to eat *noχərsem*, 'Siberian pine seeds'. I took a few things out from my bag. Taja's mother was handling each item of mine with enormous interest, observing them and asking about their price. The latter faced me with great difficulties. In the meantime, they turned off the electric lights, and we switched to the petroleum lamp. I gave the little Matyó embroidery and my white cardigan to Taja's mother, because she gave them so much praise. We warmed up to each other very much, we were joking that she was not too old for it, it would come handy for her. She insisted on making a rabbit fur hat for me. I in turn keep telling her to give me some old things instead, but there are none really, the old ones are really tattered. I am having a very good time at their place. Taja's mother smokes the pipe almost as much as I smoke cigarettes, we have big tobacco sessions together. She has a can in which she spits occasionally. She has the tobacco and matches in a tobacco bag, and on (its) string the pipe poker. I forgot (to write) that there was also wine with the dinner. We had some difficulty opening it, then Taja took it and opened it in seconds with her teeth. We have always had sweet wine up till now.

We went to bed around 12:30, me with Taja in the same bed, her mother on the ground (with the other girl – school teacher?). The petroleum lamp was still burning for quite a while with a small flame, T.'s mother lit up sometimes. I almost fell asleep when hoofbeats were heard from outside: horses came to the yard. T.'s mother jumped up and chased them out, shouting loudly. The horses, as it turns out, are moving about freely. Then we went to sleep.

Jan. 28, Tugijany

The first day in Tugijany. The lights came on around 6 in the morning, the radio started talking like crazy, but we could not be bothered and slept until 10 AM. Mom had got up earlier, milked the cow, brought firewood, made tea. We got up, had breakfast (the usual menu).

Taja started to knit a mittens with her mother in the following manner. They cut off the end of an old sock, and started to knit on it with light blue and red (dog hair) yarn. They put it on 4 needles (in square shape), and loop the thread through a fifth (needle) by hand. Taja started knitting it without asking any questions, because this is the standard, they do it the same way. The pattern: [...]²⁷.

²⁷ The drawing meant to be placed here was probably left out.

It is going very quickly. I was writing a journal. We spent some 2 hours like this.

We had lunch around 12:30: potatoes and pieces of meat in a pan, the juices 2–3 cm thick at the bottom, tea, etc. We had only just finished when the woman (Vera Griškina, the youngest sister of Taja's mother) with whom we came (from Polnovat) yesterday, and another, came over. They sat down on the ground, on a stool, grabbed their spools and span wool thread. The atmosphere was great, it is a shame I could not take pictures.

A half hour later we went visiting people, I put on my festive skirt on the occasion. We had been here (at Kalistrat Griškin's²⁸, who is Taja's younger uncle on her mother's side) the day before, they have 8 children. (Only their mother was home), I did not see their father. There we sat down at the table again, I got a portion of soup enough for several people. Taja could not even eat all of it. There was also sweet wine, bread and jam. It was very satiating. Here the baby was in a real birch bark cradle, the mother fed and then also breast-fed it, though it was not even so tiny. Then she hung the cradle back on the two (hooked) sticks pending from the ceiling. In this house the sewing kit was also in a birch bark box. There was reindeer tendon, they told me how to beat it to be broken down to threads. They had one such (thread) prepared, the mother was spinning it. She pulled out a thread, licked it, spun it on her face, then she took the next one. When it was 40 cm long, she looped it on a bone, and when there was plenty, she spun the threads into three tresses. They always use this to sew skin gear. We played with the kids, we urged them to dance Khanty dances. They were grooming each other, Taja also joined them, combed their hair, played with them. We were there for a long time, 3 hours or so.

We went home, I drew a running horse for the children (2 horses on 2 sheets of paper, if the upper sheet is folded repeatedly, it seems to be running). Then we had tea, and then multiple guests arrived. One woman (Andrijan Sebuov's wife?) was complaining that it was so cold that the calf and the sheep had to be brought into the house. All the residents are talking about the cold, this is unusual even here. It was a good -48°C again in the morning, and there was wind. The first word everyone utters is *iški* (it is cold). February will be milder, so they say. The (man we also saw yesterday) was here with a younger one, they smoked a few cigarettes, warmed up.

In the evening we went to the house where the bull calf and the sheep were standing tethered in the room. I do not envy the hosts for that night, the calf kept moving about. In addition, there were some white hens in a cage, and also a cat. All this was looking very strange next to the new washing machine and radio. Two women were knitting mittens, starting with the end. They are having a lot of trouble with this, so they choose to knit the new mitten on the end of an old one instead. It looks like they always sit down to work in pairs, of course a condition for this is that they knit completely identically. Two little girls were playing chess (or, rather, mills), talking a lot in the meantime – in Russian. I looked at the photo albums (family pictures), then we had tea, cottage cheese with milk (or rather, cream) and jam. Mom went home in the meantime, Taja and I stayed and talked there until 10. I was asking about the names of the patterns (*aj nōχas* – little sable, *aj χor oηat* – little reindeer bull antler, *jūχ nūw* – tree branch), but they were not worth collecting, as people from Moscow had been here recently, and wrote down everything. They were two (women) researchers (they do not know their names), they took a lot of things. They said they would send them back, the village people have been waiting for them since.

We went home, mom was already sleeping on the floor. Then Taja did the dishes, I wrote (in the journal). At midnight the light went out, we went to bed. Mom woke up during the night, smoked the pipe, then went to sleep again. It was a cold day indeed, one sign being that *Pitūχ* the dog was let in during the afternoon, it ate and warmed up for a few hours.

²⁸ Griškin Kalistrat Grigor'evič.

Jan. 29, Tugijany

We got up at a quarter to ten. By then, mom had already been to the shop, she brought bread and biscuits, and went to the kolkhoz for money. Here in the kolkhoz they get a pension of around 20 rubles, but that can be raised to 30–35 rubles. We had breakfast and I sat down to write, Taja was knitting. She had finished one mitten save the thumb, which her mother finished later (i.e. the thumb). Now she is around three quarters through with the other one. We were sitting. Three children came in, Lena, Sveta and Lěša (Gennadij Griškin's²⁹ children). They were sitting here without a word, playing with the running horse. The woman who had brought us here (from Polnovat) also came around, she continued spinning, but she soon left. Additionally, around 1 o'clock, a girl came over, bringing a white rabbit fur hat for Taja. They said that they would make one for me, too. With her came a few children, the room got quite full. They were sitting nice and quiet.

At one point, mom entered with some 30–40 *aj sorts* (small pikes, now they are in season) and a half leg of veal in a sack, all frozen to ice. She started to cut up the fish in the following manner: she made an incision behind the gill, then along the spine. She placed the slice produced this way on the table with the skin down, and stripped off the skin with a knife. She did the same on the other side, until only the head remained with the backbone and the stomach. She cut off the latter and put it aside, and gave the head, the backbone, the tail and the skin to the dog. She kept doing this endlessly. Taja minced the meat in a mincer.

In the meantime, the radio was broadcasting a 15-minute program in sharp Mid-Ob dialect, only it was very crackly. Even so, I understood it better than I did the locals. (It sounded) like the editorial of the Lenin Pant Huvat (Ostyak newspaper) being read out.

We just casually had some raw fish, these were cut up in a completely different way for this purpose. They cut along the belly, and then the back along the spine in the same way. The meat is cut off the spine, the skin pulled off from the top with a knife, the meat is cut into pieces. We ate it salted, with bread, it was good.

A huge basin got filled with minced fish, we peeled a few potatoes at the end, and some onions. Taja minced these, too, mixed them with the meat, and added salt. Furthermore, 4–5 fish were prepared by scraping the skin off with a knife, making cuts at every 2-3 centimeters, and cutting off the tail with the last cut. Then the belly was incised, the guts were left inside and everything else taken out. A gut cut in half lengthwise was placed at the bottom of the pot, the fish were put on this, and the whole thing placed on the stove. It was quite obvious that guests were expected. We heated up the place quite good, with all kinds of food broiling. We were sitting, talking. Around 6 o'clock, the first half of the dinner was ready: the little balls made from the minced fish and fried in a pan. We promptly ate these with Taja. The rest of the balls were cooked in water. There was also broth (made from the leg of veal).

Around 7 o'clock, the guests started to arrive, there were some 14 of us (mostly the relatives). The party was beginning. We first drank from Taja's cognac, then from my apricot pálinka. They found it rather strong. Prior to this, mom had poured a glass of cognac, and put it on the curtained shelf in the corner (*mŭtsŭŭŭ* – sacred corner). She also just „happened to” put a big bowl of meaty soup on the near corner of the table, which stayed there for a long time from then on. She lit a piece of birch tinder in a can, and put it up on the shelf. She stood in front, and started to pray, nodding intensely, and sometimes crossing herself. An older man (Roman iki³⁰) followed suit, he was singing, too. (They were praying in front of the *χotəŭ tonχ* 'house idol'.) Only then did the feast begin.

I do not know how many kinds of drinks we drank, but there must have been 8–9 (everyone brought something). Then also vodka (Moskovskaya), 2–3 bottles of it, then mom's

²⁹ Griškin Gennadij Grigor'evič

³⁰ uncle Roman

home-made beer, which is made from bread and sugar. The others were grimacing a little, but we drank a good 3–4 liters. The company was also consuming decently, they reached for the bread and meat after every shot, this was the only reason they did not turn upside down right away. One of the men went to get more vodka, he returned about a half hour later. He had drunk half the bottle on the way, he could barely stand on his feet. Somehow men get drunk sooner. They spoke an awful lot and all at the same time, they discussed my whole family situation, that I am a foreigner, but speak Ostyak – what a miracle. They made me repeat the full list of my relatives several times.

At one point I noticed someone singing: one of the men was just singing to himself in Ostyak, he was musing, even his tears were running. This really surprised me at first, but later I got quite used to men taking turns in falling into this kind of 'ecstasy'. I did not fully understand what they were singing about, they said it was about the village. (Vera, who had brought us from Polnovat, improvised a long song about our arrival. I did not completely understand that either, I just grasped that it was cold, and we almost froze to death.) So the emphasis shifted to singing, but they could not really do it together. Everyone was humming separately, to themselves. Then when the enthusiasm was peaking, they presented their dances, the women's dance, which is danced with their faces covered. The men put on a small bear ceremony, at least they danced some of those dances. It was somewhat reminiscent of the Mongolian Eagle Dance, it was danced with outstretched arms. Then I had to sing two Hungarian folk songs, they were listening with interest. It was already late, only Taja and a few women were sober in the whole company (and myself, more or less).

Around midnight, we went over to Wõntõrjan³¹ (Seburov)³², who lives next door, and is the most famous person in the village. He represented the Khanty at the 23rd Congress, he voted in their name. They performed this in several acts, showed the pictures and newspaper made about him, there was also a book about the Congress Palace. All this amidst much eating and drinking (kvass, broth, fish, bread, biscuits). We spoke about the war, the economic situation. They have a good life, they cannot complain. True, their room is like any other (in the village), but there is a Moscow tapestry on the wall. They (the others) kept repeating what a great man he is; when he returned from Moscow, he brought a small bottle of vodka for everyone, he entertained everybody in his house. The men could hardly talk by then, but we still kept drinking. They presented a notebook in which they were collecting the (lyrics of) popular Russian songs, they performed some of those (Morjaki, etc.). Later on the women sang in Khanty, and even danced again. We went home around 2 o'clock, and went to bed immediately.

Jan. 30, Tugijany

I had just dozed off nicely, it was around 9 AM, or somewhat earlier, everyone jumped up. I was puzzled why we were getting up so early today, they were really rushing me.

Well, I jump out of bed, I have not even washed myself yet, the same company of men arrives, in the same state, only with a new stock of drinks (vodka). The whole thing starts all over again; broth, fish, bread, talking. The women started arriving one by one later.

Around 11 we went over to another house, we drank there, too. Taja had deserted from the party long ago.

The afternoon was calm. Only women and children came, they were sitting around, and then left. We went to bed pretty early.

(From this point, I wrote the journal later on, in Khanty-Mansijsk.)

³¹ Version of the Russian men's name Andrijan according to Khanty pronunciation.

³² Seburov Andrejan Il'ič

Jan. 31, Tugijany

We were at home all morning. Around 1 o'clock, we went to Kalestrat (Griškin)'s, where we got broth, wine and tea and talked a while.

(I forgot to write that Kalestrat had returned from fishing in the morning, and dropped by our house. We immediately greeted each other in a very friendly way. He told us about the fishing, that they almost died. There were three of them, one fell ill, the other younger guy's face got frozen (and he went home). Kalestrat was fishing alone, with his bare hands. On the way there, there was not even a road, it got blown over with snow. The horses could only move slowly because of the cold. He was lucky to have a well-rested horse, otherwise he would have frozen. (That is, he could not have returned. They fished a lake twenty-something kilometers away, catching pike.) Mom brought out the drinks that were set aside for him during the party. Kalestrat was excusing himself for not being able to drink because he was weakened, and he also gets drunk easily. In any case, he drank a little bit of everything, and went home quickly.)

The weather changed during the night, it got warmer (around -25°C). This could be suspected the day before, there was a storm in the morning and it was very dark. The wind kept blowing the snow, the electric wires were making music. That is why I could not take pictures that day.

Now the sun was shining. I quickly drew out the camera, and after the visit I took photos in the village.

We were sitting at home in the afternoon. Taja was finished with the mittens. Her teacher friend came over, they talked. Then they took me to see the school, where children learn until 4th grade. Nice and orderly classrooms, though a little cold in the past few days (it was -15°C inside, teaching was suspended). They are only learning in Russian. There are quite a lot of children, some classes have 25. After the school, we went to the „post office“ (small wooden house, no indication that it is an institution on the outside). They asked the man sitting there if I could bring the tape recorder (to be repaired) in the evening, he said yes.

When we got home, the house was buzzing with preparation. There will be a *mīr̄χot* (a members' council at the kolkhoz), they were recruiting the people. Well then, I thought, that was the end of repairing the tape recorder. I was right. The teacher came over later, but she did not even mention that we could go.

Mom was frying pirožok with meat, we tinkered with that, too, in the morning. We were meaning to mince cooked veal, if only the mincer intended to do it too. They put onions and salt into the meat. They knead bread dough, it rises, they tear smaller pieces from it, they roll them, put the meat inside, fry it in lard.

We also went to grandma's, but it was already late, I could not take photos of her.

Feb. 1, Tugijany

(Second) last day in Tugijany. We got up at 9, the weather was wonderful. I loaded another film, we went to see all the relatives in the morning, I took photos of everyone.

We went to grandma's first. Kalestrat was also here, a little tipsy, but he is a very decent man. He said that he could have studied, but it was difficult during the war. He went to school and transported people by night in the meantime; he was an attendant. He then fell asleep during classes, and had to drop out of some of them. He became a fisherman. They made good money, up to 200 rubles a month during the summer. Less in the winter, depending on the catch. For example, he only made 15 rubles altogether in December, and got 25 in addition. But it is not necessary, they have everything at home, they only buy the bread, salt, etc. They get extra wage supplement because of the cold climate. He further complained that young people do not

become fishermen or hunters. They all want to work in the kolkhoz (the indoor factory units), they make good money there. Raising the pension has also been a matter of talk for years now. We gathered nicely at grandma's place, the smaller family. There was pirog, big bread, baking, tea, vodka, wine. We started to drink, but not too much, because we still had several places to go.³³

Here I spotted an old distaff. A plank around 70 cm long, (20 cm wide, tapering), 4–5 cm thick, carved from a single piece of wood. There are grooves across it at every 15-20 centimeters. They sit on it to spin dog hair or wool. The grandmother spends most of her time doing this.

From grandma's place, we only returned home for a few seconds. Then we went straight to Taja's godparents' place at the very end of the village. (the Kaksins, they are from the Kazym.) Some of the maternal relatives joined us, and so did the godmother's aged father, who must have been some kind of sacrificial priest or shaman in the old days. Everyone holds him in high esteem. The house is the biggest of the ones I have seen so far, an enormous room, with 2–1–1 windows on three sides, and wonderful light. The furniture is the usual, but better quality. (The host is the only hunter in the village, he makes good money.) The table was laid: cooked (bear) meat cut up in cubes on two plates, with fatty pieces arranged around at the edge, bread, pirog, etc.

We greeted each other and sat down to drink. Of course they put a glass in the curtained sacred corner first, and also urged me to pray with them

(the end)

³³ The next two paragraphs are typed with an indent. The space is probably left out for a photograph, but (at least in the available copy), there is no picture.

Unrecorded more notable events:

– From the second day of my stay in Tugijany, I could follow conversations in Ostyak, provided that they were not singing. It was only on the penultimate day that I said the first somewhat complicated Ostyak sentence, but I found it very difficult to keep switching from the Mid-Ob vowel system to the Kazym one.

– It was also on the second day that they came up with the idea that it was quite as if I was one of them, only from another village. I said OK, I was one of them. From then on, they were teaching me about etiquette, I got an orientation or two every hour, according to which a girl is not supposed to step over clothes, sit with crossed legs, etc. The great feeling of being relatives originated in part from the fact that I was quite different from the Russians. So I could only be Ob-Ugrian.

– Before every feast (*pori*), they put food and drink in the sacred corner and prayed, later on I did not even write this down. The prayer was a 5–6-minute-long song, performed by Roman iki. I did not understand it because of his old age and missing teeth. I was also involved as an extra, meaning I had to nod my head. Young people also did not really understand the song.

– On the second last day, I experienced the bath house, which is something like a sauna, only simpler. It was built by the kolkhoz. Women who are from the same family or close relatives go there together, but it is unlikely to accommodate more than three people. The men go somewhere separately, but I do not know how.

That day I had a falling-out with Taja, because she would not leave her mother alone. She was treating her like a kindergartner, she presented her with an ideological (Szabad nép or Lenin Pant Huvat³⁴) session every half hour. She said things like the ruble was the best currency in the world, etc. She was ashamed of traditional culture, and she was also jealous. I dared to come forward and remark that traditional culture is also not foolishness, it is just different from the new. And also that she should not be shaming her mother. As a result, by good Ostyak habit, we barely said a word to each other on the way back. In Polnovat, she scolded me to her friends in Ostyak, and I was amused, because by then I understood it pretty well.

– The sacrificial ceremony where I stopped writing the journal was for a lucky journey for us. They commended us both to the mercy of the house god.

– Before we departed, they decided that I was indeed one of them. With this they took me in – theoretically – to the clan. They could not perform it in practice, but they assured me that if I could be with them for just another month, no one would tell that I was not born among them. They would teach me the language and all the customs. This is the best opportunity that a 20th century Siberia researcher can get. I promised that I would return to them the next year.

– The way back: Tugijany – Polnovat (1 day) – Berëzovo (2 days). Here I separated from Taja, who was going to Leningrad. I spent 4 days in Khanty-Mansijsk, I got acquainted with the Ob-Ugrian and Russian intellectuals there. I had exchanged letters with several of them before. I traveled home to Leningrad through Sverdlovsk.

³⁴ Hungarian and Khanty newspapers with an ideological bias

-b-

– Taja would not report in more detail on what happened to Marina (our travel companion from Berězovo to Tugijany) until we got to Leningrad. M. was 8 months pregnant, she wanted to visit her family in Tugijany before the birth of her child. Due to the strain of travel, she went into labour a few hours after our arrival. The air ambulance came for her immediately from Berězovo, and took her to the hospital. She gave birth to a healthy baby girl, but they could only talk about this when it was certain.

*

Some data about Tugijany:

The village lies around 40 km south of the Kazym mouth on the left bank of the Ob. It is marked as a Vogul village on K. Pápai's map, but its name is not written. It has been standing in its present form since the 1940s, uniting the former winter, spring and summer villages (*tăDGort, tōwGort, tūŋGort*). The winter village was the base settlement, from where they would move to the temporary „villages” according to the fishing seasons.

The village culture – due to its location – has a temporary character in several respects.

As regards the type of economy, it belongs among fishing villages along great rivers (the Ob). Its residents identify as Ob Ostyaks or Voguls. However, their social relations are directed towards the mouth regions of the two nearby tributaries (the Sos'va from the west and the Kazym from the east), rather than the big Ostyak fishing villages further south. At present, this streak is the transitional territory of the settled fishing-livestock-agriculture and the reindeer-herding-hunting-fishing cultures.

The population of the area is mixed ethnicity. This is the only part of the Ob (except for the area of Salekhard) that has a significant Vogul population. Around Berězovo – because of the administrative center – the indigenous population was already mixing with the settling Russians and Zyrians in the past century. Voguls live west of the village, and Ostyaks east of it.

Tugijany is a so-called mixed clan village. Its residents belong to 2 clans: the Seburows (Ostyaks) and the Griškins (Voguls). According to Černecov, they belong to the *moś* phratry, but there is not much trace of this in common knowledge. It is likely to have been an Ostyak village originally, because the name Seburow has been found in archival materials relating to the area for a long time. As for the Ob-Ugrians, it is well known that they settled in their current area of residence relatively late. The Seburows call themselves *śaBər-jəχ*, the base word of which is *śōpər*, a very old word with an opaque meaning (used as an adjective of silver in folklore). Several authors have linked it to the name of Siberia.

They keep clan exogamy to this day. The two clans of the village are each other's primary marriage groups. In addition, the Griškins also marry the Lower Sos'va Voguls and the Ostyaks of the Kazym mouth, and so do the Seburows.

Two assimilation tendencies can be observed: 1) The use of the Vogul language is most active in the generation of the grandparents among the Griškins, the grandchildren already speak Ostyak. 2) Those under 40 speak good Russian, so children do not need education in the mother tongue in the first years of schooling (that is, from age 7). The number of Russian families in the village is small, but young people (especially the girls) favor Russians for marriage, and migrate away from the village.

When I was there, the population of the village was around 400.

The school was closed in 1975, the children are interns of the Polnovat Primary School from age 7.

(The Ostyaks call the Voguls *wõχal'*, not Mansi.)

-c-

The Ostyaks speak a transitional version of the Middle-Ob (Šerkaly) and the Kazym dialects. The consonant system is Mid-Ob, that is, they say *t* instead of *l*. The vowel system is completely Kazym. An interesting feature of this dialect version is that it has developed the more recent phonetic and morpho-phonetic tendencies much better than the core dialects, almost to perfection. They speak slower and with somewhat more open vowels in Tugijany than in the Kazym villages nearby. To my knowledge, this dialect version is spoken in 3 villages, Tugijany is the northernmost among them.

The Voguls probably speak the Ob-Vogul dialect.

Editors' remarks: We incorporated Éva Schmidt's footnotes into the text, and so the footnotes are reserved for the editors' remarks. For the sake of textual authenticity, the original manuscript has also been published on the website.

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