

intentions, as they saw them, were good.”

At age five, she watched white gentry riding on fine stallions with fancy saddles at the annual fair, and she thought “white people treat their horses better than they treated us black people.” The racism, she says, caused “deep scars deep inside of you that sometimes never heal . . . I thought at the time that all white people were mean and evil.” It was, she says, the Baptist Church that kept her from being totally embittered.

Sports eventually led to a limited escape, limited because the financial gains from her achievement were minimal within a short time after her Olympic triumphs. The final two chapters, “Retirement” and “Today,” may be Wilma’s most significant, for they depict starkly the economic status of black American women. After the Olympics she ran in several amateur track and field meets; “I was the only woman in history to pack Madison Square Garden in New York, the Forum in Los Angeles, and a lot of other places for track meets. People came to see me run. But the promoters made all of the money, not me. I was strictly an amateur, in more ways than one.”

Soon after, Wilma retired and entered the larger world, working at half a dozen jobs, their rewards never beginning to approach the endorsement money and booming salaries of today’s professional athletes. As she says, “The fact of the matter is that black women athletes are on the bottom rung of the ladder in American sports. Most of them are involved in track and field because that’s the only sport still really open to them. How many black women golfers are there, or how many black women tennis players? When their track careers are over, no matter what they’ve accomplished in the Olympics, there is no place for them to go. They wind up drifting back to where they began, and nobody ever hears from them again.” Wilma, as of the autobiography’s publication, drifted back to Clarksville, Tennessee.

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**James D. Sexton, ed. *Son of Tecun Uman: A Maya Indian Tells His Life Story.* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1981) 250 pp., \$19.95 cloth, \$8.95 paper.**

Although many Indians north of the Rio Grande have published autobiographies, few Latin American natives have done so. Thus, Northern Arizona University anthropologist James D. Sexton’s

records of interviews with one Tzutuhil Maya from San Jose, Guatemala, and that Indian's preparation of a personal journal (1972-1977) yield incredible promise. The Maya, whom Sexton terms a son of the sixteenth century Quiche warrior prince Tecun Uman, has written a highly readable account of Indian society in one village and his own role in it. Sexton has given the diarist the name Ignacio Bizarro Uipan, "for the sake of anonymity," but Uipan's personality comes richly alive as he records daily events. So do the people he describes.

*Son of Tecun Uman* is unique in several respects. Not only is it a rare account by a Latin American Indian, but it is a chronicle of impressions written as they occurred. In the latter respect, it is much different from the usual autobiographies of older natives remembering their past. Moreover, the writer is not aged, but young—a man in his thirties—and yet one who has encountered a good deal of acculturation within his short lifetime. It is refreshing to read the words of a man neither particularly wise nor nostalgic, but one for whom everyday life, although attenuated by economic misery, political turmoil, and the reality of sorcery, is incredibly vital.

Uipan's account readily enables us to understand the Tzutuhil Maya. We learn of the Indians' fears of doctors and hospitals, of their reliance on fortunetellers and shamans, of ceremonies performed for the spirits of the dead, of frequent drownings being attributed to the water goddess's lust for servant-souls, of witchcraft, and of the secret meanings of dreams. We discover the intense localism of the Tzutuhil—their absorption with their own difficulties, their tensions with a neighboring town, and their effectual isolation from the central government (even to the extent of refusing to supply men for the military reserves). We find out about the economic irritations which often explode in drunkenness and wife abuse. Importantly, we come to know Uipan's idiosyncracies: his political falling-out-of favor, his struggles with drunkenness and his successful effort to join Alcoholics Anonymous, his sometime attempts to seek obsequiously the respect of Ladinos.

While the text of *Son of Tecun Uman* is both revealing and moving, Sexton's introduction and editing leave something to be desired. He deals little with the effects of modernization on Uipan and his people, even though that has been a significant theme of Sexton's previous work. The anthropologist also buries most of the history of political turmoil in Guatemala in his footnotes. Thus, he fails to provide a comprehensive context for the events Uipan describes, even though Sexton states at one point that the Tzutuhil identify strongly as Guatemalans. What, then, does this identification mean? The anthropologist further compares San Jose with a neighboring locale, Panajachel, stating that the San Josenos have lower occupational aspirations, are more fatalistic, accept more traditional beliefs, and

“are more inclined to delay their gratification.” However, Uipan’s account does not yield the evidence for such an interpretation (although it may, of course, be true). Furthermore, Sexton mentions the significant Spanish introduction of *compadrazgo*, without really explaining what such god-parenthood consists of or providing any evidence from Uipan’s interviews or diary that it did, in fact, constitute an important adoption by the Tzutuhil. Nor does the anthropologist adequately explain *susto*, a psychological illness with which Uipan, in the view of some of his contemporaries, was afflicted. There is a considerable literature about how this interesting ailment is tied to sex roles and social status considerations. Lastly, Sexton’s desire to protect Uipan’s identity appears ill-motivated. It is not done so that government officials would be unable to discover who this Tzutuhil really is because internal evidence is sufficient to determine that. Since Third World peoples rarely receive recognition for their significant accomplishments in their native societies, it seems imperative that someone who has produced as excellent a work as this not remain nameless.

These shortcomings do not, however, seriously detract from the book’s value. *Son of Tecun Uman* is a pioneering study which conveys valuable information about a man and his culture.

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**David Sibley. *Outsiders in Urban Societies*. (New York: St. Martin’s Press, 1981) x, 212 pp., \$25.00**

While minority groups are usually not associated with the locus of social, political, and economic power in a society, some groups may be more marginal than others. Such is the characteristic position of gypsies, a semi-nomadic people found in several parts of the world. In this book, David Sibley, a lecturer in Geography at Hull University, presents a study of British gypsies based on several years of personal experience in gypsy communities.

Sibley examines the economic and social organization of British gypsies and public and governmental reactions to their activities. Gypsies are portrayed as an ethnic minority with a distinct world view and culture. They engage in opportunistic, small-scale economic pursuits, for example scrap metal dealing and the hawking of crafts, that