

THE MOUNTAIN ARAPESH

V. THE RECORD OF UNABELIN WITH RORSCHACH ANALYSES

MARGARET MEAD

VOLUME 41 : PART 3
ANTHROPOLOGICAL PAPERS OF
THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
NEW YORK : 1949

THE MOUNTAIN ARAPESH

THE MOUNTAIN ARAPESH



V. THE RECORD OF UNABELIN WITH RORSCHACH ANALYSES

MARGARET MEAD

VOLUME 41 : PART 3
ANTHROPOLOGICAL PAPERS OF
THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
NEW YORK : 1949

PREFACE

THIS IS THE FIFTH AND LAST of a series¹ of papers on the culture of the Arapesh people of the Sepik-Aitape District of New Guinea. These people were intensively studied by Dr. R. F. Fortune and myself from December to August, 1931-1932. My part of the investigation was undertaken in regular pursuit of my duties in the American Museum. Therefore, I owe particular thanks to the American Museum of Natural History, and especially to the late Dr. Clark Wissler, for the opportunity to make this two-year expedition to New Guinea.

Dr. Fortune's work was conducted under a grant from the Social Science Research Council of Columbia University. Collaborating throughout the expedition, we were able to share, and so considerably reduce, our expenditures, so that my thanks are due to Columbia University and to the Frederick G. Voss Anthropological and Archaeological Fund of the American Museum which financed our respective researches. In regard to my field researches, my major thanks are due to Dr. Fortune, for the partnership that made it possible for me to work with people more uncontaminated and inaccessible than I could have reached alone, for cooperation in the field in the collection of ethnological materials upon which parts of this paper draw, for analysis of the phonetically difficult Arapesh language, and for accounts of parts of the men's esoterica and of events and ceremonies which occurred outside the village of Alitoea.

For preliminary orientation in the selection of a field, which finally resulted in the choice of the Arapesh region, I am indebted to Dr.

Briggs of the University of Sydney who had made a survey trip in this region some years previously. For orientation in the relationship between cultures I studied and neighboring cultures, I am indebted to Mr. Gregory Bateson and Mr. E. W. P. Chinnery. For administrative endorsement, I have to thank the Department of Home and Territories of the Commonwealth of Australia. For assistance, encouragement, and hospitality on the part of members of the Government, I am indebted to His Honor, then Acting Administrator, Judge Wanless, to His Honor Judge F. B. Phillips, to Mr. Chinnery, then Government Anthropologist, to Mr. T. E. McAdam, and to the late Mr. MacDonald. I am especially indebted to the late Mr. M. V. Cobb of Karawop, and to Mrs. Cobb, who offered me the most extensive hospitality and permitted me to use Karawop Plantation as a base throughout the Arapesh work.

This section was written in two parts, during the spring and summer of 1946, when the analysis of the verbatim record was completed, and during the spring of 1948, after the Rorschach interpretations were finally concluded. During the interval between the completion of Parts III and IV and writing this section, Dr. Fortune published two further papers on Arapesh.²

For their generous and imaginative help in the interpretation of the Rorschach record, details of which are presented in the appropriate context, I am deeply indebted to Miss Jane Belo, Dr. Bruno Klopfer, Dr. Molly Harrower, Mrs. Florence Miale, Dr. Theodora Abel, and Dr. Martha Wolfenstein.

MARGARET MEAD

New York
July 18, 1948

² Fortune, R. F., 1940, "Arapesh warfare," *Amer. Anthrop.*, new ser., vol. 41, pp. 22-41; 1943, "Arapesh maternity," *Nature*, vol. 152, Aug. 7, p. 164.

¹ Mead, Margaret, 1938, "The Mountain Arapesh. I. An importing culture," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 36, pt. 3, pp. 139-349; 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *ibid.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, pp. 317-451; 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. III. Socio-economic life. IV. Diary of events in Alitoea," *ibid.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, pp. 159-420.

CONTENTS

PREFACE	289
METHODOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION	293
CHRONOLOGY BASED ON ENTRIES IN <i>Diary</i>	303
SESSIONS WITH UNABELIN	306
First Session, April 22, 1932	306
Second Session, May 17, 1932	311
Third Session, June 12, 1932	325
Fourth Session, June 27, 1932	347
Fifth Session, June 30, 1932	359
Sixth Session, August 8, 1932	363
UNABELIN'S RORSCHACH	370
Conditions of Administration and Interpretation	370
Protocol	371
Location Chart	372
Scoring the Unabelin Rorschach Record	375
Record of Dr. Bruno Klopfer's Comments	378
Notes from Sequence Analysis, by Dr. Molly Harrower and Mrs. Florence Miale	384
Brief Interpretation from Belo Scoring, by Dr. Martha Wolfenstein	386
The World of Unabelin and How He Approaches It, by Dr. Theodora M. Abel	386
Comment on the Rorschach Analysis	388
GLOSSARY	390
UNABELIN'S TIES IN ALITOA	390

ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATE

1. Unabelin of <i>Suabibis</i>	<i>facing</i> 300
--	-------------------

METHODOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION

AS COOPERATION BETWEEN PSYCHIATRISTS and anthropologists increases, various types of textual materials and life histories have become of increasing interest in anthropology. Further, we recognize more and more that verbatim data are of an order of immediacy differing profoundly from any material collected *in ratio obliqua*. For methodological reasons and because these two kinds of incentive to the collection of autobiographical materials involve quite different premises, I believe it is important to distinguish between them.

The premium on verbatim material has risen and fallen through the years. Initially, the interest in the accumulation of linguistic texts was combined with the convenience of encouraging a literate informant to write out information and give us such varied records as Callaway's "Religious system of the Amazulu,"¹ the masses of North American Indian texts,² Meier's "Manus texts,"³ and Radin's "Crashing thunder."⁴ The emphasis was not on autobiography as such, but instead upon a large quantity of varied material which would lend itself to repeated analysis as anthropological theory was developed and refined. As long as the texts were published verbatim, either in the native language or in verbatim and adequately annotated translations, there was provision for the type of analysis made by Dr. Dorothy Lee,⁵ to be made 100 years later. Most important, these texts represented a mode of collecting material in large enough units so that a variety of subsequent methods of analysis could be applied. Very often different informants contributed to the account, and, if their identity was unspecified, considerably lowered its value. This earlier rule of collecting numerous texts has suffered an uneven fate over the last 25 years as ethnologists learned to speak the languages of the people with whom they worked. Notes in

the native language often came to replace carefully dictated texts, slowed down for phonetic accuracy, and the interest shifted from the exact phrasing of a statement to its content, with perhaps a sprinkling of verbatim quotations. The tendency to publish some carefully collected ethnological literature in books available to a specialized but non-anthropological public further served to eliminate the use of texts in the native language, and when texts were used, translations, either literal or free, were substituted. (E.g., "Manus religion,"⁶ in which texts of seances were recorded by Dr. Fortune in the Manus language, but were published as translations.)

The increasing number of informants who are either literate in a language not their own or are at least fluent in the language of the investigator has also militated against the recording of verbatim materials in text form and has, instead, stimulated their recording in the *communication* language. It seems important to distinguish here between the *native* language written by a literate native, as did Radin's informants who were able to use the syllabary, or George Hunt's long records for Franz Boas, or the native language slowly recorded by an investigator who has mastered its forms but does not use it fluently as a means of ordinary communication, and the *communication* language, whether native, a world language, or a *lingua franca*, in which the investigator is writing a language in which he can converse rapidly with the informant. When texts are either written out by a literate native or dictated to an investigator who does not speak the language, although the linguistic usage may be completely accurate, there is liable to be a considerable loss in those factors that are becoming increasingly important in our analysis of behavior, emotional tone, differential emphasis, contiguity of imagery, etc. This type of data is secured only when the informant speaks at natural, or approximately natural, speed, or writes with that degree of familiarity that permits his writing to follow closely on his thought. Compromise situations occur when an interpreter is employed by an investigator who, however, knows the native language, as was the

¹ Callaway, H., 1884, "Religious system of the Amazulu," Publ. Folk-Lore Soc., London, vol. 15, pp. 259-374.

² Fletcher, A., and F. La Flesche, 1911, "The Omaha tribe," 27th Ann. Rept., Bur. Amer. Ethnol., Washington, pp. 15-672.

³ Meier, P. S., 1907, "Mythen und Sagen der Admiraltätsinsulaner," Anthropos, Salzburg, vol. 2, pp. 933-942.

⁴ Radin, Paul, 1926, "Crashing thunder. The autobiography of an American Indian," New York.

⁵ Lee, D. D., 1940, "A primitive system of values," Jour. Phil. of Sci., vol. 7, pp. 355-378.

⁶ Fortune, R. F., 1935, "Manus religion," Mem. Amer. Phil. Soc., vol. 3, pp. 1-391.

case in G. Gorer's recording of the life history of Kurma¹ and in Dr. Du Bois' extensive set of life histories from Alor.²

We may turn from these considerations of methods of recording to a further consideration of the purposes for which such records are obtained. The least complicated and most widely useful is merely to obtain data in large units as discussed above. The second aim might be regarded as the *specification of the point of observation* (to use Lasswell's classification) so that, even when collecting simple ethnological descriptions, the student knows who—in a personal and sociological sense—said what, when, and the specific circumstances. If, as occasionally happens, it is also possible to institute controls on *to whom* it is said, as when two field-workers use the same informant, the value of the record is enhanced. For such specification, it is not essential that material should stem from a single observer, should be arranged in continuous order, or that deletions should not be made. The only essential point is to add this specification of source to the verbatim materials.

The use of autobiographies in anthropological work dates back to Radin's "Autobiography of a Winnebago Indian,"³ and has followed a double stream: one, like Radin's method in which the experience of the individual is employed merely as one useful means of recording the sequence of cultural events; the other, in which the attempt to work cooperatively with psychoanalytically oriented research workers has led to an effort to obtain material in a form that is meaningful and useful for them. Mention should also be made of such sociological studies as the Jack Roller⁴ which also relied upon life history materials to illuminate social processes.

If an autobiographical statement is to be obtained, it is important to consider whether it is being collected as, first, a very imperfect analogue of the anamnesis of the psychiatric or psychoanalytic interview, or, second, an endeavor to compensate for the brevity of an

ethnological sojourn in the field by obtaining records of actual sequences too long to observe, or, third, an attempt to record inaccessible data, or, fourth, an effort to gather sufficient material to delineate a personality or personalities through a verbatim record of their point of view. If the first is the goal, it is important to recognize in this situation the extreme differences between the services of a paid or unpaid anthropological informant dictating to an anthropologist who usually comes to no conscious terms with the whole problem of transference, whom the informant had not sought out for purposes of therapy and guidance, and who does not assume the same sort of therapeutic attitude. Failure to recognize these very great differences and attempts to apply the techniques of the analytic consulting room to the record of an anthropological informant may result in a great amount of distortion. Second, the attempt to compensate for the brevity of a field study was a methodological motive that was regarded with considerable seriousness in the 1930's. But, even then, Lasswell⁵ had already pointed out that a series of systematically overlapping age sections was a more reliable method of working out the individual career line within a culture. The assumption that greater insight could be derived from following a segment of the life history of a single individual could obviously be best tested by contrasting, not the comparative values of a retrospective life history, with all the weakness inherent in various types of systematic retrospective falsification, but the comparative values of a contemporary life history recorded as it unfolded. Comparison of the cross-section method, which I used in five preceding cultures and one succeeding culture, with the contemporaneously observed life segment of identified individuals over a 33-month period in Bali, has convinced me that the superiority of the latter when the aim is to study character formation is negligible, except when some highly refined recording of bodily behavior can be combined with it. Third, the attempt to secure records of inaccessible data is obviously simply a device to compensate for a variety of research deficiencies, to complete a record of a quarrel, one phase of which the investigator missed, to

¹ Gorer, G., 1938, "Himalayan village," London, 510 pp.

² Du Bois, Cora, 1944, "The people of Alor," Minneapolis.

³ Radin, Paul, 1920, "The autobiography of a Winnebago Indian," Univ. California Publ. Amer. Archaeol. and Ethnol., vol. 16, pp. 381-473.

⁴ Shaw, C. R., 1935, "The criteria applied: the Jack-Roller," chap. 7, in "Criteria for the life history," by John Dollard, New Haven, pp. 184-223.

⁵ Lasswell, H. D., 1937, "The method of interlapping observation in the study of the personality and culture," Jour. Abnormal Psychol., vol. 32, pp. 240-243.

cover a series of simultaneous events, to reconstruct past history or future plans. Fourth, the attempt to delineate the culture, or at least a part of the culture, by portraying a single personality, who gives a unique and partially introspective account of the culture, seems to be a valid and useful field instrument, provided the autobiographical form is congruent with the culture in question. In certain cultures, as at Bali and Iatmul, time is handled in such a way that the personal life history, as seen from the standpoint of the individual who has experienced it, differs extremely from our own retrospectively oriented view of the individual life. In such circumstances, the process of trying to record a life history is often more rewarding as data upon the *eidos* of the culture than is the finished result.

The record that follows is not an autobiography, but consists simply of the accumulated notes dictated by a particularly good informant who lived in another village and visited me for stated intervals of work. As a result, instead of having his comments and explanations scattered in two- or three-line notes throughout my notebooks, I have rather solid sections of dictation which are actually in a form uncongenial to the Arapesh character. The Arapesh informant has very little patience and very little tolerance for prolonged attention. Wabe and Ombomb, both above the average in intelligence, used to say their heads hurt after five to 10 minutes' conversation, even when I had organized the material beforehand so that they were only required to answer specific questions such as names of people or places.¹

The question whether any informant who is willing to spend many hours with an anthropologist is a typical member of his culture is one of very great importance to anthropology. Especially where a single informant is used extensively, if he is himself a deviant, his particular and atypical attitude towards his own culture will add to the distortion already introduced by the temperament and cultural orientation of the anthropologist. Usually, as Dr. Du Bois has pointed out in her introduction to her elaborate series of case histories from Alor, the individual who seems most perfectly

"on the beam" of his culture will be too occupied with social participation to have time for such supplementary activities. Furthermore, even if the sheer time factor is not an element, it is a question whether any individual who is totally immersed, in a psychological sense, in a homogeneous culture will be interested in commenting on that culture for an investigator's notebook. A rift in personality functioning that is provided by a severe trauma or a violently disorienting experience, which in our society predisposes an individual to seek help from a psychiatrist, may also predispose him or her to talk with an anthropologist with a related kind of distortion. Recent experiences in working for Europeans may have this disorienting effect on New Guinea natives and may make a returned work boy conscious of his culture, as he, in terms of his own personality development, would never have been had he never left his own village.

I shall present Unabelin's complete comment on his culture, with a few cross references where I have found it necessary to incorporate some of his more impersonal material earlier. This requirement of completeness has necessitated republishing his versions of myths which were published earlier in this series in another context.² I am doing this as an experiment in method. At present we have exceedingly scant material upon the degree to which any given informant distorts his culture in presenting it.³ We also lack data on what given identified individuals think about their culture, on the points they select for emphasis and imaginative elaboration, and on those they slur. Yet, whether we approach the problem methodologically and merely wish to learn the type of reliance to place upon materials collected exclusively from a few individuals and not checked by daily observation of a large group, or how best to discount and earmark the inevitable distortion in such cases, or whether we wish further data on the problem of personality and culture, materials like this record should, I think, be relevant.

It should be stated initially that this use of Unabelin's material occurred to me long after I left the field, and particularly in response to

¹ For a description of the personalities of Alitoea people referred to in this section, see Mead, 1947, "Diary of events in Alitoea," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3.

² Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, pp. 360-384, *passim*.

³ I have discussed this matter further above, p. 293.

Dr. John Dollard's "Criteria for the life history."¹ It is not, of course, a life history, in any sense of the word. And yet it should throw light upon the various problems connected with collecting life histories of primitive peoples, as in the relationship between informant and investigator, etc. But when I was in the field I merely regarded him as a gift of God, among a people who, as a group, were so incapable of sustained intellectual effort. The fact that, having subsequently decided to use the material in this way, it was possible to do so, is due to two circumstances: First, Unabelin lived at a distance and came to Alitoa for definite periods. Second, these periods were, furthermore, so placed in the *Diary* that I know what events were in his mind and in mine. In any event, I always place all comment by giving the informant's name, so that all of the material was definitely credited to him.

I stress this at some length because there is a current confusion in the minds of field-workers between those problems that are glimpsed in the field and for which answers are systematically sought immediately, and those problems that occur to the field-worker years afterwards and for which a solution is sought through the retrospective use of field material collected for another purpose. When field data are so good that they can be used retrospectively, especially by other investigators, it is a genuine tribute to the thoroughness of the field-work and, incidentally, a validation of the accuracy of the cultural interpretations. Students from other fields are continually asking what criteria social anthropologists can offer for the validity of their material. Perhaps the best criteria we have at present is the cross-checking between different types of cultural data, between kinship usages, details of ritual, myth, etc. This cross-checking is the more impressive if the material was collected without hypotheses; but this is a kind of spurious dramatic impressiveness that is useful for propaganda purposes, but hardly justifies a state of total theoretical blankness on the part of the field-worker which permits him to say, "It must be true, because when I collected this or that bit, I didn't understand what I was doing." It may be that such a check would be regarded as sufficiently important to make it worth while to send very

routine and unimaginative workers into a culture first, to record a great bulk of undigested and uncomprehended material, which could later be used as supporting evidence for a systematic investigation of the culture by a field-worker who was capable of forming hypotheses as he or she worked. This is, I think, a suggestion that might well be seriously considered, for anthropology is at present handicapped by a lack of routine tasks that can be pursued by research workers whose only bent is painstakingly to follow direction. Aside from the collection of myths and texts, we have no place for such students.

However, the unfortunate circumstance, because of the scarcity of field-workers, that it is necessary to assume that each culture will probably be studied only once makes it positively dangerous to send unskilled field-workers to important cultures, because it decreases our chances of ever understanding these cultures. In recent years there has been some discussion of the advantage of subsequent checking of good field-work: witness the number of ambitious young students who daydream of going to the Trobriands. But there is a fundamental fallacy here. When a good field-study has been completed, the subsequent investigator works within the frame of reference which the first worker has laid down; all of his hypotheses are colored by the initial approach; he works to prove or to disprove it and is no longer an impartial, open-minded collector of first-hand data. If, instead, the plan that I have here suggested were followed, that is, to send the routine worker in first, we would have a check of a quite different and, I feel, more reliable order. Let the routine worker record as much as he can; let the subsequent investigator have full access to this material, uncolored as it is by any speculative hypotheses, and then let him go in and make a systematic attempt to understand the culture. His colleagues who genuinely wish to check his results will then have the previously published unanalyzed materials to use as controls. Again, it would doubtless be more dramatic and might possibly be justified, for the theoretical worker to pursue his investigations without having had access to the initial material. Very occasionally we have an opportunity to place the independent work of two investigators in juxtaposition, as in the case of Dr. Roheim's report on the Dobuans

¹ Dollard, J., 1935, "Criteria for the life history," New Haven, 288 pp.

of Duau and Dr. Fortune's report on the Dobuans of Tewara and Dobu Islands, both published almost simultaneously.¹ One of the great differences between the use of historical materials and of contemporary materials on primitive cultures lies just here. From the materials on the past we may ask questions and we may arrange what data exist so that sometimes we get an answer; we cannot find the ideal data to answer our questions. And in such a complex field as that of culture, probably no data collected blindly are comparable in value to data collected on the basis of testable hypothesis.

When I worked with Unabelin I was conscious that I was getting the reaction of a very gifted and somewhat specialized personality to his culture. I was already aware of the importance of understanding the difference between the average view and views of every degree of deviance. I therefore pursued some of Unabelin's statements and emphases with other informants so as to be able to state with some accuracy just how and in what directions Unabelin was a deviant. His versions of the myths, most of which Dr. Fortune had already recorded in text, were collected to learn something about the way the personality of the narrator was reflected in the myth. Again this might be regarded as data upon the fluidity of Arapesh mythological form, just as much as upon the personalities of Unabelin and of Mindibilip, Dr. Fortune's linguistic informant. Similarly Unabelin's choice of myths, in which I left him perfectly free, was at once data upon those myths that had caught his attention, and upon the number and variety of myths that one person would be likely to know in Arapesh.

But when I recorded his comments upon his father and mother, for instance, these had to be considered primarily as cultural data with an unknown range of individual variation, and therefore their significance for the interpretation of Unabelin himself is somewhat in doubt. This is a matter that the life history method does not, I feel, take sufficiently into account. Dr. Dollard stipulates² that the "individual

should be viewed as a specimen in a cultural series." I would go further than this and say that the individual is significant only if his comments and experiences are placed in the context of a series of the equally well-known comments and experiences of a group of comparable individuals, in short, members of the series. The mere recognition that the individual is one of a series is insufficient, if we have no knowledge of the range of individual differences within that series. In some respects I can compare Unabelin with other Arapesh young men and state how usual or unique is some experience in his life or his reaction to it. In others, as in this matter of comment upon the personalities of his family, I cannot make the comparison because I was not able to get other informants to comment in the same way; either I knew their relatives and that inhibited them from giving me a description *in absentia*, or else they lacked Unabelin's reportorial gifts.

If I had realized exactly how I would finally use this material, I would have done several things. I would, for instance, have made a point of seeing more of the members of Unabelin's family; as it was, I saw his parents only once, and that on a formal occasion. I would have become acquainted with his betrothed wife. I would have collected other variants of each story that he related from his point of view. As it is, I only have other accounts of an event, if I had informants at hand who happened to report their versions of some current event. I would *if possible* have learned a great deal more about his childhood. I would have wanted to stay in his hamlet and study the whole interplay of the some 20 persons with whom he had the closest connections. I did none of these things, nor am I listing them here to give the impression that I did. The discrepancy between the steps one would have taken if one had envisaged a problem clearly and the steps one did take is the measure of the value of working with a clear hypothesis whenever possible. Unabelin was an accident, of which I took full but unsystematic advantage, as I lacked a frame of reference within which his contribution could have been made much more valuable.

Unabelin was a vigorous, well set up, but slight youth, about 20 years of age. His photograph (Pl. 1) fails to convey the impression of his characteristic extraordinary animation and alertness. He did not have the protruding ab-

¹ Roheim, G., 1932, "Psychoanalysis of primitive culture types," in *Internatl. Jour. Psycho-Analysis*, vol. 13, pts. 1 and 2, Roheim Australasian Research Number; Fortune, R. F., 1932, "Sorcerers of Dobu," New York.

² Dollard, J., 1935, "Criteria for the life history," New Haven, chap. 1.

domen and sunken chest that were so frequent among Arapesh adults. Neither did he give the impression of undernourishment and lack of vigor that were also characteristic of many of his contemporaries. His step was quick and light. He did not tire easily. He worked speedily and indefatigably, with initiative and drive of his own, and, in addition, was extremely responsive to every outside stimulus. He was interested in everything, curious about everything, and was the only informant I have ever had who asked fully as many questions about our way of life as I did about his. He was capable of maintaining two or three simultaneous trains of thought and was never so absorbed in the task of the moment as to neglect a single item of the passing scene. When he was seated with me at the table at the back of the verandah, he jumped up to look at each passerby, to speak to him, to learn, if possible, what he was doing, to "oh" and "ah" over whatever news was brought. He was very independent, and impatient of domineering in others, high tempered, but quick to recover a natural sunniness of disposition.

We saw him first during the house-building period. He immediately got the idea that we really meant to learn the language and started, with great delight, to teach me complete phrases. Then his village delegation had to leave before the final feast and distribution of gifts. He came back a few days later to ask that his group be recompensed for their work. He made a careful, organized plea in terms of the amount of work they had contributed; this stood out sharply against the haphazard methods of accounting that everyone else had used. He got 11 small knives for the *Suabibis* and Liwo men who had contributed and cut the palm wood for the floor. With him at this time was his elder brother Polip, a stupid, over-garrulous, impetuous person, who had never been away to work and who had learned an impossible jabbering bush pidgin from Unabelin. Unabelin protected Polip, explained and interpreted for him, and generally interposed a sheltering screen between him and the world. I learned at this time that Unabelin had been away working for two years in the gold fields, and had returned with fluent pidgin and a strong sense of the changing social scene. On this occasion, January 28, 1932, the day before Aden's feast¹ (Unabelin had waited to make his

plea about the house building until he and Polip had to come to Alitua to bring their contribution to Aden's feast), we were taking photographs, and Unabelin managed to ruin half of the pictures by his eagerness to see what was going on. His head cropped up, all out of focus, on the developed film. It was not that he wanted to be photographed; later he insisted upon dressing up in very special style for that. But he wanted to see what was going on and to be part of it if possible.

When the special knives were paid for the house building, it was stipulated that the Liwo people would also have to find some sago for us to buy. Duly, on February 13, Unabelin and Polip turned up with about 150 pounds of sago, the only large amount that we ever obtained except by putting people under obligations to us with meat. On March 10, Unabelin's whole group came with contributions to Balidu's feast, as Unabelin's brother Polip was married to a sister of Ilautoa, Maigi, and Taumulimen. Here we saw them only casually, as we had to concentrate on the local people who knew the details of what was happening. I did not discover Unabelin's potentialities earlier chiefly because of the need for working with definite events and identified persons in order to make any sense of the confused Alitua scene. Unabelin did not know the Alitua people very well; therefore I did not call upon him for that, and I did not yet know enough about either the culture or the personalities of his group to make much use of him.

Then on March 27 came the elopement of Tapik,² who was married to the *tutul* of Liwo, a member of Unabelin's moiety. Again Unabelin showed resourcefulness. After the fight, he and Polip and one other man of his group came over to report the fight to us and to ask us to give them a written certification of their "wounds" which he knew well enough would be healed and invisible after the three days' walk to the district office at Wewak. We gave them a noncommittal note to the District Officer commissioning them to bring back any mail there might be for us and mentioning their scratches in passing. Unabelin and the rest always believed that that note helped them to get off as lightly as they

¹ Mead, 1947, "Diary of events in Alitua," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 276.

² Mead, 1947, "Diary of events in Alitua," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 329.

did, and this constituted, I think, one of the ties between Unabelin and ourselves.

On April 12, Unabelin and Polip came over in the afternoon, but were immediately recalled to go to Wewak to answer the summons of the District Officer, now that the other party to the fracas had made their complaint. On April 20, Polip returned from Wewak, having gotten off with a few informal blows, and told legends to Dr. Fortune. He brought us a letter from the District Officer. Unabelin was not with him. In my notes up to this date, I referred always to Polip, and Unabelin remained "Polip's brother." I think that Polip must have reported favorably about this legend telling and that this was responsible for Unabelin's appearance two days later, on April 22, to volunteer his services. My diary merely remarks "Liwo finds," but I remember being delighted with Unabelin's fluency. We had previously made one or two attempts to use him as a linguistic informant, but found that he was too impatient. Dr. Fortune had rejected him entirely as an informant, finding him too restless, too impatient for any of his work.

Now, in working with him, I let him take the lead entirely, asking only a very few directive questions. We talked over the fact that I wanted to understand the customs of the Arapesh. He understood this, he said, because when he returned from the gold fields his father had wanted to understand everything about the customs of the white man and he had told him. He recognized the significance of telling things in this way. He would begin by telling me about his ancestors. His eyes flashed and his voice took on an added timbre when he mentioned the word *ancestor*. But there was a great deal to be said about his ancestors; when I knew it all then I would understand everything. It would also cover a great deal of paper. I had better let him talk pidgin and write it all down, if I could. He was enthusiastic, and I accepted his plan. I liked him; I enjoyed his tempestuous concern with life; and I followed his narratives with manifest sympathy, only interrupting to clarify obscure details. Sometimes I got very tired, racing after his words with a pencil, hour after hour, because he wanted to get everything he had to say said, and then be off about his numerous other interests. But despite the weariness at the time, I always enjoyed these sessions. I think this is an impor-

tant point. Whether a field-worker is accustomed to assume a superficially sympathetic attitude, or a demanding one, or a coolly business-like one is always a matter of importance. I habitually assumed a responsive, listening attitude towards my informants. I was ignorant, they were wise; we were friends; and they would tell me everything. This was my treatment of all informants whom I liked. I usually worked very little with individuals whom I disliked, except when it was absolutely necessary. But there is further difference between such an habitual field-work attitude and the special attitude which the investigator has towards each informant. Where the informant plays any considerable part, this attitude should be defined, because it influences, I think, the kind of material that the informant gives. Unabelin felt that I liked him and that he worked for me; he expanded visibly under my enthusiasm and used his imaginative reportorial qualities to the full. He was easily the person with whose mind I could most readily identify among the Arapesh.

Before beginning the record, I should like to add a word about this matter of identification. Ethnologists have long recognized the value of possessing a fixed position in the structure of a native society. If it were possible for one to be adopted firmly into a family or clan, to be given a title with special rank, to be initiated into a cult group or otherwise placed so that one became possessed of a whole set of fixed relationships which flowed from that original placement—this was always useful. Intricacies of avoidance and joking, and nuances of usage in regard to rank would be revealed as one attempted to discharge the formal requirements of the position adequately. Now I believe that such a placement is as necessary when one is studying the ethos and eidos of a culture as when one is studying the social organization. When one views any event or situation, one will adopt a point of view towards it that is congruent with one's own temperament and character formation. This is inevitable. There is no such thing as an unbiased report upon any social situation; an unbiased report is, from the standpoint of its relevance to the ethos, no report at all; it is comparable to a color-blind man reporting on a sunset. All of our recent endeavors in the social sciences have been to remove bias, to make the recording so imper-

sonal and thereby so meaningless that neither emotion nor scientific significance remained. Actually, in the matter of ethos, the surest and most perfect instrument of understanding is our own emotional response, provided that we can make a disciplined use of it. The psychoanalysts have recognized this when they attempt to train individuals to be self-conscious about their own motivations, so that their interpretations of the motivations of others may be more accurate and the angle of psychological deflection may be, as it were, discounted. But this preliminary awareness of one's own temperament and character on the part of the investigator is only the first step. There remains a need for a method by which it can be effectively utilized in social research.

This is, I think, the method of identification. Granted, for instance—to take a ludicrously oversimplified example—that one has a pessimistic cast of mind, one will tend to see everything in a gloomy and depressing light. This pessimism may be consciously excluded, as it were; the investigator may write: "Most of the people seemed to feel that white contact had taken away the very foundations of their spiritual life. Footnote: I am naturally of a pessimistic turn of mind and find the picture of the natives' future depressing, so perhaps this should be discounted." This type of self-conscious allowance for bias may be, although I almost doubt it, somewhat better than a complete lack of self-consciousness about one's own temperament and character. It may, on the other hand, only serve to fill the pages of the account with a series of "buts" and "ifs," so that the natural temperament of the investigator is obfuscated, whereas without the self-consciousness it would have shown through easily and given the reader a clue as to what shape to expect the temperamental skewing of the picture to take. It is not necessary actually to have further data than Freuchen¹ gives us on his temperamental emphasis nor than those given us by Rasmussen.² We realize that we see the Eskimo through eyes that in one case took them as a fulfilment of a daydream of self-assertive violence, and in the other as a

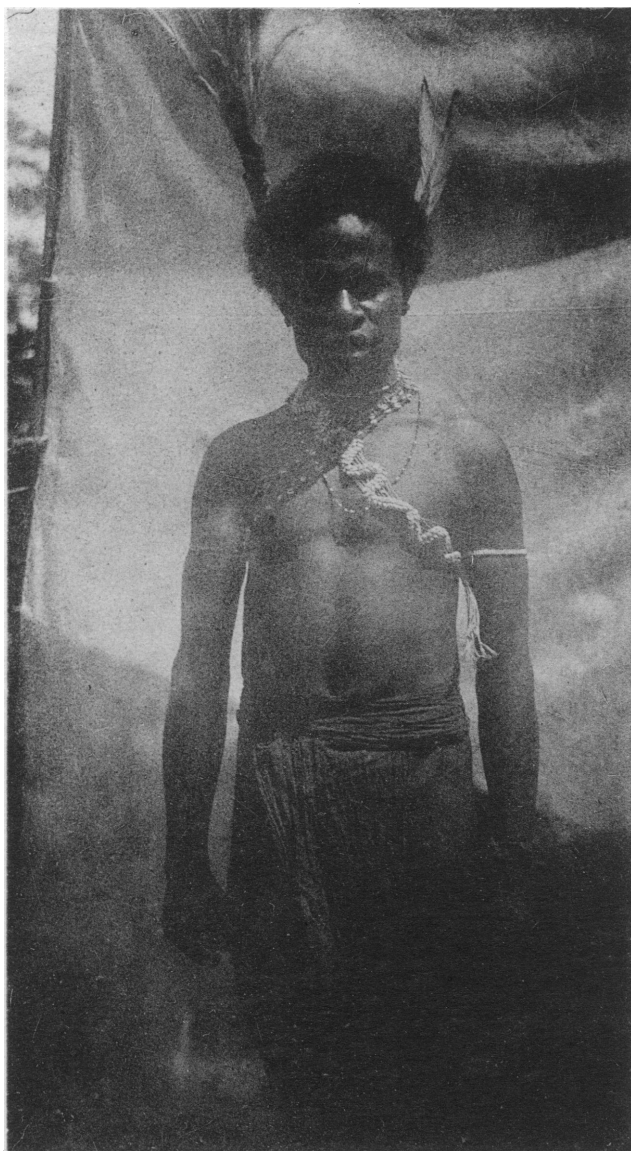
picture of merciful humane understanding.

The method I propose is a move away from a mere statement of temperamental bias. I suggest that when one permits one's emotions to distort one's understanding of a culture, and then merely records that bias, the distortion is external to the culture and has not added to our understanding of the whole. It is as if the spectator, viewing a play as it was presented to the audience, took the trouble to remark: "The dancers had many different steps, but I liked only the quick staccato ones and shut my eyes whenever other steps were used." This does not mean that we know anything *more* about the dance. But if, instead, that spectator finds among the dancers one who dislikes all steps except the quick staccato ones as much as he himself does, and then proceeds to view the dance through his eyes, then we begin to make progress. The special temperamental set of the investigator has been nicely fitted with the same set in an actual participant. A special channel allowing for the flow of rapid understanding has been established, and that informant can tell that investigator things about the culture that he could learn in no other way. Instead of a disheartening statement of bias in the spectator, we have a statement of a reality: the way in which events appear to a certain type of individual within a given culture. That I am excited or shocked, repelled or fascinated, by certain aspects of a culture are rather doubtful data. My attitude may be cultural, not temperamental; it may be purely idiosyncratic; it may be a matter of taste; it may be due to the fact that I had malaria or dengue when I heard about the particular aspect in question. But that a member of that cultural group consistently responds in one of those ways, when he encounters aspects of his own culture, is of greater significance.

What is true of ethos is of course equally true of eidos. There will be certain patterns of habitual thought, of ways of attacking problems, which are characteristic of a culture, which will be more or less congruent with the investigator's type of mind. Some investigators will be fascinated by the relentless formal logic of a given culture, others will find it dull; some will find the fluid symbolisms of some native cultures particularly congenial. This initial basic congruence, or its absence, between the investigator and the eidos can be further reën-

¹ Freuchen, P., 1931, "Eskimo," New York, 594 pp.

² Rasmussen, K., 1932, "Intellectual culture of the Copper Eskimos," Rept. of the fifth Thule expedition, 1921-24. The Danish expedition to Arctic North America in charge of Knud Rasmussen, Copenhagen, vol. 9, pp. 76-85.



Unabelin of *Suabibis*

forced if informants are sought who, beneath their training, manifest the same preferences in thought habits as does the investigator. And they can be found: there are informants with a sense of form among people with the most chaotic thought habits; there are muddleheads among the most formal people, etc. Here again a channel of understanding can be found in how the culture appears to one of a known habit of mind who nevertheless is a part of it.

In suggesting that these identifications be used, I do not for a moment maintain that the investigator confine himself to informants of the same disposition and cast of mind as himself. This would be as stupid as to confine one's researches to the particular clan or cult group in which one had been given status. But I do suggest that these identifications be made points of reference to which the investigator can continually return. Then when some other informant of very different temperament makes a statement that makes no sense, this can be tested through the identification informant. Everyone is familiar with the experience of saying, "When so-and-so comes and tells me what has been happening, I will understand, I know what he or she is talking about." In other words, "I can see through his eyes and really understand." This real understanding is a function of the recognition of the relationships between self and the actors in any situation, of the degree to which their personalities are similar, and so to be interpreted in terms of motivations familiar to one, or alien, and to be understood in terms of other sets of motivations.

In employing this method, one further caution is necessary. The investigator will find himself placed at different distances from the center of emphasis in any culture. In one culture, he will identify with one kind of deviant, in another with a typical person, in a third, with a deviant of another sort. His report will therefore be more or less representative of larger or smaller numbers of the participants in that culture. We must also allow for this. So in Arapesh, I identified most closely with Unabelin, and thereby proclaimed myself only partly a deviant; he was more energetic, more impatient, and valued intensity and movement much more highly than the average Arapesh; and yet the major emphases of the culture were congenial to him. He did not want to change the

culture, but he did want some device by which people would feel things more intensely. But he was not a deviant in the sense that Wabe was, or Ombomb, or Amito'a. Therefore I think that my account of Arapesh is closer to the central tendency of the culture than is my account of Mundugumor, where I identified most strongly with Omblean and Kwenda, and of Tchambuli, where I identified with Maigu and Tchengo-kwale.¹ Ideally, each culture should be studied from several different temperamental viewpoints; this is as essential as it is to study it from the standpoint of each sex and of each age group. When the actual degree of participation of different temperaments within one culture pattern is known, we will begin to understand a great deal more about personality in culture.

A further note is necessary about the conventions of recording and translation. Unabelin, at his own suggestion, dictated in pidgin English, which I took down in an abbreviated rapid longhand, which virtually constitutes a shorthand in speed. Whenever it seemed that he was referring to some cultural detail for which the pidgin phrase was too general, I had him give the Arapesh word. As soon as he had gone, I typed the notes, putting them into a fair English version, in which, however, a good many pidgin phrases for which there is no conventional English equivalent remained. In finally translating them here I have attempted to render them into English, but English which retains a Papuan pidgin English flavor. The sentence structure has a rambling quality combined with a large number of very short staccato sentences, so characteristic of pidgin. Speaking a Papuan language, Unabelin found many of the special Melanesian aspects of pidgin uncongenial; he used to get thoroughly confused over the inclusive and exclusive pronouns, and seldom used the dual. The final translation does not in any way directly reflect the linguistic character of the Arapesh language,² but only that of pidgin as spoken by an Arapesh. Furthermore, I have adopted the following conventions. I have added words and phrases in brackets to make the meaning clearer, when these did not break the flow of

¹ See Mead, 1935, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," New York, for a discussion of these personalities.

² For this, the reader is referred to Fortune, R. F., 1942, "Arapesh," *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, vol. 19.

the sentence. Explanatory notes that would have broken the continuity are inserted as footnotes. Unabelin's parenthetical comments are indicated by dashes. Normally, the distinction between verbatim materials and the few *ratio obliqua* records that I inserted is indicated in the accompanying running comment. There is no attempt to give an ethnological annotation. It is assumed that the reader is either familiar with the ethnology¹ or wishes to experiment

with reading these materials first as an exercise in learning field techniques.²

¹ Mead, 1938, "The Mountain Arapesh. I. An importing culture," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 36, pt. 3, pp. 139-349; 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *ibid.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, pp. 317-451; 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. III. "Socio-Economic life," IV. "Diary of events in Alitua," *ibid.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, pp. 163-419; 1935, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," New York, pp. 3-134; 1937, "Cooperation and competition among primitive peoples," pp. 20-50.

² During the time that I was using Unabelin as a routine informant, I collected a good deal of routine material about kinship terms, *marsalai* places, omens, gens usages, etc., and a mass of genealogical statement. These materials took their place as regular source materials for the formal discussions, and I do not think it worth while to reproduce them here. In 1935-1936, Dr. Fortune made a return trip to the Arapesh country and collected materials from Liwo informants (unspecified), so that some additional retrospective material is available in his article on Arapesh warfare. (Fortune, R. F., 1939, "Arapesh warfare," *Amer. Anthrop.*, new ser., vol. 41, no. 1, pp. 22-41.) His spelling conventions, developed in relation to the final phonetic conventions used in his monograph on the language (Fortune, R. F., 1942, "Arapesh," *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, vol. 19), differ somewhat from my less precise approximations, but it is usually possible to cross-identify personalities mentioned in both accounts. Examination of all the materials has convinced me, however, that extensive publication of Liwo genealogies would not be rewarding at present. See Glossary.

CHRONOLOGY BASED ON ENTRIES IN THE *DIARY*¹

1932

EARLY JANUARY: Unabelin was present among the group who worked on our house and began to teach me phrases of the language. I was working hard on Alitoa personalities and did not learn his name at this time.

JANUARY 28: Polip and Unabelin (referred to as Polip's brother) came to bring their contributions to Aden's feast and put in their plea for a payment for the work and wood which they had contributed to the house. We took this opportunity to ask them to bring us some sago, which was hard to obtain.

FEBRUARY 13: They brought the sago, 150 pounds, for sale.

MARCH 20: They brought their contributions to Aden's feast, and Unabelin—still called "Polip's brother"—was very much in evidence, even to spoiling some of the photography.

MARCH 27: Extract from *Diary*. "Soon after (9 A.M.) word was shouted over by Aden's wife that Ilautoa had shouted that the wife of the *tultul*² of Liwo had eloped with Yelegen. Kule went to Liwo to see the doctor boy of Liwo who had been badly mauled by a bush pig and brought back the *tultul*'s party,³ Polip and his brother and one other, who had encountered the eloping man and been slightly scratched in a fracas while they took their weapons away from them. Yelegen, helped by Peshuhol and Biagu. Sent them off to *kia*p.⁴ Kule stayed, talked over the Liwo affair all afternoon."

MARCH 29: Extract from *Diary*. "Nyelahai came back from Liwo and reported luridly on the dreadful crimes committed by the *tultul*'s party, how Peshuhol and Yelegen had been beaten up, and resisted, and how Peshuhol's wife,⁵ returning with a load of firewood had endeavored to egg them on to fighting, saying: 'Our ancestors fought bravely. Are we, their descendants, to sit down and be defeated?' She tried to attack Polip with a stick of firewood and he knocked her down and thrust a piece of

bamboo into her vagina, which, according to Nyelahai, reached up to her chest inside. Gerud and Badui reported Sumali as having seen the woman and saying that it hadn't even bled, it was only a practical joke. Yelegen, Peshuhol, and the *tultul* of Bugabihem had all departed to the *kia*p. Reports were also brought in that it was now understood that Yelegen was responsible for the doctor boy's getting bitten by the pig because Yelegen had paid the Plainsmen to have Polip bitten by a pig to get him out of the way during his elopement as Polip was a strong fighter and a strong talker, and the talk of the Plainsmen had miscarried and the pig had got the doctor boy instead. Yelegen was not admitting this. He was said to be too shamed before the doctor boy."

MARCH 30: I gave Mindibilip a Rorschach. (Entered here to give place of Unabelin's Rorschach in the sequence.)

MARCH 31: I gave Saharu a Rorschach.

APRIL 3: Extract from *Diary*. "Liwo came over, reported to have got the woman (Tapik) back and she said it was only the *wishan*⁶ that got her. Asked for theory of doctor boy of Liwo's illness [result of mauling by bush pig, gave the miscarry from doctor boy of Alitoa (Kule) theory]. They (Polip and his brother) said they were keeping their 'pass'⁷ and planning to take 'ours' (the note saying they could bring back mail). Told not to do this, but just to bring the letter back. Balidu very insistent that if they came they should not be allowed to make court."⁸

Wrote up Gerud's Rorschach.

APRIL 8: Extract from *Diary*. "Doctor boy of Liwo is better. Yelegen has gone to the plains to get back the exuviae sent in by Kamil in revenge for the fact that the doctor boy had raped his wife, who is the doctor boy's paternal parallel cousin, while the doctor boy was away in prison in Aitape. (This is an imported fashion.) Yelegen had gone to get the exuviae back

¹ The general framework within which these particular encounters occurred is given in Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitoa," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, pp. 235-419.

² Government-appointed interpreter.

³ See Unabelin's accounts of this on pp. 318 and 368.

⁴ District Officer.

⁵ Walasu, the mother of Sa'omale.

⁶ Plainsmen's magic, mild type, likely to miscarry. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 441.

⁷ Letter to District Officer.

⁸ I.e., they have never gone to the District Officer to show their wounds which they had asked us to attest in a letter.

so that he, Yelegen, will not be imprisoned as he would be if the doctor boy died."

APRIL 10: Report from Liwo that the doctor boy is improving. Yelegen bringing back the *exuviae*.

APRIL 11: Liwo people came through night before to sell us bananas.

APRIL 12: Liwo men came in in afternoon, recalled by police boy *garamut*, and Polip and his brother hauled off to Wewak.

APRIL 20: Polip returned from Wewak, bringing us a letter from the district office. Polip had gotten off with a flogging. Told legends to Dr. Fortune.

APRIL 22: Unabelin, Polip's clever young brother, came from Liwo with two youngsters, stayed all day and did excellent work, legends and biography. *First session*.

MAY 1: Doctor boy of Liwo came over. Leg healed, but hand hopelessly knotted up.

MAY 3: Drums went at Suabibis. Whoiban had killed a wild pig, sent for Sumali, the two took it to Polip, Whoiban's brother-in-law in Suabibis, and from there they took it to *gabun-yan*,¹ in Suapali.

MAY 5: At dusk, Polip arrived from Suabibis to announce that they were bringing a half pig to Aden to wipe out the shame of the recent quarrel—the encounter with the police boy and being talked to abusively.

MAY 6: Began the morning with a dance. In the midst of it, Walawahan and son arrived. Then later all Suabibis, Whoiban, the father of Unabelin (Madjeke), Polip, and the *tultul*. Father of Polip made presentation speech. More genealogy calling. . . . Liwo sat down in Aden's end. Mother of Yelegen and father of Polip both made speeches expressing their opinion of women who ran about, especially Tapik. . . . Liwo went home because of the illness of the *Ashuebis* man, Wembiali, big brother of La'abe.

MAY 8: Wembiali, the brother of La'abe, died in Liwo.

MAY 11: Liwo group here to sell things.

MAY 16: Unabelin and his young brother came in afternoon. . . . Unabelin came back with Sagu and Sa'omale. They had been helping with the yam harvest of Polip's father.

MAY 17: Started to work with Unabelin. *Second session*.

MAY 18: Worked with Unabelin.

¹ Cross locality feast exchange partner.

MAY 27: Unabelin, who had gone to the Kobelen feast, returned with camera and some negatives (from Dr. Fortune).

MAY 28: Day given to trading. First Nugum, then Liwo with sago. Photographed Unabelin.

JUNE 12: Unabelin arrived at noon, worked with him all day. *Third session*.

JUNE 13: Worked with Unabelin all day.

JUNE 14: Worked with Unabelin, morning and afternoon. Proposed that he work for us regularly, a week on, then a week at home to look after his gardening. Accepted.

JUNE 15: Polip called through Maigi to tell Unabelin to come and carry Wihun pig which Whoiban was giving them. I typed Unabelin's stuff.

JUNE 16 AND 17: I typed Unabelin's notes.

JUNE 18: Finished typing Unabelin's notes.

JUNE 26: Liwo group arrived. Unabelin and Siakaru stayed.

JUNE 28: Worked with Unabelin all day. He is just about played out (as a self-starting informant). Gave him a Rorschach. *Fourth session*.

JUNE 29: Worked with Unabelin. (Then comes the following entry in the *Diary*, the only time after Unabelin was regularly retained when there is other than the briefest routine comment in my *Diary*):

"Gerud divined; kept muttering about 'stones, stones.' Unabelin shouted out that he meant some cooking stones of Aden's which hadn't been reheated to eliminate blood. But Gerud kept on muttering—finally Mindibilip divulged that he meant stones had been planted under our back steps to keep us here. Mindibilip and Saharu showed great excitement, Unabelin resisted the whole idea; our boys said because he wanted us to stay he had tried to suppress it. Saharu thought the stones were probably the reason we had all been sick. Mindibilip and Saharu most worried. Kaberman casual. Unabelin insisting that white men couldn't be influenced by stones and that the trouble with the boys was they thought too much about their own villages."

JUNE 30: Dr. Fortune left for Yapiaun (Balili's feast?) with Kaberman, Unabelin, Gerud, and Badui.

JULY 5: I finished legend abstracting (of those given by Unabelin and other informants

² Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 369.

to get some sense of the range of the legends we had collected).

AUGUST 7: Worked with Unabelin till noon. In the afternoon sent him and Gerud and Kaberman for ethno-botanical specimens (to use as illustrative material in formulating the ritual idiom¹).

AUGUST 8: Sent Gerud and Unabelin for more ethno-botanical specimens. Worked up ethno-botanical records all afternoon. Afternoon typed up Unabelin's stuff. Liwo (group) came yesterday with 100 pounds of sago. Unabelin in the afternoon met Polip and his

father bringing a pig to Aden. Big sow killed by the father of Maigu, the *tutul* of Bugabihem. This is the fourth pig this *tutul*, gardening near a *kandare*² of Unabelin's, has killed. They left the pig a whole day before even sending word they had killed it. It was being saved for Aden's big contribution to Magahine.

AUGUST 9: Unabelin left early to go and settle pig quarrel.

AUGUST 18: We left Alitoa.

There are no further comments on Unabelin, although he did accompany us to Dakuar, and paid a final farewell visit to Karawop to say good-bye.

¹ Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *ibid.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, pp. 394-400.

² P. E. term for mother's brother's line and sometimes reciprocal.

SESSIONS WITH UNABELIN

FIRST SESSION, APRIL 22, 1932

THE STORY OF MY ANCESTORS¹

I WILL TELL YOU about one ancestor of mine. I have his name, Unabelin.² One day he went into the bush to look for pepper leaves. The ghosts captured him.³ He climbed up a tree. The tree belonged to the ghosts.⁴ A ghost came. He stood at the foot of the tree. My ancestor, he wished to climb down. He saw the ghost. The ghost said: "Unabelin, see, your father and mother have come." He climbed down. The ghost took him.⁵ He took him to the place of the stone. The stone is called *babewutam*. It is part blue, part white, part black.⁶ All the ghosts were gathered there. They were making a big *tamberan*⁷ house. They held him fast there. His

¹ See genealogical chart to place names, p. 307.

² By the chart, a great-great-grandfather. This interest in individual ancestors whose name one bears is not characteristically Arapesh. The Arapesh remember their immediate dead and regard their ancestors with generalized affectionate dependence, but not a single other one did I find who had Unabelin's sense of the importance of tradition, as carried down by blood.

³ Unabelin betrays here the characteristic Arapesh trick of anticipation, which is due to their feeling that when an event occurs, all the puzzling and not-comprehended events of the past are thereby illuminated. Here Unabelin tells first that the ghosts captured him, and then proceeds to tell how they did it, step by step.

His interest in ghosts is part of his attempt to endow life with more intensity. He peopled myths with his own ancestors; he took a great interest in dreams; he was very conscious of the way in which these supernatural events cast a deeper shadow behind everyday life. Meanwhile the current attitude towards ghosts has been discussed (Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 342).

⁴ I am using the word ghost here in the sense of a "spirit of the dead," in which it has been used in Manus, not in the sense of a specter. (See Fortune, R. F., 1935, "Manus religion, an ethnological study of the Manus natives of the Admiralty Islands," Philadelphia, American Philosophical Society.) When ghosts appear in this way in Arapesh mythology, they assume the ordinary appearance of mortals, which is one of their ghostly possibilities; they betray their identity only by their behavior.

⁵ I.e., picked him up and transported him—an ability of ghosts.

⁶ The usual description of a *marsalai* is thus multicolored; here the stone undoubtedly stands symbolically for the *marsalai*. This is to be attributed to the culture, however, and not to Unabelin. If he added this detail, he followed a usual symbolic path.

⁷ The *tamberan* is the supernatural patron of the men's initiatory cult.

sister Kumai went into the bush. She looked for him. She called out. She heard him. He replied. She said: "Where is he? I don't see him. But he answers." She returned to the village. She slept. In the morning, she called again. He answered. He said: "Bring me a little yam." An *ubulalik* yam.⁸ "I am hungry." She said: "He calls from where?" She returned to the village. She got a yam. She called: "Here is the yam." But she heard only his answer. She did not find him. It was night. She slept. Next day she heard him call: "Bring me a yam. I am hungry. Come quickly. I am very hungry." She does not find him. Each day he complains about the yam.⁹ The ghosts hold him fast. Finally, they finished the *tamberan* enclosure. All the little boys went inside. Unabelin was just a little boy, about as old as Midjulumon.¹⁰ He had not been eaten by the *tamberan* yet. The *tamberan* devoured the novices.¹¹ His sister called him every day. Every day he answered. But the ghosts hold him fast. They said: "Wait until the *tamberan* house is finished." They kill pigs; they work sago; they mash taro. They make croquettes. They give him the head of the pig and one hind leg and one foreleg and sago and taro. They filled up a net bag with the food. They adorned him. They brought him to a place called Usheihim, a place in the region called Manialum, past the ghosts of all his ancestors who were dead. They all saw him. He emerged in the village. He fell down unconscious. He threw down the filled net bag. It was not the head of a pig. It was only a piece of fern root. It was not sago. It was not taro. It was

⁸ This meticulous fondness for detail is part of Unabelin's delight in whatever richness his culture had to offer. It is found in his extensive enumeration of herbs, of types of food at feasts, which is far more extensive than the ordinary narrative pattern.

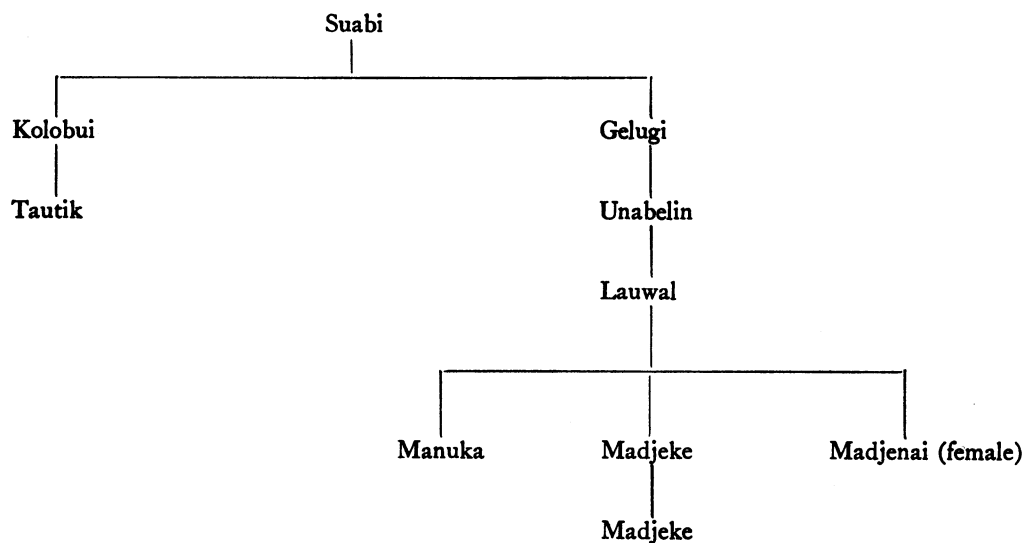
⁹ Unabelin continually shifted his tenses; his sense of his tale was so strong that the present tense was always cropping up.

¹⁰ About 12. Unabelin always tried to make ages real to me by comparisons with people I knew.

¹¹ I am assuming that the reader has already familiarized himself with the culture, and I shall annotate only material that is new here or relevant to the problem of Unabelin's comment on his culture. This is exoteric phrasing for initiation.

meibasip fruit. He was unconscious. They wept over him. They got leaves of *malenogulo*, *waiyas*, *unlsuh*, *ilamen*, and *kolokosili*,¹ and they got nettles. They rubbed him with these leaves. They built fires. They built a fire on this side of him. They built a fire on that side of him. They built a fire at his feet. They built a fire at his head. He slept unconscious. They rubbed him with leaves. They made the fire bigger. He stirred a little now. They took the good nettles, the nettles used in sickness, *amigwelu* and *uheluh*. They rubbed him. They rubbed his belly, his back, his shoulders, his legs. He got up. He threw away the piece of fern root. He ate the fruit. He threw away the pieces of wood.² But he did not speak. He sat there silently. He sat there silently. It was night. They slept. They gave him hot water to drink.³ Now he can talk. He said: "I was carried off by ghosts. You think that is only a place? Many ghosts live there. They have built a big initiatory enclosure and *tamberan* house there."⁴

Then he gave this genealogy:



¹ Used in purificatory ceremonies after death.

² Not previously mentioned, but part of the false gift from the ghosts. Notice the reciprocal pattern here. Men, in making offerings to the ghosts, hang up false offerings, consisting only of bones and empty sago sheaths (see Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3). In making gifts to men, the ghosts do the same; there is very little real contact between those two worlds.

³ Hot water is safe where cold water is dangerous. It can banish the evil from sorcerized exuviae and restore the sick to health.

⁴ The actual material on which Unabelin built up this

[This much of the material was worked up on board the S.S. "Tapanoeli," just after I had finished the *Diary*. At that time, two pages of this first account blew overboard. What follows is the third page, and there may be an omitted paragraph or so here, probably not much more.]

All the big men are dead.⁵ There are only my father and Asheliwen and one man, Ilabi of Kumagen. He has two names, of *Labinem*. He has a son Dongitai. We call him brother.

There is another *marsalai* belonging to *Suabi-bis*. His name is Tualabini. Mist surrounds him. He is a big lizard. He sends big winds. A brother of mine saw a *lawal* snake there. He ran away from it. It wished to kill him. My brother came to a precipice. A ghost seized him. He fell down. The ghost held him. He came to the bottom. He said: "Now, am I dead?" He got up. He tried his bones. He moved one. He moved another. There were none broken. He said: "I am all right." His wife—she is the sister of Maigi [of Alitoa]—stood at the top of the precipice and cried. He called to her. "I am not dead.

tale probably consisted of: "One of your ancestors was carried off by a ghost. He saw the ghosts making a *tamberan* house. They gave him gifts that were false. When he returned he was unconscious; afterwards he talked." This is the usual amount of comment that surrounds the very meager narratives of people who have been unconscious and who have returned to tell of meeting ghosts. But it is a theme that obsesses Unabelin. "You think it is only a place. Many ghosts live there." As if to say: "You think life is ordinary and routine and I tell you it is endlessly mysterious and exciting."

⁵ It is a common Arapesh anxiety that the present generations of men are puny in spirit and body compared with

I have no broken bones." He wanted to go up. He called his wife. She came and gathered up his things in her mesh bag. They came on top. They appeared in the village.¹

My father was angry.² He said: "Now, in the future, you shall not walk about like this. Alas,³ if a son of mine should die. All the men of this place are dead. When other men had children, they did not care for them well.⁴ They slept too soon with their wives. I do not do this. I look after you well.⁵ I will not have you dying now." When they had this last fight,⁶ he [Madjeke] cried.

When he [Madjeke] told us to work, we worked. In times past,⁷ he was a big man.⁸ When I was a baby he made an *abullu*.⁹ That was two.¹⁰ Then he waited. He made another. He waited. He made another. That makes four. He made another; that makes five. Then we, his sons, we helped him, and he made another still. That makes an *anauwip*.¹¹

those of the past. A common anxiety was the fear that each generation was getting smaller and that, owing to a lack of any adequate records, this dreadful shrinking might go on and on unremarked.

¹ It is left to the initiative of any individual to assign an event like this to the action of a *marsalai*.

² Unabelin's father, Madjeke, has a reputation, not only with his sons, of being an unusually high-tempered and violent man, taking advantage of the increasing expectation of anger from the old, which is characteristic of Arapesh culture.

³ P.E., "no good."

⁴ This is an allegation of sexual intemperance and carelessness and a boast in regard to his own self-restraint in observing the taboos on sex intercourse during pregnancy and lactation by which a father protects his child. See Mead, 1935, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," New York, p. 31.

⁵ Familiar Arapesh invocation of services rendered as the sanction for any authoritative act.

⁶ This refers to the fight over Tapik. See Mead, 1947, *The Mountain Arapesh*. IV. Diary of events in Alitoa," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 239.

⁷ P.E., "before."

⁸ One who makes feasts and acts as an organizer of various sorts of village and inter-village activities, one who, when he speaks, is listened to. See Mead, 1935, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," New York, pp. 27-30.

⁹ A harvest ceremony which marks a large successful yam harvest. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, pp. 427-429.

¹⁰ This method of counting by small steps, one, two, two and one, three, four, four and one, pervades Arapesh thinking.

¹¹ Here *anauwip* is six (two three's) in an alternative sys-

tem of counting to the one based on the use of the root *dog*, as four. See Fortune, R. F., 1942, "The Arapesh language of New Guinea," *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, vol. 19, p. 59.

He [Madjeke] killed wild pigs. He grew domestic pigs. He sent rings¹² about and bought pigs. He fastened¹³ many pigs. He made big speeches in the plaza. He did not sorcerize.¹⁴ He talked of wild pigs. He talked of domestic pigs. He talked of yams. He talked of feasts.¹⁵ He killed wallaby and he found kangaroos. He killed the male phalanger and the female phalanger. He caught lobsters. He caught fish. He said: "Now I am become arrogant."¹⁶

THE STORY OF AMITO'A¹⁷

I will tell you about Amito'a. My uncle paid for her when she was a little girl.¹⁸ She wore earrings only.¹⁹ My uncle and my father bought her. She lived with us. My uncle trained her. He taught her to work. He fed her. She grew big. She menstruated. My father paid rings. He held up two strings.²⁰ He gave them to Iapgu, her brother. When she was still a small girl²¹ the people of the other division came. My father held up the rings. He made a speech. He paid for Amito'a. She stayed with us. She grew. Her breasts stood up. My father collected²² more rings. She menstruated²³ [for the first time].

tem of counting to the one based on the use of the root *dog*, as four. See Fortune, R. F., 1942, "The Arapesh language of New Guinea," *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, vol. 19, p. 59.

¹² Valuables used in *rite de passage* and ceremonial purchases.

¹³ Tied pigs to poles for ceremonial exchanges, i.e., "he made ceremonial exchanges."

¹⁴ The Arapesh recognize an antagonism between peaceful interrelationships between individuals and groups based on exchanges and intermarriage, and relationships of hostility involving sorcery.

¹⁵ I.e., in his public speech making, he did not raise subjects that make for disunity and trouble.

¹⁶ P.E., "Now me big head finish."

¹⁷ See Mead, 1935, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," New York, pp. 150 *et seq.*

¹⁸ The Arapesh use the terminology of purchase to cover the very nominal ceremonial payment for wives.

¹⁹ I.e., she was too small even to wear clothes. This is an unusually early age for betrothal, and Unabelin is stressing the length of the marital cherishing care which Amito'a had received, as a wife who was "grown" from babyhood. See Mead, 1935, *op. cit.*, chap. 6.

²⁰ Small composites of rings of different sizes and dog teeth.

²¹ About 12 years of age.

²² Rings for marriage payments are contributed in one's and two's by different relatives, to whom return payments are also distributed.

²³ This broken sequence, in which Unabelin first states the order of growth, "We fed her, she grew, she menstruated," and then later repeats the same sequence is a characteristic narrative form.

They scarified her skin. She bathed.¹ They rubbed her skin with nettles.² They adorned her. Now my father fastened the rings together. They two—my father and my uncle—gave them to her brother. She stayed with us. She carried yams [up from the gardens]. She washed sago. They were big yams. It was big sago [packets].³ Now she and my uncle began to quarrel. I was a child. I heard them quarrel. Amito'a was inside the house. My uncle was outside.⁴ My uncle took up a firebrand.⁵ He entered the house. He beat her with it. She was too angry. She was too strong.⁶ She fought my uncle. My uncle raised his hand. She held it fast. My uncle got a big stick. She wrested it from him. Then my father went in and held them both fast.

Now someone paid the Plainsmen to make *wishan*.⁷ They made *wishan* and she ran away to Kobelen.⁸ They [the people of her husband's hamlet] thought she had gone to see her brother. She ran away to Kobelen. She went first to the brother of the *luluai*.⁹ He wouldn't have her.¹⁰ Then she went to the *luluai*. He wouldn't have her. Then she went to another man. Then she came back to see her brother. Then she went back to Kobelen. Again she came up [into the mountains].¹¹ People said to my uncle: "Your

¹ As a purification *after* menstruation.

² Occurs *before* the bathing and scarification.

³ I.e., the affinal contributions made through her were considerable.

⁴ Arapesh quarrels are almost invariably conducted so that the whole hamlet will hear them.

⁵ From the fire. This is the most usual weapon in a conjugal quarrel in which blows are exchanged.

⁶ I.e., she fought back, was not cowed at once by a mere show of violence.

⁷ The participation form of black magic by which the Plains sorcerer acts upon one member of a kinship group or a locality by smoking the exuviae of another member. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 441.

⁸ Note that it is necessary to invoke black magic here to explain Amito'a's flight from her husband. The quarrel with her husband is seen only as making her vulnerable to magic, not as the reason for her running away.

⁹ Government-appointed headman.

¹⁰ From the standpoint of Kobelen, Amito'a came from the interior and so was dangerous. See Mead, 1940, *ibid.*, vol. 37, pp. 345, 421, for a Kobelen boy's statement about inland women, and Mead, 1935, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," *New York*, pp. 111, 112, for the account of a marriage which resulted from such a beachward runaway.

¹¹ The section which follows was quoted in Mead, 1935, *op. cit.*, pp. 150-151.

wife has come on top. Go and get her." He got up, he took his two younger brothers. They went down. They waited at the river. Amito'a and another woman and her father's elder brother came down to bathe. Amito'a went to loosen her apron to bathe. Her husband seized her hand. She called out to her uncle. "Uncle, they are taking me." Her uncle said: "What, did he pay for you and feed you? Did the Kobelen men pay for you? If it were another man,¹² you could shout. But it is your husband."¹³ She cried out. The other woman heard. The other woman screamed: "They are carrying off Amito'a." My uncle called out: "Come bring the spears." They all ran away.¹⁴ They brought the woman to our hamlet. She was heavily adorned. Many strings of ornaments hung around her neck, as has always been her custom. She wore many bracelets, many earrings. She sat down and she wept. My uncle said: "It is I, your husband, who has brought you back. Had it been another, you could cry." She stayed. She conceived. She bore a female child.

Before this all the men of Kobelen came to fight. They fought.¹⁵ They put a spear through the leg of my uncle. They [his own side] carried him to the hamlet. But the spear was fast. He ate *oshogu*.¹⁶ The *oshogu* ate away the flesh and the spear could be pulled out. He remained.¹⁷ The wound healed. Now the child was born. Amito'a wanted to strangle¹⁸ the child. The

¹² That is, "a man other than your husband."

¹³ Typically, in Arapesh, brothers-in-law support each other in such a situation.

¹⁴ At mention of a fight.

¹⁵ In this sort of fracas over a woman spears are exchanged serially between sides, and careful count is kept as to who hits whom, who follows up that hit, and whose blood is shed.

¹⁶ *Oshogu* are large grubs, which are eaten at certain seasons of the year when they are plentiful. They eat the wood of trees and are believed, partly by magic and partly by a sort of simple transference, to improve wounds, which do or do not contain splinters of wooden spears. A man with sores taboos *oshogu* for fear they will make them bigger. This position by which you either taboo some object with magical properties or use it as an extreme form of cure is common in Arapesh thinking. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 345.

¹⁷ There is no English equivalent for this statement which is rendered unsatisfactorily in P.E. as *em i sitap*, signifying that in this narrative sequence the person with whom the narrative is concerned did nothing, he was inactive in this particular sequence.

¹⁸ This was aberrantly violent behavior, as infanticide among the Arapesh, as are so many of their acts which other

child lived. She was angry. She wanted to run away. She wanted to run away to her brother. But my uncle beat her. He made her stay. She became pregnant again.¹ The child was a male. She bore it all alone and she stepped on his head. If she had had some woman [there] to assist her, the child would have lived.² Had the child lived, he would be as old as this one, my younger brother. Then they buried the dead child. Then her husband, my uncle, got sores. Then Aden came and flattered and persuaded her. She ran away to Baimal.³ My uncle was a sick man. He said: "Never mind, I am a sick old man. I will not pursue her. I have nothing to say."

Then Tapik⁴ ran away to us. The *luluai* [of Liwo] was sorry for our loss and he alienated Tapik.

* * *

[Where Unabelin made no specific verbal transition, I have inserted no titles, but simply indicate a break in the theme.]

There was a man named Sinara of *Suabibis* [gens]. He was sorcerized. He came to our place.

people conceive as positive, is an act of omission. If the child is to be saved, the father, calling from a distance after its sex is announced, says, "Wash it." If it is not to be saved, he simply says, "Do not wash it," and the newly born infant is left, with cord uncut, in the bark basin in which it is born.

¹ As Amito'a's personality has been discussed in detail in "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies" (Mead, 1935, pp. 149-154), it will not be commented on in every detail here. But it is important to realize that Unabelin simply chose to relate an account of the behavior of a violent, deviant woman rather than of less deviant individuals. All the other data on Amito'a's character suggest that he did not enlarge upon the tale by attributing more violence than actually occurred.

² This phrasing of life, "had that not occurred, it would have been otherwise," has special fascination for Unabelin and is also a very familiar Arapesh phrasing.

³ Her present Alitua husband. See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 250.

⁴ For story of Tapik, see Mead, 1935, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," New York, p. 155, and 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3.

The Arapesh insistence upon reciprocal patterns provides both a justification for aggression that would not have been justified and a retrospective technique for regularizing the aggression. The seduction of Tapik, phrased as a return for Amito'a, now became not only reputable behavior because the return was on behalf of an injured friend, but also as Amito'a and Tapik's marriages were now regarded as balancing each other, both became somewhat assimilated to the pattern of peaceful exchange of women.

He built a platform around a big tree, a *sarabok* tree. He cut it [the tree]. My father heard the sound of the adze. My father called my brother. They took spears. They crept through the bush. They ambushed him from both sides. My father poised his spear in his hand. Before my father called his [gens] brother [Sinara] "enemy." He [Sinara] got up. My father wounded him with a big spear. My brother wounded him in the shoulder⁵ with his spear.

Now he ran away. My father took a club. My brother took a spear. They hid beside the road. They ambushed him. They hit him in the neck. He was a big man. He was a fighter. If he had lived, he would have killed us.⁶ He fell down. He cried out. My father took his club. He [my father] broke his head open. He was dead. My father came up to the village. He kept the killer's watch.⁷ He sat up under⁸ a house. He did not sleep. Had he slept, the ghost [of the dead man] would have gotten him. All⁹ those who had killed men came and sat. If he wished to sleep, they wakened him. It was dawn. He went and washed. He came back and sat down. They decorated him with black¹⁰ paint. He sat in the plaza.¹¹ It was night. He washed. He cut¹² his penis. He lost blood. The ghost left him. This is something which only men know about.¹³ He sat. It was night [again]. He did

⁵ This detail is part of the accurate accounting that is kept of the nature, location, and sequence of all wounds in one of these intra-group fracas.

⁶ This rounds out the ethical statement which began with "He was sorcerized." The reasoning runs: he must have been sorcerized or he would not have come in this insane way, noisily cutting a tree in the neighborhood of someone with whom he was on bad terms. Being sorcerized—and so out of his mind—he was dangerous. Killing him was an act of self-preservation, originally induced by sorcery. See Mead, 1940, *ibid.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 352.

⁷ Called literally "to sit up with the dog," a purificatory ceremony enjoined on those who have killed.

⁸ The interior of the dwelling house is protected against contact with those who are in need of purification.

⁹ This is the sort of statement that lends itself to the interpretation that the village was filled with ex-murderers, but it can equally well be interpreted as a cliché, especially as in Alitua there was said to be only one living man who had performed this ceremony.

¹⁰ The paint used in mourning.

¹¹ He had now passed from the period of purification and uncleanness to the period of exhibitionistic display.

¹² For other occasions when this ceremonial blood letting occurs, see Mead, 1940, *ibid.*, vol. 37, p. 347.

¹³ Refers to the ritual blood letting, a subject not discussed with women. Unabelin used to pay lip service to the sex dichotomy when he referred to any aspect of the males' sacra.

not sleep. He washed again. Then he slept. He counted the days, one to five days, complete. On the the sixth day he walked about [freely].

* * *

A man of Kugebin¹ sorcerized a brother, a brother of mine. It [the exuviae] was sent to Kugebin. A man of *Dibatua'am*² sent it. My mother cooked yams for him. They ate. He, my brother, threw away the head of the yam. This man dissembled. He joined them at the fire. He saw the piece of yam. He pushed it down into the ashes with his foot. The fire did not burn it. Later, he took it. He took it away and wrapped it up. The other man who ate with my brother was La'abe's brother.³ La'abe's brother said to this man: "You have taken our exuviae. I saw you hide that piece of yam." He [who had stolen the exuviae] said: "It is not so." My father was angry. He said: "Later, these two will die." Konomain was the name of the man who did the sorcery [theft]. My father took a spear, the spear for killing pigs. He followed the man of *Dibatua'am*. He demanded the piece of yam. He [Konomain] denied it. My father demanded it. He denied it. Demanded; denied. Demanded; denied. My father ran his spear through his back and he cut him on the shoulder with his ax. He did not die.

[Here a page is missing from my notes, and when the notes resume again, another narrative of a quarrel over an eloping woman is just being completed.]

Then the three men, one of them the brother of the woman, came up [to the village]. My father taunted this man with helping the eloper.

They hurled spears at the Suapali man and hit his shoulder. They saw a man hiding behind a house and wounded him in the knee. He escaped. My father was wounded in the leg. They all ran away. All the men of *Whoibanibis* came up [to help us]. My father said: "You are slow in coming." No one died in this fight. My father paid rings to Aden.⁴ Aden sent them to the Plainsmen. They killed [by sorcery] the father of the eloping woman. Now the eloper came and paid rings to the Plainsmen. They killed [by sorcery] a cross-cousin of mine. Before they came and broke our house and cut our trees. Now all was finished. The fight had been reciprocated; the sorcery was reciprocated. They were really our brothers. We did not want to quarrel, but the women made us fight. Then the men of *Whoibanibis* carried off [by force] the sister of the eloper and then all talk died.

* * *

There is a story about an ancestor whose name was Polip, like my brother. He married Molowai. They had two children, Shenahok and Shahok. He got a stone and made the wind [by magic] with it. If he turned it one way, wind; if he turned it the other way, the sun shone. He stayed in the forest. He killed meat. He killed cassowary. He hunted for wild greens. They all got lost in the forest. This isn't a long story. It's a short one.

* * *

Suabi [an ancestor] died at Bubu in Maguer, where he had gone to visit his brother whose name was Dubarin.

SECOND SESSION, MAY 17, 1932

[My notes do not indicate whether I asked Unabelin for details of the messianic cult about which I had already heard scraps, but it is probable that he himself chose his subject.]

The news [of the messianic events] was brought first to Alitua. We [of *Suabibis*] came to Alitua and we heard it. No one came straight to us. Yakoten of Bipin brought the news. He

¹ A Plains village.

² An Alitua gens. See gens list, Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 270.

³ La'abe's brother's death is described in the *Diary*, *ibid.*, vol. 40, pp. 355, 356.

said: "All your ancestors will come up⁵ later. I went up above [the earth]. I went down below [the earth]. Down below I saw all our ancestors."⁶ Afterwards when the Wihun men carried off his wife she confessed it all.⁷ He said: "Down below, I have seen it. The ground is not firm. The trees do not go down the way you think." What he saw up above he did not say. The men who were imprisoned in Wewak said:

⁴ Aden of Alitua was a trader who had many connections with the Plains sorcery villages.

⁵ I.e., up on the surface of the earth.

⁶ The Arapesh were exceedingly vague on the whereabouts of the spirits of their ancestors.

⁷ Typical anticipation of events.

"All of you build storehouses. And later the cargo will come. The cargo of things which belong to the white man. My ancestors will bring it to you." They said too that first a flood of hot water would come and wash all the village. It would wash the houses until they were like the white man's houses. It would wash our skins and we would all be white. I was cutting sago in the forest. I came back. I heard the talk. Yakoten said: "If the ancestors don't come, a great darkness will come. Perhaps an earthquake will come." People gave him things. They just gave them to him freely [without being asked or expecting a return] because he brought this warning. Lomatu gave him three strings of dog teeth. The brother of So'openin gave him three shillings.¹ Later the Wihun men carried off his wife, Weamali. They were angry because her husband had lied to them, so they carried her off.² Then she confessed, she said: "We said we went down below [under the earth]. But we lied. We went and hid in the forest and stole yams and tobacco from other people's gardens." In *Suabibis* we made no special shelters.³ Here in Alitoa they made them to hide in when the great darkness and the hot water flood came. Some people said it will be a great darkness and some people said it would be an earthquake. They built no storehouses up here [in the mountains]. They only built ground houses [*auras*] to hide in. They did not plant yams because they thought: later they will all die and who will eat them? But my father planted. He said: "If I die, the yams can die too. If I live, my yams must live too."⁴ So he planted them.

And the old men talked of the time when there was a great darkness before, in the time of

my great great ancestor Ipul. Trees, *belepiu* trees, came up through the ground. They cut the legs of those who tried to walk about. *Nipoluk* vines came down from the sky like rain. They lifted up the thatch of the house roofs. They carried it away. It was so dark. If they lit a fire, it was still dark. They saw the fire only, but all about it was still dark. When the time for the day came there was very little light. At night it was dark entirely. People gathered together; one gens in one house; one gens in one house. They had been warned. They had heard the news that came ahead [of the darkness]. They stored water and yams and firewood. The pigs were frightened. They did not dare go into the forest. They came and slept under the houses. The dogs stayed in the houses with the people. If people went out to defecate, they went out in three's and four's, holding each other's hands. The ground was covered with the *belepiu* trees. In each hamlet men beat *garamuts*.⁵ From other hamlets *garamuts* answered. They said: "No, we are not dead yet; we are still here." Beforehand, they had all talked to their *buanyins*,⁶ and all had fastened⁷ and killed their pigs. They said: "It will be no use for the pigs to live after we are dead. Who will eat them!" It lasted two days and two nights. Men who knew the charms to end darkness finally ended it. They spat [charmed materials] and they ended it.

There are still men who know how to bring the darkness and make it stay. But they cannot make such a big darkness as this. They cannot send it away either. Wegul, who belonged to Liwo, who has moved to Alipinagle, knows the magic. If there is night dancing and he is angry, he will take a long piece of firewood. He will light one end. He will charm it. He will do this at dusk, just as the night falls. Then the darkness will not lift. It will stay until the fire burns the length of the wood. The dancers will dance, and dance, and dance. Still it will not be dawn. Then they accuse the man who knows how to bring the darkness. If they can persuade him, he will spit, and end it. But the really strong darkness charms belonged to the men of long ago.

⁵ Slit gongs.

⁶ Ceremonial feasting partners. See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. III. Socio-economic life," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, pp. 204-207.

⁷ For ceremonial presentation.

¹ Kaberman said that in Kobelen, nearer the Beach, Yakoten distributed property saying that his ancestors had given it to him. This is a typical "racket" pattern found in various forms in New Britain and New Ireland, where the prophet collects valuables on some pretext and then establishes himself by redistribution.

² This is the sister of Maginala whom Wabe had been trying to send back to Yakoten. See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitoa," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 347.

³ In the discussion of house types, the special type of house built during this cult development is indicated. See Mead, 1938, "The Mountain Arapesh. I. An importing culture," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 36, pt. 3, pp. 240-241.

⁴ The strong masculine symbolism of yams fits well with this characteristically assertive remark of Madjeke's.

When I was a little child, there was a big earthquake. The houses fell down. All the pots broke. Houses filled with yams fell down. It lasted for two weeks, the little quakes. My father threw away his net bag¹ and ended it.

[NOTE: Unabelin begins by narrating, in a half-hearted, jerky fashion, the details of the recent Wewak messiah cult which had spread all along the coast. But this cult had been a fake, propagated by an imposter, and has little real attraction for him. He moved rapidly from his father's sturdy defiance of the fake rumor to an ancient story of a darkness which had been real, intense, and frightening, wholly in the realm of the supernatural. This is a typical example of his attempt to make life more intense than he found it].

* * *

[Here I asked a question: Tell me about the admonitions which your father gave you.]

When my father bore² us, he tabooed meat, he did not drink cold water. He did not drink coconut juice. He did not drink sugar cane juice. My mother also abstained from all these things. They waited. They waited. They waited. Then my father hunted. He found meat, he worked sago, he mashed³ taro. My mother made the feast of cutting the fingernails. The day before she cooked the wild inedible greens which grow in the bush. On the morrow she made the feast of loosening the taboos. Then she could cook. She could work sago. She could mash taro.

My father did not sleep with other women. He waited. He waited. When his child was tall, when his child could walk, when his child no longer wished to drink at the breast, then he could sleep with women. He waited. Later he has intercourse with his wives.

But this new generation, my generation, they are no good. When their children are still small they have intercourse with their wives. They are worthless. My father did not eat food in other hamlets. He did not eat food given to him by other people. He was afraid it would harm his children. He followed all these taboos when my eldest brother was born. He [my brother] flourished. He grew tall. Later, they sorcerized

this brother of mine. He fell from a tree and was killed. Of this, I told you before. Now my father slept with my mother. She was pregnant with my sister. He tabooed well. He waited. When my sister had grown big, my mother was pregnant with Polip. She bore Polip. They waited. They waited. Then my mother bore me. They waited. When I was big she bore Yagulai. When he was big she bore my little sister. Now my mother was old. She was finished with child bearing. My father too was old. All of my fathers were old men too.⁴

He taught us to hunt. He taught us about speech making. When he journeyed abroad, he took us with him. When he built a house, he taught us. When he built a fence, he taught us how. He said: "When you go to other places, if they offer you food, don't eat it all. Eat half and hand half of it back. If a child of the place is sitting near you, give part to it. This lest they should sorcerize you. If they put meat on top [of the dish] do not eat it. If they cook the long yam do not eat it. Say: 'Formerly, I ate this and my joints were no good.' If they offer you rat meat, make excuses. Say: 'I was recently inside the ceremonial initiatory enclosure and I ate this. Now I cannot eat this. One more month and the taboo will be lifted.' If they offer you opossum meat, refuse it, say: 'No, that is for the old men only.'"

"If you are alone and you meet a woman alone, pass her by. Let her go on one side of the path and you go on the other. For it is the habit of women to seduce men. If she seduces you, later you will not grow tall. If you are alone and she is alone, if you stop and chatter, by and by your body will tremble with desire. Later, you will be sorcerized. Later, you will not grow.

"If they garnish a dish of food with *mario*, the eel that is a deep red, that is like a snake and full of fat, say: 'When I was in the initiatory enclosure I ate this. Now I must taboo it.'"

"If a man sits in his house and they have cooked food. You see that all of them are eating sago. Eat part and give part back. If they make soup, wait until others have eaten. If it is really a friend of yours who invites you, then you can eat without thinking. But if it is an

¹ A magical act.

² Using the same verb which is used of a woman's bearing children.

³ Into ceremonial puddings.

⁴ This is the characteristic picture in which good parent-hood depends upon abstention from sex and sorcery, and both parents are in the end depleted by child bearing.

ano'in,¹ give part to a child, or return part, say: 'I am full.'

"If you sleep in the village of enemies, turn your face away from them and down towards the bark bed lest they take saliva from your mouth and later sorcerize you.

"If there has been a quarrel, do not sleep in the house of those people. Go and sleep with friends.

"If they offer you areca nut do not accept a part [of a nut]. Let the host eat a whole nut and you eat a whole nut. So with the betel pepper that grows in the village. Do not take half of a root from another. Eat one root and let him eat his root. Do not share it. If you do, you will be sorcerized.

"When you are traveling, if you come to a place where there are only women, do not stay there to sleep. Greet them and pass on. If you sleep there some woman will take a fancy to you. In the night she will come and arouse your desire. Later you will be sorcerized. If it is a sister, a mother, a female cross-cousin, a father's sister, then you can go and sleep safely [in the house] with them. So also with a woman relative-in-law. If unrelated men come and sleep in the house with a woman, by and by that woman will seduce them. Women are like bad ghosts [*sigabehem*], this is their habit. They go to a man. They touch his breasts, his cheeks, his body trembles with desire. He is done for. He cannot resist them. If a man and woman are alone together, they will play with each other's breasts and play with each other's cheeks and later they will copulate. Later the man will be sorcerized. If women didn't understand sorcery² it would be all right."

"Your generation," said my father, "are all in the hands of sorcerers. They could not kill me. I fought. I killed men. I talked arrogantly, I threatened my enemies. They could not sorcerize me. Now I am old and I will live until my hair is white. Now I remain indeed.

"But when you boys walk about, you see a woman. You laugh. [Unabelin imitated a mirthless high laugh]. You show your teeth in a grin [repeats the laugh]. Later you are sorcer-

¹ A rival. See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. III. Socio-economic life," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 205.

² This refers to the belief that each of a pair of illicit lovers will take a little of each other's sexual fluids to be used in sorcery—a precaution.

ized. If people offer you areca nut, you laugh, you show your teeth [more mock laughter in a lower key]. Your mouths are never shut. You keep your mouths open for everything, and you'll die all right. You will never live to be old. Before I fought, but I did not eat³ indiscriminately. I did not take meat or betel pepper or areca nut from those who were not relatives or friends. But you, you young people, you do all these things.

"If visitors come from the Beach trying to find the trail of sorcery, smile at them. Pretend to call for your parents. But do not call too loud. If we hear you call, we will come.

"If friends come, call out quickly. Hasten to cook food. If inlanders come, from Alitua⁴ or Wihun or the Plains, come, give food quickly. If you have meat, give it. If you have sago, cook it. If you have rings, knives, anything good, give it to them quickly. Then they will speak well of you. Later if your enemies try to send your exuviae into the Plains, the inlanders will remember, they will say: 'But he is a good man. He was hospitable. He gave me things when we went to visit him.'

"If Polip speaks, you younger boys must listen."

* * *

Once Polip and I had a quarrel over his wife. I had just come back from the place of the white man. His wife looked at my beautiful body⁵ and she desired me. She seduced me. I copulated with her. Later, I got two strings of dog teeth and a ring and gave them to Polip and the matter ended. I only played with her three times. I said: "Lest we get into really great trouble, we must not play any more." Polip suspected. He beat her. She confessed. He asked me. I confessed. I said: "The woman wanted it." That was long ago. She is pregnant now[?]⁶ No, her brothers took no part in the quarrel. They said: "It is their affair."⁷

³ Both quarreling and eating carelessly lead to sorcery.

⁴ Note that Alitua is inland—and therefore closer to sorcery—as seen from Liwo.

⁵ The returning work boy stands out as compared with the village native; he is better fed, his skin shines, his hair is carefully dressed, his muscles have developed, and he carries an air of sophistication and fashion about him.

⁶ Indicates I asked a question.

⁷ I.e., a family matter. Brothers-in-law are bound to come to the help of their sister's husband, if she is abducted or unfaithful, outside the sister's husband's own circle of kin.

Grandparents and parents say: "If you copulate with a woman when you are immature, you will not attain your growth. That is all lies. But that women will sorcerize you, that is true."

* * *

Formerly, when my father spoke, I did not listen. I used to refuse to obey him. Once we fought. First I beat my sister. Polip beat his two wives. One of them ran away. They told my sister to follow her [Polip's runaway wife] and bring her back. She [my sister] refused to go. I beat her. I only hit her once. One end of the rattan hit her and the other end wrapped around a tree. My father came. He heard what I said to my sister. He was angry. He hit me. I hit him back. I did not hit him hard. I saw that he was an old man. My father was very angry. He said: "Who bore you? Who found meat for you? Who worked sago for you? Who grew yams for you? Who found food for you to grow you and make you big? Now tomorrow, I will take an ax. I will break down the sago palms that I planted for you. I will cut down the coconut trees, the betel palms, the breadfruit trees. I'll cut up all the yams. In the future, you can plant your own sago, your own betel, your own breadfruit trees. In the future, you can find your own yam seed. Where will you find it?" He was angry. He went and slept with a "brother" of his. In two days his anger was over. His temper was good. He came back. He thought of me. He was sorry. He said: "It will not do to be too angry, or he will run away." He came back. I was deeply ashamed. I sat afar off. He called me. He gave me betel to chew. He said: "I have nothing to say." After many days, he told my mother to cook food. He called me in. He talked about a wife for me. He said he would pay for her. He said: "I will find rings. We will cut sago together. We will pay for her."

* * *

When I was a child I saw one of my [gens] "fathers" quarrel with his wife. The other wife took her side. They beat up my "father."¹

He fainted. They ran away into the forest. At dark, they came back. My "father" got up. He saw a flying fox. He killed it. My mother

¹ Quotation marks placed about a kinship term indicate classificatory relationship and represent a shift in the tone of the informant, or the use of such a term as "nuther fella brother," etc.

said to his two wives: "Go and get the flying fox. You have beaten him up. Take the meat and the quarrel is over." So the quarrel finished.

* * *

I'll tell you about an ancestor of mine named Ipuh. When La'abe's brother died, my father talked about him. Before, when my father and the brother of La'abe and the father of Iluh, and Tokulim, a man of Imudisalshu, and a man whom I call "father"—my father calls him "brother"—Agibelu, they climbed up a tree. Ipuh sat down below. He was a big quarrelsome man. Tokulim did not go up the tree. Ipuh saw him. He said: "Go on, you go up too." Tokulim said: "Oh, grandfather, I am afraid. I'll just sit down here below." Ipuh said: "Indeed you won't. You'll go up." That was his way. He made people work. But Tokulim said: "No, grandfather, I don't want to go up." Ipuh talked violently. He took up an ax. He abused him [with obscene words]. He went to strike him with the ax. He [Tokulim] ran away. He came up to the village. All the women were there. They asked him what was the matter. He said: "Grandfather wanted to kill me because I would not climb that tree." They scolded him. They said: "You're a lazy good-for-nothing. You never work. You're only a youngster. You should work. Why do you sit down and do nothing?"

That was always the way of my ancestor Ipuh. If his wife didn't get firewood, he flew into a rage. If he liked to cut bad posts for his house, or build a bad fence or make a garden, he made it.² If anyone reproached him, he fought them. He was a fighting man. All were afraid of him. He worked as carelessly as he liked, for none dared reproach him. He was a strong man. He could do anything he liked.³

I'll tell you about this ancestor Ipuh. He fed a sow. She bore little pigs. They made a feast to a man of Milipine, named Gipomanuwal. This was the name of the feast. It was named after two *tamberans*,⁴ Gipo the *tamberan* of *Whoibanibis*, and Manuwal. Ipuh wanted to

² I.e., he defied public opinion.

³ The Arapesh fear of violence, the appeasing tactics with which they responded to threats, and their recurrent fear that those who were angry would desert the group made it very easy for a man of this sort to defy public opinion.

⁴ Supernatural patron of the men's cult, also gens-owned, noise-making representatives of the *tamberan*, e.g., flutes.

fasten¹ a pig. The pig ran away. He tried the next day. He got a big stone and stayed inside the house. He put soup in the bark trough. They put it [the trough] under the house. The pig came and ate it. He [Ipuh] took the stone. He hit the pig on the back. He didn't hit it straight. The pig dodged the stone. It ran away again. Days passed. Still he could not fasten it.

My father fastened a boar named Kabalihen. The father of Sa'omale²—he's dead long since—he fastened a pig. I've forgotten its name. Oh yes, Kalilaba. Another man fastened a pig named Baholih. A brother, the father of Anyuai's³ husband, fastened one. The men of Suapali, all our cross-cousins, all brought pigs. There were *wiwis*⁴ pigs. We fastened them and took them to Milipine.⁵ We sang. My father held the cassowary hair spear. He sang. He called the name of the *marsalai* of *Ashu'ebis*, the *marsalai* which belongs to pig exchanges, Komip. He sang:

O wa Komip, ha wa e e e!
Komip wali ho wa e e e!

This [couplet] is called the *saigu*. The women held *kwaiesh* leaves in their hands and sang:

*Ma nu bo ha e e e!*⁶

The men made speeches. They finished their speeches. Before, they had beaten [ceremonially] the houses and the receivers of the pigs with pieces of slender bamboo and elephant grass. At that time, all the pigs were left in the road outside the village. After they beat the houses, they sang the *saigu* and after that they arranged the pigs in order. Then those who received the pigs shook lime from their lime gourds over the backs of those of our place who had brought the pigs. Then they all cried out the names of those who were to cut⁷ the pigs. They would [he shouted]⁸—and a name. And all of them answered, Wha Wha Wha! Then these⁹ lifted up the pigs and put them on the

edge of the plaza. Then the receivers of the pigs brought big pieces of firewood and set them about the plaza. They gave clusters of areca nut and betel pepper and tobacco to the leader of our side and he gave some to all [of us]. Now they arranged the food. They put out taro croquettes [*samehas*], they put out boiled sago. They laid out the plates for one pig,¹⁰ and these were counted. Seen to be enough, distributed. Then they laid out the plates for another pig and for another. For those who carried the pig, the big man set a feast inside the house [*she shales ulag*].

Once they traveled to another place. They talked about sorcery. They grew quarrelsome. They wanted to fight. One man, named Maigu, he said: "You hold Ipuh fast and I'll get my spear." He got his spear, a *lomá* [spear]. He wounded a man [of our side] in the neck. Now Ipuh had his spear. He held it poised in his hand. He threatened them all. My grandfather aimed at two men. Missed.¹¹ Downed a man. Aimed at a man. Missed. Downed another man. The eyes of all were shut. Maigu got hold of my grandfather's throat. He held his spear to his throat. He threw him down. He [Maigu] attacked Ipuh. He threw him down. He put his spear to his chest. My grandfather got up. He helped Ipuh. They killed Maigu. He fell down in a pile of brush.¹² Semen came up on his penis. They knew then that he had died from a woman's having sent his semen to the sorcerers.¹³ Now Ipuh ran outside. Madjeke, my grandfather, stopped and fought. They all fought further. They wounded Madjeke in the arm. He took his weapons. He joined Ipuh. They left. They returned to their own hamlet. Their mother heard what they had done.—Maigu was their mother's brother.—She got up. She took an ax. She broke¹⁴ pots. She

¹⁰ The specific acknowledgment feast for a given pig.

¹¹ This statement is handled as a full declarative in P.E.

¹² Piled up from a new garden.

¹³ See the series of signs by which type of sorcery may be diagnosed in Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, pp. 441, 442.

¹⁴ As an expression of grief. This destruction of own property in grief and anger is characteristic of the whole area and overrides very considerable differences in character structure. See also Benedict, Ruth, 1947, "The chrysanthemum and the sword," Boston, for a discussion of this pattern of inward-turned anger in another character structure.

¹ Truss up for ceremonial presentation.

² Liwo wife of Badui of Alitua.

³ Of Alitua.

⁴ Pigs in a certain sequence in a series of preliminary feasts.

⁵ A hamlet near Liwo.

⁶ Set ceremonial syllables which are varied to incorporate proper names.

⁷ Distribute them among the receiving group.

⁸ Unabelin gave no noun for this shout, but merely imitated it.

⁹ Receivers of the pigs.

chopped at palm trees. They, Ipuh and Mad-jeke, took rings. They fastened them on a *walahik* branch. They held them over the grave [of Maigu]. They wept. They gave the rings to their relatives. They buried him. It was ended. This death could not be avenged. They were all of one place. They said: "Alas for it. They made sorcery. We killed one of our own. We bring rings. We mourn. It is finished."

* * *

I'll tell you about another big feast. This feast was made at Lado'ahim [a place between Bipin and Maguer]. A "mother's brother" of mine, named Maindolet, gave a piece of pig to us. A son of his gave a little pig to me. We were initiated in the *tamberan* house. A "brother" gave a little pig to me. My mother fed it. She said: "Later it will be a pig with which you can pay for your initiation." A man of Kobelen sent a leg of a pig and a [packet of] sago to me. One mother's brother sent one [packet of] sago to me. He also fed a pig [for me]. A long time passed. The cassowary feather standard¹ arrived. I was out in the forest. Father was there. He talked to the man who brought the standard. The man said: "Wait six days. On the seventh day, fasten your pigs. On the eighth come down [towards the sea]." My mother's brother fastened one pig. I fastened one, a much bigger one, a boar. We waited. Four days. Five days. Now² we went down. Two pigs were fastened in. They came to us. They brought the pig. They battered our houses [ceremonially]. We danced. We threw lime over them. One "mother's brother" of mine wanted to fight with a man from Suapali who had not returned a pig. The two wanted to fight. But they did not. Both made threatening gestures with spears. Now we put out the food in rows. It was finished. We slept. In the morning we lifted up the pigs [onto our shoulders]. We went down [towards the sea]. I was still a child. I did not carry. The grown men carried the pigs. We came down to a place called Awhigum, the place of a mother's brother named Yaweguit. They made the *saigu*³ there.

¹ Demand for a return feast. A picture of this ceremonial standard was published in Mead, 1934, "How the Papuan plans his dinner," Nat. Hist., Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., vol. 34, no. 4, p. 381.

² This elliptical handling of time happens in real life as well as in narrative.

³ Song given above, p. 316.

The doctor boys⁴ of Suapali cut palm leaves and slapped the receivers of the pigs with them. The elder brother of Kaberman⁵ was angry. His pig⁶ had died on the road. The brother of La'abe, he who has just died, had fastened it. A man of Liwo, named Whena, had talked to his ancestors⁷ and had caused the pig to die. He was angry because he had fed the pig's mother⁸ and they had not given him a share of the invitation meat.

The brother of La'abe went to Whena's hamlet. He carried a spear and he asked who had made the evil talk. Whena said he had. There the matter ended. This was at the time that Wauimen bore Silamet and they had not yet made the feast of cutting the fingernails.⁹ So we went down there [towards the Beach]. Kaberman's brother was angry. He was simply angry, that was all. He said: "Never mind, we will sit down together and feast." The wife of Polip had just reached menarche. She had not yet eaten meat.¹⁰ She had run away right after menstruating. Earlier, the men of *Whoibanibis* had carried her off. My father had marked¹¹ her originally for my brother who died. Then the men of *Whoibanibis* had abducted her. She returned to her brother. A man whom I called "father" and she called "son" persuaded her to come and marry Polip. She was shy and refused to run away [to Polip]. She said to her brothers: "If you want me to marry him, you must take me to him." So they brought her [to us] and later they [her brothers] lied to the men of *Whoibanibis*, and said she had run away.¹²

⁴ Government-conferred title for the village medical appointee. Used here instead of a name.

⁵ Kaberman was a Kobelen boy working for us in Alitua at the time of this narration.

⁶ I.e., the pig designed for him.

⁷ Used as a curse given potency by invoking the names of common ancestors. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 440.

⁸ This is a very frequent cause of quarreling, in pig exchanges and in affinal exchanges, when the man who has fed the mother, of either the pig or the girl, comes forward and insists on a share.

⁹ Alitua equivalent, Feast for washing the hands. See Mead, 1940, *ibid.*, vol. 37, p. 416. Silamet was about four and half at the time of this narration.

¹⁰ For details of menarche ceremony, see Mead, Margaret, 1940, *ibid.*, vol. 37, p. 419.

¹¹ Designated her as the betrothed of.

¹² For it is not friendly for the brothers of a woman to assist new claimants for her hand against those who feel themselves to be in titular or actual possession.

This was the sister of Maigi.¹ We made the feast [for Polip's wife] and I went away to work.

* * *

[Here I asked Unabelin for a character sketch² of Polip].

Father, he bore my brother. He³ is the kind of man that if a friend comes, the big yams do not stay [in the storehouse]. Regardless of how big the ring is, give it to them. If he has meat he cooks it. If he has sago he boils it. When a friend comes, he wishes to give him everything that he has. Never mind the size of the yams, give them. Never mind if the harvest is not yet ready. Bring some yams. Never mind [thinking] about meat, give it. Never mind how big the packet of sago, open it, boil it. When his friend goes away, he will say: "That place is correct. That man is correct." Later when Polip goes to his place, he will give him big yams. He will give him meat. He will give him rings.⁴

He [Polip] has two wives. If they are obstinate about big yams and want to keep them, he beats them. He makes them obey.⁵ If a friend comes, they must bring food quickly. If there is no food in the house, they must go quickly to the gardens and get it. If there is taro they must mash it. My father and my "fathers" are all arrogant. Now their son, my brother, would like to assume their ways. But before, my father had many big⁶ rings. We, his sons, do not journey about collecting rings. We have only very small rings. When my father had plenty of rings, if friends came, if *Kandari*⁷ came, grandparents came, he gave them rings.⁸ They set a day. He brought meat. He set a day. They brought meat [in return]. We fed pigs.

¹ Of Alitua.

² This notation is a conspicuous example of how not to take notes. I should have recorded my exact words, not this culturally bound cliché!

³ The "he" all through this paragraph has a confused double reference to father and son, which is made more explicit in the next paragraph.

⁴ This is throughout more a statement of behavior ideal, as prescribed by Madjeke and accepted by his sons, than a statement of Unabelin's opinion of Polip.

⁵ P.E., *savee*, for which there is no exact English equivalent except too idiomatic ones like "come to heel."

⁶ This idealization of past generations as bigger, richer, bolder, wiser, is a consistent Arapesh habit of thought.

⁷ P.E. term covering mother's brothers' lines, and sometimes their reciprocals.

⁸ Among the Arapesh, the return for a ring is another ring of the same size and quality. They do not, as a rule, command other valuables in ceremonial exchanges, but can be used as currency in straight trade relationships.

In a short time they grew big. We fastened them. Polip has two wives, two yam houses, two yam gardens. A superior man has two yam houses. A man who is lazy has only one yam house and a house in which to cook. A superior man, if he has two wives, gives sago, meat, yams, to the first wife. She will oversee it and give it to the second wife. A man who is stupid and ignorant will give things to the second wife, first. Then his first wife will be angry. She will say: "I am the first wife. I came here first. You came here later. It is not a long time since you came." Then the two will fight.

When a man gets a child, if it is a male, he must plant sago, coconuts, betel palm, bread-fruit. If he gets another [child] he must plant more for it in another place. He will make a house for one in one place and a house for another in another place. As for the man who does not plant sago for his child, later his child will amount to nothing.

Before, our family got into trouble [over Yele-gen's theft of the the *tultul's* wife]. They all abused us. Now this is the way. If a brother is in trouble, a sister helps him. If a sister is in trouble, a brother helps her. If a man is in trouble [with the community] and has pigs levied⁹ against him and says: "I have no pigs," they will say: "What, have you no sisters?" So our sisters gave us pigs and we washed our hands¹⁰ and washed the earth from the feet¹¹ of those who had helped us.

Polip is not a man for quarreling. I, however, am one to quarrel, to laugh¹² in the face of friends. But he makes everything correct and smooth.

* * *

[I asked him about his mother.]

Mother. Oh, she is superlative.¹³ If they cut up a pig, she arranged the meat. She distributes it correctly to each woman to cook. One woman,

⁹ This refers to the institution in which an offender has to pay pigs to the *tamberan*, representing enraged public opinion. See case of Yelusha; Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, pp. 350, 351, 353, 360.

¹⁰ Ceremonial acts accomplished by appropriate feasting.

¹¹ Ceremonial acts accomplished by appropriate feasting.

¹² Cf. above (p. 314) when Unabelin gives his father's instruction to laugh in the face of unwanted visitors. This use of the word contains the idea of a taunt or sneer.

¹³ Arapesh has no superlative, and the P.E. "Number one" has been adopted.

one part. One woman, another. She places the cooking leaves in order. She arranges the ferns. She cuts the belly; she washes and cooks the guts. She gives them to all the wives of my brothers, to all the "mothers" and all the "sisters." If friends come, she gives them food. If father is away and friends come, and she sees the friends come up, she gets fire. She gives it to them. She gives them tobacco, areca nut, betel pepper. She sets the pot boiling on the fire. She boils sago. If there is meat in the house, she gives it. If there is no meat, she fetches vegetables and cooks them. The friends eat and go. Father comes home. She says to him: "I am superlative, I, etc." [Here he repeated the entire set of activities which he had just described.]

If it is time for harvesting yams, she looks after [the work of] all the women. She assigns work to all and she distributes to all, all the "sisters," all the "mothers," all the "paternal aunts," all the "female cross-cousins" and "nieces," all the "grandmothers." When the yams are ready for harvest, she sends for them all. She gives food to them all.

If an opossum has been killed, if it is a big one, she cuts it. She arranges leaves. She distributes it: to a big¹ man, a leg; to a woman, a small piece; to a child, a small piece; to a man and his wife, a big piece. Father and mother sit down. Father makes the speeches of distribution. To this man, the leg. To this one, the foreleg. To this one, the rump. If there are many people, she cuts the meat in small bits. At a feast time, she fills all plates, all [serving] leaves, all bark containers. Now she is an old woman. She says: "You children must imitate my ways now. I am old." When I am there, if I have food I give it to her first. When she cooks, if I am near, she gives some to me first. When we die, our children will act in the same way. They will take our way of life. Before our ancestors did the same things. Now it is we who do it.

* * *

[I asked him to describe a bad man.]

A bad man! He it is who when visitors come says: "Now who is going to feed these people?" He and his wife sit down. Smoke issues from their house. They eat. He eats until his skin is stretched tightly [over his belly]. He wipes the

grease from his lips with the back of his hand. He goes and sits down with the visitors and makes empty talk. If he has killed meat, he hides it. If his wife is good and says: "Let's give a little of this to a friend," he says: "No." If the wife is really good, she will run away from such a man. When friends come when he is not there, she will give to the friends and later conceal it from her husband. If a man is good and his wife is not, he can beat her. If a man is bad and his wife is good, she can run away. If both are no good, they are offal, that is all. The yams in their garden they themselves eat.² The sago which they work, they themselves alone boil and eat. The ripe coconuts which they gather, they themselves will scrape and eat. If he receives a pig, he and his wife will eat a whole leg.³ If he distributes meat at a feast, he will break it into bits like this [indicates cubes about 1½ inches square]. If a man is good, he gives an arm's length of meat. If he is bad, he gives a piece of skin only.

When he builds a house, if he calls on others to help him, men will not go. They will say: "When he had yams, he alone ate them. When he killed meat, he alone ate it." If he is harvesting and needs help, they will say: "What, is he a good man, that we should help him!" When he works sago, they will say: "What, should we help him cut that which he will boil and eat himself, he and his wife, only!" To him and his wife, they will say: "You two can stay there. You can eat and copulate."⁴ We will not help you." If he dies, will men go bury him? They will say: "What, was he a good man! Let the women go and weep, we will not go." If it is time to make a clearing for a new garden and the women are sorry for him⁵ and ask the men to help him, they will say to their women: "What! did he give you food! He is mere human offal." For he is a worthless man.

* * *

I'll tell you about my mother's brothers' people.⁶

² It is taboo to eat yams one has grown.

³ As opposed to redividing and redistributing it among kin who did not attend the original distribution.

⁴ This alleged direct comment on copulation to a married couple is very abusive language.

⁵ This expectation of greater softness from women is unusual and more likely to be heard from young men who have not yet full-grown wives and who are still dependent upon their mothers.

⁶ Those who are classified as mother's brothers and

¹ Important man.

Later on they will pile up coconuts.¹ They are the men of Suapali.²

Before, the men of Yauwiya brought the *tamberan* to them. They brought three *tamberans* named Minyalepinin, Dernabilas, and Kwumbabuke. They brought them and they tabooed the coconuts.³ Three plates were set out. How many ripe coconuts are there! The areca nut had been given before. [Then] our *buanyins* killed a cassowary. We gave it to Suapali. Then the *tamberan* came and released [from the taboo] the areca palms. They called for the men of Yauwiya. They gave them two carrying pole loads of areca nut. Yauwiya gave a pig to Suapali. Suapali gave a pig to Yauwiya. One pig in Suapali they gave to an old man. He gave it to a "mother's brother" of mine to wash away the mourning clay for the *luluai* and his brother. He gave us the pig and he said: "Now I give you this pig. You take sago cutters. You cut sago for me." This sago belonged to my father's sister. When the *luluai*, her son, was a child, my father cut it. Then when the *luluai* was grown, he gave a big knife to my father and said: "Now this sago is mine altogether." It was one clump. When we work sago for him, he will take half and give half to us.

My cross-cousin, the *luluai* of Suapali, wants to make a feast to his *gabunyan*,⁴ the man who sent the *tamberan* there. He will arrange the dry coconuts, one *ariman*⁵ in one place, one in one place, one in one place, the length of the village. All the *gabunyan*s will come. They will kill the mud hen.⁶ All the *gabunyan*s will come. They will count the ripe coconuts. They will distrib-

ute them. Later they will bring rings. The rings will be given to the *luluai* of Suapali and he will arrange them and distribute them. Later the receivers of the rings will give pigs. Before that pieces of pig will follow the rings to help call up the pigs.⁷

* * *

[I asked: What is a *buanyin*? Tell me as if I knew nothing about it.]

When it is time to invite a *buanyin*, kill meat, work sago and boil it, make soup, mash taro. Invite your *buanyin*. Tell him to come now. So it was when our *buanyin* invited us. He cooked a big pig. He arranged the food. Some⁸ he put into *selauih* [baskets]. Some he arranged outside. He filled up two *selauih* [baskets] and put them in the house. He made a speech to us. He said: "If I throw things into the river, the current carries them away forever; if I throw things into the sea, the tide will bring them in again. So I give to you, my *buanyin*. Later on, you will be ashamed⁹ and you will make a return for them. Later on, you will kill a pig and return [it for] this pig which I have given you. It will come back at the turn of the tide. It will not be carried away as if thrown into a river."

So he spoke to my father. Now my father counted the plates and distributed them. He gave the head to his sister—the mother of the *luluai*. He distributed it all: to one man, a leg, to one man, a foreleg, to one man, a jaw, etc. After all the people had gone, my father's *buanyin* told my mother to go inside the house

mother's brothers' sons, etc. When applied to another hamlet may include the whole hamlet, in terms of a principal mother's brother-sister's son tie. See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. III. Socio-economic life," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 194.

¹ Make ceremonial feast heaps, as in photograph, Mead, 1934, "How the Papuan plans his dinner," *Nat. Hist.*, vol. 34, no. 4, p. 380. See this article for photographic details of feasting, and Balidu's feast for Badui, and Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *ibid.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, pp. 295 *et seq.* for details of feasting behavior.

² Note: The men of Suapali, *qua* mother's brothers' people, also provided a pig above in the feast which made the return for Unabelin's initiation.

³ Ceremonial tabooing of coconuts for a later feast.

⁴ Feast partners in another locality.

⁵ A unit, variable according to the occasion and the objects counted, usually roughly equivalent to a "customary sized pile of . . ."

⁶ Give acceptance shout.

⁷ Here, woven together, we find an account of: first, affinal relationship expressed as mother's brother, sister-son, relationship; second, *gabunyan* relationships, or the reciprocal major feasting relationship between localities; third, the *buanyin*, or ceremonial food exchange relationship; fourth, the liquidation of a temporary loan; and fifth, the minor relationship of shared responsibility for a big feast which exists between the "trunk" or giver of the feast, and the "dogs." For a formal description of these various relationships, see Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. III. Socio-economic life," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, pp. 185-208, and for details of instances of the various types, see Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," Balidu's feast, pp. 295, 297-304, 324-325. This is an excellent example of the anecdotal, chain sort of way in which the Arapesh think of their economic relationships, following along the lines of distribution and reception of the objects themselves, with very little concern with the formal structure.

⁸ The viscera.

⁹ I.e., at having received gifts for which no return has yet been given.

and get the *selauih*. This is the way¹ of *buanyins*. If he is a good *buanyin*, he fills the *selauih* full.² If he is a bad *buanyin*, he does not. The *buanyin* of my father was a big man. He is dead. His sons are worthless young men. There is one of them, however, who is away at work. He is not a son, but a member of the same gens. When he comes back, we will test him. Will he be any good, I wonder.

* * *

[I asked: "What is an *ano'in*?³"]

We now call Yelegen *anokin*, since he tried to elope with Tapik.⁴ We got the woman back and now all of us call him *anokin*. We are making big exchanges, big feasts, fastening many pigs. We have told him so. We are raising many yams. We tell him so. Can he do the same? Formerly, because of the two women who ran away to Alitua, we called Alitua *anokin*. Balidu⁵ still calls my father *anokin*. One lives in his place, and one lives in his place. My father has many *anokin*.

* * *

[I asked: "Have you ever taken part in a case of ceremonial plunder for obscenity?"⁶]

Yes, once. The two wives of the *luluai* of Suapali quarreled. The first wife quarreled all the time with him [her husband]. She said: "You are excrement. Go and copulate with that other wife of yours, out in the forest." Some women and children heard her. They told all his *mehines*⁷ of *Ashue'bis*. They [the people of *Ashue'bis*] told us. They said: "Come, let us

take the *tamberans*⁸ and plunder him." I was away in the swamp cutting sago. The women came and called to me to come. I heard all of them [the men] going. Big Sepik was sounding. Big Sepik is the *tamberan* [flute] of *Ashue'bis*. When it comes there must always be two *garamuts* inside the house [*tamberan*].⁹ I followed them. Near dusk, I came up with them. We went down to the river. We waited for darkness. There was myself, Polip, Whoiban, etc.¹⁰ Now the *tamberan* came up.¹¹ We went on, we went on, we went on, we were nearly there. We were nearly there now. We called out to the *tamberan* and he came up. We now went quietly, for fear that the woman would hear and run away, carrying with her her net bag and all her ornaments. We wanted to cut her ornaments right off her neck. We arrived. The woman had run away. The *luluai* too was not there. He had run away. Only a big brother of his was there. All right, now the *tamberan*¹² sang and danced. We cut down an areca palm, we stood it up in the plaza. It was too big to go in under the verandah.¹³ We stood it up in the plaza. We gathered all the leaves [crotons] about the place. We hung them on the areca palm. The *tamberan*¹⁴ wanted to break down the house. But we decided not to. We took down many unripe coconuts.¹⁵ We broke them open and ate them. We piled the husks in a circle around the foot of the [uprooted] areca palm. We danced and sang with the *tamberan*. Towards morning the *luluai* came back. People had gone and told him that the *tamberan* had come. He had not run away. He had been away gardening, planting yams.

¹ Etiquette.

² This institution of the extra gift given in private and subject to no public request for adequate return is found also among the Manus of the Admiralty Islands, where it is called the *musui*, or secret gift. It is as if the formal exchanges, although couched in the language of friendship, had become so formal and subject to legal sanctions as to be meaningless, so that an extra bit of less formal exchange had to be added to differentiate the personal and trusting elements from the contractual elements in the relationship.

³ Alitua dialect, *ano'in*. See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. III. Socio-economic life," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 205, for discussion of this term.

⁴ See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *ibid.*, vol. 40, pp. 329, 332, 333, for account of Tapik elopement, *passim*.

⁵ Big man of Walinuba, Alitua.

⁶ For such a case, see case of Yelusha, in Mead, 1947, *ibid.*, vol. 40, pp. 350, 353, 360.

⁷ Cross-cousins.

⁸ The flutes attached to their particular *tamberans*.

⁹ This was an example of Unabelin's ignoring male secrecy provisions.

¹⁰ He named eight more rapidly.

¹¹ Here he is preserving the conventional mythology which personifies the *tamberan* as a creature, and at the same time probably commenting on those who carried the flutes having joined them and begun to play.

¹² I.e., the men's group.

¹³ Usually the cut-down tree is stood up inside the house of the victim.

¹⁴ Official version, in which aggressive acts threatened or perpetrated by the male group who are "with the *tamberan*," i.e., wielding the noise-making instruments, are said to be the acts of the *tamberan*. See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, pp. 301-302.

¹⁵ This is excessive vandalism as young coconuts are eaten only under exceptional circumstances, as they are so rare and valuable.

He made a torch of bamboo and came by night. He arrived. He was greatly ashamed. He said: "Why did you come to me who has no pig?"¹ He waited and waited. At dawn he went into his house. He brought out a wooden bowl and a string of shell money [*idokolop*]. He gave the string to Sipegu and another man. These were strings which had been sent by Yauwiya to call up pigs. He gave them to Whoiban. He said: "I have no pig. My only pig is still a little one." Later on, the brother-in-law of the *luluai*, Kunagen, killed a pig and gave it to him. He gave it to Watien [of *Ashue'bis*]. He cooked it and called out for Whoiban. Whoiban said: "Never mind me. I have the string of shell money. Give the pig to your *buanyin*." He did. Later on, Watien killed a pig. He gave it to the *luluai* of Suapali, who gave it to Kunagen.²

* * *

[I asked: "What have you to say about the mother's brother's curse?"]

If a *wa'en* [mother's brother] is angry at his *mehinin* [sister's son], and the *mehinin* is just a child, he will talk to his ancestors. If he knows many names of ancestors he can call on them. Otherwise, he can just call mother, father, grandfathers. He will say: "Hold this child's throat fast and make him defecate and urinate in the plaza."³ If the *mehinin* is a grown man, he will say: "Make him lazy; spoil his hunting. When he hunts, go behind him and hide the game. Make him so lazy that he will not plant yams or kill pigs." Later, when his anger is over, he will chew ginger, he will say: "I talked to you, my ancestors, and I said [of him]: 'You cannot work. You cannot find meat. You cannot plant yams. You cannot fasten pigs.' " Now he chews lime and spits and says: "Go away, all you ancestors! Depart! You [the one formerly cursed] catch meat. You work energetically. You plant yams. You fasten pigs."

* * *

[Then he described a girl's puberty ceremonial].

When this girl—of whom I told you before—menstruated [for the first time] my little brother who is her "brother" brought a wooden bowl.

¹ To pay the plundering party and make things even again.

² Note how the excessive, penalizing behavior of the plundering expedition becomes muted and is finally rounded off in an account of normal reciprocal helpful behavior.

³ I.e., keep him from learning how to behave.

Her own little brother took a bow and arrow. The son of La'abe's brother gave a cassowary bone knife. The *tutul*—who calls her daughter—gave a knife. Adenabu—who is the girl's mother's brother—started to build the menstrual hut. The husband of Anyuai, who is the girl's own brother, said: "Wait, I will come and build the house." All the "brothers" of the girl came; they cut palm fronds. They cut posts. They made a bed⁴ inside. The girl entered [the hut]. The wife of the *tutul*, whom she called "mother"; the wife of Adenabu, whom she called "mother's brother's wife"; and the wife of Polip, whom she calls "sister-in-law"; these took care of her. On the third day they⁵ cut the scarification marks. She stood up and held the trunk of the tree and they cut them. Strong girls stay without food for seven days. But some mothers say: "There is a risk of her dying." If she [the girl at menarche] fasts, later she will be strong at gardening, at planting, at cooking. On the fifth day she came out. They dressed her up. They painted her. They put down the things which her brother had brought in a circle. She sat [cross-legged indicated] in the center. Her brother took a lighted palm leaf torch and passed it around her and over the things which were arranged.

* * *

I will tell you about when my *buanyin* died. He was my father's⁶ *buanyin*. My father had gone with Polip to Wihun to get money for taxes.⁷ I went [to the place of death]. They were all weeping. I stood up and wept. The men stood around the plaza and wept. The women and children sat down and wept. The men who had held him [in their arms] before he died, buried him. We all slept out of doors.⁸ In the morning we ate. We waited. It became dark, we slept outdoors. The next day they brought the leaves.⁹ We washed our hands. Then everyone

⁴ Raised platform of bark. The hut itself is a rough conical structure covered with whole coconut palm fronds.

⁵ Refers to male relatives in mother's-brother relationship.

⁶ A son inherits his father's *buanyin*, if the *buanyin* survives his father.

⁷ The head tax which was usually defrayed by money brought by returned work boys.

⁸ This is the taboo against sleeping in the dwelling house while in an unpurified state after having killed.

⁹ Herbs used in purification ritual.

entered their houses. The next day others came. They slept. The next day others came.

I'll tell you more about *buanyins*. When they are angry they say: "I've given things and given things and given things, and you don't make a return for them quickly." If it is the time of harvest, the best yams belong to the *buanyin*. If it is the time for sago, the biggest [packages] belong to the *buanyin*. Some go; some come back. Some go; some are repaid. A *buanyin* cannot eat the food which is given him by his *buanyin*. He must distribute it again to the "dogs."¹ If he does not do this, presently he will be a worthless man. If two *buanyins* make a feast together and they agree, one says: "You distribute food to your side and I'll distribute food to my side. Later we will make a big feast." Men who eat in the plaza the food given them by a *buanyin*, men who eat *salip*,² such men are no good. My *buanyins* are like that.³ The *buanyin* who is the trunk of the feast, he cannot eat in the plaza. He may only eat afterwards from the filled up *selauh*.

* * *

THE STONE AX OF THE *Marsalai* AND THE MENSTRUAL HUT SANCTUARY⁴

A *marsalai* named Melapine of Abelesihim took his stone ax. He sat down by the water.

¹ Junior feasting assistants who will later help him to repay his *buanyin*.

² For descriptions of the *alomato'in*, the worthless man or male woman, who does not observe these taboos, see Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 342.

³ I.e., like the people who do the right thing. This sort of ellipsis is exceedingly common.

⁴ In *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, 1940, vol. 37, pt. 3, pp. 359-360, I have discussed in some detail the conditions under which the versions of myths which Dr. Fortune published in vol. 19, *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, were collected, and how Mindibilip, as a younger, less culturally interested, regular linguistic informant, compared with Unabelin who chose his myths spontaneously in relation to other materials that he was also giving spontaneously. However, a large number of the myths that Dr. Fortune has recorded in Mindibilip's retold version (for linguistic perfection) were collected originally from other informants. Mindibilip often whittled them down. He may in some instances have altered the plot. He undoubtedly kept the type of detail in which he himself was most interested. Comparison of the details of the Mindibilip and Unabelin versions are not therefore very practical except to throw light, obscured by the difference in their informant situation, on the differences between their two personalities. But comparison between the plots (as given by Unabelin and as given by Mindibilip) can be much more meaningful, as this method sets Unabelin's reading of the plots against a series drawn from many informants. The sequence in which Unabelin related the stories to me, the interruptions between them for bits of ethnological comment, etc., all form part of his record. He was never asked to tell a myth, and the myths were taken down in the same way and he was remunerated for them at the same rate as for other material.

He sharpened the ax on a stone. A man was walking about. He saw the *marsalai*. He wished to hide. The *marsalai* had four eyes, two in his forehead and two in the back of his head. The two eyes in his forehead looked at the stone. The two in the back of his head saw the man. The *marsalai* had a small personal basket. The hair of the *marsalai* reached down to his waist. The man saw it. The man wanted to hide. The *marsalai* saw him. The *marsalai* got up. The *marsalai* said to the man: "Go, copulate with your sister; go, copulate with your mother; go, eat your own pig; go, eat the yams which you have made into a ceremonial pile. In the night you will collapse completely." The man ran off to his village. He told no one. There was one little boy. He was his little brother. Now, one of his wives was menstruating and one had finished menstruating. His little brother went and slept in the menstrual hut with his menstruating wife. In the night a great wind came. "Do, doda, do da do da, duha duhuduhaduha." The earth shook. The *marsalai* came. He brought his stone ax. Everyone was asleep inside the house. The child was asleep in the menstrual hut. The *marsalai* sat on the ridge pole of the house where the man slept. He raised his stone ax to strike. The heads of all broke open. Everyone, men, women, children, pigs, and dogs—all were killed. When all the houses were destroyed, he raised his ax over the menstrual hut. The stone fell out of the hafting and fell on the woman. The woman took it and put it beneath her buttocks. The stone was finished now.⁵ The *marsalai* ran away. The woman and the child slept. In the morning they awoke. She said: "Go and see how the hamlet is." He went. He returned and said: "The hamlet is ruined. Everyone is dead." The child said: "Your husband saw a *marsalai* and didn't tell us. Now everyone is dead. Pigs, dogs, houses—all are ruined."⁶ They two went and bathed. They returned. The child said: "If we stay here, the

belin and as given by Mindibilip) can be much more meaningful, as this method sets Unabelin's reading of the plots against a series drawn from many informants. The sequence in which Unabelin related the stories to me, the interruptions between them for bits of ethnological comment, etc., all form part of his record. He was never asked to tell a myth, and the myths were taken down in the same way and he was remunerated for them at the same rate as for other material.

⁵ I.e., powerless.

⁶ The typical imputed knowledge.

ghosts will kill us." The two got up and went to another hamlet. They told the people there, "Our hamlet is ruined altogether." The men of the other place came. They cut the trees down. They laid them across the roads. They cut down the coconut palms. They fastened the doors of the houses. They returned to their own village. The child grew big. The *marsalai* had pity on him. When he grew big, he married his sister-in-law. She bore a child. They stayed in the new place. She bore another child. Still they stayed.¹

[Then Unabelin continued.]

A man who sees a *marsalai* knows that he is being sorcerized. Also if he has a stomach ache, or a headache, or a backache, he thinks perhaps he is being sorcerized. Then he can get a menstruating woman to come and massage it away. He stands facing her with his right hand raised high in the air, the hand that kills game, plants yams, fastens pigs, and his left hand, slack by his side. So he separates the worthless hand from the good hand. The menstruating woman comes and beats him on the chest, or massages his forehead or his abdomen or his legs. If his wife is menstruating, she can do it. Otherwise any other woman in the place will do.²

If a man is delirious, if he runs about and throws off his G string, they can either hang up rings to the *marsalai* or have a menstruating woman bring water and massage him, or get the leaves of the *abutinibur* plant, cook them, and give it to him to drink.³

¹ We can compare this plot with the Fortune version, hereafter called F. In this, the *marsalai*, angry without cause, kills a hunter's dog and tells the hunter to bid his village mates eat their pigs and copulate with their wives, for that night he will kill them. The hunter does; the people follow the advice; the *marsalai* kills them all except the menstruating woman, the smoke from whose menstrual leaves causes him to drop his stone ax.

The two stories contrast in that in the Unabelin version the *marsalai* is motivated. Far from giving the people advice as to how to spend their dying hours, he simply curses the man with the familiar list of Arapesh sins, of incest and eating own food. The man then fails to tell and only later, in the hindsight of the child who survives, is the cause known to the people. The story is used as a trigger for a longer account of the fate of the woman and child, sole survivors of a village.

² Here Unabelin is simply elaborating the implications of the myth that menstruating women have a power which is antithetical and stronger than that of a *marsalai*, and by rather loose extension, black magic in general.

³ Here Unabelin lists the series of alternative remedies: make an offering to the ghosts; have a menstruating

[Unabelin then went on to give me a long list of taboos connected with growth and *rites de passage*. In my notes there is an introductory organizing statement which apparently replaced some remark by Unabelin of the order of: "Do you know about the taboos that must be kept till the yam sprouts and those which must be kept for a moon?" But the verbatim record is missing. Throughout I have summarized and half quoted without noting which I was doing. I give the material here to preserve the thought continuity only. My notes first state that he described a whole new set of taboos; one set which follows the appearance of body hair on a boy, the swelling of the breasts of a girl, the initiation of a boy, and the first menstruation of a girl. These taboos are supposed to last through planting and harvesting; when the yams sprout in the yam house, the tabooed person can go, break off the sprout of the yam, and all the essence of the dangerous period will pass into the yam, and the taboo period is over. A second set of taboos is marked by moons, must be observed until the moon is full and by careful people can be extended until two or three moons are full. These apply to a man and his wife after childbirth and to those who have handled a corpse.

The things tabooed include cold water, coconut juice, sugar cane, all meat and all the foods that have various specific undesirable traits, like the big things which give boils, or food that makes the ears fast or that makes one lazy.

The armbands are put on a boy in the *tamberan* house to signify these taboos. A shiftless, thoughtless boy will cut them off. A good boy will keep them on, will remember his taboos. Former information that meat must be given to the men who make them is incorrect. The armbands are simply made by those who know how to make them. The present of meat is given to the ceremonial father who cares for the boy in the *tamberan* house, who got meat for him, painted him, took him to bathe, and saw that he was not touched by the branches of the *malib* tree, the *uluban*, or the *wahok*, that he does not tread on the *aduwaitib* vine, lest his skin become grayish as if covered with ashes. This guardian will also get *monkidiabis* and

woman break the taboo against bringing water from the spring, invoke her inherent antithetical quality, or go through a simple magical procedure of preparing a potion with the correct plant.

wash him and make his bed for him. He it is who gets the payment. The sprout (of the yam) is called *ninas*.

The girl who has menstruated (for the first time) keeps the same taboos and ends them with the yam sprout. The taboos for a man are for growth and a good skin; for a woman, for quick menstruation and for growth. Taboos as above, add, also, sugar cane, cucumber, paw-paws, eels, lime, and areca nut, unless *niknik* is mixed with the betel. Smoking is permitted. Lime will break a man's bones, make them crumble. Also tabooed are *agus*, mangoes, big breadfruit, pumpkins, breaking open a young coconut, cutting up meat, or working sago. A man is said to *na sha'alomeshap*, he taboos con-

cerning his G string. A girl is said to '*wa sha'alumnyumeb*, she taboos concerning her breasts.]

In the time of my ancestors when a man first slept with his wife, he told his parents who warned him to keep these same taboos, not to eat meat, not to drink cold water, not to cook food on the fire near which the two slept, and not to eat indiscriminately, not to open coconuts, nor cut sago. But this taboo and [the custom of] ending it with yam sprouts is no longer kept.¹ Instead first intercourse is secret; when a woman is pregnant, then the people know. When the first child is born, the taboos are kept.

THIRD SESSION, JUNE 12, 1932

I'll tell you the story of an ancestor of mine, a man of *Suabibis*, a "grandfather" of mine, and something that happened at the *marsalai* place, Baumen. There are two cassowaries there. Formerly² I forgot their names. Their names are Melemigwi and Nyaunmai. So'openin, he wanted to go and see the people of Ilauwhemit.³ He carried his bow and arrows. He found a cassowary eating berries. He aimed. He shot him. He hit him straight on the head, at the side of the eye. The cassowary fell down over the cliff. He got caught in a rattan vine. Some of the hooked thorns broke, but a few held. If all of the hooked thorns had broken the man would not have gone mad.⁴ One hooked

thorn held and so he went mad. He saw that it was a steep cliff. It was dusk. The fireflies were out. His ears were fast.⁵ He was mad. He went and told the men of Ilauwhemit. They came and found the cassowary. It was dead. They fastened it [to a carrying pole]. They carried it.

Now all Kobelen made a big *tamberan* house. All the *tamberans* came, the *kaol*, *abutings*, the *yauwik*.⁶ The cassowary⁷ was there to devour the initiates. So'openin saw the cassowary.⁸ He went mad. He wanted to kill the cassowary. He was mad and wanted to kill the cassowary and all the others were mad from the *Wanakau*⁹ charm which made them all delirious. The *marsalai* charm was inside So'openin and he wanted

¹ The informant who daydreams of a time when his culture was more consistent than it is now is a very common type. Cf. Omblean of Mundugumor, in Mead, 1935, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," New York, pp. 228-233. Talking to the ethnologist gives such a man a chance to indulge his daydreams; it is probable that in those instances where the ethnologist must depend entirely on retrospective accounts, there is a tendency for the culture to appear internally much more consistent than when it is possible to observe it from day to day. Ombomb, of Alitua, was another type of informant who also misunderstood his culture, in terms of his desire for greater logical consistency. See Mead, 1935, *op. cit.*, pp. 112 *et seq.*

² This refers probably to some question that I had asked him in filling out a list of *marsalai* places. He has now refreshed his memory by asking one of the older men.

³ A hamlet of *Suabibis*, the place of Yauwiyu.

⁴ I.e., the hunter would not have seen what he had done, would not have realized that he had shot at and killed a supernatural creature, but would have believed that he had merely aimed and failed to kill it because it was supernatural. The animals, which are regarded interchangeably

as embodiments of the *marsalai* and as "pigs of the *marsalai*" and sometimes as transformed ghosts of men, are very loosely conceptualized and provide an explanation for a great many unusual hunting incidents.

⁵ I.e., he did not respond sensibly to anything said to him.

⁶ References to different types of sacra; the *kaol* is the long flute, *abuting*, the name applied to the long yams, was also applied to a certain type of mask, shown to the initiates. The Arapesh *tamberan* cult, like the rest of their culture, was a hodgepodge of imported objects.

⁷ Exoteric phrasing for the hereditary incisor who initiates the novices.

⁸ The hereditary incisor wears a costume made of cassowary feathers. Here there is a neat interplay between the man's fear of the cassowary he has killed in a *marsalai* place where the *marsalais* are themselves cassowary, and the appearance of the cassowary-costumed officiant in the *tamberan* rites.

⁹ Another *tamberan* cult supernatural which some missionary investigators had at one time identified as a supreme being.

to kill the cassowary,¹ but they pinioned him. One ancestor of mine was maddened by the *Wanakau* charm. He ran away. One man ran away to Bipin. He threw away his G string. When *Wanakau* maddens a man he throws away his G string and puts flowers in his pubic hair. So'openin went to Kwaragu. They tried to hold him. He said: "Unhand me, I want to kill the cassowary." They tried to hold him. He went down to the river. In spite of its depth, he dived in. He came up [again]. He took a spear. He chased them all. He tried to kill his wife. Now he wanted to tell about the *tamberan*.² All the women ran away. If they came near, he started to tell about the *tamberan*. Only his wife stayed. Then he went into the water again. Then the ghosts³ of Baumen took him. They kept him under the water. For a whole day they kept his spirit under the water. They told him: "By and by, people with white skins will come. A government officer will come. There will be an end to fighting. If people fight they will put them in jail. The white men will bring guns. They will kill men and game and birds. You will throw away your spears. The white man will bring knives. You will throw away your stone axes. You will make roads. You will build government rest houses. You will pay taxes. And you people, your children will mature when they are tiny. One generation will mature when they are this high [indicates about three feet]. The pubic hair will grow out on the boys, the girl's breasts will swell up. They will marry and they will bear children who will mature when they are this high [indicates two feet]. They will marry and bear smaller children. Later on, you will disappear altogether."

So'openin returned from the ghosts. He called his sons, Wagimenin and Enawawen. He told them this. The part about the white man is true. I wonder if the other part is true? If it were, we would not know, for our generation seems tall enough. But how will our descendants be? So'openin lived on. He was a hot-tempered man. If he asked for anything, people gave it to him quickly, for fear he would seize

¹ There is another interesting inversion here, for traditionally it is the cassowary, the man who is the hereditary incisor, who is said to become maddened by the presence of uninitiated boys in the *tamberan* house and to attack them.

² Behavior typical of extreme anger, madness, delirium, and trance.

³ I.e., the spirits of the dead of the gens that owned Baumen.

a spear and kill them. He is dead now. His son still lives. [?] This all happened when Balidu was a boy and being initiated at Kobelen.⁴

[Then he told the story of]:

THE GIRL WHO MARRIED A *Marsalai* AND BORE SNAKE CHILDREN⁵

Everyone was going to a feast. One little girl [about as old as Miduain]⁶ cried. She wished to go. Her parents said: "You stay here with your younger brothers and your younger sisters." It was as if Balidu⁷ went to a feast and told Kumati⁸ and Pidjui⁹ and Nigimarib¹⁰ to remain at home. Or as if Sumali¹¹ went to a feast, when Budagiel¹² was still a child, before her breasts had stood up,¹³ and told her to remain at home with Gerud and Midjulumon and Bopugenon.¹⁴ She said: "I want to go." They said: "You cannot. You remain." They went. She cried and cried and cried. The sun came up a little. It stood over there behind those trees.¹⁵ The sun fell on a tree which had the pepper plant growing on it. A *marsalai* named Melapine of Ablesihim, the same one who took his stone ax and killed all the people of that village except the woman and child in the menstrual hut, came into the village and climbed the tree. The girl stopped crying. She picked up her net bag. She walked along. She came under the tree. She saw the shadow of the man. The sun was behind it and the shadow of the man moved on the ground. She looked up. She saw a fine looking man. He wore a bird of paradise plume in his hair. He was all ornamented. He said: "Are you a ghost or a human being?"¹⁶ She said: "I am a

⁴ Balidu was around 50 at the time.

⁵ This is the fullest recording of Unabelin's idiosyncrasies of narration.

⁶ An Alitua child of about 11.

⁷ A man of Alitua. Note the care with which he attempts to make the myth real to me within the terms of our common experience.

⁸ Kumati, Balidu's eleven-year old daughter.

⁹ Pidjui, Balidu's fifteen-year old son.

¹⁰ Nigimarib, Balidu's eight-year old son.

¹¹ Sumali, the brother of Balidu.

¹² Budagiel was, in 1931, about 22 or 23.

¹³ The usual phrase for a girl's arrival at puberty.

¹⁴ Budagiel's three younger brothers.

¹⁵ This is merely an attempt to make the story vivid, not actually to localize it in Alitua.

¹⁶ This type of confusion between ghosts and *marsalais* is very frequent. It is a stylistic equivalent of the same kind of confusion that sometimes occurs in Manus tales. It does not mean that the Arapesh think that *marsalais* and ghosts are identical, but that both are in a different category from human beings.

woman, not a ghost. Are you a man or a ghost?" He lied, "I am a man." He was decorated for the feast and had come to get pepper plant catkins. While the Abelesihim danced outside, all of the ghosts danced inside.¹ The little girl said: "My parents have all gone to the feast and I stay here alone." He came down from the pepper vine. He said: "Look, turn about and see your mother." She turned. Now the two were in the place of the ghosts, in the place of the *marsalai*. He showed her his house. They sat down. A dead ancestress came up and saw her. She said: "Who told you to come here?" The girl said: "Oh, grandmother, he lied to me. He told me he was a human being and thus I came." The grandmother was angry. She said: "For what did you come here?" The girl said: "Oh, grandmother, he lied." The grandmother was angry. She scolded. She finished scolding. She sat down. It was night. She saw the dancing of the ghosts inside. They feasted. She ate of the feast. She remained in the place of the ghosts. Her breasts stood up. They were ready to fall down.² She menstruated. She menstruated a second time.³ The man went to her now. He copulated with her; he copulated with her; he copulated with her.⁴ Now she was pregnant. He worked and worked.⁵ Her abdomen swelled up. She bore a *nyatemuk* snake. She wept.⁶ She said: "Oh, why did I come to this place? Oh, why, alas, did I come here to bear a snake?" Before, her belly had been swollen. It became larger and larger. Still she did not bring forth. She asked her grandmother: "Grandmother, am I going to die?" Her grandmother answered her. She said: "By and by, you will know. You won't bear a human being. You will bear some-

thing evil."⁷ Now she bore the snake. The snake wanted to suckle. Its head moved like a snake⁸ towards her breast. She shrank away. She repulsed it. She said: "The snake wants to bite me." The *marsalai* was angry. He said: "What do you think you are? This is my child. Suckle it; hold it properly. Go on, hold it, suckle it." She tried to hold it. Its head slithered towards her. She shrank away. She repulsed it. The *marsalai* was angry. He said: "Now what do you think you are? You are my wife. This is my child. Go on, hurry, suckle it, and hold it properly." Now her grandmother came. She said: "Oh, grandmother, I have borne a snake that wants to drink from my breasts." Her grandmother said: "I told you so. Why did you come here?" Now, when her husband was near, she closed her eyes tightly and turned her head away, and suckled the snake child. But if he went traveling, she squeezed milk from her breast into a coconut shell from which she fed the snake. It grew and grew. She weaned it.

The *marsalai* copulated, copulated, copulated with her again. She became pregnant. Her belly grew big. All said: "This man is a *marsalai*. Later, she will bear a snake." Before, her grandmother had told her. Now, she thought, when she was pregnant for such a long time: "Alas, this too is a snake." She was delivered. It was a *lauwan* snake. She said: "Oh, grandmother, this snake will eat me." But her grandmother said: "No, these are his children." [Here the whole nursing procedure, her repulsion, the *marsalai*'s insistence, etc., are repeated in detail.] Now the *lauwan* was a big child. The men went journeying. Her grandmother came to her. She said: "Conceal this [i.e., my words]. When your man sleeps, boil water." The girl sharpened his stone ax. At dawn he came from the dance. All the ghosts were at a dance. All had assumed the appearance of men and left their snake skins⁹ in the big *tamberan* house. Her

¹ Here I interrupted with a question: "What do you mean by *inside*?" "Inside! Oh, in the earth and in the clouds." The vagueness of this answer is typical of the Arapesh lack of interest in any firm frame of reference.

² The Arapesh believe that with intercourse the cords which link a woman's breasts to her vulva are loosened and relaxed and so her breasts lose their stiffness and become pendulous. Too precocious sex activity may prevent this normal loosening.

³ A second menstruation is the minimum of time which a man is absolutely enjoined to wait before having intercourse with a just nubile girl.

⁴ When normal married life is described, as when a betrothed girl reaches puberty and the marriage is consummated, the copulation mentioned is single. This is then an excessive amount of sexuality.

⁵ Copulated repeatedly to "fasten" the child.

⁶ *Nyatemuk* snakes are all believed to be feminine.

⁷ The penalty of coming in too close contact with a *marsalai* is that a woman will bear a snake, a monster, or a dead log of wood. The log of dead wood occurs again in the ceremonial for a widow. It represents both the snake, which is over-masculinity, and the blighting, cold, death-dealing power of excessive feminine sexuality.

⁸ Here the narrator indicated with his hand the motion of a snake's head towards his breast. The group of male Arapesh shuddered in repulsion. The story was told in our house, and I was the only woman present.

⁹ *Marsalais* can change from snakes to men at will. Although the ghosts are never specifically said to have this

grandmother told her to make palm torches. Her grandmother said: "Wait till he comes. Boil water." He came when it was dark. He went to the *tamberan* house. He got his skin.¹ He slept in one end [of the house]. The woman slept in the other. Her grandmother called her. She asked: "Is the water boiling?" She said: "Not yet." She filled a big pot. She boiled water. Her grandmother asked her: "Is the water boiled?" She said: "Not yet. Soon." Her grandmother said again: "Have you sharpened the ax?" She said: "Yes." Her grandmother said: "Make the water very hot." The snake children were sleeping on the side. She got up. She took the stone ax.² Her grandmother sat down close by. She said: "Aim straight. Don't miss." She took up the ax. The *marsalai* had a huge head, as big as that box.³ She took the ax and hit him on the neck. He stirred. She hit him again. Still he moved. She hit him again. Now his head broke open and the kernel⁴ came out. Her grandmother said: "Have you killed him completely?" She said: "Cut him up and put him in the pot." The water boiled him.⁵ She took the ax. She went to the snake children. She hit the *nyatemuk*⁶ twice. It died. She hit the *lauwan*. It died. They remained. She put them in the pot with their father. She put wood on the fire. She boiled them. Now, the skin on their bones loosened. The grandmother said: "Is it all right?" "Yes, soon the skin will break." Again, the grandmother asked and she said: "Soon." Now the skin on the cheeks of the *marsalai* loosened. His teeth showed through like the teeth of a pig when we boil a pig's head. Now his belly broke open. The skin on his buttocks broke. The woman said: "The father is all

right. He is cooked." The grandmother asked: "And how are the children?" The woman said: "*Nyatemuk*'s teeth have gone to pieces. The skin is broken." She looked at the *lauwan*. The skin was broken. She said: "All right, they are done." Her grandmother said: "All right, go and throw them away on the edge of the village." She did so. She returned to her grandmother. They lit the palm leaf torches. They went to the *tamberan* house. Her grandmother went inside and got her *nyatemuk* snake skin.⁷ Now they fired the house. They lit it here and there and on the other side. They lit it on all sides. The house flared up. The skins of all those ghosts who had gone to the feast were dried up and burned.⁸ The girl said: "Now, I wish to go to my village." The grandmother said: "Get your things first." She got her net bag. Then she said: "And now what, grandmother? What do I do?" Her grandmother said: "We'll sit down for a while." They sat down. They talked, they talked. Now, it was dawn. All the ghosts returning from the feast fell dead on the road, because their skins were burnt. Now her grandmother said: "Turn and look at your mother." She turned. She was sitting down in her own village. She said: "Oh, where is my grandmother?" Her parents, her brothers, and her sisters held her fast. She said: "You wronged me and I went to the place of the ghosts." They cried: "No, you cried. That was all." She said: "An ancestress rescued me. Had she not been there I would have stopped until I died." They all said: "Oh, a stranger has come."⁹ She fell down. She fainted. They brought nettles.¹⁰ They rubbed her skin. For two days she lay unconscious. Then she got up and

power, in the legends, ghosts and *marsalais* are lumped together and both given this attribute.

¹ By implication, he assumes here the form of a snake, not of a man, which is important in understanding the affect of the subsequent events.

² Note that the stone ax belongs to the *marsalai*. It is a symbol of his power. When the menstruating woman sits on it, in the legend of "The stone ax of the *marsalai* and the menstrual hut sanctuary" (p. 323), the *marsalai* loses his power to kill. His wife, is, therefore, using his own power against him.

³ A trade box on my verandah, where the story was being told.

⁴ Using the same word as for the kernel of a nut.

⁵ Boiling water is used to destroy the death-dealing magical property of a *marsalai* place when it is poured over exuviae which have been buried in the *marsalai* place.

⁶ The eldest snake child.

⁷ A characteristic blurring of sex distinctions among ghosts and *marsalais* is evidenced by the grandmother's entering the *tamberan* house. This may possibly be owing to the equation of the old with the dead. A woman past the menopause is not treated with the same ritual care and exclusion from the men's secrets as is one before the menopause.

⁸ Note here that it is the snake form, i.e., the most masculine form of the ghosts, which is destroyed by the girl's vengeful act. This masculine embodiment had been in the house that shelters the male cult.

⁹ Unabelin knew the words for this, but they were not in ordinary Arapesh speech, thus indicating a possible foreign origin of at least part of the legend. He could translate the whole phrase, as it had been explained to him, but the elements were strange.

¹⁰ Nettles are used regularly to restore people who have fainted, or to assuage pain, as in childbirth. Those that they use are very sharp and act as effective counter-stimulants.

told them everything. (She was a woman when she returned to the village.)¹

[Then, without a break, Unabelin told the story off]:

THE SAGO CUTTING AT WHICH THE BIRDS
GOT THEIR CHARACTERISTICS²

All the birds, the lizards, the locusts, all were cutting sago. They were all people. Kuluk, a locust, washed the sago. Mokolobuni,³ a *marsalai*, sat by a fire. He had six spears. The *bolobolok* bird went to get leaves to wrap up the sago. The *tabali* bird went to get vines to tie it up. Napunigu, a lizard, went to get coconut sheath in which to strain it. *Tabok* palm⁴ and *uluban* palm,⁵ who were then two women, came carrying the sago. The *'abaun* bird cut the sago and mucus came up in its nose. The *niminiagu* bird sat close to the sago bark trough in which the sago was being washed. Cockatoo and

'Ukun, a red bird, sat on a tree near by. Kulik sat near the fire waiting for others to come. The sago bark trough was full. *'Ukun*, red parrot, went to the trough and saw his reflection in the water. He said to the cockatoo: "My face is red. My nose is good. I am an exceedingly handsome fellow." The cockatoo said: "My hair is white. I am really very good looking." At this time he didn't have a comb, that stopped still with the flying fox. *'Ukun* said: "My skin is red. I am better looking. Your white skin is bad. My red skin is good. I excel. I am a handsome fellow. You are not." The cockatoo said: "No, I, who am very white, am best." So they argued, they argued, they argued. *'Ukun* got angry. He took a stone adze. He broke the cockatoo's head. He flew off calling like a bird. He could no longer talk like a man. *Uluban* threw down her sago and stood up, no longer a woman, but a tree. *Tabok* held on to her sago and stood up, also a tree. Now when we cut open a *tabok* tree there is sago in it, but the heart of the *uluban* tree is no good [for food]. Kulik ran and took up a fire-brand. Mokolobuni, the *marsalai* with the red eyes [he who helped men in the story of "Pigs who plotted to fasten men"],⁶ took his spears and shot the *kulik*. One, two, three, all ran off in different directions into the grass. If he had not shot them, Kulik would have put the fire-brand in the water and there would have been no fire for man. Mokolobuni saved the fire for man. Now the *kulik* calls out at dusk, "*gugu gugu gugu*." The *tabali* bird brought the vine and saw the fight. He went off and made himself a nest of the vine *nyimugis*. Whenever we see the nest of the *tabali*, it is made of this vine. The monitor lizard had gone to cut dry coconut leaves for torches. He came back and saw the fight and went off pulling the coconut leaves after him. Now when the monitor lizard walks about, he makes a sound like the dragging of dry coconut leaves through the bush. *'Ukun* went on top. *Bolobolok* bird came, saw it all, ran away, crying out "*Oh ai ya! oh ai ya!*" The *napunigu* lizard saw that they had all fought. He hung the coconut sheath around his chin; it hangs there still. The *niminiagu* bird got up and poured the water off the sago. He broke the sago and put a little on each cheek. You can still see the spots. They waited for days. The *kabaun* bird came and saw the cockatoo holding

¹ This last phrase means that time had actually transpired, although the previous sentences in which the people of the village first treat her as if she had merely been ill or asleep belie this. There is confusion in the narrator's mind as to whether to refer this story to a dream or to treat it as an actual occurrence. This same confusion was also apparent in his response on the Rorschach test. He always wavered between the vividness of his imaginings and a tendency to explain matters in realistic terms.

With this story I recorded very fully Unabelin's idiosyncrasies of story telling, his invocation of familiar persons, and the way he ties up the *marsalai* villain of this story with the *marsalai* villain of the previous story. In the version recorded by Fortune, the woman is already full grown, and her *marsalai* abductor hides her in a menstrual hut and sends his sisters to find her. She sleeps with them and discovers that they are snakes. Her *marsalai* husband takes her to the road where her human husband will pass, but he repudiates her, and she lives with the *marsalai* and bears him twins, a human being and a snake. Her sisters-in-law advise her to strangle the human being, but she refuses and kills the snake with poisonous grass, and with the help of a grandfather kills and boils the *marsalai*, and burns down the ghostly *tamberan* house, and returns with her human child to the village. Here the people are frightened and the spirits take the slices of the dead snake husband and the slices of yam. The end is inconclusive, whereas Unabelin rounds off his ending. There is none of the preoccupation with the repulsion felt by the mother in suckling the snake child, and the human child which she brings back with her forms a link with the repulsive past, whereas in the Unabelin version it is broken cleanly.

² In this story Unabelin vacillated between Liwo dialect and Alitoe dialect; e.g., Kabaun, 'abaun.

³ A lizard-embodied *marsalai*. He appears also in the legend of "the pigs who plotted to fasten men," p. 339.

⁴ A species of sago palm.

⁵ *Limum* (P. E.), palm.

⁶ This cross reference is characteristic of Unabelin.

on to a branch of the *uluban* palm. His sore was a huge one. He drooped on the branch. Cockatoo said to Kabaun: "Oh, my mother's brother. You do what? You walk and I, I shall soon die. You don't take care of me." Kabaun flew away. He found a tree with a hollow in it. He went inside. He made the place straight. He put a pillow there. He went back to the cockatoo. He sat down and took the cockatoo on his back. He flew off calling "*ku what! ku what!*" He came to the hole. He put the cockatoo in. He told his wife, Biok, to get water and firewood and cook food for the cockatoo. Kabaun went and hunted. He found food. He worked sago. His wife cooked it.

Before, they were human beings. Then they all quarreled and fought and now they are birds. Now the sore of the cockatoo dried up. But his joints were no good. His arms were shriveled and shrunken. Kabaun got a piece of bamboo. His wife cut the cockatoo's hair. Now Kabaun went traveling. He met Flying Fox. He saw the flying fox's comb. He deceived him. He said: "Oh, grandfather, give me that comb to wear in my hair." Flying Fox said: "No, it's mine for my hair." If Kabaun hadn't stolen it, it would still be on the flying fox. Kabaun returned to the cockatoo. He said: "Oh, my sister's son! I saw such a beautiful comb on the flying fox. It would look lovely on you. Your hair is white and his is black. But he wouldn't give it to me." Cockatoo said: "Oh, mother's brother! Why didn't you get it for me?" Kabaun said: "You wait." Kabaun, when he left Flying Fox, had looked at the road, so he would know it. He saw a nest of thorny rattan through which he could fly, but which had thorns which would catch the flying fox. He noticed this carefully. Now he went back to the flying fox. He deceived him. The two chewed betel nut. He did not talk of the comb for fear the flying fox would guess his plan to steal it and take it out of his hair and put it in his net bag. Now Kabaun picked up his net bag. He put it on his shoulder. He took up his adze. He got up. Now he snatched the comb and flew off with it. Flying Fox took up a spear. He threw it, in vain. He flew after Kabaun. Kabaun called: "*Ku what! hu what!*" Flying Fox called out: "*Nye! nye! nye! nye' nyak!*" If Flying Fox flew up, Kabaun flew down; if Flying Fox flew down, Kabaun flew up. If Flying Fox circled one way, Kabaun circled the other. The breath

of the flying fox grew short. Now Kabaun went through the hole in the rattan tangle which he had seen before. The thorns pierced the wings of the flying fox. He hung there, wailing. He tried to escape. He could not. Kabaun returned to the cockatoo. He said: "Sister's son, there is something for you." Cockatoo said: "*Haiya haiya haiy.*" Kabaun said: "Never mind talking, try it on." Cockatoo put it on the back of its head. It was not right. Now he put it in the front. This was fine. He said: "All right?" Kabaun said: "Fine." Cockatoo walked about. He stood up. He cocked his head on one side, his crest fell over. He cocked it on the other side, his crest fell over. Kabaun said: "All right, it shall stay with you." Now cockatoo's sore was dry. He said: "Mother's brother, I'll go now. You have cared for me for many days. What would you like?" Kabaun said: "I don't want anything. That's all. If you go and eat coconuts, leave the water for me. Before, you were dying. I brought you here. I cared for you. My wife got you food and water. I fed you. I hunted for you. I worked sago for you. I fed you and made you big.¹ I worked hard for you. I got the comb for you. I cured your sore. I do not want all things, only this, that you should open young coconuts for me to drink the juice."

And that is the fashion of these two birds to this day. If Cockatoo opens a young coconut he calls out: "*Haiya! haiya! Haiya! hele!*" And Kabun answers, "*Ku what! ku what! ku what!*" and comes and drinks the juice.²

[Then Unabelin said]: I will tell you about the recent Suapali feast. We all went into the big forest. We hunted. We set traps. I got one tree rat. Polip got an opossum. We got lots of small rats. The very small ones we ate. The big ones we cut up and smoked. We found some eggs. The *tutul* found plenty of *oshogu* grubs. After three days Polip returned to the village to hear news of [the progress of] the feast [plans]. We stayed in the forest. We took poi-

¹ Note here the speech of parents to children and husbands to wives. The phrase, "I fed you and made you big," slips in unnoticed, although it is inapplicable here.

² There is very little difference between the Unabelin version and the F version of this tale, except for the ending. The F version ends with the flying fox caught in the tangle; the Unabelin version brings it down to a reciprocal relationship between the two birds today. It is significant that, where the human relationships are minimal and the plot element simple, the stories are so similar when told by different narrators.

sonous tree bark. We threw it in the river. We caught one eel; another; one frog; another eel, making four; another, making five. At dusk we came up to the village. We ate. We slept. In the morning I tried to boil some sago. It was no good. When I poured the water out on it, it did not coagulate. It was still liquid. I broke the pot which belonged to Polip's wife. I was angry. She was angry. She said: "Why did you break the pot?" I said: "Am I¹ a woman to cook sago? Am I a woman that I should know how to look after pots? I am a man. I cooked in it and it broke." We ate bad sago. Then we went to Liwo to await the government patrol.² We waited. No patrol. The *tultul*³ stayed and we returned. We went to our forest hamlet. Ilauto'a and Taumulimen⁴ brought meat to us. Kule and Alis had found it. One opossum, one tree kangaroo, one red opossum, one opossum, with one kangaroo, one cassowary, six⁵ in all. They gave Polip the opossums. They gave Aden back a half cassowary and an opossum. They gave So'openin a half cassowary and the kangaroo. Polip boiled sago for the two women and garnished it with a marsupial rat which my father had brought in from its burrow. My two little brothers caught a lot of little rats.⁶ We went down. We laid out the [smoked] meat.⁷ We had dug taro.

I had dug taro [in the garden] of one cross-cousin; Polip, in that of another. Two other cross-cousins gave us taro and a [marsupial] rat. Yaniman sent an opossum and a marsupial rat. We arranged the meat. We had *wiwis wabelin*. *Ashue'bis* had *wiwis wabelin*. Together

¹ This was rhetoric as feast cooking was a usual men's activity.

² When a government patrol is expected, the natives are often kept waiting about for days, sometimes on purely false rumors.

³ It would have been more serious for the *tultul*, with his governmental interpreter function, to be absent than for the others, whose main function would be to act as carriers.

⁴ Wives of Kule and Alis of Alitoa.

⁵ Mentioning the unit, six.

⁶ This account is of interest in showing how a hunt is thought about, but the identification of the animals is exceedingly loose. Pidgin terms change their reference from area to area, and there were many instances where we never saw an example of one of the animals for which we knew the Arapesh word.

⁷ See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitoa," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 300.

⁸ Feast measures of contributed game.

this made *sinoken*.⁸ We cooked food for ourselves. We went down to the olem [river]. We bathed. We climbed the hill. We waited for the men of *Ashue'bis*. We entered Suapali. We laid out the taro in the plaza. When the women finished laying out the taro, we laid out the meat. Siaken made the speeches. He assigned each pile, this for that one, this to that one. They gave the acknowledgment shouts. They killed the mud hen. It was dark. They said: "Tonight we will give you an informal meal. Tomorrow we will give you the formal meal. Now you will just eat."⁹ That afternoon the *luluai*, Lomoto, beat his first wife. We said: "Don't do that. She is in the hands of sorcerers already."¹⁰ Don't beat her, or she will sicken and die. She has been about too much. She certainly is already sorcerized."¹¹ Previously, when she was betrothed to Lomoto, he went away to work [for the white man]. She stayed with his brother. She menstruated. She waited. Lomoto did not return. She ran away with Wapiduan. Lomoto's elder brother made a court case of it. A police boy came and said that she was to wait for her husband. She stayed with her husband's brother. She ran away with Wapiduan again. She ran away to a little place called Rautai. There was no one there. Watien, Kamiel, and others followed her. They traced her to the little village. They searched the houses. They found one which was not fastened tightly. They raised one of the door slats made of sago bark. They peeped in. They saw the two asleep under a blanket.¹² The woman raised her head. She saw them. She nudged Wapiduan. Outside they surrounded the house. He got up. He put on his *luluai's* hat. One of those outside

⁹ One of the interesting problems of field method is the relationship between an account of an event, the event when witnessed and recorded by the ethnologist, and the event as pictured by the camera and so interpreted directly by the reader. For the student who wishes to do this, it is possible to compare the account in the *Diary* of Balidu's feast, *passim*, and the photographs of feasting published in Mead, 1934, "How the Papuan plans his dinner," *Nat. Hist.*, vol. 34, no. 4, pp. 337-388.

¹⁰ At a feast there are always those who try to clamp down any rising friction which may spoil the feast itself. The crowded village, the hunger and weariness of the hosts, and the anxiety lest the food and firewood not hold out all conspire to make people unusually quarrelsome.

¹¹ This is a clear statement of the way in which promiscuity makes one vulnerable, and how this very vulnerability can be used as an argument to reduce the type of behavior aroused in others by promiscuity.

¹² Trade blanket.

said: "Father's sister, come out." She came to the door. Siako, the cross-cousin of her betrothed, pulled her by the arm. The others seized her. They beat her with a rattan. Once, twice, three times, they beat her. Now she fainted. She was a wreck. Watien intervened. He said: "Don't kill her." Siako said: "So, the son of my mother's brother is dead, is he, that you run away with another? Are you a mad woman? Why do you run away with another? You wicked creature!" He beat her more. Wapiduan wanted to come down. They pushed him back. They said: "Did you pay for this woman? Where are the rings that you paid¹ for her? You have no shame who come and steal the wife of another!"

They dragged her down to the river's edge. She drank water. Her eyes cleared, but her body was a wreck. They wanted to hang a stone on her back to teach her. But Whoiban intervened. "You have beaten her enough. It would be bad if she died." They scolded her. They shamed her completely. They took her to the sister of her betrothed who was married in Suabibis. They said: "It is not good for her to stay near that man, or she will run away again." She said: "They told me that Lomoto had lost all his teeth and become an old man. Soon his hair will be white,² they said." Siako said: "Oh, you went to Rabaul, did you? You saw my cross-cousin? You saw with your own eyes that he had no teeth?" The girl stayed on. She grew tall. Now Lomoto came. Previously his sister [with whom the girl had stayed] had died and she was sent to his brother. Lomoto was angry at the girl. He said: "So you thought I had become an old man, did you? Look at my teeth. Which are missing? Is it the top ones? Is it the bottom ones?" The girl was embarrassed. She only said: "I thought you were an old man." Now, as is the way with women when they first see their men, her flesh was filled with desire. She made the bed. She said: "We will sleep." But Lomoto was still angry. He called out for Wapiduan to come and fight. But Wapiduan

didn't want to fight. Then we all went to a feast at Yauwiya and Lomoto came. He was angry with us too.

[Why Lomoto was angry with Madjeke and his children].

He had paid for Ibah, our sister. But Watien alienated the mother of Anyuai's husband. She had been married to my "brother." She had borne him two children. If Watien had not carried her off [the mother of Anyuai's husband] Ibah would have married Lomoto. But the father of the doctor boy of Liwo said: "Oh, and is my cross-cousin [father's sister's son] to live alone without a woman to cook his food?"³ All the men of *Whoibanibis* wanted to take Ibah. My father was determined. He would have none of it. Now Whoiban deceived father. He said: "Let's go to Wihun." Father went. I, Polip, Anyuai's husband, and Amito'a, we all went to Bugahain to gather the red *aran* fruit. Ibah went with us. We found some fruit and cooked it. Sister and Amito'a got some. I was about the size⁴ of Segenamoya, Polip was like Midjulumon, Tonogenven was like Dubomaga. It was a showery day. At noon it cleared. We climbed the hill. A leech bit Tonogenven. He cried out: "There are many leeches here. Look out!"⁵ The doctor boy and Ipagu and Yelusha were hidden on the road. They heard his cry. They were there to ambush us. I was a child. If I had been as big as I am now, I would have fought them. Sister and Amito'a came up. We saw footprints in the road. We said: "Whose prints are these?" The footprints ceased suddenly. But we were only children. We said: "Whose prints are these?" They were well hidden. Ipagu, Amito'a's brother, was hidden close by. Yelusha and the doctor boy were hidden a longer way off. Ipagu held a bush in front of him as a screen. Suddenly, we were in the midst of them. Ipagu came up. He seized my sister's hand. He threw away her net bag of fruit. She screamed. He picked her up and

¹ As actually all of these rings are returned, this is a form of speech appropriate to wife-buying cultures, which here merely refers to the legalities involved.

² The whole unreliability of Arapesh conceptions of age which result in mismatings in which the girl outstrips the boy and reaches adolescence first, plus the weary waiting of post-nubile girls for the work boys to whom they are betrothed and who do not return all conspire to make this nightmare vivid.

³ This is the familiar Arapesh phrasing by which aggressive anger is acceptable when phrased as *on behalf of* another.

⁴ About the age of these Alitoea little boys of six to seven.

⁵ This memory is a very characteristic Arapesh touch, associating one kind of trouble with another. Cf. the time that Kaberman was bitten by a centipede on his return to Alitoea and the torrent of trouble that was released. See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitoea," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 352.

threw her over his shoulder. We cried and ran away. We were only children. Amto'a went and pulled at my sister's right hand. Amto'a was always like that. She was a strong woman. Ipagu pulled and Amto'a pulled. Amto'a rebuked her brother. She said: "You let her go. Otherwise, my brother-in-law will beat me for this." But the doctor boy said: "No. My father's cross-cousin has no wife. Your side stole her. All right. Now we are repaying it." We stood at the side crying. Amto'a cursed them all. She threw away her load of *aran* fruit. They carried off Ibah. She only cried for a little distance. Then she stopped crying. They had told her of the plan. She was ready to go. We came up to the village. Now the news spread. Mother beat the *garamut*. Father was returning from Wihun. He stood still in Alipinagle and listened to the *garamut*. He said: "Oh, they have come and had a fight over Ibah."¹ Whoiban knew all about it. He heard the *garamut* and he knew that they had carried off Ibah. Whoiban had lied and persuaded father to go. But Whoiban said nothing to father. They came to our road. They stood on the hill and called out, asking what was wrong. We answered from the village. "The men of *Whoibanibis* have carried off Ibah." Father stood up and cursed and insulted them all: "What, you have no rings! You don't pay for your women, eh! You just carry them off, do you?" He beat the *garamut*. Three and four days passed. They all found rings and came. The man who married Ibah stood a long way off. He was ashamed. Wahlenyepe, father's *buanyin*, came up. He told the others to stay back and he would go first. Now there was a big quarrel. Father wanted to hurl spears. Wahlenyepe said: "Younger brother"—that is what he called my father—"hurl [them] if you wish." My father did not. Now they brought the big rings. Father said: "Put them away, lest I smash them." Now they talked, talked, talked. Father's anger was cooled. He said: "All right. Bring the rings. I'll look at them." Then he said: "Tell my daughter to come up." My sister came up. Her husband still hid. I was a child. I came upon him and his friends on the road. I wanted to run away. They called me. They said: "Sit down with us." My sister came up to the village. After dark her husband came up.

My father said: "Never mind. Let all of them come up and sit down. Stop hiding about in the bush, or I'll get angry again." They all came up. They slept. In the morning they wanted to return to their village. Father told me to go with my sister. I didn't want to. They all tried to persuade me. I refused. They said: "You go, lest she be homesick. Now she has seen her village and she is sorrowful. You go with her and sleep with her and then she will not be sorrowful." But I did not want to go. So they all went and my sister wept on the road. In two or three days they all came back to wait for the fight.² Another *Whoibanibis* woman had married a man of *Suabibis* and then run away with a Suapali man. So now they carried off a *Suabibis* woman betrothed to a Suapali man. They carried off two, and the other side carried off two. It was avenged. They quarreled and quarreled about it, and then the talk stopped.

These events which I have told you took place about 10 or 12 years ago.

We fastened a pig for the Yauwiya feast. Our *buanyins* fastened one. A "mother's brother" gave one. *Ashue'bis* fastened one. Ibah fastened one to make clear her road.³ The *luluai* of Liwo fastened one. The day came when they were to take them [the pigs]. Lomoto was angry. He stayed in his small hamlet. We heard the news that Lomoto had come home from Rabaul. Lomoto said: "You men of *Suabibis*! You cannot come to the Yauwiya feast. If you bring rings to me you can come. If I say that you can come, you can. If I say you cannot, you must stay at home."⁴ We bestirred ourselves. Whoiban got a string of dog's teeth. Father got three rings. We left the pigs and we went. When we got close to the place Lomoto seized a spear and threatened us. My father said: "A cross-cousin of yours did wrong. He carried off a woman. *Whoibanibis* carried off Ibah to avenge this." They talked and talked, angrily. Finally his [Lomoto] elder brother said: "That's enough. Make an end to it." We came up now. We brought the pigs. We danced. Whoiban took the rings and made the speech. He made a good speech. Lomoto lis-

¹ Another controversy.

² Define her place in the social structure.

³ This prohibition was in terms of the formal procedure by which pigs cannot pass through an intervening village on their way to a feast without being nominally received and passed on by men of the intervening village.

¹ This is the customary inversion of knowledge.

tened to it. His temper was made good [by it]. Whoiban gave the rings and the string of dog's teeth to Ibah's husband. Ibah's husband handed them to Lomoto. With one hand they gave and received the rings, with the other hand they shook hands.¹

Now the talk died down. Lomoto said to Ibah: "Why did you go?" She said: "They carried me off in revenge for Sua." He said: "If I had been here, I would have married you. But I was away and they carried you off. Never mind, let the talk die." They laid out food for us. We slept. In the morning we went to Yauwiya and took some pigs. We came back. We got more pigs, took them, came home, got more pigs, took them. All the pigs were taken. Now we fought [ceremonially] with [spears of] elephant grass. We battered down one house, the house of an old man. He was angry. He said: "Where will I sleep now?" He went off to the forest. They prepared a feast. We stayed two days. The third day they repaid the pigs. The little pigs were returned in Yauwiya. The big pigs we received in Yaminip. We received three pigs, one boar and two sows. One they simply gave freely, to father. We had not fastened a pig² [they simply gave it to us]. We cut it, we gave it to our *buanyins*. We cut another, we carried it, we arrived there, across a little river, at the small place of previous enemies. This is the end of this narrative.

[This all happened in 1920 or 1922 or so. Now he returns to an account of the afternoon in June, 1932, at the Suapali feast.]

When Lomoto beat his wife, we took her part. We said: "Don't beat her. She is a good woman. She is hospitable. When we come she hastens to bring us fire, to cook us food. Who is this young second wife, anyway? Does she hasten to bring us food?" So'openin stood up and demanded a ring from Lomoto because his wife had insulted him. But my father said: "No, he is not a sister's son of yours.³ He's a sister's son of mine. If anyone is to receive a ring, let it be me. But we brought up this woman. My sister, his mother, fed her. She grew her. She made her big. This is really his wife. His family

fed her and reared her. His quarrel with her is simply the affair of the two of them. Never mind about their quarrels and never mind about the second wife. She is not hospitable [anyway]."

Lomoto had married his second wife, whom he inherited,⁴ without asking his first wife. So his first wife was angry. The two wives were always quarreling. The first wife used a rattan root [as a weapon]. The second wife fought with a [wooden] stirring stick. Finally, the second wife ran away to her brother. It was now, because there was a big feast, that she wanted to appear in the village. And the first wife was angry and quarreled with Lomoto.

In the morning they all made the feast for us. Half a pig, marsupial rat, opossum. One of them put down food for one of us, another of them put down food for another of us. They mashed the taro. They made sago croquettes. The women gave food to everyone. Then they said: "Let us dance." The *tamberan* was sounding⁵ in the house. The Nugum⁶ men came carrying a pig. Siolen, the brother of Nyenyele, the *tultul* of Suapali, had taken rings to them and bought⁷ a pig. They carried it, they came. They slept at Seleginok [a small hamlet of Numidipiheim]. We stayed on. They arrived. They battered the house. They pelted us with leaves. They slashed us with elephant grass. They beat the "trunk"⁸ of the feast. They stood on the plaza. Palaheu made the *saigu*. A man of Nugum made a speech in the Abelap language. Those people who could understand heard the speech. They threw lime at the feast givers. They sang about the pig. They cooked food. They laid it out. They cooked food for us. They cooked food for all the men who had just newly come. They arranged the [piles of] ripe coconuts from one end of the village to the other. We helped⁹ them prepare the food. We mashed the

⁴ Betrothed or wife of a deceased male relative.

⁵ Flutes and *garamuts*.

⁶ Nugum is a general term for the people to the southeast of the Arapesh.

⁷ Such a transaction conducted through trade friends and possibly affinal connections is nevertheless somewhat out of the intra-Arapesh language feasting pattern. However, the inclusion of the Nugum people in the ceremonial suggests an emphasis on affinal ceremonial rather than trade-friend relationship.

⁸ Originator of the feast.

⁹ Here, those originally received with ceremony are absorbed into the feast-giving group. Arapesh feasts are a process by which the contributors are first treated formally, even if they include own gens members who have done the

¹ Custom imported from white contact, common among returned work boys, and often an official greeting between men who have "hats," i.e., government-appointed village office.

² For which this pig was a return.

³ Who would have a right, *qua* his relationship, to demand reparations when his relative had suffered himself to be insulted.

taro and made the taro croquettes. Now we beat the *garamut* and called out to everyone to come. Now all the men of Yauwiya came. They "killed the mud hen."¹ They marched up and down the line of coconut piles. They chopped open some of the coconuts. They were all dressed up. They had all put on paint. They wore bird of paradise feathers. The women wore red pieces of cloth on their heads as they do² in dancing. We all sat down. Now Komawe'u of Yauwiya got up and made a speech. All the men of Suapali were angry.³ They said: "Who are you to talk first?⁴ We who cook first, talk first. You who eat, talk later." No one answered them. They laid out the feast food. They put two plates aside for *Wanakau*.⁵ If it were a big feast, two pigs would be set aside for *Wanakau*, one eaten by one side and one by the other. And the man who held the feathered feast-announcing staff would pass it over the two pigs. The food was in two rows, one for the men, one for the women. Three plates were set aside for the *tamberans*, the flutes of Aihe, Seginayak, and Wapi-duan.—These are the three men who brought flutes from Yauwiya.—They laid out more food. They distributed it. They laid out more food. They distributed it. Last, they put the ungar-nished sago on the leaves for the women.⁶ Then the food for the "trunk." Now Yauwiya distributed the food indiscriminately to everyone. Then again Suapali was angry over the order of the speech making. They repeated the speech they had made before. They wrangled and

wrangled. Finally, they all sat down. Then the *tultul* of Suapali talked, then the *tultul* of Bipin,⁷ now Yauwiya talked, then a man of Kotai, then a man of Bugabihiem, then father. The *tamberan* sounded. Food was sent inside [the *tamberan* house]. It was dark. Still the speeches went on. Each man who had spoken before, spoke once again, making twice for each man. Father wished to speak. The *tamberan* sounded so strong that no one could hear him.⁸ Father said: "*Tamberan* belonging to the 'trunk' of this feast, keep quiet, while we talk first about this feast." The *tamberan* paid no attention. Father was angry. He sat down. Watien made a speech. The *tamberan* sounded and sounded and no one could hear him. Now, all were angry. One man said: "If we big men want to speak, the *tamberan* and the women and children should keep still. When we big men of the west want to speak, they should be silent." Now everyone went to sleep. In the morning, they fed us. Some of our party returned home. Polip, So'openin, Yauwiyu, Agilapwe, and I stayed. The men of Ilawhemit⁹ killed an opossum and cut a pig. They made a feast for the men who weren't fed the day before. People of Kobelen, Umanep, and Aotogi came up. In the evening we went into the *tamberan* house and played and played [music]. A cross-cousin of mine came in also. Now they all wished to remove the feces¹⁰ of the *tamberan*. Some young men laughed.

Now a big man of Bugabihiem came into the house. He put on the cassowary [costume].¹¹ He wanted to devour the young Yauwiya men who were in there and who had not been initiated.

hunting, and then absorbed into the group, vis-a-vis some more outside group.

¹ Ceremonial acceptance of the food gifts.

² This use of red cloth as part of the dancing costume had become standard among the Arapesh. Such pieces of red cloth were one of the recruiting premiums paid by the labor recruiter at the time that the boys left the village.

³ These feasts are accompanied by so much ceremonial hostility that in an account it is virtually impossible to tell which is ceremonial and which has become real. The Arapesh themselves are continually tricked into moving over from anger assumed because it is appropriate to a ceremonial occasion to real anger, particularly because real events which have caused friction are likely to be invoked in either type of speech. Undoubtedly something happens also which is analogous to Moreno's "warming up" process as a man brandishes his spear and shouts his defiance. (See Moreno, A., 1935, "Who shall survive," Baltimore.)

⁴ Who talks first is a subject on which there are several conflicting lines of pedantry, so that it is always possible to make it an occasion for either ceremonial or real hostility.

⁵ Supernatural name associated with *tamberan* cult.

⁶ Who had cooked.

⁷ This coincidence of *tultuls* may be due to association—in the minds of the speechmakers who tend to identify one government official with another, as if their personal names were the same—may be merely Unabelin's preference for this form of identification to save mentioning so many names that I did not know. Government appointees are likely either to be men of some prominence or to become so through exercising the slender prerogatives of their office.

⁸ The conventional phrasing is that the young men beat the *garamuts* and blow the flutes as hard as they can to drown out the speeches of the old men, because the old men are quarrelsome and less responsible and may say something that will lead to a fight and break up the feast.

⁹ Hamlet of Yauwiya.

¹⁰ Exoteric phrasing. I never made any comment, but left Unabelin free to vacillate between exoteric and esoteric phrasings of the *tamberan* mysteries, as Dr. Fortune was making a thorough study of the *tamberan* cult, and I did not wish to increase Unabelin's self-consciousness in any way.

¹¹ As Hereditary Incisor of initiates.

Now the Cassowary wanted to devour them. A man of Yauwiya held the door. All the young men were frightened. They ran away. They fell down the ladder, they cut themselves on the bamboos.¹ They were all battered up in their fright. I, Polip, Maigu, and Malolo of Bugabihem were in [left in] the house. We beat the *garamuts* hard, helping² the *tamberan*. Polip and Malolo held the cassowary fast. We, we beat the *garamut*. Now all Yauwiya were angry. They said: "What of the taboo against fighting by the government!" They said: "We'll finish them off in a real fight." Then Polip fell down, ill. An illness due to the *sagumeh* [sorcery]—the pointing bone sorcery, I think. Had it been [real] sorcery,³ he would have been dead by now. Now the men of Yauwiya threatened to reveal the *tamberan* to the women and children. And it was they who attacked Polip with a cassowary bone [magically] because he held fast the cassowary.⁴ People accused them, calling them "Men of Wapi, men of Boine," names we use for people who do things the wrong way. The Cassowary's ears were clear now.⁵ We all sat down. The *tamberan* abated in violence and stayed in the house, as it did when Baimal fought it here in Alitoa.⁶ Now the Cassowary man spoke. He said: "You people, you are empty air. We showed you these *tamberan* [mysteries]. Kwebi and Yabilo⁷ shall stay with us, and never go to you people of the Viper Road, people of the Dugong Road.⁸ We'll take it to Alitoa and to Wihun, but not to you. You

¹ In their haste.

² Phrase used of those who keep the noise making going steadily so that the women will not suspect the human agency, in terms of men coming and going from the *tamberan* house.

³ I.e., Plains sorcery.

⁴ This is a highly typical piece of Arapesh logic, in which the lines of association, cassowary, cassowary bones [used in *sagumeh*], overstep the very obvious limitation in time, as the *sagumeh* which made Polip ill would have had to be performed long before he took part in this fray and held the Cassowary fast.

⁵ He came to his senses.

⁶ For details of this incident when the *tamberan* threatened to emerge and chased the women and children over the cliff at dusk, see Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitoa," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, pp. 301-302.

⁷ *Tamberan* objects [probably flutes] not yet given.

⁸ For a discussion of these two Roads into which series of hamlets are arranged, north and south from the sea through the mountains, see Mead, 1938, "The Mountain Arapesh. I. An importing culture," *ibid.*, vol. 36, pt. 3, p. 331.

are all insane. You want to reveal the *tamberan* secrets to the women.⁹ In the future I'll have nothing more to do with you, only Alitoa and Wihun. You, you insane ones, you wanted to reveal the *tamberan*. Now we will tell you nothing more of what belongs to the *tamberan*. Half of Yauwiya are cooked¹⁰ and half are not. Before I instructed you all."¹¹

Now Lomoto spoke. He said: "Some of us, the old men, desired the ceremonies of you people of the south. They are the old men. But we young men, we like the ceremonies of the Viper Road. Your ceremonies are cold.¹² You are always wanting to fight, seizing your spears, making the *tamberan* [sounds] die. All right, take your ceremonies back with you. We'll get one from the west instead. Take this old bugaboo back with you. Later, we will get Big Sepik, the *tamberan* of *Ashue'bis*. Whoever wanted your old *tamberan* anyhow? Only the old men. We young men, we wanted the *tamberan* of the west." He finished his speech. They all went to sleep.

Now the *luluai* told his wife to boil sago and garnish it with the rump of an opossum. He woke the *tamberan* up.¹³ I slept. They played [music]. The men of Kotai and the men of Bogamatau came and pounded the drums. They pounded them outside [of the *tamberan* house] also. The women danced outside. Finally, it was dawn. The women slept. We went into the *tamberan* house and took off our decorations. At noon the next day we all went home. Agilapwe came with us, and our little sister. Agilapwe

⁹ This is, of course, a routine threat by any temporarily disgruntled group. But it is also customary for those who live nearer the Beach to criticize the careless way in which the more inland people let uninitiated boys into the *tamberan* ceremonies. In this case, the Beach-Mountain line has been blurred by turning it into an East-West, or Viper-Dugong quarrel.

¹⁰ Initiated. The Cassowary is said to eat the initiates, and in this analogy it is a short step to the figure of speech, "done, cooked."

¹¹ In this speech, ceremonial hostilities of several different orders, the impatience of the Beach with the Mountains, of the old men with the young men, of the feast receivers with the feast givers, etc., are all jumbled together. The threat of refusing to pass on some imported complex, a dance cult, a *tamberan* object, etc., is one which the Beach people hold over the Mountain people, just as the Plains people hold the threat of sorcery over the heads of the Mountain people.

¹² Without potency or life.

¹³ Conventional phrase for feeding the visitors who will then start beating the *garamuts* and playing the flutes again.

wanted to go to Manuniki.¹ It was too late. We said: "Never mind, sleep with us." He is our friend, but his sore² never dries. We said: "Sleep here and tomorrow you can go." The next day the mother of Gerud brought us the head of a pig to pay for my sister, Gerud's wife. Polip and I went and got some taro in the early morning. We cooked it. We cooked three pots. My two sisters cooked one. Polip and I cooked two. We mashed the taro. We made taro croquettes. We cut the head of the pig and also part of the pig's belly, which the men of Magahine had had sent to the *luluai* of Liwo. He gave it to his cross-cousin, who gave it to his brother-in-law, who gave it to my father—his co-parent-in-law. We kept it until the head of the pig came. Father designated one half of the pig's head for my sister Ilok, in repayment of the pig's belly. The belly he gave to Agilapwe. He helped us make the taro croquettes and we gave him some [meat]. We said: "Always you have a sore, eat this." We gave a piece to Atugi, to Watien, to Ashuelin, to Siakaru. I took some to the *tultul* of Liwo and his wives.³

[Then Unabelin told the story of]:

THE FINDING OF THE TRIPLE FLUTES (*Buan*)

Before, no one had the *buan*. They did not sing with them. The men of Sublamon heard the triple flutes and a hand drum⁴ being beaten. All the time, all the time, they heard it. One day they went to look for the dancers. They couldn't find them. The next day they searched, in vain. They slept. The next day they searched, in vain. But always they heard the singsinging. They heard it near the river Owidjubunat. They searched there. They heard it, down in the water, down in the deep water. They said: "From where does this singsing sound rise?" They went back to the village and slept. In the night, they heard the music again. Now they all went. They cut down a tall, tall tree. They lowered it straight into the water, down, down

into the water. Now they got the fruit called *yausip*.⁵ They got two *yausip* fruit. They returned to the water. They gave the two fruits to a man. They said: "Take these two fruits. When you reach the bottom, release one, and it will float to the top. When you want to come on top, release the other." He went down. He let go of the tree. He stood up. He released one fruit, it floated to the surface. All said: "Now he has arrived."

Down below, he found a green place where he met a female ancestress of his. He asked her: "What is this music which we hear? What makes this music? I have heard it and I come to find out." She said: "They all make music." He said: "What with?" "On three bamboos and a hand drum." He said: "Bring them. I want to look at them." She said: "Would you like me to show them to you?" He said: "Yes." She went to the house and brought them. Another woman would not have done it, but she was his ancestress. He looked at the place. It was a fair place, big houses, well broomed. There was a big *tamberan* house, and fowls and pigs and dogs. Areca palms and coconut palms grew. She said: "It's just bamboos and a hand drum." She had a half-completed net bag stretched on her legs. He said: "Get them, that I may see them." She said: "All right, I'll go and get them." She hung the hand drum⁶ on her shoulder. She brought the *mama'in*,⁷ the *bugalamit*,⁸ the *walib*.⁹ She gave the *bugalamit* to the man, she gave the tune on the *mama'in*, she showed him. He imitated her. She said: "Grandson, do you hear it—*ku ku ku hau hau*?" She danced and made music. "Later, you can make music in this way." He asked: "How many men hold the bamboos?" She told him three, one to hold the hand drum and the *mama'in*, one to hold the *bugalamit* on the left, and one to hold the *walib* on the right. "You go now. Tomorrow you must not play them. The next day you must not play them, nor the next. Wait two months, then you can play them."

He went down. His grandmother took him close to the root of the tree. He threw away his other fruit. The men up on top saw it and said:

⁵ A grotesque-shaped orange fruit also worn as a head ornament.

⁶ A hand drum frequently has a long cord attached to the handle so that it can be slung over the shoulder.

⁷ The middle-sized flute.

⁸ The smallest flute.

⁹ The largest flute.

¹ His hamlet.

² Agilapwe had a huge yaws sore on his leg which made him misanthropic and feared. See Mead, 1935, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," New York.

³ This whole account gives a fair picture of the interweaving of obligation and feasting, of the number of social relationships which one small piece of pig will validate and keep alive, and of the way in which the contacts of feasting are used to test, try, and cement ties between groups, always threatened by the revival of old memories.

⁴ The hourglass-shaped hand drum, *wiruh* (P. E. *kundu*), which has a lizard skin tympanum.

"He is coming now." He climbed the tree. He ascended. He appeared. He gave them all the hand drum and the three bamboos. They hid them. They cut the long tree trunk into little pieces and hid them. They erased their tracks and the marks where they had stood on the river bank. They said: "For fear anyone should see these." They went and hid the instruments on a hanging shelf of sago bark planks. They said: "For fear the rats eat them." They did not play them. They simply waited. Some stayed in the place and some journeyed hither and thither.

In the afternoon all the ghosts returned. They wanted to play. They said: "Where is the hand drum, where are the bamboos?" They looked. They were not there. They asked the old woman: "Where are they?" She lied and said: "Yesterday, you people played them. Where did you put them?" They said: "Yesterday, we hung them up here. Who has been here and taken them? You were here. You saw who came." But she lied and said: "No, no one came. I sat here. I would have seen them." If it had been another man, she would have revealed it. But he was her descendant.

They searched and searched and searched. They went to Liwo, Kobelen,¹ etc., etc. They went to every place. At dusk, they stood about the edges of the villages and listened. They listened in order to hear someone play them, so they could get them back. They searched and searched, in vain. At night they returned to their place and slept. The next day they searched again. They desisted for two or three days, then searched again. Always, always they searched. One moon passed. Two moons passed. Soon the third moon disappeared. Now all the men of Sublamon played them. They played them all night. At dawn they slept, the next night they played them again, etc. Now all the ghosts came. They watched. They saw an old man hold the hand drum and the *mama'in*, a young man held the *bugalamit*, a boy held the *walib*, and a little boy stood up and held their net bags.² Now the ghosts had heard it all.

The ghosts made themselves G strings, they

discarded their own skins.³ They put on the skins of Nigibilim.⁴ They put on woven arm-bands. They dressed their hair. They came to the place at dusk. They said: "We have heard you singsing. What makes this music which we hear?" They showed them. They asked: "Where did you get them?" They lied, they said: "We dreamed them." They said: "Really?" "Yes." "All right you play and we'll listen." The men of Sublamon played them. It was dark now. First one man would sing, then break it.⁵ The ghosts said: "Wait until one, two, three, four men have broken the song. When the fifth man stands up we'll take the hand drum." Now the four ghosts stood up and said: "We'll try it now. We have heard it. We desire it. We came. Let us try it." They told a little boy ghost to come and hold their net bags. They told him that they would sing once, twice, three times and that he should stay on the edge. When they began the fourth song, he was to come close to them. They sang once, twice, three times. They were beginning the fourth. The little boy came close to them. They sang once, twice, three times. They were beginning the fourth. The little boy came close to them. The ground was riven. The four ghosts and all that they held disappeared into the ground. The people said: "Alas, these were ghosts that came and played them."

They remained. They remained many moons. They made good adzes and carving tools. They made a hand drum. They carved it. They cut three bamboos. They tried them. They made the music of the ghosts. They always sang it and later they brought it to Alitua. This music came from Sublamon. They dreamt it and they brought it. The *kaual*⁶ came by way of Liwo. This *luan* was very hot.⁷ Sumali, Balidu, and the father of Maigi danced it.⁸ They made it continually. The place became very hot. This

³ Ghosts are believed to be able to assume the skins of animals or men at will.

⁴ Men of But and thereabouts, i.e., they disguised themselves as people of But.

⁵ Idiom for cease in the middle of a song.

⁶ The sacred *tamberan* flutes.

⁷ Charged with supernatural power.

⁸ Men of Alitua; the first two are living, the first, Balidu, is the narrator of Version 1 as told by Balidu, the big man of Alitua, in Arapesh. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 382.

¹ The list of villages differs with the narrator.

² The small boy, who guards the personal bags of men engaged in ceremonial activity, is an important functionary on some ceremonial occasions.

music was too hot, because of the charm¹ with it.²

[Then Unabelin told the story of]:

THE PIGS WHO PLOTTED TO FASTEN³ MEN⁴

Before, everyone stopped. They fed pigs. The pigs grew big. All the time, the pigs went into the bush where they journeyed about and returned to the village for food. The village pigs talked to the bush pigs. They said: "By and by you come and help us and we'll fasten all our fathers⁵ and eat them." They plotted continually. They plotted. The pigs got bigger and bigger. One big pig went and talked to the bush pigs. They cut two big pig-carrying poles and the *mamaauakwag* sticks.⁶ The red-eyed *marsalai*, Mokolobuni,⁷ was asleep in a ravine down below the village. The man whose pig wanted to fasten him climbed a coconut tree to get young coconuts. One fell down upon the sleeping *marsalai*. He took it. He sat down cross-legged and held it tight in his arms. He went to sleep, holding it. He wanted it very much. They searched for the coconuts. They found all except the one the *marsalai* had. They searched. They searched. A woman found it. She saw

¹ A sickness which brings sores on head and nose.

² The other version of this story I collected from Balidu, the big man of Alitoa. In his version, two men hear the sound of the flutes, descend, use the *yausip* fruits as indicators, steal the flutes and the hand drum with the help of an old woman, whose son, when he comes home and finds it gone, follows them, and traces the flutes by the fresh dust in them as they were newly carved, spoken of as "exuvia." The ghost son turns himself into a blow fly and steals the souls of the flutes so that they will not play. The men made new ones, but they did not carry so far as the old. Then Balidu concluded his story: "The flutes went down the western road [the Road of the Setting Sun] to the beach, and along the beach to Magahine. From Magahine my father bought them. He bought a *kaual* [large sacred flute of the type used at present to impersonate the *tamberan*] at the same time."

It is interesting that, although the two versions differ considerably, both of them emphasize the matter of the Roads by which the triple flutes were imported, and that Unabelin tells me this story right after relating a dispute about Roads. The triple flutes themselves had long since become secularized and exoteric, but the story of their origin had become firmly attached to the route by which they came, and so symbolic of routes in general.

³ Fasten—to tie to a pole ready to be killed for a feast.

⁴ F I.

⁵ The owners of domestic animals are called their parents (*amaeuinis*).

⁶ Little sticks for fastening the legs of the pigs together.

⁷ This *marsalai* is a lizard. In Version F I, it is referred to as a lizard only, not as a *marsalai*.

the monitor lizard holding it. She took a stick. She poked the lizard away. The lizard cackled. He came back to the coconut. She pushed it away again. It came back. She said: "What sort of thing is this?" She ran away. She returned to the village. She told her husband: "Come and see this. I found the coconut. A lizard holds it fast. I pushed it away. It came back. It holds it obstinately. I was sorry for it." The man got up. He took his adze. He went to kill the lizard. He saw its eyes. They were like a child. He pitied it. He tried to push it away. In vain. Now the lizard said: "This coconut is mine. You go and spy on the pigs. They are cutting sticks and vines. The village pig has plotted with the bush pigs. They want to fasten you. Let this coconut be mine. I have warned you." Now the man heard him. He said: "If I had killed you, you would not have told me about the pigs."⁸ The lizard said: "Yes, I wanted the coconut. The woman came and I held it fast." The man said: "All right." He went on top. He said to his wife: "I found the lizard. I wanted to kill him. His eyes were like a child; I pitied him. He told me. He said: 'The village pigs have told the bush pigs to cut sticks and vines. They are coming to fasten you.' If I had killed, he would not have told me." The man told all the people. He went and spied on the pigs. They had cut ropes; they had cut sticks; they had cut the little sticks; they had gotten coconut sheath (such as we use to fasten about the ankles of pigs). Now the pigs pounded themselves G strings. They painted. They combed their hair. They made ready to dance. The bush pigs assumed the skins of ghosts.⁹ Now at dusk they came up to the village. They put branches on their heads so they would not be seen. Now the man called all the people: "The pigs are coming now. They want to fasten us." The village pig came. His wife made soup. He told all the people: "I have seen the pigs collecting things to fasten me." He told the children to get sticks, ropes, and coconut sheath. The children did so. His wife poured the soup in a palm spathe.¹⁰ The pig wanted to eat. The man seized his leg and pulled him over. The pig fell over. All came and held him.

⁸ This is a characteristic Unabelin touch—the sense of the possible alternative in the past.

⁹ Ghosts are supposed to have skins of snakes and skins of human beings which they use as clothing at will.

¹⁰ Such as pigs are fed from.

One man got on top. They got the sticks; they fastened him. They fastened its forelegs and its back legs. The men and women and children washed their hands in the juice of young coconuts.¹ They washed the pig. Now it is done in this way everywhere. If a pig is fastened, he stops.

The bush pigs were hiding. They awaited the pig's fastening the man. They heard the pig fastened. They ran away. If the man had waited for the bush pigs, he would have fastened them too. But he only fastened the village pig. Now we also can only do the same. We can only fasten domestic pigs. He fastened too quickly. All the bush pigs ran away. Now, if the bush pigs hear a stick crack they run away.

The man finished fastening the pig. They carried it. They went to a place by the river, Atugilin. They broke the houses.² They held cassowary feathers.³ The women held colored leaves and danced on the edges. Now we do the same. They made a speech and gave away the pig. Now we do the same. If he and his wife and children had eaten the pig, now men would cut and eat their own pigs. But he fastened it, he took it, he broke the houses, he made speeches, he gave it away. Now we do the same. We make new G strings, we put on new sago aprons, we bedizen ourselves. The *marsalai* made this and he said:

Other people's women⁴
 Other people's pigs
 Other people's yams that they have piled up
 You can eat.
 Your own women⁵
 Your own pigs
 Your own yams that you have piled up
 You may not eat.⁶

[Then Unabelin told the story of]:

¹ A purification.

² Reference to custom of beating the thatched roofs of the houses of pig recipients with sticks.

³ Dancing wands.

⁴ This is sometimes expanded to: "other people's mothers," "other people's sisters," etc. See Mead, 1935, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," New York.

⁵ *Idem*.

⁶ In the F version, the story is pared to the bone, a man gets paint for monitor lizard to redden its eyes and in return it warns him that unless men make a feast and fasten pigs, the pigs are preparing to fasten men, feast and eat them, unless men do these things first.

Unabelin builds history with his characteristic theme: if such and such had not occurred, then neither would we

THE WOMAN'S REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO RAPED HER

A woman made a hole in the ground to bury⁷ some bananas. She crouched down to dig. Her grass skirt stood up. Her vulva was exposed. A man saw her. He said: "When she comes to take bananas out of that hole, I'll catch her. I'll copulate with her." He counted four days. He came to the place. He hid. She reached down. She drew out a banana. She removed the skin. She ate it. She reached in again. She took out another. She removed the skin. She ate it. [Repeated twice more.] Finally, she reached for the banana in the bottom of the hole. Her head went down into the hole. Her buttocks stood up. The man of Sabigil came up. He took his fish line and fastened it around his penis. He copulated with the woman. He had a feather in his hair. The woman tried to get up. He pushed her down. In vain, she tried to get up. He finished. He pulled out his penis. The fish line remained inside the woman. The feather fell into the hole. He ran away. The woman looked. She couldn't find him.

She did not feel the fish line. She got up. She saw the feather. She picked it up. She carried the feather. She went to the village. It was dusk. She held the feather in her hand. She walked about the place. She asked all: "Whose feather is this?" She asked one man, in vain. She asked another, in vain. Now the man saw it. He said: "Where did you find my feather?" She lied and said: "I found it on the road." She did not tell anyone. But now she knew who the man was. Now the two played⁸ all the time. Now, her pelvis began to pain. It was a long time afterwards. There was a white sore inside. White pus came up. She called her little sister. She said: "Come and look at my vulva and see what makes this sore. It stinks." She made a tiny pair of tongs from the rib of a coconut leaflet. The two went apart. She was ashamed that others should see. But this one was her sister. She washed away the blood. She held

be where we are today, and then he moulds the story into an elaborate cultural origins tale, which validates not only the details of feasting procedure, but the core of the Arapesh ethical system which equates incest and eating food which one has grown or hunted.

⁷ This is done with green bananas to ripen them.

⁸ Had sex intercourse, which is called play, except when the woman is believed to be pregnant, when the term *work* is substituted.

the tongs. She took out the fish line. The woman said: "If you hadn't helped me, I would have died." She waited. The sore dried. The two played always.

One day she said to him: "Tomorrow, I am going to the sago swamp to get sago leaves. You come behind me when the sun is up a little." The woman went. She gathered sago leaves. She told all the women to come and hide. She said: "I'll take revenge on this one who injured me." All the women went and hid. The man came up. She said: "Wait!" She went up a sago tree to get leaves. The man had an erection. He said: "Come quickly and we'll copulate. I want to go back to the village." She said: "You wait!" All the women gathered sago spikes. She too gathered sago spikes. Now she came down to him. She said: "You lie down and I'll lie on top of you." The man said: "No, you lie down and I'll get on top." They argued. He would not. If he had lain down first, then we also would all do the same now. But she lay down. Now she held him fast. She called out to all the women. They all came. They held his arms and legs. They took their aprons and slapped his face with them. They stamped all over him. The woman got up. She put her vulva to the man's mouth.¹ They thrust sago needles into his penis. When the needles of one were used up, another came. They threw him down. He lay there. They left. Now he stood up. He was a wreck. He got a *wutiel* leaf and fastened it to hide his penis. He took two sticks as canes. He tottered into the village. He entered his house. He slept. He had no wife. His brother's wife cared for him. His brother told his wife: "I will go, you stay and care for him." They stayed in the place. It was noon. The sun burned the village. The man sat down below. The woman took a broom. She swept the house over his head. Her grass skirts came up around her breast. Her vulva was exposed. The man saw it. His penis became erect. The sago spines fell out. Now the woman got water. She washed his penis.² The spines all came out, the pus came out. He was all right now. The sore healed.³

¹ This is the most shameful thing that can happen to a man. Cf. the punishment in the initiation of boys who confess to pre-initiatory intercourse and are given betel nut which has been put to a woman's vulva.

² Note the freedom of relationship between the man and his brother's wife.

³ This version provides one of the most interesting com-

THE MAN OF SABIGIL⁴ WHO TRIED TO COPULATE WITH A PIG

There was a man of Sabigil. His pig gave birth to a litter. He waited days, three days. He

parisons with the F versions, for in the F version the man sees the woman burying bananas and plots to catch her there next time, while Unabelin represents him as carried away by emotion. There is no string episode at this point, and it may be noted the the string episode makes no sense in the Unabelin version. The woman identifies the man by his feather headdress, plans the revenge, tempts him from above in the sago palm, rolls over on him [after copulation] without the culture origin argument which Unabelin injects, and then is injured, without the vulva to mouth incident, returns to the village where the cure by the brother's wife is consciously planned by the brother, rather than as an accident of her care, as in the Unabelin version. Then the brother helps the hero make the string, deceive the woman, place it in her vulva, and sews her up with the end of it, and the woman putrefies and dies. Where Unabelin makes a man commit rape out of spontaneous desire, and combine with it an act which ends in infection, for which the sago spike attack is then a very fair repayment, the F version makes the rape a calculated attack, for which the woman takes an overly savage reprisal in return for which she is killed. In the Unabelin version, the man is cured and the matter ends on a note of symmetry, but to achieve this emotional congruity with Arapesh values, Unabelin had to do an extreme violence to the story and introduce the string episode out of place and without any motivation. It illustrates vividly his insistence that people make sense in terms of their motivations and that the past and the present be blended together into an emotionally coherent whole.

In my field write-up at the end of the legend occurs the following note: "I have deleted from this legend one remark. Unabelin made the man say to the woman in the sago patch: 'Come down quickly that we may copulate. I want to go back for fear my wife should find out.' Later he says: 'He had no wife.' Note this for inconsistency and freedom of narrator to improvise conversation." This deletion I made at the time to make the narrative move more easily, as I was interested in getting legend versions and not in collecting data on Unabelin. It was obvious that the "for fear my wife should find out," was cliché, which Unabelin utters irresponsibly and without anticipating the difficulties which he would encounter with later elements in the plot.

⁴ For additional Sabigil tales for which there are no versions here, see F VI, IX, XXIV, and XXXVI (Fortune, R. F., 1942, "Arapesh," Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc., vol. 19). In Dr. Fortune's abstracts he has substituted "man of early times" or "early man" for "man or men of Sabigil." There is a deserted village site nearer the coast identified as Sabigil. A war with Sabigil appears in No. 16 (see Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," Anthropol. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 367), and Unabelin regards it as a place of the same sort as existing localities. However, there are no people living in Sabigil at present, nor is it said that Sabigil men lived at a much earlier time but merely that this group of men pre-dated the present living generations. Sabigil men are the traditional simpletons of Arapesh tales.

went. He called the pig. He gave the pig soup. The pig ate it. He saw the vulva of the pig. She had just borne a litter. Her vulva was large. The man wanted to try it. He copulated with the pig.¹ His penis went inside. It went deep inside. The pig said: "What sort of a thing has entered me? What is this thing which is injuring me?" The pig wanted to run away. The man's penis was fast. The pig ran. She dragged the man after her. He caught at bushes; they snapped. He caught at vines; they broke. He snatched at branches of trees; they broke off. He snatched at a rattan vine; the spikes perforated his hands. The pig turned and twisted through the bush. She dragged the man. He was exhausted now. He fell down. The pig turned. She trampled him to death. He died. He stayed fast to the pig. The people of his village awaited him. He did not come. They searched for him. They found the pig wallow. They found the palm spathe with half consumed food in it. They saw the tracks. They said, "*Gihah!*² *gihah!* what is this?" They followed the tracks. They saw the snapped bamboo, the uprooted bushes, the broken branches, the torn vines, where the pig had dragged the man and he had grabbed at bushes, they were uprooted, etc. [Repeat the whole description of the chase here.] They found the pig and the dead man. They held him fast by his G string. They pulled him. They pulled him out. They took him to the village. They buried him.³

[Then Unabelin told the story of]:

THE MAN OF SABIGIL WHO TRIED TO CUT OUT GRUBS WITH HIS TEETH

A man lied. He took his stone adze and went to cut *oshogu* grubs⁴ out of a breadfruit tree. He cut it open. He filled a big packet. He ate some. He hid his adze in his house. He cooked the grubs. In the morning he went to dig taro.

¹ The pig is the special initiatory animal among the Nugum for a boy who fails to grow after he has been regularly initiated. The ritual includes throwing the novice into a bed of nettles.

² Alas.

³ Here Unabelin proceeds directly from a man who rapes a woman, stimulated by a posterior view of her genitals, to a man who rapes a pig, under similar stimulation, and is killed in the process. This sequence makes even clearer than does his handling of the plot in the preceding story the desire to punish the aggressor, rather than to take delight in a sadistic event.

⁴ A special edible caterpillar which appears at one season of the year.

He mashed it. He made taro croquettes. That night [the night before] he said to his friend: "Tomorrow you dress my hair⁵ for me and I'll give you taro croquettes." The man got string and dressed his hair. The other man made taro croquettes. He garnished them with *oshogu* grubs. He ate. He liked the *oshogu*. He said: "Friend, how did you cut these *oshogu* out of the tree?" The other man lied. He said: "Oh, I saw the breadfruit tree and I just cut them out with my teeth." The other man said: "All right, tomorrow I'll try it." In the morning, he went to his breadfruit tree. He took away the bark. He tried to bite it. His teeth all came out. His mouth was a bleeding emptiness. He said: "Oh, friend, you have ruined me." The other man did not answer. He just sat down contentedly.⁶

[Then I asked Unabelin if he knew any story with a "magic flight" incident in it. Unfortunately I again here have only this abstract statement and not the verbatim question I asked. In reply Unabelin tells the story which contains this incident, but *omitted* the incident of the "talking torches" from his version. See F XX (Fortune, R. F., 1942, *ibid.*). This was a story which he had heard from Siakaru, a gens mate, whom he later brought along to supplement his story telling.]

THE ENCOUNTER WITH BABAMIK, THE OGRESS

There were two women. Each had an infant. They made bamboo torches.⁷ At night they went to the river. In the afternoon they walked through the bush. They came to the water. They cooked food and baked it in the stones.⁸ Babamik heard them come up. She caught an old woman. She spat⁹ on her. She made her sick. She remained. Babamik put on her skin and

⁵ This hairdressing episode and the thankless return for it are a common element in these Sabigil stories. The hairdressing consists in working all of a man's hair into the small plaited hair ring and is a long task.

⁶ In the introductory "He lied" Unabelin anticipates the plot, as he so often does. In this story he makes no effort to have the evil redressed, presenting the man of Sabigil as an inevitable victim figure. In the F version F XVII, *ibid.*, the man later tells the truth to his more foolish friend.

⁷ To fish at night.

⁸ A method of cooking not practised by the Mountain Arapesh.

⁹ Spitting on someone is a symbolic way of killing which appears also in the children's games. See "The bringing of yams by Sharok, a cassowary," p. 353.

followed the two women. She came up with them. They were baking yam and taro. They gave her some. She ate. It was dark. Babamik said to the two: "Give me the children to hold." They gave her the children. They fished. They caught a lobster. They gave it to Babamik. She ate it. They went along the river. They finished fishing.

Babamik ate the leg of one child. The child cried. Babamik lulled it. She said: "Sh, sh, sh, sleep, sleep, sleep." She ate another leg. The child cried. She lulled it. "Sh, sh, sh, sleep, sleep, sleep." Now the child's breath died. It died. She garnished the child with fish. She walked about. She fished with one hand. She held the child with one hand. She ate the child's belly. She caught fish with the other hand. She garnished the child. She ate and ate. Now she bit open the head of the child. It was eaten up. Then she licked the inside of the net bag where the child's perspiration had soiled it.¹ She opened it. She put a piece of dead wood in it. The two women called out: "Mother-in-law,² bring your grandchildren here that we may suckle them." She brought them. She gave her child to one woman, the log to the other. She who received the log nudged the other woman.³ She said: "This isn't our mother-in-law. This is something evil. My child is dead."

The other woman heard her. They pretended to nurse the children. They got up. The one with the log returned it to Babamik. The other said: "Never mind, I'll suckle the child first and later give it back to you. You stay here and we'll go and fish more." They went; they lit a torch; they stuck it in the ground. They went further; they lit a torch; they stuck it in the ground. They planted a third torch. Now they ran and ran. Now Babamik called them. No answer. A rattan seized the child.⁴ They tried to free it. They could not. They ran on and left the child. Babamik came up. She found the child. She took it. She did not eat it. She took it home with her. She gave her food. She grew

big. She learned to walk. She took a pig spear. She went hunting. Every day she killed a man and a pig. She ate the man. The daughter ate the pig.⁵

Each day she came up to a place called Wehigen Nubitigum and called: "*Tua tua pweya pweya man no ho hulu hulu.*" The child heard her. She would answer: "*Ya we ya wa.*" She would beat the *garamut* in answer. She fetched water and firewood. She made the fire. They would eat some and the daughter would guard the remainder. She went hunting again. [Repeat three times.] Now the daughter was grown up. She menstruated. The moon⁶ came down. He slid down the branch of a tree. He found the girl. He asked her: "Where do you come from?" She said: "I stop here with a mother who is an evil thing. She kills a man and a pig every day." The two played.⁷ He wished to return. She said: "Come tomorrow and we'll play again." The next day he came, and the next, the next. He came every day. One day Babamik returned to the place. She smelled meat.⁸ She searched and searched. She smelled all over the place. She asked the girl: "What is this smell of fresh meat?" The girl said: "Nothing, only the slaughtered pig." She said: "No, no. This is no killed meat. It is the smell of fresh live meat." She sniffed around the coconut trees. She sniffed the road. She sniffed the house. She came to the branch down which the moon slid. But the scent had died away.

In the morning she went hunting. The moon came at noon. Now he gave the girl a date. He said: "Wait and count four days. On the fifth day we will escape." She waited. One day passed, two, etc. On the fifth day, he came. They climbed up an areca palm. The areca palm bent over and the two descended on Valif Island. They didn't stay there. They went to a little islet near by. The moon said: "We'll stay here." In the afternoon Babamik returned. She came to the hill called Wehigen Nubitigum. She called out. There was no answer. She dropped her fresh meat. She ran to the place. It was empty. The door of the house was open.

¹ A repulsive act to the Arapesh, who regard perspiration as unclean. An appropriate act for a cannibal ogress.

² This term is introduced here to show the trustfulness of the two women and so heighten the horror.

³ Bearing a log instead of a child is one of the penalties for a woman's coming in contact with the supernatural.

⁴ In the initiation ceremonies, the novices have special guardians who accompany them to the bathing place and bend back the rattans.

⁵ This attests that the adopted daughter is still a human being and not a cannibal ogress.

⁶ This is only a man of Valif Island in Dr. Fortune's version.

⁷ Copulated.

⁸ The word for "killed game" is used here to enhance the horror. This is a characteristic of ogress stories.

She searched and searched. She sniffed all over the place. Now she smelled the trunk of the areca palm. She said: "Fresh meat has come and taken away my child." She climbed the areca palm. It bent.¹ She descended on Valif. She searched. She saw them on the little island. She said: "How do I get across?" They deceived her. They put up a plank. They said: "Cross on this." She tried to cross. They pulled the plank. She fell into the sea.² She died. Her spirit entered a man-eating crocodile.³

[He then told a very brief tale, with the aid of Balidu of Alitoa, which, interestingly enough, is as spare as are the versions which Mindibilip told when he was repeating other men's tales. This illustrates very fully the extent to which the elaboration that Unabelin gave was to be in large part attributed to the conditions of his story telling rather than to a difference in personality.]

THE ORIGIN OF DEATH

The snake lied to the rat. The snake went to water. The rat went into the bush. The snake sloughed off its skin. The rat came and smelt the skin of the snake. It entered the water. It dies. The snake ran away. If the rat had gone first and loosed its skin and the snake had come and smelt it, men would live and snakes die. As the snake went first, men die and snakes change their skins.

[Then he told the story of]:

THE GIRL WHO HAD NO VAGINA

A man betrothed himself to a wife. Her breasts swelled up. He wanted to go to her. He lifted up her apron. He wanted to penetrate her. He could not. She had no vagina. He said to his mother-in-law: "Mother-in-law, you have borne a daughter without a vagina. I tried and tried in vain to penetrate." He took a piece of fern stub and sharpened it. [This is called *buem*; was formerly used to cut the penis before they got pieces of glass.⁴] He put this on the tree trunk where the girl sat to defecate. When she went to stand up, the fern stub cut her. It

cut open her vulva.⁵ She went up to her mother. She said: "Mother, what has happened to me?" The old woman said: "Daughter-in-law,⁶ you are menstruating." They got pieces of wood. They built a menstrual hut.

They told her not to sit cross-legged but with her knees up. They told her to stay there six days and on the seventh day she could appear.⁷ The woman said to her husband: "On the third day we will cut the scarification marks; we will beat her with nettles. We will make new armlets and leglets. You go to the bush, find the things for the *walowahine*⁸ meal." He went to get *nyumkwebil* vine, *malipik*-tree bark, *karu-dik*-tree sap, breadfruit tree sap, and *henyakun*, a little shrub—all very strong things in the bush which would make the girl strong, to work, to cook, to bear children. He got *idugen*⁹ cocoons, too, and put them in the soup. On the fifth day he cooked the herbs in a pot. He made soup. He put some of the herbs inside yams which he cooked. The old woman told him to get two *aliwhiwas* leaves and the rib of a coconut leaflet. He cooked *wabalal* yams.¹⁰ Now, they brought the woman up. He stood in front of her. He put his big toe on her big toe. He took the coconut rib, when she looked up at him, for first she walked with eyes downcast. He flicked the old net bag¹¹ from her head. She held a *melipip* leaf in her mouth.¹² Now, the girl put out her tongue. He put *mebu*¹³ earth on it, on the *aliwhiwas* leaves. He wiped her tongue. His toe pressed her toe. Then she went and sat down. She sat down on a piece of sago bark.¹⁴ She sat down easily, not crossing her legs, and letting herself down with her left hand. She sat with her legs out in front of her. He gave her soup. They wrapped a spoon with a leaf.¹⁵ She ate it,

⁵ This is the only Arapesh material on a belief that women's genitalia are the result of an injury, but note that the man is pictured as doing her a kindness, so that she could have intercourse. There is a similar Samoan story in which a shark's tooth is used, again with the implication of kindness.

⁶ There is a confusion here between one's mother and mother-in-law.

⁷ I.e., in the village.

⁸ The name of this special meal for a just-pubescent girl.

⁹ Insect larvae.

¹⁰ A specially strong yam.

¹¹ Sign of the betrothal period.

¹² A fat red leaf, also held in the mouths of novices.

¹³ Scented "flowers of sulphur" imported for magic and ritual.

¹⁴ Male novices sit on wooden pillows.

¹⁵ So she would not touch the spoon with her hands.

¹ In F XX, see the detail of her charming the areca palm until it grows tall enough for a look-out—and she follows in bird form. See also, "Legend of the triple flutes," p. 337.

² In F XX there is no plank, but they beat her off with a paddle as she tries to follow their canoe.

³ Omitted from F XX.

⁴ Reference to self-disciplinary cutting of penes by boys.

sitting straight, supporting herself with her left hand, and bending over to eat. The man broke a yam in half, she ate half and half he put in the top of the house.¹ Then her brothers came and arranged the spears and bows and arrows around her. They took the coconut leaf torches and encircled her.²

[The story is followed by abbreviated, non-verbatim notes of mine, as follows: "When girl enters *shokwet* (menstrual hut), has all her arm and leg bands and belt removed. If they are old they are cut (off), if new, given away. Her earrings and necklace are taken off. When she emerges, she still wears the old grass skirt until after they have painted her, for fear the paint will stain the (new) grass skirt. They put on a new grass skirt. Now (the) belt and arm and leg bands. Fasten back her ornaments. Put in the nose ornament. But she approaches her husband wearing the old net bag which he flecks off."]

Then Unabelin told another culture origin tale, the origin of the phrase "look out or the dog will attack the wallaby."

THE DOG AND THE WALLABY

All the game animals were holding a feast—all the phalangers, all the kangaroos, all the bandicoots, etc. A dog who had *tinea imbricata* and was dying went too. They all danced. The dog slept by the fire. Ilun, a phalanger, took up the hand drum and danced the song of his mother's brother, the wallaby. He sang: "*Yebun yebun nye nye ney tem.*"³ Then the wallaby said to the phalanger: "Sister's son, give it to me so that I can dance." He gave him the hand drum. The wallaby danced and sang: "*Yebun sag sag aiyau.*"⁴ All the women chorused "*A ye! a ye.*" The wallaby danced and danced and he stepped on the dog. The dog yelped. The wallaby said: "You're not a good man. What

are you, an *alomato'in*,⁵ doing here? Why are you crying? You're a good man, are you?"⁶ He danced again. Again he stepped on the dog. The dog cried. The wallaby said: "*Yebun sag sag aiyau.*" The wallaby went to stand his spear up. The dog got up. He chased him. He ran him down by the Kumen River. The dog held the wallaby fast. He killed him. Now, we say when a good man quarrels with an *alomato'in*: "Look out or the dog will attack the wallaby." Before, the wallaby was a man with a spear, now the spear became teeth and the man became a wallaby. The dog took him by the throat. The dog said: "I'll teach you." He broke open his chest. He took out his heart. The dog took two *loma*⁷ spears to attack the wallaby. While he was doing this the spears became teeth. He came back on top to the dance and found that all the game animals had run away to kill the Pleiades.⁸

[And then a series of short tales in rapid succession and without comment.]

HOW THEY KILL THE PLEIADES

There is a man Pleiades named Mokadalum and a woman named Kwalehepeiu and a lobster named Suwakewale. When it is time for the Pleiades to go down, it is a time of rain. All game disappears from the bush. They have all gone, kangaroos, phalangers, bandicoots, lizards, rats, all have gone to kill the Pleiades. The lizards cut a big rattan. They stretch it across the path. The man named Okobih sharpens his stone ax. He cuts down a *bedoin* tree. The lizards stretch the rattan over a cliff on the edge of the Nibok River. The lobster comes first, then the man, then the woman. The man cuts the rattan and the Pleiades and all the game animals all fall over the cliff.⁹ Some break their tails, some their claws. The big animals break the tails of all the little lizards. The locust, Kulik, sang:

¹ To keep, so that he could use it for sorcery, if she sorcerized him. This is destroyed when the wife becomes pregnant.

² There is no F version of this tale, but this is very likely an accident of the selection of tales for their linguistic perfection. It is a highly characteristic tale, in which the girl's vagina is represented as man-made and not natural, and made by the very instrument with which men cut their penes and let blood in a symbolic form of menstruation. Unabelin uses the story as a vehicle to describe the whole menstrual ceremony which he knows I have not seen.

³ "Wallaby! Wallaby, you, you, you perch."

⁴ Untranslatable.

⁵ A "male woman," a man who does not meet his social responsibilities and who cannot participate in the *tamberan* cult. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 352.

⁶ This is sarcasm.

⁷ See Mead, 1938, *ibid.*, vol. 36, Fig. 91.

⁸ Reference to the period when the Pleiades becomes invisible below the horizon.

⁹ It may be worth while to compare this tale with Maui's slowing up the sun in the Polynesian legend.

"*Kware kware aliupo, kware kware aliup e ya
Ulupa ikutinyeu ulupa ushepwenyu.*"¹

The wallaby came after them. He sang:

"*Eshes she lihe shelih ei bo bat bat.*"²

He took his Nugum basket, his adze, and three spears and went to the dance. All the game sang. It was the time to kill the Pleiades. Now all sang:

"*Bo de amya wa teh whai gu wa teh.*"³

The wallaby got up with his spear. They all fought the Pleiades. All their tails except the tail of the wallaby broke. During this time the lizards stay in the water. When they return the sun shines and the lizards sit on the stones.

THE TREEFUL OF PHALANGERS

All varieties of phalangers⁴ slept in a breadfruit tree. They hid inside the big breadfruits. The kangaroo stopped in the top of the tree. A man went. He saw the tree. The sun had ripened the breadfruit. They were a warm brown color, very ripe. He saw them. He climbed. He didn't pick the lower fruits. He climbed to the top. The kangaroo came and bit the back of his neck. Phalangers appeared on every branch of the tree. They all came. They bit him and bit him. He fell down. They still attacked him. They killed him. His wife awaited him. He did not come. His wife sent to search for him. She found his body at the foot of the breadfruit tree. She wept. She thought that he had simply fallen from the tree. But the phalangers killed him. They weren't really phalangers. They were ghosts who took their form. She went and told the people. They came. They cut off all the branches of the breadfruit tree. All the phalangers had run away.

THE MAN OF SABIGIL WHO TRIED TO COPULATE WITH AN ANT

A man of Sabigil saw little insects, the little red-tailed ants called *bulbodowas*. He tried to copulate with one. They all came. They bit his penis. He ran and ran. He tried to get rid of them. They bit and bit. His penis swelled up. He lied to people. He said he had been cutting⁵ his penis.

¹ Untranslatable.

² Untranslatable.

³ Untranslatable.

⁴ P. E., *kapul*.

⁵ Ceremonially cutting.

THE MAN OF SABIGIL WHO TRIED TO COPULATE WITH A DOG

A dog had puppies. The owner went. He stuck the dog into a hole in the bark wall. He fastened the dog there. He copulated with the dog. The dog tried to turn and bite him. It could not. It was fast in the bark wall. He withdrew his penis. It itched frightfully. It itched for two days and then it was all right.

THE MAN OF SABIGIL WHO TRIED TO COPULATE WITH A HOLLOW TREE

A man saw a tree with a hollow in it. He climbed up. He inserted his penis to copulate with it. His penis stuck fast. He fell and hung by his penis. He died. They searched for him, but they never found him. If he had been down below they would have found him.

THE MAN OF SABIGIL WHO TRIED TO DRINK A STREAM DRY⁶

A man took the bark of the *imateuh* tree. He put it in water. It stupefied lobsters and fish. He caught them. He wrapped them up and took them on top⁷ to the village. A man⁸ asked him: "How did you kill those fish? He lied. He said: "I drank all the water and then I caught them." The next day the other man went. He drank and drank. He twisted leaves. He put them in his ears, his nose, his mouth, his anus, his penis. He plugged up all holes. He drank. He drank. His belly was tightly stretched. He could not finish the water. Now he was very sick. He lay there. He saw a bird, a *sipasiali* bird, the ghost of his mother who was dead,⁹ the bird¹⁰ that sings "*sh sh sh*," and walks about near the water. She said: "Suppose your mother comes and steps on your buttocks and lets the water out." She tried. She wasn't strong enough. Now she sat on his buttocks. She unplugged it. The water gushed out. His heart and all his entrails flowed with it. He died. They searched for him. They found him there. They buried him.¹¹

⁶ F VIII. See Fortune, R. F., 1942, "Arapesh," Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc., vol. 19.

⁷ Villages are always theoretically on top of hills.

⁸ In F VIII the hairdressing incident occurs. Fortune, *ibid.*

⁹ This attribution is typical of Unabelin. In the F VIII version, the rescuer is merely a duck, but Unabelin is always on the lookout for the dead.

¹⁰ A tiny water bird which lives in the reeds and bamboo near streams.

¹¹ In F VIII, Fortune, *ibid.*, the water comes out and he lives to tell of his being deceived.

THE GREAT GRINDSTONE OF SABIGIL¹

All the men of Sabigil carried a big stone for grinding. They fastened it to a pole. Its name was *sokwato*. They brought it to the Mebun River. A man fastened a pig, made a feast. He hid on the road. He saw them coming with the stone. They all cried out "*Wha wha wha*," as

they do when they receive a pig.² He said: "Look out, lest the stone kill a man." The poles broke. The stone fell down. They fastened it back. The poles broke again. They tried and tried, in vain. They ran away. We don't try to carry big stones like them. Just small ones for beating G strings and cooking.³

FOURTH SESSION, JUNE 27, 1932

[Unabelin had concluded his last session with me by telling tales; in several cases in rather meager versions, and in one instance he got the story from Balidu of Alitoa on the spot. He felt that he knew no more tales. The next time he turned up with Siakaru to provide background materials, as he had already seen Mindibilip retell tales originally narrated very fast by other Arapesh. In this session, Siakaru told the tale very rapidly, much more rapidly than I could record it, especially as he spoke in the Liwo dialect. Unabelin then retold the story in pidgin of which Siakaru did not understand a word. Aside from a general unrecorded impression that Unabelin amplified the stories somewhat, especially in contributing philosophical comments and extra conversational details, I have no data on the degree to which he followed Siakaru's versions.]

THE MEN WHO CAME OUT OF THE BAMBOOS⁴

Before, only women existed. They used to descend from the village and cut the bush. They cooked food and left it in the village. Now, one day they returned and found that the men had been there. They had eaten all the food. They had urinated and defecated⁵ in the food bowls. They had strewn ashes all about. They had defiled the place. Then the men had

returned inside the bamboos. Another day, the women cooked food. They left the village and descended to cut the bush. At noon, all the women laughed and called out, "*sia hai we we*," as they worked. The men heard them. They came. They ate the food, etc., etc. Another day the same thing happened. One day, the women told one woman to remain. She hid in a house. They barricaded the door. They said: "You see whether they are ghosts or mortals." Now, all the women went down to work. They sang loudly as they worked. The men heard. They said: "They have all gone down." The woman peeked from the house. She saw a bamboo break open and a man come out.⁶ Another broke open, another man came out, etc., etc. They ate; they defecated; they urinated in the food bowls. They returned to the bamboos. The women returned. They set down their full net bags. They unbarred the house door. They found the woman hiding. They asked her. She said: "Oh, they are most handsome men. They live yonder in the bamboos." They said: "Don't talk so loud, lest they hear you." The next morning they sharpened their stone axes.

At noon all the men were asleep, awaiting the women's shouting below. The eldest sister went and cut a bamboo. A man came out. He held her fast. They copulated. The second sister cut the middle of the bamboo. The second brother came out. He held her fast. They copulated. The third sister cut at the middle of the bamboo and the third brother came out. He held her fast. They copulated. One younger sister cut at the top of the bamboo and a younger brother came out. He held her. They copulated. Another younger sister and another cut the bamboos and the younger brothers came out. One younger sister had no man. She said: "They all go. They

¹ F XVI. See Fortune, *ibid.*

² This ceremonial cry is called symbolically, "They kill the mud hen."

³ This story Unabelin tells very briefly here, and later, on June 30, he tells a much more elaborate version, immediately after Siakaru has told him the story. This makes it possible to compare the extent to which Unabelin is willing to abbreviate and pare down a tale in which he is not interested, as in retelling Balidu's version "The origin of death," and the extent to which he will tell two versions of the same story when he is interested.

⁴ See also F XXXIX. See Fortune, R. F., 1942, *ibid.*

⁵ In F LVII, Fortune, *ibid.*, in which a woman culture hero civilizes a man who has no ventral passage, we again find the theme of man's lack of cleanliness as a contrast between the sexes.

⁶ This connection between men and bamboos is interesting, for the flutes of the initiatory cult are made from the bamboo. Also, in Alitoa, this is the legend of the origin of gens of *Uyebis*, the gens of the hereditary incisors.

put down bark beds. They copulate. I have no one." She said: "Brothers-in-law, I will go and find pepper leaves for you." But the women were all obstinate. They said: "And which one will you marry then? There is no man left." She pled, in vain. She wearied. She wanted to cry.

She saw an *ageup* tree. She climbed it. She saw a bamboo shoot. She cut it off. She put it in her net bag. She put leaves on top. She carried her net bag into her house. She got a stone and broke the bamboo open. A man appeared. He had three bird-of-paradise feathers in his hair. He was beautiful. He held her breasts.¹ They slept together. She cooked food for him. All the women and all the men had gone to work in the bush. She alone had been in the village. She brushed up the ground. She fastened the door, lest the others see him. Now, the men and women came up. Their men were a wretched lot, old men who had borne many children.² Her man was young, with a soft skin. She deceived them. She cried: "I have no man." He hid in the house. They all went to the bush. She, the youngest, put ashes on the house ladder. She said: "For fear they should enter and see him." The elder sister returned to the village after all the others had left. She saw a piece of twisted rope.³ It dangled from the house floor of the youngest. She had warned him: "When you twist rope, do not let it fall through the floor slats, or others will see and will know you are here." He sat on the shelf inside and twisted rope. It dangled. The eldest saw it. She pulled it. He pulled it. She pulled it, etc. She climbed the ladder. She tracked the ashes. She opened the door. He held her breasts. She pinched his cheeks.⁴ The two copulated. She went out. She fastened the door. She did not replace the ashes on the ladder. Had she done so, the youngest would not have known. The youngest returned. She saw the tracks. She went inside and questioned the man. He did not answer. He said: "What tracks are you talking about?" She stormed louder. He did not answer. Finally, he laughed and said: "Yes, we played together." She pulled him down. She took his

piece of bark and put it outside. She set his fire there and his pillow. She got his net bag and his lime gourd and put them outside. The man sat down outside and chewed betel. All the women came up. They saw that he was handsome. They were all angry. The eldest sister deceived his wife. She said to her: "Come, let us go and hunt lobsters." They went to the river. They found some. They went farther. They went farther. They came to a big stone. The eldest said: "Crawl under this stone." She did so. The eldest stood on the stone and crashed it down on her head. She killed her. The eldest returned to the village. The man asked: "Where is my wife?" She lied. She said: "She is dead. A stone killed her. I could not save her." They got a tree. They cut it. They lifted up the stone. They took out the woman. They carried her to the village. They buried her. They washed their hands in the death exorcising herbs. They waited three days. Then the man married the eldest sister. She had killed his wife; now she married him. She had said: "Before she died, I slept with him. His penis was slippery and good." So she deceived her and killed her.⁵

THE ISLAND OF WOMEN⁶

In the beginning, a man killed pigs. He killed a pig, cooked it, and ate it. He killed another and cooked and ate it. Now he killed a pig belonging to a *marsalai* named Wanehap. He put it in the fire; it would not cook. He heated it some more and tried it. It was not done. He heated it still more; it was not done. Now he left it in the fire. It was night. A big rain came down. He and his three children all slept in a big hollow tree. They were dogs. This was before the dogs were beaten with the tongs. They could still talk.⁷ The rain fell. In the depth of night the *marsalai* came and took his soul away.⁸ He slept without knowing anything. Only his body remained there.

⁵ In the F XXXIX (Fortune, 1942, *ibid.*) version, the man revenges his wife's death by feeding all the others soup which contains her decomposing body.

⁶ See F XXVIII, Fortune, 1942, *ibid.*; told by Unabelin, from Siakaru's account.

⁷ Reference to legend of tattle-tale dog (F XXXV). See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 362.

⁸ A non-Arapesh concept inasmuch as it refers to the *marsalai*. They are, however, afraid to awaken sleeping people suddenly for fear that their souls may be absent.

¹ A stereotyped prelude to intercourse.

² Reference to the belief that child-bearing exhausts men as well as women.

³ This episode is found in F XXVIII, Fortune, 1942, *ibid.*, in which one man strays into the Island of Women.

⁴ Pinching the cheeks of a man by a woman is equated with holding the breasts of a woman by a man.

The river flooded and washed away the tree. It went from one river to another, down to the beach. When it got to the beach, the *marsalai* returned his soul. They all looked and saw the beach, the bare beach. At dawn they were on Valif. One child awoke first, looked about and said: "Oh, grandfather, get up, where is this place to which we have come?" He got up and exclaimed: "We killed a pig of the *marsalai*'s and now the rain has come, the river has flooded us and carried us to the sea." He said to the child: "Try this water. I have heard of this sea water." The child tried it. He beat his breast. He said: "Oh, grandfather, it is salt. Let us get some greens and cook in it." The father said: "We have arrived at something. Let us cook greens." They sought greens. They cooked them. They cooked the pig. They ate. The man left the dog children.¹ He journeyed about. He found the gardens of the *Simehepia*. They were women only. There were no men. They burnt the undergrowth for their gardens, but they could not climb the trees, for there were no men. They planted the round line-scored taro (*bagihas*), other taro, sugar cane, and the small bamboo. The man took some taro, some round taro, some bamboo sprouts, and some sugar cane. He worked carefully. He found the places where they had already picked some. He stood in their tracks. He said: "Lest they discover it." He returned and garnished the pig. They ate. In the morning he hid again near the gardens. He waited until all had departed. We went inside. He gathered some taro, some round taro, some sugar, and some bamboo. He departed.

Now, they discovered his footsteps. They said: "We have no big woman who makes a track like this." They searched. One woman said: "Yesterday, I broke off one sugar cane stalk here. Now two are broken." He had broken the cane where they had. He had untied the cord with which they had twisted the sugar cane into a sheaf, but when he put it back carefully, he twisted it the opposite way. The woman also said: "Yesterday, I fastened the cord differently. What fastened this?" There were no men among them. Their husbands were flying foxes. The flying foxes would come and scratch their vulvas and they would give birth to girls only. Now all the women gathered. They

found a clump of good sugar cane. They set one woman inside of it. They tied her inside and gave her the two ends of the cord. They went away.

She waited. The man came. He took yams, taro, round taro, and bamboo. He gathered his food. Now, he wished to gather some sugar cane. He saw the good clump. He said: "I'll break this and suck it." He tried to find the rope end. He said: "Where have they hidden it?" He hunted and hunted. Now the woman loosened the rope. The sugar cane snapped up all around him. He fell down in its midst. The woman said: "Are you a ghost or a man?" He said: "I am a man. Are you a ghost or a woman?" She said: "I am a woman." The two copulated. The woman put him in her net bag. She put leaves under him. She put leaves and firewood over him. She came to the place. She took out her door bars. She opened the door. She put him in the house. She put him on the shelf.² They all asked her: "What did you see in the gardens? Who comes and steals?" She lied, she said: "I tired. No one came and the mosquitoes bit me. So I came." The man stayed in the house. He sat on the shelf and twisted cord on his thigh. All the flying foxes lived in a big *tamberan* house. They slept during the day. Towards dusk, they awoke. The flying fox came to his wife to scrape her vulva. She killed him. She had a new husband now, so she killed the previous husband. Another woman called out: "What are you doing to your husband to make him cry out so?" She answered: "Nothing." The other woman said: "Mine does not cry out like that." Her husband said: "This is meat which we eat." She said: "Oh, we think of them just as flying foxes who scrape our vulvas. Meat, you say?"³ She cooked the flying fox. The man ate it.

Each day another flying fox went inside. She killed them. They cried, "*ge ge ge ge whwh-whwh*." The woman asked: "Why do the men cry so when they enter her house?" In vain, they asked. The flying foxes entered. They went into the pot. She killed all of them, only one escaped. The women looked at her and said: "What have you been doing to be pregnant?" It is true that when the flying foxes scraped

² Compare the incident in which the youngest sister hides her lover, in "The men who came out of the bamboos," p. 347.

³ The most common cliché to describe a wife's leaving her husband is: "He did not give her meat."

¹ This merely means his dogs whom he regarded as children.

their vulvas they bore children, but only daughters, but that was when they were old. This woman's breasts had not yet relaxed. Now the women all went to work. She put ashes on her house ladder. She said: "Lest they find him." Another woman returned. She saw the cord which he twisted dangling from the house floor. She took hold of it. She tugged. He tugged above. She tugged; he tugged. She tugged; he tugged, but in vain. She climbed the ladder. She made tracks in the ashes. She opened the door. She entered the house. She saw the bones of all the flying foxes. She saw the man. She said: "Ah, so the woman hid him and none of us knew." He held her cheeks. She held his penis. She pulled him down from the shelf. She copulated with him. She fastened the door. She emerged. The wife was at work. Her heart stirred within her.¹ She thought: "What are they doing in the village?" She went to the village. She arrived. She saw the tracked ladder. She said: "Some worthless woman has been inside and seen my husband." She entered. She asked him: "Who came?" He said: "No one." She said: "I saw her tracks on the ladder." He laughed. He said: "Yes, one came and we copulated."

She was angry. She took his piece of bark and set it outside. She put his fire there and his pillow, his lime gourd and his net bag. There he sat, chewing betel. All the women came up. Now he copulated with all the women. One day he copulated with one; one day with another. He went about into their houses. At night, he slept with his wife. During the day he slept in the houses of others. His wife bore a son. He stayed with her. He held her. He severed the cord. She bore him. Now she was pregnant again. He journeyed about. She was in labor. All the women said: "What shall we do? How did he do it?" They took a bamboo knife. They slit her belly. They took out the child. The woman died. They said to him: "See, we cut her open." He was angry. He said: "Why did you not call me? When another gives birth, call me and I will teach you." Now all the women had children, many males and some females.

¹ One whose spouse is unfaithful always becomes mysteriously aware of it from a distance. Cf. "The tale of *Sua-bibis*," as told by Unabelin and Aden's dream while in prison. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 367; 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *ibid.*, vol. 40, pt. 3.

The boys with their father, copulated with all the women. They were all married now.

He told them to kill the flying foxes, so that all could eat them. They copulated all the time. They bore children. They were enough. The father was an old man. Their mothers told the men to burn down the house of the flying foxes. They fastened up the doors. Under one gable they left just one little hole through which one ran away. They lit a fire which consumed the house. The flying foxes flew about inside. They cried out: "*Usam usam usam, kaliem kaliem kaliem bumbumbum.*" They flew here and there. They could not escape. Only one little *dabuk* [a small flying fox] escaped. He went and told all the birds: "The women have burned up all the flying foxes. They have cooked them and eaten them." He told all the birds, the crows, the parrots, the hawks, the hornbills, the birds of paradise, the pigeons, the little birds which cry at dawn. All the birds waited for a full moon.

Then when the *towan* fruit was ripe, the man went to pick it. He climbed the tree. The flying fox went and told all the birds. All the birds gathered there. They attacked him. They cried out [all their cries]. The hawk sat down on a tree nearby. All the birds attacked, "*na bo ro da da da na bo ro da da da.*" The hawk saw that they were not killing him. He came and gouged out his eyes. He gouged out first one eye, then the other. It was because he had told the women to kill the flying foxes. All the birds had taken the side of the *dabuk*. They clawed him to bits. He fell down. He died now. The birds cut off his penis. They said: "This is the penis which was so strong that all the women liked it so well that they killed the flying foxes." They lifted it up. They carried it and threw it down in the village plaza. The women saw it. They were making fires. The birds threw it down. They saw it. They said: "Oh, our man is dead." They cried over it. They buried it. The next day they found him. They carried him. They buried him also.²

THE CASSOWARY WIFE³

All the cassowaries went to bathe at a water

² A note in my field write-up, "Note, these two legends were told by the same man with only one legend in between." What that legend was is not given, so the sequence of this series cannot be taken to be significant.

³ One episode of this story is in F XLVII. (See Fortune, R. F., 1942, "Arapesh," *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, vol.

hole called Midjululim. There were many cassowaries. A man came there. He hid. He waited. All the cassowaries came up. He saw that the one in the middle was beautiful. They unfastened their aprons—the tufts of feathers on a cassowary's hind quarters. They went to bathe. He took the aprons of Shaliom, the one who was beautiful. He hid them. The cassowaries all came up from the water. They all stood and fastened their aprons. One fastened hers. One fastened hers. Finally, that one said: "Where are my aprons? Where are they?" No one knew. One fastened her aprons; she ran off, calling out, "*tu tutu tu.*" Another fastened hers, she ran off in the other direction, calling out, "*tu tutu tu.*" She alone had none. She stood there, a woman.

The man came up. He said: "Are you a ghost or a woman?" She said: "I am a woman. Are you a ghost or a man?" He said: "I am a man." He took her with him. He did not take the aprons for fear she would put them on and run away. He took her to the village and hid her in the menstrual hut.¹ He went to his mother and said: "Go and see. I have brought a woman, but she has no apron. She is in the menstrual hut." His mother said: "True, eh?" "Yes, go and see her and take her aprons for her to fasten." His mother went. She saw her. She saw the woman. She gave her aprons. The two came up to the house. The girl stayed. She grew big.² His mother said to him: "Build a house and by and by you two can stay in it together."

He built a house. The girl took pots and plates, her net bags, and all her things and went to the house. The two slept. He wanted to have intercourse with her. He lifted up her apron. He tried to penetrate. He found that she had no vagina.³ Now he went to his mother. He said: "Mother, your daughter-in-law has no vagina." He sought out her latrine. He found the log upon which she sat when she defecated. He put a sharp pointed stick on the

edge of it. The girl went to defecate. She went to scrape her anus. Now, it was hurt. It was lacerated by the sharp stick. She now had a vagina. The blood streamed down each leg. She went to her mother-in-law. She said: "What is this?" Her mother-in-law said: "You are a nubile girl at first menstruation." The man got a piece of coconut sheath. She sat down upon it. She sat down with her legs straight, not crossed. He built her a house. She entered it. In the morning, they beat her with nettles. She slept. The next morning they beat her with nettles. She slept. They beat her with nettles at noon and at evening also. In between, she slept. She did not eat. Then they cut her scarification marks. Then they bedizened her. They put new woven bands on her arms and legs. They put earrings in her ears and a necklace around her throat. They put *weinyal* leaves on her old net bag. They hung her old net bag on her head. The girl held a *melipip* leaf in her mouth. The man came to her in the plaza. He took out the leaf. She stuck out her tongue. He scraped it with *mebu*-scented earth and *iwayen* bark, *malipik*, *amalin*, *sumuh*, and *malupul*, the leaves and bark of things which are strong.⁴ He had put a little of each on the leaf, the rest he put in the soup and in the yams which he cooked for her. He put his great toe on her great toe. He held a coconut riblet in his hand. With it, he flipped off her old net bag. He took out the leaf. He scraped her tongue. He gave her food. For the first bite, he held it. For the second bite, he held it. For the third bite, she held it herself, for she was now stronger. Before, she had been weak, because she had not eaten. Women had held her under the armpits and helped her to the plaza. She sat down, she ate, and she drank soup. Her husband forbade himself meat. They waited a week [six days]. Then she cooked wild vegetables from the bush.⁵ The next day she did nothing. Then her husband looked for meat. He brought taro. They made a feast for all those who had helped, who had carried firewood, and who had brought water, for those women who had beaten her with nettles, and for those who had brought paint and painted her.

19.) Told here by Unabelin from the account of Siakaru. This is the Arapesh version of "The Swan Maiden."

¹ This is the regular hiding place for women who run away to a strange village.

² Note that the cassowary, originally a woman, has now become a pre-adolescent girl who must be grown.

³ See also the legend of "The girl who had no vagina," p. 344. This episode is virtually identical in these two stories.

⁴ In the previous version, "The girl who had no vagina," p. 344, Unabelin omits the herbs in the tongue scraping and also gives a different list of herbs.

⁵ This is the false vegetable meal which comes at the end of every taboo period.

They remained. She menstruated several times. Then she became pregnant. She bore a son. She weaned him. She menstruated again. She became pregnant again. She bore a second son. She bore a third son. She weaned him. She menstruated. She became pregnant. She bore a daughter. She weaned her. She menstruated. She became pregnant a fifth time. She bore a son. When this son was about the age of Soua-toa¹ the father and the four older children went into the bush. The mother and youngest child remained in the village. The mother brushed the ground. She found a bit of her old apron. A cutting insect had cut off a piece. It had fallen to the ground. She called out to her son. "Come and see my apron which your father hid here." Before, the man had hidden it on the top shelf of his big house. If his father had told the child not to get it, he would not have gotten it. But he was a child. His ears were closed.² If the father had burned it, the mother would never have found it. If she had not found it, she could not have run away.³ The mother unbarred the door of the house. She brought a ladder. The two went inside. She looked. She did not find it. She said to the child: "Look on that high shelf. I think your father put it there." She lifted it up. He looked. He said: "See I have found something. Is this it?" The mother cried out: "Oh, give them to me quickly, they are my old aprons." He gave them to her. The two descended. She fastened the door. She said: "See this bunch of bananas. When these are ripe cut them and take them to the place where the *mahon* tree is, where men who know the charm go to kill the cassowary." She broke off the upper shoot of the bananas to mark them. She wept over the child. She took off her aprons. She put on her old aprons. Now she was a cassowary. She cried, "*tulu wha, tu lu wha, tu tu tu tu.*" She ran to one end of the village, she ran to the other end. The child followed, crying "Mother, mother," in vain. Her ears no longer heard; they were closed.

The father stood up on a near-by hill. He

heard the cries. He said: "Come, we will go. I think your mother has found her grass skirt and run away."⁴ The children asked: "What is this?" He explained to them. The three sons said: "Why didn't you tell us to burn that grass skirt, or throw it in the water? Instead, you hid it in the village and now she has found it." They arrived at the village. The youngest child was crying. The child's throat was almost dead from crying. If the father had gone down to a river rather than up a mountain, he would not have heard the child cry. It would have died. He asked the child what had happened. If it had been a big child, he would have beaten it; but it was just a little one. The child told him. He asked: "What did mother say to you?" The child said: "Oh, father, she told me to take that bunch of bananas when it ripened to the place by the *mahon* tree to those who know the charms to trap cassowaries. She said my three brothers were to go and we were to stop." They waited. The bananas ripened. They waited. They cut them. They waited until they were really ripe. The three boys took a hand drum and a flute.⁵ One held the bananas.⁶ They went to the place and climbed a tree. They blew the flute and beat the drum. They heard an answer: "*Di lu wha wha wha, di lu wha di lu wha di lu wha, tu tu tu tu.*" They said: "Oh, our mother is coming. We thought she was dead." They held the bananas. They played more. They heard a response, . . . closer, repeat, closer, repeat, right near-by. Now he laid down his flute. The cassowary appeared. They threw down a banana. She ate one. They threw down another. She ate it. Another, she ate it. She looked up and saw them. She said: "One of you come down and go away with me." She asked in vain. They stayed in the tree. She waited below. Finally, she went away calling, "*di lu wha wha wha, di lu wha di lu wha, tutu-tutu.*" The three boys descended. They returned to the village. They told their father. He wept.

¹ Soua-toa, the daughter of La'abe, a little girl four or five years old. (See Mead, 1938, "The Mountain Arapesh. I. An importing culture," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 36, p. 3, Fig. 16). Unabelin frequently identified the ages of mythological characters by referring to village children.

² That is, he did not yet understand.

³ Typical of Unabelin's special point for point following out of alternative sets of circumstances.

⁴ This is the typical Arapesh touch by which, in legends, people at a distance always interpret any noise or commotion correctly. In everyday life they are remarkably capricious in interpreting even semi-fixed *garamut* calls. (See Mead, Margaret, 1938, *ibid.*, vol. 36, pp. 195-196.)

⁵ Cf. the position of the cassowary in the *tamberan* cult.

⁶ This episode appears in F XLVII (See Fortune, R. F., 1942, "Arapesh," *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, vol. 19) which is concerned with the sons who trap their cassowary mother whose bones turn into the long yams.

ORIGIN OF YAMS FROM THE CASSOWARY
MOTHER KILLED BY HER SONS¹

There was a woman who used to go down to get water. She would put down her coconut shells and her bamboos. She would turn into a cassowary. She would go and eat *mabiloh* berries. She would eat. She would return, take up her net bag and her water vessels and return to the village. One day she did this. She returned to the village. She cooked. She called her children. She said: "Go down to the bushes where the cassowary comes to eat. She always follows one path. There are plenty of tracks. Set a trap for her." Her sons went down and set the snare. In the morning she went down. She put down her water vessel. She approached the berries. She was caught. She struggled, she struggled. All night she struggled. In the morning she died. The sons waited for six days. Their mother did not come. They said: "Our mother lied to us. She turned into a cassowary. She ate the berries. She got caught in the snare and died." They went down. They found the head of the cassowary had rotted. The body was there. They loosened the snare. They covered her up with shrubs. They waited two moons. Then they gathered the bones in a yam basket (*serlau*). They put them in the house. They sprouted. They went. They planted them. The long bones grew into *abuting* [long yams]. The short ones into *'wo'wis* [short yams]. He made a garden. [Here follow all details of planting.] He waited. He harvested. He put them in the house. He did not eat them. He planted again [details of work]. He waited. He harvested. He waited. He took out weeds. Some were red. Now he tried one. He said: "These are very good." All ate them. Now we eat yams. If he had not told everyone before, we would not eat them now.

THE BRINGING OF YAMS BY SHAROK,
A CASSOWARY²

A cassowary got up in Dakuar and went to Dunigi. Her name was Shokwek. A cassowary got up in Dunigi and went to Dakuar. Her name was Sharok. The people there had no yams. They journeyed about all day and cut chips. They cooked these and drank the water.

A man named Billum stopped with three dog-children.³ These talked. Sharok went there and saw the man cooking chips. They all went to the bush. The cassowary went in. She brushed out the house. She brushed out all the chips. She made a fire of the chips. She took yams out from under her skin. She put some in the father's house, some in the eldest son's house, some in the second son's house, some in the youngest son's house. The four houses were full. The men cut the trees and returned to the village. They filled their net bags with chips and they came. Now Sharok cooked yams. She scraped coconut meat. She made soup. The men came. They saw all the chips were gone. They were angry with her. But she said: "Those weren't real food. See this soup." The three sons, one was a man of La'abe's⁴ age, one a man of my age, one a lad of 15, went to their houses and found them full of yams. She showed them the soup. She said: "This is good food. I eat it all the time." The eldest son said: "No, you [to the second] try it, lest I die. I will not." The youngest tried it. He cried out with delight: "Oh, this is wonderful food. We have always eaten rotten food. This is grand." The second brother ate and cried out: "Oh, this is wonderful food. We have always eaten rotten food. This is grand." Now the big brother ate and cried out: "Oh, this is wonderful food. We have always eaten rotten food. This is grand." Then the father ate. They got spoons and they ate and ate. They threw away all the new chips which they had gathered. The next day they went to make a garden; father, eldest son, second son, and youngest son, all made the garden. They made the father's first, eldest son, second son, and youngest son, all made the garden. They made the father's first, then the eldest son's, etc. They cut trees, lopped the branches, burnt the garden place, worked a barrier, and planted the yams. The woman showed them. She showed them everything. They learned completely. They cut sago. They ate it. They cut their vegetable greens. Before, she had showed them how to hill them up. They waited. The greens grew large. She cut them. She brushed the place. She threw earth about and charmed the garden. She made the yams climb

¹ F XLVII (Fortune, R. F., 1942, *ibid.*); told by Unabelin from Siakaru's account.

² F XXV. See Fortune, R. F., 1942, *ibid.*

³ Note the same man and three dog children as in the "Island of women" story, p. 351.

⁴ An Alitoa man of about 30.

into vines. She cut the greens and fastened up the seeds for next year's planting. She said: "Take out the weeds." They took out their taro. They took out the round taro. They saw the yams were red. They took them out. They brought them into the house. Again, they made a garden. [Repeat as before, with occasional interjections of "They did just as before."] They harvested. They got paint, red, white, orange, and lavender. They harvested their yams. They painted them. They set a day. They built a house. Some cleaned the place, some built the house, some worked sago, some hunted for game. Now the yams were all painted. Everyone came. They piled up the yams.¹ They placed the piece of vine² under the pile. Everyone came and slept. Two men slept near the *shume*.³ Near dawn they got up and sang a charm to the sun. They put the big yams first. Now they piled them into heaps. Now one man pulled the vine. The other man stood there. Just at the end of the vine he put his finger on his lip, smacked it, and touched the vine. They pulled it out altogether. They fastened it on a piece of bamboo. All measured it by spread arms. They said: "This man excels." After piling up the yams they took the man to the water to wash.⁴ They counted six days.⁵

THE DOG AND THE RAT⁶

The tree rat went and ate some fruit. It was slobbered over his mouth. The dog saw it. He said: "What did you eat that I see on your mouth?" The rat tree deceived him. He said: "Go where the flies buzz up and eat." The dog went. He ate feces. Then the tree rat came. He mocked him. He said: "You have eaten feces." The dog said: "But you said yesterday . . . 'Go where the flies buzz up and eat.'" The rat said: "Not so. I lied to you. Fie for shame; you have eaten feces." The dog went and rubbed his face

in the ashes to wipe off the feces. He took two shell ornaments. He gave them to his father. He said: "Father, I pay for eating feces. I have already eaten them." Since then all dogs eat feces.

One day the dog and the tree rat went into the bush to hunt. Then a big rain came. They came to a river. It flooded. The tree rat crossed on a *diapulpul* vine. The dog asked him: "How did you get across?" He deceived him. He said: "I fastened my penis tight against my body and swam." The dog took a vine. He fastened his penis. He swam across. The rat mocked him. "Oh, oh, oh, your penis is stuck fast." The dog said: "But you told me to fasten it." The rat said: "I did not, you lie. Oh, what will they say in the village when they see you." The dog loosened the vine. But his penis was stuck fast. He came up to the village and said the rat had deceived him. But the rat had gone before him. He was completely ashamed. They slept. In the morning, they went to the bush. They found game and cooked it. They returned to the village, slept [repeat twice]. Then one day they went. The dog found the spoor of a tree kangaroo. He traced it to a tree. The rat went up. He found nothing. He went up another tree; he found nothing. He went up another; he found nothing. The dog complained: "Why don't you find anything?" He went up another [that was four]; then another [that was five]; then another [that was six]. Now the dog hid among the roots of the tree. The rat came down. The dog pounced on it. It bit it. It said: "Oh, you lied to me about the feces. You lied to me about my penis. *Kua kua tue tue tue, tue tue*. Now I'll teach you. You lied to me. *Kua kua tue tue*." He killed the rat. He took out its heart. He returned to the village. They asked him: "Where is the tree rat?" He said: "Search me." He lied, but they all knew. He parted the ashes of the fire. This is the fashion of the dog who has killed.⁷ In the morning he washed. The next day he stayed. He slept. In the morning he washed. So he was free of the ghost of the tree rat.

ORIGIN OF THE SEA⁸

A mother went into her garden. She gathered

⁷ This legend perhaps accounts for the descriptive phrase for those who watch with a man who has killed another: "They sit up with the dog."

⁸ FL (Fortune, R. F., 1942, *ibid.*); told by Unabelin, from Siakaru's account.

¹ I.e., made an *abullu*. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 427.

² The *lokwat* measuring vine.

³ Ceremonial yam house.

⁴ To perform the "Finding the eel ceremony."

⁵ The *abullu* ceremony is known to the Arapesh, including Unabelin, as a very recent importation, but that does not prevent him from including its details in this culture origin myth.

⁶ F XXII (Fortune, R. F., "Arapesh," *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, vol. 19); told by Unabelin immediately after hearing the story from Siakaru of Liwo who accompanied him, June 30, 1932.

greens. She wanted to gather the red leaf of the sugar cane. She cut her finger. She held her bleeding finger over a cupped taro leaf. She made a hole in the pile of rubbish in the garden. She hid it. One day she went to the garden. She listened. She heard no boiling. [Repeat twice.] The third time she went she heard a sound like soup boiling in a pot or like waves breaking on the beach. She cooked greens. She poured out a little. It was very salt. There was none for her children. She cooked them greens without salt. Each day it was the same. For her children, she cooked the greens plain; for herself, she seasoned her greens with salt water. One day she distributed the greens. She gave them to the eldest, to the second, and to the third. She gave his greens to the fourth and with them a little of her own. She thought they were all his. She did not know hers was there. The youngest ate. "Oh, mother," he cried, "What makes this salt?" "Oh, my child," she pled, "give it back to me. It's mine. I did not mean to give it to you. I was crazy to give it to you." But he said: "Not much. I have already eaten it." They quarreled. In the morning, she gave them their food. Then she went to cut weeds. The three sons hid outside the garden. They heard the sea breaking inside the garden like the sound of breaking trees. They said: "What is that? Will we perhaps die now?" The eldest son, the middle son, the third son cut trees. They came closer. The mother sat down in the garden. She put down her greens. She got sea water. She saw her sons. They came in. One broke down one side of the rubbish pile, one the other. The sea rushed out. She put her plate on her head. She said: "My children, I have become a turtle." [Now when we kill a turtle it has a hard plate on its breast.]¹ The elder brother climbed a *yap* tree. The younger brother went and climbed an *agup* tree. The elder brother said: "When the wind comes from you, it will make my tree rustle. When it comes from me, it will make your tree rustle." [The eldest brother went to the Wewak side and made the southeast wind. The second brother went to the Aitape side and made the northwest wind.] One went fast and the salt water followed. The other fled fast [in the other direction] and the sea water followed. They broke the branches of the trees. They charmed them. They threw them down on the

water. The water subsided. Had they not done so, the water would have covered everything. Now forest land remains.

ORIGIN OF THE PLAINS²

Before, a woman cut her pubic hair. She put it in a bamboo. When they wanted to light a fire, they brought coconut tinder. They held it to the pubic hair. They lit it. One day she spread the pubic hair in the sun. The sun shone. It burned down on the grass. It caught fire. The fire spread to all the bush. In vain, she tried to climb a tree. She tried to reach a river, in vain. She went inside a hollow tree. She hid there. The fire licked the outside of the tree. It charred the outside. It did not enter. When the fire abated she came out and went to the water. Where the fire had been was only plains. There was no more bush.

WHY DOGS NO LONGER TALK³

A man copulated with another man's wife. The husband's dog sat down a long way off. He saw them. The woman put down her cassowary bone. She forgot it. The dog took the cassowary bone. He went to the village. He found the woman. She sat on one side of the fire. He sat on the other. He hid the cassowary bone. He said: "Mother, give me something to eat." She said: "Not yet, the food isn't cooked yet." The dog said: "Mother, did you lose anything today?" She said: "Yes, my cassowary bone." He said: "What were you doing when you lost it?" She said: "Nothing." He said: "True, eh?" She wanted to beat him. He said: "If you hit me I will reveal it all. I saw it." She was very angry. She took the fire tongs. She beat him over the head. Half of his mouth cried out like a man, "*Eyé, eyé.*" Half cried out like a dog, "*Bak, bak.*" It only cried out. The man said to the woman: "What did you do to it? What did it want to tell?" Now it can no longer talk. It only barks.

THE LADDER IN THE CLOUDS⁴

These were Plainsmen. They started with a *mag* tree. Then they took bamboos. They

¹ F VII (Fortune, R. F., 1942, *ibid.*); as told by Unabelin from Siakaru's account.

² F XXXV (Fortune, R. F., 1942, *ibid.*); as told by Unabelin from Siakaru's account.

³ Told by Unabelin, from Siakaru's account.

⁴ As far as I know, the Mountain Arapesh do not kill turtles.

wanted to reach the clouds.¹ They put one bamboo end on another. Then a man would go on top. They would hand up another bamboo. They handed it to the first man. He turned it and handed it up to the second. He would fasten it. Then he went on top. [Repeat and repeat.] They did this each day. Some cut bamboos, some fastened them. They climbed higher. When night came, they slept. The next day they did the same thing. The structure rose higher and higher. The tree was full of Plainsmen passing up the bamboos. The bamboo ladder was full of men passing up the bamboos. They nearly reached the clouds. The men on top called out: "The clouds are close. Soon we shall reach them." Then the ladder broke down below. They all fell down. Only the men who were in the tree were saved. They all fell down near-by. They did not fall down far away. The others took them and buried them.

[Then Siakaru went home. Unabelin told a few brief tales.]

THE STONES NEAR TAPENA

Before, all the *marsalais* wanted to fasten pigs to make a feast. Tokolonhineni, a *marsalai* of the Nugum, fastened one. Kaliluan, the *marsalai* of that island, fastened one. Bunihipine, who lives at the place where they all go to fight the Pleiades,² fastened one. Magadolou was the trunk³ of the feast. He lives near Dunigi. Bilipine of Daguvar, Bubuen of Maguer, Wadjupalin of *Suabibis*, Kulapine of *Aduaibis* of Bugabihiem, all came. They had lined up all the pigs outside the place.⁴ They wanted to count them. Kaliluan wanted the pig that belonged to the trunk, but Tokolonhineni got it. One pulled, the other pulled. One pulled, the other pulled. Made it, made it, made it, in vain. Now Tokolonhineni took a stick [on which they carried a pig] and beat the pig with it. All the *marsalais* ran away. They didn't make the feast. Some of the pigs were on the road, some in the place. They all turned into stones. Now the place is full of stones. If the *marsalais* had

¹ The Arapesh are very much impressed by the height of the Plains *tamberan* houses. See Mead, 1938, "The Mountain Arapesh. I. An importing culture," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 36, pt. 3, Fig. 4.

² Reference to legend about the disappearance of the Pleiades each year, see "How they kill the Pleiades," p. 345.

³ The originator of the feast.

⁴ Pigs are so arranged before a large inter-village pig exchange.

not fought, they would have eaten the pigs and they would not have turned into stones.

THE HORNBILL AND THE CASSOWARY

Before, both the hornbill and the cassowary lived in the air. Always when the hornbill wanted to eat berries the cassowary would come and drive him away. He would chase the hornbill and take the berries. The hornbill was not as strong as the cassowary. He was angry. He talked to his mother's brother,⁵ the *deden* [a little bird], and the *deden* cut through the branch of a tree where berries grew. The hornbill sharpened two spears and stood them up beneath. The hornbill cried out, "ah, ah, ah," as it went to eat the berries. The cassowary heard and came to fight it. The branch broke. The cassowary fell down. Two spears drove up under its wings. The sore dried, but the points remained. They are the *yogwes* bones,⁵ which the big men use. Before, both lived in the air, but the hornbill said: "It is not good for the cassowary to stay up here and always eat my food." So it planted the spears.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE USE OF THE PEPPER PLANT⁶

A man and a dog hunted. The dog chased a wallaby. The man stopped and chewed areca nut. The dog got caught in a pepper vine. The man said: "What are you doing here, catching my dog?" He bit it with his teeth. He had betel in his mouth. They went on and killed the

⁵ Reference to the use of cassowary bones for knives.

⁶ This story is virtually identical with the F version (Fortune, R. F., 1942, "Arapesh," *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, vol. 19, p. 103), and very probably both came straight from the same source. It affords an excellent opportunity to compare the narrative style based on the Arapesh text and on the more freely given, less specific medium of pidgin English.

XV

dog it chases game he follows it apart he attempts vine it holds—him he uses / teeth he severs piper-methysticum-vine bark it descends it rests-on betel-nut he kills game he / holds—it he comes-up he spits he sees spittle it red he pokes-out tongue he sees it red he / thinks "we not now I myself cut apart" he puts-down apart game he turns-around he goes he goes-down he sees piper-methysticum-vine it dead he thinks yes just-now I severed this piper-methysticum-vine he / goes-up he takes-from-hanging ditty-bag he lifts-up game he holds—it he goes to village he cuts / piper-methysticum-vine he holds—it he constantly he chews he comes-up they see him mouth it red / he addresses them "I followed them dog and I severed this piper-methysticum-vine."

wallaby. Then the man saw that his spittal was red. He said: "I bit that vine and now my spittal is red." Now we all get it and chew it with areca nut.

[Finally, Unabelin told the tale of the origin of his gens, based on the account which Siakaru had previously given him.]

THE TALE OF SUABI AS TOLD BY UNABELIN
OF THE GENS OF *Suabibis*

Suabi went to a feast. His brother, Nakobi, stayed at home. Suabi went to a feast among the Nugum, at the village of Kalopi. They were our friends. When they journeyed they came to us. Before, our ancestors went to see them and made it so. They cut pigs at the feast. They gave Suabi a piece of a leg and a piece of foreleg and a bit from under the ribs and a piece from the back. But they did not give him the head. The pieces they gave him were small. He thought then of his wives and what they were doing. We believe that when a man journeys a long way off, to fasten a pig or find rings, if his wife breaks firewood, or cuts the bush, or sweeps the place, or plays with a man, then he will fail. He will not get anything good. If all in the distant place sit and look at him crossly and do not give him food, he thinks of his wife. He says: "What is she doing at home?" Nakobi continually had intercourse with the wives of Suabi. Nakobi slept in one house. They slept in another. Suabi had hung a great clam shell over his door. When it was dark Nakobi would go in and their mother would hear the clam shell: "Clack, clack, clack." When he left in the dawn, she would hear the clam shell again: "Clack, clack, clack, clack." Nakobi went down to the stream in the place of Bauimen,¹ the *marsalai*. He caught two lobsters. He got out the *tamberan*² Yabolhai; he played it. Suabi came. He stood up on the place called Nibogohi. He said: "Oh, what meat has my brother killed, that the *tamberan* should sing." He slashed a standing tree to mark the event. He came to Suapale, then to Kabowiyah. Before, the two had fought

there. He counted out the pieces of pig. He gave his mother a piece of the hind quarter. He gave Nakobi a leg and the jaw. His mother saw that her piece was small and Nakobi's was big and she was angry. She did not speak. She sat and tapped with her fingers on the bark seat and she whistled, "*Wh, wh wh whw whw whw whw.*" Suabi said: "Why is she angry? Why does she not speak to me?" At dusk, he went into his mother's house. He asked her: "Mother, is there some trouble over which you are angry, or what?" She said: "I have no trouble. But you did not give me a big piece of pig. You gave the big pieces to your brother who sleeps with both your wives when you are away." The wives' names were Kalihoken and Womowai. He asked: "Mother, what did you see him do?" She said: "He has intercourse with your wives all the time. You thought him a good brother and you gave him the biggest pieces." He took his spear, a *wak* spear. He took many of them. He ranged them along the side of the house. His brother saw and knew that Suabi was aware of what had happened. Suabi challenged his brother to fight. The two fought and fought. They fought all day. When it was night, they slept. The next day, they fought and fought. At night, they slept. They did the same on the third day, and the fourth, and the fifth. Now Nakobi got up in the night. He took his two dogs, the banana called *silokowi*, and the taro called *tuako*, and he departed. He went down to Pandikui. He saw that it was too near. He sat down. He chewed betel nut. He threw away his ashes. He got up. He went farther. He went on and on and came to Wuluhibili. He sat down. He saw that the place was too near. He said: "If I stay here, he will come down, and we'll fight more." He chewed areca nut. He got up. He swept up the ashes. He went on. He came to Kolohait [repeat], then to Alegihem, then to a river, then he went along the water to Unuwhanibili. [Repeat at each place.] Then he climbed to Kegowhigum. He stood up. He couldn't see the village. He said: "I can stay here. He will not come here." He made a garden. He planted his bananas and his taro. He went hunting with his dogs. He killed a pig. He brought it back and ate it. He got leaves of *ulaban*³ and made himself a bush shelter. In the morning, he went to a lake called Bagadim. He

¹ This *marsalai* is also referred to in the dreams recorded by Unabelin. Mead, 1933, "The *marsalai* cult among the Arapesh, with special reference to the rainbow serpent beliefs of the Australian aboriginals," *Oceania*, vol. 4, pp. 39-53.

² Bull-roarer on the basis of comparison with F XLIII. Fortune, R. F., 1942, "Arapesh," *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, vol. 19.

³ The *limbum* palm.

invaded the place of a great python. In the night the snake came after him. He was fast asleep. The snake swallowed one leg. His head came up to the man's thigh and stopped. If he had swallowed both legs at once he would have swallowed the man entirely. The man woke up. He felt that one leg was light and one heavy. He felt his leg. He felt the snake only, but no leg. His hand crept down to his carrying basket.¹ He took out a piece of bamboo with which he had cut up the pig. He inserted the bamboo in the snake's mouth. He slit it down its side. His leg emerged. The snake went away. So *sosososoti dedededede*.² He said: "If you are only an animal go and die in the open space. If you are a ghost you will disappear." In the morning he went and looked. The snake lay there dead, all cut up. He threw it into the lake. The snake stayed there and rotted. The man went hunting. He went, went, went. A man of Sabigil³ was there with his dog, a monitor lizard. The man of Sabigil had climbed a breadfruit tree. The lizard was sleeping at the foot of the breadfruit tree. The dog of Nakobi chased the lizard. Nakobi cheered it: "Ūs ūs ūs ūs ūs ūs, my dog! my dog! my dog! ūs ūs ūs!" The dog caught the lizard. Nakobi put it in his net bag. He came up. The man of Sabigil descended the tree. He took his *kolodji*⁴ spear. Nakobi took his *monapur*⁵ spear. The two fought. Nakobi was strong. He forced the man back and back. Their spears were worn out. Then they got stones. Nakobi got real stones, but the man of Sabigil got crumbling river stones, the kind called *adaga*. Now the beach is full of real stones and our rivers are full of crumbling stones. Now the man of Sabigil sang out: "Breadfruit, sago, bush hens, they are yours. I go now. You have killed my dog. I go. Before I found sago, I found breadfruit, I found bush hens here." He went. Now Nakobi understood about sago. He hunted for it. The first day he did not find it. He slept. He hunted again, in vain. He slept. The third day he found it. He cut a tree down; he cut it up. He set up a trough. He squeezed it through with water. He put it on the coconut

sheaths. He got dry palm leaves. He cooked it. He rubbed it in the lower end of the trough. He got leaves and vines and fastened it in bundles.

All *Nakobis* of Bugabihem descended from him. Dua was a younger brother. All *Duaibis* came from him. Djuba, who was the very youngest, begot all *Djubatua'uam* of Liwo at the place called Yalimen.⁶

[June 28, 1932, Unabelin took the Rorschach test; see pp. 370-389.]

⁶ [It is possible to compare this tale with that given by Polip.]

XLIII

karapur they come they address suabi "you go that you visit us feast" then / he goes he goes-down karapur he stays he gets-from them meats not they give him one big it / not they give him small them only-them he thinks my her wife she commits one adultery / I go that I find them then he climbs he about-to he stay-on-top torohonin-mountain he hears bull-roarer it constantly it sings-out he comes he goes-up he asks wife he says "you saw he / killed what-them pig or cassowary" she says "he killed yapwesiya [species] lobsters" / he says "he how he makes it play he kill pig or cassowary that he holds them [meats] for it" he stays he counts-and-distributes meats nyakobi he gives him one baunen he gives him one / duah he gives him one mother she makes-towards him sulky-aversion herself she trembles he goes he asks her "my-mother you tremble over what?" he lifts-up door rattles they / clatter she addresses him "you drum-on slit-gong" he says "I well I travel / travel you stay you made-secret-signal-of my her wife meat not they gave me one / good it not" he takes-out spears pig-sticker they fight he takes-out it pig-sticker / sigwan [by name] they fight night they sleep morning they fight they sleep night they talk-quarreling suabi with nyakobi they fight baunen with duah they rest neutral themselves two-them they / fight they sleep night morning they fight they fight four them days nyakobi / he descends panadigum he thinks "lest I stay suppose panadigum we-two fight" then he goes / uluhybyli he puts-down apart chewed-betel-quid ashes they lie abandoned he goes he thinks wife / she goes suppose she find them she follow him yonder he goes to uluhybyli he emerges he chews-betel-nuts he puts-down ashes chewed-betel-quid then he descends watobogen he stays he chews-betel-nut / he puts-down ashes betel-quid he arises he wades-upstream dumah-river he stays dybarunaki he / stays he chews-betel-nut he puts-down ashes chewed-betel-quid he arises he goes-up aleguhigadag he / stays he chews-betel-nut he puts-down ashes chewed-betel-quid he thinks lest I go that we-two fight he goes-up / yabuk he thinks I stay this-place he looked-about-for gibaiya not he saw-it not then he thinks "I stay this-place far-off only it lest not he go we two fight" he / stays he sleeps morning he goes journey with dog he kills them two pigs he / cuts them he bakes them he eats morning back he goes he kills rain-spirit its one-it [pig] game-animal its one-it rain-spirit its he cuts it he bakes it not it cooks it not raw-it then / he puts-in-hollow heart he thinks "I killed rain-spirit its" then he sleeps done he slept heart it forgets lost middle-of it time night python it comes-up it swallows leg one he it / lifts-up he feels heavy he sleeps down-below only he blows-up it

¹ A 'obin basket, Nugum type. See Mead, 1938, "The Mountain Arapesh. I. An importing culture," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 36, pt. 3, 259, Fig. 43.

² An imitation of the rustling noise made by the snake.

³ Sabigil is the home of foolish ancient men and also located as a deserted village site near the beach.

⁴ Spear types not represented in the collection.

⁵ *Idem*.

FIFTH SESSION, JUNE 30, 1932

I'll tell you the story of the quarrel of one of my fathers with Agilapwe.¹ Agilapwe married Miduain and before she menstruated she ran away to Suapali. Agilapwe thought that her brother Yaluahai had helped her run away. Yaluahai was in his garden. He had an ax.

Agilapwe had a spear. Agilapwe went into the garden. He looked at Yaluahai. He asked him: "Where is your sister?" He [Yaluahai] said: "I don't know." He [Agilapwe] said: "You are a liar. She has run away." Yaluahai said: "If she had run away, I would know it." Agilapwe

fire he takes-out-of-bag bamboo it he / cuts it he slits side it only-it he hears gulug gulug gulug it jumps / place-of-water kwehidjo then morning wife she comes-up she addresses children "we / follow him apart that we see before they killed him abandoned or he stays he burned-off a little-place he planted banana-species he planted tauai taros wife she comes-up she stays she guards pigs / himself he journeys dog he sees sabigil man he stays he plucks bread-fruits dog / his it it chases monitor-lizard then he addresses him "do-not you kill it my it dog" he / says "no sool 'im sool 'im" quickly he goes-down he kills it he holds—it he climbs he / thinks he asks him dog "my it done you killed it" he says "I one I killed it" he says "you wish you kill it me" sabigil-man he uses on him monapur-spear nyakobi he uses on him / wild-betel-palm-spears they fight they descend swiftly they go-down shimidah swiftly they go-up / bugabehem swiftly they emerge level-place then they fight they descend they go-down they / stand over-there minyakasha sabigil-man he uses on him yonder monapur-spear nyakobi he / uses on him kworedje-spear sabigil-man he uses on him soft-stone nyakobi he uses on him stone we stones only them themselves soft-stones only-them he calls him "sago-clump sigwabig / later you clear ground for it breadfruit-tree makamoi later you climb—it bush-hen fruit tree / its later you take out them its o friend forest-land it waits for you you go-up done we-two / fought-over it" nyakobi he comes-up sabigil-man himself he comes-up he goes-up he addresses / wife he says "I descend that I see sago-palms their clump it lies what owned-section-of-land" he searches-for it he finds it he clears it for it he climbs he addresses wife / "done I found it" baunen he follows apart nyakobi quickly they stay yabuk nyakobi he / addresses baunen "you go-down you wait for me sirybigali he comes-up he me [kills] suppose you him [kill] for / me" suabi he splits-off bark-cloth-public-covering duah he gives him fringe suabi he addresses him "you / wait for me amugeur they come-up they strike me you if-so-you take-out for me my it spear you strike for me them" baunen he addresses her his her "historical-spear / go take it for him himself he talks nights I sleep so I not I orate not / himself sufficient him he it put-on-top and orate-over it" mother she addresses suabi "I go / that I admonish them nyakobi he with baunen battle that-one finished it I go that I curse them then / I come-up I address you" she addresses nyakobi he with baunen battle "you you stay different it village you stay satisfied you stay only if you fight only-you" back she / returns she addresses suabi fight finished-it that my women they go / yonder they fill-into-bag for me cooking-pots wooden-platters spears lamweh-spears dogs pigs / I stay there adulteries—no-matter you make talk it comes I hear I make / talk it goes yonder you it hear" then he builds houses he scrapes-clean village he plants coconut-palms duah he plants coconut-palms he weeds-clean village he builds houses he ad-

dresses him / river it rests-in-hollow it divides us-two you stay side-of it I stay side-of it. (Version as told by Polip, elder brother of Unabelin. *Suabibis* means "People of the gens of Suabi." See Fortune, R. F., 1942, "Arapesh," *Publ. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, vol. 19, pp. 179, 181, 183.)

This provides a very good index of the amount of freedom allowed even in telling major origin tale of own gens. The motives of the mother are interpreted differently in the two tales. Unabelin makes her angry at the adultery, and an informer when her son gives more meat to his adulterous brother. Polip makes the son accuse her of connivance, and later has her assume the peace-making role. Unabelin passes over the incident of getting up the *tamberan* for only a pair of lobsters, while Polip includes a cultural rebuke for the triviality. Polip includes the younger brothers as neutral bystanders at this stage, while Unabelin does not bring them in until the end of the story. Unabelin represents Suabi as taking special forest products, banana and sago, with him, while Polip omits this and adds an incident of Suabi leaving betel quids as clues by which his wife can follow him. In the encounter with the snake, Polip handles the plot as an attack on the pigs of the *marsalai* (called "rain spirit" in F version) and a revenge attack on the rain spirit which appears in the form of a python and swallows his leg. Unabelin handles this invasion of the *marsalai* place less explicitly, and when the snake attacks Nakobi, he introduces the challenge as to whether it is a ghost or a mere snake, and represents the snake, being a mere snake, as dying. (This is consistent with his general interest in the supernatural.) The encounter with the Sabigil man is treated virtually identically, but Unabelin stresses the contrast between the hard stones of the beach and the crumbling stones of the river as part of Nakobi's adoption of Beach ways. Unabelin omits the establishment of the *iwul-ginyau* dualism, which Polip includes, but includes a long account of Nakobi learning to use the sago which is the gift of the Sabigil man. Polip makes explicit the end of the quarrel and the admonition that adulteries within the group of brothers should be forgotten, and the way in which the separate gentes were formed, while Unabelin treats this very briefly.

This origin tale is especially important as it sums up the whole essence of the social organization conflict in Arapesh, where, after tabooing incest, the incest theme is repeated towards the brother's wife who has been grown within the family of brothers until she is like a sister. The potential conflict among brothers, always inherent in the incest possibility, is here treated as a wound which is successfully healed, so that a related series of gentes can be formed.

¹ For account of Agilapwe of Alitua, see Mead, 1935, "Sex and Temperament in three primitive societies," *New York*, pp. 159-160.

said: "Yes, she has. She has run away for good. You can't lie to me. I know." Yaluahai said, "Oh, brother-in-law, if she has gone, I will find her." Agilapwe started to get up. He seized Yaluahai's ax. He cut his shoulder open. The ax stuck fast. Apilapwe pulled at it, but it stuck. Now Agilapwe took a spear. He threw it at Yaluahai. But Yaluahai dodged. Before this his wife had climbed over the fence and run away. Yaluahai ran away. They both ran. Agilapwe chased them. He lost their tracks in the bush. He climbed up on the hill top. They weren't there. He ran back to the garden. They weren't there. The man had run away far down below [in the valley]. His wife hunted for him. She thought he was dead. She found his blood [tracks]. She tracked him. She found him. She supported him by the arm. The two ran and ran. They came near our hamlet. She called out to father: "Elder brother-in-law, your brother is all cut up." They hadn't come by the road. They had come by the bush paths. Mother went up to them. She put lime on the wound. She bound the jagged edges together with a vine. They washed the wound also. They brought him into the village. They made two supports for him. He leaned against one and rested his arm on the other. He had been a fine strong man, but Agilapwe had wounded him. They slept. In the morning they [the people of the hamlet] went and built a house in the bush. They made a good bed there. They carried him there and hid him.¹ At night, Agilapwe would go prowling about trying to find him. He would stand outside hamlets. If he had found him, he would have killed him. Now they were all making a *tamberan* house at Kakegigil near Suapali. They took Yaluahai and hid him on the outskirts [of the hamlet]. Some stayed and watched over him. Others went into the *tamberan* house. Now the wound dried up. Father wanted to take an avenging party to Manuniki. But he could not surprise it [Manuniki]. Agilapwe just stayed there, and the parrots and other birds would fly up and give warning whenever anyone approached. Afterwards Agilapwe married the mother of Yauwiyu—father called her "sister's daughter"—and the quarrel ended. This all happened before I was born. No rings were exchanged to end the quarrel.

* * *

I will tell you about the death of Lapun's wife in Suapali.

My half sister, by another mother, is to

marry Lapun's son. Now she is shy and does not call him "father-in-law" but just Lapun. The woman [Lapun's wife] was sick a long time. When the *tamberan* was there, she was sick. When we left here and went to get the pig that brother-in-law Whoiban was giving us, we heard the death *garamut*. She was the sister of Kumagen of Liwo. She was an important² woman who had borne sons. Men and women came to mourn over her. Polip, Siakaru, who called Lapun "grandchild," and the *tutul* and Nyumetiuh, who help us³ and called them "mother's brothers," went. Also Polip's wife, Denaba, who called her "father's sister," and So'openin who called her "father's sister." The wives of Siakaru and So'openin went. Father and Polip and I gave yams. We took them to our sister [the betrothed of the son of the dead woman]. We said: "That our sister may not look at the road and see no one upon it bringing food." The others went empty-handed. We went down the river. We crossed it. We came up. We mourned. The corpse was under the house. She died about nine⁴ in the morning. We arrived about three. She lay on a piece of sago palm bark. They had not ornamented her specially. Her apron, earrings, arm and leg bands remained [on her]. Her sons and Lapun and Lapun's sister's son carried her. They carried her well, with their bare⁵ hands. The woman who died in Alipinagle⁶ came from afar. She had no friends. But this woman had given food to all of us. When we came she had hastened to bring us fire and cook for us. So now we all came and mourned. Afterwards they buried her on the edge of the village above a place where there was no drinking water.⁷ Then

¹ This is typical Arapesh behavior, to hide the men at whom someone is angry rather than do anything constructive about the anger of his pursuer.

² Literally, "big." When a "big" woman dies, men as well as women mourn for her, as if she were a man.

³ I.e., speak as from our kinship point of view. See Mead, Margaret, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. III. Socio-economic life," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 187.

⁴ This is a work-boy trick to use accurate times, but they are seldom used very accurately, with the exception of the various bells which call the work lines to work, to meals, and to rest.

⁵ Risking contact with the dead out of kinship duty and affection.

⁶ See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *ibid.*, vol. 40, p. 328.

⁷ Although this was Arapesh practice, it is probable that Unabelin included it here strictly as a reference to the government ruling that all bodies must be buried in a govern-

all of us ate limes.¹ They brushed out the house and the ground underneath. Lapun did this. Kumagen did not go. So openin his son went. Kumagen is old. He has white hair. He stays at home and piles up his yams. He kills cassowaries. He sits and chews a great deal of areca nut. He just stays there with his three wives.

Now we cooked our yams. We gave them to sister and to Lapun and they distributed them. I don't know who made the sorcery [which killed her]. I am of another place. I went; I mourned; I gave food; I slept; I returned [home].

* * *

I will tell you about a dream of Polip's.

First father went walking about in the bush. He found pig tracks. He chased it [the pig] near to a *marsalai* place. It was the track of a big pig. Father went on following it. Now he followed it right down into the *marsalai* place. He heard the ghosts talking.—This wasn't a long time ago. It was after you came to Alitoa.—He heard the *marsalai*, myhmyhm [like the sound of a big bull snoring]. He was hunting a pig, so he held his pig spear balanced lightly in his hand, ready to strike. But a tree struck him in the eye. It was not a tree. It was a ghost. It struck him. Father left the place. He ran away up the hill. He came and told us. We slept.

Polip dreamed that he saw the *marsalai* holding a long rod. He saw father coming down into the place. The *marsalai* called out: "What are you coming here [for]?" My grandmother called out: "Don't kill him. He is the only one left. All the others are dead. Let him live until his children are grown. Then you can strike him down." So the *marsalai* laid down the stick. He saw Baumen. He looked like a great umbrella, black as a bat. One wing rested on Alipinagle, one on Manuniki. The *marsalai* slept under this great black thing. It moved like the

slept. All the ghosts told Polip to come and stand close and look at the *marsalai*. The *marsalai* raised its wings and roared. One wing rose and fell. The other wing rose and fell. Now my dead brother⁴ held Polip's hand. He said: "This is the *marsalai*. This is Baumen." Often we say, "There is no *marsalai*." Then we dream and see it. Polip watched it. It was something like a turtle. It half slept, half waked. My brother took his [Polip's] hand and said: "Now go lest they [the living] call you [in vain]."

* * *

Polip went down into the *marsalai* place. He heard a bird cry. It was the ghost of the little brother of Tomagawa, the husband of Anyuai. It was a *saulek* bird. It cries like this: [Whistles bird call]. The father of Tomagawa was with him. He went up a tree to gather *suilo* fruit. All the time pigs were breaking into his garden.

Polip dreamed that the dead brother of Tomagawa said: "I spoke to you today. It was about father. I do not like all [kinds of] food. The yams we planted together, the taro I planted, I do not want. But the fruit of the *suilo* tree, this I desire. When they fall, let father leave some for me. I will follow him and gather some." He also said: "I have spoken to all the ghosts. They want to punish father. They want to take his yams because we cut down the big breadfruit tree⁵ which they had planted. I argued with them. But I am small and they are many. They want to exhaust all the yams and taros. Tell father he can eat yams and taro, but to leave some of the *suilo* fruit for me."

Thus the ghost spoke to the soul of Polip. Polip himself slept. He told the father of Tomagawa. He cried over his son. Now he no longer gathers the *suilo*. He said, "Lest he be angry and come and eat the yams and taro instead."

[Then Unabelin gave some dream omens which appear in my notes in a tabular form]:

DREAM

Man dreams of a good feast, in his own place
Sees a man defecating on the road

BODES

He is sorcerized
He is sorcerized

wings of a bat,² up and down, up and down. It³

ment-established village graveyard for sanitary reasons, a ruling that was being violated in this case, so Unabelin stresses that the sanitary considerations were observed.

¹ As a purificatory rite.

² Cf. Unabelin's Rorschach, which he took the day before this session in which he made frequent references to dreams and dreams that drive men mad.

³ Baumen, not the *marsalai* who had greeted him with the stick.

⁴ See above, p. 397.

⁵ Such trees are spoken of as belonging to the ghosts.

DREAM

If a man dreams he is defecating or copulating with his wife, or urinating at night
 Finding areca nut or a ripe coconut which has sprouted
 A fallen tree which he cuts
 Child dies
 He is bathing
 Sees big sun, will dream of a fire
 A dog or pig biting a man
 A man at harvest time dreams of crowds, many women with net bags
 If a man holds a magic love vine, he might dream of intercourse with anyone, even with his sister
 If a man is making a trap, or has made one, and dreams that they call across the hills that a man is dead
 If a man sees a man give him a net bag, or a piece of *inep* vine
 Dream of dog's teeth
 Dream of long yams [*abutings*] or a man losing his G string
 Dream of a fallen tree or a big wind or a flood

[A comparison of this list with the composite list provided to me by Alitua informants¹ gives a very good sample of the loose, random quality of the content of Arapesh culture, while it maintains a remarkable emotional coherency].

[Then Unabelin told me the story of female demons]:

The stars, *unuk*, can assume the forms of women and come and wander in the bush. They have two teeth in their mouths and two in their vulva. When they meet men they keep their mouths tight shut. A man will meet one in the late afternoon. If he sleeps with her, he will break out in sores all over. This sickness is catching. All the people get it and die. The father of Saidoa met one. She disguised herself as his wife. He met her down by the water. She said: "Come and play." They played.² Later he went up to the village. His wife was there. He said: "Where is the water which you brought?" She said: "I brought none." "But I saw your tracks." "No." "I heard your voice." "No." Then he said: "Alas, now I will die for I have encountered a *unuk*." In two or three days he had sores³ all over him. His head, his face, all over. All Manuniki got it and died. Buduguhip

¹ Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *ibid.*, vol. 37, pp. 436-437.

² Copulated for pleasure.

³ Tempting as it would be to interpret this story as referring to venereal infection, there is no ground for so interpreting it, as we had no certain cases of syphilitic infection in New Guinea, where *framboesia* appears to give the same type of immunity that has been recorded as ac-

BODES

A child [of his] will die
 [He will] find meat
 Find a pig
 Pig or dog [will die]
 Will rain tomorrow
 Hot sun again tomorrow
 A white man is coming
 A full harvest, these are people bringing him yams from other people's gardens
 [Does not recognize incest dreams as separate]
 Meat in his trap
 In the morning he will encounter a *lauwan* (non-poisonous) snake
 See a snake
 Will catch eels
 A fight is coming

[people] were finished [off]. Alitua got roots, *meaheish*, *karudik*, *owhiyakaik*, *whaiui*, *inep*, and *wagun*, and they cured it.

* * *

Iluwhin [the phalanger] meets women, pretends to be their husbands, and they die of pneumonia.

* * *

[Then Unabelin told me about yam taboos which I did not record verbatim.]

Women's menstrual blood makes yams stunted and dry topped. If a woman breaks firewood inside [a garden], or a pig enters, the yams don't like the smell. If a man eats the tree rat, yams run away. If two men are working together and one harvests first, the other takes earth and leaves and "fastens" his yams. He says: "You are mine. You stay here. Let him only take what is his."

* * *

[Unabelin now came to work for us as a regular assistant, helping translate, going on expeditions, etc. June 29: My diary contains the following comment on Gerud's seventh divination. Gerud "kept muttering 'Stones, stones.' Unabelin shouted out that he meant some cooking stones⁴ of Aden's which had been reheated to eliminate blood. But Gerud kept on muttering. Finally, Mindibilip divulged that he

companying that infection in other parts of Oceania. Whether there could have been an epidemic of measles or chicken pox, into which the familiar fear of active female sexuality was fitted, it is also impossible to tell.

⁴ Note that Aden was one of his closest ties in Alitua.

(Gerud) meant stones had been planted under our back steps to keep us here. Mindibilip and Saharu showed great excitement. Unabelin resisted idea. Our boys¹ said that because he wanted us to stay he tried to suppress it (Gerud's revelation). Saharu thought the stones were probably the reason we had all been sick. Mindibilip and Saharu most worried. Kaberman casual. Unabelin insisting that white men couldn't be influenced by stones and that the trouble with the boys was they thought too much about their own villages." Whether this one little difference of opinion with our boys in some way frightened him, I do not know, but my diary record for June 30 records his going with Dr. Fortune to Yapiapun, and

his name does not recur in the diary until August 7, when there is an entry "Worked with Unabelin until noon." The difference between Unabelin as an informant, vivid, intense and interesting, and Unabelin around the house as a regular employee is striking. He remained a Liwo visitor, with enough ties so that he did not cause confusion in the village, but without active involvement in Alitua affairs. He was married and did not get involved with any of the local girls. He did not quarrel with our boys, nor deviate from their interpretation sufficiently so that his name appeared in the notes. He simply fitted in, and in a sense vanished from the scene.]

SIXTH SESSION,² AUGUST 8, 1932

[A dream].

I slept. I think by and by it rained. We cut a tree and carried it. This meant a man will die. We carried the tree. We went, we went. All my *kandaris*³ came. They went first. I followed them all. Some men talked about going to Wewak. We came to a river. This meant it would rain. We cut posts. One broke. Now all my *kandaris* talked and said: "Why did you people cut posts that were too big so that one broke?" We came up to Wewak. We put down the posts. We went to look for the *kiap* [government officer]. Now I awoke. This is the way of dreams, you dream a little. Then you awake and think back over it.

[Another dream.]

Yesterday, I slept in my own place. The house was not tight. I heard two tree sprites call out. They put on the skins [bodies] of *bulola* birds, but they weren't birds, they were spirits. They called out: "*koko! koko!*" They came and danced and pointed their fingers at me like this. This time they weren't birds. They looked like ghosts. I slept, knowing nothing [unconscious]. I took [a piece of burning] firewood and threw it at them. In vain. I called

out to my *wauwen*⁴: "Come. We will fight these spirits." I wanted to get up. The two went up on the top of the tree. They sat down there, two birds. I cursed the two [of them]. I used obscenity to them. In vain. They just sat on the tree. I tried to sleep. The two came back and waggled their fingers at me, like this. I got up now. I understood.—But this is still a dream.—I saw two birds sitting on a tree. I went to sleep. Two spirits⁵ came and waggled their fingers at me. I want to sleep. I cannot. Now my soul went and sat down at the foot of the tree. I fooled the two into coming down. They wanted to get [pieces of] firewood to kill me. They came down. I took an ax. I hit them both. I broke [open] the head of one [of them]. I broke the tail of the other. I tried to sleep. The two got up, quite whole, and went back up the tree. They sat down again at the foot of the tree. They came down again. I killed them. I really woke up. The new-born child of Imiapi was crying. I said: "I saw tree sprites. Their breath has entered the child and made it cry."⁶

⁴ Mother's brother, or mother's brother's son.

⁵ The concepts in this dream are confused. In one place Unabelin used the term for tree sprite, in another for ghost, and in another he refused to go beyond the P. E. "devil," which can be used to refer to ghosts or to the soul of a living man, or loosely to any sort of supernatural spirit. When he says "my soul went," he is referring to the soul of the living which goes places in dreams and is the same soul upon which the sorcerer acts. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, *passim*.

⁶ This free interweaving of dream and legend and reality, without any necessity for a codified set of beliefs about sources of the soul, for instance, is exceedingly common among the Arapesh.

¹ Note that Unabelin is still not regarded really as one of "our boys."

² My notes of this session have been damaged. Pages 5, 6, and 7 of the written-up notes blew off the deck of the S.S. "Tapanoei" while I was working on the manuscript at sea in 1936. Below I indicate the place where I no longer had the written-up notes to work from and had to go back to the very rapid, pencilled, semi-shorthand account which I had taken down in the field with the expectation of typing it up at once.

³ P. E. for mother's brothers and cross-cousins, real and classificatory.

[A dream of Polip's.]

Polip slept. He saw that a child was dead. They all went to make the grave. He stayed inside the house. Then he tried to find the dead child. In vain. In the morning he woke up and told us. He said: "Let us go a-journeying. I dreamt of a dead child." The two small boys went up and found a little pig in the pig trap [*djena*]. We fastened the pig up with a piece of bark. Now he understands.¹ He cries for food. In a month we will loosen the piece of bark [rope]. He will stay and later we can make a feast for him.

[A dream of Unabelin's.]

The time we went to Wewak to make court. I slept. I saw a [hanging house] shelf. It was decorated with feathers. All the ghosts were dancing. Some sat on the sitting platforms. Some sat down underneath. They carried hand drums. Now the shelf fell down. It fell. It fell. Finally, it reached the ground. The ghosts said: "Now we will dance on the shelf, and one of us, one friend, will get into the shelf." Now one man got up on the shelf. They hoisted it up, and hoisted it up again. It went higher and farther. It went too far. It went altogether out over the sea as when the [ships'] derrick hoists cargo into a big ship. They said: "Alas, this friend has gone altogether." I stayed and cried.

This dream was about La'abe's brother.² If one dreams that ghosts dance on a decorated shelf, it means that one man will die. We never dance so, only the ghosts [do so].

* * *

[Account of Liwo fishing magic].

In looking for fish this way we use *manolo* bark [as fish poison]. A man who is married to a woman who menstruates monthly cannot go. A man whose wife is pregnant cannot go, lest the fish should not be caught because that one has stepped over the stream. Only men can go whose wives are too young to menstruate, or men whose wives have not yet menstruated

¹ I.e., has learned, but the Arapesh tend to handle learning as a sudden state, rather than a process. This native theory of learning fits particularly well with their custom of imposing interpretations, arbitrarily on a series of unrelated events, which occur together in time, or in the experience of a single individual. Reference to Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitua," *ibid.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, provides a large number of such arbitrary pieces of "understanding."

² Who died on May 8, 1932. The Wewak trip to which Unabelin referred had been made on April 12, 1932.

again after giving birth, or men without wives, or men with aged wives. The men who go cannot smoke, cannot chew areca nut. They cannot spit, lest the fish die. They cannot smoke, lest the smoke spoil the magical herbs. They cannot urinate so that the urine falls on their legs. They must open their legs wide. We go in the time of rain. We cut a *badjulawa* tree, and make a dam. We fasten it with stakes; we put down many big leaves, *nyumeis* leaves, or *ahéb*, the leaves of the *limbum* tree. We dam it well lest the stream break through and carry the log away. Some men go to one side and some to the other. They must stay there now. They cannot cross the stream after the man has beaten the vine. The man who holds the souls of the fish (*anan su mishu*) beats the vine. Then he takes a palm leaf torch and looks for the fish. But first he makes a packet of herbs. He takes *ashuhu* and *utalo* grass, *abien* vine—he puts with the *manolo* a little of this to catch eels—*nihik*—this merely watches, it is not for anything special—some bark of the *alupak* tree, the shoot of the *alibin* plant, a grass which came with the magic which we now plant in the village—it has no name—and the bark of the *nyibalip* vine, and a little of the white man's powder or else some lime. He chops all this up and puts it in a package of the sheathes of coconut palms. There are no words to this. If it is a big stream, he makes two packets. He puts the first in the middle of the stream. He puts the second in after it has become midnight. Then all the fish die.

We take torches. We search for fish. We give the first fish we find to the "keeper of the fish souls." He wraps it up with *nihik*, binds it in coconut sheath, and cooks it in the open fire. Now he must stay there motionless. His eyes must be shut. He must not move. The rest of us hunt for the fish. Later, the women bring us food. They must not step over the stream if there is still good fishing. When all the fish are caught the "keeper of the fish souls" can get up.

We beat the *manolo* with a *sogolih* [a rough wooden mallet, not shaped].

This is all a secret. Other people here in the mountains go and look for fish, but they do not find any. We of *Suabibis* get great big ones. Once we ate one that we had caught. All the women were angry. They scolded us for eating. We said: "We ate only one. We brought all the others up. We had hard work to catch these fish." But they said: "The fire always scorches

our hands while we cook your food. That is hard work." But we said: "We ate one, only one, we have brought you all the rest."¹

* * *

[A family quarrel.]

A few days ago Polip and father quarreled. They quarreled over my sister Moluwai who is going to marry a man in Suapali. Polip was making a fence. Father was cutting some small sticks for the fence. Now father remembered his sister's dead son,² who was killed [by sorcery] by an old man of Suapali. Father thought to himself: "Ah, he has killed my sister's son and now he wants to get my child." Father stood up on the hill top and shouted over to Suapali. "You have paid, have you, that you insist on having my child!" They answered his call. Then father went and beat the *garamut*. Polip came up. He said: "And why then did you name a day when they should all come up and pay for her?" Father said: "You keep quiet. If I speak, you cannot say anything." Polip said: "Lest you abuse and curse them. If you do, who will fasten the pig to pay for it?"³ Father said: "If you talk like that any more, I make a cut⁴ on the coconut palm. I will take my food in one place, and you can take yours in another." Father took his ax. He slashed a coconut tree. Polip took an ax. He exclaimed: "I too will slash a palm tree. You want to make this mark against me so that I will die, do you?" Father said: "Oh, you would like to slash a palm, would you? They are your coconut palms, I suppose. Your mother brought the seedlings here when she married me, did she?" He started to attack Polip with his ax. The women rushed and pulled the axes away. I sat still and did nothing. I thought: "Lest Polip and I quarrel." Before father cut the palms, Polip wanted to smash the *garamut* which father had been beating. He took his ax to smash it. Father said: "It's your *garamut* that you should break it, eh?" [Then he repeated the whole palm tree episode.] Now all the women took their axes away. Father picked up a big stick. I jumped

up and took it away. Father scolded and raged. "My sago, my coconuts, of them you shall not eat. When you were an infant, who fed you? Your mother, I suppose? She went hunting and got meat to make you strong? She cut sago? She raised pigs? She found rings? Just your mother, I suppose?" They quarreled and quarreled. It was night. Polip slept in another house. In the morning, my father's anger cooled. He said: "It would not be well if I should be angry and all the children should die." For we say: "If a parent taboos food—then the children will die."⁵ Father came and sat down and talked with Polip about gardening. (?) No there was no peace making. They belonged to the same place. They just talked together. When a father is angry we say: "He has pulled up the trunk, the children will walk about and die."

* * *

[On the inheritance of widows and its dangers.]

If a man inherits a wife, he must not sleep with her quickly. He goes to a man who has married a widow⁶ and understands and he tells him what to do. He [the new husband] must go and [ceremonially] let blood from his penis, and banish the ghost of the dead husband, saying "*yek, yek*" calling his name. Otherwise, wherever he goes, the ghost of the dead husband will go. If he enters his yam house, the ghost is behind him. As his hands take a yam, the hands of the ghost take one also. Quickly the yams are all gone. When he eats his food, the hand of the ghost is in the dish with him, eating spoonful for spoonful. He eats once or twice⁷ and looks again and lo, the dish is empty. He is always hungry. It is the same with areca nut. Is his basket full? He takes one nut, two, and when he reaches for more, there are none. When he goes hunting he thinks he sees a phalanger. But the ghost is behind him [to spoil his hunting]. When he looks again it is a wasps' nest. When he thinks he sees a *lawan* snake he looks again and it is only a dead branch. When he tries to catch a fish, the

¹ This is the most poignant statement I know of the extent to which the Arapesh believed in the suppression of aggression, which they nevertheless believe to exist. "We ate one, only one, all the rest we have brought you."

² The former *luluai* of Liwo.

³ To make up afterwards.

⁴ Sign of severed relationships. See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers*, Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 438.

⁵ My notes include the parenthesis, "This is not reciprocal, only parents taboo towards children. Explains Yelegen's wife's comment when Yelegen wanted to taboo wife of Unabelin." It is not clear whether this is based on any further information obtained from Unabelin at that moment, or merely added in the write-up for clarity.

⁶ The common Arapesh belief that only those who have been through an experience are able to pass on the lore connected with it.

⁷ One or two spoonfuls.

hand of the ghost goes into the water before him and seizes the fish, while in his hand he holds only a stone or a piece of wood. When he goes to harvest in his garden, at each root there is only one yam, the ghost has harvested before him. So with his sago packets. He breaks off a small portion. When he goes to cut a second section, there is none left. The ghost has finished it. When he builds a pig trap, the pig has always escaped. The ghost goes and lets it out. If he looks in the trap he will see only some little thing. If a crab appears in a man's pig trap we say he has been stealing another man's wife.¹

I don't know what a woman does when she must chase away her former husband. [He had never heard of the coconut story.²] One man of Suapali told me something, however. He says that some men take all the *kupushku*—magic yam—herbs and squeeze the juice, mixed with *mebun* [earth] into his new wife's vulva. Then he tells her to go and urinate against a palm. The squeezed out herbs the woman makes into a packet and puts in the bottom of her net bag and she must keep them there until she dies, or else the yams of the two will not flourish. He said he took *webin*, *tchokolop*, *terolip*, *mebun*, and other things which I forget. But this is just what a man in Suapali told me.³

In Liwo men purify themselves [let blood] against *galotog*, *meteik*, and *babuin* trees, also *ominyuai*.

[Then I went over with him the ethnographic details of Liwo variations on the *abullu*, the recording of which is too systematic to be psychologically revealing. It was typical of a great deal of work that I did with Unabelin at this period, filling out lists of taboos, or of magical

herbs, using him as an ordinary ethnographic resource and immediately transmuting his answers into a different form. In giving this record I have tried to present the material in which Unabelin was acting as a whole personality and not reacting as an ethnographic resource to questions which were determined by my categories rather than his own. However, I reproduce a series of these comments here to demonstrate the difference. My notes were headed "notes on *abullu*."]

Liwo does the marking of the yams with banana leaves. One *ariman*,⁴ one knife, or one ring. These are seed yams, not for eating. They are always kept separate for 15 years so that there is no danger of giving a man his own *abullu* to eat.

A man sets aside yams at birth for his sons, but they do not work on them until they are 14 or 15.⁵ A first girl usually has yams set aside for her, and a rich man plants sago, coconuts, breadfruit, areca palm, and yams for daughters as well as sons.

Madjeke planted for eldest son⁶ and these were all given to Unabelin. To Polip he awarded the plantings of an elder brother of his [Madjeke] who had died without heirs.

The characteristic part of the *abullu* dance is holding a long slender pole, with four or five big men, not makers of the *abullu*, and a group of young boys on each end. One end is elevated, the other lowered, the holders squatting, and at the next phrase of the song, moving the pole from side to side. Then reverse. The rest stand about in a circle, men with spears and clubs or sticks, women wearing net bags, and move their sticks in time to the big pole. Pole called *alu* [plural, *alugi*].

The song is sung on the road going there and the dance danced at night when the *shumel* is built and when the *abullu* is piled up. Magahine put *buwhik*⁷ on the house.

The yam house *shumel* is merely a flat roof of thatch on poles. The piles are made inside it. The lining of the yams on the *maduhip* is called *sigbabil*. *Bala'og bishulog* to round them up. Big yams in center called *bauges*, then a lot of little ones, then a row of big ones, *narib*, then

¹ Note the close association here between the signs of living with a widow whose dead husband is not properly banished, and the signs of having "stolen" another man's wife. This is an excellent example of the violence that may be done to verbatim materials by reclassification, in which this aside of Unabelin's would have been neatly pigeon-holed under the heading "indications of having committed adultery."

² See Mead, 1940, "The Mountain Arapesh. II. Supernaturalism," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 37, pt. 3, p. 433.

³ Two points to be noted here. First, the characteristic reversal in which the yam herbs are brought close to the dangerous woman, as a protective device. (See Mead, 1940, *ibid.*, vol. 37, p. 345.) Second, the dismissing phrase, "he was just a man from Suapali," which dissociates casual information from a genuine, affectively toned situation in which he was actually involved.

⁴ A measure, usually 96 in an *abullu*. See Mead, 1940, *ibid.*, vol. 37, pp. 427-429.

⁵ Untrue, they begin to work at 10 or so.

⁶ Who died before Unabelin was born.

⁷ Decoratively crimped sago leaf streamers.

more little ones, then a *wor ayegek*. Rows of big ones are piled up and little ones filled in. Top, *unut*, is made of cleft yam, *bulubogi*, and *maliegil* leaves are fastened there with it.

[At this point there comes the hiatus in my written-up notes. The following notes were directly transcribed 14 years later from my field notebooks.]

Ibah¹ has yams, areca nut, and breadfruit.

Wegul planted a few yams.

We have plenty of yams, everybody comes to eat with us.

Payment for taking off the mourning grass apron is from new husband to brother.²

"The two didn't sleep in time so what is Sagu afraid of?"³ No belief about the women of the Mountains being colder than those towards the Beach.⁴ All women are one kind, also men, not different [types of] penes.

No recognition of impotence.

No knowledge of any old men or sick men who cannot beget children.

Women are always to blame.⁵

Roads.⁶

[Here follows a list of personal names, unknown to me and impossible to transcribe accurately now], all of these gave me pots [which were] returned.

[We] went to Yauwiya, came back [to the village], slept.

Then Nauwiya came back, slept.

Next day, *Ashu'ebis* [people] and us. Topapehen, Hamisuk, Uaminip, then return next day, then slept, and went to Kobelen, slept with *kandaris*.

Polip went to a small place of Kobelen, gave a plate, knives, armbands, returned, slept Kobelen, morning time returned, slept, stayed.

Then to Alitoa, to Aden and the *luluai* gave us food.

To Balidu [of Alitoa]—a pot, returned, stayed altogether.

¹ Unabelin's sister.

² Of the widow.

³ Random free association about the remarriage of Sagu after her husband, the brother of Maigi, had died. See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitoa," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 247.

⁴ A belief held by people of Kobelen and Umanep.

⁵ For barrenness.

⁶ Notes on his initiation into his personal hereditary trade paths.

Father went⁷ to Wihun, Numidipeheim [the moiety of Saisual], Yauwig, Malis, Sliashi, Suapali, Hamisuk, Yaminip, Kobelen, and Magahine.

Kalapil of Nugum came to their *tubuna*,⁸ now [are] paid.

Dunigi came straight, Bonaheitum, Biligil, and Yibonimu had to come to Alitoa.

The Nugum have segregation houses.⁹

[Then Unabelin gave me a long series of examples of formalized joking. The lost transcript contains these additional ones]:

Your backside stands up like a ghost's.

Your chin looks as if you were going to die.¹⁰

Don't look at me, I am completely done in.

Your nose wriggles up—like a ghost's.

Your chin is no good.

I'll hit your cheek.

Never mind, if you fight me, fight me.

Your ears are like *limbum* spathes.

Your skin is like *limbum* spathes.

Your leg is crooked like an old man.

You're too hairy.

When Kuman [people] bring something [they ask], "You would like what?"

All speak of axes. . . . "By and by we'll give you axes and make you savee."

If a man slips and hits another, "All right, I'll take a stick and back it."

Now finish.

We bathe in the stream. One man stands up, another splashes water.

"Look out, by and by, I'll get angry and fight [you]." "So what, if you want to fight, fight."

Your hair is like a *beninipen*.¹¹

Your eyes are red like a *kwepuan* bird.

Look out or I'll beat you so that semen will appear.

Look out or I'll hit you in the back of the neck.

Your teeth are like a *koboin*.¹²

Your neck is like a hornbill.¹³

Your arms are like a phalanger's.

The small of your back is as big as an *udup*.¹⁴

⁷ Habitually.

⁸ Second cousins through a brother-sister tie.

⁹ For the newly wed?

¹⁰ Thin, like a ghost.

¹¹ Meaning lost.

¹² A biting insect said to have two teeth.

¹³ Too long.

¹⁴ Large bark tray made of *limbum*.

Have they hidden your exuviae in Yowolo¹ that your hair is falling out?

Your shoulder blades stand up like a wallaby.

Your arse is like a ghost's.²

Your wrist bones are as long as a ghost's.³

[To this list of Unabelin's I had appended the following systematic notes, which I reproduce here as they give a background against which to judge his spontaneous selections]:

From other sources: Extravagant offers of pay for small objects. Desirous comments on other people's property. "Give me that feather, so that I can dress up," etc. "Do you have a wife there, that you like to go there so much?"

Any statement of the impossible, unlikely, or incongruous arouses extravagant mirth.

Threats and counter-threats, "I'll fight you." "So what." "Do you think you're equal to me?" etc.

Contemptuous comments on other people's ancestors, [especially] their fighting ability.

Comments on the food eaten or other habits of villages from which a person's ancestors have come.

Approving comments on one's own looks and possessions, and disapproving comments on other peoples. [End of entry.]

[From these known possibilities, Unabelin spontaneously produced a set of disparaging comparisons to animals, ghosts, objects, etc., two threats of violence, and one reference to sorcery as a background for a disparaging physical remark.]

[Further notes on the Tapik episode.⁴ Now (four and a half months later) comes this account.⁵]

Once I quarreled with my wife. She went to visit her father and she stayed and stayed. They held her fast and did not want her to come

¹ The Bugabahine *marsalai*.

² Cf. frequent attributions in the Rorschach.

³ All references to ghosts are abusive; children and pigs are abused by being called ghosts.

⁴ My notes read: "Note, in the original account Yelegen's motivation was set down to a long attempt to seduce Tapik. He was accused of having made *wishan* when he went into the Plains to get back the exuviae of the doctor boy of Liwo." See Mead, 1947, "The Mountain Arapesh. IV. Diary of events in Alitoa," *Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 40, pt. 3, p. 332.

⁵ Note, it is very important for field-workers to get a few instances at least in which the same episode is retold and reinterpreted in the light of intervening events. Only so is it possible to get any indication of the type of running alteration of their view of events which is characteristic of members of a given culture.

quickly. I called out and called out in vain. Finally she came and Yelegen came. I was angry. I hit her twice. I knocked her down and she fell down in a heap. I kicked her with my foot. I was very angry that she had not come when I called. I picked up a piece of firewood⁶ and went to beat her with that. Now Yelegen helped his daughter. He tried to hit me. If I had not dodged and knocked up his hand, he would have hit me in the nose.⁷ I hit up his hand and he hit me in the ear. Now I was angry. I said: "Have I not paid for this girl? What are you, her father, interfering for? This is not the custom of our ancestors, that anyone should come between a man and his wife. Quarrels are their own affair, not other peoples'. I did not beat her too much, just enough to cool my temper. All right, take her, take her back. I am weary of this. When I called she did not come." I took my ax and cut down all the yam plants which had grown from seed which she had brought. I chased them away. They went and slept with Polip. The next morning they went home. And it was this time that Yelegen said to Tapik to come. He was angry and he told Tapik to come to him. Tapik had gone to weed in my mother's garden. In the evening she did not return. The next day I went to where my mother was staying in the garden. I said: "Are Tapik and her child here?" She said: "No." I said: "Oh, alas, she must have run away." We searched for her. In vain. She was a ghost completely.⁸

Then father and Polip and my *wauwen* and I started up to Liwo. We met the *tultul* and told him his wife had run away. He did not want to come. He was afraid of a fight. But we told him we would fight and get her back. We came up to Yelegen's place. Yelusha was there too. Yelusha lied; he said that they had not seen Tapik. Polip took a stick and beat Yelegen's *garamut*. Yelegen stood up a long way off and heard him. He called out: "What do you beat my *garamut* for? It belongs to you perhaps! The ancestors of your mother made it?" Polip

⁶ Firewood is an informal and, to a degree, domestic and friendly weapon, as contrasted with spears and axes. It is the rolling pin of New Guinea life, used indiscriminately by either sex and all ages.

⁷ Here is another of the breathless escapes with which Unabelin turns the illogicality and minute-to-minute unpredictability of Arapesh life into an adventure story.

⁸ I.e., she had vanished, like a ghost.

said: "You come down here quick or I will break your *garamut* with my ax." Yelegen came down. He held a long stick. Polip took hold of one end of it. Yelegen said: "Let it go; it is my stick." Polip loosed it and Yelegen hit him with it. Now I was angry. I no longer remembered that Yelegen was my father-in-law. My ears were fast. I thought only that my brother had been hurt. I attacked Yelegen. If my wife had been grown I would have had to tell her to go and weep for him.¹ We all fought. Polip held fast to Walasu [wife of Yelusha]. He said: "All right, we'll take *this* woman. If you send Tapik back, you can have her back. If not, not." Yelusha cried out for his wife. He fought too. Now Peshuhol² tightened his bow. He loosened his arrows. One got Polip in the shoulder. We rushed up, dodging and took his bow away from him. Meanwhile Walasu, mother of Sa'omale, thinking of her husband, Yelusha, ran away into the bush. She was a bush pig completely.³ Peshuhol

¹ I.e., if I had really hurt him it would have been an impossible situation.

² Peshuhol had wanted to marry Walasu when she was widowed. See Mead, 1947, *ibid.*, vol. 40, p. 316. He was an unstable, unimportant man.

³ Same figure of speech as he used when he said Tapik was now a ghost, i.e., acting like one.

cried out. He said: "Oh, give me back my beautiful bow and arrow." But we would not. We were angry. We beat them all up. Then we came back on top. Now I am ashamed when I meet Yelegen or his wife. I cannot talk to the mother of my wife now. You saw when she came here to sell you taro, I did not speak to her. I was ashamed because I had lifted my hand against my wife's father.

[My diary for August 8 reads: "Liwo came yesterday with about 100 pounds of sago. Unabelin in the afternoon (where he had gone to collect plant specimens) met Polip and his father bringing a pig to Aden, a big sow killed by the father of Maigu, the *tultul* of Bugabihem. This is the fourth pig this *tultul*, gardening near a *kandare*⁴ of Unabelin's, has killed. They left the pig a whole day before even sending word they had killed it. It was being saved for Aden's big contribution to Magahine.]

AUGUST 9: Unabelin left early to go and settle pig quarrel. This is the last entry in which Unabelin's name appears.

AUGUST 18: We left Alitoa.

⁴ P. E. kinship term for mother's brother, and cross-cousins.

UNABELIN'S RORSCHACH

CONDITIONS OF ADMINISTRATION AND INTERPRETATION

I AM PRESENTING THE HISTORY of this Rorschach test in considerable detail, not only because it throws light upon Unabelin, upon Arapesh culture, and upon the use of these tests for cultural analysis, but also because it illuminates the relationship between psychological theory, especially as expressed in projective tests, and anthropological field-work.

In the spring of 1931, before I left for New Guinea, Dr. David Levy suggested to me that I should plan to collect some Rorschach tests on my next field trip. He himself administered a Rorschach to me and gave me a brief impressionistic interpretation without any discussion of scoring. He suggested further that I try to give some Rorschachs for practice before I left. I also obtained a copy of Rorschach's "Psychdiagnostic." Before I left I gave half a dozen Rorschachs to people of different ages whom I knew, but I received no further instruction. There were no localization charts available in those days.

I began giving Rorschach tests in Arapesh towards the end of my stay, and after giving four, decided that localization charts were necessary. However, Unabelin's, the fourth Rorschach that I gave, was given before I had begun to make localization charts, so his responses were identified verbally, e.g., on Card VI I indicated a response as "of darker center just above white-paired space on spine," or on Card V "lower center legs." These verbal placements were a mixture of exact color and spatial reference and responses that seemed common enough to use in the context.

When I returned to this country, I sent Dr. Levy the two Rorschach records which I considered the best, particularly because of very full data of other sorts on the two subjects. Dr. Levy undertook to submit them to Rorschach specialists. I sent these records as a sample of the material, and deferred writing up the others until I received some reaction to these two. They were returned to me with the statement that they had been found to be unusable. This estimate was later expressed to me verbally by Dr. Bruno Klopfer. As I had submitted the two fullest records, I simply abandoned any thought of using the others which were, for the most

part, still in penciled notes on outline drawings of the cards, partly in Arapesh, partly in pidgin English. I assumed that the responses were regarded as inadequate, and as I knew I would never be able to get fuller or better responses from the sort of primitive peoples with whom I habitually worked, I also abandoned any plan to use the Rorschach further. In spite of the great elaboration of psychological materials on the Balinese, including the battery of special tests of thinking given by Miss Jane Belo, we have no Rorschach material on Balinese subjects.

In 1946 I began preparing this record of Unabelin for publication and came across his Rorschach protocol. In the 12 years since the original rejection of that protocol, Rorschach practice has been expanded to include records from primitive and exotic cultures, and I had, of course, read some of the findings. I realized at once that Unabelin's record was actually a perfectly full one, and that however unintelligible it had been in 1934, it would not be unscorable or uninterpretable today, provided my unorthodox verbal localizations were transmuted into the formal terminology and localization charts now used in Rorschach records. In converting my original record into orthodox form I had the invaluable assistance of Miss Jane Belo, with whom I had worked closely in Bali. Miss Belo had taken Dr. Klopfer's training course and had been working specifically on questions of relating Rorschach categories to cultural material. The skill with which she made the translations from my unorthodox placement vocabulary to conventional terms was a function both of our practised intercommunication in field-work, and of her combination of anthropological and Rorschach training.¹

The protocol, a location chart, and a scoring list and tabulation sheet were sent to Dr. Klopfer, and in March, 1947, he dictated his interpretations, interspersed with occasional questions to me, all of which were taken down

¹ In the course of this enterprise, after she had recorded the material from my dictation, two sheets of my record were lost, and the protocol has been repaired from her record, from which a few phrases like "this is" may be missing, also the times.

stenographically and are reproduced here.

I am publishing here the full protocol. It is most unfortunate that when anthropologists began to benefit from projective tests, they abandoned their previous convention of publishing the actual data upon which their abstractions are based. Whenever this is done, the additional conclusions that might later be drawn from the same data are likely to be irretrievably lost.¹ When the life histories materials have been reordered to fit our type of sequence and the Rorschach materials are presented only in analytical form, no further analysis is possible.

Furthermore, I am presenting several different analyses of the protocol by different psychologists, not with a view to testing degrees of agreement, but in order to throw light upon the use of Rorschach records for the analysis of cultural material. These different analyses were

¹ For a discussion of this point, see "Manual for the study of food habits," National Research Council, Bull. no. 111, January, 1945, pp. 18-19.

made in the following way: Dr. Klopfer was sent the complete materials, protocol, localization chart, and scoring, by Miss Belo. He discussed his interpretation with me, occasionally asking me corroborative questions about the culture; his interpretation, questions, and answers were recorded stenographically and are reproduced here in full. Dr. Molly Harrower and Mrs. Florence Miale undertook to examine the protocol and localization chart (with localization only, no details drawn in) without Miss Belo's scoring, discussed it, and summarized the discussion in a dictaphone recording which was sent to me. This was followed by a long interpretative discussion among the three of us, from which special points have been selected for publication. In 1946, Dr. Martha Wolfenstein made a very rapid assessment, using protocol, localization chart, and scoring, and Dr. Theodora M. Abel, using protocol and localization chart, did the scoring that is reproduced here and wrote an analysis emphasizing the cultural relevance of the material.

PROTOCOL

The test was given June 28, 1932, in pidgin English, in which he was accustomed to dictate material to me, and native words were used whenever there would have been any ambiguity,

as well as for names of birds, plants, animals, etc. Under Annotations I have added any notes that seemed necessary to make the responses intelligible.

PROTOCOL

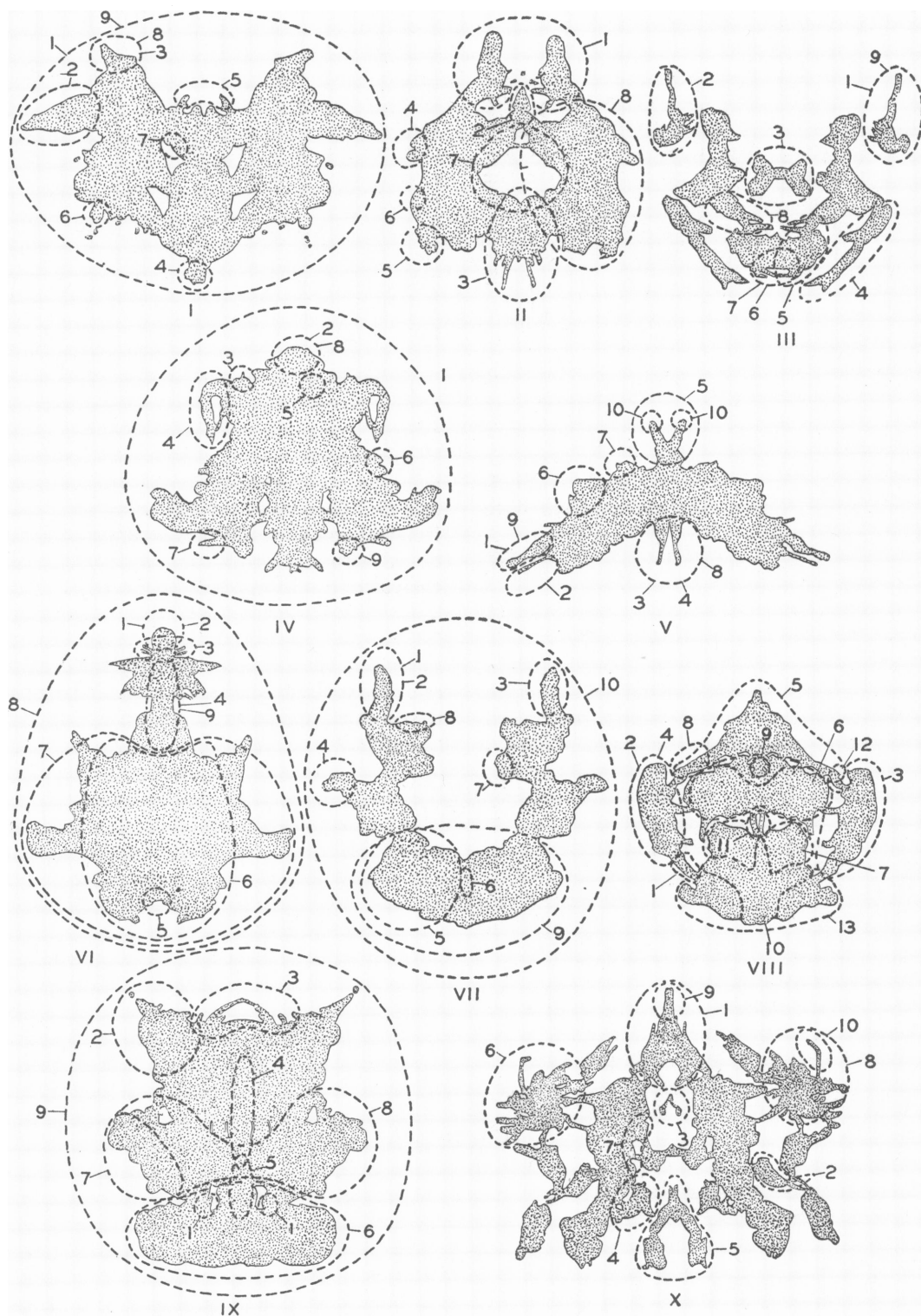
CARD I

RESPONSES	ANNOTATIONS
Pause: 30 seconds	
1. This looks like some sort of fish that lives in the sea	
2. This looks like the gable of ceremonial house	Accurately seen
3. This looks like the head of a pig or a kangaroo	
4. This looks like the arse of a flying fox	
5. These look like house posts	
6. This is like a cluster or tangle of vines on a tree	
7. Like a man's under-arm	
8. This looks like something turned into a pig	Transformations form a frequent mythological theme
9. Altogether, it looks like a big stone in the river	

CARD II

Pause: 16 seconds

1. Like a red bird—a male and a female
2. Like the head of a big snake
3. Like a flower
4. Like a man's leg
5. Looks like crumbling stone in the water
6. Like a man's leg, or a child's
7. Like a big lake
8. Like a big house—the same on the other side



LOCATION CHART

CARD III

RESPONSES

ANNOTATIONS

Pause: 12 seconds

1. Like a one-legged man
2. Looks like a ghost
3. Like a jellyfish in the sea
4. Like a sharpened stick, sharpened for house building
5. Like the head of a tree sprite
6. Like little spears, or—
7. Like sago spines
8. Like a ghost
9. Looks like a tree sprite

CARD IV

Pause: 10 seconds

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Looks like a <i>marsalai</i>—if we saw one like that it would drive us mad 2. Like a dream 3. Like a man looking up at me, one on one side and one on the other 4. Like a small tree leaned against a larger one for climbing 5. Like an eye which looks 6. Like crumbling water stones (i.e., stones in water) 7. Like a branch of a tree 8. Like smoke rising 9. Like sago spines | <p>Supernatural creature, usually double and bicolored or multicolored; seeing one is believed to cause madness</p> |
|--|---|
- Time: 3 minutes 45 seconds

CARD V

Pause: 10 seconds

1. This is like the leg of a man
 2. Like a sharpened stick
 3. This is a big house post which has been forked for building
 4. These are like rattan roots, or—
 5. A man's legs
 6. This is the mouth of a dog
 7. This is a mountain top—men are sitting on the mountain top
 8. These are broken branches
 9. This is like a ladder
 10. This is like a pig's muzzle
- Time: 3 minutes 15 seconds

CARD VI

Pause: 12 seconds

1. This is like a man's arse, or—
 2. The head of a very long eel or a fish
 3. These are the little top branches of a tree
 4. This is dense undergrowth
 5. This is like a cassowary's arse
 6. *Kunae* grass comes up all about here
 7. These are like isolated tall trees in the grass plain
 8. It's like a ship altogether
 9. This is a ridge pole
- No time

The coarse grass which covers the grass plains

CARD VII

RESPONSES

ANNOTATIONS

Pause: 10 seconds

1. This is like a ladder, or—
 2. A man's teeth
 3. This is like an *alan* fruit
 4. That is like a man's hair fastened in a long knot
 5. This is like the foliage of a tree
 6. This is a tree which has been lopped and peeled
 7. That is like a pot, there where it is black
 8. That's like a hill with posts on it
 9. This is like smoke
 10. Altogether it is like a dream
- No time

Red fruit with seeds arranged in a line,
which in native idiom are said to have
teeth

CARD VIII

Pause: 11 seconds

1. This is like the handle of an adze
 2. This is like a pig
 3. And that like an opossum
 4. Or this again is like a cassowary
 5. These are like bird feathers
 6. This is like blue paint, trade paint obtained from the white man, the kind we put on the bark paintings which you didn't like
 7. This is like red paint
 8. This is like a man's hand
 9. This is like the many-legged worm which bites people
 10. These are like trees which they have stood up and hung things on them
 11. This is like digging-sticks for taking out yams
- Time: 4 minutes 5 seconds

Accurately seen

Refers here to very bright Recketts blue

CARD IX

Pause: 12 seconds

1. These are like snakes' heads
2. This is like the smoke from a fire
3. These are like branches of trees
4. This is like a big dead fallen tree
5. This is like a post made of a palm tree
6. These are like red clouds
7. This is like the face of a man
8. These are like blue clouds
9. When we sleep we have nightmares like this of evil things

CARD X

Pause: 15 seconds. Whistles and exclaims—

1. A big tree and a man hanging from it, one on each side, not men, ghosts hanging there
2. This is like the head of a horse of a ghost
3. This is like *siatep* bird
4. These are the seeds from which they dye net bags

Small yellowish bird

RESPONSES

5. These are bent trees
6. These are like the roots of trees
7. This is like pig's blood
8. This is like tangled cassowary feathers
9. This is like the steam pipe of a ship
10. This is like a broken-off tree

Time: 2 minutes 48 seconds

Then he summed up:

Well! There are many things here. Some like ghosts, some like dreams, some like *marsala*s. Some like rotten pigs, some like cassowaries that have rotted, some like the things a man sees when he is mad: evil things appear then. Some like the things a man sees when he is in the hands of sorcerers, some like the corpses of men which have rotted away, some like clouds, red clouds, blue clouds, and the sky when rain is coming up, and some like facades of the ceremonial houses of the Plains people

My comment at the time was: He takes little interest in symmetry, often didn't mention the corresponding half. Tended to give ghosts and dreams rather than real things. Would give

Elaborate, painted, repetitive semi-anthropomorphic designs

very few whole responses except comments "like a dream." Non-repetitious. Did not seem to think anything was meant to be an exact representation of any object.

SCORING THE UNABELIN RORSCHACH RECORD

This scoring was done by Dr. Theodora Abel, on the basis of the location chart worked out by Miss Jane Belo, and in the form developed by Dr. Bruno Klopfer and Dr. Helen H. Davidson entitled "The Rorschach method of personality diagnosis, individual record blank." It is given here in full for the convenience of other workers, and as the details are intelligible only to those familiar with Rorschach methods no key is given.

CARD I

1	W	F	A
2	d	F	Arch
3	d	F	Ad
4	d	F	Ad <i>Sex</i> ¹
5	d	F	Arch
6	d	F	N
7	dd	F	Hd
8	d	F	(Ad)
9	W	cF KF	N <i>H₂O</i>

CARD II

1	D	FC	A
2	d	F	Ad
3	D	CF	N
4	d	F—	Hd

5	d	cF	N
6	dd	F	Hd
7	S	F	N
8	d	F—	Arch

CARD III

1	D	F—	H
2	D	F	(H)
3	D	CF	A
4	D	F	obj
5	D	F	Hd
6	dd	F	obj
7	dd	F	N
8	dd	F	(H)
9	D	F	(H)

CARD IV

1	W	F	(H)
2	d	F	Dream
3	dd	F	Hd
4	d	F	N
5	dd	F <i>Fm</i>	Hd
6	dd	F <i>KF</i>	N <i>H₂O</i>
7	dd	F	N
8	d	KF <i>M</i>	Smoke
9	dd	F	N

¹ Italics indicate additional scoring.

CARD V

1	d	F	Hd
2	dd	F	obj
3	d	F	Arch
4	d	F	N
5	d	F	Hd
6	dd	F	Ad
7	dd	F	N
7a	dd	F	H
8	d	F	N
9	d	F—	obj
10	dd	F	Ad

CARD VI

1	d	F	Hd <i>Sex</i>
2	d	F	Ad
3	dd	F	N
4	D	cF	Pl
5	d	F	Ad <i>Sex</i>
6	dd	cF	Pl
7	D	F	Pl
8	W	F—	obj
9	D	F	obj

CARD VII

1	d	F—	obj
2	d	F	Hd
3	d	F	Pl
4	dd	F	Hd
5	D	cF	Pl
6	d	F	Pl
7	dd	Fc'	obj
8	dd	F	N <i>Arch</i>
9	D	KF <i>m</i>	Smoke
10	W	F	Dream

CARD VIII

1	dd	F	obj
2	D	F	A P
3	D	F	A P
4	D	F	A
5	D	F	Ad
6	D	C	Paints
7	D	C	Paints
8	dd	F	Hd
9	D	F <i>FM</i>	A
10	dd	F	Pl
11	dd	F	obj

CARD IX

1	dd	F	Ad
2	D	KF <i>m</i>	Smoke
3	d	F	N
4	D	F	N
5	dd	F	obj
6	D	CF <i>KF</i>	Clouds
7	D	F	Hd

8

D

CF *KF*

Clouds

9

W

F

Nightmare

CARD X

1	D	Fm	(H)
2	D	F	(Ad)
3	D	FC	A
4	D	FC	Seeds
5	D	F—	Pl
6	D	F	Pl
7	dd	C	Blood
8	D	F	Ad
9	dd	F	obj
10	dd	F	N

SUMMARY

Locations

W = 6

O = 32

d = 27

dd = 29

S = 1

R = 95

Content

H	= 7
Hd	= 13
A	= 8
Ad	= 12
Arch	= 4 1
N	= 18
Blood	= 1
Sex	= 0
obj	= 12
Dream	= 3
Smoke	= 3
Plant	= 9
Clouds	= 2
Colored paints	= 2
Seeds	= 1
Water	= 0 2
<u>R</u>	<u>= 95</u>

Determinants

M = 0

FM = 0 1

FM = 1 1

M = 0 3

KF = 3 4

F = 75 (7 — at least)

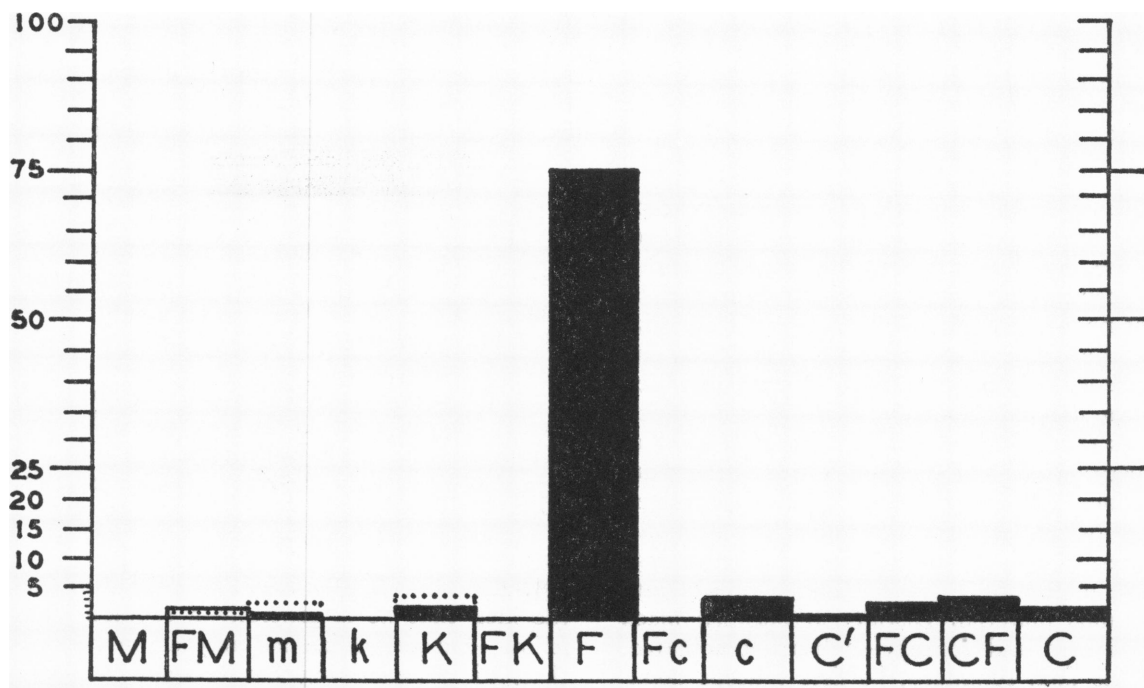
cF = 5

Fc' = 1

FC = 3

CF = 4

C = 3R = 95



RELATIONSHIPS AMONG FACTORS

Total responses (R) = 95

$$\frac{\text{Total F}}{R} = \frac{75}{95} \quad F\% \quad 79\%$$

$$\frac{A+Ad}{R} = \frac{20}{95} \quad A\% \quad 21\%$$

Number of P = 1

(H+A):(Hd+Ad) = 15:25 3:5

$$\text{sum C} = \frac{FC+2CF+3C}{2} = \frac{20}{2} = 10$$

M:sum C = 0

(FM+m):(Fc+c+C') = 0

$$\frac{\text{No. of responses to Cards VIII, IX, X}}{R} = 30\%$$

W:M = 0

Manner of approach

W(6%) D(34%) d(28%) Dd and/or S(32%)

Succession: Loose

RECORD OF DR. BRUNO KLOPFER'S COMMENTS, APRIL 12, 1947

(All bracketed statements are mine. Arabic numerals refer to responses as numbered in the Protocol.)

CARD I

Not interested in whole (W) responses except some obvious ones. When he gives a whole response, he does it because he doesn't at this point know quite what to do with the materials. Has no intellectual positive interest in organizing the whole material on one card into one concept. Very happy just to pick things which he can use and to make of them what he wants. Does that with great skill. Certain amount of repetition of certain things. Three of them are distinct cultural specifics. Cassowaries, rotten pigs [which are less determined by stimulus material], also ghosts and dreams. These things were important things which he injects into stimulus material. Distinction between black dominated and concept—culture—dominated. In his final summary, he lists concept dominated responses; doesn't mention the black dominated responses.

Quantitatively, the most outstanding peculiarity is that he has relatively more animal details, animal parts, than whole animal figures. The whole ones are mostly fairly clearly outlined; animal details very keenly seen. Both have in common that they are without any life, in contrast to the fact that he has a few human beings in action. That is a fairly unique thing which I have never seen in anthropological records anywhere else; particularly interesting because the record doesn't give the impression of an inhibited individual. Is there in the tradition of his people any taboo about the arse or anything like that? [No, more taboo on vomiting.]

There is something else very interesting. He sees a white space and calls it "like a man's under-arm." He means exactly the cavity, not the arm. As far as I can see, he doesn't use the white space in terms of ground, but just uses it as space.

Something turned into a pig. What does he mean? [The society has culture of transformations—supernatural transformation.] First he sees the head of a pig, then he gets the idea it is something else turned into a pig. He sees it as a bad drawing of a pig. Shows exceptional shrewdness and rationalization. In connection

with this, particularly interested in one thing: he listed most of his complex ideas as a simile except for one, the crumbling stones in the water. That is the one thing he stresses and, I think, one answer which occurs oftener than anything else. Symbolical? [There is a cultural association. Old villages are symbolized by standing stones, an old village that lives longer than people. Stones crumbled in the water represent something that falls to pieces—decay and disintegration.]

And that is his association to the whole of Card I. He picks out all the good pieces he can salvage and the rest is just rotten. In Card I, it is just a big stone in the river—there are holes in it.

CARD II

1. *Like a red bird—a male and a female*: I get the idea that he is generally a sophisticated fellow—can rationalize and all that; in view of that, it is quite striking that he is naive enough to make that a male and female bird. Only children up to about six or seven years old do that—take two identical figures and make one male and the other female, make no other attempt at differentiation. That sticks out, in this otherwise very rationally permeated performance, as something quite naive.

2. *Like the head of a big snake*: That is phallic symbolism.

3. *Like a flower*: Very striking that without any compunction he accepts the color stimulus and does something with it. Quite unusual in anthropological experience. Shows easy facility in combining form and color. American Indians don't have it. Even though there are great differences among them, there is one thing quite constant—either they don't use color at all, or they don't combine with form. The only other culture which has this facility is the Chinese. From our study of the Chinese, we discovered that the ease with which the Chinese can do that is predicated on two prerequisites. In the first place, a general toning down of the affective intensity (a sort of general taking the sting out of affect) and an emphasis on knowing how to behave and accepting that behavior. Genetically speaking, it is a combination of the upbringing—the basic security of young children and the abrupt imposition of rigid codes of correct behavior. Those who have basic security are

able to accept it and comply with these demands when in our culture it creates masochistic development. They can accept it without sacrificing too much ego. It acts as a filter between the *id* and the *ego*.

4. *Like a man's leg*: [He means the leg as far as the knee—a bent knee in the picture.] One thing stands out—in all of his matter-of-fact responses, he is showing superior accuracy; in all the complex responses, he is weak. I don't think there is a single response in the whole record where you can be in doubt about one or the other reaction.

5. *Looks like crumbling stone in the water*: Here he uses that term for all the many little fuzzy bits. Simply a symbol for an abstract idea of disintegration—something going to pieces.

6. *Like a man's leg, or a child's*: Just repeats No. 4—not sure whether it is a man or a child.

7. *Like a big lake*: Large white space. Again he doesn't fit it in with actual situation. The two times he sees white space in the first two cards he doesn't use it as figure, but just as water or air. In other words, a simple naive use. It would be interesting to know why he stops using it after this.

8. *Like a big house—the same on the other side*: Just one big half. How can that go with a big house? Have you any idea which way he saw it? [Houses are thatched and the edges tend to roughness. Lines represent loose thatch. Seen through trees and not well seen. Outline never shown clearly. Actually what he sees is a piece of a roof.]

He gives for the second time a more general impression than a specific object.

CARD III

1. *Like a one-legged man*: He starts again with the red spot. He is over-responsive to color stimulation—with no compunctions about it. Over-responsive, with no intensity or heat. This is very easy for people to whom emotional stimulation doesn't mean any trouble. The same kind of thing I have so far found only in Chinese records.

2. *Looks like a ghost*: That is interesting because it is the same thing—one-legged man on one side, his ghost on the other. What idea is attached to this likeness? [If you meet a thing that looks like a human being, but there is something queer about it, it is a ghost. It looks

like that but it isn't quite the real thing—there is something fishy about it. Quite well borne out because it is a typical pattern which appears over and over again.]

That may be only a difficulty in articulation. He never goes back and says, "It doesn't quite look like that." He simply reinterprets it.

3. *Like a jellyfish in the sea*: Still busy with the red spots. He definitely prefers the color parts before going to the others. At the same time it probably means a jellyfish in the sea has no shape. It has no shape, therefore it is a jellyfish in the sea.

4. *Like a sharpened stick, sharpened for house-building*: This is another point he doesn't list in the final summary. I want to wait and see what other shapes he uses for the sharpened stick, whether there is any specific style. It occurs three or four times.

5. *Like the head of a tree sprite*: Why only the head? Usually Negro head. It looks something like the head of a human being but not the kind of human he knows—so, it must be a tree sprite.

6. *Like little spears, or*

7. *Like sago spines*: This is a correction.

8. *Like ghost*.

9. *Looks like a tree sprite*: Another tree sprite. That proves your point conclusively—that he uses ghost and tree sprite interchangeably. Why does he pick out that area here? So far he attaches the idea of ghost or sprite only to something which very conspicuously looks approximately like something, but not quite—and this is not one of the conspicuous areas for seeing parts of human bodies. It has no conspicuous similarities with the parts of the human body. Why he picks that out and calls it a ghost I don't know, except that he had somehow the idea of the whole human figure. [Masks are used to represent supernatural beings—masks with long, pointed noses.]

So far you have the pattern and if we summarized at this point, the outstanding characteristic is that he goes over each card and picks out all the portions he can use, gives them some very clever matter-of-fact association, and then protects himself. If they don't measure up, he speaks of something supernatural and only then occasionally gives a more general interpretation of disintegration or something like that. Furthermore, he is very responsive to color, enjoys it and uses it with great ease, but with no

intensive reaction, no depth of feeling. And, finally, he is extremely interested in sharply pointed objects.

These are characteristic patterns. After the next four cards, we will look back and see where we are. At this point, the color response is culturally unusual. [Any other points?]

The use of the ghost concept to rationalize the inaccuracies of the material is definitely a cultural element. In our culture we blame the imperfection on the medium, and he says it is not from this world. The only other place where I got as many ghosts as that are from the Hallowell Berens River Indians. But the ghosts in that record were never used for rationalization. In other words, where he sees crumbling stones in the water, they see ghosts. But to use ghost as a protector of his capacity for observation is entirely unique.

CARD IV

1. *Looks like a marsalai—if we saw one like that it would drive us mad:* That is the kind of ghost which I found mentioned in the Hallowell Berens River study. Where we see the giant or the big ape, they see the over-powerful, aggressive impression of the total configuration of Card IV as a kind of ghost. Interesting that he doesn't call it a ghost.

2. *Like a dream:* The dream is only the top. That is very hard to see. Would he mention sex organs as freely? [No hesitation at all.] Then the question is, why doesn't he do it? This would be a vaginal area. Why does he call that area a dream, without calling it something else first?

3. *Like a man looking up at me—one on one side and one the other:* He has only two human action responses, and that is one of them and a very doubtful one. I don't know exactly. All that means is to say that they are facing upwards. That would be just a description of the position in which these faces are. Then it is not an M.¹

4. *Like a small tree leaned against a large one for climbing:* Uncanny capacity for observation.

5. *Like an eye which looks:* That is looking—not just facing somewhere. Seeing it where the

dream was before. There, at least, you have a tendency. Are dreams threatening in that country? Because that is not an accident. [Dreams stand to him for intensity.] You see that, then, is his reaction to seeing a vagina. I see for the first time in that card that he gets somehow the feeling of some tension. If you take the whole sequence, it is interesting. He starts out without tension. Then in a vaginal area he sees a dream with something which excites him. Then he sort of protects himself by picking out the only clear pieces, the two faces and the trees leaning against each other, sort of to get again a foothold on reality. And after he has secured himself that way, he sees underneath that area which caused him the dream, an eye looking at him, and after that his crumbling stones (6). If you don't watch out and if you get too excited about that business, you go to pieces.

7. *Like a branch of a tree.*

8. *Smoke rising:* Oh—the same area that was a dream. Tension and excitement—smoke would be all right. It gets hot.

9. *Like sago spines:* [Get into you and cut you. Horrible things. Serve no constructive purpose; used in war as weapons; put where people will walk along the path to hurt their feet.] Very interesting—because the whole card denotes danger. No question about it. What do you climb trees for? [To get edible caterpillars, etc.]

CARD V

1. *This is like the leg of a man:* Usual.

2. *Like a sharpened stick:* Usual.

3. *This is a big house post which has been forked for building:* He picks out all the roofs in this card.

4. *These are like rattan roots:* Same thing. Do they look like that?

5. (Or) *A man's leg:* The most daring alternative so far.

6. *This is the mouth of a dog.*

7. *This is a mountain top: men are sitting on the mountain top:* The Zuni like such M answers—in his case it is rare. He has no FM² and hardly any M.

8. *These are broken branches.*

9. *This is like a ladder:* [Ladder in that sense is a notched trunk of a tree leaning against a house—not realistically bad.] There is only one

¹ Figures in human-like action (human, mythological, or animal), from "Explanation of scoring symbols," Klopfer, Bruno, and Helen H. Davidson, "The Rorschach method of personality diagnosis, individual record blank," p. 6.

² Animals in animal-like action.

way in which we can describe the whole series of responses to Card V, and that is recovery from Card IV. After getting the shock on Card IV, that it is dangerous because of the dream and the eye looking at him and all that, he now makes sure that he plays entirely safe. He goes all around the edges of Card V, picks out all the clear things and forgets about the rest. Naturally Card V is in itself one of the safest cards, but he gets the most out of it to reassure himself that he still stands with both feet on the ground. The intensity with which he interprets these safe areas shows how he clings to everyday reality. He interprets each one two or three times.

CARD VI

1. *This is like a man's arse:* Are they as pointed as all that? [Have a myth in this area of an anal clitoris. Probably something he has heard of. Arse used for the area between the anus and buttocks, not including genital area. It can be one buttock.]

2. (Or) *The head of a very long eel or a fish.*

3. *These are the little top branches of a tree.*

4. *This is dense undergrowth:* Landscape form.

5. *This is like a cassowary's arse:* Does the cassowary have a buttocks? Divided?

6. *Kunae grass comes up all about here.*

7. *These are like isolated tall trees in the grass plain:* [Actually plain does have trees occasionally.]

8. *It's like a ship altogether:* This is a whole response. [He has seen small launches about 40 feet long, with engine room in the center. I don't think it unusual for realistic response for that area, kind of white men's boats that go far around here. Hasn't seen boats very often.]

Could be a more abstract response if that is a threat to him—the white man coming. Must have been confirmed by experience of working for white men. [He enjoyed the white men.]

I don't think it is entirely strange that he sees the whole card for that, even though he usually doesn't use the whole card. Very confused by new impressions. Simply expression of confusion—something he can't figure out in detail.

Two other significant things about Card VI: (a) the pleasure with which he indulges in the use of shading, and (b) the facility with which he transfers from shading to form. The most striking example is that he uses the same area

for the ridge pole and the dense undergrowth. Definite connection between shading and color. In form and color, more emotional ease; in form and shading, more mental elasticity. The recovery in Card V had done him considerable good, because he is by no means as tense in VI as in IV, but there are still some strange responses in it. The peculiar way in which he talks about the man's arse is still an indication that there is something which makes him turn tail. I don't know how significant that is. In our society [culture] if somebody is sufficiently frightened of heterosexual responsibility, then he likes to run back to the more peaceful world where the difference between the two sexes doesn't play a role. The relative safety of the homosexual life is accompanied by the equation of genital and anal areas. I don't know whether in his case the placing of something which is very conspicuous, which looks like a penis or testicles, into an anus, may have the same function or not. I don't know whether there is any homosexual practice inside the culture. [Very little homosexual practice at home; very easy homosexual victims outside the culture. One group on the Sepik develops active homosexuals, but not passive; enormous degree of aggressiveness.]

That would be particularly nice if there is no emphasis on sex activity—just general free emotional interplay. Then the buttocks or arse would be the right symbolic emphasis. It means simply then looking away from the fact that you have phallic responsibilities—not getting involved. [Men in this culture are maternal. Afraid of over-sexed women; they want them quiet, warm, and unexcited.]

The vagina with teeth in it is a strong symbol. I would go so far as to say that these two responses (VI, 1, and VI, 5), which are queer because they are entirely different from the accuracy with which he sees VI, 1, and VI, 5, must have the symbolic significance of toning down the phallic significance. From that point seeing the dense undergrowth and ridge pole in the same area becomes symbolic, and the danger is the erected phallus.

CARD VII

1. *This is like a ladder, or*

2. *A man's teeth:* They don't have any artificial teeth, so he means just the saw-tooth pattern of the mouth.

3. *This is like an alan fruit*: [Red fruit with seeds ranged in a line; they speak of that fruit as having teeth.] Vaginal symbol.

4. *That is like a man's hair fastened in a long knot*: [Routine headdress].

5. *This is like the foliage of a tree*: That's again one of the shading responses.

6. *This is a tree which has been lopped and peeled*: The fear of being "castrated" by the women, with pointed objects. Interesting how that comes out. Basic conflict in his personality. On the one side this very strongly developed interest and aggressive expression; on the other, fear that it will get you into trouble.

7. *That is like a pot, there where it is black*: Clever observation.

8. *That's like a hill with posts on it*: Very smart, that fellow. He has not been given enough credit for FK.¹ On one side is the childishness—male and female; at the same time, clever enough so that he can not only observe very well, but can use introspection as a balance wheel (FK). Watches what goes on in himself to notice whether there is any danger to arise from that source. There is all that, plus the threat which has been laid open in the vaginal area, and the smoke, and again the dream after that. Now we have a direct proof for the vagina-dream symbolism. It is inescapable. In other words, while you are awake you suppress intensive sexual feelings; but when you are asleep, then you get hot in your dream.

Up to Card III, nothing disturbed him; but after Card III, very definite conflicts.

9. *This is like smoke*.

10. *Altogether it is like a dream*.

CARD VIII

1. *This is like the handle of an adze*: [Ax with blade at angle].

2. *This is like a pig*: Usual animal.

3. *And that like an opossum*: One of his interesting improvements, that he gives more specific second idea.

4. (Or) *Again this is like a cassowary*: The whole animal. Badly seen. What is the special significance of the cassowary? [The cassowary is the symbol for the initiator who performs sub-incision on the novice.]² The one animal

¹ Shading as three-dimensional expanse in vista or perspective.

² This is a conspicuous example of the way in which a Rorschach response can give a cultural clue.

which it is almost impossible to see without seeing in action and where the recognition of its import becomes such an urgent stimulus. It means symbolically, don't let anything get the better of you.

5. *These are like bird feathers*: Doesn't seem to be significant.

6. *This is like blue paint, trade paint obtained from the white men, the kind we put on the bark paintings which you didn't like*: Why "which you didn't like"? [That's just identification. He might mention somebody and then say "about as old as that child you know."]

No emotional response except M. M.'s dislike. Mere color description.

7. *This is like red paint*.

8. *This is like a man's hand*.

9. *This is like the many-legged worm which bites people*: [The centipede].

10. *These are like trees which they have stood up and hung things on them*: Clothes tree? [Yes, they do that when they want to make offerings to the ghosts; or sometimes when they want to make signs to a neighbor.]

11. *This is like digging-sticks for taking out yams*: Completely different use of color. What happens here is that he cannot use the color in the simple realistic way that he did before. Color and form don't come together here. Since he doesn't know any other use to make of the color, he describes it.

CARD IX

1. *These are like snakes' heads*: For the second time in a completely colored card he picks as the first thing something very sharp and pointed; before, the handle of the adze, and now the snake heads.

2. *This is like the smoke from a fire*.

3. *These are like branches of trees*: The usual pattern.

4. *This is like a big dead fallen tree*.

5. *This is like a post made of a palm tree*.

6. *These are like red clouds*.

7. *This is like the face of a man*.

8. *These are like blue clouds*.

9. *When we sleep we have nightmares like this of evil things*: Very interesting. Very nice. Easy response to color as seen in Cards II and III is not standing up under the impact of accumulation of emotional challenge. He uses partially descriptive answers as a defense. But it gets under his skin. This culture doesn't seem to be

as effective as the Chinese in repressing emotions. Now you get unquestionably the stimulation of mounting excitement. He makes it very plain. He finishes up with a nightmare—doesn't leave any room for doubt. Could almost literally say that with sufficient emotional stimulation, he gets an erection and then gets scared. Red? [Color starved society and color loving society.]

CARD X

1. *A big tree and a man hanging from it, one on each side; not men, ghosts hanging there:* Getting really scared.

2. *This is like the head of a horse of a ghost.*

3. *This is like siatep bird:* [Little yellowish bird]. Recovery, picks the least obtrusive colored spot. Great care. Approaching color like burnt child.

4. *These are the seeds from which they dye net bags:* Recovery.

5. *These are bent trees.*

6. *These are like the roots of trees.*

7. *This is like pig's blood:* Well seen for color. First indication of realistic use of color. So far he used colors in an easy-going way, Cards II or III, or described it in a magic way. After he had gotten quite excited, he goes to a certain point and then develops new defenses—more realistic ones. First the non-colored parts of the card and then slowly, step by step, he approaches the color. Given time, he could overcome his difficulties.

8. *This is like tangled cassowary feathers:* Still the danger is quite visible. The biggest blot may be his own blood from the incision. [The initiator wears a mask of cassowary feathers and the blood might be his own blood.]

9. *This is like the steam pipe of a ship:* Clears up the other ship picture.

10. *This is like a broken-off tree:* Definitely a marked castration fear, which is associated with a vagina and intense excitement.

I would say that after you get these cultural connotations, it is a very clear and convincing picture.

[Where would you place his intelligence?]

Even in terms of our culture, he has an amazingly keen sense of observation. He can pick out quite unusual things and see them very sharply. No capacity for abstract organization of material. He has no theoretical mind whatever, but he has something else that I pointed

out before. Besides this keen observation, he has a capacity for introspection which I think is quite unusual and which he distinctly uses as a protection to warn him of danger. He has no inner resources, according to our culture. Ghosts are simply another part of reality.

[He makes far more out of dreams and out of supernatural stuff than most of them do. That is a cultural comparison. Within that culture, he was more imaginative than others.]

He still is unconsciously projecting; he doesn't conceive of all these things as something which he produces in his own conscious; they are something produced outside himself. Doesn't experience his imagination as an inner source, but as something outside himself. I think that is the most that can be said about the introversive aspect. He doesn't experience his imagination as his own, a contrast to the Zuni.

[He was my best informant. His outstanding characteristic was enormous curiosity.]

Just from looking at the responses, I would say "what a curious fellow." Just glancing through the cards a few minutes and picking up all these unusual things. What a curious fellow.

[Enormous interest in external world; interest in culture contact.]

Curiosity, no desire to systematize his impressions, he used all these dreams to make life a little bit more exciting than it really was.

[Extreme fear of non-domestic heterosexuality—of a strange member of the opposite sex?]

I should be interested in other Rorschachs from this culture.

[They're all very dull.] (M.M. read excerpts from a few.)

[But there is the sub-incision initiatory ceremony—extreme fear of heterosexual activity with a stranger—a premium on domesticity.]

How does he use his capacity to rationalize?

[He gets into fights—sometimes with his father. His father is a violent man. Then he moralizes.]

A little point. On Card IX he says, "This is like a big dead fallen tree." What is the cultural connotation?

[Women are spoken of as dead fallen trees.]

Would look like an intercourse symbol.

[Almost everybody else in the culture would go right around the cards and repeat. He did none of that. Is that a sign of better intelligence?]

In this extreme state of pickiness, I think it

is just an excellent result of the procedure not to pay any attention to symmetry. In order to pay attention to symmetry, you have to have your eye on the whole thing. It might have a significance that I don't know. But I wouldn't think it important to look for such significance. Epileptics in our culture have extreme pickiness—fear of the whole. One of the outstanding features of an epileptoid personality.

For his intelligence and the keenness of many of his responses, there is a lack of the imaginative use of the material which is quite conspicuous. Complete absence of any animal action. Combination of general weakness of the integrated imagination in contrast to the projected imagination and the fear of instinctual impulses. These two factors combine to make it impossible for him to see an animal in action.

NOTES FROM SEQUENCE ANALYSIS, BY DR. MOLLY HARROWER AND
MRS. FLORENCE MIALE, OCTOBER 3, 1947

(At Dr. Harrower's request no scoring was sent, only the protocol and the localization chart. This is the stenotype summary that resulted from a joint discussion between Dr. Harrower and Mrs. Miale.)

This is the kind of individual whose position in society depends to an unusual degree on the nature of the culture. In one society he might be clearly and unquestionably classified as a psychotic; in another, the very traits which would cause him to be considered psychotic in the first might bring him not only social adjustment but a position of leadership and an opportunity to make a social contribution.

This individual can best be understood in terms of an essential conflict which finds expression at several levels of behavior. There is, for example, the contrast between his concern with the ceremonial on the one hand and the fascination which his own inner depths hold for him on the other. This conflict also finds expression in the form of obsessive indecision as contrasted with pedantic accuracy. Since there is always present this tendency to be sucked into his highly personalized world, he finds it necessary to be constantly on his guard and reënforce the acceptable social structure which is, in a sense, the bulwark against the tides pulling him into possibly dangerous waters.

This conflict gives rise frequently to unstable surface behavior, and he may seem to alternate between close attention to objective reality on the one hand and a tendency to project in an almost paranoid way his complex and somewhat confused inner world onto the outer reality on the other.

Ironically enough, this conflict has had as a by-product the fact that he has been precipitated into a position of social leadership, and it may well be that this position of leadership

is what is keeping him together as a functioning and socially useful human being and preventing the conflict from tearing him apart. Despite our ignorance of the characteristics of this particular culture, we would like to hypothecate at this point that it is one which enables the individual to follow, and even up to a certain point to project, the pattern of his inner experience onto the social scene. Or, otherwise expressed, that it would have acceptable stereotypes which would nonetheless be filled with a great variety of individual meanings.

This is an individual whose social adaptation does not give us a clue to, or reflect, his inner adaptation. In the same way, despite his position of leadership, he is not concerned primarily with social relationships. His main interest seems to be in his inner world. However, the apparently rigid social structure of the society, in affording him the opportunity to integrate his inner experience with it, also enables him to engage in activities which, even if they do not represent genuine and deep personal relationships, do have the form of such relationships and so could provide him with a relatively adequate social adaptation. But in spite of his relatively adequate surface adaptation, he remains deeply concerned with his isolation and in fear of being overwhelmed by his disordered inner world. This may take the form of an acute fear of madness, or, to the extent that the culture permits, he may find some relief for this anxiety in stereotyped, formal ways.

Insofar as he attempts unconsciously to utilize a relationship in which he plays a dependent role for purposes of ultimate domination and leadership, one might expect that there would be considerable guilt attached to this and that he would fear punishment for his ulterior motives. This guilt may be so extreme as to

give rise to ideas that border on persecution, and he might seem afraid that the elaborate structure which he had built up with such care might crumble around him.

His dependence on his position of social leadership is extremely strong, so strong that it inevitably leads to a fear that it may collapse and bring about his ruin, which indeed it would, since his inner resources for stability are extremely limited.

This is an individual with strong anal interests. These do not seem, however, to provoke a backwash of guilt. They might even be considered as something which gives him a secret feeling of superiority—individual variations or perversions which he has achieved successfully either in actuality or in fantasy.

His oral interests are not clearly individualized, as are the anal ones, and one questions to what extent oral aggressive trends are representative of a cultural tendency.

His sadistic tendencies, which are clearly reflected, probably emerge in rather subtle ways and would not be expected to find expression in gross aggression.

The degree of acculturation to which he has been exposed seems to have given him a sense of freedom from the formal restrictions which his society imposes on emotional expression. The culture of the white man, perhaps, symbolizes for him the opportunity to express ideas and emotions which he is unable to express in his own society. As long as he can use his preoccupation with social formality as a way of warding off anxiety, he does so with relative skill. However, when he is faced with strong external stimulation, or situations in which he has no opportunity to prepare his reactions in terms of his obsessive adaptation, he may be precipitated into quite strong anxiety states.

One might ask whether his feeling of concern as to his standing in the community reflects a feeling of sexual inadequacy, since typical castration fears are reflected in the record. One might further ask whether this man has not some asymmetry in the length of his legs, something the matter with his legs, a wound in his legs, literally or figuratively, since there seems to be some hurt pride in the matter of his "standing" in the community. One would want to know to what extent hair style is a symbol of status in this particular community,

and what significance in this culture the pig has, particularly whether there is any significance in its relation to hunting prowess and therefore to the proof of masculine adequacy.

[On November 19, 1947, I had an opportunity to discuss these preliminary remarks with Dr. Harrower and Mrs. Miale. In the course of this discussion the following points were made]:

The record resembles some schizophrenic records of Americans, and if regarded as an American record might have been classified as border-line schizophrenic.

In regard to the importance for his adjustment of permissive stereotypes, they suggested that a combination of respect for dreams but no formal use for them (as in prediction) would be a situation within which he would be permitted to pay attention (to fantasy) and feel free but not tell other people.

The attribution of leadership was based on the fact that in spite of the conflict between a highly personalized world and a need to adapt to society, both so strong that he might well be unable to accept the conflict, he did appear to be handling his conflict, and leadership seemed the only possible life situation which would make this possible. (When I questioned them for other solutions, they suggested complete withdrawal into fantasy, or a special role like the role of the jester.)

His intelligence was regarded as not high, not higher than about 115 IQ.

[In the discussion of this last judgment, the most valuable methodological recommendation emerged, for it seemed clear that these two psychologists greatly underestimated his intelligence because many of his responses "could not be seen" by them. A localization chart, which would have been adequate for placing the response by a subject within our own culture, failed to convey enough to psychologists who were unfamiliar with the physical environment, the particular culture, and the problems of cross-cultural analysis. The scoring sheet which mediated Miss Belo's discriminating comprehension of the record was necessary if the material was to be approached from a clinical background. Dr. Abel, approaching it with a cultural, rather than an individual clinical frame of reference, and immediately after doing intensive review of other sets of cross-cultural Rorschachs, found less difficulty of this sort.]

BRIEF INTERPRETATION FROM BELO SCORING, BY
DR. MARTHA WOLFENSTEIN, JUNE 13, 1947

Greater sensitivity to outer than to inner stimulation—with fair control of excitement externally evoked.

Relation to inner impulsive life: whatever has not been assimilated to self-accepted standards is experienced as alien to the self or projected as an external force, in other words, unconverted *id* components seem to be impersonalized.

Indications of superior intelligence—fine discrimination of details, wide variety of content.

The impression of superior intelligence is

reduced by small number of human movement responses—the substitution of impersonal movement (of impulsive life). This may indicate an essential cultural difference in respect to movement responses. The level of intelligence which seems to be present here would in our society usually be expressed in a higher number of human movement responses.¹

Also the number of whole responses is low, which may be a sign of a meticulous personality—picking small details—or a sign of absence of intellectual ambition.

THE WORLD OF UNABELIN AND HOW HE APPROACHES IT,
BY DR. THEODORA M. ABEL

In the Rorschach record and in Unabelin's summing up we obtain an over-all picture of the way in which the world is viewed by him and something about the nature of the world in which he lives. In the first place, Unabelin does not just live in a small psychological space in which the concrete objects with which he is familiar (black cooking pot, pointed sticks for building houses, sticks for digging yams, house posts, pigs) comprise his only world. He expands his horizon in three directions, one geographically, to include land beyond his immediate Arapesh village and forested hills; he speaks of the sea (fish and ships), the plains (grass, isolated trees, ceremonial houses), and the river (stones in it). Another direction in which he moves is towards the sky above where he notices changes in the color of clouds before the rain. The third direction in which he moves psychologically is into the world of fantasy and dream which has been objectified in his culture (as shown on the record) by evil forces such as ghosts, tree sprites, *marsalai* that drive a person mad, eye that stares.

Most of the time, however, Unabelin remains at home in his more immediate world (village and forest). He makes only four references to the sea and ships, three references to the plains, and two references to the sky. More frequent reference is made to the world of dreams and mythological figures (there are 11 such refer-

ences out of a total of 95 responses). This expansion into the world away from home takes place only 20 per cent of the time. Eighty per cent of the time he reports about his more closely related world of trees, bushes, plants, animals, people, and material objects. In this array, nature (trees, bushes, plants) is the most frequent consideration (about 27 per cent of total number of responses). Animals are taken into account about 20 per cent of the time, people and objects about 10 per cent each. This per cent frequency of content categories differs from what we more usually find in Euro-American culture where animal figures are seen the most frequently and human beings as the second most frequent response.

In his comment on and impression of the ink blots, Unabelin sums up by saying that he saw many things from the world of dreams and mythology and other things that were rotting and hence not in a perfect state (not real) as well as colored clouds and ceremonial houses of the Plains people. In spite of this comment and his periodic seeing of the unreal world, Unabelin spends most of his time naming things from the real world as we have already stated above. In doing this he picks out small details in the blots, even minute ones. When he takes in the blot as a whole, which he does rarely (only seven out of 95 responses) he never once refers to the concrete world right at home. In these seven whole responses he speaks three times of dreams and nightmares, once of *marsalai* (creatures that drive one mad), once of a ship, once

¹ However, it is also possible that this is a relatively constricted individual, whose relation to his own internal impulses is not a happy one.

of a fish that lives in the sea, and once of a stone crumbling in the water. Encompassing such a large, unfamiliar, and unstructured area as a whole blot throws Unabelin off balance and into a more unfamiliar and dangerous world. What he does then to keep in balance is to proceed cautiously and to be very observing; he picks out small details which he can name and ascribe to a definite place in his everyday world (rattan root, digging stick, man's leg, seeds, etc.). His rather frequent use of shading (awareness of smoke, black pot, crumbling stone in river, etc.) suggests he is proceeding cautiously in the world around him and that he has fear and timidity.

This timidity does not seem to be directed towards real people whom he knows but rather towards the unknown and unreal world. Towards people he knows he is able to respond in a warm emotional manner (using color rather lavishly when he does use it). In our society such frequent use of small and rare details would indicate what we call a compulsive-obsessive neurotic trend. But such a person in our society would not be able to use color as freely and as well as does Unabelin. Hence the term compulsive-obsessive neurosis makes no sense in reference to him. It looks as though he was functioning well in his culture. He believes in the unreal world, a world that can exert evil influence on people. In his culture this belief is not idiosyncratic but communal. Unabelin makes a good job of not being overwhelmed by this unreal world. He behaves in a cautious and alert manner to the immediate world around him. He is careful to pick out details he perceives in the encircling environment and to label and name them. By this care in picking out small details, Unabelin maintains himself in a familiar world and protects himself against the unknown.

In our society the perceiving of so many parts of the human body rather than the body as a whole, particularly the perceiving of limbs and arse as frequently as does Unabelin, would suggest the presence of latent homosexuality with anal fixation. This is still possible in the case of Unabelin, but there are counter indications in the record. For one thing, most of his perceptions are parts of things, parts of trees and plants (roots, branch, seed) and parts of animals so that the perceiving of parts of the human body fits into the way he responds to

the situation as a whole. Also, there seems to be no indication of sex shock in the record (color shock, repressions on color cards, etc.). It looks like the record of a person who makes no particular differentiation (there can be external differentiations such as manner of dressing the hair for the male in Card VII). This idea was obtained mainly from the way in which Unabelin responded to the red in Card II. He saw two red birds, one male and one female. This is his first response to color. It suggests a free and warm relationship to people and one in which there is no hostility to either male or female. Unabelin is not a hostile or aggressive person. He must be friendly and able to have good rapport with a person in whom he has confidence and whom he knows. He still maintains caution and psychological distance to the unknown.

To return to the way Unabelin views the world: We have said he is afraid of perceiving the blots as a whole for they then seem to represent the strange, the unreal, and the dangerous and destructive. Things must be detached, discrete, and concrete to be safe. In the same way there is a suggestion of discreteness in how he views the body (picking out details of the body) which may be related to the way in which Unabelin functions in a sexual way. He never mentions the upper and lower part of the body in the same card or in direct succession; if he sees an animal's snout, he does not see its leg; if he sees a man's leg, he does not see his arm in the same card or connected with the same body. Once he sees a man's arse and then turns the same detail into an eel's head, but he does not see a man's arse *and* an eel's head in the same blot or connected with the same object. This discreteness suggests that Unabelin views the body discretely, that is, he seems to separate the oral from the anal-genital region. It looks as though for him there would be danger in bringing the upper and lower parts of the body into relationship and contact (it would be dangerous to associate mouth and arse, arm pit and leg). To Unabelin the lower part of the body seems to be more important than the upper; oral activity is subordinate to anal-genital.

Unabelin is not a prosaic person even though he must fit in well into his own culture (showing no hostility, being friendly but at the same time cautious). He has an esthetic as well as a

practical approach to the world. He is sensitive to fine nuances of color; he makes differentiations of color in terms of different paints obtained from traders, of different colored clouds, of the particular hue of the blood of pigs. He is aware of painted ceremonial houses. If he is not an artist himself, he could well be one; he has the feeling. Unabelin is also intelligent in a practical way. He does not speculate much nor have abstract thoughts. He does not have what

we call in our society a scientific mind. If he did, he would not be getting along nor be as well balanced and friendly as he appears to be. He is much more cautious and fearful than we would "allow" people to be, say in New York City. But his caution and fear fit into his way of life, and Unabelin knows how to use and control his caution and fear and not be overwhelmed by them.

COMMENT ON THE RORSCHACH ANALYSIS

From the variety of types of interpretation that have been used on this single Rorschach record, it is possible to make some suggestions about the usefulness of Rorschach records in anthropological work. Rorschach interpretations are undoubtedly an excellent form of communication between anthropologists and psychologists, and, if they served no other use, a few should probably be collected on each field trip. These particular interpretations given here are simply one small further reinforcement of other findings that trained Rorschach workers can reach a high degree of agreement when interpreting the protocol of a member of another culture, and that their conclusions will check fairly well with the conclusions drawn by the ethnologist who comes from the same culture and uses the same general frame of reference as the Rorschach workers. To explain this high degree of agreement we need only postulate that the recorded behavior of an individual will have a systematic quality apparent to different types of observers. I consider that the extent to which different Rorschach workers agree in their interpretation of primitive Rorschach records is merely one further argument for the usefulness of Rorschach records as a means of cross-disciplinary communication. It does not prove that the interpretations are actually as related to the data as they are within our own culture where the Rorschach has been extensively explored.¹

¹ See discussion by Wayne Dennis of "Two Navaho children during a five year period," by Clyde Kluckhohn, presented at the 25th meeting of the American Orthopsychiatric Association; Abel, T. M., 1948, "The Rorschach test in the study of cultures," *Rorschach Research Exchange and Journal of Projective Technique*, vol. 12, no. 2, pp. 79-93.

We may next raise the question whether this Rorschach told me, as the ethnologist, anything about the Arapesh culture that I did not already know. Here again the answer is negative. However, the possibilities of the Rorschach as a sensitive exploratory tool were demonstrated by the precision with which Dr. Klopfer was able to put his finger on culturally relevant details, e. g., response 4 on Card VIII, where out of a series of animal responses, *pig*, *opossum*, *cassowary*, the Rorschach response led directly to the special significance of the cassowary as the initiatory animal. It would seem likely that in survey work, where the ethnologist worked within a culture area with widely diffused ritual patterns of possibly very different significance in the different cultures, a series of Rorschachs might show which parts of the ritual pattern had the greatest emotional relevance in any particular culture. These interpretations might also suggest important lines of cross reference between the cultures, e. g., Klopfer's comment on response 1, Card VI, and his comment on Card VI, which would indicate some order of awareness in Unabelin of the ideas of an anal clitoris which are an articulate part of the sexual fantasy and ritual of the neighboring Iatmul.

When we turn from the question of cultural illumination to the question of individual character formation, with specific reference to the psychodynamics which specific types of individuals manifest within a given culture, the possible contribution of the Rorschach becomes much higher. In "Sex and temperament"² I advanced the hypothesis that cultures might be seen as the elaboration of certain temperaments

² Mead, 1936, "Sex and temperament in three primitive societies," New York.

in which the cultural behavior was fitted to certain temperamental expectations and disallowed others. Unabelin seemed to be a good example, in all but one respect of the temperament to which Arapesh personality expectations were keyed. In these cultural expectations it is assumed that the individual will be able to adjust to the requirement that aggression be inhibited, except when it is expressed on behalf of another, that the goals and purposes of others may be successfully used as stimuli to own activity without a load of resentment which interferes with social functioning, that a preference can be maintained for the diffuse warmth enjoyed in a long-established domestic tie with the wife one has reared as over against the excitement of contacts with strange women believed to be sexually specific and dangerous. The one aspect of Unabelin's personality that I regarded as deviant was what I termed his "intensity," and that I think refers to the same order of data as that which Harrower and Miale refer to in their statement that in some societies he might be considered psychotic. In this connection, their suggestion that such a personality would adjust best in a culture which permitted but did not institutionalize fantasy is particularly relevant. Dr. Klopfer's detailed tracing of his sexual fears fits the pattern of Arapesh expectations, but again possibly with greater

intensity than others would show. Thus a detailed study of his individual personality, by Rorschach methods, presents a way of specifying the type of personality who appears to me as an ethnological observer to be closest to the expected type for that particular culture. Seen from this point of view, Unabelin is not only a cultural sample, in the sense that any Arapesh is a sample of his culture, but he is further a particular type of sample. Ideally, such a record would be complemented by Rorschach records of those individuals considered most deviant in temperament from the culturally expected personality. Detailed clinical analysis of each of these individuals would then begin to provide us with data on the possible interrelationships between a culture, with expectations better fitted to some temperamental capacities than others, and a specified series of individuals, the externals of whose adjustment have been recorded by the ethnologist. From this point of view, the development of Rorschach theory to a point where temperament as well as culture can be specifically included in studies of personality is essential. At present there are no criteria available, beyond my empirical cross-cultural experience of individuals whom I would classify as manifesting the same temperament, to distinguish temperament from character in my appraisal of Unabelin.

GLOSSARY

In this glossary I have included only Arapesh words that occur several times in the text and that will be unfamiliar to the reader who attempts to read this monograph without previous acquaintance with Arapesh material. For native place names, the reader is referred to the *Gazeteer* on pages 346–349 of Part I of “The Mountain Arapesh, an importing culture” (*Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, 1938, vol. 36, pt. 3), and for maps to Figs. 1 and 2, and for a list of the Alitua personalities who occur in Unabelin’s record, to the Guide List of Personal Names in Alitua, on pages 416–418 of “The Mountain Arapesh,” Parts III and IV (*Anthrop. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, 1947, vol. 40, pt. 3). For convenience in cross reference I have provided here a list of Unabelin’s ties in Alitua. As I did not work in Liwo I cannot provide any general sociological placement of Liwo names.

abullu, yam harvest ceremony of the Beach and Mountain Arapesh
anoʼjn, a poorly conceptualized institutionalized relationship between men who have declared themselves to be rivals, or between their children, or between people who are born on the same day
buanyin, hereditary male feasting and exchange partner
exuviae, emanations of the body used for sorcery practices
gabunyan, a ceremonial exchange partner in an inter-village exchange; used of the principals in such an exchange
garamut (P. E.), a wooden slit gong, which usually lies horizontal

kiap (P. E.), general term for administrative officers of the Australian administration, specifically the District Officer
luluai (P. E.), Government-appointed village head
marsalai (P. E.), supernaturals that inhabit various unsavory sections of the bush, especially water holes, and are embodied in snakes, lizards, crocodiles, etc.; Arapesh, *walin walinab*
tamberan (P. E.), the supernatural guardian of the adult male group, usually impersonated by a musical instrument or sound-making device such as the bull roarer, flutes, etc.; not used in the other pidgin English sense of “soul of a dead man”
tutul (P. E.), Government-appointed village interpreter between native language and pidgin English

UNABELIN’S TIES IN ALITUA

To Alitua end:
 Helps husband of Anyuai
 Helps Aden, who is his father’s father’s brother’s son’s daughter’s son
 To Walinuba:
 To Kule—helps the wife of Polip (sister of wife of

Kule)
 To Sumali—helps the wife of Gerud
 To Balidu—helps the wife of Badui
 To La’abe—helps the son of La’abe’s brother
 When the father dies, he can follow the child of Amito’a

ANTHROPOLOGICAL PAPERS
OF THE
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Volume 41

PART 1. The Canadian Dakota. By Wilson D. Wallis. Pp. 1-226. Price, \$2.50.

PART 2. The Whale Hunters of Tigara. By Froelich G. Rainey. Pp. 227-284. Price, \$.70.

PART 3. The Mountain Arapesh: V. The Record of Unabelin with Rorschach Analyses. By Margaret Mead. Pp. 285-390, 1 plate, 1 text figure. Price, \$1.50.